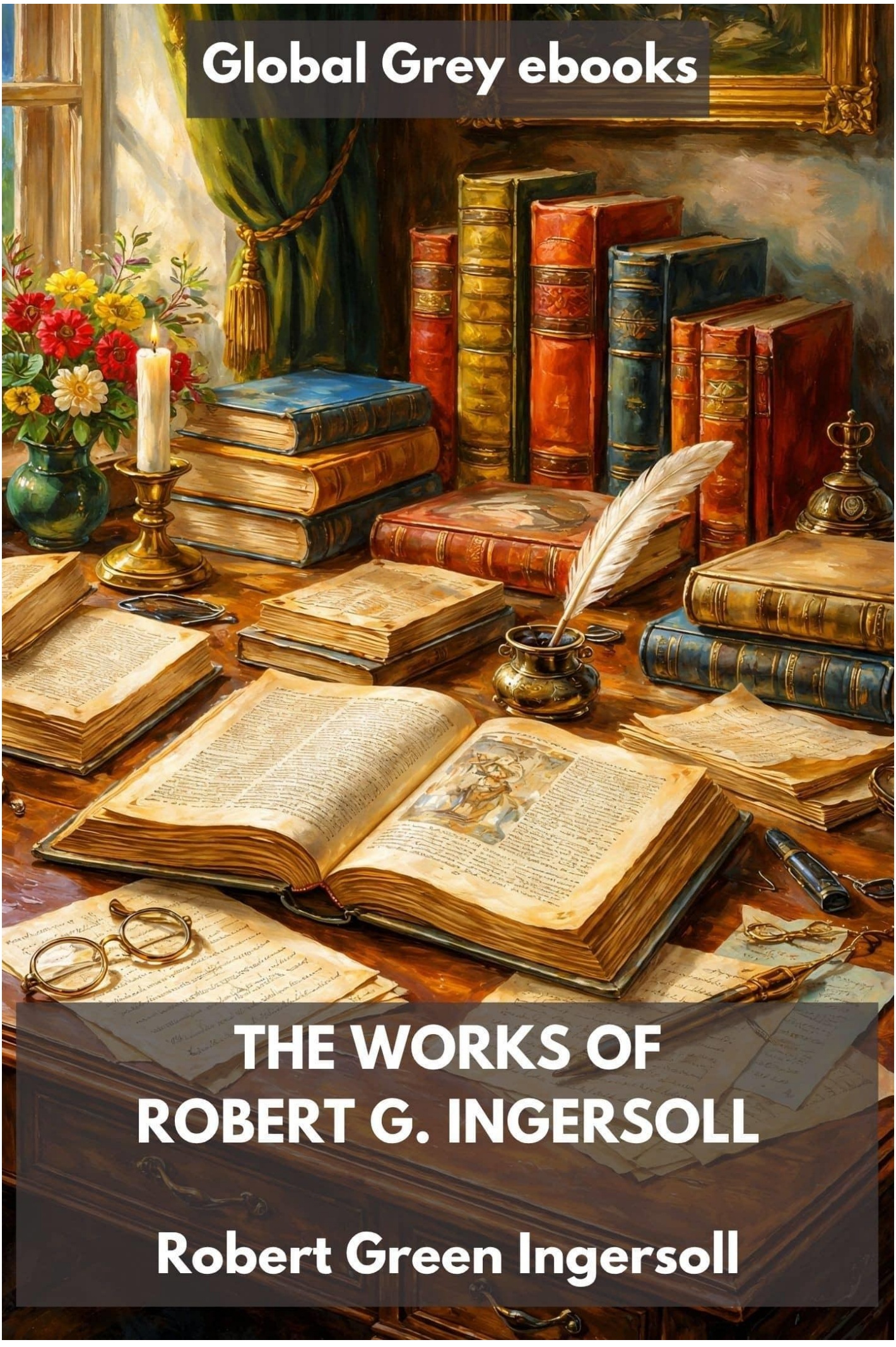

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THE WORKS OF ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

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Volume 1

Publisher's Preface

IN presenting to the public this edition of the late Robert G. Ingersoll's works, it has been the aim of the publisher to make it worthy of the author and a pleasure to his friends and admirers. No one can be more conscious than he of the magnitude of the task undertaken, or more keenly feel how far short it must fall of adequate accomplishment.

When it is remembered that countless utterances of the author were never caught from his eloquent lips, it is matter for congratulation that so much has been preserved. The authorized addresses, arguments and articles that have already appeared in print and passed the review of the authors more or less careful inspection, will be readily recognized as accurate and complete; but in this latest and fullest compilation are many emanations from his heart and brain that have never had his scrutiny, were not revised by him, and that yet, by general judgment, should not be lost to the world.

These unedited sundries consist of fragments of speeches and incompleted articles discovered amongst the authors literary remains and for unknown reasons left in more or less unfinished form. It has been the publisher's ambition to gather these fugitive pieces and place them in this edition by the side of the saved treasures. Whether the work has been well or ill done a generous public must decide, while the sole responsibility must rest with, as it has been assumed by, the publisher.

In carrying out the design of the present edition, the publisher gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Mr. Ingersoll's family, who have freely placed at his disposal many papers, inscriptions, monographs, memoranda and pages of valuable material.

Recognition is also here made of the kind courtesy of the press and of publishers of magazines who have generously permitted the publication of articles originally written for them.

Finally, the publisher gives his thanks to all the devoted friends of the author who in many ways, by suggestion and unselfish labor, have aided in getting out this work. Of these, none have been more unremitting in service, and to none is the publisher more indebted, than to Mr. I. Newton Baker, Mr. Ingersoll's former private secretary, to Dr. Edgar C. Beall, and to Mr. George E. Macdonald for the fine Tables of Contents and the very valuable Index to this edition.

C. P. FARRELL.

New York, July, 1900.

The Gods

An Honest God is the Noblest Work of Man.

EACH nation has created a god, and the god has always resembled his creators. He hated and loved what they hated and loved, and he was invariably found on the side of those in power. Each god was intensely patriotic, and detested all nations but his own. All these gods demanded praise, flattery, and worship. Most of them were pleased with sacrifice, and the smell of innocent blood has ever been considered a divine perfume. All these gods have insisted upon having a vast number of priests, and the priests have always insisted upon being supported by the people, and the principal business of these priests has been to boast about their god, and to insist that he could easily vanquish all the other gods put together.

These gods have been manufactured after numberless models, and according to the most grotesque fashions. Some have a thousand arms, some a hundred heads, some are adorned with necklaces of living snakes, some are armed with clubs, some with sword and shield, some with bucklers, and some have wings as a cherub; some were invisible, some would show themselves entire, and some would only show their backs; some were jealous, some were foolish, some turned themselves into men, some into swans, some into bulls, some into doves, and some into Holy Ghosts, and made love to the beautiful daughters of men. Some were married—all ought to have been—and some were considered as old bachelors from all eternity. Some had children, and the children were turned into gods and worshiped as their fathers had been. Most of these gods were revengeful, savage, lustful, and ignorant. As they generally depended upon their priests for information, their ignorance can hardly excite our astonishment.

These gods did not even know the shape of the worlds they had created, but supposed them perfectly flat Some thought the day could be lengthened by stopping the sun, that the blowing of horns could throw down the walls of a city, and all knew so little of the real nature of the people they had created, that they commanded the people to love them. Some were so ignorant as to suppose that man could believe just as he might desire, or as they might command, and that to be governed by observation, reason, and experience was a most foul and damning sin. None of these gods could give a true account of the creation of this little earth. All were wofully deficient in geology and astronomy. As a rule, they were most miserable legislators, and as executives, they were far inferior to the average of American presidents.

These deities have demanded the most abject and degrading obedience. In order to please them, man must lay his very face in the dust Of course, they have always been partial to the people who created them, and have generally shown their partiality by assisting those people to rob and destroy others, and to ravish their wives and daughters.

Nothing is so pleasing to these gods as the butchery of unbelievers. Nothing so enrages them, even now, as to have some one deny their existence.

Few nations have been so poor as to have but one god. Gods were made so easily, and the raw material cost so little, that generally the god market was fairly glutted, and heaven crammed with these phantoms. These gods not only attended to the skies, but were supposed to interfere in all the affairs of men. They presided over everybody

and everything. They attended to every department. All was supposed to be under their immediate control. Nothing was too small—nothing too large; the falling of sparrows and the motions of the planets were alike attended to by these industrious and observing deities. From their starry thrones they frequently came to the earth for the purpose of imparting information to man. It is related of one that he came amid thunderings and lightnings in order to tell the people that they should not cook a kid in its mother's milk. Some left their shining abodes to tell women that they should, or should not, have children, to inform a priest how to cut and wear his apron, and to give directions as to the proper manner of cleaning the intestines of a bird.

When the people failed to worship one of these gods, or failed to feed and clothe his priests, (which was much the same thing,) he generally visited them with pestilence and famine. Sometimes he allowed some other nation to drag them into slavery—to sell their wives and children; but generally he glutted his vengeance by murdering their first-born. The priests always did their whole duty, not only in predicting these calamities, but in proving, when they did happen, that they were brought upon the people because they had not given quite enough to them.

These gods differed just as the nations differed; the greatest and most powerful had the most powerful gods, while the weaker ones were obliged to content themselves with the very off-scourings of the heavens. Each of these gods promised happiness here and hereafter to all his slaves, and threatened to eternally punish all who either disbelieved in his existence or suspected that some other god might be his superior; but to deny the existence of all gods was, and is, the crime of crimes. Redden your hands with human blood; blast by slander the fair fame of the innocent; strangle the smiling child upon its mother's knees; deceive, ruin and desert the beautiful girl who loves and trusts you, and your case is not hopeless. For all this, and for all these you may be forgiven. For all this, and for all these, that bankrupt court established by the gospel, will give you a discharge; but deny the existence of these divine ghosts, of these gods, and the sweet and tearful face of Mercy becomes livid with eternal hate. Heaven's golden gates are shut, and you, with an infinite curse ringing in your ears, with the brand of infamy upon your brow, commence your endless wanderings in the lurid gloom of hell—an immortal vagrant—an eternal outcast—a deathless convict.

One of these gods, and one who demands our love, our admiration and our worship, and one who is worshiped, if mere heartless ceremony is worship, gave to his chosen people for their guidance, the following laws of war: "When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, *then proclaim peace unto it*. And it shall be if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee. And if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt besiege it.

"And when the Lord thy God hath delivered it into thy hands, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword. But the women and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself, and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies which the Lord thy God hath given thee. Thus shalt thou do unto all the cities which are very far off from thee, which are not of the cities of these nations. But of the cities of these people which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, *thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth*"

Is it possible for man to conceive of anything more perfectly infamous? Can you believe that such directions were given by any being except an infinite fiend?

Remember that the army receiving these instructions was one of invasion. Peace was offered upon condition that the people submitting should be the slaves of the invader; but if any should have the courage to defend their homes, to fight for the love of wife and child, then the sword was to spare none—not even the prattling, dimpled babe.

And we are called upon to worship such a God; to get upon our knees and tell him that he is good, that he is merciful, that he is just, that he is love. We are asked to stifle every noble sentiment of the soul, and to trample under foot all the sweet charities of the heart. Because we refuse to stultify ourselves—refuse to become liars—we are denounced, hated, traduced and ostracized here, and this same god threatens to torment us in eternal fire the moment death allows him to fiercely clutch our naked helpless souls. Let the people hate, let the god threaten—we will educate them, and we will despise and defy him.

The book, called the Bible, is filled with passages equally horrible, unjust and atrocious. This is the book to be read in schools in order to make our children loving, kind and gentle! This is the book to be recognized in our Constitution as the source of all authority and justice!

Strange! that no one has ever been persecuted by the church for believing God bad, while hundreds of millions have been destroyed for thinking him good. The orthodox church never will forgive the Universalist for saying “God is love.” It has always been considered as one of the very highest evidences of true and undefiled religion to insist that all men, women and children deserve eternal damnation. It has always been heresy to say, “God will at last save all.”

We are asked to justify these frightful passages, these infamous laws of war, because the Bible is the word of God. As a matter of fact, there never was, and there never can be, an argument, even tending to prove the inspiration of any book whatever. In the absence of positive evidence, analogy and experience, argument is simply impossible, and at the very best, can amount only to a useless agitation of the air.

The instant we admit that a book is too sacred to be doubted, or even reasoned about, we are mental serfs. It is infinitely absurd to suppose that a god would address a communication to intelligent beings, and yet make it a crime, to be punished in eternal flames, for them to use their intelligence for the purpose of understanding his communication. If we have the right to use our reason, we certainly have the right to act in accordance with it, and no god can have the right to punish us for such action.

The doctrine that future happiness depends upon belief is monstrous. It is the infamy of infamies. The notion that faith in Christ is to be rewarded by an eternity of bliss, while a dependence upon reason, observation, and experience merits everlasting pain, is too absurd for refutation, and can be relieved only by that unhappy mixture of insanity and ignorance, called “faith.” What man, who ever thinks, can believe that blood can appease God? And yet, our entire system of religion is based upon that belief. The Jews pacified Jehovah with the blood of animals, and according to the Christian system, the blood of Jesus softened the heart of God a little, and rendered possible the salvation of a fortunate few. It is hard to conceive how the human mind can give assent to such terrible ideas, or how any sane man can read the Bible and still believe in the doctrine of inspiration.

Whether the Bible is true or false, is of no consequence in comparison with the mental freedom of the race.

Salvation through slavery is worthless. Salvation from slavery is inestimable.

As long as man believes the Bible to be infallible, that book is his master. The civilization of this century is not the child of faith, but of unbelief—the result of free thought.

All that is necessary, as it seems to me, to convince any reasonable person that the Bible is simply and purely of human invention—of barbarian invention—is to read it Read it as you would any other book; think of it as you would of any other; get the bandage of reverence from your eyes; drive from your heart the phantom of fear; push from the throne of your brain the cowled form of superstition—then read the Holy Bible, and you will be amazed that you ever, for one moment, supposed a being of infinite wisdom, goodness and purity, to be the author of such ignorance and of such atrocity.

Our ancestors not only had their god-factories, but they made devils as well. These devils were generally disgraced and fallen gods. Some had headed unsuccessful revolts; some had been caught sweetly reclining in the shadowy folds of some fleecy cloud, kissing the wife of the god of gods. These devils generally sympathized with man. There is in regard to them a most wonderful fact: In nearly all the theologies, mythologies and religions, the devils have been much more humane and merciful than the gods. No devil ever gave one of his generals an order to kill children and to rip open the bodies of pregnant women. Such barbarities were always ordered by the good gods. The pestilences were sent by the most merciful gods. The frightful famine, during which the dying child with pallid lips sucked the withered bosom of a dead mother, was sent by the loving gods. No devil was ever charged with such fiendish brutality.

One of these gods, according to the account, drowned an entire world, with the exception of eight persons. The old, the young, the beautiful and the helpless were remorsely devoured by the shoreless sea. This, the most fearful tragedy that the imagination of ignorant priests ever conceived, was the act, not of a devil, but of a god, so-called, whom men ignorantly worship unto this day. What a stain such an act would leave upon the character of a devil! One of the prophets of one of these gods, having in his power a captured king, hewed him in pieces in the sight of all the people. Was ever any imp of any devil guilty of such savagery?

One of these gods is reported to have given the following directions concerning human slavery: “If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years shall he serve, and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself; if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and she have borne him sons or daughters, the wife and her children shall be her master’s, and he shall go out by himself. And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife and my children; I will not go out free. Then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him unto the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever.”

According to this, a man was given liberty upon condition that he would desert forever his wife and children. Did any devil ever force upon a husband, upon a father, so cruel and so heartless an alternative? Who can worship such a god? Who can bend the knee to such a monster? Who can pray to such a fiend?

All these gods threatened to torment forever the souls of their enemies. Did any devil ever make so infamous a threat? The basest thing recorded of the devil, is what he

did concerning Job and his family, and that was done by the express permission of one of these gods, and to decide a little difference of opinion between their serene highnesses as to the character of "my servant Job." The first account we have of the devil is found in that purely scientific book called Genesis, and is as follows: "Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made, and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.... And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life and eat, and live forever. Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden to till the ground from which he was taken. So he drove out the man, and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

According to this account the promise of the devil was fulfilled to the very letter. Adam and Eve did not die, and they did become as gods, knowing good and evil.

The account shows, however, that the gods dreaded education and knowledge then just as they do now. The church still faithfully guards the dangerous tree of knowledge, and has exerted in all ages her utmost power to keep mankind from eating the fruit thereof. The priests have never ceased repeating the old falsehood and the old threat: "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." From every pulpit comes the same cry, born of the same fear: "Lest they eat and become as gods, knowing good and evil." For this reason, religion hates science, faith detests reason, theology is the sworn enemy of philosophy, and the church with its flaming sword still guards the hated tree, and like its supposed founder, curses to the lowest depths the brave thinkers who eat and become as gods.

If the account given in Genesis is really true, ought we not, after all, to thank this serpent? He was the first schoolmaster, the first advocate of learning, the first enemy of ignorance, the first to whisper in human ears the sacred word liberty, the creator of ambition, the author of modesty, of inquiry, of doubt, of investigation, of progress and of civilization.

Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action, rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith! Banish me from Eden when you will; but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge!

Some nations have borrowed their gods; of this number, we are compelled to say, is our own. The Jews having ceased to exist as a nation, and having no further use for a god, our ancestors appropriated him and adopted their devil at the same time. This borrowed god is still an object of some adoration, and this adopted devil still excites the apprehensions of our people. He is still supposed to be setting his traps and snares for the purpose of catching our unwary souls, and is still, with reasonable success, waging the old war against our God.

To me, it seems easy to account for these ideas concerning gods and devils. They are a perfectly natural production. Man has created them all, and under the same circumstances would create them again. Man has not only created all these gods, but he has created them out of the materials by which he has been surrounded. Generally he has modeled them after himself, and has given them hands, heads, feet, eyes, ears, and organs of speech. Each nation made its gods and devils speak its language not only, but put in their mouths the same mistakes in history, geography, astronomy, and in all matters of fact, generally made by the people. No god was ever in advance of the nation that created him. The negroes represented their deities with black skins and curly hair. The Mongolian gave to his a yellow complexion and dark almond-shaped eyes. The Jews were not allowed to paint theirs, or we should have seen Jehovah with a full beard, an oval face, and an aquiline nose. Zeus was a perfect Greek, and Jove looked as though a member of the Roman senate. The gods of Egypt had the patient face and placid look of the loving people who made them. The gods of northern countries were represented warmly clad in robes of fur; those of the tropics were naked. The gods of India were often mounted upon elephants; those of some islanders were great swimmers, and the deities of the Arctic zone were passionately fond of whale's blubber. Nearly all people have carved or painted representations of their gods, and these representations were, by the lower classes, generally treated as the real gods, and to these images and idols they addressed prayers and offered sacrifice.

In some countries? even at this day, if the people after long praying do not obtain their desires, they turn their images off as impotent gods, or upbraid them in a most reproachful manner, loading them with blows and curses. 'How now, dog of a spirit,' they say, 'we give you lodging in a magnificent temple, we gild you with gold, feed you with the choicest food, and offer incense to you; yet, after all this care, you are so ungrateful as to refuse us what we ask.'

Hereupon they will pull the god down and drag him through the filth of the street. If, in the meantime, it happens that they obtain their request, then, with a great deal of ceremony, they wash him clean, carry him back and place him in his temple again, where they fall down and make excuses for what they have done. 'Of a truth,' they say, 'we were a little too hasty, and you were a little too long in your grant. Why should you bring this beating on yourself. But what is done cannot be undone. Let us not think of it any more. If you will forget what is past, we will gild you over brighter again than before.

Man has never been at a loss for gods. He has worshiped almost everything, including the vilest and most disgusting beasts. He has worshiped fire, earth, air, water, light, stars, and for hundreds of ages prostrated himself before enormous snakes. Savage tribes often make gods of articles they get from civilized people. The Todas worship a cow-bell. The Kotas worship two silver plates, which they regard as husband and wife, and another tribe manufactured a god out of a king of hearts.

Man, having always been the physical superior of woman, accounts for the fact that most of the high gods have been males. Had woman been the physical superior, the powers supposed to be the rulers of Nature would have been women, and instead of being represented in the apparel of man, they would have luxuriated in trains, lownecked dresses, laces and back-hair.

Nothing can be plainer than that each nation gives to its god its peculiar characteristics, and that every individual gives to his god his personal peculiarities.

Man has no ideas, and can have none, except those suggested by his surroundings. He cannot conceive of anything utterly unlike what he has seen or felt. He can exaggerate, diminish, combine, separate, deform, beautify, improve, multiply and compare what he sees, what he feels, what he hears, and all of which he takes cognizance through the medium of the senses; but he cannot create. Having seen exhibitions of power, he can say, omnipotent. Having lived, he can say, immortality. Knowing something of time, he can say, eternity. Conceiving something of intelligence, he can say, God. Having seen exhibitions of malice, he can say, devil. A few gleams of happiness having fallen athwart the gloom of his life, he can say, heaven. Pain, in its numberless forms, having been experienced, he can say, hell. Yet all these ideas have a foundation in fact, and only a foundation. The superstructure has been reared by exaggerating, diminishing, combining, separating, deforming, beautifying, improving or multiplying realities, so that the edifice or fabric is but the incongruous grouping of what man has perceived through the medium of the senses. It is as though we should give to a lion the wings of an eagle, the hoofs of a bison, the tail of a horse, the pouch of a kangaroo, and the trunk of an elephant. We have in imagination created an impossible monster. And yet the various parts of this monster really exist So it is with all the gods that man has made.

Beyond nature man cannot go even in thought—above nature he cannot rise—below nature he cannot fall.

Man, in his ignorance, supposed that all phenomena were produced by some intelligent powers, and with direct reference to him. To preserve friendly relations with these powers was, and still is, the object of all religions. Man knelt through fear and to implore assistance, or through gratitude for some favor which he supposed had been rendered. He endeavored by supplication to appease some being who, for some reason, had, as he believed, become enraged. The lightning and thunder terrified him. In the presence of the volcano he sank upon his knees. The great forests filled with wild and ferocious beasts, the monstrous serpents crawling in mysterious depths, the boundless sea, the flaming comets, the sinister eclipses, the awful calmness of the stars, and, more than all, the perpetual presence of death, convinced him that he was the sport and prey of unseen and malignant powers. The strange and frightful diseases to which he was subject, the freezings and burnings of fever, the contortions of epilepsy, the sudden palsies, the darkness of night, and the wild, terrible and fantastic dreams that filled his brain, satisfied him that he was haunted and pursued by countless spirits of evil. For some reason he supposed that these spirits differed in power—that they were not all alike malevolent—that the higher controlled the lower, and that his very existence depended upon gaining the assistance of the more powerful. For this purpose he resorted to prayer, to flattery, to worship and to sacrifice.

These ideas appear to have been almost universal in savage man.

For ages all nations supposed that the sick and insane were possessed by evil spirits. For thousands of years the practice of medicine consisted in frightening these spirits away. Usually the priests would make the loudest and most discordant noises possible. They would blow horns, beat upon rude drums, clash cymbals, and in the meantime utter the most unearthly yells. If the noise-remedy failed, they would implore the aid of some more powerful spirit.

To pacify these spirits was considered of infinite importance. The poor barbarian, knowing that men could be softened by gifts, gave to these spirits that which to him

seemed of the most value. With bursting heart he would offer the blood of his dearest child. It was impossible for him to conceive of a god utterly unlike himself, and he naturally supposed that these powers of the air would be affected a little at the sight of so great and so deep a sorrow. It was with the barbarian then as with the civilized now—one class lived upon and made merchandise of the fears of another. Certain persons took it upon themselves to appease the gods, and to instruct the people in their duties to these unseen powers. This was the origin of the priesthood. The priest pretended to stand between the wrath of the gods and the helplessness of man. He was man's attorney at the court of heaven. He carried to the invisible world a flag of truce, a protest and a request. He came back with a command, with authority and with power. Man fell upon his knees before his own servant, and the priest, taking advantage of the awe inspired by his supposed influence with the gods, made of his fellow-man a cringing hypocrite and slave. Even Christ, the supposed son of God, taught that persons were possessed of evil spirits, and frequently, according to the account, gave proof of his divine origin and mission by frightening droves of devils out of his unfortunate countrymen. Casting out devils was his principal employment, and the devils thus banished generally took occasion to acknowledge him as the true Messiah; which was not only very kind of them, but quite fortunate for him. The religious people have always regarded the testimony of these devils as perfectly conclusive, and the writers of the New Testament quote the words of these imps of darkness with great satisfaction.

The fact that Christ could withstand the temptations of the devil was considered as conclusive evidence that he was assisted by some god, or at least by some being superior to man. St. Matthew gives an account of an attempt made by the devil to tempt the supposed son of God; and it has always excited the wonder of Christians that the temptation was so nobly and heroically withstood. The account to which I refer is as follows:

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when the tempter came to him, he said: 'If thou be the son of God, command that these stones be made bread.' But he answered, and said: 'It is written: man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city and setteth him upon a pinnacle of the temple and saith unto him: 'If thou be the son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou shalt dash thy foot against a stone,' Jesus said unto him: 'It is written again, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and saith unto him: 'All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

The Christians now claim that Jesus was God. If he was God, of course the devil knew that fact, and yet, according to this account, the devil took 'the omnipotent God and placed him upon a pinnacle of the temple, and endeavored to induce him to dash himself against the earth. Failing in that, he took the creator, owner and governor of the universe up into an exceeding high mountain, and offered him this world—this grain of sand—if he, the God of all the worlds, would fall down and worship him, a poor devil, without even a tax title to one foot of dirt! Is it possible the devil was such an idiot? Should any great credit be given to this deity for not being caught with such chaff? Think of it! The devil—the prince of sharpers—the king of cunning—the master of finesse, trying to bribe God with a grain of sand that belonged to God!

Is there in all the religious literature of the world anything more grossly absurd than this?

These devils, according to the Bible, were of various kinds—some could speak and hear, others were deaf and dumb. All could not be cast out in the same way. The deaf and dumb spirits were quite difficult to deal with. St. Mark tells of a gentleman who brought his son to Christ. The boy, it seems, was possessed of a dumb spirit, over which the disciples had no control. "Jesus said unto the spirit: 'Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee come out of him, and enter no more into him.'" Whereupon, the deaf spirit (having heard what was said) cried out (being dumb) and immediately vacated the premises. The ease with which Christ controlled this deaf and dumb spirit excited the wonder of his disciples, and they asked him privately why they could not cast that spirit out. To whom he replied: "This kind can come forth by nothing but prayer and fasting." Is there a Christian in the whole world who would believe such a story if found in any other book? The trouble is, these pious people shut up their reason, and then open their Bible.

In the olden times the existence of devils was universally admitted. The people had no doubt upon that subject, and from such belief it followed as a matter of course, that a person, in order to vanquish these devils, had either to be a god, or to be assisted by one. All founders of religions have established their claims to divine origin by controlling evil spirits and suspending the laws of nature. Casting out devils was a certificate of divinity. A prophet, unable to cope with the powers of darkness was regarded with contempt The utterance of the highest and noblest sentiments, the most blameless and holy life, commanded but little respect, unless accompanied by power to work miracles and command spirits.

This belief in good and evil powers had its origin in the fact that man was surrounded by what he was pleased to call good and evil phenomena. Phenomena affecting man pleasantly were ascribed to good spirits, while those affecting him unpleasantly or injuriously, were ascribed to evil spirits. It being admitted that all phenomena were produced by spirits, the spirits were divided according to the phenomena, and the phenomena were good or bad as they affected man.

Good spirits were supposed to be the authors of good phenomena, and evil spirits of the evil—so that the idea of a devil has been as universal as the idea of a god.

Many writers maintain that an idea to become universal must be true; that all universal ideas are innate, and that innate ideas cannot be false. If the fact that an idea has been universal proves that it is innate, and if the fact that an idea is innate proves that it is correct, then the believers in innate ideas must admit that the evidence of a god superior to nature, and of a devil superior to nature, is exactly the same, and that the existence of such a devil must be as self-evident as the existence of such a god. The truth is, a god was inferred from good, and a devil from bad, phenomena. And it is just as natural and logical to suppose that a devil would cause happiness as to suppose that a god would produce misery. Consequently, if an intelligence, infinite and supreme, is the immediate author of all phenomena, it is difficult to determine whether such intelligence is the friend or enemy of man. If phenomena were all good, we might say they were all produced by a perfectly beneficent being. If they were all bad, we might say they were produced by a perfectly malevolent power; but, as phenomena are, as they affect man, both good and bad, they must be produced by different and antagonistic spirits; by one who is sometimes

actuated by kindness, and sometimes by malice; or all must be produced of necessity, and without reference to their consequences upon man.

The foolish doctrine that all phenomena can be traced to the interference of good and evil spirits, has been, and still is, almost universal. That most people still believe in some spirit that can change the natural order of events, is proven by the fact that nearly all resort to prayer. Thousands, at this very moment, are probably imploring some supposed power to interfere in their behalf. Some want health restored; some ask that the loved and absent be watched over and protected, some pray for riches, some for rain, some want diseases stayed, some vainly ask for food, some ask for revivals, a few ask for more wisdom, and now and then one tells the Lord to do as he may think best. Thousands ask to be protected from the devil; some, like David, pray for revenge, and some implore even God, not to lead them into temptation. All these prayers rest upon, and are produced by, the idea that some power not only can, but probably will, change the order of the universe. This belief has been among the great majority of tribes and nations. All sacred books are filled with the accounts of such interferences, and our own Bible is no exception to this rule.

If we believe in a power superior to nature, it is perfectly natural to suppose that such power can and will interfere in the affairs of this world. If there is no interference, of what practical use can such power be? The Scriptures give us the most wonderful accounts of divine interference: Animals talk like men; springs gurgle from dry bones; the sun and moon stop in the heavens in order that General Joshua may have more time to murder; the shadow on a dial goes back ten degrees to convince a petty king of a barbarous people that he is not going to die of a boil; fire refuses to burn; water positively declines to seek its level, but stands up like a wall; grains of sand become lice; common walking-sticks, to gratify a mere freak, twist themselves into serpents, and then swallow each other by way of exercise; murmuring streams, laughing at the attraction of gravitation, run up hill for years, following wandering tribes from a pure love of frolic; prophecy becomes altogether easier than history; the sons of God become enamored of the world's girls; women are changed into salt for the purpose of keeping a great event fresh in the minds of men; an excellent article of brimstone is imported from heaven free of duty; clothes refuse to wear out for forty years; birds keep restaurants and feed wandering prophets free of expense; bears tear children in pieces for laughing at old men without wigs; muscular development depends upon the length of one's hair; dead people come to life, simply to get a joke on their enemies and heirs; witches and wizards converse freely with the souls of the departed, and God himself becomes a stone-cutter and engraver, after having been a tailor and dressmaker.

The veil between heaven and earth was always rent or lifted. The shadows of this world, the radiance of heaven, and the glare of hell mixed and mingled until man became uncertain as to which country he really inhabited. Man dwelt in an unreal world. He mistook his ideas, his dreams, for real things. His fears became terrible and malicious monsters. He lived in the midst of furies and fairies, nymphs and naiads, goblins and ghosts, witches and wizards, sprites and spooks, deities and devils. The obscure and gloomy depths were filled with claw and wing—with beak and hoof—with leering looks and sneering mouths—with the malice of deformity—with the cunning of hatred, and with all the slimy forms that fear can draw and paint upon the shadowy canvas of the dark.

It is enough to make one almost insane with pity to think what man in the long night has suffered; of the tortures he has endured, surrounded, as he supposed, by

malignant powers and clutched by the fierce phantoms of the air. No wonder that he fell upon his trembling knees—that he built altars and reddened them even with his own blood. No wonder that he implored ignorant priests and impudent magicians for aid. No wonder that he crawled groveling in the dust to the temple's door, and there, in the insanity of despair, besought the deaf gods to hear his bitter cry of agony and fear.

The savage as he emerges from a state of barbarism, gradually loses faith in his idols of wood and stone, and in their place puts a multitude of spirits. As he advances in knowledge, he generally discards the petty spirits, and in their stead believes in one, whom he supposes to be infinite and supreme. Supposing this great spirit to be superior to nature, he offers worship or flattery in exchange for assistance. At last, finding that he obtains no aid from this supposed deity—: finding that every search after the absolute must of necessity end in failure—finding that man cannot by any possibility conceive of the conditionless—he begins to investigate the facts by which he is surrounded, and to depend upon himself.

The people are beginning to think, to reason and to investigate. Slowly, painfully, but surely, the gods are being driven from the earth. Only upon rare occasions are they, even by the most religious, supposed to interfere in the affairs of men. In most matters we are at last supposed to be free. Since the invention of steamships and railways, so that the products of all countries can be easily interchanged, the gods have quit the business of producing famine. Now and then they kill a child because it is idolized by its parents. As a rule they have given up causing accidents on railroads, exploding boilers, and bursting kerosene lamps. Cholera, yellow fever, and small-pox are still considered heavenly weapons; but measles, itch and ague are now attributed to natural causes. As a general thing, the gods have stopped drowning children, except as a punishment for violating the Sabbath. They still pay some attention to the affairs of kings, men of genius and persons of great wealth; but ordinary people are left to shirk for themselves as best they may. In wars between great nations, the gods still interfere; but in prize fights, the best man with an honest referee, is almost sure to win.

The church cannot abandon the idea of special providence. To give up that doctrine is to give up all. The church must insist that prayer is answered—that some power superior to nature hears and grants the request of the sincere and humble Christian, and that this same power in some mysterious way provides for all.

A devout clergyman sought every opportunity to impress upon the mind of his son the fact, that God takes care of all his creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts his attention, and that his loving kindness is over all his works. Happening, one day, to see a crane wading in quest of food, the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner. "See," said he, "how his legs are formed for wading! What a long slender bill he has! Observe how nicely he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple. He is thus enabled to approach the fish without giving them any notice of his arrival." "My son," said he, "it is impossible to look at that bird without recognizing the design, as well as the goodness of God, in thus providing the means of subsistence." "Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as the crane is concerned; but after all, father, don't you think the arrangement a little tough on the fish?"

Even the advanced religionist, although disbelieving in any great amount of interference by the gods in this age of the world, still thinks, that in the beginning, some god made the laws governing the universe. He believes that in consequence of these laws a man can lift a greater weight with, than without, a lever; that this god so made matter, and so established the order of things, that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time; so that a body once put in motion will keep moving until it is stopped; so that it is a greater distance around, than across a circle; so that a perfect square has four equal sides, instead of five or seven. He insists that it took a direct interposition of Providence to make the whole greater than a part, and that had it not been for this power superior to nature, twice one might have been more than twice two, and sticks and strings might have had only one end apiece. Like the old Scotch divine, he thanks God that Sunday comes at the end instead of in the middle of the week, and that death comes at the close instead of at the commencement of life, thereby giving us time to prepare for that holy day and that most solemn event These religious people see nothing but design everywhere, and personal, intelligent interference in everything. They insist that the universe has been created, and that the adaptation of means to ends is perfectly apparent. They point us to the sunshine, to the flowers, to the April rain, and to all there is of beauty and of use in the world. Did it ever occur to them that a cancer is as beautiful in its development as is the reddest rose? That what they are pleased to call the adaptation of means to ends, is as apparent in the cancer as in the April rain? How beautiful the process of digestion! By what ingenious methods the blood is poisoned so that the cancer shall have food! By what wonderful contrivances the entire system of man is made to pay tribute to this divine and charming cancer! See by what admirable instrumentalities it feeds itself from the surrounding quivering, dainty flesh! See how it gradually but surely expands and grows! By what marvelous mechanism it is supplied with long and slender roots that reach out to the most secret nerves of pain for sustenance and life! What beautiful colors it presents! Seen through the microscope it is a miracle of order and beauty. All the ingenuity of man cannot stop its growth. Think of the amount of thought it must have required to invent a way by which the life of one man might be given to produce one cancer? Is it possible to look upon it and doubt that there is design in the universe, and that the inventor of this wonderful cancer must be infinitely powerful, ingenious and good?

We are told that the universe was designed and created, and that it is absurd to suppose that matter has existed from eternity, but that it is perfectly self-evident that a god has.

If a god created the universe, then, there must have been a time when he commenced to create. Back of that time there must have been an eternity, during which there had existed nothing—absolutely nothing—except this supposed god. According to this theory, this god spent an eternity, so to speak, in an infinite vacuum, and in perfect idleness.

Admitting that a god did create the universe, the question then arises, of what did he create it? It certainly was not made of nothing. Nothing, considered in the light of a raw material, is a most decided failure. It follows, then, that the god must have made the universe out of himself, he being the only existence. The universe is material, and if it was made of god, the god must have been material. With this very thought in his mind, Anaximander of Miletus said: “Creation is the decomposition of the infinite.”

It has been demonstrated that the earth would fall to the sun, only for the fact, that it is attracted by other worlds, and those worlds must be attracted by other worlds still

beyond them, and so on, without end. This proves the material universe to be infinite. If an infinite universe has been made out of an infinite god, how much of the god is left?

The idea of a creative deity is gradually being abandoned, and nearly all truly scientific minds admit that matter must have existed from eternity. It is indestructible, and the indestructible cannot be created. It is the crowning glory of our century to have demonstrated the indestructibility and the eternal persistence of force. Neither matter nor force can be increased nor diminished. Force cannot exist apart from matter. Matter exists only in connection with force, and consequently, a force apart from matter, and superior to nature, is a demonstrated impossibility.

Force, then, must have also existed from eternity, and could not have been created. Matter in its countless forms, from dead earth to the eyes of those we love, and force, in all its manifestations, from simple motion to the grandest thought, deny creation and defy control.

Thought is a form of force. We walk with the same force with which we think. Man is an organism, that changes several forms of force into thought-force. Man is a machine into which we put what we call food, and produce what we call thought. Think of that wonderful chemistry by which bread was changed into the divine tragedy of Hamlet!

A god must not only be material, but he must be an organism, capable of changing other forms of force into thought-force. This is what we call eating. Therefore, if the god thinks, he must eat, that is to say, he must of necessity have some means of supplying the force with which to think. It is impossible to conceive of a being who can eternally impart force to matter, and yet have no means of supplying the force thus imparted.

If neither matter nor force were created, what evidence have we, then, of the existence of a power superior to nature? The theologian will probably reply, “We have law and order, cause and effect, and beside all this, matter could not have put itself in motion.”

Suppose, for the sake of the argument, that there is no being superior to nature, and that matter and force have existed from eternity. Now, suppose that two atoms should come together, would there be an effect? Yes. Suppose they came in exactly opposite directions with equal force, they would be stopped, to say the least. This would be an effect. If this is so, then you have matter, force and effect without a being superior to nature. Now, suppose that two other atoms, just like the first two, should come together under precisely the same circumstances, would not the effect be exactly the same? Yes. Like causes, producing like effects, is what we mean by law and order. Then we have matter, force, effect, law and order without a being superior to nature. Now, we know that every effect must also be a cause, and that every cause must be an effect. The atoms coming together did produce an effect, and as every effect must also be a cause, the effect produced by the collision of the atoms, must as to something else have been a cause. Then we have matter, force, law, order, cause and effect without a being superior to nature. Nothing is left for the supernatural but empty space. His throne is a void, and his boasted realm is without matter, without force, without law, without cause, and without effect.

But what put all this matter in motion? If matter and force have existed from eternity, then matter must have always been in motion. There can be no force without motion. Force is forever active, and there is, and there can be no cessation.

If, therefore, matter and force have existed from eternity, so has motion. In the whole universe there is not even one atom in a state of rest.

A deity outside of nature exists in nothing, and is nothing. Nature embraces with infinite arms all matter and all force. That which is beyond her grasp is destitute of both, and can hardly be worth the worship and adoration even of a man.

There is but one way to demonstrate the existence of a power independent of and superior to nature, and that is by breaking, if only for one moment, the continuity of cause and effect Pluck from the endless chain of existence one little link; stop for one instant the grand procession, and you have shown beyond all contradiction that nature has a master. Change the fact, just for one second, that matter attracts matter, and a god appears.

The rudest savage has always known this fact, and for that reason always demanded the evidence of miracle. The founder of a religion must be able to turn water into wine—cure with a word the blind and lame, and raise with a simple touch the dead to life. It was necessary for him to demonstrate to the satisfaction of his barbarian disciple, that he was superior to nature. In times of ignorance this was easy to do. The credulity of the savage was almost boundless. To him the marvelous was the beautiful, the mysterious was the sublime. Consequently, every religion has for its foundation a miracle—that is to say, a violation of nature—that is to say, a falsehood.

No one, in the world's whole history, ever attempted to substantiate a truth by a miracle. Truth scorns the assistance of miracle. Nothing but falsehood ever attested itself by signs and wonders. No miracle ever was performed, and no sane man ever thought he had performed one, and until one is performed, there can be no evidence of the existence of any power superior to and independent of nature.

The church wishes us to believe. Let the church, or one of its intellectual saints, perform a miracle, and we will believe. We are told that nature has a superior. Let this superior, for one single instant, control nature, and we will admit the truth of your assertions.

We have heard talk enough. We have listened to all the drowsy, idealess, vapid sermons that we wish to hear. We have read your Bible and the works of your best minds. We have heard your prayers, your solemn groans and your reverential amens. All these amount to less than nothing. We want one fact. We beg at the doors of your churches for just one little fact We pass our hats along your pews and under your pulpits and implore you for just one fact We know all about your mouldy wonders and your stale miracles. We want a this year's fact. We ask only one. Give us one fact for charity. Your miracles are too ancient. The witnesses have been dead for nearly two thousand years. Their reputation for "truth and veracity" in the neighborhood where they resided is wholly unknown to us. Give us a new miracle, and substantiate it by witnesses who still have the cheerful habit of living in this world. Do not send us to Jericho to hear the winding horns, nor put us in the fire with Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. Do not compel us to navigate the sea with Captain Jonah, nor dine with Mr. Ezekiel. There is no sort of use in sending us fox-hunting with Samson. We have positively lost all interest in that little speech so eloquently delivered by Balaam's inspired donkey. It is worse than useless to show us fishes with money in their mouths, and call our attention to vast multitudes stuffing themselves with five crackers and two sardines. We demand a new miracle, and we demand it now. Let the church furnish at least one, or forever after hold her peace.

In the olden time, the church, by violating the order of nature, proved the existence of her God. At that time miracles were performed with the most astonishing ease. They became so common that the church ordered her priests to desist. And now this same church—the people having found some little sense—admits, not only, that she cannot perform a miracle, but insists that the absence of miracle—the steady, unbroken march of cause and effect, proves the existence of a power superior to nature. The fact is, however, that the indissoluble chain of cause and effect proves exactly the contrary.

Sir William Hamilton, one of the pillars of modern theology, in discussing this very subject, uses the following language: "The phenomena of matter taken by themselves, so far from warranting any inference to the existence of a god, would on the contrary ground even an argument to his negation. The phenomena of the material world are subjected to immutable laws; are produced and reproduced in the same invariable succession, and manifest only the blind force of a mechanical necessity."

Nature is but an endless series of efficient causes. She cannot create, but she eternally transforms. There was no beginning, and there can be no end.

The best minds, even in the religious world, admit that in material nature there is no evidence of what they are pleased to call a god. They find their evidence in the phenomena of intelligence, and very innocently assert that intelligence is above, and in fact, opposed to nature. They insist that man, at least, is a special creation; that he has somewhere in his brain a divine spark, a little portion of the "Great First Cause." They say that matter cannot produce thought; but that thought can produce matter. They tell us that man has intelligence, and therefore there must be an intelligence greater than his. Why not say, God has intelligence, therefore there must be an intelligence greater than his? So far as we know, there is no intelligence apart from matter. We cannot conceive of thought, except as produced within a brain.

The science, by means of which they demonstrate the existence of an impossible intelligence, and an incomprehensible power is called, metaphysics or theology. The theologians admit that the phenomena of matter tend, at least, to disprove the existence of any power superior to nature, because in such phenomena we see nothing but an endless chain of efficient causes—nothing but the force of a mechanical necessity. They therefore appeal to what they denominate the phenomena of mind to establish this superior power.

The trouble is, that in the phenomena of mind we find the same endless chain of efficient causes; the same mechanical necessity. Every thought must have had an efficient cause. Every motive, every desire, every fear, hope and dream must have been necessarily produced. There is no room in the mind of man for providence or chance. The facts and forces governing thought are as absolute as those governing the motions of the planets. A poem is produced by the forces of nature, and is as necessarily and naturally produced as mountains and seas. You will seek in vain for a thought in man's brain without its efficient cause. Every mental operation is the necessary result of certain facts and conditions. Mental phenomena are considered more complicated than those of matter, and consequently more mysterious. Being more mysterious, they are considered better evidence of the existence of a god. No one infers a god from the simple, from the known, from what is understood, but from the complex, from the unknown, and, incomprehensible. Our ignorance is God; what we know is science.

When we abandon the doctrine that some infinite being created matter and force, and enacted a code of laws for their government, the idea of interference will be lost. The real priest will then be, not the mouth-piece of some pretended deity, but the interpreter of nature. From that moment the church ceases to exist. The tapers will die out upon the dusty altar; the moths will eat the fading velvet of pulpit and pew; the Bible will take its place with the Shastras, Puranas, Vedas, Eddas, Sagas and Korans, and the fetters of a degrading faith will fall from the minds of men.

"But," says the religionist, "you cannot explain everything; you cannot understand everything; and that which you cannot explain, that which you do not comprehend, is my God."

We are explaining more every day. We are understanding more every day; consequently your God is growing smaller every day.

Nothing daunted, the religionist then insists that nothing can exist without a cause, except cause, and that this uncaused cause is God.

To this we again reply: Every cause must produce an effect, because until it does produce an effect, it is not a cause. Every effect must in its turn become a cause. Therefore, in the nature of things, there cannot be a last cause, for the reason that a so-called last cause would necessarily produce an effect, and that effect must of necessity becomes a cause. The converse of these propositions must be true. Every effect must have had a cause, and every cause must have been an effect. Therefore there could have been no first cause. A first cause is just as impossible as a last effect.

Beyond the universe there is nothing, and within the universe the supernatural does not and cannot exist.

The moment these great truths are understood and admitted, a belief in general or special providence become impossible. From that instant men will cease their vain efforts to please an imaginary being, and will give their time and attention to the affairs of this world. They will abandon the idea of attaining any object by prayer and supplication. The element of uncertainty will, in a great measure, be removed from the domain of the future, and man, gathering courage from a succession of victories over the obstructions of nature, will attain a serene grandeur unknown to the disciples of any superstition. The plans of mankind will no longer be interfered with by the finger of a supposed omnipotence, and no one will believe that nations or individuals are protected or destroyed by any deity whatever. Science, freed from the chains of pious custom and evangelical prejudice, will, within her sphere, be supreme. The mind will investigate without reverence, and publish its conclusions without fear. Agassiz will no longer hesitate to declare the Mosaic cosmogony utterly inconsistent with the demonstrated truths of geology, and will cease pretending any reverence for the Jewish Scriptures. The moment science succeeds in rendering the church powerless for evil, the real thinkers will be outspoken. The little flags of truce carried by timid philosophers will disappear, and the cowardly parley will give place to victory—lasting and universal.

If we admit that some infinite being has controlled the destinies of persons and peoples, history becomes a most cruel and bloody farce. Age after age, the strong have trampled upon the weak; the crafty and heartless have ensnared and enslaved the simple and innocent, and nowhere, in all the annals of mankind, has any god succored the oppressed.

Man should cease to expect aid from on high. By this time he should know that heaven has no ear to hear, and no hand to help. The present is the necessary child of all the past. There has been no chance, and there can be no interference.

If abuses are destroyed, man must destroy them. If slaves are freed, man must free them. If new truths are discovered, man must discover them. If the naked are clothed; if the hungry are fed; if justice is done; if labor is rewarded; if superstition is driven from the mind; if the defenceless are protected and if the right finally triumphs, all must be the work of man. The grand victories of the future must be won by man, and by man alone.

Nature, so far as we can discern, without passion and without intention, forms, transforms, and retransforms forever. She neither weeps nor rejoices. She produces man without purpose, and obliterates him without regret. She knows no distinction between the beneficial and the hurtful. Poison and nutrition, pain and joy, life and death, smiles and tears are alike to her. She is neither merciful nor cruel. She cannot be flattered by worship nor melted by tears. She does not know even the attitude of prayer. She appreciates no difference between poison in the fangs of snakes and mercy in the hearts of men. Only through man does nature take cognizance of the good, the true, and the beautiful; and, so far as we know, man is the highest intelligence.

And yet man continues to believe that there is some power independent of and superior to nature, and still endeavors, by form, ceremony, supplication, hypocrisy and sacrifice, to obtain its aid. His best energies have been wasted in the service of this phantom. The horrors of witchcraft were all born of an ignorant belief in the existence of a totally depraved being superior to nature, acting in perfect independence of her laws; and all religious superstition has had for its basis a belief in at least two beings, one good and the other bad, both of whom could arbitrarily change the order of the universe. The history of religion is simply the story of man's efforts in all ages to avoid one of these powers, and to pacify the other. Both powers have inspired little else than abject fear. The cold, calculating sneer of the devil, and the frown of God, were equally terrible. In any event, man's fate was to be arbitrarily fixed forever by an unknown power superior to all law, and to all fact. Until this belief is thrown aside, man must consider himself the slave of phantom masters—neither of whom promise liberty in this world nor in the next.

Man must learn to rely upon himself. Reading bibles will not protect him from the blasts of winter, but houses, fires, and clothing will. To prevent famine, one plow is worth a million sermons, and even patent medicines will cure more diseases than all the prayers uttered since the beginning of the world.

Although many eminent men have endeavored to harmonize necessity and free will, the existence of evil, and the infinite power and good ness of God, they have succeeded only in producing learned and ingenious failures. Immense efforts have been made to reconcile ideas utterly inconsistent with the facts by which we are surrounded, and all persons who have failed to perceive the pretended reconciliation, have been denounced as infidels, atheists and scoffers. The whole power of the church has been brought to bear against philosophers and scientists in order to compel a denial of the authority of demonstration, and to induce some Judas to betray Reason, one of the saviors of mankind.

During that frightful period known as the "Dark Ages," Faith reigned, with scarcely a rebellious subject. Her temples were "carpeted with knees," and the wealth of nations

adorned her countless shrines. The great painters prostituted their genius to immortalize her vagaries, while the poets enshrined them in song. At her bidding, man covered the earth with blood. The scales of Justice were turned with her gold, and for her use were invented all the cunning instruments of pain. She built cathedrals for God, and dungeons for men. She peopled the clouds with angels and the earth with slaves. For centuries the world was retracing its steps—going steadily back toward barbaric night! A few infidels—a few heretics cried, "Halt!" to the great rabble of ignorant devotion, and made it possible for the genius of the nineteenth century to revolutionize the cruel creeds and superstitions of mankind.

The thoughts of man, in order to be of any real worth, must be free. Under the influence of fear the brain is paralyzed, and instead of bravely solving a problem for itself, tremblingly adopts the solution of another. As long as a majority of men will cringe to the very earth before some petty prince or king, what must be the infinite abjectness of their little souls in the presence of their supposed creator and God? Under such circumstances, what can their thoughts be worth?

The originality of repetition, and the mental vigor of acquiescence, are all that we have any right to expect from the Christian world. As long as every question is answered by the word "God," scientific inquiry is simply impossible. As fast as phenomena are satisfactorily explained the domain of the power, supposed to be superior to nature must decrease, while the horizon of the known must as constantly continue to enlarge.

It is no longer satisfactory to account for the fall and rise of nations by saying, "It is the will of God." Such an explanation puts ignorance and education upon an exact equality, and does away with the idea of really accounting for anything whatever.

Will the religionist pretend that the real end of science is to ascertain how and why God acts? Science, from such a standpoint would consist in investigating the law of arbitrary action, and in a grand endeavor to ascertain the rules necessarily obeyed by infinite caprice.

From a philosophical point of view, science is knowledge of the laws of life; of the conditions of happiness; of the facts by which we are surrounded, and the relations we sustain to men and things—by means of which, man, so to speak, subjugates nature and bends the elemental powers to his will, making blind force the servant of his brain.

A belief in special providence does away with the spirit of investigation, and is inconsistent with personal effort. Why should man endeavor to thwart the designs of God? Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature? Under the influence of this belief, man, basking in the sunshine of a delusion, considers the lilies of the field and refuses to take any thought for the morrow. Believing himself in the power of an infinite being, who can, at any moment, dash him to the lowest hell or raise him to the highest heaven, he necessarily abandons the idea of accomplishing anything by his own efforts. As long as this belief was general, the world was filled with ignorance, superstition and misery. The energies of man were wasted in a vain effort to obtain the aid of this power, supposed to be superior to nature. For countless ages, even men were sacrificed upon the altar of this impossible god. To please him, mothers have shed the blood of their own babes; martyrs have chanted triumphant songs in the midst of flame; priests have gorged themselves with blood; nuns have forsworn the ecstasies of love; old men have tremblingly implored;

women have sobbed and entreated; every pain has been endured, and every horror has been perpetrated.

Through the dim long years that have fled, humanity has suffered more than can be conceived. Most of the misery has been endured by the weak, the loving and the innocent Women have been treated like poisonous beasts, and little children trampled upon as though they had been vermin. Numberless altars have been reddened, even with the blood of babes; beautiful girls have been given to slimy serpents; whole races of men doomed to centuries of slavery, and everywhere there has been outrage beyond the power of genius to express. During all these years the suffering have supplicated; the withered lips of famine have prayed; the pale victims have implored, and Heaven has been deaf and blind.

Of what use have the gods been to man?

It is no answer to say that some god created the world, established certain laws, and then turned his attention to other matters, leaving his children weak, ignorant and unaided, to fight the battle of life alone. It is no solution to declare that in some, other world this god will render a few, or even all, his subjects happy. What right have we to expect that a perfectly wise, good and powerful being will ever do better than he has done, and is doing? The world is filled with imperfections. If it was made by an infinite being, what reason have we for saying that he will render it nearer perfect than it now is? If the infinite “Father” allows a majority of his children to live in ignorance and wretchedness now, what evidence is there that he will ever improve their condition? Will God have more power? Will he become more merciful? Will his love for his poor creatures increase? Can the conduct of infinite wisdom, power and love ever change? Is the infinite capable of any improvement whatever?

We are informed by the clergy that this world is a kind of school; that the evils by which we are surrounded are for the purpose of developing our souls, and that only by suffering can men become pure, strong, virtuous and grand.

Supposing this to be true, what is to become of those who die in infancy? The little children, according to this philosophy, can never be developed. They were so unfortunate as to escape the ennobling influences of pain and misery, and as a consequence, are doomed to an eternity of mental inferiority. If the clergy are right on this question, none are so unfortunate as the happy, and we should envy only the suffering and distressed. If evil is necessary to the development of man, in this life, how is it possible for the soul to improve in the perfect joy of Paradise?

Since Paley found his watch, the argument of “design” has been relied upon as unanswerable. The church teaches that this world, and all that it contains, were created substantially as we now see them; that the grasses, the flowers, the trees, and all animals, including man, were special creations, and that they sustain no necessary relation to each other. The most orthodox will admit that some earth has been washed into the sea; that the sea has encroached a little upon the land, and that some mountains may be a trifle lower than in the morning of creation. The theory of gradual development was unknown to our fathers; the idea of evolution did not occur to them. Our fathers looked upon the then arrangement of things as the primal arrangement. The earth appeared to them fresh from the hands of a deity. They knew nothing of the slow evolutions of countless years, but supposed that the almost infinite variety of vegetable and animal forms had existed from the first.

Suppose that upon some island we should find a man a million years of age, and suppose that we should find him in the possession of a most beautiful carriage,

constructed upon the most perfect model. And suppose, further, that he should tell us that it was the result of several hundred thousand years of labor and of thought; that for fifty thousand years he used as flat a log as he could find, before it occurred to him, that by splitting the log, he could have the same surface with only half the weight; that it took him many thousand years to invent wheels for this log; that the wheels he first used were solid, and that fifty thousand years of thought suggested the use of spokes and tire; that for many centuries he used the wheels without linch-pins; that it took a hundred thousand years more to think of using four wheels, instead of two; that for ages he walked behind the carriage, when going down hill, in order to hold it back, and that only by a lucky chance he invented the tongue; would we conclude that this man, from the very first, had been an infinitely ingenious and perfect mechanic? Suppose we found him living in an elegant mansion, and he should inform us that he lived in that house for five hundred thousand years before he thought of putting on a roof, and that he had but recently invented windows and doors; would we say that from the beginning he had been an infinitely accomplished and scientific architect?

Does not an improvement in the things created, show a corresponding improvement in the creator?

Would an infinitely wise, good and powerful God, intending to produce man, commence with the lowest possible forms of life; with the simplest organism that can be imagined, and during immeasurable periods of time, slowly and almost imperceptibly improve upon the rude beginning, until man was evolved? Would countless ages thus be wasted in the production of awkward forms, afterwards abandoned? Can the intelligence of man discover the least wisdom in covering the earth with crawling, creeping horrors, that live only upon the agonies and pangs of others? Can we see the propriety of so constructing the earth, that only an insignificant portion of its surface is capable of producing an intelligent man? Who can appreciate the mercy of so making the world that all animals devour animals; so that every mouth is a slaughterhouse, and every stomach a tomb? Is it possible to discover infinite intelligence and love in universal and eternal carnage?

What would we think of a father, who should give a farm to his children, and before giving them possession should plant upon it thousands of deadly shrubs and vines; should stock it with ferocious beasts, and poisonous reptiles; should take pains to put a few swamps in the neighborhood to breed malaria; should so arrange matters, that the ground would occasionally open and swallow a few of his darlings, and besides all this, should establish a few volcanoes in the immediate vicinity, that might at any moment overwhelm his children with rivers of fire? Suppose that this father neglected to tell his children which of the plants were deadly; that the reptiles were poisonous; failed to say anything about the earthquakes, and kept the volcano business a profound secret; would we pronounce him angel or fiend?

And yet this is exactly what the orthodox God has done.

According to the theologians, God prepared this globe expressly for the habitation of his loved children, and yet he filled the forests with ferocious beasts; placed serpents in every path; stuffed the world with earthquakes, and adorned its surface with mountains of flame.

Notwithstanding all this, we are told that the world is perfect; that it was created by a perfect being, and is therefore necessarily perfect. The next moment, these same persons will tell us that the world was cursed; covered with brambles, thistles and

thorns, and that man was doomed to disease and death, simply because our poor, dear mother ate an apple contrary to the command of an arbitrary God.

A very pious friend of mine, having heard that I had said the world was full of imperfections, asked me if the report was true. Upon being informed that it was, he expressed great surprise that any one could be guilty of such presumption. He said that, in his judgment, it was impossible to point out an imperfection. “Be kind enough,” said he, “to name even one improvement that you could make, if you had the power.” “Well,” said I, “I would make good health catching, instead of disease.” The truth is, it is impossible to harmonize all the ills, and pains, and agonies of this world with the idea that we were created by, and are watched over and protected by an infinitely wise, powerful and beneficent God, who is superior to and independent of nature.

The clergy, however, balance all the real ills of this life with the expected joys of the next. We are assured that all is perfection in heaven—there the skies are cloudless—there all is serenity and peace. Here empires may be overthrown; dynasties may be extinguished in blood; millions of slaves may toil ‘neath the fierce rays of the sun, and the cruel strokes of the lash; yet all is happiness in heaven. Pestilences may strew the earth with corpses of the loved; the survivors may bend above them in agony—yet the placid bosom of heaven is unruffled. Children may expire vainly asking for bread; babes may be devoured by serpents, while the gods sit smiling in the clouds. The innocent may languish unto death in the obscurity of dungeons; brave men and heroic women may be changed to ashes at the bigot’s stake, while heaven is filled with song and joy. Out on the wide sea, in darkness and in storm, the shipwrecked struggle with the cruel waves while the angels play upon their golden harps. The streets of the world are filled with the diseased, the deformed and the helpless; the chambers of pain are crowded with the pale forms of the suffering, while the angels float and fly in the happy realms of day. In heaven they are too happy to have sympathy; too busy singing to aid the imploring and distressed. Their eyes are blinded; their ears are stopped and their hearts are turned to stone by the infinite selfishness of joy. The saved mariner is too happy when he touches the shore to give a moment’s thought to his drowning brothers. With the indifference of happiness, with the contempt of bliss, heaven barely glances at the miseries of earth. Cities are devoured by the rushing lava; the earth opens and thousands perish; women raise their clasped hands towards heaven, but the gods are too happy to aid their children. The smiles of the deities are unacquainted with the tears of men. The shouts of heaven drown the sobs of earth.

Having shown how man created gods, and how he became the trembling slave of his own creation, the questions naturally arise: How did he free himself even a little, from these monarchs of the sky, from these despots of the clouds, from this aristocracy of the air? How did he, even to the extent that he has, outgrow his ignorant, abject terror, and throw off the yoke of superstition?

Probably, the first thing that tended to disabuse his mind was the discovery of order, of regularity, of periodicity in the universe. From this he began to suspect that everything did not happen purely with reference to him. He noticed, that whatever he might do, the motions of the planets were always the same; that eclipses were periodical, and that even comets came at certain intervals. This convinced him that eclipses and comets had nothing to do with him, and that his conduct had nothing to do with them. He perceived that they were not caused for his benefit or injury. He thus learned to regard them with admiration instead of fear. He began to suspect that

famine was not sent by some enraged and revengeful deity, but resulted often from the neglect and ignorance of man. He learned that diseases were not produced by evil spirits. He found that sickness was occasioned by natural causes, and could be cured by natural means. He demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that prayer is not a medicine. He found by sad experience that his gods were of no practical use, as they never assisted him, except when he was perfectly able to help himself. At last, he began to discover that his individual action had nothing whatever to do with strange appearances in the heavens; that it was impossible for him to be bad enough to cause a whirlwind, or good enough to stop one. After many centuries of thought, he about half concluded that making mouths at a priest would not necessarily cause an earthquake. He noticed, and no doubt with considerable astonishment, that very good men were occasionally struck by lightning, while very bad ones escaped. He was frequently forced to the painful conclusion (and it is the most painful to which any human being ever was forced) that the right did not always prevail. He noticed that the gods did not interfere in behalf of the weak and innocent. He was now and then astonished by seeing an unbeliever in the enjoyment of most excellent health. He finally ascertained that there could be no possible connection between an unusually severe winter and his failure to give a sheep to a priest. He began to suspect that the order of the universe was not constantly being changed to assist him because he repeated a creed. He observed that some children would steal after having been regularly baptized. He noticed a vast difference between religion and justice, and that the worshipers of the same god, took delight in cutting each other's throats. He saw that these religious disputes filled the world with hatred and slavery. At last he had the courage to suspect, that no god at any time interferes with the order of events. He learned a few facts, and these facts positively refused to harmonize with the ignorant superstitions of his fathers. Finding his sacred books incorrect and false in some particulars, his faith in their authenticity began to be shaken; finding his priests ignorant upon some points, he began to lose respect for the cloth. This was the commencement of intellectual freedom.

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

The terrible religious wars that inundated the world with blood tended at least to bring all religion into disgrace and hatred. Thoughtful people began to question the

divine origin of a religion that made its believers hold the rights of others in absolute contempt. A few began to compare Christianity with the religions of heathen people, and were forced to admit that the difference was hardly worth dying for. They also found that other nations were even happier and more prosperous than their own. They began to suspect that their religion, after all, was not of much real value.

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

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

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

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

In that vast cemetery, called the past, are most of the religions of men, and there, too, are nearly all their gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago. Over column and cornice; over the painted and pictured walls, cling and creep the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden, with four heads and four arms; Vishnu, the sombre, the punisher of the wicked, with his three eyes, his crescent, and his necklace of skulls; Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of blood; Kali, the goddess; Draupadi, the white-armed, and Chrishna, the Christ, all passed away and left the thrones of heaven desolate. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no longer wandering weeps, searching for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhons scowl falls no more upon the waves. The sun rises as of yore, and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon,

but Mem-non is as voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by their priests, and the old beliefs, wrought in curiously sculptured stone, sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead. Odin, the author of life and soul, Vili and Ve, and the mighty giant Ymir, strode long ago from the icy halls of the North; and Thor, with iron glove and glittering hammer, dashes mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles and cromlechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills, and covered with the centuries' moss, are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Aztecs, have died out in the ashes of the past, and there is none to rekindle, and none to feed the holy flames. The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more with love. The streams still murmur, but no naiads bathe; the trees still wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and Danæ lies unnoticed, naked to the stars. Hushed forever are the thunders of Sinai; lost are the voices of the prophets, and the land once flowing with milk and honey, is but a desert waste. One by one, the myths have faded from the clouds: one by one, the phantom host has disappeared, and one by one, facts, truths and realities have taken their places. The supernatural has almost gone, but the natural remains. The gods have fled, but man is here.

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

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

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

life with fear and death with horror; who curse the cradle and mock the tomb, it is impossible to entertain other than feelings of pity, contempt and scorn.

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

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

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

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

We do not say that we have discovered all; that our doctrines are the all in all of truth. We know of no end to the development of man. We cannot unravel the infinite complications of matter and force. The history of one monad is as unknown as that of the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf, as all the forests; and one grain of sand, as all the stars.

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

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

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

Humboldt

The Universe is Governed by Law.

GREAT men seem to be a part of the infinite—brothers of the mountains and the seas.

Humboldt was one of these. He was one of those serene men, in some respects like our own Franklin, whose names have all the lustre of a star. He was one of the few, great enough to rise above the superstition and prejudice of his time, and to know that experience, observation, and reason are the only basis of knowledge.

He became one of the greatest of men in spite of having been born rich and noble—in spite of position. I say in spite of these things, because wealth and position are generally the enemies of genius, and the destroyers of talent.

It is often said of this or that man, that he is a self-made man—that he was born of the poorest and humblest parents, and that with every obstacle to overcome he became great. This is a mistake. Poverty is generally an advantage. Most of the intellectual giants of the world have been nursed at the sad and loving breast of poverty. Most of those who have climbed highest on the shining ladder of fame commenced at the lowest round. They were reared in the straw-thatched cottages of Europe; in the log-houses of America; in the factories of the great cities; in the midst of toil; in the smoke and din of labor, and on the verge of want. They were rocked by the feet of mothers whose hands, at the same time, were busy with the needle or the wheel.

It is hard for the rich to resist the thousand allurements of pleasure, and so I say, that Humboldt, in spite of having been born to wealth and high social position, became truly and grandly great.

In the antiquated and romantic castle of Tegel, by the side of the pine forest, on the shore of the charming lake, near the beautiful city of Berlin, the great Humboldt, one hundred years ago to-day, was born, and there he was educated after the method suggested by Rousseau,—Campe, the philologist and critic, and the intellectual Kunth being his tutors. There he received the impressions that determined his career; there the great idea that the universe is governed by law, took possession of his mind, and there he dedicated his life to the demonstration of this sublime truth.

He came to the conclusion that the source of man's unhappiness is his ignorance of nature.

After having received the most thorough education at that time possible, and having determined to what end he would devote the labors of his life, he turned his attention to the sciences of geology, mining, mineralogy, botany, the distribution of plants, the distribution of animals, and the effect of climate upon man. All grand physical phenomena were investigated and explained. From his youth he had felt a great desire for travel. He felt, as he says, a violent passion for the sea, and longed to look upon nature in her wildest and most rugged forms. He longed to give a physical description of the universe—a grand picture of nature; to account for all phenomena; to discover the laws governing the world; to do away with that splendid delusion called special providence, and to establish the fact that the universe is governed by law.

To establish this truth was, and is, of infinite importance to mankind. That fact is the death-knell of superstition; it gives liberty to every soul, annihilates fear, and ushers in the Age of Reason.

The object of this illustrious man was to comprehend the phenomena of physical objects in their general connection, and to represent nature as one great whole, moved and animated by internal forces.

For this purpose he turned his attention to descriptive botany, traversing distant lands and mountain ranges to ascertain with certainty the geographical distribution of plants. He investigated the laws regulating the differences of temperature and climate, and the changes of the atmosphere. He studied the formation of the earth's crust, explored the deepest mines, ascended the highest mountains, and wandered through the craters of extinct volcanoes.

He became thoroughly acquainted with chemistry, with astronomy, with terrestrial magnetism; and as the investigation of one subject leads to all others, for the reason that there is a mutual dependence and a necessary connection between all facts, so Humboldt became acquainted with all the known sciences.

His fame does not depend so much upon his discoveries (although he discovered enough to make hundreds of reputations) as upon his vast and splendid generalizations.

He was to science what Shakespeare was to the drama.

He found, so to speak, the world full of unconnected facts—all portions of a vast system—parts of a great machine; he discovered the connection that each bears to all; put them together, and demonstrated beyond all contradiction that the earth is governed by law.

He knew that to discover the connection of phenomena is the primary aim of all natural investigation. He was infinitely practical.

Origin and destiny were questions with which he had nothing to do.

His surroundings made him what he was.

In accordance with a law not fully comprehended, he was a production of his time.

Great men do not live alone; they are surrounded by the great; they are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation; they fulfill the prophecies of their age.

Nearly all of the scientific men of the eighteenth century had the same idea entertained by Humboldt, but most of them in a dim and confused way. There was, however, a general belief among the intelligent that the world is governed by law, and that there really exists a connection between all facts, *or that all facts are simply the different aspects of a general fact*, and that the task of science is to discover this connection; to comprehend this general fact or to announce the laws of things.

Germany was full of thought, and her universities swarmed with philosophers and grand thinkers in every department of knowledge.

Humboldt was the friend and companion of the greatest poets, historians, philologists, artists, statesmen, critics, and logicians of his time.

He was the companion of Schiller, who believed that man would be regenerated through the influence of the Beautiful; of Goethe, the grand patriarch of German

literature; of Weiland, who has been called the Voltaire of Germany; of Herder, who wrote the outlines of a philosophical history of man; of Kotzebue, who lived in the world of romance; of Schleiermacher, the pantheist; of Schlegel, who gave to his countrymen the enchanted realm of Shakespeare; of the sublime Kant, author of the first work published in Germany on Pure Reason; of Fichte, the infinite idealist; of Schopenhauer, the European Buddhist who followed the great Gautama to the painless and dreamless Nirwana, and of hundreds of others, whose names are familiar to and honored by the scientific world.

The German mind had been grandly roused from the long lethargy of the dark ages of ignorance, fear, and faith. Guided by the holy light of reason, every department of knowledge was investigated, enriched and illustrated.

Humboldt breathed the atmosphere of investigation; old ideas were abandoned; old creeds, hallowed by centuries, were thrown aside; thought became courageous; the athlete, Reason, challenged to mortal combat the monsters of superstition.

No wonder that under these influences Humboldt formed the great purpose of presenting to the world a picture of Nature, in order that men might, for the first time, behold the face of their Mother.

Europe becoming too small for his genius, he visited the tropics in the new world, where in the most circumscribed limits he could find the greatest number of plants, of animals, and the greatest diversity of climate, that he might ascertain the laws governing the production and distribution of plants, animals and men, and the effects of climate upon them all. He sailed along the gigantic Amazon—the mysterious Orinoco—traversed the Pampas—climbed the Andes until he stood upon the crags of Chimborazo, more than eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and climbed on until blood flowed from his eyes and lips. For nearly five years he pursued his investigations in the new world, accompanied by the intrepid Bonpland. Nothing escaped his attention. He was the best intellectual organ of these new revelations of science. He was calm, reflective and eloquent; filled with a sense of the beautiful, and the love of truth. His collections were immense, and valuable beyond calculation to every science. He endured innumerable hardships, braved countless dangers in unknown and savage lands, and exhausted his fortune for the advancement of true learning.

Upon his return to Europe he was hailed as the second Columbus; as the scientific discoverer of America; as the revealer of a new world; as the great demonstrator of the sublime truth, that the universe is governed by law.

I have seen a picture of the old man, sitting upon a mountain side—above him the eternal snow—below, the smiling valley of the tropics, filled with vine and palm; his chin upon his breast, his eyes deep, thoughtful and calm—his forehead majestic—grander than the mountain upon which he sat—crowned with the snow of his whitened hair, he looked the intellectual autocrat of this world.

Not satisfied with his discoveries in America, he crossed the steppes of Asia, the wastes of Siberia, the great Ural range, adding to the knowledge of mankind at every step. His energy acknowledged no obstacle, his life knew no leisure; every day was filled with labor and with thought.

He was one of the apostles of science, and he served his divine master with a self-sacrificing zeal that knew no abatement; with an ardor that constantly increased, and with a devotion unwavering and constant as the polar star.

In order that the people at large might have the benefit of his numerous discoveries, and his vast knowledge, he delivered at Berlin a course of lectures, consisting of sixty-one free addresses, upon the following subjects:

Five, upon the nature and limits of physical geography.

Three, were devoted to a history of science.

Two, to inducements to a study of natural science.

Sixteen, on the heavens.

Five, on the form, density, latent heat, and magnetic power of the earth, and to the polar light.

Four, were on the nature of the crust of the earth, on hot springs earthquakes, and volcanoes.

Two, on mountains and the type of their formation.

Two, on the form of the earth's surface, on the connection of continents, and the elevation of soil over ravines.

Three, on the sea as a globular fluid surrounding the earth.

Ten, on the atmosphere as an elastic fluid surrounding the earth, and on the distribution of heat.

One, on the geographic distribution of organized matter in general.

Three, on the geography of plants.

Three, on the geography of animals, and

Two, on the races of men.

These lectures are what is known as the Cosmos, and present a scientific picture of the world—of infinite diversity in unity—of ceaseless motion in the eternal grasp of law.

These lectures contain the result of his investigation, observation, and experience; they furnish the connection between phenomena; they disclose some of the changes through which the earth has passed in the countless ages; the history of vegetation, animals and men, the effects of climate upon individuals and nations, the relation we sustain to other worlds, and demonstrate that all phenomena, whether insignificant or grand, exist in accordance with inexorable law.

There are some truths, however, that we never should forget: Superstition has always been the relentless enemy of science; faith has been a hater of demonstration; hypocrisy has been sincere only in its dread of truth, and all religions are inconsistent with mental freedom.

Since the murder of Hypatia in the fifth century, when the polished blade of Greek philosophy was broken by the club of ignorant Catholicism, until to-day, superstition has detested every effort of reason.

It is almost impossible to conceive of the completeness of the victory that the church achieved over philosophy. For ages science was utterly ignored; thought was a poor slave; an ignorant priest was master of the world; faith put out the eyes of the soul; the reason was a trembling coward; the imagination was set on fire of hell; every human feeling was sought to be suppressed; love was considered infinitely sinful;

pleasure was the road to eternal fire, and God was supposed to be happy only when his children were miserable. The world was governed by an Almighty's whim; prayers could change the order of things, halt the grand procession of nature, could produce rain, avert pestilence, famine and death in all its forms. There was no idea of the certain; all depended upon divine pleasure or displeasure rather; heaven was full of inconsistent malevolence, and earth of ignorance. Everything was done to appease the divine wrath; every public calamity was caused by the sins of the people; by a failure to pay tithes, or for having, even in secret, felt a disrespect for a priest. To the poor multitude, the earth was a kind of enchanted forest, full of demons ready to devour, and theological serpents lurking with infinite power to fascinate and torture the unhappy and impotent soul. Life to them was a dim and mysterious labyrinth, in which they wandered weary, and lost, guided by priests as bewildered as themselves, without knowing that at every step the Ariadne of reason offered them the long lost clue.

The very heavens were full of death; the lightning was regarded as the glittering vengeance of God, and the earth was thick with snares for the unwary feet of man. The soul was supposed to be crowded with the wild beasts of desire; the heart to be totally corrupt, prompting only to crime; virtues were regarded as deadly sins in disguise; there was a continual warfare being waged between the Deity and the Devil, for the possession of every soul; the latter generally being considered victorious. The flood, the tornado, the volcano, were all evidences of the displeasure of heaven, and the sinfulness of man. The blight that withered, the frost that blackened, the earthquake that devoured, were the messengers of the Creator.

The world was governed by Fear.

Against all the evils of nature, there was known only the defence of prayer, of fasting, of credulity, and devotion. *Man in his helplessness endeavored to soften the heart of God*. The faces of the multitude were blanched with fear, and wet with tears; they were the prey of hypocrites, kings and priests.

My heart bleeds when I contemplate the sufferings endured by the millions now dead; of those who lived when the world appeared to be insane; when the heavens were filled with an infinite Horror who snatched babes with dimpled hands and rosy cheeks from the white breasts of mothers, and dashed them into an abyss of eternal flame.

Slowly, beautifully, like the coming of the dawn, came the grand truth, that the universe is governed by law; that disease fastens itself upon the good and upon the bad; that the tornado cannot be stopped by counting beads; that the rushing lava pauses not for bended knees, the lightning for clasped and uplifted hands, nor the cruel waves of the sea for prayer; that paying tithes causes, rather than prevents famine; that pleasure is not sin; that happiness is the only good; that demons and gods exist only in the imagination; that faith is a lullaby sung to put the soul to sleep; that devotion is a bribe that fear offers to supposed power; that offering rewards in another world for obedience in this, is simply buying a soul on credit; that knowledge consists in ascertaining the laws of nature, and that wisdom is the science of happiness. Slowly, grandly, beautifully, these truths are dawning upon mankind.

From Copernicus we learned that this earth is only a grain of sand on the infinite shore of the universe; that everywhere we are surrounded by shining worlds vastly greater than our own, all moving and existing in accordance with law. True, the earth began to grow small, but man began to grow great.

The moment the fact was, established that other worlds are governed by law, it was only natural to conclude that our little world was also under its dominion. The old theological method of accounting for physical phenomena by the pleasure and displeasure of the Deity was, by the intellectual, abandoned. They found that disease, death, life, thought, heat, cold, the seasons, the winds, the dreams of man, the instinct of animals,—in short, that all physical and mental phenomena are governed by law, absolute, eternal and inexorable.

Let it be understood that by the term Law is meant the same invariable relations of succession and resemblance predicated of all facts springing from like conditions. Law is a fact—not a cause. It is a fact, that like conditions produce like results: this fact is Law. When we say that the universe is governed by law, we mean that this fact, called law, is incapable of change; that it is, has been, and forever will be, the same inexorable, immutable Fact, inseparable from all phenomena. Law, in this sense, was not enacted or made. It could not have been otherwise than as it is. That which necessarily exists has no creator.

Only a few years ago this earth was considered the real center of the universe; all the stars were supposed to revolve around this insignificant atom. The German mind, more than any other, has done away with this piece of egotism. Purbach and Mullerus, in the fifteenth century, contributed most to the advancement of astronomy in their day. To the latter, the world is indebted for the introduction of decimal fractions, which completed our arithmetical notation, and formed the second of the three steps by which, in modern times, the science of numbers has been so greatly improved; and yet, both of these men believed in the most childish absurdities, at least in enough of them, to die without their orthodoxy having ever been suspected.

Next came the great Copernicus, and he stands at the head of the heroic thinkers of his time, who had the courage and the mental strength to break the chains of prejudice, custom, and authority, and to establish truth on the basis of experience, observation and reason. He removed the earth, so to speak, from the centre of the universe, and ascribed to it a two-fold motion, and demonstrated the true position which it occupies in the solar system.

At his bidding the earth began to revolve. At the command of his genius it commenced its grand flight mid the eternal constellations round the sun.

For fifty years his discoveries were disregarded. All at once, by the exertions of Galileo, they were kindled into so grand a conflagration as to consume the philosophy of Aristotle, to alarm the hierarchy of Rome, and to threaten the existence of every opinion not founded upon experience, observation, and reason.

The earth was no longer considered a universe, governed by the caprices of some revengeful Deity, who had made the stars out of what he had left after completing the world, and had stuck them in the sky simply to adorn the night.

I have said this much concerning astronomy because it was the first splendid step forward! The first sublime blow that shattered the lance and shivered the shield of superstition; the first real help that man received from heaven; because it was the first great lever placed beneath the altar of a false religion; the first revelation of the infinite to man; the first authoritative declaration, that the universe is governed by law; the first science that gave the lie direct to the cosmogony of barbarism, and because it is the sublimest victory that the reason has achieved.

In speaking of astronomy, I have confined myself to the discoveries made since the revival of learning. Long ago, on the banks of the Ganges, ages before Copernicus lived, Aryabhatta taught that the earth is a sphere, and revolves on its own axis. This, however, does not detract from the glory of the great German. The discovery of the Hindu had been lost in the midnight of Europe—in the age of faith, and Copernicus was as much a discoverer as though Aryabhatta had never lived.

In this short address there is no time to speak of other sciences, and to point out the particular evidence furnished by each, to establish the dominion of law, nor to more than mention the name of Descartes, the first who undertook to give an explanation of the celestial motions, or who formed the vast and philosophic conception of reducing all the phenomena of the universe to the same law; of Montaigne, one of the heroes of common sense; of Galvani, whose experiments gave the telegraph to the world; of Voltaire, who contributed more than any other of the sons of men to the destruction of religious intolerance; of August Comte, whose genius erected to itself a monument that still touches the stars; of Guttenberg, Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, all soldiers of science, in the grand army of the dead kings.

The glory of science is, that it is freeing the soul—breaking the mental manacles—getting the brain out of bondage—giving courage to thought—filling the world with mercy, justice, and joy.

Science found agriculture plowing with a stick reaping with a sickle—commerce at the mercy of the treacherous waves and the inconstant winds—a world without books—without schools man denying the authority of reason, employing his ingenuity in the manufacture of instruments of torture, in building inquisitions and cathedrals. It found the land filled with malicious monks—with persecuting Protestants, and the burners of men. It found a world full of fear; ignorance upon its knees; credulity the greatest virtue; women treated like beasts of burden; cruelty the only means of reformation.

It found the world at the mercy of disease and famine; men trying to read their fates in the stars, and to tell their fortunes by signs and wonders; generals thinking to conquer their enemies by making the sign of the cross, or by telling a rosary. It found all history full of petty and ridiculous falsehood, and the Almighty was supposed to spend most of his time turning sticks into snakes, drowning boys for swimming on Sunday, and killing little children for the purpose of converting their parents. It found the earth filled with slaves and tyrants, the people in all countries downtrodden, half naked, half starved, without hope, and without reason in the world.

Such was the condition of man when the morning of science dawned upon his brain, and before he had heard the sublime declaration that the universe is governed by law.

For the change that has taken place we are indebted solely to science—the only lever capable of raising mankind. Abject faith is barbarism; reason is civilization. To obey is slavish; to act from a sense of obligation perceived by the reason, is noble. Ignorance worships mystery; Reason explains it: the one grovels, the other soars.

No wonder that fable is the enemy of knowledge. A man with a false diamond shuns the society of lapidaries, and it is upon this principle that superstition abhors science.

In all ages the people have honored those who dishonored them. They have worshiped their destroyers; they have canonized the most gigantic liars, and buried

the great thieves in marble and gold. Under the loftiest monuments sleeps the dust of murder.

Imposture has always worn a crown.

The world is beginning to change because the people are beginning to think. To think is to advance. Everywhere the great minds are investigating the creeds and the superstitions of men—the phenomena of nature, and the laws of things. At the head of this great army of investigators stood Humboldt—the serene leader of an intellectual host—a king by the suffrage of Science, and the divine right of Genius.

And to-day we are not honoring some butcher called a soldier—some wily politician called a statesman—some robber called a king, nor some malicious metaphysician called a saint We are honoring the grand Humboldt, whose victories were all achieved in the arena of thought; who destroyed prejudice, ignorance and error—not men; who shed light—not blood, and who contributed to the knowledge, the wealth, and the happiness of all mankind.

His life was pure, his aims lofty, his learning varied and profound, and his achievements vast.

We honor him because he has ennobled our race, because he has contributed as much as any man living or dead to the real prosperity of the world. We honor him because he honored us—because he labored for others—because he was the most learned man of the most learned nation—because he left a legacy of glory to every human being. For these reasons he is honored throughout the world. Millions are doing homage to his genius at this moment, and millions are pronouncing his name with reverence and recounting what he accomplished.

We associate the name of Humboldt with oceans, continents, mountains, and volcanoes—with the great palms—the wide deserts—the snow-lipped craters of the Andes—with primeval forests and European capitals—with wildernesses and universities—with savages and savans—with the lonely rivers of unpeopled wastes—with peaks and pampas, and steppes, and cliffs and crags—with the progress of the world—with every science known to man, and with every star glittering in the immensity of space.

Humboldt adopted none of the soul-shrinking creeds of his day; wasted none of his time in the stupidities, inanities and contradictions of theological metaphysics; he did not endeavor to harmonize the astronomy and geology of a barbarous people with the science of the nineteenth century. Never, for one moment, did he abandon the sublime standard of truth; he investigated, he studied, he thought, he separated the gold from the dross in the crucible of his grand brain. He was never found on his knees before the altar of superstition. He stood erect by the grand tranquil column of Reason. He was an admirer, a lover, an adorer of Nature, and at the age of ninety, bowed by the weight of nearly a century, covered with the insignia of honor, loved by a nation, respected by a world, with kings for his servants, he laid his weary head upon her bosom—upon the bosom of the universal Mother—and with her loving arms around him, sank into that slumber called Death.

History added another name to the starry scroll of the immortals.

The world is his monument; upon the eternal granite of her hills he inscribed his name, and there upon everlasting stone his genius wrote this, the sublimest of truths:

“The Universe is Governed by Law!”

Thomas Paine

With His Name Left Out, the History of Liberty Cannot be Written.

TO speak the praises of the brave and thoughtful dead, is to me a labor of gratitude and love.

Through all the centuries gone, the mind of man has been beleaguered by the mailed hosts of superstition. Slowly and painfully has advanced the army of deliverance. Hated by those they wished to rescue, despised by those they were dying to save, these grand soldiers, these immortal deliverers, have fought without thanks, labored without applause, suffered without pity, and they have died execrated and abhorred. For the good of mankind they accepted isolation, poverty, and calumny. They gave up all, sacrificed all, lost all but truth and self-respect.

One of the bravest soldiers in this army was Thomas Paine; and for one, I feel indebted to him for the liberty we are enjoying this day. Born among the poor, where children are burdens; in a country where real liberty was unknown; where the privileges of class were guarded with infinite jealousy, and the rights of the individual trampled beneath the feet of priests and nobles; where to advocate justice was treason; where intellectual freedom was Infidelity, it is wonderful that the idea of true liberty ever entered his brain. .

Poverty was his mother—Necessity his master.

He had more brains than books; more sense than education; more courage than politeness; more strength than polish. He had no veneration for old mistakes—no admiration for ancient lies. He loved the truth for the truth's sake, and for man's sake. He saw oppression on every hand; injustice everywhere; hypocrisy at the altar, venality on the bench, tyranny on the throne; and with a splendid courage he espoused the cause of the weak against the strong—of the enslaved many against the titled few.

In England he was nothing. He belonged to the lower classes. There was no avenue open for him. The people hugged their chains, and the whole power of the government was ready to crush any man who endeavored to strike a blow for the right.

At the age of thirty-seven, Thomas Paine left England for America, with the high hope of being instrumental in the establishment of a free government. In his own country he could accomplish nothing. Those two vultures—Church and State—were ready to tear in pieces and devour the heart of any one who might deny their divine right to enslave the world.

Upon his arrival in this country, he found himself possessed of a letter of introduction, signed by another Infidel, the illustrious Franklin. This, and his native genius, constituted his entire capital; and he needed no more. He found the colonies clamoring for justice; whining about their grievances; upon their knees at the foot of the throne, imploring that mixture of idiocy and insanity, George the III., by the grace of God, for a restoration of their ancient privileges. They were not endeavoring to become free men, but were trying to soften the heart of their master. They were perfectly willing to make brick if Pharaoh would furnish the straw. The colonists

wished for, hoped for, and prayed for reconciliation They did not dream of independence.

Paine gave to the world his “Common Sense.” It was the first argument for separation, the first assault upon the British form of government, the first blow for a republic, and it aroused our fathers like a trumpet’s blast.

He was the first to perceive the destiny of the New World.

No other pamphlet ever accomplished such wonderful results. It was filled with argument, reason, persuasion, and unanswerable logic. It opened a new world. It filled the present with hope and the future with honor. Everywhere the people responded, and in a few months the Continental Congress declared the colonies free and independent States.

A new nation was born.

It is simple justice to say that Paine did more to cause the Declaration of Independence than any other man. Neither should it be forgotten that his attacks upon Great Britain were also attacks upon monarchy; and while he convinced the people that the colonies ought to separate from the mother country, he also proved to them that a free government is the best that can be instituted among men.

In my judgment, Thomas Paine was the best political writer that ever lived. “What he wrote was pure nature, and his soul and his pen ever went together.” Ceremony, pageantry, and all the paraphernalia of power, had no effect upon him. He examined into the why and wherefore of things. He was perfectly radical in his mode of thought. Nothing short of the bed-rock satisfied him. His enthusiasm for what he believed to be right knew no bounds. During all the dark scenes of the Revolution, never for one moment did he despair. Year after year his brave words were ringing through the land, and by the bivouac fires the weary soldiers read the inspiring words of “Common Sense,” filled with ideas sharper than their swords, and consecrated themselves anew to the cause of Freedom.

Paine was not content with having aroused the spirit of independence, but he gave every energy of his soul to keep that spirit alive. He was with the army. He shared its defeats, its dangers, and its glory. When the situation became desperate, when gloom settled upon all, he gave them the “Crisis.” It was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading the way to freedom, honor, and glory. He shouted to them, “These are the times that try men’s souls. The summer soldier, and the sunshine patriot, will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.”

To those who wished to put the war off to some future day, with a lofty and touching spirit of self-sacrifice he said: “Every generous parent should say, ‘If there must be war let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.’” To the cry that Americans were rebels, he replied: “He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that in defence of reason rebels against tyranny, has a better title to ‘Defender of the Faith’ than George the Third.”

Some said it was not to the interest of the colonies to be free. Paine answered this by saying, “To know whether it be the interest of the continent to be independent, we need ask only this simple, easy question: ‘Is it the interest of a man to be a boy all his life?’” He found many who would listen to nothing, and to them he said, “That to argue with a man who has renounced his reason is like giving medicine to the dead.” This sentiment ought to adorn the walls of every orthodox church.

There is a world of political wisdom in this: “England lost her liberty in a long chain of right reasoning from wrong principles”; and there is real discrimination in saying, “The Greeks and Romans were strongly possessed of the spirit of liberty, but not the principles, for at the time that they were determined not to be slaves themselves, they employed their power to enslave the rest of mankind.”

In his letter to the British people, in which he tried to convince them that war was not to their interest, occurs the following passage brimful of common sense: “War never can be the interest of a trading nation any more than quarreling can be profitable to a man in business. But to make war with those who trade with us is like setting a bull-dog upon a customer at the shop-door.”

The writings of Paine fairly glitter with simple, compact, logical statements, that carry conviction to the dullest and most prejudiced. He had the happiest possible way of putting the case; in asking questions in such a way that they answer themselves, and in stating his premises so clearly that the deduction could not be avoided.

Day and night he labored for America; month after month, year after year, he gave himself to the Great Cause, until there was “a government of the people and for the people,” and until the banner of the stars floated over a continent redeemed, and consecrated to the happiness of mankind.

At the close of the Revolution, no one stood higher in America than Thomas Paine. The best, the wisest, the most patriotic, were his friends and admirers; and had he been thinking only of his own good he might have rested from his toils and spent the remainder of his life in comfort and in ease. He could have been what the world is pleased to call “respectable.” He could have died surrounded by clergymen, warriors and statesmen. At his death there would have been an imposing funeral, miles of carriages, civic societies, salvos of artillery, a nation in mourning, and, above all, a splendid monument covered with lies.

He chose rather to benefit mankind.

At that time the seeds sown by the great Infidels were beginning to bear fruit in France. The people were beginning to think.

The Eighteenth Century was crowning its gray hairs with the wreath of Progress.

On every hand Science was bearing testimony against the Church. Voltaire had filled Europe with light; D’Holbach was giving to the *élite* of Paris the principles contained in his “System of Nature.” The Encyclopedists had attacked superstition with information for the masses. The foundation of things began to be examined. A few had the courage to keep their shoes on and let the bush burn. Miracles began to get scarce. Everywhere the people began to inquire. America had set an example to the world. The word Liberty was in the mouths of men, and they began to wipe the dust from their knees.

The dawn of a new day had appeared.

Thomas Paine went to France. Into the new movement he threw all his energies. His fame had gone before him, and he was welcomed as a friend of the human race, and as a champion of free government.

He had never relinquished his intention of pointing out to his countrymen the defects, absurdities and abuses of the English government For this purpose he composed and published his greatest political work, “The Rights of Man.” This work should be read by every man and woman. It is concise, accurate, natural, convincing,

and unanswerable. It shows great thought; an intimate knowledge of the various forms of government; deep insight into the very springs of human action, and a courage that compels respect and admiration. The most difficult political problems are solved in a few sentences. The venerable arguments in favor of wrong are refuted with a question—answered with a word. For forcible illustration, apt comparison, accuracy and clearness of statement, and absolute thoroughness, it has never been excelled.

The fears of the administration were aroused, and Paine was prosecuted for libel and found guilty; and yet there is not a sentiment in the entire work that will not challenge the admiration of every civilized man. It is a magazine of political wisdom, an arsenal of ideas, and an honor, not only to Thomas Paine, but to human nature itself. It could have been written only by the man who had the generosity, the exalted patriotism, the goodness to say, “The world is my country, and to do good my religion.”

There is in all the utterances of the world no grander, no sublimer sentiment. There is no creed that can be compared with it for a moment. It should be wrought in gold, adorned with jewels, and impressed upon every human heart: “The world is my country, and to do good my religion.”

In 1792, Paine was elected by the department of Calais as their representative in the National Assembly. So great was his popularity in France that he was selected about the same time by the people of no less than four departments.

Upon taking his place in the Assembly he was appointed as one of a committee to draft a constitution for France. Had the French people taken the advice of Thomas Paine there would have been no “reign of terror.” The streets of Paris would not have been filled with blood The Revolution would have been the grandest success of the world. The truth is that Paine was too conservative to suit the leaders of the French Revolution. They, to a great extent, were carried away by hatred, and a desire to destroy. They had suffered so long, they had borne so much, that it was impossible for them to be moderate in the hour of victory.

Besides all this, the French people had been so robbed by the government, so degraded by the church, that they were not fit material with which to construct a republic. Many of the leaders longed to establish a beneficent and just government, but the people asked for revenge.

Paine was filled with a real love for mankind. His philanthropy was boundless. He wished to destroy monarchy—not the monarch. He voted for the destruction of tyranny, and against the death of the king. He wished to establish a government on a new basis; one that would forget the past; one that would give privileges to none, and protection to all.

In the Assembly, where nearly all were demanding the execution of the king—where to differ from the majority was to be suspected, and, where to be suspected was almost certain death Thomas Paine had the courage, the goodness and the justice to vote against death. To vote against the execution of the king was a vote against his own life. This was the sublimity of devotion to principle. For this he was arrested, imprisoned, and doomed to death.

Search the records of the world and you will find but few sublimer acts than that of Thomas Paine voting against the kings death. He, the hater of despotism, the abhorrer of monarchy, the champion of the rights of man, the republican, accepting

death to save the life of a deposed tyrant—of a throneless king. This was the last grand act of his political life—the sublime conclusion of his political career.

All his life he had been the disinterested friend of man. He had labored—not for money, not for fame, but for the general good. He had aspired to no office; had asked no recognition of his services, but had ever been content to labor as a common soldier in the army of Progress. Confining his efforts to no country, looking upon the world as his field of action, filled with a genuine love for the right, he found himself imprisoned by the very people he had striven to save.

Had his enemies succeeded in bringing him to the block, he would have escaped the calumnies and the hatred of the Christian world. In this country, at least, he would have ranked with the proudest names. On the anniversary of the Declaration his name would have been upon the lips of all the orators, and his memory in the hearts of all the people.

Thomas Paine had not finished his career.

He had spent his life thus far in destroying the power of kings, and now he turned his attention to the priests. He knew that every abuse had been embalmed in Scripture—that every outrage was in partnership with some holy text. He knew that the throne skulked behind the altar, and both behind a pretended revelation from God. By this time he had found that it was of little use to free the body and leave the mind in chains. He had explored the foundations of despotism, and had found them infinitely rotten. He had dug under the throne, and it occurred to him that he would take a look behind the altar.

The result of his investigations was given to the world in the “Age of Reason.” From the moment of its publication he became infamous. He was calumniated beyond measure. To slander him was to secure the thanks of the church. All his services were instantly forgotten, disparaged or denied. He was shunned as though he had been a pestilence. Most of his old friends forsook him. He was regarded as a moral plague, and at the bare mention of his name the bloody hands of the church were raised in horror. He was denounced as the most despicable of men.

Not content with following him to his grave, they pursued him after death with redoubled fury, and recounted with infinite gusto and satisfaction the supposed horrors of his death-bed; gloried in the fact that he was forlorn and friendless, and gloated like fiends over what they supposed to be the agonizing remorse of his lonely death.

It is wonderful that all his services were thus forgotten. It is amazing that one kind word did not fall from some pulpit; that some one did not accord to him, at least—honesty. Strange, that in the general denunciation some one did not remember his labor for liberty, his devotion to principle, his zeal for the rights of his fellow-men. He had, by brave and splendid effort, associated his name with the cause of Progress. He had made it impossible to write the history of political freedom with his name left out He was one of the creators of light; one of the heralds of the dawn. He hated tyranny in the name of kings, and in the name of God, with every drop of his noble blood. He believed in liberty and justice, and in the sacred doctrine of human equality. Under these divine banners he fought the battle of his life. In both worlds he offered his blood for the good of man. In the wilderness of America, in the French Assembly, in the sombre cell waiting for death, he was the same unflinching, unwavering friend of his race; the same undaunted champion of universal freedom. And for this he has been hated; for this the church has violated even his grave.

This is enough to make one believe that nothing is more natural than for men to devour their benefactors. The people in all ages have crucified and glorified. Whoever lifts his voice against abuses, whoever arraigns the past at the bar of the present, whoever asks the king to show his commission, or questions the authority of the priest, will be denounced as the enemy of man and God. In all ages reason has been regarded as the enemy of religion. Nothing has been considered so pleasing to the Deity as a total denial of the authority of your own mind. Self-reliance has been thought a deadly sin; and the idea of living and dying without the aid and consolation of superstition has always horrified the church. By some unaccountable infatuation, belief has been and still is considered of immense importance. All religions have been based upon the idea that God will forever reward the true believer, and eternally damn the man who doubts or denies. Belief is regarded as the one essential thing. To practice justice, to love mercy, is not enough. You must believe in some incomprehensible creed. You must say, "Once one is three, and three times one is one." The man who practiced every virtue, but failed to believe, was execrated. Nothing so outrages the feelings of the church as a moral unbeliever—nothing so horrible as a charitable Atheist.

When Paine was born, the world was religious, the pulpit was the real throne, and the churches were making every effort to crush out of the brain the idea that it had the right to think.

The splendid saying of Lord Bacon, that "the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, are the sovereign good of human nature," has been, and ever will be, rejected by religionists. Intellectual liberty, as a matter of necessity, forever destroys the idea that belief is either praise or blame-worthy, and is wholly inconsistent with every creed in Christendom. Paine recognized this truth. He also saw that as long as the Bible was considered inspired, this infamous doctrine of the virtue of belief would be believed and preached. He examined the Scriptures for himself, and found them filled with cruelty, absurdity and immorality.

He again made up his mind to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow-men.

He commenced with the assertion, "That any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." What a beautiful, what a tender sentiment! No wonder the church began to hate him. He believed in one God, and no more. After this life he hoped for happiness. He believed that true religion consisted in doing justice, loving mercy, in endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy, and in offering to God the fruit of the heart. He denied the inspiration of the Scriptures. This was his crime.

He contended that it is a contradiction in terms to call anything a revelation that comes to us second-hand, either verbally or in writing. He asserted that revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication, and that after that it is only an account of something which another person says was a revelation to him. We have only his word for it, as it was never made to us. This argument never has been and probably never will be answered. He denied the divine origin of Christ, and showed conclusively that the pretended prophecies of the Old Testament had no reference to him whatever; and yet he believed that Christ was a virtuous and amiable man; that the morality he taught and practiced was of the most benevolent and elevated character, and that it had not been exceeded by any. Upon this point he entertained

the same sentiments now held by the Unitarians, and in fact by all the most enlightened Christians.

In his time the church believed and taught that every word in the Bible was absolutely true. Since his day it has been proven false in its cosmogony, false in its astronomy, false in its chronology, false in its history, and so far as the Old Testament is concerned, false in almost everything. There are but few, if any, scientific men who apprehend that the Bible is literally true. Who on earth at this day would pretend to settle any scientific question by a text from the Bible? The old belief is confined to the ignorant and zealous. The church itself will before long be driven to occupy the position of Thomas Paine. The best minds of the orthodox world, to-day, are endeavoring to prove the existence of a personal Deity. All other questions occupy a minor place. You are no longer asked to swallow the Bible whole, whale, Jonah and all; you are simply required to believe in God, and pay your pew-rent. There is not now an enlightened minister in the world who will seriously contend that Samson's strength was in his hair, or that the necromancers of Egypt could turn water into blood, and pieces of wood into serpents. These follies have passed away, and the only reason that the religious world can now have for disliking Paine is that they have been forced to adopt so many of his opinions.

Paine thought the barbarities of the Old Testament inconsistent with what he deemed the real character of God. He believed that murder, massacre and indiscriminate slaughter had never been commanded by the Deity. He regarded much of the Bible as childish, unimportant and foolish The scientific world entertains the same opinion. Paine attacked the Bible precisely in the same spirit in which he had attacked the pretensions of kings. He used the same weapons. All the pomp in the world could not make him cower. His reason knew no "Holy of Holies," except the abode of Truth. The sciences were then in their infancy. The attention of the really learned had not been directed to an impartial examination of our pretended revelation. It was accepted by most as a matter of course. The church was all-powerful, and no one, unless thoroughly imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, thought for a moment of disputing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The infamous doctrines that salvation depends upon belief—upon a mere intellectual conviction—was then believed and preached. To doubt was to secure the damnation of your soul. This absurd and devilish doctrine shocked the common sense of Thomas Paine, and he denounced it with the fervor of honest indignation. This doctrine, although infinitely ridiculous, has been nearly universal, and has been as hurtful as senseless. For the overthrow of this infamous tenet, Paine exerted all his strength. He left few arguments to be used by those who should come after him, and he used none that have been refuted. The combined wisdom and genius of all mankind cannot possibly conceive of an argument against liberty of thought. Neither can they show why any one should be punished, either in this world or another, for acting honestly in accordance with reason; and yet a doctrine with every possible argument against it has been, and still is, believed and defended by the entire orthodox world. Can it be possible that we have been endowed with reason simply that our souls may be caught in its toils and snares, that we may be led by its false and delusive glare out of the narrow path that leads to joy into the broad way of everlasting death? Is it possible that we have been given reason simply that we may through faith ignore its deductions, and avoid its conclusions? Ought the sailor to throw away his compass and depend entirely upon the fog? If reason is not to be depended upon in matters of religion, that is to say, in respect of our duties to the Deity, why should it be relied upon in matters respecting the rights of our fellows?

Why should we throw away the laws given to Moses by God himself and have the audacity to make some of our own? How dare we drown the thunders of Sinai by calling the ayes and noes in a petty legislature? If reason can determine what is merciful, what is just, the duties of man to man, what more do we want either in time or eternity?

Down, forever down, with any religion that requires upon its ignorant altar the sacrifice of the goddess Reason, that compels her to abdicate forever the shining throne of the soul, strips from her form the imperial purple, snatches from her hand the sceptre of thought and makes her the bond-woman of a senseless faith!

If a man should tell you that he had the most beautiful painting in the world, and after taking you where it was should insist upon having your eyes shut, you would likely suspect, either that he had no painting or that it was some pitiable daub. Should he tell you that he was a most excellent performer on the violin, and yet refuse to play unless your ears were stopped, you would think, to say the least of it, that he had an odd way of convincing you of his musical ability. But would his conduct be any more wonderful than that of a religionist who asks that before examining his creed you will have the kindness to throw away your reason? The first gentleman says, “Keep your eyes shut, my picture will bear everything but being seen;” “Keep your ears stopped, my music objects to nothing but being heard.” The last says, “Away with your reason, my religion dreads nothing but being understood.”

So far as I am concerned, I most cheerfully admit that most Christians are honest, and most ministers sincere. We do not attack them; we attack their creed. We accord to them the same rights that we ask for ourselves. We believe that their doctrines are hurtful. We believe that the frightful text, “He that believes shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned,” has covered the earth with blood. It has filled the heart with arrogance, cruelty and murder. It has caused the religious wars; bound hundreds of thousands to the stake; founded inquisitions; filled dungeons; invented instruments of torture; taught the mother to hate her child; imprisoned the mind; filled the world with ignorance; persecuted the lovers of wisdom; built the monasteries and convents; made happiness a crime, investigation a sin, and self-reliance a blasphemy. It has poisoned the springs of learning; misdirected the energies of the world; filled all countries with want; housed the people in hovels; fed them with famine; and but for the efforts of a few brave Infidels it would have taken the world back to the midnight of barbarism, and left the heavens without a star.

The maligners of Paine say that he had no right to attack this doctrine, because he was unacquainted with the dead languages; and for this reason, it was a piece of pure impudence in him to investigate the Scriptures.

Is it necessary to understand Hebrew in order to know that cruelty is not a virtue, that murder is inconsistent with infinite goodness, and that eternal punishment can be inflicted upon man only by an eternal fiend? Is it really essential to conjugate the Greek verbs before you can make up your mind as to the probability of dead people getting out of their graves? Must one be versed in Latin before he is entitled to express his opinion as to the genuineness of a pretended revelation from God? Common sense belongs exclusively to no tongue. Logic is not confined to, nor has it been buried with, the dead languages. Paine attacked the Bible as it is translated. If the translation is wrong, let its defenders correct it.

The Christianity of Paine’s day is not the Christianity of our time. There has been a great improvement since then. One hundred and fifty years ago the foremost

preachers of our time would have perished at the stake. A Universalist would have been torn in pieces in England, Scotland, and America. Unitarians would have found themselves in the stocks, pelted by the rabble with dead cats, after which their ears would have been cut off, their tongues bored, and their foreheads branded. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago the following law was in force in Maryland:

"Be it enacted by the Right Honorable, the Lord Proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his Lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of the Assembly, and the authority of the same:

"That if any person shall hereafter, within this province, wittingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or the Godhead of any of the three persons, or the unity of the Godhead, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or any of the persons thereof, and shall thereof be convict by verdict, shall, for the first offence, be bored through the tongue, and fined twenty pounds to be levied of his body. And for the second offence, the offender shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead with the letter B, and fined forty pounds. And that for the third offence the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy."

The strange thing about this law is, that it has never been repealed, and is still in force in the District of Columbia. Laws like this were in force in most of the colonies, and in all countries where the church had power.

In the Old Testament, the death penalty is attached to hundreds of offences. It has been the same in all Christian countries. To-day, in civilized governments, the death penalty is attached only to murder and treason; and in some it has been entirely abolished. What a commentary upon the divine systems of the world!

In the day of Thomas Paine, the church was ignorant, bloody and relentless. In Scotland the "Kirk" was at the summit of its power. It was a full sister of the Spanish Inquisition. It waged war upon human nature. It was the enemy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despiser of religious liberty. It taught parents to murder their children rather than to allow them to propagate error. If the mother held opinions of which the infamous "Kirk" disapproved, her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bosom, and she was not allowed to see them, or to write them a word. It would not allow shipwrecked sailors to be rescued from drowning on Sunday. It sought to annihilate pleasure, to pollute the heart by filling it with religious cruelty and gloom, and to change mankind into a vast horde of pious, heartless fiends. One of the most famous Scotch divines said: "The Kirk holds that religious toleration is not far from blasphemy." And this same Scotch Kirk denounced, beyond measure, the man who had the moral grandeur to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." And this same Kirk abhorred the man who said, "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

At that time nothing so delighted the church as the beauties of endless torment, and listening to the weak wailings of damned infants struggling in the slimy coils and poison-folds of the worm that never dies.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century, a boy by the name of Thomas Aikenhead, was indicted and tried at Edinburgh for having denied the inspiration of the Scriptures, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished himself in hell that he might get warm. Notwithstanding the poor boy recanted and begged for

mercy, he was found guilty and hanged. His body was thrown in a hole at the foot of the scaffold and covered with stones.

Prosecutions and executions like this were common in every Christian country, and all of them were based upon the belief that an intellectual conviction is a crime.

No wonder the church hated and traduced the author of the "Age of Reason."

England was filled with Puritan gloom and Episcopal ceremony. All religious conceptions were of the grossest nature. The ideas of crazy fanatics and extravagant poets were taken as sober facts. Milton had clothed Christianity in the soiled and faded finery of the gods—had added to the story of Christ the fables of Mythology. He gave to the Protestant Church the most outrageously material ideas of the Deity. He turned all the angels into soldiers—made heaven a battlefield, put Christ in uniform, and described God as a militia general. His works were considered by the Protestants nearly as sacred as the Bible itself, and the imagination of the people was thoroughly polluted by the horrible imagery, the sublime absurdity of the blind Milton.

Heaven and hell were realities—the judgment-day was expected—books of account would be opened. Every man would hear the charges against him read. God was supposed to sit on a golden throne, surrounded by the tallest angels, with harps in their hands and crowns on their heads. The goats would be thrust into eternal fire on the left, while the orthodox sheep, on the right, were to gambol on sunny slopes forever and forever.

The nation was profoundly ignorant, and consequently extremely religious, so far as belief was concerned.

In Europe, Liberty was lying chained in the Inquisition—her white bosom stained with blood. In the New World the Puritans had been hanging and burning in the name of God, and selling white Quaker children into slavery in the name of Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Under such conditions progress was impossible. Some one had to lead the way. The church is, and always has been, incapable of a forward movement. Religion always looks back. The church has already reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile.

Some one not connected with the church had to attack the monster that was eating out the heart of the world. Some one had to sacrifice himself for the good of all. The people were in the most abject slavery; their manhood had been taken from them by pomp, by pageantry and power. Progress is born of doubt and inquiry.

The church never doubts—never inquires. To doubt is heresy—to inquire is to admit that you do not know—the church does neither.

More than a century ago Catholisism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and scepters, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, trampling beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud moment of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire. From that blow the church never can recover. Livid with hatred she launched her eternal anathema at the great destroyer, and ignorant Protestants have echoed the curse of Rome.

In our country the church was all-powerful, and although divided into many sects, would instantly unite to repel a common foe.

Paine struck the first grand blow.

The “Age of Reason” did more to undermine the power of the Protestant Church than all other books then known. It furnished an immense amount of food for thought. It was written for the average mind, and is a straightforward, honest investigation of the Bible, and of the Christian system.

Paine did not falter, from the first page to the last. He gives you his candid thought, and candid thoughts are always valuable.

The “Age of Reason” has liberalized us all. It put arguments in the mouths of the people; it put the church on the defensive; it enabled somebody in every village to corner the parson; it made the world wiser, and the church better; it took power from the pulpit and divided it among the pews.

Just in proportion that the human race has advanced, the church has lost power. There is no exception to this rule.

No nation ever materially advanced that held strictly to the religion of its founders.

No nation ever gave itself wholly to the control of the church without losing its power, its honor, and existence.

Every church pretends to have found the exact truth. This is the end of progress. Why pursue that which you have? Why investigate when you know?

Every creed is a rock in running water: humanity sweeps by it. Every creed cries to the universe, “Halt!” A creed is the ignorant Past bullying the enlightened Present.

The ignorant are not satisfied with what can be demonstrated. Science is too slow for them, and so they invent creeds. They demand completeness. A sublime segment, a grand fragment, are of no value to them. They demand the complete circle—the entire structure.

In music they want a melody with a recurring accent at measured periods. In religion they insist upon immediate answers to the questions of creation and destiny. The alpha and omega of all things must be in the alphabet of their superstition. A religion that cannot answer every question, and guess every conundrum is, in their estimation, worse than worthless. They desire a kind of theological dictionary—a religious ready reckoner, together with guide-boards at all crossings and turns. They mistake impudence for authority, solemnity for wisdom, and bathos for inspiration. The beginning and the end are what they demand. The grand flight of the eagle is nothing to them. They want the nest in which he was hatched, and especially the dry limb upon which he roosts. Anything that can be learned is hardly worth knowing. The present is considered of no value in itself. Happiness must not be expected this side of the clouds, and can only be attained by self-denial and faith; not selfdenial for the good of others, but for the salvation of your own sweet self.

Paine denied the authority of bibles and creeds; this was his crime, and for this the world shut the door in his face, and emptied its slops upon him from the windows.

I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word in favor of tyranny—in favor of immorality; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against justice, charity, or liberty, and yet he has been pursued as though he had been a fiend from hell. His memory has been execrated as though he had murdered some Uriah for his wife; driven some Hagar into the desert to starve with his child upon her bosom;

defiled his own daughters; ripped open with the sword the sweet bodies of loving and innocent women; advised one brother to assassinate another; kept a harem with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, or had persecuted Christians even unto strange cities.

The church has pursued Paine to deter others. No effort has been in any age of the world spared to crush out opposition. The church used painting, music and architecture, simply to degrade mankind. But there are men that nothing can awe. There have been at all times brave spirits that dared even the gods. Some proud head has always been above the waves. In every age some Diogenes has sacrificed to all the gods. True genius never cowers, and there is always some Samson feeling for the pillars of authority.

Cathedrals and domes, and chimes and chants.—temples frescoed and groined and carved, and gilded with gold—altars and tapers, and paintings of virgin and babe—censer and chalice—chasuble, paten and alb—organs, and anthems and incense rising to the winged and blest—maniple, amice and stole—crosses and crosiers, tiaras and crowns—mitres and missals and masses—rosaries, relics and robes—martyrs and saints, and windows stained as with the blood of Christ—never, never for one moment awed the brave, proud spirit of the Infidel. He knew that all the pomp and glitter had been purchased with Liberty—that priceless jewel of the soul. In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the fagot. He knew that the cross adorned the hilt of the sword, and so where others worshiped, he wept and scorned.

The doubter, the investigator, the Infidel, have been the saviors of liberty. This truth is beginning to be realized, and the truly intellectual are honoring the brave thinkers of the past.

But the church is as unforgiving as ever, and still wonders why any Infidel should be wicked enough to endeavor to destroy her power.

I will tell the church why.

You have imprisoned the human mind; you have been the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake—wasted us upon slow fires—torn our flesh with iron; you have covered us with chains—treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have denied us the right to testify in courts of justice; you have branded us with infamy; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of your religion, you have robbed us of every right; and after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, you have fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands implored your God to torment us forever.

Can you wonder that we hate your doctrines—that we despise your creeds—that we feel proud to know that we are beyond your power—that we are free in spite of you—that we can express our honest thought, and that the whole world is grandly rising into the blessed light?

Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact that Infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man, for the liberty of conscience, and for the happiness of all?

Can you wonder that we are proud to know that we have always been disciples of Reason, and soldiers of Freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

We deny that religion is the end or object of this life. When it is so considered it becomes destructive of happiness—the real end of life. It becomes a hydra-headed monster, reaching in terrible coils from the heavens, and thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men. It devours their substance, builds palaces for God, (who dwells not in temples made with hands,) and allows his children to die in huts and hovels. It fills the earth with mourning, heaven with hatred, the present with fear, and all the future with despair.

Virtue is a subordination of the passions to the intellect. It is to act in accordance with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing. This is the sublime truth that the Infidels in all ages have uttered. They have handed the torch from one to the other through all the years that have fled. Upon the altar of Reason they have kept the sacred fire, and through the long midnight of faith they fed the divine flame.

Infidelity is liberty; all religion is slavery. In every creed man is the slave of God—woman is the slave of man and the sweet children are the slaves of all.

We do not want creeds; we want knowledge—we want happiness.

And yet we are told by the church that we have accomplished nothing; that we are simply destroyers; that we tear down without building again.

Is it nothing to free the mind? Is it nothing to civilize mankind? Is it nothing to fill the world with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it nothing to grope your way into the dreary prisons, the damp and dropping dungeons, the dark and silent cells of superstition, where the souls of men are chained to floors of stone; to greet them like a ray of light, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a stream; to see the dull eyes open and grow slowly bright; to feel yourself grasped by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice?

Is it nothing to conduct these souls gradually into the blessed light of day—to let them see again the happy fields, the sweet, green earth, and hear the everlasting music of the waves? Is it nothing to make men wipe the dust from their swollen knees, the tears from their blanched and furrowed cheeks? Is it a small thing to reave the heavens of an insatiate monster and write upon the eternal dome, glittering with stars, the grand word—Freedom?

Is it a small thing to quench the flames of hell with the holy tears of pity—to unbind the martyr from the stake—break all the chains—put out the fires of civil war—stay the sword of the fanatic, and tear the bloody hands of the Church from the white throat of Science?

Is it a small thing to make men truly free—to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice and power—the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of the earth the fiend of Fear?

It does seem as though the most zealous Christian must at times entertain some doubt as to the divine origin of his religion. For eighteen hundred years the doctrine has been preached. For more than a thousand years the church had, to a great extent, the control of the civilized world, and what has been the result? Are the Christian

nations patterns of charity and forbearance? On the contrary, their principal business is to destroy each other. More than five millions of Christians are trained, educated, and drilled to murder their fellow-christians. Every nation is groaning under a vast debt incurred in carrying on war against other Christians, or defending itself from Christian assault. The world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to blow Christian brains into eternal froth. Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engines of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian warfare. There must be some other way to reform this world. We have tried creed, and dogma and fable, and they have failed; and they have failed in all the nations dead.

The people perish for the lack of knowledge.

Nothing but education—scientific education—can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them.

We need free bodies and free minds,—free labor and free thought,—chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

We need men with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions, even to the very death. We need have no fear of being too radical. The future will verify all grand and brave predictions. Paine was splendidly in advance of his time; but he was orthodox compared with the Infidels of to-day.

Science, the great Iconoclast, has been busy since 1809, and by the highway of Progress are the broken images of the Past.

On every hand the people advance. The Vicar of God has been pushed from the throne of the Caesars, and upon the roofs of the Eternal City falls once more the shadow of the Eagle.

All has been accomplished by the heroic few. The men of science have explored heaven and earth, and with infinite patience have furnished the facts. The brave thinkers have used them. The gloomy caverns of superstition have been transformed into temples of thought, and the demons of the past are the angels of to-day.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts; and now, the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, created a giant that turns with tireless arm, the countless wheels of toil.

Thomas Paine was one of the intellectual heroes—one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the Great Republic. As long as free government exists he will be remembered, admired and honored.

He lived a long, laborious and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself, and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called society, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure and what history calls success.

If to love your fellow-men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good.

If to be in advance of your time—to be a pioneer in the direction of right—is greatness, Thomas Paine was great.

If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, Thomas Paine was a hero.

At the age of seventy-three, death touched his tired heart. He died in the land his genius defended—under the flag he gave to the skies. Slander cannot touch him now—hatred cannot reach him more. He sleeps in the sanctuary of the tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars.

A few more years—a few more brave men—a few more rays of light, and mankind will venerate the memory of him who said:

“ANY SYSTEM OF RELIGION THAT SHOCKS THE MIND OF A CHILD CANNOT BE A TRUE SYSTEM;”

“The world is my Country, and to do good my Religion.”

Individuality

“His Soul was like a Star and dwelt apart.”

ON every hand are the enemies of individuality and mental freedom. Custom meets us at the cradle and leaves us only at the tomb. Our first questions are answered by ignorance, and our last by superstition. We are pushed and dragged by countless hands along the beaten track, and our entire training can be summed up in the word—suppression. Our desire to have a thing or to do a thing is considered as conclusive evidence that we ought not to have it, and ought not to do it. At every turn we run against cherubim and a flaming sword guarding some entrance to the Eden of our desire. We are allowed to investigate all subjects in which we feel no particular interest, and to express the opinions of the majority with the utmost freedom. We are taught that liberty of speech should never be carried to the extent of contradicting the dead witnesses of a popular superstition. Society offers continual rewards for self-betrayal, and they are nearly all earned and claimed, and some are paid.

We have all read accounts of Christian gentlemen remarking, when about to be hanged, how much better it would have been for them if they had only followed a mother’s advice. But after all, how fortunate it is for the world that the maternal advice has not always been followed. How fortunate it is for us all that it is somewhat unnatural for a human being to obey. Universal obedience is universal stagnation; disobedience is one of the conditions of progress. Select any age of the world and tell me what would have been the effect of implicit obedience. Suppose the church had had absolute control of the human mind at any time, would not the words liberty and progress have been blotted from human speech? In defiance of advice, the world has advanced.

Suppose the astronomers had controlled the science of astronomy; suppose the doctors had controlled the science of medicine; suppose kings had been left to fix the forms of government; suppose our fathers had taken the advice of Paul, who said, “be subject to the powers that be, because they are ordained of God;” suppose the church could control the world to-day, we would go back to chaos and old night. Philosophy would be branded as infamous; Science would again press its pale and thoughtful face against the prison bars, and round the limbs of liberty would climb the bigot’s flame.

It is a blessed thing that in every age some one has had individuality enough and courage enough to stand by his own convictions,—some one who had the grandeur to say his say. I believe it was Magellan who said, “The church says the earth is flat; but I have seen its shadow on the moon, and I have more confidence even in a shadow than in the church.” On the prow of his ship were disobedience, defiance, scorn, and success.

The trouble with most people is, they bow to what is called authority; they have a certain reverence for the old because it is old. They think a man is better for being dead, especially if he has been dead a long time. They think the fathers of their nation were the greatest and best of all mankind. All these things they implicitly believe because it is popular and patriotic, and because they were told so when they were very small, and remember distinctly of hearing mother read it out of a book. It is hard to over-estimate the influence of early training in the direction of superstition. You first teach children that a certain book is true—that it was written by God

himself—that to question its truth is a sin, that to deny it is a crime, and that should they die without believing that book they will be forever damned without benefit of clergy. The consequence is, that long before they read that book, they believe it to be true. When they do read it their minds are wholly unfitted to investigate its claims. They accept it as a matter of course.

In this way the reason is overcome, the sweet instincts of humanity are blotted from the heart, and while reading its infamous pages even justice throws aside her scales, shrieking for revenge, and charity, with bloody hands, applauds a deed of murder. In this way we are taught that the revenge of man is the justice of God; that mercy is not the same everywhere. In this way the ideas of our race have been subverted. In this way we have made tyrants, bigots, and inquisitors. In this way the brain of man has become a kind of palimpsest upon which, and over the writings of nature, superstition has scrawled her countless lies. One great trouble is that most teachers are dishonest. They teach as certainties those things concerning which they entertain doubts. They do not say, "we *think* this is so," but "we *know* this is so." They do not appeal to the reason of the pupil, but they command his faith. They keep all doubts to themselves; they do not explain, they assert. All this is infamous. In this way you may make Christians, but you cannot make men; you cannot make women. You can make followers, but no leaders; disciples, but no Christs. You may promise power, honor, and happiness to all those who will blindly follow, but you cannot keep your promise.

A monarch said to a hermit, "Come with me and I will give you power."

"I have all the power that I know how to use" replied the hermit.

"Come," said the king, "I will give you wealth."

"I have no wants that money can supply," said the hermit.

"I will give you honor," said the monarch.

"Ah, honor cannot be given, it must be earned," was the hermit's answer.

"Come," said the king, making a last appeal, "and I will give you happiness."

"No," said the man of solitude, "there is no happiness without liberty, and he who follows cannot be free."

"You shall have liberty too," said the king.

"Then I will stay where I am," said the old man.

And all the king's courtiers thought the hermit a fool.

Now and then somebody examines, and in spite of all keeps his manhood, and has the courage to follow where his reason leads. Then the pious get together and repeat wise saws, and exchange knowing nods and most prophetic winks. The stupidly wise sit owl-like on the dead limbs of the tree of knowledge, and solemnly hoot. Wealth sneers, and fashion laughs, and respectability passes by on the other side, and scorn points with all her skinny fingers, and all the snakes of superstition writhe and hiss, and slander lends her tongue, and infamy her brand, and perjury her oath, and the law its power, and bigotry tortures, and the church kills.

The church hates a thinker precisely for the same reason a robber dislikes a sheriff, or a thief despises the prosecuting witness. Tyranny likes courtiers, flatterers, followers, fawners, and superstition wants believers, disciples, zealots, hypocrites, and subscribers. The church demands worship—the very thing that man should give to no being, human or divine. To worship another is to degrade yourself. Worship is

awe and dread and vague fear and blind hope. It is the spirit of worship that elevates the one and degrades the many; that builds palaces for robbers, erects monuments to crime, and forges manacles even for its own hands. The spirit of worship is the spirit of tyranny. The worshiper always regrets that he is not the worshiped. We should all remember that the intellect has no knees, and that whatever the attitude of the body may be, the brave soul is always found erect. Whoever worships, abdicates. Whoever believes at the command of power, tramples his own individuality beneath his feet, and voluntarily robs himself of all that renders man superior to the brute.

The despotism of faith is justified upon the ground that Christian countries are the grandest and most prosperous of the world. At one time the same thing could have been truly said in India, in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, and in every other country that has, in the history of the world, swept to empire. This argument proves too much not only, but the assumption upon which it is based is utterly false. Numberless circumstances and countless conditions have produced the prosperity of the Christian world. The truth is, we have advanced in spite of religious zeal, ignorance, and opposition. The church has won no victories for the rights of man. Luther labored to reform the church—Voltaire, to reform men. Over every fortress of tyranny has waved, and still waves, the banner of the church. Wherever brave blood has been shed, the sword of the church has been wet. On every chain has been the sign of the cross. The altar and throne have leaned against and supported each other.

All that is good in our civilization is the result of commerce, climate, soil, geographical position, industry, invention, discovery, art, and science. The church has been the enemy of progress, for the reason that it has endeavored to prevent man thinking for himself. To prevent thought is to prevent all advancement except in the direction of faith.

Who can imagine the infinite impudence of a church assuming to think for the human race? Who can imagine the infinite impudence of a church that pretends to be the mouthpiece of God, and in his name threatens to inflict eternal punishment upon those who honestly reject its claims and scorn its pretensions? By what right does a man, or an organization of men, or a god, claim to hold a brain in bondage? When a fact can be demonstrated, force is unnecessary; when it cannot be demonstrated, an appeal to force is infamous. In the presence of the unknown all have an equal right to think.

Over the vast plain, called life, we are all travelers, and not one traveler is perfectly certain that he is going in the right direction. True it is that no other plain is so well supplied with guide-boards. At every turn and crossing you will find them, and upon each one is written the exact direction and distance. One great trouble is, however, that these boards are all different, and the result is that most travelers are confused in proportion to the number they read. Thousands of people are around each of these signs, and each one is doing his best to convince the traveler that his particular board is the only one upon which the least reliance can be placed, and that if his road is taken the reward for so doing will be infinite and eternal, while all the other roads are said to lead to hell, and all the makers of the other guide-boards are declared to be heretics, hypocrites and liars. “Well,” says a traveler, “you may be right in what you say, but allow me at least to read some of the other directions and examine a little into their claims. I wish to rely a little upon my own judgment in a matter of so great importance.” “No, sir,” shouts the zealot, “that is the very thing you are not allowed to do. You must go my way without investigation, or you are as good as damned already.” “Well,” says the traveler, “if that is so, I believe I had better go your way.”

And so most of them go along, taking the word of those who know as little as themselves. Now and then comes one who, in spite of all threats, calmly examines the claims of all, and as calmly rejects them all. These travelers take roads of their own, and are denounced by all the others, as infidels and atheists.

Around all of these guide-boards, as far as the eye can reach, the ground is covered with mountains of human bones, crumbling and bleaching in the rain and sun. They are the bones of murdered men and women—fathers, mothers and babes.

In my judgment, every human being should take a road of his own. Every mind should be true to itself—should think, investigate and conclude for itself. This is a duty alike incumbent upon pauper and prince. Every soul should repel dictation and tyranny, no matter from what source they come—from earth or heaven, from men or gods. Besides, every traveler upon this vast plain should give to every other traveler his best idea as to the road that should be taken. Each is entitled to the honest opinion of all. And there is but one way to get an honest opinion upon any subject whatever. The person giving the opinion must be free from fear. The merchant must not fear to lose his custom, the doctor his practice, nor the preacher his pulpit There can be no advance without liberty. Suppression of honest inquiry is retrogression, and must end in intellectual night. The tendency of orthodox religion to-day is toward mental slavery and barbarism. Not one of the orthodox ministers dare preach what he thinks if he knows a majority of his congregation think otherwise. He knows that every member of his church stands guard over his brain with a creed, like a club, in his hand. He knows that he is not expected to search after the truth, but that he is employed to defend the creed. Every pulpit is a pillory, in which stands a hired culprit, defending the justice of his own imprisonment.

Is it desirable that all should be exactly alike in their religious convictions? Is any such thing possible? Do we not know that there are no two persons alike in the whole world? No two, trees, no two leaves, no two anythings that are alike? Infinite diversity is the law. Religion tries to force all minds into one mould. Knowing that all cannot believe, the church endeavors to make all say they believe. She longs for the unity of hypocrisy, and detests the splendid diversity of individuality and freedom.

Nearly all people stand in great horror of annihilation, and yet to give up your individuality is to annihilate yourself. Mental slavery is mental death, and every man who has given up his intellectual freedom is the living coffin of his dead soul. In this sense, every church is a cemetery and every creed an epitaph.

We should all remember that to be like other people is to be unlike ourselves, and that nothing can be more detestable in character than servile imitation. The great trouble with imitation is, that we are apt to ape those who are in reality far below us. After all, the poorest bargain that a human being can make, is to give his individuality for what is called respectability.

There is no saying more degrading than this: “It is better to be the tail of a lion than the head of a dog.” It is a responsibility to think and act for yourself. Most people hate responsibility; therefore they join something and become the tail of some lion. They say, “My party can act for me—my church can do my thinking. It is enough for me to pay taxes and obey the lion to which I belong, without troubling myself about the right, the wrong, or the why or the wherefore of anything whatever.” These people are respectable. They hate reformers, and dislike exceedingly to have their minds disturbed. They regard convictions as very disagreeable things to have. They love forms, and enjoy, beyond everything else, telling what a splendid tail their lion

has, and what a troublesome dog their neighbor is. Besides this natural inclination to avoid personal responsibility, is and always has been, the fact, that every religionist has warned men against the presumption and wickedness of thinking for themselves. The reason has been denounced by all Christendom as the only unsafe guide. The church has left nothing undone to prevent man following the logic of his brain. The plainest facts have been covered with the mantle of mystery. The grossest absurdities have been declared to be self-evident facts. The order of nature has been, as it were, reversed, that the hypocritical few might govern the honest many. The man who stood by the conclusion of his reason was denounced as a scorner and hater of God and his holy church. From the organization of the first church until this moment, to think your own thoughts has been inconsistent with membership. Every member has borne the marks of collar, and chain, and whip. No man ever seriously attempted to reform a church without being cast out and hunted down by the hounds of hypocrisy. The highest crime against a creed is to change it. Reformation is treason.

Thousands of young men are being educated at this moment by the various churches. What for? In order that they may be prepared to investigate the phenomena by which we are surrounded? No! The object, and the only object, is that they may be prepared to defend a creed; that they may learn the arguments of their respective churches, and repeat them in the dull ears of a thoughtless congregation. If one, after being thus trained at the expense of the Methodists, turns Presbyterian or Baptist, he is denounced as an ungrateful wretch. Honest investigation is utterly impossible within the pale of any church, for the reason, that if you think the church is right you will not investigate, and if you think it wrong, the church will investigate you. The consequence of this is, that most of the theological literature is the result of suppression, of fear, tyranny and hypocrisy.

Every orthodox writer necessarily said to himself, “If I write that, my wife and children may want for bread. I will be covered with shame and branded with infamy; but if I write this, I will gain position, power, and honor. My church rewards defenders, and burns reformers.”

Under these conditions all your Scotts, Hen-rys, and McKnights have written; and weighed in these scales, what are their commentaries worth? They are not the ideas and decisions of honest judges, but the sophisms of the paid attorneys of superstition. Who can tell what the world has lost by this infamous system of suppression? How many grand thinkers have died with the mailed hand of superstition upon their lips? How many splendid ideas have perished in the cradle of the brain, strangled in the poison-coils of that python, the Church!

For thousands of years a thinker was hunted down like an escaped convict. To him who had braved the church, every door was shut, every knife was open. To shelter him from the wild storm, to give him a crust when dying, to put a cup of water to his cracked and bleeding lips; these were all crimes, not one of which the church ever did forgive; and with the justice taught of her God, his helpless children were exterminated as scorpions and vipers.

Who at the present day can imagine the courage, the devotion to principle, the intellectual and moral grandeur it once required to be an infidel, to brave the church, her racks, her fagots, her dungeons, her tongues of fire,—to defy and scorn her heaven and her hell—her devil and her God? They were the noblest sons of earth. They were the real saviors of our race, the destroyers of superstition and the creators

of Science. They were the real Titans who bared their grand foreheads to all the thunderbolts of all the gods.

The church has been, and still is, the great robber. She has rifled not only the pockets but the brains of the world. She is the stone at the sepulchre of liberty; the upas tree, in whose shade the intellect of man has withered; the Gorgon beneath whose gaze the human heart has turned to stone. Under her influence even the Protestant mother expects to be happy in heaven, while her brave boy, who fell fighting for the rights of man, shall writhe in hell.

It is said that some of the Indian tribes place the heads of their children between pieces of bark until the form of the skull is permanently changed. To us this seems a most shocking custom; and yet, after all, is it as bad as to put the souls of our children in the strait-jacket of a creed? to so utterly deform their minds that they regard the God of the Bible as a being of infinite mercy, and really consider it a virtue to believe a thing just because it seems unreasonable? Every child in the Christian world has uttered its wondering protest against this outrage. All the machinery of the church is constantly employed in corrupting the reason of children. In every possible way they are robbed of their own thoughts and forced to accept the statements of others. Every Sunday school has for its object the crushing out of every germ of individuality. The poor children are taught that nothing can be more acceptable to God than unreasoning obedience and eyeless faith, and that to believe God did an impossible act, is far better than to do a good one yourself. They are told that all religions have been simply the John-the-Baptists of ours; that all the gods of antiquity have withered and shrunken into the Jehovah of the Jews; that all the longings and aspirations of the race are realized in the motto of the Evangelical Alliance, “Liberty in non-essentials”, that all there is, or ever was, of religion can be found in the apostles’ creed; that there is nothing left to be discovered; that all the thinkers are dead, and all the living should simply be believers; that we have only to repeat the epitaph found on the grave of wisdom; that grave-yards are the best possible universities, and that the children must be forever beaten with the bones of the fathers.

It has always seemed absurd to suppose that a god would choose for his companions, during all eternity, the dear souls whose highest and only ambition is to obey. He certainly would now and then be tempted to make the same remark made by an English gentleman to his poor guest. The gentleman had invited a man in humble circumstances to dine with him. The man was so overcome with the honor that to everything the gentleman said he replied “Yes.” Tired at last with the monotony of acquiescence, the gentleman cried out, “For God’s sake, my good man, say ‘No,’ just once, so there will be two of us.”

Is it possible that an infinite God created this world simply to be the dwelling-place of slaves and serfs? simply for the purpose of raising orthodox Christians? That he did a few miracles to astonish them; that all the evils of life are simply his punishments, and that he is finally going to turn heaven into a kind of religious museum filled with Baptist barnacles, petrified Presbyterians and Methodist mummies? I want no heaven for which I must give my reason; no happiness in exchange for my liberty, and no immortality that demands the surrender of my individuality. Better rot in the windowless tomb, to which there is no door but the red mouth of the pallid worm, than wear the jeweled collar even of a god.

Religion does not, and cannot, contemplate man as free. She accepts only the homage of the prostrate, and scorns the offerings of those who stand erect. She cannot tolerate the liberty of thought. The wide and sunny fields belong not to her domain. The star-lit heights of genius and individuality are above and beyond her appreciation and power. Her subjects cringe at her feet, covered with the dust of obedience.

They are not athletes standing posed by rich life and brave endeavor like antique statues, but shriveled deformities, studying with furtive glance the cruel face of power.

No religionist seems capable of comprehending this plain truth. There is this difference between thought and action: for our actions we are responsible to ourselves and to those injuriously affected; for thoughts, there can, in the nature of things, be no responsibility to gods or men, here or hereafter. And yet the Protestant has vied with the Catholic in denouncing freedom of thought; and while I was taught to hate Catholicism with every drop of my blood, it is only justice to say, that in all essential particulars it is precisely the same as every other religion. Luther denounced mental liberty with all the coarse and brutal vigor of his nature; Calvin despised, from the very bottom of his petrified heart, anything that even looked like religious toleration, and solemnly declared that to advocate it was to crucify Christ afresh. All the founders of all the orthodox churches have advocated the same infamous tenet. The truth is, that what is called religion is necessarily inconsistent with free thought A believer is a bird in a cage, a Freethinker is an eagle parting the clouds with tireless wing.

At present, owing to the inroads that have been made by liberals and infidels, most of the churches pretend to be in favor of religious liberty. Of these churches, we will ask this question: How can a man, who conscientiously believes in religious liberty, worship a God who does not? They say to us: “We will not imprison you on account of your belief, but our God will.” “We will not burn you because you throw away the sacred Scriptures, but their author will.” “We think it an infamous crime to persecute our brethren for opinion’s sake,—but the God, whom we ignorantly worship, will on that account, damn his own children forever.”

Why is it that these Christians not only detest the infidels, but cordially despise each other? Why do they refuse to worship in the temples of each other? Why do they care so little for the damnation of men, and so much for the baptism of children? Why will they adorn their churches with the money of thieves and flatter vice for the sake of subscriptions? Why will they attempt to bribe Science to certify to the writings of God? Why do they torture the words of the great into an acknowledgment of the truth of Christianity? Why do they stand with hat in hand before presidents, kings, emperors, and scientists, begging, like Lazarus, for a few crumbs of religious comfort? Why are they so delighted to find an allusion to Providence in the message of Lincoln? Why are they so afraid that some one will find out that Paley wrote an essay in favor of the Epicurean philosophy, and that Sir Isaac Newton was once an infidel? Why are they so anxious to show that Voltaire recanted; that Paine died palsied with fear; that the Emperor Julian cried out “Galilean, thou hast conquered”; that Gibbon died a Catholic; that Agassiz had a little confidence in Moses; that the old Napoleon was once complimentary enough to say that he thought Christ greater than himself or Cæsar; that Washington was caught on his knees at Valley Forge; that blunt old Ethan Allen told his child to believe the religion of her mother; that

Franklin said, “Don’t unchain the tiger,” and that Volney got frightened in a storm at sea?

Is it because the foundation of their temple is crumbling, because the walls are cracked, the pillars leaning, the great dome swaying to its fall, and because Science has written over the high altar its mene, mene, tekel, upharsin—the old words, destined to be the epitaph of all religions?

Every assertion of individual independence has been a step toward infidelity. Luther started toward Humboldt,—Wesley, toward John Stuart Mill. To really reform the church is to destroy it. Every new religion has a little less superstition than the old, so that the religion of Science is but a question of time.

I will not say the church has been an unmitigated evil in all respects. Its history is infamous and glorious. It has delighted in the production of extremes. It has furnished murderers for its own martyrs. It has sometimes fed the body, but has always starved the soul. It has been a charitable highwayman—a profligate beggar—a generous pirate. It has produced some angels and a multitude of devils. It has built more prisons than asylums. It made a hundred orphans while it cared for one. In one hand it has carried the alms-dish and in the other a sword. It has founded schools and endowed universities for the purpose of destroying true learning. It filled the world with hypocrites and zealots, and upon the cross of its own Christ it crucified the individuality of man. It has sought to destroy the independence of the soul and put the world upon its knees. This is its crime. The commission of this crime was necessary to its existence. In order to compel obedience it declared that it had the truth, and all the truth; that God had made it the keeper of his secrets; his agent and his vicegerent. It declared that all other religions were false and infamous. It rendered all compromise impossible and all thought superfluous. Thought was its enemy, obedience was its friend. Investigation was fraught with danger; therefore investigation was suppressed. The holy of holies was behind the curtain. All this was upon the principle that forgers hate to have the signature examined by an expert, and that imposture detests curiosity.

“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,” has always been the favorite text of the church.

In short, Christianity has always opposed every forward movement of the human race. Across the highway of progress it has always been building breastworks of Bibles, tracts, commentaries, prayer-books, creeds, dogmas and platforms, and at every advance the Christians have gathered together behind these heaps of rubbish and shot the poisoned arrows of malice at the soldiers of freedom.

And even the liberal Christian of to-day has his holy of holies, and in the niche of the temple of his heart has his idol. He still clings to a part of the old superstition, and all the pleasant memories of the old belief linger in the horizon of his thoughts like a sunset. We associate the memory of those we love with the religion of our childhood. It seems almost a sacrilege to rudely destroy the idols that our fathers worshiped, and turn their sacred and beautiful truths into the fables of barbarism. Some throw away the Old Testament and cling to the New, while others give up everything except the idea that there is a personal God, and that in some wonderful way we are the objects of his care.

Even this, in my opinion, as Science, the great iconoclast, marches onward, will have to be abandoned with the rest. The great ghost will surely share the fate of the little ones. They fled at the first appearance of the dawn, and the other will vanish with the

perfect day. Until then the independence of man is little more than a dream. Overshadowed by an immense personality, in the presence of the irresponsible and the infinite, the individuality of man is lost, and he falls prostrate in the very dust of fear. Beneath the frown of the absolute, man stands a wretched, trembling slave,—beneath his smile he is at best only a fortunate serf. Governed by a being whose arbitrary will is law, chained to the chariot of power, his destiny rests in the pleasure of the unknown. Under these circumstances, what wretched object can he have in lengthening out his aimless life?

And yet, in most minds, there is a vague fear of the gods—a shrinking from the malice of the skies. Our fathers were slaves, and nearly all their children are mental serfs. The enfranchisement of the soul is a slow and painful process. Superstition, the mother of those hideous twins, Fear and Faith, from her throne of skulls, still rules the world, and will until the mind of woman ceases to be the property of priests.

When women reason, and babes sit in the lap of philosophy, the victory of reason over the shadowy host of darkness will be complete.

In the minds of many, long after the intellect has thrown aside as utterly fabulous the legends of the church, there still remains a lingering suspicion, born of the mental habits contracted in childhood, that after all there may be a grain of truth in these mountains of theological mist, and that possibly the superstitious side is the side of safety.

A gentleman, walking among the ruins of Athens, came upon a fallen statue of Jupiter; making an exceedingly low bow he said: “O Jupiter! I salute thee.” He then added: “Should you ever sit upon the throne of heaven again, do not, I pray you, forget that I treated you politely when you were prostrate.”

We have all been taught by the church that nothing is so well calculated to excite the ire of the Deity as to express a doubt as to his existence, and that to deny it is an unpardonable sin. Numerous well-attested instances are referred to of atheists being struck dead for denying the existence of God. According to these religious people, God is infinitely above us in every respect, infinitely merciful, and yet he cannot bear to hear a poor finite man honestly question his existence. Knowing, as he does, that his children are groping in darkness and struggling with doubt and fear; knowing that he could enlighten them if he would, he still holds the expression of a sincere doubt as to his existence, the most infamous of crimes. According to orthodox logic, God having furnished us with imperfect minds, has a right to demand a perfect result.

Suppose Mr. Smith should overhear a couple of small bugs holding a discussion as to the existence of Mr. Smith, and suppose one should have the temerity to declare, upon the honor of a bug, that he had examined the whole question to the best of his ability, including the argument based upon design, and had come to the conclusion that no man by the name of Smith had ever lived. Think then of Mr. Smith flying into an ecstasy of rage, crushing the atheist bug beneath his iron heel, while he exclaimed, “I will teach you, blasphemous wretch, that Smith is a diabolical fact!” What then can we think of a God who would open the artillery of heaven upon one of his own children for simply expressing his honest thought? And what man who really thinks can help repeating the words of Ennius: “If there are gods they certainly pay no attention to the affairs of man.”

Think of the millions of men and women who have been destroyed simply for loving and worshiping this God. Is it possible that this God, having infinite power, saw his

loving and heroic children languishing in the darkness of dungeons; heard the clank of their chains when they lifted their hands to him in the agony of prayer; saw them stretched upon the bigot's rack, where death alone had pity; saw the serpents of flame crawl hissing round their shrinking forms—-saw all this for sixteen hundred years, and sat as silent as a stone?

From such a God, why should man expect assistance? Why should he waste his days in fruitless prayer? Why should he fall upon his knees and implore a phantom—a phantom that is deaf, and dumb, and blind?

Although we live in what is called a free government,—and politically we are free,—there is but little religious liberty in America. Society demands, either that you belong to some church, or that you suppress your opinions. It is contended by many that ours is a Christian government, founded upon the Bible, and that all who look upon that book as false or foolish are destroying the foundation of our country. The truth is, our government is not founded upon the rights of gods, but upon the rights of men. Our Constitution was framed, not to declare and uphold the deity of Christ, but the sacredness of humanity. Ours is the first government made by the people and for the people. It is the only nation with which the gods have had nothing to do. And yet there are some judges dishonest and cowardly enough to solemnly decide that this is a Christian country, and that our free institutions are based upon the infamous laws of Jehovah. Such judges are the Jeffries of the church. They believe that decisions, made by hirelings at the bidding of kings, are binding upon man forever. They regard old law as far superior to modern justice. They are what might be called orthodox judges. They spend their days in finding out, not what ought to be, but what has been. With their backs to the sunrise they worship the night. There is only one future event with which they concern themselves, and that is their reelection. No honest court ever did, or ever will, decide that our Constitution is Christian. The Bible teaches that the powers that be, are ordained of God. The Bible teaches that God is the source of all authority, and that all kings have obtained their power from him. Every tyrant has claimed to be the agent of the Most High. The Inquisition was founded, not in the name of man, but in the name of God. All the governments of Europe recognize the greatness of God, and the littleness of the people. In all ages, hypocrites, called priests, have put crowns upon the heads of thieves, called kings.

The Declaration of Independence announces the sublime truth, that all power comes from the people. This was a denial, and the first denial of a nation, of the infamous dogma that God confers the right upon one man to govern others. It was the first grand assertion of the dignity of the human race. It declared the governed to be the source of power, and in fact denied the authority of any and all gods. Through the ages of slavery—through the weary centuries of the lash and chain, God was the acknowledged ruler of the world. To enthrone man, was to dethrone him.

To Paine, Jefferson, and Franklin, are we indebted, more than to all others, for a human government, and for a Constitution in which no God is recognized superior to the legally expressed will of the people.

They knew that to put God in the Constitution was to put man out. They knew that the recognition of a Deity would be seized upon by fanatics and zealots as a pretext for destroying the liberty of thought. They knew the terrible history of the church too well to place in her keeping, or in the keeping of her God, the sacred rights of man. They intended that all should have the right to worship, or not to worship; that our laws should make no distinction on account of creed. They intended to found and

frame a government for man, and for man alone. They wished to preserve the individuality and liberty of all; to prevent the few from governing the many, and the many from persecuting and destroying the few.

Notwithstanding all this, the spirit of persecution still lingers in our laws. In many of the States, only those who believe in the existence of some kind of God, are under the protection of the law.

The supreme court of Illinois decided, in the year of grace 1856, that an unbeliever in the existence of an intelligent First Cause could not be allowed to testify in any court. His wife and children might have been murdered before his very face, and yet in the absence of other witnesses, the murderer could not have even been indicted. The atheist was a legal outcast. To him, Justice was not only blind, but deaf. He was liable, like other men, to support the Government, and was forced to contribute his share towards paying the salaries of the very judges who decided that under no circumstances could his voice be heard in any court. This was the law of Illinois, and so remained until the adoption of the new Constitution. By such infamous means has the church endeavored to chain the human mind, and protect the majesty of her God. The fact is, we have no national religion, and no national God; but every citizen is allowed to have a religion and a God of his own, or to reject all religions and deny the existence of all gods. The church, however, never has, and never will understand and appreciate the genius of our Government.

Last year, in a convention of Protestant bigots, held in the city of New York for the purpose of creating public opinion in favor of a religious amendment to the Federal Constitution, a reverend doctor of divinity, speaking of atheists, said: “What are the rights of the atheist? I would tolerate him as I would tolerate a poor lunatic. I would tolerate him as I would tolerate a conspirator. He may live and go free, hold his lands and enjoy his home—he may even vote; but for any higher or more advanced citizenship, he is, as I hold, utterly disqualified.” These are the sentiments of the church to-day.

Give the church a place in the Constitution, let her touch once more the sword of power, and the priceless fruit of all the ages will turn to ashes on the lips of men.

In religious ideas and conceptions there has been for ages a slow and steady development At the bottom of the ladder (speaking of modern times) is Catholicism, and at the top is Science. The intermediate rounds of this ladder are occupied by the various sects, whose name is legion.

But whatever may be the truth upon any subject has nothing to do with-our right to investigate that subject, and express any opinion we may form. All that I ask, is the same right I freely accord to all others.

A few years ago a Methodist clergyman took it upon himself to give me a piece of friendly advice. “Although you may disbelieve the Bible,” said he, “you ought not to say so. That, you should keep to yourself.”

“Do you believe the Bible,” said I.

He replied, “Most assuredly”.

To which I retorted, “Your answer conveys no information to me. You may be following your own advice. You told me to suppress my opinions. Of course a man who will advise others to dissimulate will not always be particular about telling the truth himself.”

There can be nothing more utterly subversive of all that is really valuable than the suppression of honest thought. No man, worthy of the form he bears, will at the command of church or state solemnly repeat a creed his reason scorns.

It is the duty of each and every one to maintain his individuality. “This above all, to thine ownself be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.” It is a magnificent thing to be the sole proprietor of yourself. It is a terrible thing to wake up at night and say, “There is nobody in this bed.” It is humiliating to know that your ideas are all borrowed; that you are indebted to your memory for your principles; that your religion is simply one of your habits, and that you would have convictions if they were only contagious. It is mortifying to feel that you belong to a mental mob and cry “crucify him,” because the others do; that you reap what the great and brave have sown, and that you can benefit the world only by leaving it.

Surely every human being ought to attain to the dignity of the unit. Surely it is worth something to be one, and to feel that the census of the universe would be incomplete without counting you. Surely there is grandeur in knowing that in the realm of thought, at least, you are without a chain; that you have the right to explore all heights and all depths; that there are no walls nor fences, nor prohibited places, nor sacred corners in all the vast expanse of thought; that your intellect owes no allegiance to any being, human or divine; that you hold all in fee and upon no condition and by no tenure whatever; that in the world of mind you are relieved from all personal dictation, and from the ignorant tyranny of majorities. Surely it is worth something to feel that there are no priests, no popes, no parties, no governments, no kings, no gods, to whom your intellect can be compelled to pay a reluctant homage. Surely it is a joy to know that all the cruel ingenuity of bigotry can devise no prison, no dungeon, no cell in which for one instant to confine a thought; that ideas cannot be dislocated by racks, nor crushed in iron boots, nor burned with fire. Surely it is sublime to think that the brain is a castle, and that within its curious bastions and winding halls the soul, in spite of all worlds and all beings, is the supreme sovereign of itself.

Heretics And Heresies

Liberty, a Word without which all other Words are Vain.

WHOEVER has an opinion of his own, and honestly expresses it, will be guilty of heresy. Heresy is what the minority believe; it is the name given by the powerful to the doctrine of the weak. This word was born of the hatred, arrogance and cruelty of those who love their enemies, and who, when smitten on one cheek, turn the other. This word was born of intellectual slavery in the feudal ages of thought It was an epithet used in the place of argument. From the commencement of the Christian era, every art has been exhausted and every conceivable punishment inflicted to force all people to hold the same religious opinions. This effort was born of the idea that a certain belief was necessary to the salvation of the soul. Christ taught, and the church still teaches, that unbelief is the blackest of crimes. God is supposed to hate with an infinite and implacable hatred, every heretic upon the earth, and the heretics who have died are supposed at this moment to be suffering the agonies of the damned. The church persecutes the living and her God burns the dead.

It is claimed that God wrote a book called the Bible, and it is generally admitted that this book is somewhat difficult to understand. As long as the church had all the copies of this book, and the people were not allowed to read it, there was comparatively little heresy in the world; but when it was printed and read, people began honestly to differ as to its meaning. A few were independent and brave enough to give the world their real thoughts, and for the extermination of these men the church used all her power. Protestants and Catholics vied with each other in the work of enslaving the human mind. For ages they were rivals in the infamous effort to rid the earth of honest people. They infested every country, every city, town, hamlet and family. They appealed to the worst passions of the human heart They sowed the seeds of discord and hatred in every land. Brother denounced brother, wives informed against their husbands, mothers accused their children, dungeons were crowded with the innocent; the flesh of the good and true rotted in the clasp of chains; the flames devoured the heroic, and in the name of the most merciful God, his children were exterminated with famine, sword, and fire. Over the wild waves of battle rose and fell the banner of Jesus Christ. For sixteen hundred years the robes of the church were red with innocent blood. The ingenuity of Christians was exhausted in devising punishment severe enough to be inflicted upon other Christians who honestly and sincerely differed with them upon any point whatever.

Give any orthodox church the power, and to-day they would punish heresy with whip, and chain, and fire. As long as a church deems a certain belief essential to salvation, just so long it will kill and burn if it has the power. Why should the church pity a man whom her God hates? Why should she show mercy to a kind and noble heretic whom her God will burn in eternal fire? Why should a Christian be better than his God? It is impossible for the imagination to conceive of a greater atrocity than has been perpetrated by the church. Every nerve in the human body capable of pain has been sought out and touched by the church.

Let it be remembered that all churches have persecuted heretics to the extent of their power. Toleration has increased only when and where the power of the church has diminished. From Augustine until now the spirit of the Christians has remained the same. There has been the same intolerance, the same undying hatred of all who think

for themselves, and the same determination to crush out of the human brain all knowledge inconsistent with an ignorant creed.

Every church pretends that it has a revelation from God, and that this revelation must be given to the people through the church; that the church acts through its priests, and that ordinary mortals must be content with a revelation—not from God—but from the church. Had the people submitted to this preposterous claim, of course there could have been but one church, and that church never could have advanced. It might have retrograded, because it is not necessary to think or investigate in order to forget. Without heresy there could have been no progress.

The highest type of the orthodox Christian does not forget; neither does he learn. He neither advances nor recedes. He is a living fossil embedded in that rock called faith. He makes no effort to better his condition, because all his strength is exhausted in keeping other people from improving theirs. The supreme desire of his heart is to force all others to adopt his creed, and in order to accomplish this object he denounces free thinking as a crime, and this crime he calls heresy. When he had power, heresy was the most terrible and formidable of words. It meant confiscation, exile, imprisonment, torture, and death.

In those days the cross and rack were inseparable companions. Across the open Bible lay the sword and fagot. Not content with burning such heretics as were alive, they even tried the dead, in order that the church might rob their wives and children. The property of all heretics was confiscated, and on this account they charged the dead with being heretical—indicted, as it were, their dust—to the end that the church might clutch the bread of orphans. Learned divines discussed the propriety of tearing out the tongues of heretics before they were burned, and the general opinion was, that this ought to be done so that the heretics should not be able, by uttering blasphemies, to shock the Christians who were burning them. With a mixture of ferocity and Christianity, the priests insisted that heretics ought to be burned at a slow fire, giving as a reason that more time was given them for repentance.

No wonder that Jesus Christ said, “I came not to bring peace, but a sword.”

Every priest regarded himself as the agent of God. He answered all questions by authority, and to treat him with disrespect was an insult offered to God. No one was asked to think, but all were commanded to obey.

In 1208 the Inquisition was established. Seven years afterward, the fourth council of the Lateran enjoined all kings and rulers to swear an oath that they would exterminate heretics from their dominions. The sword of the church was unsheathed, and the world was at the mercy of ignorant and infuriated priests, whose eyes feasted upon the agonies they inflicted. Acting, as they believed, or pretended to believe, under the command of God; stimulated by the hope of infinite reward in another world—hating heretics with every drop of their bestial blood; savage beyond description; merciless beyond conception,—these infamous priests, in a kind of frenzied joy, leaped upon the helpless victims of their rage. They crushed their bones in iron boots; tore their quivering flesh with iron hooks and pincers; cut off their lips and eyelids; pulled out their nails, and into the bleeding quick thrust needles; tore out their tongues; extinguished their eyes; stretched them upon racks; flayed them alive; crucified them with their heads downward; exposed them to wild beasts; burned them at the stake; mocked their cries and groans; ravished their wives; robbed their children, and then prayed God to finish the holy work in hell.

Millions upon millions were sacrificed upon the altars of bigotry. The Catholic burned the Lutheran, the Lutheran burned the Catholic, the Episcopalian tortured the Presbyterian, the Presbyterian tortured the Episcopalian. Every denomination killed all it could of every other; and each Christian felt in duty bound to exterminate every other Christian who denied the smallest fraction of his creed.

In the reign of Henry VIII.—that pious and moral founder of the apostolic Episcopal Church,—there was passed by the parliament of England an act entitled "An act for abolishing of diversity of opinion." And in this act was set forth what a good Christian was obliged to believe: First, That in the sacrament was the real body and blood of Jesus Christ.

Second, That the body and blood of Jesus Christ was in the bread, and the blood and body of Jesus Christ was in the wine.

Third, That priests should not marry.

Fourth, That vows of chastity were of perpetual obligation.

Fifth, That private masses ought to be continued; and,

Sixth, That auricular confession to a priest must be maintained.

This creed was made by law, in order that all men might know just what to believe by simply reading the statute. The church hated to see the people wearing out their brains in thinking upon these subjects. It was thought far better that a creed should be made by parliament, so that whatever might be lacking in evidence might be made up in force. The punishment for denying the first article was death by fire. For the denial of any other article, imprisonment, and for the second offence—death.

Your attention is called to these six articles, established during the reign of Henry VIII., and by the Church of England, simply because not one of these articles is believed by that church to-day. If the law then made by the church could be enforced now, every Episcopalian would be burned at the stake.

Similar laws were passed in most Christian countries, as all orthodox churches firmly believed that mankind could be legislated into heaven. According to the creed of every church, slavery leads to heaven, liberty leads to hell. It was claimed that God had founded the church, and that to deny the authority of the church was to be a traitor to God, and consequently an ally of the devil. To torture and destroy one of the soldiers of Satan was a duty no good Christian cared to neglect. Nothing can be sweeter than to earn the gratitude of God by killing your own enemies. Such a mingling of profit and revenge, of heaven for yourself and damnation for those you dislike, is a temptation that your ordinary Christian never resists.

According to the theologians, God, the Father of us all, wrote a letter to his children. The children have always differed somewhat as to the meaning of this letter. In consequence of these honest differences, these brothers began to cut out each other's hearts. In every land, where this letter from God has been read, the children to whom and for whom it was written have been filled with hatred and malice. They have imprisoned and murdered each other, and the wives and children of each other. In the name of God every possible crime has been committed, every conceivable outrage has been perpetrated. Brave men, tender and loving women, beautiful girls, and prattling babes have been exterminated in the name of Jesus Christ. For more than fifty generations the church has carried the black flag. Her vengeance has been measured only by her power. During all these years of infamy no heretic has ever

been forgiven. With the heart of a fiend she has hated; with the clutch of avarice she has grasped; with the jaws of a dragon she has devoured; pitiless as famine, merciless as fire, with the conscience of a serpent: such is the history of the Church of God.

I do not say, and I do not believe, that Christians are as bad as their creeds. In spite of church and dogma, there have been millions and millions of men and women true to the loftiest and most generous promptings of the human heart. They have been true to their convictions, and, with a self-denial and fortitude excelled by none, have labored and suffered for the salvation of men. Imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, believing that by personal effort they could rescue at least a few souls from the infinite shadow of hell, they have cheerfully endured every hardship and scorned every danger. And yet, notwithstanding all this, they believed that honest error was a crime. They knew that the Bible so declared, and they believed that all unbelievers would be eternally lost. They believed that religion was of God, and all heresy of the devil. They killed heretics in defence of their own souls and the souls of their children. They killed them because, according to their idea, they were the enemies of God, and because the Bible teaches that the blood of the unbeliever is a most acceptable sacrifice to heaven.

Nature never prompted a loving mother to throw her child into the Ganges. Nature never prompted men to exterminate each other for a difference of opinion concerning the baptism of infants. These crimes have been produced by religions filled with all that is illogical, cruel and hideous. These religions were produced for the most part by ignorance, tyranny and hypocrisy. Under the impression that the infinite ruler and creator of the universe had commanded the destruction of heretics and infidels, the church perpetrated all these crimes.

Men and women have been burned for thinking there is but one God; that there was none; that the Holy Ghost is younger than God; that God was somewhat older than his son; for insisting that good works will save a man without faith; that faith will do without good works; for declaring that a sweet babe will not be burned eternally, because its parents failed to have its head wet by a priest; for speaking of God as though he had a nose; for denying that Christ was his own father; for contending that three persons, rightly added together, make more than one; for believing in purgatory; for denying the reality of hell; for pretending that priests can forgive sins; for preaching that God is an essence; for denying that witches rode through the air on sticks; for doubting the total depravity of the human heart; for laughing at irresistible grace, predestination and particular redemption; for denying that good bread could be made of the body of a dead man; for pretending that the pope was not managing this world for God, and in the place of God; for disputing the efficacy of a vicarious atonement; for thinking the Virgin Mary was born like other people; for thinking that a man's rib was hardly sufficient to make a good-sized woman; for denying that God used his finger for a pen; for asserting that prayers are not answered, that diseases are not sent to punish unbelief; for denying the authority of the Bible; for having a Bible in their possession; for attending mass, and for refusing to attend; for wearing a surplice; for carrying a cross, and for refusing; for being a Catholic, and for being a Protestant; for being an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, and for being a Quaker. In short, every virtue has been a crime, and every crime a virtue. The church has burned honesty and rewarded hypocrisy. And all this, because it was commanded by a book—a book that men had been taught implicitly to believe, long, before they knew one word that was in it They had been taught that to doubt the truth of this book—to examine it, even—was a crime of such enormity that it could not be

forgiven, either in this world or in the next The Bible was the real persecutor. The Bible burned heretics, built dungeons, founded the Inquisition, and trampled upon all the liberties of men.

How long, O how long will mankind worship a book? How long will they grovel in the dust before the ignorant legends of the barbaric past? How long, O how long will they pursue phantoms in a darkness deeper than death?

Unfortunately for the world, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, a man by the name of Gerard Chauvin was married to Jeanne Lefranc, and still more unfortunately for the world, the fruit of this marriage was a son, called John Chauvin, who afterwards became famous as John Calvin, the founder of the Presbyterian Church.

This man forged five fetters for the brain. These fetters he called points. That is to say, predestination, particular redemption, total depravity, irresistible grace, and the perseverance of the saints. About the neck of each follower he put a collar bristling with these five iron points. The presence of all these points on the collar is still the test of orthodoxy in the church he founded. This man, when in the flush of youth, was elected to the office of preacher in Geneva. He at once, in union with Farel, drew up a condensed statement of the Presbyterian doctrine, and all the citizens of Geneva, on pain of banishment, were compelled to take an oath that they believed this statement. Of this proceeding Calvin very innocently remarked that it produced great satisfaction. A man named Caroli had the audacity to dispute with Calvin. For this outrage he was banished.

To show you what great subjects occupied the attention of Calvin, it is only necessary to state that he furiously discussed the question as to whether the sacramental bread should be leavened or unleavened. He drew up laws regulating the cut of the citizens' clothes, and prescribing their diet, and all those whose garments were not in the Calvin fashion were refused the sacrament. At last, the people becoming tired of this petty theological tyranny, banished Calvin. In a few years, however, he was recalled and received with great enthusiasm. After this he was supreme, and the will of Calvin became the law of Geneva.

Under his benign administration, James Gruet was beheaded because he had written some profane verses. The slightest word against Calvin or his absurd doctrines was punished as a crime.

In 1553 a man was tried at Vienne by the Catholic Church for heresy. He was convicted and sentenced to death by burning. It was apparently his good fortune to escape. Pursued by the sleuth hounds of intolerance he fled to Geneva for protection. A dove flying from hawks, sought safety in the nest of a vulture. This fugitive from the cruelty of Rome asked shelter from John Calvin, who had written a book in favor of religious toleration. Servetus had forgotten that this book was written by Calvin when in the minority; that it was written in weakness to be forgotten in power; that it was produced by fear instead of principle. He did not know that Calvin had caused his arrest at Vienne, in France, and had sent a copy of his work, which was claimed to be blasphemous, to the archbishop. He did not then know that the Protestant Calvin was acting as one of the detectives of the Catholic Church, and had been instrumental in procuring his conviction for heresy. Ignorant of all this unspeakable infamy, he put himself in the power of this very Calvin. The maker of the Presbyterian creed caused the fugitive Servetus to be arrested for blasphemy. He was tried. Calvin was his accuser. He was convicted and condemned to death by fire. On the morning of the

fatal day, Calvin saw him, and Servetus, the victim, asked forgiveness of Calvin, the murderer. Servetus was bound to the stake, and the fagots were lighted. The wind carried the flames somewhat away from his body, so that he slowly roasted for hours. Vainly he implored a speedy death. At last the flames climbed round his form; through smoke and fire his murderers saw a white heroic face. And there they watched until a man became a charred and shriveled mass.

Liberty was banished from Geneva, and nothing but Presbyterianism was left. Honor, justice, mercy, reason and charity were all exiled, but the five points of predestination, particular redemption, irresistible grace, total depravity, and the certain perseverance of the saints remained instead.

Calvin founded a little theocracy, modeled after the Old Testament, and succeeded in erecting the most detestable government that ever existed, except the one from which it was copied.

Against all this intolerance, one man, a minister, raised his voice. The name of this man should never be forgotten. It was Castalio. This brave man had the goodness and the courage to declare the innocence of honest error. He was the first of the so-called reformers to take this noble ground. I wish I had the genius to pay a fitting tribute to his memory. Perhaps it would be impossible to pay him a grander compliment than to say, Castalio was in all things the opposite of Calvin. To plead for the right of individual judgment was considered a crime, and Castalio was driven from Geneva by John Calvin. By him he was denounced as a child of the devil, as a dog of Satan, as a beast from hell, and as one who, by this horrid blasphemy of the innocence of honest error, crucified Christ afresh, and by him he was pursued until rescued by the hand of death.

Upon the name of Castalio, Calvin heaped every epithet, until his malice was nearly satisfied and his imagination entirely exhausted. It is impossible to conceive how human nature can become so frightfully perverted as to pursue a fellow-man with the malignity of a fiend, simply because he is good, just, and generous.

Calvin was of a pallid, bloodless complexion, thin, sickly, irritable, gloomy, impatient, egotistic, tyrannical, heartless, and infamous. He was a strange compound of revengeful morality, malicious forgiveness, ferocious charity, egotistic humility, and a kind of hellish justice. In other words, he was as near like the God of the Old Testament as his health permitted.

The best thing, however, about the Presbyterians of Geneva was, that they denied the power of the Pope, and the best thing about the Pope was, that he was not a Presbyterian.

The doctrines of Calvin spread rapidly, and were eagerly accepted by multitudes on the continent; but Scotland, in a few years, became the real fortress of Presbyterianism. The Scotch succeeded in establishing the same kind of theocracy that flourished in Geneva. The clergy took possession and control of everybody and everything. It is impossible to exaggerate the mental degradation, the abject superstition of the people of Scotland during the reign of Presbyterianism. Heretics were hunted and devoured as though they had been wild beasts. The gloomy insanity of Presbyterianism took possession of a great majority of the people. They regarded their ministers as the Jews did Moses and Aaron. They believed that they were the especial agents of God, and that whatsoever they bound in Scotland would be bound in heaven. There was not one particle of intellectual freedom. No man was allowed to

differ with the church, or to even contradict a priest. Had Presbyterianism maintained its ascendency, Scotland would have been peopled by savages to-day.

The revengeful spirit of Calvin took possession of the Puritans, and caused them to redden the soil of the New World with the brave blood of honest men. Clinging to the five points of Calvin, they too established governments in accordance with the teachings of the Old Testament. They too attached the penalty of death to the expression of honest thought. They too believed their church supreme, and exerted all their power to curse this continent with a spiritual despotism as infamous as it was absurd. They believed with Luther that universal toleration is universal error, and universal error is universal hell. Toleration was denounced as a crime.

Fortunately for us, civilization has had a softening effect even upon the Presbyterian Church. To the ennobling influence of the arts and sciences the savage spirit of Calvinism has, in some slight degree, succumbed. True, the old creed remains substantially as it was written, but by a kind of tacit understanding it has come to be regarded as a relic of the past. The cry of "heresy" has been growing fainter and fainter, and, as a consequence, the ministers of that denomination have ventured, now and then, to express doubts as to the damnation of infants, and the doctrine of total depravity. The fact is, the old ideas became a little monotonous to the people. The fall of man, the scheme of redemption and irresistible grace, began to have a familiar sound. The preachers told the old stories while the congregations slept Some of the ministers became tired of these stories themselves. The five points grew dull, and they felt that nothing short of irresistible grace could bear this endless repetition. The outside world was full of progress, and in every direction men advanced, while this church, anchored to a creed, idly rotted at the shore. Other denominations, imbued some little with the spirit of investigation, were springing up on every side, while the old Presbyterian ark rested on the Ararat of the past, filled with the theological monsters of another age.

Lured by the splendors of the outer world, tempted by the achievements of science, longing to feel the throb and beat of the mighty march of the human race, a few of the ministers of this conservative denomination were compelled, by irresistible sense, to say a few words in harmony with the splendid ideas of to-day.

These utterances have upon several occasions so nearly wakened some of the members that, rubbing their eyes, they have feebly inquired whether these grand ideas were not somewhat heretical. These ministers found that just in the proportion that their orthodoxy decreased, their congregations increased. Those who dealt in the pure unadulterated article found themselves demonstrating the five points to a less number of hearers than they had points. Stung to madness by this bitter truth, this galling contrast, this harassing fact, the really orthodox have raised the cry of heresy, and expect with this cry to seal the lips of honest men. One of the Presbyterian ministers, and one who has been enjoying the luxury of a little honest thought, and the real rapture of expressing it, has already been indicted, and is about to be tried by the Presbytery of Illinois. He is charged—

First. With having neglected to preach that most comforting and consoling truth, the eternal damnation of the soul.

Surely, that man must be a monster who could wish to blot this blessed doctrine out and rob earth's wretched children of this blissful hope!

Who can estimate the misery that has been caused by this most infamous doctrine of eternal punishment? Think of the lives it has blighted—of the tears it has caused—of

the agony it has produced. Think of the millions who have been driven to insanity by this most terrible of dogmas. This doctrine renders God the basest and most cruel being in the universe. Compared with him, the most frightful deities of the most barbarous and degraded tribes are miracles of goodness and mercy. There is nothing more degrading than to worship such a god. Lower than this the soul can never sink. If the doctrine of eternal damnation is true, let me share the fate of the unconverted; let me have my portion in hell, rather than in heaven with a god infamous enough to inflict eternal misery upon any of the sons of men.

Second. With having spoken a few kind words of Robert Collyer and John Stuart Mill.

I have the honor of a slight acquaintance with Robert Collyer. I have read with pleasure some of his exquisite productions. He has a brain full of the dawn, the head of a philosopher, the imagination of a poet and the sincere heart of a child.

Is a minister to be silenced because he speaks fairly of a noble and candid adversary? Is it a crime to compliment a lover of justice, an advocate of liberty; one who devotes his life to the elevation of man, the discovery of truth, and the promulgation of what he believes to be right?

Can that tongue be palsied by a presbytery that praises a self-denying and heroic life? Is it a sin to speak a charitable word over the grave of John Stuart Mill? Is it heretical to pay a just and graceful tribute to departed worth? Must the true Presbyterian violate the sanctity of the tomb, dig open the grave and ask his God to curse the silent dust? Is Presbyterianism so narrow that it conceives of no excellence, of no purity of intention, of no spiritual and moral grandeur outside of its barbaric creed? Does it still retain within its stony heart all the malice of its founder? Is it still warming its fleshless hands at the flames that consumed Servetus? Does it still glory in the damnation of infants, and does it still persist in emptying the cradle in order that perdition may be filled? Is it still starving the soul and famishing the heart? Is it still trembling and shivering, crouching and crawling before its ignorant Confession of Faith?

Had such men as Robert Collyer and John Stuart Mill been present at the burning of Servetus, they would have extinguished the flames with their tears. Had the presbytery of Chicago been there, they would have quietly turned their backs, solemnly divided their coat tails, and warmed themselves.

Third. With having spoken disparagingly of the doctrine of predestination.

If there is any dogma that ought to be protected by law, predestination is that doctrine. Surely it is a cheerful, joyous thing, to one who is laboring, struggling, and suffering in this weary world, to think that before he existed; before the earth was; before a star had glittered in the heavens; before a ray of light had left the quiver of the sun, his destiny had been irrevocably fixed, and that for an eternity before his birth he had been doomed to bear eternal pain.

Fourth. With failing to preach the efficacy of a “vicarious sacrifice.”

Suppose a man had been convicted of murder, and was about to be hanged—the governor acting as the executioner; and suppose that just as the doomed man was about to suffer death some one in the crowd should step forward and say, “I am willing to die in the place of that murderer. He has a family, and I have none.” And suppose further, that the governor should reply, “Come forward, young man, your offer is accepted. A murder has been committed and somebody must be hung, and

your death will satisfy the law just as well as the death of the murderer." What would you then think of the doctrine of "vicarious sacrifice"?

This doctrine is the consummation of two outrages—forgiving one crime and committing another.

Fifth. With having inculcated a phase of the doctrine commonly known as "evolution," or "development".

The church believes and teaches the exact opposite of this doctrine. According to the philosophy of theology, man has continued to degenerate for six thousand years. To teach that there is that in nature which impels to higher forms and grander ends, is heresy, of course. The Deity will damn Spencer and his "Evolution," Darwin and his "Origin of Species," Bastian and his "Spontaneous Generation," Huxley and his "Protoplasm," Tyndall and his "Prayer Gauge," and will save those, and those only, who declare that the universe has been cursed, from the smallest atom to the grandest star; that everything tends to evil and to that only, and that the only perfect thing in nature is the Presbyterian Confession of Faith.

Sixth. With having intimated that the reception of Socrates and Penelope at heaven's gate was, to say the least, a trifle more cordial than that of Catharine II.

Penelope, waiting patiently and trustfully for her lord's return, delaying her suitors, while sadly weaving and unweaving the shroud of Laertes, is the most perfect type of wife and woman produced by the civilization of Greece.

Socrates, whose life was above reproach and whose death was beyond all praise, stands to-day, in the estimation of every thoughtful man, at least the peer of Christ.

Catharine II. assassinated her husband. Stepping upon his corpse, she mounted the throne. She was the murderess of Prince Iwan, grand nephew of Peter the Great, who was imprisoned for eighteen years, and who during all that time saw the sky but once. Taken all in all, Catharine was probably one of the most intellectual beasts that ever wore a crown.

Catharine, however, was the head of the Greek Church, Socrates was a heretic and Penelope lived and died without having once heard of "particular redemption" or of "irresistible grace."

Seventh. With repudiating the idea of a "call" to the ministry, and pretending that men were "called" to preach as they were to the other avocations of life.

If this doctrine is true, God, to say the least of it, is an exceedingly poor judge of human nature. It is more than a century since a man of true genius has been found in an orthodox pulpit. Every minister is heretical just to the extent that intellect is above the average. The Lord seems to be satisfied with mediocrity; but the people are not.

An old deacon, wishing to get rid of an unpopular preacher, advised him to give up the ministry and turn his attention to something else. The preacher replied that he could not conscientiously desert the pulpit, as he had had a "call" to the ministry. To which the deacon replied, "That may be so, but it's very unfortunate for you, that when God called you to preach, he forgot to call anybody to hear you."

There is nothing more stupidly egotistic than the claim of the clergy that they are, in some divine sense set apart to the service of the Lord; that they have been chosen, and sanctified; that there is an infinite difference between them and persons employed in secular affairs. They teach us that all other professions must take care of

themselves; that God allows anybody to be a doctor, a lawyer, statesman, soldier, or artist; that the Motts and Coopers—the Mansfields and Marshalls—the Wilberforces and Sumners—the Angelos and Raphaels, were never honored by a "call." They chose their professions and won their laurels without the assistance of the Lord. All these men were left free to follow their own inclinations, while God was busily engaged selecting and "calling" priests, rectors, elders, ministers and exhorters.

Eighth. With having doubted that God was the author of the 109th Psalm.

The portion of that psalm which carries with it the clearest and most satisfactory evidences of inspiration, and which has afforded almost unspeakable consolation to the Presbyterian Church, is as follows:

Set thou a wicked man over him; and let Satan stand at his right hand.

When he shall be judged, let him be condemned; and let his prayer become sin.

Let his days be few; and let another take his office.

Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow.

Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places.

Let the extortioner catch all that he hath; and let the stranger spoil his labor.

Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children.

Let his posterity be cut off: and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.

But do thou for me, O God the Lord, for Thy name's sake; because Thy mercy is good, deliver Thou me.... I will greatly praise the Lord with my *mouth*.

Think of a God wicked and malicious enough to inspire this prayer. Think of one infamous enough to answer it.

Had this inspired psalm been found in some temple erected for the worship of snakes, or in the possession of some cannibal king, written with blood upon the dried skins of babes, there would have been a perfect harmony between its surroundings and its sentiments.

No wonder that the author of this inspired psalm coldly received Socrates and Penelope, and reserved his sweetest smiles for Catharine the Second.

Ninth. With having said that the battles in which the Israelites engaged, with the approval and command of Jehovah, surpassed in cruelty those of Julius Cæsar.

Was it Julius Cæsar who said, "And the Lord our God delivered him before us; and we smote him, and his sons, and all his people. And we took all his cities, and utterly destroyed the men, and the women, and the little ones, of every city, we left none to remain"?

Did Julius Cæsar send the following report to the Roman senate? "And we took all his cities at that time, there was not a city which we took not from them, three-score cities, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og in Bashan. All these cities were fenced with high walls, gates, and bars; beside unwalled towns a great many. And we utterly destroyed them, as we did unto Sihon, king of Heshbon, utterly destroying the men, women, and children of every city."

Did Cæsar take the city of Jericho "and utterly destroy all that was in the city, both men and women, young and old"? Did he smite "all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings, and leave none remaining that breathed, as the Lord God had commanded"?

Search the records of the whole world, find out the history of every barbarous tribe, and you can find no crime that touched a lower depth of infamy than those the Bible's God commanded and approved. For such a God I have no words to express my loathing and contempt, and all the words in all the languages of man would scarcely be sufficient. Away with such a God! Give me Jupiter rather, with Io and Europa, or even Siva with his skulls and snakes.

Tenth. With having repudiated the doctrine of "total depravity."

What a precious doctrine is that of the total depravity of the human heart! How sweet it is to believe that the lives of all the good and great were continual sins and perpetual crimes; that the love a mother bears her child is, in the sight of God, a sin; that the gratitude of the natural heart is simple meanness; that the tears of pity are impure; that for the unconverted to live and labor for others is an offence to heaven; that the noblest aspirations of the soul are low and groveling in the sight of God; that man should fall upon his knees and ask forgiveness, simply for loving his wife and child, and that even the act of asking forgiveness is in fact a crime!

Surely it is a kind of bliss to feel that every woman and child in the wide world, with the exception of those who believe the five points, or some other equally cruel creed, and such children as have been baptized, ought at this very moment to be dashed down to the lowest glowing gulf of hell.

Take from the Christian the history of his own church—leave that entirely out of the question—and he has no argument left with which to substantiate the total depravity of man.

Eleventh. With having doubted the "perseverance of the saints."

I suppose the real meaning of this doctrine is, that Presbyterians are just as sure of going to heaven as all other folks are of going to hell. The real idea being, that it all depends upon the will of God, and not upon the character of the person to be damned or saved; that God has the weakness to send Presbyterians to Paradise, and the justice to doom the rest of mankind to eternal fire.

It is admitted that no unconverted brain can see the least particle of sense in this doctrine; that it is abhorrent to all who have not been the recipients of a "new heart;" that only the perfectly good can justify the perfectly infamous.

It is contended that the saints do not persevere of their own free will—that they are entitled to no credit for persevering; but that God forces them to persevere, while on the other hand, every crime is committed in accordance with the secret will of God, who does all things for his own glory.

Compared with this doctrine, there is no other idea, that has ever been believed by man, that can properly be called absurd.

Twelfth. With having spoken and written somewhat lightly of the idea of converting the heathen with doctrinal sermons.

Of all the failures of which we have any history or knowledge, the missionary effort is the most conspicuous. The whole question has been decided here, in our own

country, and conclusively settled. We have nearly exterminated the Indians, but we have converted none. From the days of John Eliot to the execution of the last Modoc, not one Indian has been the subject of irresistible grace or particular redemption. The few red men who roam the western wilderness have no thought or care concerning the five points of Calvin. They are utterly oblivious to the great and vital truths contained in the Thirty-nine Articles, the Saybrook platform, and the resolutions of the Evangelical Alliance. No Indian has ever scalped another on account of his religious belief. This of itself shows conclusively that the missionaries have had no effect Why should we convert the heathen of China and kill our own? Why should we send missionaries across the seas, and soldiers over the plains? Why should we send Bibles to the east and muskets to the west? If it is impossible to convert Indians who have no religion of their own; no prejudice for or against the "eternal procession of the Holy Ghost," how can we expect to convert a heathen who has a religion; who has plenty of gods and Bibles and prophets and Christs, and who has a religious literature far grander than our own? Can we hope with the story of Daniel in the lions' den to rival the stupendous miracles of India? Is there anything in our Bible as lofty and loving as the prayer of the Buddhist? Compare your "Confession of Faith" with the following: "Never will I seek nor receive private individual salvation—never enter into final peace alone; but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds. Until all are delivered, never will I leave the world of sin, sorrow, and struggle, but will remain where I am."

Think of sending an average Presbyterian to convert a man who daily offers this tender, this infinitely generous, this incomparable prayer. Think of reading the 109th Psalm to a heathen who has a Bible of his own in which is found this passage: "Blessed is that man and beloved of all the gods, who is afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid."

Why should you read even the New Testament to a Hindu, when his own Chrishna has said, "If a man strike thee, and in striking drop his staff, pick it up and hand it to him again"? Why send a Presbyterian to a Sufi, who says, "Better one moment of silent contemplation and inward love, than seventy thousand years of outward worship"? "Whoso would carelessly tread one worm that crawls on earth, that heartless one is darkly alienate from God; but he that, living, embraceth all things in his love, to live with him God bursts all bounds above, below." Why should we endeavor to thrust our cruel and heartless theology upon one who prays this prayer: "O God, show pity toward the wicked; for on the good thou hast already bestowed thy mercy by having created them virtuous"?

Compare this prayer with the curses and cruelties of the Old Testament—with the infamies commanded and approved by the being whom we are taught to worship as a God—and with the following tender product of Presbyterianism: "It may seem absurd to human wisdom that God should harden, blind, and deliver up some men to a reprobate sense; that he should first deliver them over to evil, and then condemn them for that evil; but the believing spiritual man sees no absurdity in all this, knowing that God would be never a whit less good even though he should destroy all men."

Of all the religions that have been produced by the egotism, the malice, the ignorance and ambition of man, Presbyterianism is the most hideous.

But what shall I say more, for the time would fail me to tell of Sabellianism, of a "Modal Trinity," and the "Eternal Procession of the Holy Ghost"?

Upon these charges, a minister is to be tried, here in Chicago; in this city of pluck and progress—this marvel of energy—this miracle of nerve. The cry of "heresy," here, sounds like a wail from the Dark Ages—a shriek from the Inquisition, or a groan from the grave of Calvin.

Another effort is being made to enslave a man.

It is claimed that every member of the church has solemnly agreed never to outgrow the creed; that he has pledged himself to remain an intellectual dwarf. Upon this condition the church agrees to save his soul, and he hands over his brains to bind the bargain. Should a fact be found inconsistent with the creed, he binds himself to deny the fact and curse the finder. With scraps of dogmas and crumbs of doctrine, he agrees that his soul shall be satisfied forever. What an intellectual feast the Confession of Faith must be! It reminds one of the dinner described by Sydney Smith, where everything was cold except the water, and everything sour except the vinegar.

Every member of a church promises to remain orthodox, that is to say—stationary. Growth is heresy. Orthodox ideas are the feathers that have been moulted by the eagle of progress. They are the dead leaves under the majestic palm, while heresy is the bud and blossom at the top.

Imagine a vine that grows at one end and decays at the other. The end that grows is heresy, the end that rots is orthodox The dead are orthodox, and your cemetery is the most perfect type of a well regulated church. No thought, no progress, no heresy there. Slowly and silently, side by side, the satisfied members peacefully decay. There is only this difference—the dead do not persecute.

And what does a trial for heresy mean? It means that the church says to a heretic, "Believe as I do, or I will withdraw my support. I will not employ you. I will pursue you until your garments are rags; until your children cry for bread; until your cheeks are furrowed with tears. I will hunt you to the very portals of the tomb, and then my God will do the rest I will not imprison you. I will not burn you. The law prevents my doing that. I helped make the law, not however to protect you, nor to deprive me of the right to exterminate you but in order to keep other churches from exterminating me." A trial for heresy means that the spirit of persecution still lingers in the church; that it still denies the right of private judgment; that it still thinks more of creed than truth, and that it is still determined to prevent the intellectual growth of man. It means that churches are shambles in which are bought and sold the souls of men. It means that the church is still guilty of the barbarity of opposing thought with force. It means that if it had the power, the mental horizon would be bounded by a creed; that it would bring again the whips and chains and dungeon keys, the rack and fagot of the past.

But let me tell the church it lacks the power. There have been, and still are, too many men who own themselves—too much thought, too much knowledge for the church to grasp again the sword of power. The church must abdicate. For the Eglon of superstition Science has a message from Truth.

The heretics have not thought and suffered and died in vain. Every heretic has been, and is, a ray of light. Not in vain did Voltaire, that great man, point from the foot of the Alps the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. Not in vain were the

splendid utterances of the infidels, while beyond all price are the discoveries of science.

The church has impeded, but it has not and it cannot stop the onward march of the human race. Heresy cannot be burned, nor imprisoned, nor starved. It laughs at presbyteries and synods, at ecumenical councils and the impotent thunders of Sinai. Heresy is the eternal dawn, the morning star, the glittering herald of the day. Heresy is the last and best thought. It is the perpetual New World, the unknown sea, toward which the brave all sail. It is the eternal horizon of progress.

Heresy extends the hospitalities of the brain to a new thought.

Heresy is a cradle; orthodoxy, a coffin.

Why should man be afraid to think, and why should he fear to express his thoughts?

Is it possible that an infinite Deity is unwilling that a man should investigate the phenomena by which he is surrounded? Is it possible that a god delights in threatening and terrifying men? What glory, what honor and renown a god must win on such a field! The ocean raving at a drop; a star envious of a candle; the sun jealous of a fire-fly.

Go on, presbyteries and synods, go on! Thrust the heretics out of the church—that is to say, throw away your brains,—put out your eyes. The infidels will thank you. They are willing to adopt your exiles. Every deserter from your camp is a recruit for the army of progress. Cling to the ignorant dogmas of the past; read the 109th Psalm; gloat over the slaughter of mothers and babes; thank God for total depravity; shower your honors upon hypocrites, and silence every minister who is touched with that heresy called genius.

Be true to your history. Turn out the astronomers, the geologists, the naturalists, the chemists, and all the honest scientists. With a whip of scorpions, drive them all out. We want them all. Keep the ignorant, the superstitious, the bigoted, and the writers of charges and specifications.

Keep them, and keep them all. Repeat your pious platitudes in the drowsy ears of the faithful, and read your Bible to heretics, as kings read some forgotten riot-act to stop and stay the waves of revolution. You are too weak to excite anger. We forgive your efforts as the sun forgives a cloud—as the air forgives the breath you waste.

How long, O how long, will man listen to the threats of God, and shut his eyes to the splendid possibilities of Nature? How long, O how long will man remain the cringing slave of a false and cruel creed?

By this time the whole world should know that the real Bible has not yet been written, but is being written, and that it will never be finished until the race begins its downward march, or ceases to exist.

The real Bible is not the work of inspired men, nor prophets, nor apostles, nor evangelists, nor of Christs. Every man who finds a fact, adds, as it were, a word to this great book. It is not attested by prophecy, by miracles or signs. It makes no appeal to faith, to ignorance, to credulity or fear. It has no punishment for unbelief, and no reward for hypocrisy. It appeals to man in the name of demonstration. It has nothing to conceal. It has no fear of being read, of being contradicted, of being investigated and understood. It does not pretend to be holy, or sacred; it simply claims to be true. It challenges the scrutiny of all, and implores every reader to verify every line for himself. It is incapable of being blasphemed. This book appeals to all

the surroundings of man. Each thing that exists testifies of its perfection. The earth, with its heart of fire and crowns of snow; with its forests and plains, its rocks and seas; with its every wave and cloud; with its every leaf and bud and flower, confirms its every word, and the solemn stars, shining in the infinite abysses, are the eternal witnesses of its truth.

The Ghosts

TO EBON C. INGERSOLL,
MY BROTHER,
FROM WHOSE LIPS I HEARD THE FIRST APPLAUSE,
AND WITH WHOSE NAME I WISH MY OWN
ASSOCIATED UNTIL BOTH ARE FORGOTTEN,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE

These lectures have been so maimed and mutilated by orthodox malice; have been made to appear so halt, crutched and decrepit by those who mistake the pleasures of calumny for the duties of religion, that in simple justice to myself I concluded to publish them.

Most of the clergy are, or seem to be, utterly incapable of discussing anything in a fair and catholic spirit. They appeal, not to reason, but to prejudice; not to facts, but to passages of Scripture. They can conceive of no goodness, of no spiritual exaltation beyond the horizon of their creed. Whoever differs with them upon what they are pleased to call "fundamental truths," is, in their opinion, a base and infamous man. To re-enact the tragedies of the sixteenth century, they lack only the power. Bigotry in all ages has been the same. Christianity simply transferred the brutality of the Colosseum to the Inquisition. For the murderous combat of the gladiators, the saints substituted the *auto de fe*. What has been called religion is, after all, but the organization of the wild beast in man. The perfumed blossom of arrogance is heaven. Hell is the consummation of revenge.

The chief business of the clergy has always been to destroy the joy of life, and multiply and magnify the terrors and tortures of death and perdition. They have polluted the heart and paralyzed the brain; and upon the ignorant altars of the Past and the Dead, they have endeavored to sacrifice the Present and the Living.

Nothing can exceed the mendacity of the religious press. I have had some little experience with political editors, and am forced to say, that until I read the religious papers, I did not know what malicious and slimy falsehoods could be constructed from ordinary words. The ingenuity with which the real and apparent meaning can be tortured out of language, is simply amazing. The average religious editor is intolerant and insolent; he knows nothing of affairs; he has the envy of failure, the malice of impotence, and always accounts for the brave and generous actions of unbelievers, by low, base and unworthy motives.

By this time, even the clergy should know that the intellect of the nineteenth century needs no guardian. They should cease to regard themselves as shepherds defending flocks of weak, silly and fearful sheep from the claws and teeth of ravening wolves. By this time they should know that the religion of the ignorant and brutal Past no longer satisfies the heart and brain; that the miracles have become contemptible; that the "evidences" have ceased to convince; that the spirit of investigation cannot be stopped nor stayed; that the church is losing her power; that the young are holding in a kind of tender contempt the sacred follies of the old; that the pulpit and pews no longer represent the culture and morality of the world, and that the brand of intellectual inferiority is upon the orthodox brain.

Men should be liberated from the aristocracy of the air. Every chain of superstition should be broken. The rights of men and women should be equal and sacred—marriage should be a perfect partnership—children should be governed by kindness,—every family should be a republic—every fireside a democracy.

It seems almost impossible for religious people to really grasp the idea of intellectual freedom. They seem to think that man is responsible for his honest thoughts; that unbelief is a crime; that investigation is sinful; that credulity is a virtue, and that reason is a dangerous guide. They cannot divest themselves of the idea that in the realm of thought there must be government—authority and obedience—laws and penalties—rewards and punishments, and that somewhere in the universe there is a penitentiary for the soul.

In the republic of mind, *one* is a majority. There, all are monarchs, and all are equals. The tyranny of a majority even is unknown. Each one is crowned, sceptered and throned. Upon every brow is the tiara, and around every form is the imperial purple. Only those are good citizens who express their honest thoughts, and those who persecute for opinion's sake, are the only traitors. There, nothing is considered infamous except an appeal to brute force, and nothing sacred but love, liberty, and joy. The church contemplates this republic with a sneer. From the teeth of hatred she draws back the lips of scorn. She is filled with the spite and spleen born of intellectual weakness. Once she was egotistic; now she is envious.

Once she wore upon her hollow breast false gems, supposing them to be real. They have been shown to be false, but she wears them still. She has the malice of the caught, the hatred of the exposed.

We are told to investigate the Bible for ourselves, and at the same time informed that if we come to the conclusion that it is not the inspired word of God, we will most assuredly be damned. Under such circumstances, if we believe this, investigation is impossible. Whoever is held responsible for his conclusions cannot weigh the evidence with impartial scales. Fear stands at the balance, and gives to falsehood the weight of its trembling hand.

I oppose the church because she is the enemy of liberty; because her dogmas are infamous and cruel; because she humiliates and degrades woman; because she teaches the doctrines of eternal torment and the natural depravity of man; because she insists upon the absurd, the impossible, and the senseless; because she resorts to falsehood and slander; because she is arrogant and revengeful; because she allows men to sin on a credit; because she discourages self-reliance, and laughs at good works; because she believes in vicarious virtue and vicarious vice—vicarious punishment and vicarious reward; because she regards repentance of more importance than restitution, and because she sacrifices the world we have to one we know not of.

The free and generous, the tender and affectionate, will understand me. Those who have escaped from the grated cells of a creed will appreciate my motives. The sad and suffering wives, the trembling and loving children will thank me: This is enough.

Robert G. Ingersoll.
Washington, D. C.,
April 13, 1878.

THE GHOSTS,

LET THEM COVER THEIR EYELESS SOCKETS WITH THEIR FLESHLESS HANDS AND FADE FOREVER FROM THE IMAGINATION OF MEN.

HERE are three theories by which men account for all phenomena, for everything that happens: First, the Supernatural; Second, the Supernatural and Natural; Third, the Natural. Between these theories there has been, from the dawn of civilization, a continual conflict. In this great war, nearly all the soldiers have been in the ranks of the supernatural. The believers in the supernatural insist that matter is controlled and directed entirely by powers from without; while naturalists maintain that Nature acts from within; that Nature is not acted upon; that the universe is all there is; that Nature with infinite arms embraces everything that exists, and that all supposed powers beyond the limits of the material are simply ghosts. You say, "Oh, this is materialism!" What is matter? I take in my hand some earth:—in this dust put seeds. Let the arrows of light from the quiver of the sun smite upon it; let the rain fall upon it. The seeds will grow and a plant will bud and blossom. Do you understand this? Can you explain it better than you can the production of thought? Have you the slightest conception of what it really is? And yet you speak of matter as though acquainted with its origin, as though you had torn from the clenched hands of the rocks the secrets of material existence. Do you know what force is? Can you account for molecular action? Are you really familiar with chemistry, and can you account for the loves and hatreds of the atoms? Is there not something in matter that forever eludes? After all, can you get beyond, above or below appearances? Before you cry "materialism!" had you not better ascertain what matter really is? Can you think even of anything without a material basis? Is it possible to imagine the annihilation of a single atom? Is it possible for you to conceive of the creation of an atom? Can you have a thought that was not suggested to you by what you call matter?

Our fathers denounced materialism, and accounted for all phenomena by the caprice of gods and devils.

For thousands of years it was believed that ghosts, good and bad, benevolent and malignant, weak and powerful, in some mysterious way, produced all phenomena; that disease and health, happiness and misery, fortune and misfortune, peace and war, life and death, success and failure, were but arrows from the quivers of these ghosts; that shadowy phantoms rewarded and punished mankind; that they were pleased and displeased by the actions of men; that they sent and withheld the snow, the light, and the rain; that they blessed the earth with harvests or cursed it with famine; that they fed or starved the children of men; that they crowned and uncrowned kings; that they took sides in war; that they controlled the winds; that they gave prosperous voyages, allowing the brave mariner to meet his wife and child inside the harbor bar, or sent the storms, strewing the sad shores with wrecks of ships and the bodies of men.

Formerly, these ghosts were believed to be almost innumerable. Earth, air, and water were filled with these phantom hosts. In modern times they have greatly decreased in number, because the second theory,—a mingling of the supernatural and natural,—has generally been adopted. The remaining ghosts, however, are supposed to perform the same offices as the hosts of yore.

It has always been believed that these ghosts could in some way be appeased; that they could be flattered by sacrifices, by prayer, by fasting, by the building of temples and cathedrals, by the blood of men and beasts, by forms and ceremonies, by chants, by kneelings and prostrations, by flagellations and maimings, by renouncing the joys

of home, by living alone in the wide desert, by the practice of celibacy, by inventing instruments of torture, by destroying men, women and children, by covering the earth with dungeons, by burning unbelievers, by putting chains upon the thoughts and manacles upon the limbs of men, by believing things without evidence and against evidence, by disbelieving and denying demonstration, by despising facts, by hating reason, by denouncing liberty, by maligning heretics, by slandering the dead, by subscribing to senseless and cruel creeds, by discouraging investigation, by worshiping a book, by the cultivation of credulity, by observing certain times and days, by counting beads, by gazing at crosses, by hiring others to repeat verses and prayers, by burning candles and ringing bells, by enslaving each other and putting out the eyes of the soul. All this has been done to appease and flatter these monsters of the air.

In the history of our poor world, no horror has been omitted, no infamy has been left undone by the believers in ghosts,—by the worshipers of these fleshless phantoms. And yet these shadows were born of cowardice and malignity. They were painted by the pencil of fear upon the canvas of ignorance by that artist called superstition.

From these ghosts, our fathers received information. They were the schoolmasters of our ancestors. They were the scientists and philosophers, the geologists, legislators, astronomers, physicians, metaphysicians and historians of the past. For ages these ghosts were supposed to be the only source of real knowledge. They inspired men to write books, and the books were considered sacred. If facts were found to be inconsistent with these books, so much the worse for the facts, and especially for their discoverers. It was then, and still is, believed that these books are the basis of the idea of immortality; that to give up these volumes, or rather the idea that they are inspired, is to renounce the idea of immortality. This I deny.

The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear, beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. It is the rainbow—Hope shining upon the tears of grief.

From the books written by the ghosts we have at last ascertained that they knew nothing about the world in which we live. Did they know anything about the next? Upon every point where contradiction is possible, they have been contradicted.

By these ghosts, by these citizens of the air, the affairs of government were administered; all authority to govern came from them. The emperors, kings and potentates all had commissions from these phantoms. Man was not considered as the source of any power whatever. To rebel against the king was to rebel against the ghosts, and nothing less than the blood of the offender could appease the invisible phantom or the visible tyrant. Kneeling was the proper position to be assumed by the multitude. The prostrate were the good. Those who stood erect were infidels and traitors. In the name and by the authority of the ghosts, man was enslaved, crushed, and plundered. The many toiled wearily in the storm and sun that the few favorites of the ghosts might live in idleness. The many lived in huts, and caves, and dens, that the few might dwell in palaces. The many covered themselves with rags, that the few might robe themselves in purple and in gold. The many crept, and cringed, and crawled, that the few might tread upon their flesh with iron feet.

From the ghosts men received, not only authority, but information of every kind. They told us the form of this earth. They informed us that eclipses were caused by the sins of man; that the universe was made in six days; that astronomy, and geology were devices of wicked men, instigated by wicked ghosts; that gazing at the sky with a telescope was a dangerous thing; that digging into the earth was sinful curiosity; that trying to be wise above what they had written was born of a rebellious and irreverent spirit.

They told us there was no virtue like belief, and no crime like doubt; that investigation was pure impudence, and the punishment therefor, eternal torment. They not only told us all about this world, but about two others; and if their statements about the other worlds are as true as about this, no one can estimate the value of their information.

For countless ages the world was governed by ghosts, and they spared no pains to change the eagle of the human intellect into a bat of darkness. To accomplish this infamous purpose; to drive the love of truth from the human heart; to prevent the advancement of mankind; to shut out from the world every ray of intellectual light; to pollute every mind with superstition, the power of kings, the cunning and cruelty of priests, and the wealth of nations were exhausted.

During these years of persecution, ignorance, superstition and slavery, nearly all the people, the kings, lawyers, doctors, the learned and the unlearned, believed in that frightful production of ignorance, fear, and faith, called witchcraft. They believed that man was the sport and prey of devils. They really thought that the very air was thick with these enemies of man. With few exceptions, this hideous and infamous belief was universal. Under these conditions, progress was almost impossible.

Fear paralyzes the brain. Progress is born of courage. Fear believes—courage doubts. Fear falls upon the earth and prays—courage stands erect and thinks. Fear retreats—courage advances. Fear is barbarism—courage is civilization. Fear believes in witchcraft, in devils and in ghosts. Fear is religion—courage is science.

The facts, upon which this terrible belief rested, were proved over and over again in every court of Europe. Thousands confessed themselves guilty—admitted that they had sold themselves to the devil. They gave the particulars of the sale; told what they said and what the devil replied. They confessed this, when they knew that confession was death; knew that their property would be confiscated, and their children left to beg their bread. This is one of the miracles of history—one of the strangest contradictions of the human mind. Without doubt, they really believed themselves guilty. In the first place, they believed in witchcraft as a fact, and when charged with it, they probably became insane. In their insanity they confessed their guilt. They found themselves abhorred and deserted—charged with a crime that they could not disprove. Like a man in quicksand, every effort only sunk them deeper. Caught in this frightful web, at the mercy of the spiders of superstition, hope fled, and nothing remained but the insanity of confession. The whole world appeared to be insane.

In the time of James the First, a man was executed for causing a storm at sea with the intention of drowning one of the royal family. How could he disprove it? How could he show that he did not cause the storm? All storms were at that time generally supposed to be caused by the devil—the prince of the power of the air—and by those whom he assisted.

I implore you to remember that the believers in such impossible things were the authors of our creeds and confessions of faith.

A woman was tried and convicted before Sir Matthew Hale, one of the great judges and lawyers of England, for having caused children to vomit crooked pins. She was also charged with having nursed devils. The learned judge charged the intelligent jury that there was no doubt as to the existence of witches; that it was established by all history, and expressly taught by the Bible.

The woman was hanged and her body burned.

Sir Thomas More declared that to give up witchcraft was to throw away the sacred Scriptures. In my judgment, he was right.

John Wesley was a firm believer in ghosts and witches, and insisted upon it, years after all laws upon the subject had been repealed in England. I beg of you to remember that John Wesley was the founder of the Methodist Church.

In New England, a woman was charged with being a witch, and with having changed herself into a fox. While in that condition she was attacked and bitten by some dogs. A committee of three men, by order of the court, examined this woman. They removed her clothing and searched for "witch spots." That is to say, spots into which needles could be thrust without giving her pain. They reported to the court that such spots were found. She denied, however, that she ever had changed herself into a fox. Upon the report of the committee she was found guilty and actually executed. This was done by our Puritan fathers, by the gentlemen who braved the dangers of the deep for the sake of worshiping God and persecuting their fellow-men.

In those days people believed in what was known as lycanthropy—that is, that persons, with the assistance of the devil, could assume the form of wolves. An instance is given where a man was attacked by a wolf. He defended himself, and succeeded in cutting off one of the animal's paws. The wolf ran away. The man picked up the paw, put it in his pocket and carried it home. There he found his wife with one of her hands gone. He took the paw from his pocket. It had changed to a human hand. He charged his wife with being a witch. She was tried. She confessed her guilt, and was burned.

People were burned for causing frosts in summer—for destroying crops with hail—for causing storms—for making cows go dry, and even for souring beer. There was no impossibility for which some one was not tried and convicted. The life of no one was secure. To be charged, was to be convicted. Every man was at the mercy of every other. This infamous belief was so firmly seated in the minds of the people, that to express a doubt as to its truth was to be suspected. Whoever denied the existence of witches and devils was denounced as an infidel.

They believed that animals were often taken possession of by devils, and that the killing of the animal would destroy the devil. They absolutely tried, convicted, and executed dumb beasts.

At Basle, in 1470, a rooster was tried upon the charge of having laid an egg. Rooster eggs were used only in making witch ointment,—this everybody knew. The rooster was convicted and with all due solemnity was burned in the public square. So a hog and six pigs were tried for having killed and partially eaten a child. The hog was convicted,—but the pigs, on account probably of their extreme youth, were acquitted. As late as 1740, a cow was tried and convicted of being possessed by a devil.

They used to exorcise rats, locusts, snakes and vermin. They used to go through the alleys, streets, and fields, and warn them to leave within a certain number of days. In case they disobeyed, they were threatened with pains and penalties.

But let us be careful how we laugh at these things. Let us not pride ourselves too much on the progress of our age. We must not forget that some of our people are yet in the same intelligent business. Only a little while ago, the governor of Minnesota appointed a day of fasting and prayer, to see if some power could not be induced to kill the grasshoppers, or send them into some other state.

About the close of the fifteenth century, so great was the excitement with regard to the existence of witchcraft that Pope Innocent VIII. issued a bull directing the inquisitors to be vigilant in searching out and punishing all guilty of this crime. Forms for the trial were regularly laid down in a book or a pamphlet called the "Malleus Maleficorum" (Hammer of Witches), which was issued by the Roman See. Popes Alexander, Leo, and Adrian, issued like bulls. For two hundred and fifty years the church was busy in punishing the impossible crime of witchcraft; in burning, hanging and torturing men, women, and children. Protestants were as active as Catholics, and in Geneva five hundred witches were burned at the stake in a period of three months. About one thousand were executed in one year in the diocese of Como. At least one hundred thousand victims suffered in Germany alone: the last execution (in Wurtzburg) taking place as late as 1749. Witches were burned in Switzerland as late as 1780.

In England the same frightful scenes were enacted. Statutes were passed from Henry VI. to James I., defining the crime and its punishment. The last act passed by the British parliament was when Lord Bacon was a member of the House of Commons; and this act was not repealed until 1736.

Sir William Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the Laws of England, says: "To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once flatly to contradict the word of God in various passages both of the Old and New Testament; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath in its turn borne testimony, either by examples seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws, which at least suppose the possibility of a commerce with evil spirits."

In Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, published at Edinburg, Scotland, in 1807, it is said that: "A witch is a woman that has dealings with Satan. That such persons are among men is abundantly plain from Scripture, and that they ought to be put to death."

This work was re-published in Albany, New York, in 1816. No wonder the clergy of that city are ignorant and bigoted even unto this day.

In 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, nine years of age, were hanged for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap.

In England it has been estimated that at least thirty thousand were hanged and burned. The last victim executed in Scotland, perished in 1722. "She was an innocent old woman, who had so little idea of her situation as to rejoice at the sight of the fire which was destined to consume her. She had a daughter, lame both of hands and of feet—a circumstance attributed to the witch having been used to transform her daughter into a pony and getting her shod by the devil."

In 1692, nineteen persons were executed and one pressed to death in Salem, Massachusetts, for the crime of witchcraft.

It was thought in those days that men and women made compacts with the devil, orally and in writing. That they abjured God and Jesus Christ, and dedicated

themselves wholly to the devil. The contracts were confirmed at a general meeting of witches and ghosts, over which the devil himself presided; and the persons generally signed the articles of agreement with their own blood. These contracts were, in some instances, for a few years; in others, for life. General assemblies of the witches were held at least once a year, at which they appeared entirely naked, besmeared with an ointment made from the bodies of unbaptized infants. “To these meetings they rode from great distances on broomsticks, pokers, goats, hogs, and dogs. Here they did homage to the prince of hell, and offered him sacrifices of young children, and practiced all sorts of license until the break of day.”

“As late as 1815, Belgium was disgraced by a witch trial; and guilt was established by the water ordeal.” “In 1836, the populace of Hela, near Dantzic, twice plunged into the sea a woman reputed to be a sorceress; and as the miserable creature persisted in rising to the surface, she was pronounced guilty, and beaten to death.”

“It was believed that the bodies of devils are not like those of men and animals, cast in an unchangeable mould. It was thought they were like clouds, refined and subtle matter, capable of assuming any form and penetrating into any orifice. The horrible tortures they endured in their place of punishment rendered them extremely sensitive to suffering, and they continually sought a temperate and somewhat moist warmth in order to allay their pangs. It was for this reason they so frequently entered into men and women.”

The devil could transport men, at his will, through the air. He could beget children; and Martin Luther himself had come in contact with one of these children. He recommended the mother to throw the child into the river, in order to free their house from the presence of a devil.

It was believed that the devil could transform people into any shape he pleased.

Whoever denied these things was denounced as an infidel. All the believers in witchcraft confidently appealed to the Bible. Their mouths were filled with passages demonstrating the existence of witches and their power Over human beings. By the Bible they proved that innumerable evil spirits were ranging over the world endeavoring to ruin mankind; that these spirits possessed a power and wisdom far transcending the limits of human faculties; that they delighted in every misfortune that could befall the world; that their malice was superhuman. That they caused tempests was proved by the action of the devil toward Job; by the passage in the book of Revelation describing the four angels who held the four winds, and to whom it was given to afflict the earth. They believed the devil could carry persons hundreds of miles, in a few seconds, through the air. They believed this, because they knew that Christ had been carried by the devil in the same manner and placed on a pinnacle of the temple. “The prophet Habakkuk had been transported by a spirit from Judea to Babylon; and Philip, the evangelist, had been the object of a similar miracle; and in the same way Saint Paul had been carried in the body into the third heaven.”

“In those pious days, they believed that *Incubi* and *Succubi* were forever wandering among mankind, alluring, by more than human charms, the unwary to their destruction, and laying plots, which were too often successful, against the virtue of the saints. Sometimes the witches kindled in the monastic priest a more terrestrial fire. People told, with bated breath, how, under the spell of a vindictive woman, four successive abbots in a German monastery had been wasted away by an unholy flame.”

An instance is given in which the devil not only assumed the appearance of a holy man, in order to pay his addresses to a lady, but when discovered, crept under the bed, suffered himself to be dragged out, and was impudent enough to declare that he was the veritable bishop. So perfectly had he assumed the form and features of the prelate that those who knew the bishop best were deceived.

One can hardly imagine the frightful state of the human mind during these long centuries of darkness and superstition. To them, these things were awful and frightful realities. Hovering above them in the air, in their houses, in the bosoms of friends, in their very bodies, in all the darkness of night, everywhere, around, above and below, were innumerable hosts of unclean and malignant devils.

From the malice of those leering and vindictive vampires of the air, the church pretended to defend mankind. Pursued by these phantoms, the frightened multitudes fell upon their faces and implored the aid of robed hypocrisy and sceptered theft.

Take from the orthodox church of to-day the threat and fear of hell, and it becomes an extinct volcano.

Take from the church the miraculous, the supernatural, the incomprehensible, the unreasonable, the impossible, the unknowable, and the absurd, and nothing but a vacuum remains.

Notwithstanding all the infamous things justly laid to the charge of the church, we are told that the civilization of to-day is the child of what we are pleased to call the superstition of the past.

Religion has not civilized man—man has civilized religion. God improves as man advances.

Let me call your attention to what we have received from the followers of the ghosts. Let me give you an outline of the sciences as taught by these philosophers of the clouds.

All diseases were produced, either as a punishment by the good ghosts, or out of pure malignity by the bad ones. There were, properly speaking, no diseases. The sick were possessed by ghosts. The science of medicine consisted in knowing how to persuade these ghosts to vacate the premises. For thousands of years the diseased were treated with incantations, with hideous noises, with drums and gongs. Everything was done to make the visit of the ghost as unpleasant as possible, and they generally succeeded in making things so disagreeable that if the ghost did not leave, the patient did. These ghosts were supposed to be of different rank, power and dignity. Now and then a man pretended to have won the favor of some powerful ghost, and that gave him power over the little ones. Such a man became an eminent physician.

It was found that certain kinds of smoke, such as that produced by burning the liver of a fish, the dried skin of a serpent, the eyes of a toad, or the tongue of an adder, were exceedingly offensive to the nostrils of an ordinary ghost. With this smoke, the sick room would be filled until the ghost vanished or the patient died.

It was also believed that certain words,—the names of the most powerful ghosts,—when properly pronounced, were very effective weapons. It was for a long time thought that Latin words were the best,—Latin being a dead language, and known by the clergy. Others thought that two sticks laid across each other and held before the wicked ghost would cause it instantly to flee in dread away.

For thousands of years, the practice of medicine consisted in driving these evil spirits out of the bodies of men.

In some instances, bargains and compromises were made with the ghosts. One case is given where a multitude of devils traded a man for a herd of swine. In this transaction the devils were the losers, as the swine immediately drowned themselves in the sea. This idea of disease appears to have been almost universal, and is by no means yet extinct.

The contortions of the epileptic, the strange twitchings of those afflicted with chorea, the shakings of palsy, dreams, trances, and the numberless frightful phenomena produced by diseases of the nerves, were all seized upon as so many proofs that the bodies of men were filled with unclean and malignant ghosts.

Whoever endeavored to account for these things by natural causes, whoever attempted to cure diseases by natural means, was denounced by the church as an infidel. To explain anything was a crime. It was to the interest of the priest that all phenomena should be accounted for by the will and power of gods and devils. The moment it is admitted that all phenomena are within the domain of the natural, the necessity for a priest has disappeared. Religion breathes the air of the supernatural. Take from the mind of man the idea of the supernatural, and religion ceases to exist. For this, reason, the church has always despised the man who explained the wonderful. Upon this principle, nothing was left undone to stay the science of medicine. As long as plagues and pestilences could be stopped by prayer, the priest was useful. The moment the physician found a cure, the priest became an extravagance. The moment it began to be apparent that prayer could do nothing for the body, the priest shifted his ground and began praying for the soul.

Long after the devil idea was substantially abandoned in the practice of medicine, and when it was admitted that God had nothing to do with ordinary coughs and colds, it was still believed that all the frightful diseases were sent by him as punishments for the wickedness of the people. It was thought to be a kind of blasphemy to even try, by any natural means, to stay the ravages of pestilence. Formerly, during the prevalence of plague and epidemics, the arrogance of the priest was boundless. He told the people that they had slighted the clergy, that they had refused to pay tithes, that they had doubted some of the doctrines of the church, and that God was now taking his revenge. The people for the most part, believed this infamous tissue of priestcraft. They hastened to fall upon their knees; they poured out their wealth upon the altars of hypocrisy; they abased and debased themselves; from their minds they banished all doubts, and made haste to crawl in the very dust of humility.

The church never wanted disease to be under the control of man. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, preached a sermon against vaccination. His idea was, that if God had decreed from all eternity that a certain man should die with the small-pox, it was a frightful sin to avoid and annul that decree by the trick of vaccination. Small-pox being regarded as one of the heaviest guns in the arsenal of heaven, to spike it was the height of presumption. Plagues and pestilences were instrumentalities in the hands of God with which to gain the love and worship of mankind. To find a cure for disease was to take a weapon from the church. No one tries to cure the ague with prayer. Quinine has been found altogether more reliable. Just as soon as a specific is found for a disease, that disease will be left out of the list of prayer. The number of diseases with which God from time to time afflicts mankind, is continually

decreasing. In a few years all of them will be under the control of man, the gods will be left unarmed, and the threats of their priests will excite only a smile.

The science of medicine has had but one enemy—religion. Man was afraid to save his body for fear he might lose his soul.

Is it any wonder that the people in those days believed in and taught the infamous doctrine of eternal punishment—a doctrine that makes God a heartless monster and man a slimy hypocrite and slave?

The ghosts were historians, and their histories were the grossest absurdities. “Tales told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.” In those days the histories were written by the monks, who, as a rule, were almost as superstitious as they were dishonest. They wrote as though they had been witnesses of every occurrence they related. They wrote the history of every country of importance. They told all the past and predicted all the future with an impudence that amounted to sublimity. “They traced the order of St. Michael, in France, to the archangel himself, and alleged that he was the founder of a chivalric order in heaven itself. They said that Tartars originally came from hell, and that they were called Tartars because Tartarus was one of the names of perdition. They declared that Scotland was so named after Scota, a daughter of Pharaoh, who landed in Ireland, invaded Scotland, and took it by force of arms. This statement was made in a letter addressed to the Pope in the fourteenth century, and was alluded to as a well-known fact. The letter was written by some of the highest dignitaries, and by the direction of the King himself.”

These gentlemen accounted for the red on the breasts of robins, from the fact that these birds carried water to unbaptized infants in hell.

Matthew, of Paris, an eminent historian of the fourteenth century, gave the world the following piece of information: “It is well known that Mohammed was once a cardinal, and became a heretic because he failed in his effort to be elected pope;” and that having drank to excess, he fell by the roadside, and in this condition was killed by swine. “And for that reason, his followers abhor pork even unto this day.”

Another eminent historian informs us that Nero was in the habit of vomiting frogs. When I read this, I said to myself: Some of the croakers of the present day against Progress would be the better for such a vomit.

The history of Charlemagne was written by Turpin, of Rheims. He was a bishop. He assures us that the walls of a city fell down in answer to prayer. That there were giants in those days who could take fifty ordinary men under their arms and walk away with them. “With the greatest of these, a direct descendant of Goliath, one Orlando had a theological discussion, and that in the heat of the debate, when the giant was overwhelmed with the argument, Orlando rushed forward and inflicted a fatal stab.”

The history of Britain, written by the archdeacons of Monmouth and Oxford, was wonderfully popular. According to them, Brutus conquered England and built the city of London. During his time, it rained pure blood for three days. At another time, a monster came from the sea, and, after having devoured great multitudes of people, swallowed the king and disappeared. They tell us that King Arthur was not born like other mortals, but was the result of a magical contrivance; that he had great luck in killing giants; that he killed one in France that had the cheerful habit of eating some thirty men a day. That this giant had clothes woven of the beards of the kings he had

devoured. To cap the climax, one of the authors of this book was promoted for having written the only reliable history of his country.

In all the histories of those days there is hardly a single truth. Facts were considered unworthy of preservation. Anything that really happened was not of sufficient interest or importance to be recorded. The great religious historian, Eusebius, ingenuously remarks that in his history he carefully omitted whatever tended to discredit the church, and that he piously magnified all that conduced to her glory.

The same glorious principle was scrupulously adhered to by all the historians of that time.

They wrote, and the people believed, that the tracks of Pharoah's chariots were still visible on the sands of the Red Sea, and that they had been miraculously preserved from the winds and waves as perpetual witnesses of the great miracle there performed.

It is safe to say that every truth in the histories of those times is the result of accident or mistake.

They accounted for everything as the work of good and evil spirits. With cause and effect they had nothing to do. Facts were in no way related to each other. God, governed by infinite caprice, filled the world with miracles and disconnected events. From the quiver of his hatred came the arrows of famine, pestilence, and death.

The moment that the idea is abandoned that all is natural; that all phenomena are the necessary links in the endless chain of being, the conception of history becomes impossible. With the ghosts, the present is not the child of the past, nor the mother of the future. In the domain of religion all is chance, accident, and caprice.

Do not forget, I pray you, that our creeds were written by the cotemporaries of these historians.

The same idea was applied to law. It was believed by our intelligent ancestors that all law derived its sacredness and its binding force from the fact that it had been communicated to man by the ghosts. Of course it was not pretended that the ghosts told everybody the law; but they told it to a few, and the few told it to the people, and the people, as a rule, paid them exceedingly well for their trouble. It was thousands of ages before the people commenced making laws for themselves, and strange as it may appear, most of these laws were vastly superior to the ghost article. Through the web and woof of human legislation began to run and shine and glitter the golden thread of justice.

During these years of darkness it was believed that rather than see an act of injustice done; rather than see the innocent suffer; rather than see the guilty triumph, some ghost would interfere. This belief, as a rule, gave great satisfaction to the victorious party, and as the other man was dead, no complaint was heard from him.

This doctrine was the sanctification of brute force and chance. They had trials by battle, by fire, by water, and by lot. Persons were made to grasp hot iron, and if it burned them their guilt was established. Others, with tied hands and feet, were cast into the sea, and if they sank, the verdict of guilty was unanimous,—if they did not sink, they were in league with devils.

So in England, persons charged with crime could appeal to the corsned. The corsned was a piece of the sacramental bread. If the defendant could swallow this piece he

went acquit. Godwin, Earl of Kent, in the time of Edward the Confessor, appealed to the corsned. He failed to swallow it and was choked to death.

The ghosts and their followers always took delight in torture, in cruel and unusual punishments. For the infraction of most of their laws, death was the penalty—death produced by stoning and by fire. Sometimes, when man committed only murder, he was allowed to flee to some city of refuge. Murder was a crime against man. But for saying certain words, or denying certain doctrines, or for picking up sticks on certain days, or for worshiping the wrong ghost, or for failing to pray to the right one, or for laughing at a priest, or for saying that wine was not blood, or that bread was not flesh, or for failing to regard ram's horns as artillery, or for insisting that a dry bone was scarcely sufficient to take the place of water works, or that a raven, as a rule, made a poor landlord:—death, produced by all the ways that the ingenuity of hatred could devise, was the penalty.

Law is a growth—it is a science. Right and wrong exist in the nature of things. Things are not right because they are commanded, nor wrong because they are prohibited. There are real crimes enough without creating artificial ones. All progress in legislation has for centuries consisted in repealing the laws of the ghosts.

The idea of right and wrong is born of man's capacity to enjoy and suffer. If man could not suffer, if he could not inflict injury upon his fellow, if he could neither feel nor inflict pain, the idea of right and wrong never would have entered his brain. But for this, the word conscience never would have passed the lips of man.

There is one good—happiness. There is but one sin—selfishness. All law should be for the preservation of the one and the destruction of the other.

Under the regime of the ghosts, laws were not supposed to exist in the nature of things. They were supposed to be simply the irresponsible command of a ghost. These commands were not supposed to rest upon reason, they were the product of arbitrary will.

The penalties for the violation of these laws were as cruel as the laws were senseless and absurd. Working on the Sabbath and murder were both punished with death. The tendency of such laws is to blot from the human heart the sense of justice.

To show you how perfectly every department of knowledge, or ignorance rather, was saturated with superstition, I will for a moment refer to the science of language.

It was thought by our fathers, that Hebrew was the original language; that it was taught to Adam in the Garden of Eden by the Almighty, and that consequently all languages came from, and could be traced to, the Hebrew. Every fact inconsistent with that idea was discarded. According to the ghosts, the trouble at the tower of Babel accounted for the fact that all people did not speak Hebrew. The Babel business settled all questions in the science of language.

After a time, so many facts were found to be inconsistent with the Hebrew idea that it began to fall into disrepute, and other languages began to compete for the honor of being the original.

Andre Kempe, in 1569, published a work on the language of Paradise, in which he maintained that God spoke to Adam in Swedish; that Adam answered in Danish; and that the serpent—which appears to me quite probable—spoke to Eve in French. Erro, in a work published at Madrid, took the ground that Basque was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden; but in 1580 Goropius published his celebrated work at

Antwerp, in which he put the whole matter at rest by showing, beyond all doubt, that the language spoken in Paradise was neither more nor less than plain Holland Dutch.

The real founder of the science of language was Liebnitz, a cotemporary of Sir Isaac Newton. He discarded the idea that all languages could be traced to one language. He maintained that language was a natural growth. Experience teaches us that this must be so. Words are continually dying and continually being born. Words are naturally and necessarily produced. Words are the garments of thought, the robes of ideas. Some are as rude as the skins of wild beasts, and others glisten and glitter like silk and gold. They have been born of hatred and revenge; of love and self-sacrifice; of hope and fear, of agony and joy. These words are born of the terror and beauty of nature. The stars have fashioned them. In them mingle the darkness and the dawn. From everything they have taken something. Words are the crystalizations of human history, of all that man has enjoyed and suffered—his victories and defeats—all that he has lost and won. Words are the shadows of all that has been—the mirrors of all that is.

The ghosts also enlightened our fathers in astronomy and geology. According to them the earth was made out of nothing, and a little more nothing having been taken than was used in the construction of this world, the stars were made out of what was left over. Cosmas, in the sixth century, taught that the stars were impelled by angels, who either carried them on their shoulders, rolled them in front of them, or drew them after. He also taught that each angel that pushed a star took great pains to observe what the other angels were doing, so that the relative distances between the stars might always remain the same. He also gave his idea as to the form of the world.

He stated that the world was a vast parallelogram; that on the outside was a strip of land, like the frame of a common slate; that then there was a strip of water, and in the middle a great piece of land; that Adam and Eve lived on the outer strip; that their descendants, with the exception of the Noah family, were drowned by a flood on this outer strip; that the ark finally rested on the middle piece of land where we now are. He accounted for night and day by saying that on the outside strip of land there was a high mountain, around which the sun and moon revolved, and that when the sun was on the other side of the mountain, it was night; and when on this side, it was day.

He also declared that the earth was flat. This he proved by many passages from the Bible. Among other reasons for believing the earth to be flat, he brought forward the following: We are told in the New Testament that Christ shall come again in glory and power, and all the world shall see him. Now, if the world is round, how are the people on the other side going to see Christ when he comes? That settled the question, and the church not only endorsed the book, but declared that whoever believed less or more than stated by Cosmas, was a heretic.

In those blessed days, Ignorance was a king and Science an outcast.

They knew the moment this earth ceased to be the centre of the universe, and became a mere speck in the starry heaven of existence, that their religion would become a childish fable of the past.

In the name and by the authority of the ghosts, men enslaved their fellow-men; they trampled upon the rights of women and children. In the name and by the authority of ghosts, they bought and sold and destroyed each other; they filled heaven with tyrants and earth with slaves, the present with despair and the future with horror. In the name and by the authority of the ghosts, they imprisoned the human mind,

polluted the conscience, hardened the heart, subverted justice, crowned robbery, sainted hypocrisy, and extinguished for a thousand years the torch of reason.

I have endeavored, in some faint degree, to show you what has happened, and what always will happen when men are governed by superstition and fear; when they desert the sublime standard of reason; when they take the words of others and do not investigate for themselves.

Even the great men of those days were nearly as weak in this matter as the most ignorant. Kepler, one of the greatest men of the world, an astronomer second to none, although he plucked from the stars the secrets of the universe, was an astrologer, and really believed that he could predict the career of a man by finding what star was in the ascendant at his birth. This great man breathed, so to speak, the atmosphere of his time. He believed in the music of the spheres, and assigned alto, bass, tenor, and treble to certain stars.

Tycho Brahe, another astronomer, kept an idiot, whose disconnected and meaningless words he carefully set down, and then put them together in such manner as to make prophecies, and then waited patiently to see them fulfilled. Luther believed that he had actually seen the devil, and had discussed points of theology with him. The human mind was in chains. Every idea almost was a monster. Thought was deformed. Facts were looked upon as worthless. Only the wonderful was worth preserving. Things that actually happened were not considered worth recording;—real occurrences were too common. Everybody expected the miraculous.

The ghosts were supposed to be busy; devils were thought to be the most industrious things in the universe, and with these imps, every occurrence of an unusual character was in some way connected. There was no order, no serenity, no certainty in anything. Everything depended upon ghosts and phantoms. Man was, for the most part, at the mercy of malevolent spirits. He protected himself as best he could with holy water and tapers and wafers and cathedrals. He made noises and rung bells to frighten the ghosts, and he made music to charm them. He used smoke to choke them, and incense to please them. He wore beads and crosses. He said prayers, and hired others to say them. He fasted when he was hungry, and feasted when he was not. He believed everything that seemed unreasonable, just to appease the ghosts. He humbled himself. He crawled in the dust. He shut the doors and windows, and excluded every ray of light from the temple of the soul. He debauched and polluted his own mind, and toiled night and day to repair the walls of his own prison. From the garden of his heart he plucked and trampled upon the holy flowers of pity.

The priests reveled in horrible descriptions of hell. Concerning the wrath of God, they grew eloquent. They denounced man as totally depraved. They made reason blasphemy, and pity a crime. Nothing so delighted them as painting the torments and sufferings of the lost. Over the worm that never dies they grew poetic; and the second death filled them with a kind of holy delight. According to them, the smoke and cries ascending from hell were the perfume and music of heaven.

At the risk of being tiresome, I have said what I have to show you the productions of the human mind, when enslaved; the effects of wide-spread ignorance—the results of fear. I want to convince you that every form of slavery is a viper, that, sooner or later, will strike its poison fangs into the bosoms of men.

The first great step towards progress, is, for man to cease to be the slave of man; the second, to cease to be the slave of the monsters of his own creation—of the ghosts and phantoms of the air.

For ages the human race was imprisoned.

Through the bars and grates came a few struggling rays of light. Against these grates and bars Science pressed its pale and thoughtful face, wooed by the holy dawn of human advancement.

Men found that the real was the useful; that what a man knows is better than what a ghost says; that an event is more valuable than a prophecy. They found that diseases were not produced by spirits, and could not be cured by frightening them away. They found that death was as natural as life. They began to study the anatomy and chemistry of the human body, and found that all was natural and within the domain of law.

The conjurer and sorcerer were discarded, and the physician and surgeon employed. They found that the earth was not flat; that the stars were not mere specks. They found that being born under a particular planet had nothing to do with the fortunes of men.

The astrologer was discharged and the astronomer took his place.

They found that the earth had swept through the constellations for millions of ages. They found that good and evil were produced by natural causes, and not by ghosts; that man could not be good enough or bad enough to stop or cause a rain; that diseases were produced as naturally as grass, and were not sent as punishments upon man for failing to believe a certain creed. They found that man, through intelligence, could take advantage of the forces of nature—that he could make the waves, the winds, the flames, and the lightnings of heaven do his bidding and minister to his wants. They found that the ghosts knew nothing of benefit to man; that they were utterly ignorant of geology—of astronomy—of geography;—that they knew nothing of history;—that they were poor doctors and worse surgeons;—that they knew nothing of law and less of justice; that they were without brains, and utterly destitute of hearts; that they knew nothing of the rights of men; that they were despisers of women, the haters of progress, the enemies of science, and the destroyers of liberty.

The condition of the world during the Dark Ages shows exactly the result of enslaving the bodies and souls of men. In those days there was no freedom. Labor was despised, and a laborer was considered but little above a beast. Ignorance, like a vast cowl, covered the brain of the world, and superstition ran riot with the imagination of man. The air was filled with angels, with demons and monsters. Credulity sat upon the throne of the soul, and Reason was an exiled king. A man to be distinguished must be a soldier or a monk. War and theology, that is to say, murder and hypocrisy, were the principal employments of man. Industry was a slave, theft was commerce; murder was war, hypocrisy was religion.

Every Christian country maintained that it was no robbery to take the property of Mohammedans by force, and no murder to kill the owners. Lord Bacon was the first man of note who maintained that a Christian country was bound to keep its plighted faith with an infidel nation. Reading and writing were considered dangerous arts. Every layman who could read and write was suspected of being a heretic. All thought was discouraged. They forged chains of superstition for the minds, and manacles of iron for the bodies of men. The earth was ruled by the cowl and sword,—by the mitre and scepter,—by the altar and throne,—by Fear and Force,—by Ignorance and Faith,—by ghouls and ghosts.

In the fifteenth century the following law was in force in England:

“That whosoever reads the Scriptures in the mother tongue, shall forfeit land, cattle, life, and goods from their heirs forever, and so be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most arrant traitors to the land.”

During the first year this law was in force thirty-nine were hanged for its violation and their bodies burned.

In the sixteenth century men were burned because they failed to kneel to a procession of monks.

The slightest word uttered against the superstition of the time was punished with death.

Even the reformers, so-called, of those days, had no idea of intellectual liberty—no idea even of toleration. Luther, Knox, Calvin, believed in religious liberty only when they were in the minority. The moment they were clothed with power they began to exterminate with fire and sword.

Castalio was the first minister who advocated the liberty of the soul. He was regarded by the reformers as a criminal, and treated as though he had committed the crime of crimes.

Bodinus, a lawyer of France, about the same time, wrote a few words in favor of the freedom of conscience, but public opinion was overwhelmingly against him. The people were ready, anxious, and willing, with whip, and chain, and fire, to drive from the mind of man the heresy that he had a right to think.

Montaigne, a man blest with so much common sense that he was the most uncommon man of his time, was the first to raise a voice against torture in France. But what was the voice of one man against the terrible cry of ignorant, infatuated, superstitious and malevolent millions? It was the cry of a drowning man in the wild roar of the cruel sea.

In spite of the efforts of the brave few the infamous war against the freedom of the soul was waged until at least one hundred millions of human beings—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters—with hopes, loves, and aspirations like ourselves, were sacrificed upon the cruel altar of an ignorant faith. They perished in every way by which death can be produced. Every nerve of pain was sought out and touched by the believers in ghosts.

For my part I glory in the fact, that here in the New World,—in the United States,—liberty of conscience was first guaranteed to man, and that the Constitution of the United States was the first great decree entered in the high court of human equity forever divorcing church and state,—the first injunction granted against the interference of the ghosts. This was one of the grandest steps ever taken by the human race in the direction of Progress.

You will ask what has caused this wonderful change in three hundred years. And I answer—the inventions and discoveries of the few;—the brave thoughts, the heroic utterances of the few;—the acquisition of a few facts.

Besides, you must remember that every wrong in some way tends to abolish itself. It is hard to make a lie stand always. A lie will not fit a fact. It will only fit another lie made for the purpose. The life of a lie is simply a question of time. Nothing but truth is immortal. The nobles and kings quarreled;—the priests began to dispute;—the ideas of government began to change.

In 1441 printing was discovered. At that time the past was a vast cemetery with hardly an epitaph. The ideas of men had mostly perished in the brain that produced them. The lips of the human race had been sealed. Printing gave pinions to thought. It preserved ideas. It made it possible for man to bequeath to the future the riches of his brain, the wealth of his soul. At first, it was used to flood the world with the mistakes of the ancients, but since that time it has been flooding the world with light.

When people read they begin to reason, and when they reason they progress. This was another grand step in the direction of Progress.

The discovery of powder, that put the peasant almost upon a par with the prince;—that put an end to the so-called age of chivalry;—that released a vast number of men from the armies;—that gave pluck and nerve a chance with brute strength.

The discovery of America, whose shores were trod by the restless feet of adventure;—that brought people holding every shade of superstition together;—that gave the world an opportunity to compare notes, and to laugh at the follies of each other. Out of this strange mingling of all creeds, and superstitions, and facts, and theories, and countless opinions, came the Great Republic.

Every fact has pushed a superstition from the brain and a ghost from the clouds. Every mechanic art is an educator. Every loom, every reaper and mower, every steamboat, every locomotive, every engine, every press, every telegraph, is a missionary of Science and an apostle of Progress. Every mill, every furnace, every building with its wheels and levers, in which something is made for the convenience, for the use, and for the comfort and elevation of man, is a church, and every schoolhouse is a temple.

Education is the most radical thing in the world.

To teach the alphabet is to inaugurate a revolution.

To build a schoolhouse is to construct a fort.

Every library is an arsenal filled with the weapons and ammunition of Progress, and every fact is a monitor with sides of iron and a turret of steel.

I thank the inventors, the discoverers, the thinkers. I thank Columbus and Magellan. I thank Galileo, and Copernicus, and Kepler, and Descartes, and Newton, and Laplace. I thank Locke, and Hume, and Bacon, and Shakespeare, and Kant, and Fichte, and Leibnitz, and Goethe. I thank Fulton, and Watts, and Volta, and Galvani, and Franklin, and Morse, who made lightning the messenger of man. I thank Humboldt, the Shakespeare of science. I thank Crompton and Arkwright, from whose brains leaped the looms and spindles that clothe the world. I thank Luther for protesting against the abuses of the church, and I denounce him because he was the enemy of liberty. I thank Calvin for writing a book in favor of religious freedom, and I abhor him because he burned Servetus. I thank Knox for resisting Episcopal persecution, and I hate him because he persecuted in his turn. I thank the Puritans for saying “Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God,” and yet I am compelled to say that they were tyrants themselves. I thank Thomas Paine because he was a believer in liberty, and because he did as much to make my country free as any other human being. I thank Voltaire, that great man who, for half a century, was the intellectual emperor of Europe, and who, from his throne at the foot of the Alps, pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Christendom. I thank Darwin, Haeckel and Büchner, Spencer, Tyndall and Huxley, Draper, Lecky and Buckle.

I thank the inventors, the discoverers, the thinkers, the scientists, the explorers, I thank the honest millions who have toiled.

I thank the brave men with brave thoughts. They are the Atlases upon whose broad and mighty shoulders rests the grand fabric of civilization. They are the men who have broken, and are still breaking, the chains of Superstition. They are the Titans who carried Olympus by assault, and who will soon stand victors upon Sinai's crags.

We are beginning to learn that to exchange a mistake for the truth—a superstition for a fact—to ascertain the real—is to progress.

Happiness is the only possible good, and all that tends to the happiness of man is right, and is of value. All that tends to develop the bodies and minds of men; all that gives us better houses, better clothes, better food, better pictures, grander music, better heads, better hearts; all that renders us more intellectual and more loving, nearer just; that makes us better husbands and wives, better children, better citizens—all these things combined produce what I call Progress.

Man advances only as he overcomes the obstructions of Nature, and this can be done only by labor and by thought. Labor is the foundation of all. Without labor, and without great labor, progress is impossible. The progress of the world depends upon the men who walk in the fresh furrows and through the rustling corn; upon those who sow and reap; upon those whose faces are radiant with the glare of furnace fires; upon the delvers in the mines, and the workers in shops; upon those who give to the winter air the ringing music of the axe; upon those who battle with the boisterous billows of the sea; upon the inventors and discoverers; upon the brave thinkers.

From the surplus produced by labor, schools and universities are built and fostered. From this surplus the painter is paid for the productions of the pencil; the sculptor for chiseling shapeless rock into forms divinely beautiful, and the poet for singing the hopes, the loves, the memories, and the aspirations of the world. This surplus has given us the books in which we converse with the dead and living kings of the human race. It has given us all there is of beauty, of elegance, and of refined happiness.

I am aware that there is a vast difference of opinion as to what progress really is; that many denounce the ideas of to-day as destructive of all happiness—of all good, I know that there are many worshipers of the past. They venerate the ancient because it is ancient. They see no beauty in anything from which they do not blow the dust of ages with the breath of praise. They say, no masters like the old; no religion, no governments like the ancient; no orators, no poets, no statesmen like those who have been dust for two thousand years. Others love the modern simply because it is modern.

We should have gratitude enough to acknowledge the obligations we are under to the great and heroic of antiquity, and independence enough not to believe what they said simply because they said it.

With the idea that labor is the basis of progress goes the truth that labor must be free. The laborer must be a free man.

The free man, working for wife and child, gets his head and hands in partnership.

To do the greatest amount of work in the shortest space of time, is the problem of free labor.

Slavery does the least work in the longest space of time.

Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

Slowly but surely man is freeing his imagination of these sexless phantoms, of these cruel ghosts. Slowly but surely he is rising above the superstitions of the past. He is learning to rely upon himself. He is beginning to find that labor is the only prayer that ought to be answered, and that hoping, toiling, aspiring, suffering men and women are of more importance than all the ghosts that ever wandered through the fenceless fields of space.

The believers in ghosts claim still, that they are the only wise and virtuous people upon the earth; claim still, that there is a difference between them and unbelievers so vast, that they will be infinitely rewarded, and the others infinitely punished.

I ask you to-night, do the theories and doctrines of the theologians satisfy the heart or brain of the nineteenth century?

Have the churches the confidence of mankind?

Does the merchant give credit to a man because he belongs to a church?

Does the banker loan money to a man because he is a Methodist or Baptist?

Will a certificate of good standing in any church be taken as collateral security for one dollar?

Will you take the word of a church member, or his note, or his oath, simply because he is a church member?

Are the clergy, as a class, better, kinder and more generous to their families—to their fellow-men—than doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers?

Does a belief in ghosts and unreasonable things necessarily make people honest?

When a man loses confidence in Moses, must the people lose confidence in him?

Does not the credit system in morals breed extravagance in sin?

Why send missionaries to other lands while every penitentiary in ours is filled with criminals?

Is it philosophical to say that they who do right carry a cross?

Is it a source of joy to think that perdition is the destination of nearly all of the children of men?

Is it worth while to quarrel about original sin—when there is so much copy?

Does it pay to dispute about baptism, and the Trinity, and predestination, and apostolic succession and the infallibility of churches, of popes and of books? Does all this do any good?

Are the theologians welcomers of new truths? Are they noted for their candor? Do they treat an opponent with common fairness? Are they investigators? Do they pull forward, or do they hold back?

Is science indebted to the church for a solitary fact?

What church is an asylum for a persecuted truth?

What great reform has been inaugurated by the church?

Did the church abolish slavery?

Has the church raised its voice against war?

I used to think that there was in religion no real restraining force. Upon this point my mind has changed. Religion will prevent man from committing artificial crimes and offences.

A man committed murder. The evidence was so conclusive that he confessed his guilt.

He was asked why he killed his fellow-man.

He replied: “For money.”

“Did you get any?”

“Yes.”

“How much?”

“Fifteen cents.”

“What did you do with this money?”

“Spent it.”

“What for?”

“Liquor.”

“What else did you find upon the dead man?” “He had his dinner in a bucket—some meat and bread.”

“What did you do with that?”

“I ate the bread.”

“What did you do with the meat?”

“I threw it away.”

“Why?”

“It was Friday.”

Just to the extent that man has freed himself from the dominion of ghosts he has advanced. Just to the extent that he has freed himself from the tyrants of his own creation he has progressed. Just to the extent that he has investigated for himself he has lost confidence in superstition.

With knowledge obedience becomes intelligent acquiescence—it is no longer degrading. Acquiescence in the understood—in the known—is the act of a sovereign, not of a slave. It ennobles, it does not degrade.

Man has found that he must give liberty to others in order to have it himself. He has found that a master is also a slave;—that a tyrant is himself a serf. He has found that governments should be founded and administered by man and for man; that the rights of all are equal; that the powers that be are not ordained by God; that woman is at least the equal of man; that men existed before books; that religion is one of the phases of thought through which the world is passing; that all creeds were made by man; that everything is natural; that a miracle is an impossibility; that we know nothing of origin and destiny; that concerning the unknown we are all equally ignorant; that the pew has the right to contradict what the pulpit asserts; that man is responsible only to himself and those he injures, and that all have a right to think.

True religion must be free. Without perfect liberty of the mind there can be no true religion. Without liberty the brain is a dungeon—the mind a convict. The slave may bow and cringe and crawl, but he cannot adore—he cannot love.

True religion is the perfume of a free and grateful heart. True religion is a subordination of the passions to the perceptions of the intellect. True religion is not a theory—it is a practice. It is not a creed—it is a life.

A theory that is afraid of investigation is undeserving a place in the human mind.

I do not pretend to tell what all the truth is. I do not pretend to have fathomed the abyss, nor to have floated on outstretched wings level with the dim heights of thought. I simply plead for freedom. I denounce the cruelties and horrors of slavery. I ask for light and air for the souls of men. I say, take off those chains—break those manacles—free those limbs—release that brain! I plead for the right to think—to reason—to investigate. I ask that the future may be enriched with the honest thoughts of men. I implore every human being to be a soldier in the army of progress.

I will not invade the rights of others. You have no right to erect your toll-gate upon the highways of thought. You have no right to leap from the hedges of superstition and strike down the pioneers of the human race. You have no right to sacrifice the liberties of man upon the altars of ghosts. Believe what you may; preach what you desire; have all the forms and ceremonies you please; exercise your liberty in your own way but extend to all others the same right.

I will not attack your doctrines nor your creeds if they accord liberty to me. If they hold thought to be dangerous—if they aver that doubt is a crime, then I attack them one and all, because they enslave the minds of men.

I attack the monsters, the phantoms of imagination that have ruled the world. I attack slavery. I ask for room—room for the human mind.

Why should we sacrifice a real world that we have, for one we know not of? Why should we enslave ourselves? Why should we forge fetters for our own hands? Why should we be the slaves of phantoms. The darkness of barbarism was the womb of these shadows. In the light of science they cannot cloud the sky forever. They have reddened the hands of man with innocent blood. They made the cradle a curse, and the grave a place of torment.

They blinded the eyes and stopped the ears of the human race. They subverted all ideas of justice by promising infinite rewards for finite virtues, and threatening infinite punishment for finite offences.

They filled the future with heavens and with hells, with the shining peaks of selfish joy and the lurid abysses of flame. For ages they kept the world in ignorance and awe, in want and misery, in fear and chains.

I plead for light, for air, for opportunity. I plead for individual independence. I plead for the rights of labor and of thought. I plead for a chainless future. Let the ghosts go—justice remains. Let them disappear—men and women and children are left. Let the monsters fade away—the world is here with its hills and seas and plains, with its seasons of smiles and frowns, its spring of leaf and bud, its summer of shade and flower and murmuring stream; its autumn with the laden boughs, when the withered banners of the corn are still, and gathered fields are growing strangely wan; while death, poetic death, with hands that color what they touch, weaves in the Autumn wood her tapestries of gold and brown.

The world remains with its winters and homes and firesides, where grow and bloom the virtues of our race. All these are left; and music, with its sad and thrilling voice, and all there is of art and song and hope and love and aspiration high. All these remain. Let the ghosts go—we will worship them no more.

Man is greater than these phantoms. Humanity is grander than all the creeds, than all the books. Humanity is the great sea, and these creeds, and books, and religions, are but the waves of a day. Humanity is the sky, and these religions and dogmas and theories are but the mists and clouds changing continually, destined finally to melt away.

That which is founded upon slavery, and fear, and ignorance, cannot endure. In the religion of the future there will be men and women and children, all the aspirations of the soul, and all the tender humanities of the heart.

Let the ghosts go. We will worship them no more. Let them cover their eyeless sockets with their fleshless hands and fade forever from the imaginations of men.

The Liberty Of Man, Woman, And Child

Liberty sustains the same Relation to Mind that Space does to Matter.

THERE is no slavery but ignorance. Liberty is the child of intelligence.

The history of man is simply the history of slavery, of injustice and brutality, together with the means by which he has, through the dead and desolate years, slowly and painfully advanced. He has been the sport and prey of priest and king, the food of superstition and cruel might. Crowned force has governed ignorance through fear. Hypocrisy and tyranny—two vultures—have fed upon the liberties of man. From all these there has been, and is, but one means of escape—intellectual development. Upon the back of industry has been the whip. Upon the brain have been the fetters of superstition. Nothing has been left undone by the enemies of freedom. Every art and artifice, every cruelty and outrage has been practiced and perpetrated to destroy the rights of man. In this great struggle every crime has been rewarded and every virtue has been punished. Reading, writing, thinking and investigating have all been crimes.

Every science has been an outcast.

All the altars and all the thrones united to arrest the forward march of the human race. The king said that mankind must not work for themselves. The priest said that mankind must not think for themselves. One forged chains for the hands, the other for the soul. Under this infamous *regime* the eagle of the human intellect was for ages a slimy serpent of hypocrisy.

The human race was imprisoned. Through some of the prison bars came a few struggling rays of light. Against these bars Science pressed its pale and thoughtful face, wooed by the holy dawn of human advancement. Bar after bar was broken away. A few grand men escaped and devoted their lives to the liberation of their fellows.

Only a few years ago there was a great awakening of the human mind. Men began to inquire by what right a crowned robber made them work for him? The man who asked this question was called a traitor. Others asked by what right does a robed hypocrite rule my thought? Such men were called infidels. The priest said, and the king said, where is this spirit of investigation to stop? They said then and they say now, that it is dangerous for man to be free. I deny it. Out on the intellectual sea there is room enough for every sail. In the intellectual air there is space enough for every wing.

The man who does not do his own thinking is a slave, and is a traitor to himself and to his fellow-men.

Every man should stand under the blue and stars, under the infinite flag of nature, the peer of every other man.

Standing in the presence of the Unknown, all have the same right to think, and all are equally interested in the great questions of origin and destiny. All I claim, all I plead for, is liberty of thought and expression. That is all. I do not pretend to tell what is absolutely true, but what I think is true. I do not pretend to tell all the truth.

I do not claim that I have floated level with the heights of thought, or that I have descended to the very depths of things. I simply claim that what ideas I have, I have a right to express; and that any man who denies that right to me is an intellectual thief and robber. That is all.

Take those chains from the human soul. Break those fetters. If I have no right to think, why have I a brain? If I have no such right, have three or four men, or any number, who may get together, and sign a creed, and build a house, and put a steeple upon it, and a bell in it—have they the right to think? The good men, the good women are tired of the whip and lash in the realm of thought. They remember the chain and fagot with a shudder. They are free, and they give liberty to others. Whoever claims any right that he is unwilling to accord to his fellow-men is dishonest and infamous.

In the good old times, our fathers had the idea that they could make people believe to suit them. Our ancestors, in the ages that are gone, really believed that by force you could convince a man. You cannot change the conclusion of the brain by torture; nor by social ostracism. But I will tell you what you can do by these, and what you have done. You can make hypocrites by the million. You can make a man say that he has changed his mind; but he remains of the same opinion still. Put fetters all over him; crush his feet in iron boots; stretch him to the last gasp upon the holy rack; burn him, if you please, but his ashes will be of the same opinion still.

Our fathers in the good old times—and the best thing I can say about them is, that they have passed away—had an idea that they could force men to think their way. That idea is still prevalent in many parts, even of this country. Even in our day some extremely religious people say, “We will not trade with that man; we will not vote for him; we will not hire him if he is a lawyer; we will die before we will take his medicine if he is a doctor; we will not invite him to dinner; we will socially ostracise him; he must come to our church; he must believe our doctrines; he must worship our god or we will not in any way contribute to his support.”

In the old times of which I have spoken, they desired to make all men think exactly alike. All the mechanical ingenuity of the world cannot make two clocks run exactly alike, and how are you going to make hundreds of millions of people, differing in brain and disposition, in education and aspiration, in conditions and surroundings, each clad in a living robe of passionate flesh—how are you going to make them think and feel alike? If there is an infinite god, one who made us, and wishes us to think alike, why did he give a spoonful of brains to one, and a magnificent intellectual development to another? Why is it that we have all degrees of intelligence, from orthodoxy to genius, if it was intended that all should think and feel alike?

I used to read in books how our fathers persecuted mankind. But I never appreciated it. I read it, but it did not burn itself into my soul. I did not really appreciate the infamies that have been committed in the name of religion, until I saw the iron arguments that Christians used. I saw the Thumbscrew—two little pieces of iron, armed on the inner surfaces with protuberances, to prevent their slipping; through each end a screw uniting the two pieces. And when some man denied the efficacy of baptism, or may be said, “I do not believe that a fish ever swallowed a man to keep him from drowning,” then they put his thumb between these pieces of iron and in the name of love and universal forgiveness, began to screw these pieces together. When this was done most men said, “I will recant.” Probably I should have done the same. Probably I would have said: “Stop; I will admit anything that you wish; I will admit that there is one god or a million, one hell or a billion; suit yourselves; but stop.”

But there was now and then a man who would not swerve the breadth of a hair. There was now and then some sublime heart, willing to die for an intellectual conviction. Had it not been for such men, we would be savages to-night. Had it not been for a few brave, heroic souls in every age, we would have been cannibals, with pictures of wild beasts tattooed upon our flesh, dancing around some dried snake fetich.

Let us thank every good and noble man who stood so grandly, so proudly, in spite of opposition, of hatred and death, for what he believed to be the truth.

Heroism did not excite the respect of our fathers. The man who would not recant was not forgiven. They screwed the thumbscrews down to the last pang, and then threw their victim into some dungeon, where, in the throbbing silence and darkness, he might suffer the agonies of the fabled damned. This was done in the name of love—in the name of mercy—in the name of the compassionate Christ.

I saw, too, what they called the Collar of Torture. Imagine a circle of iron, and on the inside a hundred points almost as sharp as needles. This argument was fastened about the throat of the sufferer. Then he could not walk, nor sit down, nor stir without the neck being punctured, by these points. In a little while the throat would begin to swell, and suffocation would end the agonies of that man. This man, it may be, had committed the crime of saying, with tears upon his cheeks, “I do not believe that God, the father of us all, will damn to eternal perdition any of the children of men.”

I saw another instrument, called the Scavenger’s Daughter. Think of a pair of shears with handles, not only where they now are, but at the points as well, and just above the pivot that unites the blades, a circle of iron. In the upper handles the hands would be placed; in the lower, the feet; and through the iron ring, at the centre, the head of the victim would be forced. In this condition, he would be thrown prone upon the earth, and the strain upon the muscles produced such agony that insanity would in pity end his pain.

This was done by gentlemen who said: “Whosoever smiteth thee upon one cheek turn to him the other also.”

I saw the Rack. This was a box like the bed of a wagon, with a windlass at each end, with levers, and ratchets to prevent slipping; over each windlass went chains; some were fastened to the ankles of the sufferer; others to his wrists. And then priests, clergymen, divines, saints, began turning these windlasses, and kept turning, until the ankles, the knees, the hips, the shoulders, the elbows, the wrists of the victim were all dislocated, and the sufferer was wet with the sweat of agony. And they had standing by a physician to feel his pulse. What for? To save his life? Yes. In mercy? No; simply that they might rack him once again.

This was done, remember, in the name of civilization; in the name of law and order; in the name of mercy; in the name of religion; in the name of the most merciful Christ.

Sometimes, when I read and think about these frightful things, it seems to me that I have suffered all these horrors myself. It seems sometimes, as though I had stood upon the shore of exile and gazed with tearful eyes toward home and native land; as though my nails had been torn from my hands, and into the bleeding quick needles had been thrust; as though my feet had been crushed in iron boots; as though I had been chained in the cell of the Inquisition and listened with dying ears for the coming

footsteps of release; as though I had stood upon the scaffold and had seen the glittering axe fall upon me; as though I had been upon the rack and had seen, bending above me, the white faces of hypocrite priests; as though I had been taken from my fireside, from my wife and children, taken to the public square, chained; as though fagots had been piled about me; as though the flames had climbed around my limbs and scorched my eyes to blindness, and as though my ashes had been scattered to the four winds, by all the countless hands of hate. And when I so feel, I swear that while I live I will do what little I can to preserve and to augment the liberties of man, woman, and child.

It is a question of justice, of mercy, of honesty, of intellectual development. If there is a man in the world who is not willing to give to every human being every right he claims for himself, he is just so much nearer a barbarian than I am. It is a question of honesty. The man who is not willing to give to every other the same intellectual rights he claims for himself, is dishonest, selfish, and brutal.

It is a question of intellectual development. Whoever holds another man responsible for his honest thought, has a deformed and distorted brain. It is a question of intellectual development.

A little while ago I saw models of nearly everything that man has made. I saw models of all the water craft, from the rude dug-out in which floated a naked savage—one of our ancestors—a naked savage, with teeth two inches in length, with a spoonful of brains in the back of his head—I saw models of all the water craft of the world, from that dug-out up to a man-of-war, that carries a hundred guns and miles of canvas—from that dug-out to the steamship that turns its brave prow from the port of New York, with a compass like a conscience, crossing three thousand miles of billows without missing a throb or beat of its mighty iron heart.

I saw at the same time the weapons that man has made, from a club, such as was grasped by that same savage, when he crawled from his den in the ground and hunted a snake for his dinner; from that club to the boomerang, to the sword, to the cross-bow, to the blunderbuss, to the flint-lock, to the cap-lock, to the needle-gun, up to a cannon cast by Krupp, capable of hurling a ball weighing two thousand pounds through eighteen inches of solid steel.

I saw, too, the armor from the shell of a turtle, that one of our brave ancestors lashed upon his breast when he went to fight for his country; the skin of a porcupine, dried with the quills on, which this same savage pulled over his orthodox head, up to the shirts of mail, that were worn in the Middle Ages, that laughed at the edge of the sword and defied the point of the spear; up to a monitor clad in complete steel.

I saw at the same time, their musical instruments, from the tom-tom—that is, a hoop with a couple of strings of raw hide drawn across it—from that tom-tom, up to the instruments we have to-day, that make the common air blossom with melody.

I saw, too, their paintings, from a daub of yellow mud, to the great works which now adorn the galleries of the world. I saw also their sculpture, from the rude god with four legs, a half dozen arms, several noses, and two or three rows of ears, and one little, contemptible, brainless head, up to the figures of to-day—to the marbles that genius has clad in such a personality that it seems almost impudent to touch them without an introduction.

I saw their books—books written upon skins of wild beasts—upon shoulder-blades of sheep—books written upon leaves, upon bark, up to the splendid volumes that enrich

the libraries of our day. When I speak of libraries, I think of the remark of Plato: “A house that has a library in it has a soul.”

I saw their implements of agriculture, from a crooked stick that was attached to the horn of an ox by some twisted straw, to the agricultural implements of this generation, that make it possible for a man to cultivate the soil without being an ignoramus.

While looking upon these things I was forced to say that man advanced only as he mingled his thought with his labor,—only as he got into partnership with the forces of nature,—only as he learned to take advantage of his surroundings—only as he freed himself from the bondage of fear,—only as he depended upon himself—only as he lost confidence in the gods.

I saw at the same time a row of human skulls, from the lowest skull that has been found, the Neanderthal skull—skulls from Central Africa, skulls from the Bushmen of Australia—skulls from the farthest isles of the Pacific sea—up to the best skulls of the last generation;—and I noticed that there was the same difference between those skulls that there was between the products of those skulls, and I said to myself, “After all, it is a simple question of intellectual development.” There was the same difference between those skulls, the lowest and highest skulls, that there was between the dug-out and the man-of-war and the steamship, between the club and the Krupp gun, between the yellow daub and the landscape, between the tom-tom and an opera by Verdi.

The first and lowest skull in this row was the den in which crawled the base and meaner instincts of mankind, and the last was a temple in which dwelt joy, liberty, and love.

It is all a question of brain, of intellectual development.

If we are nearer free than were our fathers, it is because we have better heads upon the average, and more brains in them.

Now, I ask you to be honest with me. It makes no difference to you what I believe, nor what I wish to prove. I simply ask you to be honest. Divest your minds, for a moment at least, of all religious prejudice. Act, for a few moments, as though you were men and women.

Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one, at the time this gentleman floated in the dug-out, and charmed his ears with the music of the tom-tom, had said: “That dug-out is the best boat that ever can be built by man; the pattern of that came from on high, from the great god of storm and flood, and any man who says that he can improve it by putting a mast in it, with a sail upon it, is an infidel, and shall be burned at the stake;” what, in your judgment—honor bright—would have been the effect upon the circumnavigation of the globe?

Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one—and I presume there was a priest, because it was a very ignorant age—suppose this king and priest had said: “That tom-tom is the most beautiful instrument of music of which any man can conceive; that is the kind of music they have in heaven; an angel sitting upon the edge of a fleecy cloud, golden in the setting sun, playing upon that tom-tom, became so enraptured, so entranced with her own music, that in a kind of ecstasy she dropped it—that is how we obtained it; and any man who says that it can be improved by putting a back and front to it, and four strings, and a bridge, and getting a bow of hair with rosin, is a blaspheming wretch, and shall die the death,”—I ask

you, what effect would that have had upon music? If that course had been pursued, would the human ears, in your judgment, ever have been enriched with the divine symphonies of Beethoven?

Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, had said: “That crooked stick is the best plow that can be invented: the pattern of that plow was given to a pious farmer in a holy dream, and that twisted straw is the *ne plus ultra* of all twisted things, and any man who says he can make an improvement upon that plow, is an atheist;” what, in your judgment, would have been the effect upon the science of agriculture?

But the people said, and the king and priest said: “We want better weapons with which to kill our fellow-Christians; we want better plows, better music, better paintings, and whoever will give us better weapons, and better music, better houses to live in, better clothes, we will robe him in wealth, and crown him with honor.” Every incentive was held out to every human being to improve these things. That is the reason the club has been changed to a cannon, the dug-out to a steamship, the daub to a painting; that is the reason that the piece of rough and broken stone finally became a glorified statue.

You must not, however, forget that the gentleman in the dug-out, the gentleman who was enraptured with the music of the tom-tom, and cultivated his land with a crooked stick, had a religion of his own. That gentlemen in the dug-out was orthodox. He was never troubled with doubts. He lived and died settled in his mind. He believed in hell; and he thought he would be far happier in heaven, if he could just lean over and see certain people who expressed doubts as to the truth of his creed, gently but everlastingly broiled and burned.

It is a very sad and unhappy fact that this man has had a great many intellectual descendants. It is also an unhappy fact in nature, that the ignorant multiply much faster than the intellectual. This fellow in the dug-out believed in a personal devil. His devil had a cloven hoof, a long tail, armed with a fiery dart; and his devil breathed brimstone. This devil was at least the equal of God; not quite so stout but a little shrewder. And do you know there has not been a patentable improvement made upon that devil for six thousand years.

This gentleman in the dug-out believed that God was a tyrant; that he would eternally damn the man who lived in accordance with his highest and grandest ideal. He believed that the earth was flat. He believed in a literal, burning, seething hell of fire and sulphur. He had also his idea of politics; and his doctrine was, might makes right. And it will take thousands of years before the world will reverse this doctrine, and believingly say, “Right makes might.”

All I ask is the same privilege to improve upon that gentleman’s theology as upon his musical instrument; the same right to improve upon his politics as upon his dug-out. That is all. I ask for the human soul the same liberty in every direction. That is the only crime I have committed. I say, let us think. Let each one express his thought. Let us become investigators, not followers, not cringers and crawlers. If there is in heaven an infinite being, he never will be satisfied with the worship of cowards and hypocrites. Honest unbelief, honest infidelity, honest atheism, will be a perfume in heaven when pious hypocrisy, no matter how religious it may be outwardly, will be a stench.

This is my doctrine: Give every other human being every right you claim for yourself. Keep your mind open to the influences of nature. Receive new thoughts with hospitality. Let us advance.

The religionist of to-day wants the ship of his soul to lie at the wharf of orthodoxy and rot in the sun. He delights to hear the sails of old opinions flap against the masts of old creeds. He loves to see the joints and the sides open and gape in the sun, and it is a kind of bliss for him to repeat again and again: “Do not disturb my opinions. Do not unsettle my mind; I have it all made up, and I want no infidelity. Let me go backward rather than forward.”

As far as I am concerned I wish to be out on the high seas. I wish to take my chances with wind, and wave, and star. And I had rather go down in the glory and grandeur of the storm, than to rot in any orthodox harbor whatever.

After all, we are improving from age to age. The most orthodox people in this country two hundred years ago would have been burned for the crime of heresy. The ministers who denounce me for expressing my thought would have been in the Inquisition themselves. Where once burned and blazed the bivouac fires of the army of progress, now glow the altars of the church. The religionists of our time are occupying about the same ground occupied by heretics and infidels of one hundred years ago. The church has advanced in spite, as it were, of itself. It has followed the army of progress protesting and denouncing, and had to keep within protesting and denouncing distance. If the church had not made great progress I could not express my thoughts.

Man, however, has advanced just exactly in the proportion with which he has mingled his thought with his labor. The sailor, without control of the wind and wave, knowing nothing or very little of the mysterious currents and pulses of the sea, is superstitious. So also is the agriculturist, whose prosperity depends upon something he cannot control. But the mechanic, when a wheel refuses to turn, never thinks of dropping on his knees and asking the assistance of some divine power. He knows there is a reason. He knows that something is too large or too small; that there is something wrong with his machine; and he goes to work and he makes it larger or smaller, here or there, until the wheel will turn. Now, just in proportion as man gets away from being, as it were, the slave of his surroundings, the serf of the elements,—of the heat, the frost, the snow, and the lightning,—just to the extent that he has gotten control of his own destiny, just to the extent that he has triumphed over the obstacles of nature, he has advanced physically and intellectually. As man develops, he places a greater value upon his own rights. Liberty becomes a grander and diviner thing. As he values his own rights, he begins to value the rights of others. And when all men give to all others all the rights they claim for themselves, this world will be civilized.

A few years ago the people were afraid to question the king, afraid to question the priest, afraid to investigate a creed, afraid to deny a book, afraid to denounce a dogma, afraid to reason, afraid to think. Before wealth they bowed to the very earth, and in the presence of titles they became abject. All this is slowly but surely changing. We no longer bow to men simply because they are rich. Our fathers worshiped the golden calf. The worst you can say of an American now is, he worships the gold of the calf. Even the calf is beginning to see this distinction.

It no longer satisfies the ambition of a great man to be king or emperor. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being the emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head. He wanted some evidence that he had something of value within his head. So he wrote the life of Julius Cæsar, that he might become a member of the French Academy. The emperors, the kings, the

popes, no longer tower above their fellows. Compare King William with the philosopher Haeckel. The king is one of the anointed by the most high, as they claim—one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this king with Haeckel, who towers an intellectual colossus above the crowned mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The Queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius.

The world is beginning to pay homage to intellect, to genius, to heart.

We have advanced. We have reaped the benefit of every sublime and heroic self-sacrifice, of every divine and brave act; and we should endeavor to hand the torch to the next generation, having added a little to the intensity and glory of the flame.

When I think of how much this world has suffered; when I think of how long our fathers were slaves, of how they cringed and crawled at the foot of the throne, and in the dust of the altar, of how they abased themselves, of how abjectly they stood in the presence of superstition robed and crowned, I am amazed.

This world has not been fit for a man to live in fifty years. It was not until the year 1808 that Great Britain abolished the slave trade. Up to that time her judges, sitting upon the bench in the name of justice, her priests, occupying her pulpits, in the name of universal love, owned stock in the slave ships, and luxuriated upon the profits of piracy and murder. It was not until the same year that the United States of America abolished the slave trade between this and other countries, but carefully preserved it as between the States. It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that Great Britain abolished human slavery in her colonies; and it was not until the 1st day of January, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln, sustained by the sublime and heroic North, rendered our flag pure as the sky in which it floats.

Abraham Lincoln was, in my judgment, in many respects, the grandest man ever President of the United States. Upon his monument these words should be written: “Here sleeps the only man in the history of the world, who, having been clothed with almost absolute power, never abused it, except upon the side of mercy.”

Think how long we clung to the institution of human slavery, how long lashes upon the naked back were a legal tender for labor performed. Think of it. The pulpit of this country deliberately and willingly, for a hundred years, turned the cross of Christ into a whipping post.

With every drop of my blood I hate and execrate every form of tyranny, every form of slavery. I hate dictation. I love liberty.

What do I mean by liberty? By physical liberty I mean the right to do anything which does not interfere with the happiness of another. By intellectual liberty I mean the right to think right and the right to think wrong. Thought is the means by which we endeavor to arrive at truth. If we know the truth already, we need not think. All that can be required is honesty of purpose. You ask my opinion about anything; I examine it honestly, and when my mind is made up, what should I tell you? Should I tell you my real thought? What should I do? There is a book put in my hands. I am told this is the Koran; it was written by inspiration. I read it, and when I get through, suppose that I think in my heart and in my brain, that it is utterly untrue, and you then ask me, what do you think? Now, admitting that I live in Turkey, and have no chance to get any office unless I am on the side of the Koran, what should I say? Should I make

a clean breast and say, that upon my honor I do not believe it? What would you think then of my fellow-citizens if they said: “That man is dangerous, he is dishonest.”

Suppose I read the book called the Bible, and when I get through I make up my mind that it was written by men. A minister asks me, “Did you read the Bible?” I answer, that I did. “Do you think it divinely inspired?” What should I reply? Should I say to myself, “If I deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, the people will never clothe me with power.” What ought I to answer? Ought I not to say like a man: “I have read it; I do not believe it.” Should I not give the real transcript of my mind? Or should I turn hypocrite and pretend what I do not feel, and hate myself forever after for being a cringing coward. For my part I would rather a man would tell me what he honestly thinks. I would rather he would preserve his manhood. I had a thousand times rather be a manly unbeliever than an unmanly believer. And if there is a judgment day, a time when all will stand before some supreme being, I believe I will stand higher, and stand a better chance of getting my case decided in my favor, than any man sneaking through life pretending to believe what he does not.

I have made up my mind to say my say. I shall do it kindly, distinctly; but I am going to do it. I know there are thousands of men who substantially agree with me, but who are not in a condition to express their thoughts. They are poor; they are in business; and they know that should they tell their honest thought, persons will refuse to patronize them—to trade with them; they wish to get bread for their little children; they wish to take care of their wives; they wish to have homes and the comforts of life. Every such person is a certificate of the meanness of the community in which he resides. And yet I do not blame these people for not expressing their thought. I say to them: “Keep your ideas to yourselves; feed and clothe the ones you love; I will do your talking for you. The church can not touch, can not crush, can not starve, cannot stop or stay me; I will express your thoughts.”

As an excuse for tyranny, as a justification of slavery, the church has taught that man is totally depraved. Of the truth of that doctrine, the church has furnished the only evidence there is. The truth is, we are both good and bad. The worst are capable of some good deeds, and the best are capable of bad. The lowest can rise, and the highest may fall. That mankind can be divided into two great classes, sinners and saints, is an utter falsehood. In times of great disaster, called it may be, by the despairing voices of women, men, denounced by the church as totally depraved, rush to death as to a festival. By such men, deeds are done so filled with self-sacrifice and generous daring, that millions pay to them the tribute, not only of admiration, but of tears. Above all creeds, above all religions, after all, is that divine thing,—Humanity; and now and then in shipwreck on the wide, wild sea, or ‘mid the rocks and breakers of some cruel shore, or where the serpents of flame writhe and hiss, some glorious heart, some chivalric soul does a deed that glitters like a star, and gives the lie to all the dogmas of superstition. All these frightful doctrines have been used to degrade and to enslave mankind.

Away, forever away with the creeds and books and forms and laws and religions that take from the soul liberty and reason. Down with the idea that thought is dangerous! Perish the infamous doctrine that man can have property in man. Let us resent with indignation every effort to put a chain upon our minds. If there is no God, certainly we should not bow and cringe and crawl. If there is a God, there should be no slaves.

Liberty Of Woman

Women have been the slaves of slaves; and in my judgment it took millions of ages for woman to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the institution of marriage. Let me say right here, that I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of good government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of those long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage.

The grandest ambition that any man can possibly have, is to so live, and so improve himself in heart and brain, as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman; and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man. That is my idea. There is no success in life without love and marriage. You had better be the emperor of one loving and tender heart, and she the empress of yours, than to be king of the world. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, I do not care if he dies in the ditch a beggar, his life has been a success.

I say it took millions of years to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the condition of marriage. Ladies, the ornaments you wear upon your persons to-night are but the souvenirs of your mother's bondage. The chains around your necks, and the bracelets clasped upon your white arms by the thrilled hand of love, have been changed by the wand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold.

But nearly every religion has accounted for all the devilment in this world by the crime of woman. What a gallant thing that is! And if it is true, I had rather live with the woman I love in a world full of trouble, than to live in heaven with nobody but men.

I read in a book—and I will say now that I cannot give the exact language, as my memory does not retain the words, but I can give the substance—I read in a book that the Supreme Being concluded to make a world and one man; that he took some nothing and made a world and one man, and put this man in a garden. In a little while he noticed that the man got lonesome; that he wandered around as if he was waiting for a train. There was nothing to interest him; no news; no papers; no politics; no policy; and, as the devil had not yet made his appearance, there was no chance for reconciliation; not even for civil service reform. Well, he wandered about the garden in this condition, until finally the Supreme Being made up his mind to make him a companion.

Having used up all the nothing he originally took in making the world and one man, he had to take a part of the man to start a woman with. So he caused a sleep to fall on this man—now understand me, I do not say this story is true. After the sleep fell upon this man, the Supreme Being took a rib, or as the French would call it, a cutlet, out of this man, and from that he made a woman. And considering the amount of raw material used, I look upon it as the most successful job ever performed. Well, after he got the woman done, she was brought to the man; not to see how she liked him, but to see how he liked her. He liked her, and they started housekeeping; and they were told of certain things they might do and of one thing they could not do—and of course

they did it. I would have done it in fifteen minutes, and I know it. There wouldn't have been an apple on that tree half an hour from date, and the limbs would have been full of clubs. And then they were turned out of the park and extra policemen were put on to keep them from getting back.

Devilment commenced. The mumps, and the measles, and the whooping-cough, and the scarlet fever started in their race for man. They began to have the toothache, roses began to have thorns, snakes began to have poisoned teeth, and people began to divide about religion and politics, and the world has been full of trouble from that day to this.

Nearly all of the religions of this world account for the existence of evil by such a story as that!

I read in another book what appeared to be an account of the same transaction. It was written about four thousand years before the other. All commentators agree that the one that was written last was the original, and that the one that was written first was copied from the one that was written last. But I would advise you all not to allow your creed to be disturbed by a little matter of four or five thousand years. In this other story, Brahma made up his mind to make the world and a man and woman. He made the world, and he made the man and then the woman, and put them on the island of Ceylon. According to the account it was the most beautiful island of which man can conceive. Such birds, such songs, such flowers and such verdure! And the branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through them every tree was a thousand AEolian harps.

Brahma, when he put them there, said: "Let them have a period of courtship, for it is my desire and will that true love should forever precede marriage." When I read that, it was so much more beautiful and lofty than the other, that I said to myself, "If either one of these stories ever turns out to be true, I hope it will be this one."

Then they had their courtship, with the nightingale singing, and the stars shining, and the flowers blooming, and they fell in love. Imagine that courtship! No prospective fathers or mothers-in-law; no prying and gossiping neighbors; nobody to say, "Young man, how do you expect to support her?" Nothing of that kind. They were married by the Supreme Brahma, and he said to them: "Remain here; you must never leave this island." Well, after a little while the man—and his name was Adami, and the woman's name was Heva—said to Heva: "I believe I'll look about a little." He went to the northern extremity of the island where there was a little narrow neck of land connecting it with the mainland, and the devil, who is always playing pranks with us, produced a mirage, and when he looked over to the mainland, such hills and vales, such dells and dales, such mountains crowned with snow, such cataracts clad in bows of glory did he see there, that he went back and told Heva: "The country over there is a thousand times better than this; let us migrate." She, like every other woman that ever lived, said: "Let well enough alone; we have all we want; let us stay here." But he said "No, let us go;" so she followed him, and when they came to this narrow neck of land, he took her on his back like a gentleman, and carried her over. But the moment they got over they heard a crash, and looking back, discovered that this narrow neck of land had fallen into the sea. The mirage had disappeared, and there were naught but rocks and sand; and then the Supreme Brahma cursed them both to the lowest hell.

Then it was that the man spoke,—and I have liked him ever since for it—"Curse me, but curse not her, it was not her fault, it was mine."

That's the kind of man to start a world with.

The Supreme Brahma said: "I will save her, but not thee." And then she spoke out of her fullness of love, out of a heart in which there was love enough to make all her daughters rich in holy affection, and said: "If thou wilt not spare him, spare neither me; I do not wish to live without him; I love him." Then the Supreme Brahma said—and I have liked him ever since I read it—"I will spare you both and watch over you and your children forever."

Honor bright, is not that the better and grander story?

And from that same book I want to show you what ideas some of these miserable heathen had; the heathen we are trying to convert. We send missionaries over yonder to convert heathen there, and we send soldiers out on the plains to kill heathen here. If we can convert the heathen, why not convert those nearest home? Why not convert those we can get at? Why not convert those who have the immense advantage of the example of the average pioneer? But to show you the men we are trying to convert: In this book it says: "Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love. When the one man loves the one woman and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing for joy."

They are the men we are converting. Think of it! I tell you, when I read these things, I say that love is not of any country; nobility does not belong exclusively to any race, and through all the ages, there have been a few great and tender souls blossoming in love and pity.

In my judgment, the woman is the equal of the man. She has all the rights I have and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That is my doctrine. You are married; try and make the woman you love happy. Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says "I will make her happy," makes no mistake. And so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy." There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so, and you cannot be happy by going cross lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road.

If there is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of a family—the man who thinks he is "boss!" The fellow in the dug-out used that word "boss;" that was one of his favorite expressions.

Imagine a young man and a young woman courting, walking out in the moonlight, and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn touched her heart—imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song, and saying, "Now, here, let us settle who is 'boss!'" I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling—I abhor a man who is "boss," who is going to govern in his family, and when he speaks orders all the rest to be still as some mighty idea is about to be launched from his mouth. Do you know I dislike this man unspeakably?

I hate above all things a cross man. What right has he to murder the sunshine of a day? What right has he to assassinate the joy of life?

When you go home you ought to go like a ray of light—so that it will, even in the night, bursty out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. Some men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been thinking about who will be alderman from the fifth ward; they have been thinking about politics; great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds; they have bought calico at five cents or six, and want to sell it for seven. Think of the intellectual strain that must

have been upon that man, and when he gets home everybody else in the house must look out for his comfort. A woman who has only taken care of five or six children, and one or two of them sick, has been nursing them and singing to them, and trying to make one yard of cloth do the work of two, she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this gentleman—the head of the family—the boss!

Do you know another thing? I despise a stingy man. I do not see how it is possible for a man to die worth fifty million of dollars, or ten million of dollars, in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that, and hold in the clutch of his greed twenty or thirty million of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber on the beach, where hundreds and thousands of men were drowning in the sea.

Do you know that I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor but not with their pocketbook; not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind, I always think he knows which of these articles is the most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her having to ask you every day for a dollar, or for two dollars or fifty cents! "What did you do with that dollar I gave you last week?" Think of having a wife that is afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? Oh, I tell you if you have but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests! That's the way to spend it! I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than be a king and spend my money like a beggar! If it has got to go, let it go!

Get the best you can for your family—try to look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go courting, how elegantly you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you looked like a prince. Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose a woman is going to love you always looking as slovenly as you can! Think of it! Any good woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best.

Some people tell me, "Your doctrine about loving, and wives, and all that, is splendid for the rich, but it won't do for the poor." I tell you to-night there is more love in the homes of the poor than in the palaces of the rich. The meanest hut with love in it is a palace fit for the gods, and a palace without love is a den only fit for wild beasts. That is my doctrine! You cannot be so poor that you cannot help somebody. Good nature is the cheapest commodity in the world; and love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent, to borrower and lender both. Do not tell me that you have got to be rich! We have a false standard of greatness in the United States. We think here that a man must be great, that he must be notorious; that he must be extremely wealthy, or that his name must be upon the putrid lips of rumor. It is all a mistake. It is not necessary to be rich or to be great, or to be powerful, to be happy. The happy man is the successful man.

Happiness is the legal tender of the soul.

Joy is wealth.

A little while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as "Napoleon the Great."

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; it is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous and to have a heart filled with divine affection. No matter whether you are rich or poor, treat your wife as though she were a splendid flower, and she will fill your life with perfume and with joy.

And do you know, it is a splendid thing to think that the woman you really love will never grow old to you. Through the wrinkles of time, through the mask of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man does not see that he grows old; he is not decrepit to her; he does not tremble; he is not old; she always sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way; I like to think that love is eternal. And to love in that way and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down, hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, while the birds of joy and love sing once more in the leafless branches of the tree of age.

I believe in the fireside. I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty, equality and love.

The Liberty Of Children

If women have been slaves, what shall I say of children; of the little children in alleys and sub-cellars; the little children who turn pale when they hear their fathers' footsteps; little children who run away when they only hear their names called by the lips of a mother; little children—the children of poverty, the children of crime, the children of brutality, wherever they are—flotsam and jetsam upon the wild, mad sea of life—my heart goes out to them, one and all.

I tell you the children have the same rights that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings. They should be reared with love, with kindness, with tenderness, and not with brutality. That is my idea of children.

When your little child tells a lie, do not rush at him as though the world were about to go into bankruptcy. Be honest with him. A tyrant father will have liars for his children; do you know that?

A lie is born of tyranny upon the one hand and weakness upon the other, and when you rush at a poor little boy with a club in your hand, of course he lies.

I thank thee, Mother Nature, that thou hast put ingenuity enough in the brain of a child, when attacked by a brutal parent, to throw up a little breastwork in the shape of a lie.

When one of your children tells a lie, be honest with him; tell him that you have told hundreds of them yourself. Tell him it is not the best way; that you have tried it. Tell him as the man did in Maine when his boy left home: "John, honesty is the best policy; I have tried both." Be honest with him. Suppose a man as much larger than you as you are larger than a child five years old, should come at you with a liberty pole in his hand, and in a voice of thunder shout, "Who broke that plate?" There is not a solitary one of you who would not swear you never saw it, or that it was cracked when you got it. Why not be honest with these children? Just imagine a man who deals in stocks whipping his boy for putting false rumors afloat! Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood for evading the truth when he makes half of his own living that way! Think of a minister punishing his child for not telling all he thinks! Just think of it!

When your child commits a wrong, take it in your arms; let it feel your heart beat against its heart; let the child know that you really and truly and sincerely love it. Yet some Christians, good Christians, when a child commits a fault, drive it from the door and say: "Never do you darken this house again." Think of that! And then these same people will get down on their knees and ask God to take care of the child they have driven from home. I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my level best in that same direction.

But I will tell you what I say to my children: "Go where you will; commit what crime you may; fall to what depth of degradation you may; you can never commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms, or my heart to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend."

Do you know that I have seen some people who acted as though they thought that when the Savior said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the

kingdom of heaven," he had a raw-hide under his mande, and made that remark simply to get the children within striking distance?

I do not believe in the government of the lash, if any one of you ever expects to whip your children again, I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red with vulgar anger, and the face of the little child, with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If that little child should die, I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery, when the maples are clad in tender gold, and little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth—and sit down upon the grave and look at that photograph, and think of the flesh now dust that you beat. I tell you it is wrong; it is no way to raise children! Make your home happy. Be honest with them. Divide fairly with them in everything.

Give them a little liberty and love, and you can not drive them out of your house. They will want to stay there. Make home pleasant. Let them play any game they wish. Do not be so foolish as to say: "You may roll balls on the ground, but you must not roll them on a green cloth. You may knock them with a mallet, but you must not push them with a cue. You may play with little pieces of paper which have 'authors' written on them, but you must not have 'cards.'" Think of it! "You may go to a minstrel show where people blacken themselves and imitate humanity below them, but you must not go to a theatre and see the characters created by immortal genius put upon the stage." Why? Well, I can't think of any reason in the world except "minstrel" is a word of two syllables, and "theatre" has three.

Let children have some daylight at home if you want to keep them there, and do not commence at the cradle and shout "Don't!" "Don't!" "Stop!" That is nearly all that is said to a child from the cradle until he is twenty-one years old, and when he comes of age other people begin saying "Don't!" And the church says "Don't!" and the party he belongs to says "Don't!"

I despise that way of going through this world. Let us have liberty—just a little. Call me infidel, call me atheist, call me what you will, I intend so to treat my children, that they can come to my grave and truthfully say: "He who sleeps here never gave us a moment of pain. From his lips, now dust, never came to us an unkind word."

People justify all kinds of tyranny toward children upon the ground that they are totally depraved. At the bottom of ages of cruelty lies this infamous doctrine of total depravity. Religion contemplates a child as a living crime—heir to an infinite curse—doomed to eternal fire.

In the olden time, they thought some days were too good for a child to enjoy himself. When I was a boy Sunday was considered altogether too holy to be happy in. Sunday used to commence then when the sun went down on Saturday night. We commenced at that time for the purpose of getting a good ready, and when the sun fell below the horizon on Saturday evening, there was a darkness fell upon the house ten thousand times deeper than that of night. Nobody said a pleasant word; nobody laughed; nobody smiled; the child that looked the sickest was regarded as the most pious. That night you could not even crack hickory nuts. If you were caught chewing gum it was only another evidence of the total depravity of the human heart. It was an exceedingly solemn night.

Dyspepsia was in the very air you breathed. Everybody looked sad and mournful. I have noticed all my life that many people think they have religion when they are

troubled with dyspepsia. If there could be found an absolute specific for that disease, it would be the hardest blow the church has ever received.

On Sunday morning the solemnity had simply increased. Then we went to church. The minister was in a pulpit about twenty feet high, with a little sounding-board above him, and he commenced at "firstly" and went on and on and on to about "twenty-thirdly." Then he made a few remarks by way of application; and then took a general view of the subject, and in about two hours reached the last chapter in Revelation.

In those days, no matter how cold the weather was, there was no fire in the church. It was thought to be a kind of sin to be comfortable while you were thanking God. The first church that ever had a stove in it in New England, divided on that account. So the first church in which they sang by note, was torn in fragments.

After the sermon we had an intermission. Then came the catechism with the chief end of man. We went through with that. We sat in a row with our feet coming in about six inches of the floor. The minister asked us if we knew that we all deserved to go to hell, and we all answered "Yes." Then we were asked if we would be willing to go to hell if it was God's will, and every little liar shouted "Yes." Then the same sermon was preached once more, commencing at the other end and going back. After that, we started for home, sad and solemn—overpowered with the wisdom displayed in the scheme of the atonement. When we got home, if we had been good boys, and the weather was warm, sometimes they would take us out to the graveyard to cheer us up a little. It did cheer me. When I looked at the sunken tombs and the leaning stones, and read the half-effaced inscriptions through the moss of silence and forgetfulness, it was a great comfort. The reflection came to my mind that the observance of the Sabbath could not last always. Sometimes they would sing that beautiful hymn in which occurs these cheerful lines:

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end."

These lines, I think, prejudiced me a little against even heaven. Then we had good books that we read on Sundays by way of keeping us happy and contented. There were Milners' "History of the Waldenses," Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," Yahn's "Archaeology of the Jews," and Jenkyns' "On the Atonement." I used to read Jenkyns' "On the Atonement." I have often thought that an atonement would have to be exceedingly broad in its provisions to cover the case of a man who would write a book like that for a boy.

But at last the Sunday wore away, and the moment the sun went down we were free. Between three and four o'clock we would go out to see how the sun was coming on. Sometimes it seemed to me that it was stopping from pure meanness. But finally it went down. It had to. And when the last rim of light sank below the horizon, off would go our caps, and we would give three cheers for liberty once more.

Sabbaths used to be prisons. Every Sunday was a Bastile. Every Christian was a kind of turnkey, and every child was a prisoner,—a convict. In that dungeon, a smile was a crime.

It was thought wrong for a child to laugh upon this holy day. Think of that!

A little child would go out into the garden, and there would be a tree laden with blossoms, and the little fellow would lean against it, and there would be a bird on one of the boughs, singing and swinging, and thinking about four little speckled eggs,

warmed by the breast of its mate,—singing and swinging, and the music in happy waves rippling out of its tiny throat, and the flowers blossoming, the air filled with perfume and the great white clouds floating in the sky, and the little boy would lean up against that tree and think about hell and the worm that never dies.

I have heard them preach, when I sat in the pew and my feet did not touch the floor, about the final home of the unconverted. In order to impress upon the children the length of time they would probably stay if they settled in that country, the preacher would frequently give us the following illustration: “Suppose that once in a billion years a bird should come from some far-distant planet, and carry off in its little bill a grain of sand, a time would finally come when the last atom composing this earth would be carried away; and when this last atom was taken, it would not even be sun up in hell.” Think of such an infamous doctrine being taught to children!

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day-more sacred still. Strike, with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo’s golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering ‘mid the vine-clad hills. But know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood’s happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men; and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

And yet the minds of children have been polluted by this infamous doctrine of eternal punishment. I denounce it to-day as a doctrine, the infamy of which no language is sufficient to express.

Where did that doctrine of eternal punishment for men and women and children come from? It came from the low and beastly skull of that wretch in the dug-out. Where did he get it? It was a souvenir from the animals. The doctrine of eternal punishment was born in the glittering eyes of snakes—snakes that hung in fearful coils watching for their prey. It was born of the howl and bark and growl of wild beasts. It was born of the grin of hyenas and of the depraved chatter of unclean baboons. I despise it with every drop of my blood. Tell me there is a God in the serene heavens that will damn his children for the expression of an honest belief! More men have died in their sins, judged by your orthodox creeds, than there are leaves on all the forests in the wide world ten thousand times over. Tell me these men are in hell; that these men are in torment; that these children are in eternal pain, and that they are to be punished forever and forever! I denounce this doctrine as the most infamous of lies.

When the great ship containing the hopes and aspirations of the world, when the great ship freighted with mankind goes down in the night of death, chaos and disaster, I am willing to go down with the ship. I will not be guilty of the ineffable meanness of paddling away in some orthodox canoe. I will go down with the ship, with those who love me, and with those whom I have loved. If there is a God who will damn his children forever, I would rather go to hell than to go to heaven and keep the society of such an infamous tyrant. I make my choice now. I despise that doctrine. It has covered the cheeks of this world with tears. It has polluted the hearts of children, and poisoned the imaginations of men. It has been a constant pain, a perpetual terror to every good man and woman and child. It has filled the good with horror and with

fear; but it has had no effect upon the infamous and base. It has wrung the hearts of the tender; it has furrowed the cheeks of the good. This doctrine never should be preached again. What right have you, sir, Mr. clergyman, you, minister of the gospel, to stand at the portals of the tomb, at the vestibule of eternity, and fill the future with horror and with fear? I do not believe this doctrine: neither do you. If you did, you could not sleep one moment. Any man who believes it, and has within his breast a decent, throbbing heart, will go insane. A man who believes that doctrine and does not go insane has the heart of a snake and the conscience of a hyena.

Jonathan Edwards, the dear old soul, who, if his doctrine is true, is now in heaven rubbing his holy hands with glee, as he hears the cries of the damned, preached this doctrine; and he said: “Can the believing husband in heaven be happy with his unbelieving wife in hell? Can the believing father in heaven be happy with his unbelieving children in hell? Can the loving wife in heaven be happy with her unbelieving husband in hell?” And he replies: “I tell you, yea. Such will be their sense of justice, that it will increase rather than diminish their bliss.” There is no wild beast in the jungles of Africa whose reputation would not be tarnished by the expression of such a doctrine.

These doctrines have been taught in the name of religion, in the name of universal forgiveness, in the name of infinite love and charity. Do not, I pray you, soil the minds of your children with this dogma. Let them read for themselves; let them think for themselves.

Do not treat your children like orthodox posts to be set in a row. Treat them like trees that need light and sun and air. Be fair and honest with them; give them a chance. Recollect that their rights are equal to yours. Do not have it in your mind that you must govern them; that they must obey. Throw away forever the idea of master and slave.

In old times they used to make the children go to bed when they were not sleepy, and get up when they were sleepy. I say let them go to bed when they are sleepy, and get up when they are not sleepy.

But you say, this doctrine will do for the rich but not for the poor. Well, if the poor have to waken their children early in the morning it is as easy to wake them with a kiss as with a blow. Give your children freedom; let them preserve their individuality. Let your children eat what they desire, and commence at the end of a dinner they like. That is their business and not yours. They know what they wish to eat. If they are given their liberty from the first, they know what they want better than any doctor in the world can prescribe. Do you know that all the improvement that has ever been made in the practice of medicine has been made by the recklessness of patients and not by the doctors? For thousands and thousands of years the doctors would not let a man suffering from fever have a drop of water. Water they looked upon as poison. But every now and then some man got reckless and said, “I had rather die than not to slake my thirst.” Then he would drink two or three quarts of water and get well. And when the doctor was told of what the patient had done, he expressed great surprise that he was still alive, and complimented his constitution upon being able to bear such a frightful strain. The reckless men, however, kept on drinking the water, and persisted in getting well. And finally the doctors said: “In a fever, water is the very best thing you can take.” So, I have more confidence in the voice of nature about such things than I have in the conclusions of the medical schools.

Let your children have freedom and they will fall into your ways; they will do substantially as you do; but if you try to make them, there is some magnificent, splendid thing in the human heart that refuses to be driven. And do you know that it is the luckiest thing that ever happened for this world, that people are that way. What would have become of the people five hundred years ago if they had followed strictly the advice of the doctors? They would have all been dead. What would the people have been, if at any age of the world they had followed implicitly the direction of the church? They would have all been idiots. It is a splendid thing that there is always some grand man who will not mind, and who will think for himself.

I believe in allowing the children to think for themselves. I believe in the democracy of the family. If in this world there is anything splendid, it is a home where all are equals.

You will remember that only a few years ago parents would tell their children to "let their victuals stop their mouths." They used to eat as though it were a religious ceremony—a very solemn thing. Life should not be treated as a solemn matter. I like to see the children at table, and hear each one telling of the wonderful things he has seen and heard. I like to hear the clatter of knives and forks and spoons mingling with their happy voices. I had rather hear it than any opera that was ever put upon the boards. Let the children have liberty. Be honest and fair with them; be just; be tender, and they will make you rich in love and joy.

Men are oaks, women are vines, children are flowers.

The human race has been guilty of almost countless crimes; but I have some excuse for mankind. This world, after all, is not very well adapted to raising good people. In the first place, nearly all of it is water. It is much better adapted to fish culture than to the production of folks. Of that portion which is land not one-eighth has suitable soil and climate to produce great men and women. You cannot raise men and women of genius, without the proper soil and climate, any more than you can raise corn and wheat upon the ice fields of the Arctic sea. You must have the necessary conditions and surroundings. Man is a product; you must have the soil and food. The obstacles presented by nature must not be so great that man cannot, by reasonable industry and courage, overcome them. There is upon this world only a narrow belt of land, circling zigzag the globe, upon which you can produce men and women of talent. In the Southern Hemisphere the real climate that man needs falls mostly upon the sea, and the result is, that the southern half of our world has never produced a man or woman of great genius. In the far north there is no genius—it is too cold. In the far south there is no genius—it is too warm. There must be winter, and there must be summer. In a country where man needs no coverlet but a cloud, revolution is his normal condition. Winter is the mother of industry and prudence. Above all, it is the mother of the family relation. Winter holds in its icy arms the husband and wife and the sweet children. If upon this earth we ever have a glimpse of heaven, it is when we pass a home in winter, at night, and through the windows, the curtains drawn aside, we see the family about the pleasant hearth; the old lady knitting; the cat playing with the yarn; the children wishing they had as many dolls or dollars or knives or somethings, as there are sparks going out to join the roaring blast; the father reading and smoking, and the clouds rising like incense from the altar of domestic joy. I never passed such a house without feeling that I had received a benediction.

Civilization, liberty, justice, charity, intellectual advancement, are all flowers that blossom in the drifted snow.

I do not know that I can better illustrate the great truth that only part of the world is adapted to the production of great men and women than by calling your attention to the difference between vegetation in valleys and upon mountains. In the valley you find the oak and elm tossing their branches defiantly to the storm, and as you advance up the mountain side the hemlock, the pine, the birch, the spruce, the fir, and finally you come to little dwarfed trees, that look like other trees seen through a telescope reversed—every limb twisted as though in pain—getting a scanty subsistence from the miserly crevices of the rocks. You go on and on, until at last the highest crag is freckled with a kind of moss, and vegetation ends. You might as well try to raise oaks and elms where the mosses grow, as to raise great men and great women where their surroundings are unfavorable. You must have the proper climate and soil.

A few years ago we were talking about the annexation of Santo Domingo to this country. I was in Washington at the time. I was opposed to it I was told that it was a most delicious climate; that the soil produced everything. But I said: “We do not want it; it is not the right kind of country in which to raise American citizens. Such a climate would debauch us. You might go there with five thousand Congregational preachers, five thousand ruling elders, five thousand professors in colleges, five thousand of the solid men of Boston and their wives; settle them all in Santo Domingo, and you will see the second generation riding upon a mule, bareback, no shoes, a grapevine bridle, hair sticking out at the top of their sombreros, with a rooster under each arm, going to a cock fight on Sunday.” Such is the influence of climate.

Science, however, is gradually widening the area within which men of genius can be produced. We are conquering the north with houses, clothing, food and fuel. We are in many ways overcoming the heat of the south. If we attend to this world instead of another, we may in time cover the land with men and women of genius.

I have still another excuse. I believe that man came up from the lower animals. I do not say this as a fact. I simply say I believe it to be a fact. Upon that question I stand about eight to seven, which, for all practical purposes, is very near a certainty. When I first heard of that doctrine I did not like it. My heart was filled with sympathy for those people who have nothing to be proud of except ancestors. I thought, how terrible this will be upon the nobility of the Old World. Think of their being forced to trace their ancestry back to the duke Orang Outang, or to the princess Chimpanzee. After thinking it all over, I came to the conclusion that I liked that doctrine. I became convinced in spite of myself. I read about rudimentary bones and muscles. I was told that everybody had rudimentary muscles extending from the ear into the cheek. I asked “What are they?” I was told: “They are the remains of muscles; that they became rudimentary from lack of use; they went into bankruptcy. They are the muscles with which your ancestors used to flap their ears.” I do not now so much wonder that we once had them as that we have outgrown them.

After all I had rather belong to a race that started from the skull-less vertebrates in the dim Laurentian seas, vertebrates wiggling without knowing why they wiggled, swimming without knowing where they were going, but that in some way began to develop, and began to get a little higher and a little higher in the scale of existence; that came up by degrees through millions of ages through all the animal world, through all that crawls and swims and floats and climbs and walks, and finally produced the gentleman in the dug-out; and then from this man, getting a little grander, and each one below calling every one above him a heretic, calling every one

who had made a little advance an infidel or an atheist—for in the history of this world the man who is ahead has always been called a heretic—I would rather come from a race that started from that skull-less vertebrate, and came up and up and up and finally produced Shakespeare, the man who found the human intellect dwelling in a hut, touched it with the wand of his genius and it became a palace domed and pinnacled; Shakespeare, who harvested all the fields of dramatic thought, and from whose day to this, there have been only gleaners of straw and chaff—I would rather belong to that race that commenced a skull-less vertebrate and produced Shakespeare, a race that has before it an infinite future, with the angel of progress leaning from the far horizon, beckoning men forward, upward and onward forever—I had rather belong to such a race, commencing there, producing this, and with that hope, than to have sprung from a perfect pair upon which the Lord has lost money every moment from that day to this.

Conclusion

I have given you my honest thought. Surely investigation is better than unthinking faith. Surely reason is a better guide than fear. This world should be controlled by the living, not by the dead. The grave is not a throne, and a corpse is not a king. Man should not try to live on ashes.

The theologians dead, knew no more than the theologians now living. More than this cannot be said. About this world little is known,—about another world, nothing.

Our fathers were intellectual serfs, and their fathers were slaves. The makers of our creeds were ignorant and brutal. Every dogma that we have, has upon it the mark of whip, the rust of chain, and the ashes of fagot.

Our fathers reasoned with instruments of torture. They believed in the logic of fire and sword. They hated reason. They despised thought. They abhorred liberty.

Superstition is the child of slavery. Free thought will give us truth. When all have the right to think and to express their thoughts, every brain will give to all the best it has. The world will then be filled with intellectual wealth.

As long as men and women are afraid of the church, as long as a minister inspires fear, as long as people reverence a thing simply because they do not understand it, as long as it is respectable to lose your self-respect, as long as the church has power, as long as mankind worship a book, just so long will the world be filled with intellectual paupers and vagrants, covered with the soiled and faded rags of superstition.

As long as woman regards the Bible as the charter of her rights, she will be the slave of man. The Bible was not written by a woman. Within its lids there is nothing but humiliation and shame for her. She is regarded as the property of man. She is made to ask forgiveness for becoming a mother. She is as much below her husband, as her husband is below Christ. She is not allowed to speak. The gospel is too pure to be spoken by her polluted lips. Woman should learn in silence.

In the Bible will be found no description of a civilized home. The free mother surrounded by free and loving children, adored by a free man, her husband, was unknown to the inspired writers of the Bible. They did not believe in the democracy of home—in the republicanism of the fireside.

These inspired gentlemen knew nothing of the rights of children. They were the advocates of brute force—the disciples of the lash. They knew nothing of human rights. Their doctrines have brutalized the homes of millions, and filled the eyes of infancy with tears.

Let us free ourselves from the tyranny of a book, from the slavery of dead ignorance, from the aristocracy of the air.

There has never been upon the earth a generation of free men and women. It is not yet time to write a creed. Wait until the chains are broken—until dungeons are not regarded as temples. Wait until solemnity is not mistaken for wisdom—until mental cowardice ceases to be known as reverence. Wait until the living are considered the equals of the dead—until the cradle takes precedence of the coffin. Wait until what we know can be spoken without regard to what others may believe. Wait until

teachers take the place of preachers—until followers become investigators. Wait until the world is free before you write a creed.

In this creed there will be but one word—Liberty.

Oh Liberty, float not forever in the far horizon—remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast, the philanthropist and poet, but come and make thy home among the children of men!

I know not what discoveries, what inventions, what thoughts may leap from the brain of the world. I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come. I cannot dream of the victories to be won upon the fields of thought; but I do know, that coming from the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch this "bank and shoal of time" a richer gift, a rarer blessing than liberty for man, for woman, and for child.

About Farming In Illinois

To Plow is to Pray—to Plant is to Prophesy, and the Harvest Answers and Fulfills.

I AM not an old and experienced farmer, nor a tiller of the soil, nor one of the hard-handed sons of labor. I imagine, however, that I know something about cultivating the soil, and getting happiness out of the ground.

I know enough to know that agriculture is the basis of all wealth, prosperity and luxury. I know that in a country where the tillers of the fields are free, everybody is free and ought to be prosperous. Happy is that country where those who cultivate the land own it. Patriotism is born in the woods and fields—by lakes and streams—by crags and plains.

The old way of farming was a great mistake. Everything was done the wrong way. It was all work and waste, weariness and want. They used to fence a hundred and sixty acres of land with a couple of dogs. Everything was left to the protection of the blessed trinity of chance, accident and mistake.

When I was a farmer they used to haul wheat two hundred miles in wagons and sell it for thirty-five cents a bushel. They would bring home about three hundred feet of lumber, two bunches of shingles, a barrel of salt, and a cook-stove that never would draw and never did bake.

In those blessed days the people lived on corn and bacon. Cooking was an unknown art. Eating was a necessity, not a pleasure. It was hard work for the cook to keep on good terms even with hunger.

We had poor houses. The rain held the roofs in perfect contempt, and the snow drifted joyfully on the floors and beds. They had no barns. The horses were kept in rail pens surrounded with straw. Long before spring the sides would be eaten away and nothing but roofs would be left. Food is fuel. When the cattle were exposed to all the blasts of winter, it took all the corn and oats that could be stuffed into them to prevent actual starvation.

In those times most farmers thought the best place for the pig-pen was immediately in front of the house. There is nothing like sociability.

Women were supposed to know the art of making fires without fuel. The wood pile consisted, as a general thing, of one log upon which an axe or two had been worn out in vain. There was nothing to kindle a fire with. Pickets were pulled from the garden fence, clap-boards taken from the house, and every stray plank was seized upon for kindling. Everything was done in the hardest way. Everything about the farm was disagreeable. Nothing was kept in order. Nothing was preserved. The wagons stood in the sun and rain, and the plows rusted in the fields. There was no leisure, no feeling that the work was done. It was all labor and weariness and vexation of spirit. The crops were destroyed by wandering herds, or they were put in too late, or too early, or they were blown down, or caught by the frost, or devoured by bugs, or stung by flies, or eaten by worms, or carried away by birds, or dug up by gophers, or washed away by floods, or dried up by the sun, or rotted in the stack, or heated in the crib, or they all run to vines, or tops, or straw, or smut, or cobs. And when in spite of all these accidents that lie in wait between, the plow and the reaper, they did succeed in raising a good crop and a high price was offered, then the roads would be

impassable. And when the roads got good, then the prices went down. Everything worked together for evil.

Nearly every farmer's boy took an oath that he never would cultivate the soil. The moment they arrived at the age of twenty-one they left the desolate and dreary farms and rushed to the towns and cities. They wanted to be bookkeepers, doctors, merchants, railroad men, insurance agents, lawyers, even preachers, anything to avoid the drudgery of the farm. Nearly every boy acquainted with the three R's—reading, writing, and arithmetic—imagined that he had altogether more education than ought to be wasted in raising potatoes and corn. They made haste to get into some other business. Those who stayed upon the farm envied those who went away.

A few years ago the times were prosperous, and the young men went to the cities to enjoy the fortunes that were waiting for them. They wanted to engage in something that promised quick returns. They built railways, established banks and insurance companies. They speculated in stocks in Wall Street, and gambled in grain at Chicago. They became rich. They lived in palaces. They rode in carriages. They pitied their poor brothers on the farms, and the poor brothers envied them.

But time has brought its revenge. The farmers have seen the railroad president a bankrupt, and the road in the hands of a receiver. They have seen the bank president abscond, and the insurance company a wrecked and ruined fraud. The only solvent people, as a class, the only independent people, are the tillers of the soil.

Farming must be made more attractive. The comforts of the town must be added to the beauty of the fields. The sociability of the city must be rendered possible in the country.

Farming has been made repulsive. The farmers have been unsociable and their homes have been lonely. They have been wasteful and careless. They have not been proud of their business.

In the first place, farming ought to be reasonably profitable. The farmers have not attended to their own interests. They have been robbed and plundered in a hundred ways.

No farmer can afford to raise corn and oats and hay to sell. He should sell horses, not oats; sheep, cattle and pork, not corn. He should make every profit possible out of what he produces. So long as the farmers of Illinois ship their corn and oats, so long they will be poor,—just so long will their farms be mortgaged to the insurance companies and banks of the East,—just so long will they do the work and others reap the benefit,—just so long will they be poor, and the money lenders grow rich,—just so long will cunning avarice grasp and hold the net profits of honest toil. When the farmers of the West ship beef and pork instead of grain,—when we manufacture here,—when we cease paying tribute to others, ours will be the most prosperous country in the world.

Another thing—It is just as cheap to raise a good as a poor breed of cattle. Scrubs will eat just as much as thoroughbreds. If you are not able to buy Durhams and Alderneys, you can raise the corn breed. By "corn breed" I mean the cattle that have, for several generations, had enough to eat, and have been treated with kindness. Every farmer who will treat his cattle kindly, and feed them all they want, will, in a few years, have blooded stock on his farm. All blooded stock has been produced in this way. You can raise good cattle just as you can raise good people. If you wish to

raise a good boy you must give him plenty to eat, and treat him with kindness. In this way, and in this way only, can good cattle or good people be produced.

Another thing—You must beautify your homes.

When I was a farmer it was not fashionable to set out trees, nor to plant vines.

When you visited the farm you were not welcomed by flowers, and greeted by trees loaded with fruit. Yellow dogs came bounding over the tumbled fence like wild beasts. There is no sense—there is no profit in such a life. It is not living. The farmers ought to beautify their homes. There should be trees and grass and flowers and running vines. Everything should be kept in order—gates should be on their hinges, and about all there should be the pleasant air of thrift. In every house there should be a bath-room. The bath is a civilizer, a refiner, a beautifier. When you come from the fields tired, covered with dust, nothing is so refreshing. Above all things, keep clean. It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one. In the cool of the evening, after a day in the field, put on clean clothes, take a seat under the trees, 'mid the perfume of flowers, surrounded by your family, and you will know what it is to enjoy life like a gentleman.

In no part of the globe will farming pay better than in Illinois. You are in the best portion of the earth. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is no such country as yours. The East is hard and stony; the soil is stingy. The far West is a desert parched and barren, dreary and desolate as perdition would be with the fires out. It is better to dig wheat and corn from the soil than gold. Only a few days ago, I was where they wrench the precious metals from the miserly clutch of the rocks. When I saw the mountains, treeless, shrub-less, flowerless, without even a spire of grass, it seemed to me that gold had the same effect upon the country that holds it, as upon the man who lives and labors only for that. It affects the land as it does the man. It leaves the heart barren without a flower of kindness—without a blossom of pity.

The farmer in Illinois has the best soil—the greatest return for the least labor—more leisure—more time for enjoyment than any other farmer in the world. His hard work ceases with autumn. He has the long winters in which to become acquainted with his family—with his neighbors—in which to read and keep abreast with the advanced thought of his day. He has the time and means for self-culture. He has more time than the mechanic, the merchant or the professional man. If the farmer is not well informed it is his own fault. Books are cheap, and every farmer can have enough to give him the outline of every science, and an idea of all that has been accomplished by man.

In many respects the farmer has the advantage of the mechanic. In our time we have plenty of mechanics but no tradesmen. In the sub-division of labor we have a thousand men working upon different parts of the same thing, each taught in one particular branch, and in only one. We have, say, in a shoe factory, hundreds of men, but not one shoemaker. It takes them all, assisted by a great number of machines, to make a shoe. Each does a particular part, and not one of them knows the entire trade. The result is that the moment the factory shuts down these men are out of employment. Out of employment means out of bread—out of bread means famine and horror. The mechanic of to-day has but little independence. His prosperity often depends upon the good will of one man. He is liable to be discharged for a look, for a word. He lays by but little for his declining years. He is, at the best, the slave of capital.

It is a thousand times better to be a whole farmer than part of a mechanic. It is better to till the ground and work for yourself than to be hired by corporations. Every man should endeavor to belong to himself.

About seven hundred years ago, Khayyam, a Persian, said: “Why should a man who possesses a piece of bread securing life for two days, and who has a cup of water—why should such a man be commanded by another, and why should such a man serve another?”

Young men should not be satisfied with a salary. Do not mortgage the possibilities of your future. Have the courage to take life as it comes, feast or famine. Think of hunting a gold mine for a dollar a day, and think of finding one for another man. How would you feel then?

We are lacking in true courage, when, for fear of the future, we take the crusts and scraps and niggardly salaries of the present. I had a thousand times rather have a farm and be independent, than to be President of the United States without independence, filled with doubt and trembling, feeling of the popular pulse, resorting to art and artifice, enquiring about the wind of opinion, and succeeding at last in losing my self-respect without gaining the respect of others.

Man needs more manliness, more real independence. We must take care of ourselves. This we can do by labor, and in this way we can preserve our independence. We should try and choose that business or profession the pursuit of which will give us the most happiness. Happiness is wealth. We can be happy without being rich—without holding office—without being famous. I am not sure that we can be happy with wealth, with office, or with fame.

There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and the hope of a serene old age, that no other business or profession can promise. A professional man is doomed sometime to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race of life. He looks forward to an old age of intellectual mediocrity. He will be last where once he was the first. But the farmer goes, as it were, into partnership with nature—he lives with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the fields. There is no constant and frightful strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the green and sunny slopes. He hears the pleasant rain falling upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in youth rustle above him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

Our country is filled with the idle and unemployed, and the great question asking for an answer is: What shall be done with these men? What shall these men do? To this there is but one answer: They must cultivate the soil. Farming must be rendered more attractive. Those who work the land must have an honest pride in their business. They must educate their children to cultivate the soil. They must make farming easier, so that their children will not hate it—so that they will not hate it themselves. The boys must not be taught that tilling the ground is a curse and almost a disgrace. They must not suppose that education is thrown away upon them unless they become ministers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, or statesmen. It must be understood that education can be used to advantage on a farm. We must get rid of the idea that a little learning unfits one for work. There is no real conflict between Latin and labor. There are hundreds of graduates of Yale and Harvard and other colleges, who are agents of sewing machines, solicitors for insurance, clerks, copyists, in short, performing a hundred varieties of menial service. They seem willing to do

anything that is not regarded as work—anything that can be done in a town, in the house, in an office, but they avoid farming as they would a leprosy. Nearly every young man educated in this way is simply ruined. Such an education ought to be called ignorance. It is a thousand times better to have common sense without education, than education without the sense. Boys and girls should be educated to help themselves. They should be taught that it is disgraceful to be idle, and dishonorable to be useless.

I say again, if you want more men and women on the farms, something must be done to make farm life pleasant. One great difficulty is that the farm is lonely. People write about the pleasures of solitude, but they are found only in books. He who lives long alone becomes insane. A hermit is a madman. Without friends and wife and child, there is nothing left worth living for. The unsocial are the enemies of joy. They are filled with egotism and envy, with vanity and hatred. People who live much alone become narrow and suspicious. They are apt to be the property of one idea. They begin to think there is no use in anything. They look upon the happiness of others as a kind of folly. They hate joyous folks, because, way down in their hearts, they envy them.

In our country, farm-life is too lonely. The farms are large, and neighbors are too far apart. In these days, when the roads are filled with “tramps,” the wives and children need protection. When the farmer leaves home and goes to some distant field to work, a shadow of fear is upon his heart all day, and a like shadow rests upon all at home.

In the early settlement of our country the pioneer was forced to take his family, his axe, his dog and his gun, and go into the far wild forest, and build his cabin miles and miles from any neighbor. He saw the smoke from his hearth go up alone in all the wide and lonely sky.

But this necessity has passed away, and now, instead of living so far apart upon the lonely farms, you should live in villages. With the improved machinery which you have—with your generous soil—with your markets and means of transportation, you can now afford to live together.

It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise in the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds and thousands of young men curse the business. There is no need of getting up at three or four o’clock in the winter morning. The farmer who persists in doing it and persists in dragging his wife and children from their beds ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough to rise after the sun has set the example. For what purpose do you get up? To feed the cattle? Why not feed them more the night before? It is a waste of life. In the old times they used to get up about three o’clock in the morning, and go to work long before the sun had risen with “healing upon his wings,” and as a just punishment they all had the ague; and they ought to have it now. The man who cannot get a living upon Illinois soil without rising before daylight ought to starve. Eight hours a day is enough for any farmer to work except in harvest time. When you rise at four and work till dark what is life worth? Of what use are all the improvements in farming? Of what use is all the improved machinery unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure? What is harvesting now, compared with what it was in the old time? Think of the days of reaping, of cradling, of raking and binding and mowing. Think of threshing with the flail and winnowing with the wind. And now think of the reapers and mowers, the

binders and threshing machines, the plows and cultivators, upon which the farmer rides protected from the sun. If, with all these advantages, you cannot get a living without rising in the middle of the night, go into some other business. You should not rob your families of sleep. Sleep is the best medicine in the world. It is the best doctor upon the earth. There is no such thing as health without plenty of sleep. Sleep until you are thoroughly rested and restored. When you work, work; and when you get through take a good, long, and refreshing rest.

You should live in villages, so that you can have the benefits of social life. You can have a reading-room—you can take the best papers and magazines—you can have plenty of books, and each one can have the benefit of them all. Some of the young men and women can cultivate music. You can have social gatherings—you can learn from each other—you can discuss all topics of interest, and in this way you can make farming a delightful business. You must keep up with the age. The way to make farming respectable is for farmers to become really intelligent. They must live intelligent and happy lives. They must know something of books and something of what is going on in the world. They must not be satisfied with knowing something of the affairs of a neighborhood and nothing about the rest of the earth. The business must be made attractive, and it never can be until the farmer has prosperity, intelligence and leisure.

Another thing—I am a believer in fashion. It is the duty of every woman to make herself as beautiful and attractive as she possibly can.

“Handsome is as handsome does,” but she is much handsomer if well dressed. Every man should look his very best. I am a believer in good clothes. The time never ought to come in this country when you can tell a farmer’s wife or daughter simply by the garments she wears. I say to every girl and woman, no matter what the material of your dress may be, no matter how cheap and coarse it is, cut it and make it in the fashion. I believe in jewelry. Some people look upon it as barbaric, but in my judgment, wearing jewelry is the first evidence the barbarian gives of a wish to be civilized. To adorn ourselves seems to be a part of our nature, and this desire seems to be everywhere and in everything. I have sometimes thought that the desire for beauty covers the earth with flowers. It is this desire that paints the wings of moths, tints the chamber of the shell, and gives the bird its plumage and its song. Oh daughters and wives, if you would be loved, adorn yourselves—if you would be adored, be beautiful!

There is another fault common with the farmers of our country—they want too much land. You cannot, at present, when taxes are high, afford to own land that you do not cultivate. Sell it and let others make farms and homes. In this way what you keep will be enhanced in value. Farmers ought to own the land they cultivate, and cultivate what they own. Renters can hardly be called farmers. There can be no such thing in the highest sense as a home unless you own it. There must be an incentive to plant trees, to beautify the grounds, to preserve and improve. It elevates a man to own a home. It gives a certain independence, a force of character that is obtained in no other way. A man without a home feels like a passenger. There is in such a man a little of the vagrant. Homes make patriots. He who has sat by his own fireside with wife and children will defend it. When he hears the word country pronounced, he thinks of his home.

Few men have been patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defence of a boarding house.

The prosperity and glory of our country depend upon the number of our people who are the owners of homes. Around the fireside cluster the private and the public virtues of our race. Raise your sons to be independent through labor—to pursue some business for themselves and upon their own account—to be self-reliant—to act upon their own responsibility, and to take the consequences like men. Teach them above all things to be good, true and tender husbands—winners of love and builders of homes.

A great many farmers seem to think that they are the only laborers in the world. This is a very foolish thing. Farmers cannot get along without the mechanic. You are not independent of the man of genius. Your prosperity depends upon the inventor. The world advances by the assistance of all laborers; and all labor is under obligations to the inventions of genius. The inventor does as much for agriculture as he who tills the soil. All laboring men should be brothers. You are in partnership with the mechanics who make your reapers, your mowers and your plows; and you should take into your granges all the men who make their living by honest labor. The laboring people should unite and should protect themselves against all idlers. You can divide mankind into two classes: the laborers and the idlers, the supporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest. Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he occupies a throne. All laborers should be brothers. The laborers should have equal rights before the world and before the law. And I want every farmer to consider every man who labors either with hand or brain as his brother. Until genius and labor formed a partnership there was no such thing as prosperity among men. Every reaper and mower, every agricultural implement, has elevated the work of the farmer, and his vocation grows grander with every invention. In the olden time the agriculturist was ignorant; he knew nothing of machinery, he was the slave of superstition. He was always trying to appease some imaginary power by fasting and prayer. He supposed that some being actuated by malice, sent the untimely frost, or swept away with the wild wind his rude abode. To him the seasons were mysteries. The thunder told him of an enraged god—the barren fields of the vengeance of heaven. The tiller of the soil lived in perpetual and abject fear. He knew nothing of mechanics, nothing of order, nothing of law, nothing of cause and effect. He was a superstitious savage. He invented prayers instead of plows, creeds instead of reapers and mowers. He was unable to devote all his time to the gods, and so he hired others to assist him, and for their influence with the gentlemen supposed to control the weather, he gave one-tenth of all he could produce.

The farmer has been elevated through science and he should not forget the debt he owes to the mechanic, to the inventor, to the thinker. He should remember that all laborers belong to the same grand family—that they are the real kings and queens, the only true nobility.

Another idea entertained by most farmers is that they are in some mysterious way oppressed by every other kind of business—that they are devoured by monopolies, especially by railroads.

Of course, the railroads are indebted to the farmers for their prosperity, and the farmers are indebted to the railroads. Without them Illinois would be almost worthless.

A few years ago you endeavored to regulate the charges of railroad companies. The principal complaint you had was that they charged too much for the transportation of

corn and other cereals to the East. You should remember that all freights are paid by the consumer; and that it made little difference to you what the railroad charged for transportation to the East, as that transportation had to be paid by the consumers of the grain. You were really interested in transportation from the East to the West and in local freights. The result is that while you have put down through freights you have not succeeded so well in local freights. The exact opposite should be the policy of Illinois. Put down local freights; put them down, if you can, to the lowest possible figure, and let through rates take care of themselves. If all the corn raised in Illinois could be transported to New York absolutely free, it would enhance but little the price that you would receive. What we want is the lowest possible local rate. Instead of this you have simply succeeded in helping the East at the expense of the West. The railroads are your friends. They are your partners. They can prosper only where the country through which they run prospers. All intelligent railroad men know this. They know that present robbery is future bankruptcy. They know that the interest of the farmer and of the railroad is the same. We must have railroads. What can we do without them?

When we had no railroads, we drew, as I said before, our grain two hundred miles to market.

In those days the farmers did not stop at hotels. They slept under their wagons—took with them their food—fried their own bacon, made their coffee, and ate their meals in the snow and rain. Those were the days when they received ten cents a bushel for corn—when they sold four bushels of potatoes for a quarter—thirty-three dozen eggs for a dollar, and a hundred pounds of pork for a dollar and a half.

What has made the difference?

The railroads came to your door and they brought with them the markets of the world. They brought New York and Liverpool and London into Illinois, and the State has been clothed with prosperity as with a mantle. It is the interest of the farmer to protect every great interest in the State. You should feel proud that Illinois has more railroads than any other State in this Union. Her main tracks and side tracks would furnish iron enough to belt the globe. In Illinois there are ten thousand miles of railways. In these iron highways more than three hundred million dollars have been invested—a sum equal to ten times the original cost of all the land in the State. To make war upon the railroads is a short-sighted and suicidal policy. They should be treated fairly and should be taxed by the same standard that farms are taxed, and in no other way. If we wish to prosper we must act together, and we must see to it that every form of labor is protected.

There has been a long period of depression in all business. The farmers have suffered least of all. Your land is just as rich and productive as ever. Prices have been reasonable. The towns and cities have suffered. Stocks and bonds have shrunk from par to worthless paper. Princes have become paupers, and bankers, merchants and millionaires have passed into the oblivion of bankruptcy. The period of depression is slowly passing away, and we are entering upon better times.

A great many people say that a scarcity of money is our only difficulty. In my opinion we have money enough, but we lack confidence in each other and in the future.

There has been so much dishonesty, there have been so many failures, that the people are afraid to trust anybody. There is plenty of money, but there seems to be a scarcity of business. If you were to go to the owner of a ferry, and, upon seeing his boat lying high and dry on the shore, should say, “There is a superabundance of

ferryboat," he would probably reply, "No, but there is a scarcity of water." So with us there is not a scarcity of money, but there is a scarcity of business. And this scarcity springs from lack of confidence in one another. So many presidents of savings banks, even those belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association, run off with the funds; so many railroad and insurance companies are in the hands of receivers; there is so much bankruptcy on every hand, that all capital is held in the nervous clutch of fear. Slowly, but surely we are coming back to honest methods in business. Confidence will return, and then enterprise will unlock the safe and money will again circulate as of yore; the dollars will leave their hiding places and every one will be seeking investment.

For my part, I do not ask any interference on the part of the Government except to undo the wrong it has done. I do not ask that money be made out of nothing. I do not ask for the prosperity born of paper. But I do ask for the remonetization of silver. Silver was demonetized by fraud. It was an imposition upon every solvent man; a fraud upon every honest debtor in the United States. It assassinated labor. It was done in the interest of avarice and greed, and should be undone by honest men.

The farmers should vote only for such men as are able and willing to guard and advance the interests of labor. We should know better than to vote for men who will deliberately put a tariff of three dollars a thousand upon Canada lumber, when every farmer in Illinois is a purchaser of lumber. People who live upon the prairies ought to vote for cheap lumber. We should protect ourselves. We ought to have intelligence enough to know what we want and how to get it. The real laboring men of this country can succeed if they are united. By laboring men, I do not mean only the farmers. I mean all who contribute in some way to the general welfare. They should forget prejudices and party names, and remember only the best interests of the people. Let us see if we cannot, in Illinois, protect every department of industry. Let us see if all property cannot be protected alike and taxed alike, whether owned by individuals or corporations.

Where industry creates and justice protects, prosperity dwells.

Let me tell you something more about Illinois. We have fifty-six thousand square miles of land—nearly thirty-six million acres. Upon these plains we can raise enough to feed and clothe twenty million people. Beneath these prairies were hidden millions of ages ago, by that old miser, the sun, thirty-six thousand square miles of coal. The aggregate thickness of these veins is at least fifteen feet. Think of a column of coal one mile square and one hundred miles high! All this came from the sun. What a sunbeam such a column would be! Think of the engines and machines this coal will run and turn and whirl! Think of all this force, willed and left to us by the dead morning of the world! Think of the firesides of the future around which will sit the fathers, mothers and children of the years to be! Think of the sweet and happy faces, the loving and tender eyes that will glow and gleam in the sacred light of all these flames!

We have the best country in the world, and Illinois is the best State in that country. Is there any reason that our farmers should not be prosperous and happy men? They have every advantage, and within their reach are all the comforts and conveniences of life.

Do not get the land fever and think you must buy all that joins you. Get out of debt as soon as you possibly can. A mortgage casts a shadow on the sunniest field. There is no business under the sun that can pay ten per cent.

Ainsworth R. Spofford gives the following facts about interest: “One dollar loaned for one hundred years at six per cent., with the interest collected annually and added to the principal, will amount to three hundred and forty dollars. At eight per cent, it amounts to two thousand two hundred and three dollars. At three per cent, it amounts only to nineteen dollars and twenty-five cents. At ten per cent, it is thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars, or about seven hundred times as much. At twelve per cent, it amounts to eighty-four thousand and seventy-five dollars, or more than four thousand times as much. At eighteen per cent, it amounts to fifteen million one hundred and forty-five thousand and seven dollars. At twenty-four per cent, (which we sometimes hear talked of) it reaches the enormous sum of two billion five hundred and fifty-one million seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand four hundred and four dollars.”

One dollar at compound interest, at twenty-four per cent., for one hundred years, would produce a sum equal to our national debt.

Interest eats night and day, and the more it eats the hungrier it grows. The farmer in debt, lying awake at night, can, if he listens, hear it gnaw. If he owes nothing, he can hear his corn grow. Get out of debt as soon as you possibly can. You have supported idle avarice and lazy economy long enough.

Above all let every farmer treat his wife and children with infinite kindness. Give your sons and daughters every advantage within your power. In the air of kindness they will grow about you like flowers. They will fill your homes with sunshine and all your years with joy. Do not try to rule by force. A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped. Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had struck.

See to it that your wife has every convenience. Make her life worth living. Never allow her to become a servant. Wives, weary and worn, mothers, wrinkled and bent before their time, fill homes with grief and shame. If you are not able to hire help for your wives, help them yourselves. See that they have the best utensils to work with.

Women cannot create things by magic. Have plenty of wood and coal—good cellars and plenty in them. Have cisterns, so that you can have plenty of rain water for washing. Do not rely on a barrel and a board. When the rain comes the board will be lost or the hoops will be off the barrel.

Farmers should live like princes. Eat the best things you raise and sell the rest. Have good things to cook and good things to cook with. Of all people in our country, you should live the best. Throw your miserable little stoves out of the window. Get ranges, and have them so built that your wife need not burn her face off to get you a breakfast. Do not make her cook in a kitchen hot as the orthodox perdition. The beef, not the cook, should be roasted. It is just as easy to have things convenient and right as to have them any other way.

Cooking is one of the fine arts. Give your wives and daughters things to cook, and things to cook with, and they will soon become most excellent cooks. Good cooking is the basis of civilization. The man whose arteries and veins are filled with rich blood made of good and well cooked food, has pluck, courage, endurance and noble impulses. The inventor of a good soup did more for his race than the maker of any creed. The doctrines of total depravity and endless punishment were born of bad cooking and dyspepsia. Remember that your wife should have the things to cook with.

In the good old days there would be eleven children in the family and only one skillet. Everything was broken or cracked or loaned or lost.

There ought to be a law making it a crime, punishable by imprisonment, to fry beefsteak. Broil it; it is just as easy, and when broiled it is delicious. Fried beefsteak is not fit for a wild beast. You can broil even on a stove. Shut the front damper—open the back one—then take off a griddle. There will then be a draft downwards through this opening. Put on your steak, using a wire broiler, and not a particle of smoke will touch it, for the reason that the smoke goes down. If you try to broil it with the front damper open, the smoke will rise. For broiling, coal, even soft coal, makes a better fire than wood.

There is no reason why farmers should not have fresh meat all the year round. There is certainly no sense in stuffing yourself full of salt meat every morning, and making a well or a cistern of your stomach for the rest of the day. Every farmer should have an ice house. Upon or near every farm is some stream from which plenty of ice can be obtained, and the long summer days made delightful. Dr. Draper, one of the world's greatest scientists, says that ice water is healthy, and that it has done away with many of the low forms of fever in the great cities. Ice has become one of the necessaries of civilized life, and without it there is very little comfort.

Make your homes pleasant. Have your houses warm and comfortable for the winter. Do not build a story-and-a-half house. The half story is simply an oven in which, during the summer, you will bake every night, and feel in the morning as though only the rind of yourself was left.

Decorate your rooms, even if you do so with cheap engravings. The cheapest are far better than none. Have books—have papers, and read them. You have more leisure than the dwellers in cities. Beautify your grounds with plants and flowers and vines. Have good gardens. Remember that everything of beauty tends to the elevation of man. Every little morning-glory whose purple bosom is thrilled with the amorous kisses of the sun, tends to put a blossom in your heart. Do not judge of the value of everything by the market reports. Every flower about a house certifies to the refinement of somebody. Every vine climbing and blossoming, tells of love and joy.

Make your houses comfortable. Do not huddle together in a little room around a red-hot stove, with every window fastened down. Do not live in this poisoned atmosphere, and then, when one of your children dies, put a piece in the papers commencing with, "Whereas, it has pleased divine Providence to remove from our midst—." Have plenty of air, and plenty of warmth. Comfort is health. Do not imagine anything is unhealthy simply because it is pleasant. That is an old and foolish idea.

Let your children sleep. Do not drag them from their beds in the darkness of night. Do not compel them to associate all that is tiresome, irksome and dreadful with cultivating the soil. In this way you bring farming into hatred and disrepute. Treat your children with infinite kindness—treat them as equals. There is no happiness in a home not filled with love. Where the husband hates his wife—where the wife hates the husband; where children hate their parents and each other—there is a hell upon earth.

There is no reason why farmers should not be the kindest and most cultivated of men. There is nothing in plowing the fields to make men cross, cruel and crabbed. To look upon the sunny slopes covered with daisies does not tend to make men unjust. Whoever labors for the happiness of those he loves, elevates himself, no matter

whether he works in the dark and dreary shops, or in the perfumed fields. To work for others is, in reality, the only way in which a man can work for himself. Selfishness is ignorance. Speculators cannot make unless somebody loses. In the realm of speculation, every success has at least one victim. The harvest reaped by the farmer benefits all and injures none. For him to succeed, it is not necessary that some one should fail. The same is true of all producers—of all laborers.

I can imagine no condition that carries with it such a promise of joy as that of the farmer in the early winter. He has his cellar filled—he has made every preparation for the days of snow and storm—he looks forward to three months of ease and rest; to three months of fireside-content; three months with wife and children; three months of long, delightful evenings; three months of home; three months of solid comfort.

When the life of the farmer is such as I have described, the cities and towns will not be filled with want—the streets will not be crowded with wrecked rogues, broken bankers, and bankrupt speculators. The fields will be tilled, and country villages, almost hidden by trees and vines and flowers, filled with industrious and happy people, will nestle in every vale and gleam like gems on every plain.

The idea must be done away with that there is something intellectually degrading in cultivating the soil. Nothing can be nobler than to be useful. Idleness should not be respectable.

If farmers will cultivate well, and without waste; if they will so build that their houses will be warm in winter and cool in summer; if they will plant trees and beautify their homes; if they will occupy their leisure in reading, in thinking, in improving their minds and in devising ways and means to make their business profitable and pleasant; if they will live nearer together and cultivate sociability; if they will come together often; if they will have reading rooms and cultivate music; if they will have bath-rooms, ice-houses and good gardens; if their wives can have an easy time; if their sons and daughters can have an opportunity to keep in line with the thoughts and discoveries of the world; if the nights can be taken for sleep and the evenings for enjoyment, everybody will be in love with the fields. Happiness should be the object of life, and if life on the farm can be made really happy, the children will grow up in love with the meadows, the streams, the woods and the old home. Around the farm will cling and cluster the happy memories of the delightful years.

Remember, I pray you, that you are in partnership with all labor—that you should join hands with all the sons and daughters of toil, and that all who work belong to the same noble family.

For my part, I envy the man who has lived on the same broad acres from his boyhood, who cultivates the fields where in youth he played, and lives where his father lived and died.

I can imagine no sweeter way to end one’s life

What Must We Do To Be Saved?

PREFACE

If what is known as the Christian Religion is true, nothing can be more wonderful than the fact that Matthew, Mark and Luke say nothing about "salvation by faith;" that they do not even hint at the doctrine of the atonement, and are as silent as empty tombs as to the necessity of believing anything to secure happiness in this world or another.

For a good many years it has been claimed that the writers of these gospels knew something about the teachings of Christ, and had, at least, a general knowledge of the conditions of salvation. It now seems to be substantiated that the early Christians did not place implicit confidence in the gospels, and did not hesitate to make such changes and additions as they thought proper. Such changes and additions are about the only passages in the New Testament that the Evangelical Churches now consider sacred. That portion of the last chapter of Mark, in which unbelievers are so cheerfully and promptly damned, has been shown to be an interpolation, and it is asserted that in the revised edition of the New Testament, soon to be issued, the infamous passages will not appear. With these expunged, there is not one word in Matthew, Mark, or Luke, even tending to show that belief in Christ has, or can have, any effect upon the destiny of the soul.

The four gospels are the four corner-stones upon which rests the fabric of orthodox Christianity. Three of these stones have crumbled, and the fourth is not likely to outlast this generation. The gospel of John cannot alone uphold the infinite absurdity of vicarious virtue and vice, and it cannot, without the aid of "interpolation," sustain the illogical and immoral dogma of salvation by faith. These frightful doctrines must be abandoned; the miraculous must be given up, the wonderful stories must be expunged, and from the creed of noble deeds the forgeries of superstition must be blotted out. From the temple of Morality and Truth—from the great windows towards the sun—the parasitic and poisonous vines of faith and fable must be torn.

The church will be compelled at last to rest its case, not upon the wonders Christ is said to have performed, but upon the system of morality he taught. All the miracles, including the resurrection and ascension, are, when compared with portions of the "Sermon on the Mount," but dust and darkness.

The careful reader of the New Testament will find three Christs described:—One who wished to preserve Judaism—one who wished to reform it, and one who built a system of his own. The apostles and their disciples, utterly unable to comprehend a religion that did away with sacrifices, churches, priests, and creeds, constructed a Christianity for themselves, so that the orthodox churches of to-day rest—first, upon what Christ endeavored to destroy—second, upon what he never said, and, third, upon a misunderstanding of what he did say.

If a certain belief is necessary to insure the salvation of the soul, the church ought to explain, and without any unnecessary delay, why such an infinitely important fact was utterly ignored by Matthew, Mark and Luke. There are only two explanations possible. Either belief is unnecessary, or the writers of these three gospels did not understand the Christian system. The "sacredness" of the subject cannot longer hide the absurdity of the "scheme of salvation," nor the failure of Matthew, Mark and

Luke to mention, what is now claimed to have been, the entire mission of Christ. The church must take from the New Testament the supernatural'; the idea that an intellectual conviction can subject an honest man to eternal pain—the awful doctrine that the innocent can justly suffer for the guilty, and allow the remainder to be discussed, denied or believed without punishment and without reward. No one will object to the preaching of kindness, honesty and justice. To preach less is a crime, and to practice more is impossible.

There is one thing that ought to be again impressed upon the average theologian, and that is the utter futility of trying to answer arguments with personal abuse. It should be understood once for all that these questions are in no sense personal. If it should turn out that all the professed Christians in the world are sinless saints, the question of how Matthew, Mark, and Luke, came to say nothing about the atonement and the scheme of salvation by faith, would still be asked. And if it should then be shown that all the doubters, deists, and atheists, are vile and vicious wretches, the question still would wait for a reply.

The origin of all religions, creeds, and sacred books, is substantially the same, and the history of one, is, in the main, the history of all. Thus far these religions have been the mistaken explanations of our surroundings. The appearances of nature have imposed upon the ignorance and fear of man. But back of all honest creeds was, and is, the desire to know, to understand, and to explain, and that desire will, as I most fervently hope and earnestly believe, be gratified at last by the discovery of the truth. Until then, let us bear with the theories, hopes, dreams, mistakes, and honest thoughts of all.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Washington, D. C.,

October, 1880.

WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED?

"THE NUREMBERG MAN WAS OPERATED BY A COMBINATION OF PIPES AND LEVERS, AND THOUGH HE COULD BREATHE AND DIGEST PERFECTLY, AND EVEN REASON AS WELL AS MOST THEOLOGIANS, WAS MADE OF NOTHING BUT WOOD AND LEATHER."

THE whole world has been filled with fear.

Ignorance has been the refuge of the soul. For thousands of years the intellectual ocean was ravaged by the buccaneers of reason. Pious souls clung to the shore and looked at the lighthouse. The seas were filled with monsters and the islands with sirens. The people were driven in the middle of a narrow road while priests went before, beating the hedges on either side to frighten the robbers from their lairs. The poor followers seeing no robbers, thanked their brave leaders with all their hearts.

I. WHAT WE MUST DO TO BE SAVED

Huddled in folds they listened with wide eyes while the shepherds told of ravening wolves. With great gladness they exchanged their fleeces for security. Shorn and shivering, they had the happiness of seeing their protectors comfortable and warm.

Through all the years, those who plowed divided with those who prayed. Wicked industry supported pious idleness, the hut gave to the cathedral, and frightened poverty gave even its rags to buy a robe for hypocrisy.

Fear is the dungeon of the mind, and superstition is a dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul. Courage is liberty. I am in favor of absolute freedom of thought. In the realm of mind every one is monarch; every one is robed, sceptered, and crowned, and every one wears the purple of authority. I belong to the republic of intellectual liberty, and only those are good citizens of that republic who depend upon reason and upon persuasion, and only those are traitors who resort to brute force.

Now, I beg of you all to forget just for a few moments that you are Methodists or Baptists or Catholics or Presbyterians, and let us for an hour or two remember only that we are men and women. And allow me to say “man” and “woman” are the highest titles that can be bestowed upon humanity.

Let us, if possible, banish all fear from the mind. Do not imagine that there is some being in the infinite expanse who is not willing that every man and woman should think for himself and herself. Do not imagine that there is any being who would give to his children the holy torch of reason, and then damn them for following that sacred light. Let us have courage.

Priests have invented a crime called “blasphemy,” and behind that crime hypocrisy has crouched for thousands of years. There is but one blasphemy, and that is injustice. There is but one worship, and that is justice!

You need not fear the anger of a god that you cannot injure. Rather fear to injure your fellow-men. Do not be afraid of a crime you can not commit. Rather be afraid of the one that you may commit. The reason that you cannot injure God is that the Infinite is conditionless. You cannot increase or diminish the happiness of any being without changing that being’s condition. If God is conditionless, you can neither injure nor benefit him.

There was a Jewish gentleman went into a restaurant to get his dinner, and the devil of temptation whispered in his ear: “Eat some bacon.” He knew if there was anything in the universe calculated to excite the wrath of an infinite being, who made every shining star, it was to see a gentleman eating bacon. He knew it, and he knew the infinite being was looking, that he was the eternal eavesdropper of the universe. But his appetite got the better of his conscience, as it often has with us all, and he ate that bacon. He knew it was wrong, and his conscience felt the blood of shame in its cheek. When he went into that restaurant the weather was delightful, the sky was as blue as June, and when he came out the sky was covered with angry clouds, the lightning leaping from one to the other, and the earth shaking beneath the voice of the thunder. He went back into that restaurant with a face as white as milk, and he said to one of the keepers:

“My God, did you ever hear such a fuss about a little piece of bacon?”

As long as we harbor such opinions of infinity; as long as we imagine the heavens to be filled with such tyranny, just so long the sons of men will be cringing, intellectual cowards. Let us think, and let us honestly express our thought.

Do not imagine for a moment that I think people who disagree with me are bad people. I admit, and I cheerfully admit, that a very large proportion of mankind, and a very large majority, a vast number are reasonably honest. I believe that most Christians believe what they teach; that most ministers are endeavoring to make this world better. I do not pretend to be better than they are. It is an intellectual question. It is a question, first, of intellectual liberty, and after that, a question to be settled at

the bar of human reason. I do not pretend to be better than they are. Probably I am a good deal worse than many of them, but that is not the question. The question is: Bad as I am, have I the right to think? And I think I have for two reasons: First, I cannot help it. And secondly, I like it. The whole question is right at a point. If I have not a right to express my thoughts, who has?

"Oh," they say, "we will allow you to think, we will not burn you."

"All right; why won't you burn me?"

"Because we think a decent man will allow others to think and to express his thought."

"Then the reason you do not persecute me for my thought is that you believe it would be infamous in you?"

"Yes."

"And yet you worship a God who will, as you declare, punish me forever?"

Surely an infinite God ought to be as just as man. Surely no God can have the right to punish his children for being honest. He should not reward hypocrisy with heaven, and punish candor with eternal pain.

The next question then is: Can I commit a sin against God by thinking? If God did not intend I should think, why did he give me a thinker? For one, I am convinced, not only that I have the right to think, but that it is my duty to express my honest thoughts. Whatever the gods may say we must be true to ourselves.

We have got what they call the Christian system of religion, and thousands of people wonder how I can be wicked enough to attack that system.

There are many good things about it, and I shall never attack anything that I believe to be good! I shall never fear to attack anything I honestly believe to be wrong! We have what they call the Christian religion, and I find, just in proportion that nations have been religious, just in the proportion they have clung to the religion of their founders, they have gone back to barbarism. I find that Spain, Portugal, Italy, are the three worst nations in Europe. I find that the nation nearest infidel is the most prosperous—France.

And so I say there can be no danger in the exercise of absolute intellectual freedom. I find among ourselves the men who think are at least as good as those who do not.

We have, I say, a Christian system, and that system is founded upon what they are pleased to call the "New Testament." Who wrote the New Testament? I do not know. Who does know? Nobody. We have found many manuscripts containing portions of the New Testament. Some of these manuscripts leave out five or six books—many of them. Others more; others less. No two of these manuscripts agree. Nobody knows who wrote these manuscripts. They are all written in Greek. The disciples of Christ, so far as we know, knew only Hebrew. Nobody ever saw so far as we know, one of the original Hebrew manuscripts.

Nobody ever saw anybody who had seen anybody who had heard of anybody that had ever seen anybody that had ever seen one of the original Hebrew manuscripts. No doubt the clergy of your city have told you these facts thousands of times, and they will be obliged to me for having repeated them once more. These manuscripts are written in what are called capital Greek letters. They are called Uncial manuscripts, and the New Testament was not divided into chapters and verses, even, until the year

of grace 1551. In the original the manuscripts and gospels are signed by nobody. The epistles are addressed to nobody; and they are signed by the same person. All the addresses, all the pretended ear-marks showing to whom they were written, and by whom they were written, are simply interpolations, and everybody who has studied the subject knows it.

It is further admitted that even these manuscripts have not been properly translated, and they have a syndicate now making a new translation; and I suppose that I can not tell whether I really believe the New Testament or not until I see that new translation.

You must remember, also, one other thing. Christ never wrote a solitary word of the New Testament—not one word. There is an account that he once stooped and wrote something in the sand, but that has not been preserved. He never told anybody to write a word. He never said: "Matthew, remember this. Mark, do not forget to put that down. Luke, be sure that in your gospel you have this. John, do not forget it." Not one word. And it has always seemed to me that a being coming from another world, with a message of infinite importance to mankind, should at least have verified that message by his own signature. Is it not wonderful that not one word was written by Christ? Is it not strange that he gave no orders to have his words preserved—words upon which hung the salvation of a world?

Why was nothing written? I will tell you. In my judgment they expected the end of the world in a few days. That generation was not to pass away until the heavens should be rolled up as a scroll, and until the earth should melt with fervent heat. That was their belief. They believed that the world was to be destroyed, and that there was to be another coming, and that the saints were then to govern the earth. And they even went so far among the apostles, as we frequently do now before election, as to divide out the offices in advance. This Testament, as it now is, was not written for hundreds of years after the apostles were dust. Many of the pretended facts lived in the open mouth of credulity. They were in the wastebaskets of forgetfulness. They depended upon the inaccuracy of legend, and for centuries these doctrines and stories were blown about by the inconstant winds. And when reduced to writing, some gentleman would write by the side of the passage his idea of it, and the next copyist would put that in as a part of the text. And, when it was mostly written, and the church got into trouble, and wanted a passage to help it out, one was interpolated to order. So that now it is among the easiest things in the world to pick out at least one hundred interpolations in the Testament. And I will pick some of them out before I get through.

And let me say here, once for all, that for the man Christ I have infinite respect. Let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground. And let me say, once for all, that to that great and serene man I gladly pay, I gladly pay, the tribute of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in his day. He was an infidel in his time. He was regarded as a blasphemer, and his life was destroyed by hypocrites, who have, in all ages, done what they could to trample freedom and manhood out of the human mind. Had I lived at that time I would have been his friend, and should he come again he will not find a better friend than I will be.

That is for the man. For the theological creation I have a different feeling. If he was, in fact, God, he knew there was no such thing as death. He knew that what we called death was but the eternal opening of the golden gates of everlasting joy; and it took no heroism to face a death that was eternal life.

But when a man, when a poor boy sixteen years of age, goes upon the field of battle to keep his flag in heaven, not knowing but that death ends all; not knowing but that when the shadows creep over him, the darkness will be eternal, there is heroism. For the man who, in the darkness, said: “My God, why hast thou forsaken me?”—for that man I have nothing but respect, admiration, and love. Back of the theological shreds, rags, and patches, hiding the real Christ, I see a genuine man.

A while ago I made up my mind to find out what was necessary for me to do in order to be saved. If I have got a soul, I want it saved. I do not wish to lose anything that is of value.

For thousands of years the world has been asking that question:

“What must we do to be saved?”

Saved from poverty? No. Saved from crime? No. Tyranny? No. But “What must we do to be saved from the eternal wrath of the God who made us all?”

If God made us, he will not destroy us. Infinite wisdom never made a poor investment. Upon all the works of an infinite God, a dividend must finally be declared. Why should God make failures? Why should he waste material? Why should he not correct his mistakes, instead of damning them? The pulpit has cast a shadow over even the cradle. The doctrine of endless punishment has covered the cheeks of this world with tears. I despise it, and I defy it.

I made up my mind, I say, to see what I had to do in order to save my soul according to the Testament, and thereupon I read it. I read the gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and found that the church had been deceiving me. I found that the clergy did not understand their own book; that they had been building upon passages that had been interpolated; upon passages that were entirely untrue, and I will tell you why I think so.

II. THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW

ACCORDING to the church, the first gospel was written by Matthew. As a matter of fact he never wrote a word of it—never saw it, never heard of it and probably never will. But for the purposes of this lecture I admit that he wrote years; that he was his constant companion; that he shared his sorrows and his triumphs; that he heard his words by the lonely lakes, the barren hills, in synagogue and street, and that he knew his heart and became acquainted with his thoughts and aims.

Now let us see what Matthew says we must do in order to be saved. And I take it that, if this is true, Matthew is as good authority as any minister in the world.

I will admit that he was with Christ for three years.

The first thing I find upon the subject of salvation is in the fifth chapter of Matthew, and is embraced in what is commonly known as the Sermon on the Mount. It is as follows:

“Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” Good!

“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” Good! Whether they belonged to any church or not; whether they believed the Bible or not?

“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” Good!

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” Good!

In the same sermon he says: “Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.” And then he makes use of this remarkable language, almost as applicable to-day as it was then: “For I say unto you that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Good!

In the sixth chapter I find the following, and it comes directly after the prayer known as the Lord’s prayer:

“For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your father forgive your trespasses.”

I accept the condition. There is an offer; I accept it. If you will forgive men that trespass against you, God will forgive your trespasses against him. I accept the terms, and I never will ask any God to treat me better than I treat my fellow-men. There is a square promise. There is a contract. If you will forgive others God will forgive you. And it does not say you must believe in the Old Testament, or be baptized, or join the church, or keep Sunday; that you must count beads, or pray, or become a nun, or a priest; that you must preach sermons or hear them, build churches or fill them. Not one word is said about eating or fasting, denying or believing. It simply says, if you forgive others God will forgive you; and it must of necessity be true. No god could afford to damn a forgiving man. Suppose God should damn to everlasting fire a man so great and good, that he, looking from the abyss of hell, would forgive God,—how would a god feel then?

Now let me make myself plain upon one subject, perfectly plain. For instance, I hate Presbyterianism, but I know hundreds of splendid Presbyterians. Understand me. I hate Methodism, and yet I know hundreds of splendid Methodists. I hate Catholicism, and like Catholics. I hate insanity but not the insane.

I do not war against men. I do not war against persons. I war against certain doctrines that I believe to be wrong. But I give to every other human being every right that I claim for myself.

The next thing that I find is in the seventh chapter and the second verse: “For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.” Good! That suits me!

And in the twelfth chapter of Matthew: “For whosoever shall do the will of my Father that is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother. For the son of man shall come in the glory of his father with his angels, and then he shall reward every man according.... To the church he belongs to? No. To the manner in which he was baptized? No. According to his creed? No. Then he shall reward every man according to his works.” Good! I subscribe to that doctrine.

And in the eighteenth chapter: “And Jesus called a little child to him and stood him in the midst; and said, ‘Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.’” I do not wonder that in his day, surrounded by scribes and Pharisees, he turned lovingly to little children.

And yet, see what children the little children of God have been. What an interesting dimpled darling John Calvin was. Think of that prattling babe, Jonathan Edwards! Think of the infants that founded the Inquisition, that invented instruments of torture to tear human flesh. They were the ones who had become as little children. They were the children of faith.

So I find in the nineteenth chapter: "And behold, one came and said unto him: 'Good master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?' And he said unto him, 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.' He saith unto him, 'which?'"

Now, there is a fair issue. Here is a child of God asking God what is necessary for him to do in order to inherit eternal life. And God said to him: Keep the commandments. And the child said to the Almighty: "Which?" Now, if there ever has been an opportunity given to the Almighty to furnish a man of an inquiring mind with the necessary information upon that subject, here was the opportunity. "He said unto him, which? And Jesus said: Thou shalt do no murder; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness; honor thy father and mother; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

He did not say to him: "You must believe in me—that I am the only begotten son of the living God." He did not say: "You must be born again." He did not say: "You must believe the Bible." He did not say: "You must remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He simply said: "Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Honor thy father and thy mother; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And thereupon the young man, who I think was mistaken, said unto him: "All these things have I kept from my youth up."

What right has the church to add conditions of salvation? Why should we suppose that Christ failed to tell the young man all that was necessary for him to do? Is it possible that he left out some important thing simply to mislead? Will some minister tell us why he thinks that Christ kept back the "scheme"?

Now comes an interpolation.

In the old times when the church got a little scarce of money, they always put in a passage praising poverty. So they had this young man ask: "What lack I yet? And Jesus said unto him: If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

The church has always been willing to swap off treasures in heaven for cash down. And when the next verse was written the church must have been nearly bankrupt. "And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Did you ever know a wealthy disciple to unload on account of that verse?

And then comes another verse, which I believe is an interpolation: "And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

Christ never said it. Never. "Whosoever shall forsake father and mother."

Why, he said to this man that asked him, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" among other things, he said: "Honor thy father and thy mother." And we turn over

the page and he says again: “If you will desert your father and mother you shall have everlasting life.” It will not do. If you will desert your wife and your little children, or your lands—the idea of putting a house and lot on equality with wife and children! Think of that! I do not accept the terms. I will never desert the one I love for the promise of any god.

It is far more important to love your wife than to love God, and I will tell you why. You cannot help him, but you can help her. You can fill her life with the perfume of perpetual joy. It is far more important that you love your children than that you love Jesus Christ. And why? If he is God you cannot help him, but you can plant a little flower of happiness in every footstep of the child, from the cradle until you die in that child’s arms. Let me tell you to-day it is far more important to build a home than to erect a church. The holiest temple beneath the stars is a home that love has built. And the holiest altar in all the wide world is the fireside around which gather father and mother and the sweet babes.

There was a time when people believed the infamy commanded in this frightful passage. There was a time when they did desert fathers and mothers and wives and children. St. Augustine says to the devotee: Fly to the desert, and though your wife put her arms around your neck, tear her hands away; she is a temptation of the devil. Though your father and mother throw their bodies athwart your threshold, step over them; and though your children pursue, and with weeping’ eyes beseech you to return, listen not. It is the temptation of the evil one. Fly to the desert and save your soul. Think of such a soul being worth saving. While I live I propose to stand by the ones I love.

There is another condition of salvation. I find it in the twenty-fifth chapter: “Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me.” Good!

I tell you to-night that God will not punish with eternal thirst the man who has put the cup of cold water to the lips of his neighbor. God will not leave in the eternal nakedness of pain the man who has clothed his fellow-men.

For instance, here is a shipwreck, and here is some brave sailor who stands aside and allows a woman whom he never saw before to take his place in the boat, and he stands there, grand and serene as the wide sea, and he goes down. Do you tell me that there is any God who will push the lifeboat from the shore of eternal life, when that man wishes to step in? Do you tell me that God can be unpitying to the pitiful, that he can be unforgiving to the forgiving? I deny it; and from the aspersions of the pulpit I seek to rescue the reputation of the Deity.

Now, I have read you substantially everything in Matthew on the subject of salvation. That is all there is. Not one word about believing anything. It is the gospel of deed, the gospel of charity, the gospel of self-denial; and if only that gospel had been preached, persecution never would have shed one drop of blood. Not one.

According to the testimony Matthew was well acquainted with Christ. According to the testimony, he had been with him, and his companion for years, and if it was necessary to believe anything in order to get to heaven, Matthew should have told us. But he forgot it, or he did not believe it, or he never heard of it. You can take your choice.

In Matthew, we find that heaven is promised, first, to the poor in spirit. Second, to the merciful. Third, to the pure in heart. Fourth, to the peacemakers. Fifth, to those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Sixth, to those who keep and teach the commandments. Seventh, to those who forgive men that trespass against them. Eighth, that we will be judged as we judge others. Ninth, that they who receive prophets and righteous men shall receive a prophet's reward. Tenth, to those who do the will of God. Eleventh, that every man shall be rewarded according to his works. Twelfth, to those who become as little children. Thirteenth, to those who forgive the trespasses of others. Fourteenth, to the perfect: they who sell all that they have and give to the poor. Fifteenth, to them who forsake houses, and brethren, and sisters, and father, and mother, and wife, and children, and lands for the sake of Christ's name. Sixteenth, to those who feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, shelter to the stranger, clothes to the naked, comfort to the sick, and who visit the prisoner.

Nothing else is said with regard to salvation in the gospel according to St. Matthew. Not one word about believing the Old Testament to have been inspired; not one word about being baptized or joining a church; not one word about believing in any miracle; not even a hint that it was necessary to believe that Christ was the son of God, or that he did any wonderful or miraculous things, or that he was born of a virgin, or that his coming had been foretold by the Jewish prophets. Not one word about believing in the Trinity, or in foreordination or predestination. Matthew had not understood from Christ that any such things were necessary to ensure the salvation of the soul.

According to the testimony, Matthew had been in the company of Christ, some say three years and some say one, but at least he had been with him long enough to find out some of his ideas upon this great subject. And yet Matthew never got the impression that it was necessary to believe something in order to get to heaven. He supposed that if a man forgave others God would forgive him; he believed that God would show mercy to the merciful; that he would not allow those who fed the hungry to starve; that he would not put in the flames of hell those who had given cold water to the thirsty; that he would not cast into the eternal dungeon of his wrath those who had visited the imprisoned; and that he would not damn men who forgave others.

Matthew had it in his mind that God would treat us very much as we treated other people; and that in the next world he would treat with kindness those who had been loving and gentle in their lives. It may be the apostle was mistaken; but evidently that was his opinion.

III. THE GOSPEL OF MARK

LET us now see what Mark thought it necessary for a man to do to save his soul. In the fourth chapter, after Jesus had given to the multitude by the sea the parable of the sower, his disciples, when they were again alone, asked him the meaning of the parable. Jesus replied:

"Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables:

"That seeing, they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them."

It is a little hard to understand why he should have preached to people that he did not intend should know his meaning. Neither is it quite clear why he objected to their

being converted. This, I suppose, is one of the mysteries that we should simply believe without endeavoring to comprehend.

With the above exception, and one other that I will mention hereafter, Mark substantially agrees with Matthew, and says that God will be merciful to the merciful, that he will be kind to the kind, that he will pity the pitying, and love the loving. Mark upholds the religion of Matthew until we come to the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the sixteenth chapter, and then I strike an interpolation put in by hypocrisy, put in by priests who longed to grasp with bloody hands the sceptre of universal power. Let me read it to you. It is the most infamous passage in the Bible. Christ never said it. No sensible man ever said it.

"And He said unto them" (that is, unto his disciples), "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

That passage was written so that fear would give alms to hypocrisy. Now, I propose to prove to you that this is an interpolation. How will I do it? In the first place, not one word is said about belief, in Matthew. In the next place, not one word about belief, in Mark, until I come to that verse, and where is that said to have been spoken? According to Mark, it is a part of the last conversation of Jesus Christ,—just before, according to the account, he ascended bodily before their eyes. If there ever was any important thing happened in this world that was it. If there is any conversation that people would be apt to recollect, it would be the last conversation with a god before he rose visibly through the air and seated himself upon the throne of the infinite. We have in this Testament five accounts of the last conversation happening between Jesus Christ and his apostles. Matthew gives it, and yet Matthew does not state that in that conversation Christ said: "Whoso believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and whoso believeth not shall be damned." And if he did say those words they were the most important that ever fell from lips. Matthew did not hear it, or did not believe it, or forgot it.

Then I turn to Luke, and he gives an account of this same last conversation, and not one word does he say upon that subject. Luke does not pretend that Christ said that whoso believeth not shall be damned. Luke certainly did not hear it. May be he forgot it. Perhaps he did not think that it was worth recording. Now, it is the most important thing, if Christ said it, that he ever said.

Then I turn to John, and he gives an account of the last conversation, but not one solitary word on the subject of belief or unbelief. Not one solitary word on the subject of damnation. Not one. John might not have been listening.

Then I turn to the first chapter of the Acts, and there I find an account of the last conversation; and in that conversation there is not one word upon this subject. This is a demonstration that the passage in Mark is an interpolation. What other reason have I got? There is not one particle of sense in it. Why? No man can control his belief. You hear evidence for and against, and the integrity of the soul stands at the scales and tells which side rises and which side falls. You can not believe as you wish. You must believe as you must. And he might as well have said: "Go into the world and preach the gospel, and whosoever has red hair shall be saved, and whosoever hath not shall be damned."

I have another reason. I am much obliged to the gentleman who interpolated these passages. I am much obliged to him that he put in some more—two more. Now hear:

“And these signs shall follow them that believe.” Good!

“In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.”

Bring on your believer! Let him cast out a devil. I do not ask for a large one. Just a little one for a cent. Let him take up serpents. “And if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them.” Let me mix up a dose for the believer, and if it does not hurt him I will join a church. “Oh! but,” they say, “those things only lasted through the Apostolic age.” Let us see. “Go into all the world and preach the gospel, and whosoever believes and is baptized shall be saved, and these signs shall follow them that believe.”

How long? I think at least until they had gone into all the world. Certainly those signs should follow until all the world had been visited. And yet if that declaration was in the mouth of Christ, he then knew that one-half of the world was unknown, and that he would be dead fourteen hundred and fifty-nine years before his disciples would know that there was another continent. And yet he said, “Go into all the world and preach the gospel,” and he knew then that it would be fourteen hundred and fifty-nine years before anybody could go. Well, if it was worth while to have signs follow believers in the Old World, surely it was worth while to have signs follow believers in the New. And the very reason that signs should follow would be to convince the unbeliever, and there are as many unbelievers now as ever, and the signs are as necessary to-day as they ever were. I would like a few myself.

This frightful declaration, “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned,” has filled the world with agony and crime. Every letter of this passage has been sword and fagot; every word has been dungeon and chain. That passage made the sword of persecution drip with innocent blood through centuries of agony and crime. That passage made the horizon of a thousand years lurid with the fagot’s flames. That passage contradicts the Sermon on the Mount; travesties the Lord’s prayer; turns the splendid religion of deed and duty into the superstition of creed and cruelty. I deny it. It is infamous! Christ never said it!

IV. THE GOSPEL OF LUKE.

IT is sufficient to say that Luke agrees substantially with Matthew and Mark.

“Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.” Good!

“Judge not and ye shall not be judged: condemn not and ye shall not be condemned: forgive and ye shall be forgiven.” Good!

“Give and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over.” Good! I like it.

“For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.”

He agrees substantially with Mark; he agrees substantially with Matthew; and I come at last to the nineteenth chapter.

“And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord, ‘Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him four fold.’ And Jesus said unto him, ‘this day is salvation come to this house.’”

That is good doctrine. He did not ask Zaccheus what he believed. He did not ask him, "Do you believe in the Bible? Do you believe in the five points? Have you ever been baptized—sprinkled? Or immersed?" "Half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him four fold." "And Christ said, this day is salvation come to this house." Good!

I read also in Luke that Christ when upon the cross forgave his murderers, and that is considered the shining gem in the crown of his mercy. He forgave his murderers. He forgave the men who drove the nails in his hands, in his feet, that plunged a spear in his side; the soldier that in the hour of death offered him in mockery the bitterness to drink. He forgave them all freely, and yet, although he would forgive them, he will in the nineteenth century, as we are told by the orthodox church, damn to eternal fire a noble man for the expression of his honest thoughts. That will not do. I find, too, in Luke, an account of two thieves that were crucified at the same time. The other gospels speak of them. One says they both railed upon him. Another says nothing about it. In Luke we are told that one railed upon him, but one of the thieves looked and pitied Christ, and Christ said to that thief:

"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Why did he say that? Because the thief pitied him. God can not afford to trample beneath the feet of his infinite wrath the smallest blossom of pity that ever shed its perfume in the human heart!

Who was this thief? To what church did he belong? I do not know. The fact that he was a thief throws no light on that question. Who was he? What did he believe? I do not know. Did he believe in the Old Testament? In the miracles? I do not know. Did he believe that Christ was God? I do not know. Why then was the promise made to him that he should meet Christ in Paradise? Simply because he pitied suffering innocence upon the cross.

God can not afford to damn any man who is capable of pitying anybody.

V. THE GOSPEL OF JOHN

AND now we come to John, and that is where the trouble commences.

The other gospels teach that God will be merciful to the merciful, forgiving to the forgiving, kind to the kind, loving to the loving, just to the just, merciful to the good.

Now we come to John, and here is another doctrine. And allow me to say that John was not written until long after the others. John was mostly written by the church.

"Jesus answered and said unto him: Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God."

Why did he not tell Matthew that? Why did he not tell Luke that? Why did he not tell Mark that? They never heard of it, or forgot it, or they did not believe it.

"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God." Why?

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," and he might have added, that which is born of water is water.

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, 'ye must be born again.'" And then the reason is given, and I admit I did not understand it myself until I read the reason, and when you hear the reason, you will understand it as well as I do; and here it is: "The wind

bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." So, I find in the book of John the idea of the Real Presence.

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.

"For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

"He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live."

"And shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."-"And this is the will of him that sent me, that everyone which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

"No man can come to me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

"I am that bread of life.

"Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.

"This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die.

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

"Then Jesus said unto them, verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.

"Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

"For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

"He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.

"As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.

"This is that bread which came down from heaven; not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead; he that eateth of this bread shall live forever."

“And he said, Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it were given unto him of my Father.”

“Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

“And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.”

“He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal.”

So I find in the book of John, that in order to be saved we must not only believe in Jesus Christ, but we must eat the flesh and we must drink the blood of Jesus Christ. If that gospel is true, the Catholic Church is right. But it is not true. I can not believe it, and yet for all that, it may be true. But I do not believe it. Neither do I believe there is any god in the universe who will damn a man simply for expressing his belief.

“Why,” they say to me, “suppose all this should turn out to be true, and you should come to the day of judgment and find all these things to be true. What would you do then?” I would walk up like a man, and say, “I was mistaken.”

“And suppose God was about to pass judgment upon you, what would you say?” I would say to him, “Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.” Why not?

I am told that I must render good for evil. I am told that if smitten on one cheek I must turn the other. I am told that I must overcome evil with good. I am told that I must love my enemies; and will it do for this God who tells me to love my enemies to damn his? No, it will not do. It will not do.

In the book of John all these doctrines of regeneration—that it is necessary to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; that salvation depends upon belief—in this book of John all these doctrines find their warrant; nowhere else.

Read Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and then read John, and you will agree with me that the three first gospels teach that if we are kind and forgiving to our fellows, God will be kind and forgiving to us. In John we are told that another man can be good for us, or bad for us, and that the only way to get to heaven is to believe something that we know is not so.

All these passages about believing in Christ, drinking his blood and eating his flesh, are afterthoughts. They were written by the theologians, and in a few years they will be considered unworthy of the lips of Christ.

VI. THE CATHOLICS

NOW, upon these gospels that I have read the churches rest; and out of these things, mistakes and interpolations, they have made their creeds. And the first church to make a creed, so far as I know, was the Catholic. It was the first church that had any power. That is the church that has preserved all these miracles for us. That is the church that preserved the manuscripts for us. That is the church whose word we have to take. That church is the first witness that Protestantism brought to the bar of history to prove miracles that took place eighteen hundred years ago; and while the witness is there Protestantism takes pains to say: “You cannot believe one word that witness says, *now*.”

That church is the only one that keeps up a constant communication with heaven through the instrumentality of a large number of decayed saints. That church has an

agent of God on earth, has a person who stands in the place of deity; and that church is infallible. That church has persecuted to the exact extent of her power—and always will. In Spain that church stands erect, and is arrogant. In the United States that church crawls; but the object in both countries is the same—and that is the destruction of intellectual liberty. That church teaches us that we can make God happy by being miserable ourselves; that a nun is holier in the sight of God than a loving mother with her child in her thrilled and thrilling arms; that a priest is better than a father; that celibacy is better than that passion of love that has made everything of beauty in this world. That church tells the girl of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with eyes like dew and light; that girl with the red of health in the white of her beautiful cheeks—tells that girl, "Put on the veil, woven of death and night, kneel upon stones, and you will please God."

I tell you that, by law, no girl should be allowed to take the veil and renounce the joys and beauties of this life.

I am opposed to allowing these spider-like priests to weave webs to catch the loving maidens of the world. There ought to be a law appointing commissioners to visit such places twice a year and release every person who expresses a desire to be released. I do not believe in keeping the penitentiaries of God. No doubt they are honest about it. That is not the question. These ignorant superstitions fill millions of lives with weariness and pain, with agony and tears.

This church, after a few centuries of thought, made a creed, and that creed is the foundation of the orthodox religion. Let me read it to you:

"Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith; which faith except every one do keep entire and inviolate, without doubt, he shall everlastingly perish." Now the faith is this: "That we worship one God in trinity and trinity in unity."

Of course you understand how that is done, and there is no need of my explaining it. "Neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance." You see what a predicament that would leave the deity in if you divided the substance.

"For one is the person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost; but the Godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one"—you know what I mean by Godhead. "In glory equal, and in majesty coëternal. Such as the Father is, such is the Son, such is the Holy Ghost. The Father is uncreated, the Son uncreated, the Holy Ghost uncreated. The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, the Holy Ghost incomprehensible." And that is the reason we know so much about the thing. "The Father is eternal, the Son eternal, the Holy Ghost eternal, and yet there are not three eternals, only one eternal, as also there are not three uncreated, nor three incomprehensibles, only one uncreated, one incomprehensible."

"In like manner, the Father is almighty, the Son almighty, the Holy Ghost almighty. Yet there are not three almighties, only one Almighty. So the Father is God, the Son God, the Holy Ghost God, and yet not three Gods; and so, likewise, the Father is Lord, the Son is Lord, the Holy Ghost is Lord, yet there are not three Lords, for as we are compelled by the Christian truth to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord, so we are all forbidden by the Catholic religion to say there are three Gods, or three Lords. The Father is made of no one; not created or begotten. The Son is from the Father alone, not made, not created, but begotten. The Holy Ghost is from the Father and the Son, not made nor begotten, but proceeding."

You know what proceeding is.

“So there is one Father, not three Fathers.” Why should there be three fathers, and only one Son? “One Son, and not three Sons; one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts; and in this Trinity there is nothing before or afterward, nothing greater or less, but the whole three persons are coëternal with one another and coëqual, so that in all things the unity is to be worshiped in Trinity, and the Trinity is to be worshiped in unity. Those who will be saved must thus think of the Trinity. Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting salvation that he also believe rightly the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now the right of this thing is this: That we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and man. He is God of the substance of his Father begotten before the world was.”

That was a good while before his mother lived. “And he is man of the substance of his mother, born in this world, perfect God and perfect man, and the rational soul in human flesh, subsisting equal to the Father according to his Godhead, but less than the Father according to his manhood, who being both God and man is not two but one, one not by conversion of God into flesh, but by the taking of the manhood into God.” You see that is a great deal easier than the other way would be.

“One altogether, not by a confusion of substance but by unity of person, for as the rational soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ, who suffered for our salvation, descended into hell, rose again the third day from the dead, ascended into heaven, and he sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, and He shall come to judge the living and the dead.” In order to be saved it is necessary to believe this. What a blessing that we do not have to understand it. And in order to compel the human intellect to get upon its knees before that infinite absurdity, thousands and millions have suffered agonies; thousands and thousands have perished in dungeons and in fire; and if all the bones of all the victims of the Catholic Church could be gathered together, a monument higher than all the pyramids would rise, in the presence of which the eyes even of priests would be wet with tears.

That church covered Europe with cathedrals and dungeons, and robbed men of the jewel of the soul. That church had ignorance upon its knees. That church went in partnership with the tyrants of the throne, and between those two vultures, the altar and the throne, the heart of man was devoured.

Of course I have met, and cheerfully admit that there are thousands of good Catholics; but Catholicism is contrary to human liberty. Catholicism bases salvation upon belief. Catholicism teaches man to trample his reason under foot. And for that reason it is wrong.

Thousands of volumes could not contain the crimes of the Catholic Church. They could not contain even the names of her victims. With sword and fire, with rack and chain, with dungeon and whip she endeavored to convert the world. In weakness a beggar—in power a highwayman,—alms dish or dagger—tramp or tyrant.

VII. THE EPISCOPALIANS

THE next church I wish to speak of is the Episcopalian. That was founded by Henry VIII., now in heaven. He cast off Queen Catherine and Catholicism together, and he accepted Episcopalianism and Annie Boleyn at the same time. That church, if it had a few more ceremonies, would be Catholic. If it had a few less, nothing. We have an Episcopalian Church in this country, and it has all the imperfections of a poor

relation. It is always boasting of its rich relative. In England the creed is made by law, the same as we pass statutes here. And when a gentleman dies in England, in order to determine whether he shall be saved or not, it is necessary for the power of heaven to read the acts of Parliament. It becomes a question of law, and sometimes a man is damned on a very nice point. Lost on demurrer.

A few years ago, a gentleman by the name of Seabury, Samuel Seabury, was sent over to England to get some apostolic succession. We had not a drop in the house. It was necessary for the bishops of the English Church to put their hands upon his head. They refused. There was no act of Parliament justifying it. He had then to go to the Scotch bishops; and, had the Scotch bishops refused, we never would have had any apostolic succession in the New World, and God would have been driven out of half the earth, and the true church never could have been founded upon this continent. But the Scotch bishops put their hands on his head, and now we have an unbroken succession of heads and hands from St. Paul to the last bishop.

In this country the Episcopalians have done some good, and I want to thank that church. Having on an average less religion than the others—on an average you have done more good to mankind. You preserved some of the humanities. You did not hate music; you did not absolutely despise painting, and you did not altogether abhor architecture, and you finally admitted that it was no worse to keep time with your feet than with your hands. And some went so far as to say that people could play cards, and that God would overlook it, or would look the other way. For all these things accept my thanks.

When I was a boy, the other churches looked upon dancing as probably the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost; and they used to teach that when four boys got in a hay-mow, playing seven-up, that the eternal God stood whetting the sword of his eternal wrath waiting to strike them down to the lowest hell. That church has done some good.

The Episcopal creed is substantially like the Catholic, containing a few additional absurdities. The Episcopalians teach that it is easier to get forgiveness for sin after you have been baptized. They seem to think that the moment you are baptized you become a member of the firm, and as such are entitled to wickedness at cost. This church is utterly unsuited to a free people. Its government is tyrannical, supercilious and absurd. Bishops talk as though they were responsible for the souls in their charge. They wear vests that button on one side. Nothing is so essential to the clergy of this denomination as a good voice. The Episcopalians have persecuted just to the extent of their power. Their treatment of the Irish has been a crime—a crime lasting for three hundred years. That church persecuted the Puritans of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland. In England the altar is the mistress of the throne, and this mistress has always looked at honest wives with scorn.

VIII. THE METHODISTS

ABOUT a hundred and fifty years ago, two men, John Wesley and George Whitfield, said, If everybody is going to hell, somebody ought to mention it. The Episcopal clergy said: Keep still; do not tear your gown. Wesley and Whitfield said: This frightful truth ought to be proclaimed from the housetop of every opportunity, from the highway of every occasion. They were good, honest men. They believed their doctrine. And they said: If there is a hell, and a Niagara of souls pouring over an eternal precipice of ignorance, somebody ought to say something. They were right;

somebody ought, if such a thing is true. Wesley was a believer in the Bible. He believed in the actual presence of the Almighty.

God used to do miracles for him; used to put off a rain several days to give his meeting a chance; used to cure his horse of lameness; used to cure Mr. Wesley's headaches.

And Mr. Wesley also believed in the actual existence of the devil. He believed that devils had possession of people. He talked to the devil when he was in folks, and the devil told him that he was going to leave; and that he was going into another person. That he would be there at a certain time; and Wesley went to that other person, and there the devil was, prompt to the minute. He regarded every conversion as warfare between God and this devil for the possession of that human soul, and that in the warfare God had gained the victory. Honest, no doubt. Mr. Wesley did not believe in human liberty. Honest, no doubt. Was opposed to the liberty of the colonies. Honestly so. Mr. Wesley preached a sermon entitled: "The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes," in which he took the ground that earthquakes were caused by sin; and the only way to stop them was to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. No doubt an honest man.

Wesley and Whitfield fell out on the question of predestination. Wesley insisted that God invited everybody to the feast. Whitfield said he did not invite those he knew would not come. Wesley said he did. Whitfield said: Well, he did not put plates for them, anyway. Wesley said he did. So that, when they were in hell he could show them that there was a seat left for them. The church that they founded is still active. And probably no church in the world has done so much preaching for as little money as the Methodists. Whitfield believed in slavery, and advocated the slave-trade. And it was of Whitfield that Whittier made the two lines:

"He bade the slave ships speed from coast to coast,
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost."

We have lately had a meeting of the Methodists, and I find by their statistics that they believe that they have converted 130,000 folks in a year. That, in order to do this, they have 26,000 preachers, 226,000 Sunday school scholars, and about $100,000,000 invested in church property. I find, in looking over the history of the world, that there are 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 of people born a year, and if they are saved at the rate of 130,000 a year, about how long will it take that doctrine to save this world? Good, honest people; but they are mistaken.

In old times they were very simple. Churches used to be like barns. They used to have them divided—men on that side, and women on this. A little barbarous. We have advanced since then, and we now find as a fact, demonstrated by experience, that a man sitting by the woman he loves can thank God as heartily as though sitting between two men that he has never been introduced to.

There is another thing the Methodists should remember, and that is that the Episcopalians were the greatest enemies they ever had. And they should remember that the Freethinkers have always treated them kindly and well.

There is one thing about the Methodist Church in the North that I like. But I find that it is not Methodism that does that. I find that the Methodist Church in the South is as much opposed to liberty as the Methodist Church North is in favor of liberty. So it is not Methodism that is in favor of liberty or slavery. They differ a little in their creed from the rest. They do not believe that God does everything. They believe that he

does his part, and that you must do the rest, and that getting to heaven is a partnership business. The Methodist Church is adapted to new countries—its ministers are generally uncultured, and with them zeal takes the place of knowledge. They convert people with noise. In the silence that follows most of the converts backslide.

In a little while a struggle will commence between the few who are growing and the orthodox many. The few will be driven out, and the church will be governed by those who believe without understanding.

IX. THE PRESBYTERIANS

THE next church is the Presbyterian, and in my judgment the worst of all, as far as creed is concerned. This church was founded by John Calvin, a murderer!

John Calvin, having power in Geneva, inaugurated human torture. Voltaire abolished torture in France. The man who abolished torture, if the Christian religion be true, God is now torturing in hell, and the man who inaugurated torture, is now a glorified angel in heaven. It will not do.

John Knox started this doctrine in Scotland, and there is this peculiarity about Presbyterianism—it grows best where the soil is poorest. I read the other day an account of a meeting between John Knox and John Calvin. Imagine a dialogue between a pestilence and a famine! Imagine a conversation between a block and an ax! As I read their conversation it seemed to me as though John Knox and John Calvin were made for each other; that they fitted each other like the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast. They believed happiness was a crime; they looked upon laughter as blasphemy; and they did all they could to destroy every human feeling, and to fill the mind with the infinite gloom of predestination and eternal death. They taught the doctrine that God had a right to damn us because he made us. That is just the reason that he has not a right to damn us. There is some dust. Unconscious dust! What right has God to change that unconscious dust into a human being, when he knows that human being will sin; when he knows that human being will suffer eternal agony? Why not leave him in the unconscious dust? What right has an infinite God to add to the sum of human agony? Suppose I knew that I could change that piece of furniture into a living, sentient human being, and I knew that that being would suffer untold agony forever. If I did it, I would be a fiend. I would leave that being in the unconscious dust.

And yet we are told that we must believe such a doctrine or we are to be eternally damned! It will not do.

In 1839 there was a division in this church, and they had a lawsuit to see which was the church of God. And they tried it by a judge and jury, and the jury decided that the new school was the church of God, and then they got a new trial, and the next jury decided that the old school was the church of God, and that settled it. That church teaches that infinite innocence was sacrificed for me! I do not want it! I do not wish to go to heaven unless I can settle by the books, and go there because I ought to go there. I have said, and I say again, I do not wish to be a charity angel. I have no ambition to become a winged pauper of the skies.

The other day a young gentleman, a Presbyterian who had just been converted, came to me and he gave me a tract, and he told me he was perfectly happy. Said I, “Do you think a great many people are going to hell?” “Oh, yes.” “And you are perfectly happy?” Well, he did not know as he was, quite. “Would not you be happier if they

were all going to heaven?" "Oh, yes." "Well, then, you are not perfectly happy?" No, he did not think he was. "When you get to heaven, then you will be perfectly happy?" "Oh, yes." "Now, when we are only going to hell, you are not quite happy; but when we are in hell, and you in heaven, then you will be perfectly happy? You will not be as decent when you get to be an angel as you are now, will you?" "Well," he said, "that was not exactly it." Said I, "Suppose your mother were in hell, would you be happy in heaven then?" "Well," he says, "I suppose God would know the best place for mother." And I thought to myself, then, if I was a woman, I would like to have five or six boys like that.

It will not do. Heaven is where those are we love, and those who love us. And I wish to go to no world unless I can be accompanied by those who love me here. Talk about the consolations of this infamous doctrine. The consolations of a doctrine that makes a father say, "I can be happy with my daughter in hell;" that makes a mother say, "I can be happy with my generous, brave boy in hell;" that makes a boy say, "I can enjoy the glory of heaven with the woman who bore me, the woman *who would have died for me*, in eternal agony." And they call that tidings of great joy.

No church has done more to fill the world with gloom than the Presbyterian. Its creed is frightful, hideous, and hellish. The Presbyterian god is the monster of monsters. He is an eternal executioner, jailer and turnkey. He will enjoy forever the shrieks of the lost,—the wails of the damned. Hell is the festival of the Presbyterian god.

X. THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

I HAVE not time to speak of the Baptists,—that Jeremy Taylor said were as much to be rooted out as anything that is the greatest pest and nuisance on the earth. He hated the Baptists because they represented, in some little degree, the liberty of thought. Nor have I time to speak of the Quakers, the best of all, and abused by all.

I cannot forget that John Fox, in the year of grace 1640, was put in the pillory and whipped from town to town, scarred, put in a dungeon, beaten, trampled upon, and what for? Simply because he preached the doctrine: "Thou shalt not resist evil with evil." "Thou shalt love thy enemies."

Think of what the church must have been that day to scar the flesh of that loving man! Just think of it! I say I have not time to speak of all these sects—the varieties of Presbyterians and Campbellites. There are hundreds and hundreds of these sects, all founded upon this creed that I read, differing simply in degree.

Ah! but they say to me: You are fighting something that is dead. Nobody believes this now. The preachers do not believe what they preach in the pulpit. The people in the pews do not believe what they hear preached. And they say to me: You are fighting something that is dead. This is all a form, we do not believe a solitary creed in the world. We sign them and swear that we believe them, but we do not. And none of us do. And all the ministers, they say in private, admit that they do not believe it, not quite. I do not know whether this is so or not. I take it that they believe what they preach. I take it that when they meet and solemnly agree to a creed, they are honest and really believe in that creed. But let us see if I am waging a war against the ideas of the dead. Let us see if I am simply storming a cemetery.

The Evangelical Alliance, made up of all orthodox denominations of the world, met only a few years ago, and here is their creed: They believe in the divine inspiration, authority and sufficiency of the holy Scriptures; the right and duty of private

judgment in the interpretation of the holy Scriptures, but if you interpret wrong you are damned. They believe in the unity of the godhead and the Trinity of the persons therein. They believe in the utter depravity of human nature. There can be no more infamous doctrine than that. They look upon a little child as a lump of depravity. I look upon it as a bud of humanity, that will, in the air and light of love and joy, blossom into rich and glorious life.

Total depravity of human nature! Here is a woman whose husband has been lost at sea; the news comes that he has been drowned by the ever-hungry waves, and she waits. There is something in her heart that tells her he is alive. And she waits. And years afterward as she looks down toward the little gate she sees him; he has been given back by the sea, and she rushes to his arms, and covers his face with kisses and with tears. And if that infamous doctrine is true every tear is a crime, and every kiss a blasphemy. It will not do. According to that doctrine, if a man steals and repents, and takes back the property, the repentance and the taking back of the property are two other crimes. It is an infamy. What else do they believe? "The justification of a sinner by faith alone," without works—just faith. Believing something that you do not understand. Of course God can not afford to reward a man for believing anything that is reasonable. God rewards only for believing something that is unreasonable. If you believe something that is improbable and unreasonable, you are a Christian; but if you believe something that you know is not so, then,—you are a saint.

They believe in the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and in the eternal punishment of the wicked.

Tidings of great joy! They are so good that they will not associate with Universalists. They will not associate with Unitarians; they will not associate with scientists; they will only associate with those who believe that God so loved the world that he made up his mind to damn the most of us.

The Evangelical Alliance reiterates the absurdities of the Dark Ages—repeats the five points of Calvin—replenishes the fires of hell—certifies to the mistakes and miracles of the Bible—maligns the human race, and kneels to a god who accepted the agony of the innocent as an atonement for the guilty.

XI. WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE?

THEN they say to me: "What do you propose? You have torn this down, what do you propose to give us in place of it?"

I have not torn the good down. I have only endeavored to trample out the ignorant, cruel fires of hell. I do not tear away the passage: "God will be merciful to the merciful." I do not destroy the promise; "If you will forgive others, God will forgive you." I would not for anything blot out the faintest star that shines in the horizon of human despair, nor in the sky of human hope; but I will do what I can to get that infinite shadow out of the heart of man.

"What do you propose in place of this?"

Well, in the first place, I propose good fellowship—good friends all around. No matter what we believe, shake hands and let it go. That is your opinion; this is mine: let us be friends. Science makes friends; religion, superstition, makes enemies. They say: Belief is important. I say: No, actions are important. Judge by deed, not by creed. Good fellowship—good friends—sincere men and women—mutual forbearance, born of mutual respect. We have had too many of these solemn people. Whenever I see an exceedingly solemn man, I know he is an exceedingly stupid man.

No man of any humor ever founded a religion—never. Humor sees both sides. While reason is the holy light, humor carries the lantern, and the man with a keen sense of humor is preserved from the solemn stupidities of superstition. I like a man who has got good feeling for everybody; good fellowship. One man said to another:

“Will you take a glass of wine?”

“I do not drink.”

“Will you smoke a cigar?”

“I do not smoke.”

“Maybe you will chew something?”

“I do not chew.”

“Let us eat some hay.”

“I tell you I do not eat hay.”

“Well, then, good-by, for you are no company for man or beast.”

I believe in the gospel of Cheerfulness, the gospel of Good Nature; the gospel of Good Health. Let us pay some attention to our bodies. Take care of our bodies, and our souls will take care of themselves. Good health! And I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when man will not fill the future with consumption and insanity. I believe the time will come when we will study ourselves, and understand the laws of health and then we will say: We are under obligation to put the flags of health in the cheeks of our children. Even if I got to heaven, and had a harp, I would hate to look back upon my children and grandchildren, and see them diseased, deformed, crazed—all suffering the penalties of crimes I had committed.

I believe in the gospel of Good Living. You can not make any god happy by fasting. Let us have good food, and let us have it well cooked—and it is a thousand times better to know how to cook than it is to understand any theology in the world.

I believe in the gospel of good clothes; I believe in the gospel of good houses; in the gospel of water and soap. I believe in the gospel of intelligence; in the gospel of education. The school-house is my cathedral. The universe is my Bible. I believe in that gospel of justice, that we must reap what we sow.

I do not believe in forgiveness as it is preached by the church. We do not need the forgiveness of God, but of each other and of ourselves. If I rob Mr. Smith and God forgives me, how does that help Smith? If I, by slander, cover some poor girl with the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower and afterward I get the forgiveness of God, how does that help her? If there is another world, we have got to settle with the people we have wronged in this. No bankrupt court there. Every cent must be paid.

The Christians say, that among the ancient Jews, if you committed a crime you had to kill a sheep. Now they say “charge it.” “Put it on the slate.” It will not do. For every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you have ever clothed another with woe, as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you had not done that thing. No forgiveness by the gods. Eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice, so far as Nature is concerned. You must reap the result of your acts. Even when forgiven by the one you have injured, it is not as

though the injury had not been done. That is what I believe in. And if it goes hard with me, I will stand it, and I will cling to my logic, and I will bear it like a man.

And I believe, too, in the gospel of Liberty, in giving to others what we claim for ourselves. I believe there is room everywhere for thought, and the more liberty you give away, the more you will have. In liberty extravagance is economy. Let us be just. Let us be generous to each other.

I believe in the gospel of Intelligence. That is the only lever capable of raising mankind. Intelligence must be the savior of this world. Humanity is the grand religion, and no God can put a man in hell in another world, who has made a little heaven in this. God cannot make a man miserable if that man has made somebody else happy. God cannot hate anybody who is capable of loving anybody. Humanity—that word embraces all there is.

So I believe in this great gospel of Humanity.

"Ah! but," they say, "it will not do. You must believe." I say, No. My gospel of health will bring life. My gospel of intelligence, my gospel of good living, my gospel of good-fellowship will cover the world with happy homes. My doctrine will put carpets upon your floors, pictures upon your walls. My doctrine will put books upon your shelves, ideas in your minds. My doctrine will rid the world of the abnormal monsters born of ignorance and superstition. My doctrine will give us health, wealth and happiness. That is what I want. That is what I believe in. Give us intelligence. In a little while a man will find that he can not steal without robbing himself. He will find that he cannot murder without assassinating his own joy. He will find that every crime is a mistake. He will find that only that man carries the cross who does wrong, and that upon the man who does right the cross turns to wings that will bear him upward forever. He will find that even intelligent self-love embraces within its mighty arms all the human race.

"Oh," but they say to me, "you take away immortality." I do not. If we are immortal it is a fact in nature, and we are not indebted to priests for it, nor to bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief.

As long as we love we will hope to live, and when the one dies that we love we will say: "Oh, that we could meet again," and whether we do or not it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in nature. I would not for my life destroy one star of human hope, but I want it so that when a poor woman rocks the cradle and sings a lullaby to the dimpled darling, she will not be compelled to believe that ninety-nine chances in a hundred she is raising kindling wood for hell.

One world at a time is my doctrine.

It is said in this Testament, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and I say: Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof.

And suppose after all that death does end all. Next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those we love and those who have loved us, next to that, is to be wrapt in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace. Next to eternal life is eternal sleep. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave. Eyes that have been curtained by the everlasting dark, will never know again the burning touch of tears. Lips touched by eternal silence will never speak again the broken words of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep. Within the tomb no veiled and weeping sorrow sits, and in the ray-less gloom is crouched no shuddering fear.

I had rather think of those I have loved, and lost, as having returned to earth, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world—I would rather think of them as unconscious dust, I would rather dream of them as gurgling in the streams, floating in the clouds, bursting in the foam of light upon the shores of worlds, I would rather think of them as the lost visions of a forgotten night, than to have even the faintest fear that their naked souls have been clutched by an orthodox god. I will leave my dead where nature leaves them. Whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish, I will give it breath of sighs and rain of tears. But I can not believe that there is any being in this universe who has created a human soul for eternal pain. I would rather that every god would destroy himself; I would rather that we all should go to eternal chaos, to black and starless night, than that just one soul should suffer eternal agony.

I have made up my mind that if there is a God, he will be merciful to the merciful.

Upon that rock I stand.—

That he will not torture the forgiving.—

Upon that rock I stand.—

That every man should be true to himself, and that there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime.

Upon that rock I stand.

The honest man, the good woman, the happy child, have nothing to fear, either in this world or the world to come.

Upon that rock I stand.

Volume 2

Preface

For many years I have regarded the Pentateuch simply as a record of a barbarous people, in which are found a great number of the ceremonies of savagery, many absurd and unjust laws, and thousands of ideas inconsistent with known and demonstrated facts. To me it seemed almost a crime to teach that this record was written by inspired men; that slavery, polygamy, wars of conquest and extermination were right, and that there was a time when men could win the approbation of infinite Intelligence, Justice, and Mercy, by violating maidens and by butchering babes. To me it seemed more reasonable that savage men had made these laws; and I endeavored in a lecture, entitled "Some Mistakes of Moses," to point out some of the errors, contradictions, and impossibilities contained in the Pentateuch. The lecture was never written and consequently never delivered twice the same. On several occasions it was reported and published without consent, and without revision. All these publications were grossly and glaringly incorrect As published, they have been answered several hundred times, and many of the clergy are still engaged in the great work. To keep these reverend gentlemen from wasting their talents on the mistakes of reporters and printers, I concluded to publish the principal points in all my lectures on this subject. And here, it may be proper for me to say, that arguments cannot be answered by personal abuse; that there is no logic in slander, and that falsehood, in the long run, defeats itself. People who love their enemies should, at least, tell the truth about their friends. Should it turn out that I am the worst man in the whole world, the story of the flood will remain just as improbable as before, and the contradictions of the Pentateuch will still demand an explanation.

There was a time when a falsehood, fulminated from the pulpit, smote like a sword; but, the supply having greatly exceeded the demand, clerical misrepresentation has at last become almost an innocent amusement. Remembering that only a few years ago men, women, and even children, were imprisoned, tortured and burned, for having expressed in an exceedingly mild and gentle way, the ideas entertained by me, I congratulate myself that calumny is now the pulpit's last resort. The old instruments of torture are kept only to gratify curiosity; the chains are rusting away, and the demolition of time has allowed even the dungeons of the Inquisition to be visited by light. The church, impotent and malicious, regrets, not the abuse, but the loss of her power, and seeks to hold by falsehood what she gained by cruelty and force, by fire and fear. Christianity cannot live in peace with any other form of faith. If that religion be true, there is but one savior, one inspired book, and but one little narrow grass-grown path that leads to heaven. Such a religion is necessarily uncompromising, unreasoning, aggressive and insolent. Christianity has held all other creeds and forms in infinite contempt, divided the world into enemies and friends, and verified the awful declaration of its founder—a declaration that wet with blood the sword he came to bring, and made the horizon of a thousand years lurid with the fagots' flames.

Too great praise challenges attention, and often brings to light a thousand faults that otherwise the general eye would never see. Were we allowed to read the Bible as we do all other books, we would admire its beauties, treasure its worthy thoughts, and account for all its absurd, grotesque and cruel things, by saying that its authors lived in rude, barbaric times. But we are told that it was written by inspired men; that it contains the will of God; that it is perfect, pure, and true in all its parts; the source

and standard of all moral and religious truth; that it is the star and anchor of all human hope; the only guide for man, the only torch in Nature's night. These claims are so at variance with every known recorded fact, so palpably absurd, that every free unbiased soul is forced to raise the standard of revolt.

We read the pagan sacred books with profit and delight. With myth and fable we are ever charmed, and find a pleasure in the endless repetition of the beautiful, poetic, and absurd. We find, in all these records of the past, philosophies and dreams, and efforts stained with tears, of great and tender souls who tried to pierce the mystery of life and death, to answer the eternal questions of the Whence and Whither, and vainly sought to make, with bits of shattered glass, a mirror that would, in very truth, reflect the face and form of Nature's perfect self.

These myths were born of hopes, and fears, and tears, and smiles, and they were touched and colored by all there is of joy and grief between the rosy dawn of birth, and deaths sad night. They clothed even the stars with passion, and gave to gods the faults and frailties of the sons of men. In them, the winds and waves were music, and all the lakes, and streams, and springs,—the mountains, woods and perfumed dells were haunted by a thousand fairy forms. They thrilled the veins of Spring with tremulous desire; made tawny Summer's billowed breast the throne and home of love; filled Autumn's arms with sun-kissed grapes, and gathered sheaves; and pictured Winter as a weak old king who felt, like Lear upon his withered face, Cordelia's tears. These myths, though false, are beautiful, and have for many ages and in countless ways, enriched the heart and kindled thought. But if the world were taught that all these things are true and all inspired of God, and that eternal punishment will be the lot of him who dares deny or doubt, the sweetest myth of all the Fable World would lose its beauty, and become a scorned and hateful thing to every brave and thoughtful man.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 7th, 1879.

Some Mistakes Of Moses

I. HE WHO ENDEAVORS TO CONTROL THE MIND BY FORCE IS A TYRANT, AND HE WHO SUBMITS IS A SLAVE.

I want to do what little I can to make my country truly free, to broaden the intellectual horizon of our people, to destroy the prejudices born of ignorance and fear, to do away with the blind worship of the ignoble past, with the idea that all the great and good are dead, that the living are totally depraved, that all pleasures are sins, that sighs and groans are alone pleasing to God, that thought is dangerous, that intellectual courage is a crime, that cowardice is a virtue, that a certain belief is necessary to secure salvation, that to carry a cross in this world will give us a palm in the next, and that we must allow some priest to be the pilot of our souls.

Until every soul is freely permitted to investigate every book, and creed, and dogma for itself, the world cannot be free. Mankind will be enslaved until there is mental grandeur enough to allow each man to have his thought and say. This earth will be a paradise when men can, upon all these questions differ, and yet grasp each other's hands as friends. It is amazing to me that a difference of opinion upon subjects that we know nothing with certainty about, should make us hate, persecute, and despise each other. Why a difference of opinion upon predestination, or the Trinity, should make people imprison and burn each other seems beyond the comprehension of man; and yet in all countries where Christians have existed, they have destroyed each other to the exact extent of their power. Why should a believer in God hate an atheist? Surely the atheist has not injured God, and surely he is human, capable of joy and pain, and entitled to all the rights of man. Would it not be far better to treat this atheist, at least, as well as he treats us?

Christians tell me that they love their enemies, and yet all I ask is—not that they love their enemies, not that they love their friends even, but that they treat those who differ from them, with simple fairness.

We do not wish to be forgiven, but we wish Christians to so act that we will not have to forgive them.

If all will admit that all have an equal right to think, then the question is forever solved; but as long as organized and powerful churches, pretending to hold the keys of heaven and hell, denounce every person as an outcast and criminal who thinks for himself and denies their authority, the world will be filled with hatred and suffering. To hate man and worship God seems to be the sum of all the creeds.

That which has happened in most countries has happened in ours. When a religion is founded, the educated, the powerful—that is to say, the priests and nobles, tell the ignorant and superstitious—that is to say, the people, that the religion of their country was given to their fathers by God himself; that it is the only true religion; that all others were conceived in falsehood and brought forth in fraud, and that all who believe in the true religion will be happy forever, while all others will burn in hell. For the purpose of governing the people, that is to say, for the purpose of being supported by the people, the priests and nobles declare this religion to be sacred, and that whoever adds to, or takes from it, will be burned here by man, and hereafter by God. The result of this is, that the priests and nobles will not allow the people to change; and when, after a time, the priests, having intellectually advanced, wish to

take a step in the direction of progress, the people will not allow them to change. At first, the rabble are enslaved by the priests, and afterwards the rabble become the masters.

One of the first things I wish to do, is to free the orthodox clergy. I am a great friend of theirs, and in spite of all they may say against me, I am going to do them a great and lasting service. Upon their necks are visible the marks of the collar, and upon their backs those of the lash. They are not allowed to read and think for themselves. They are taught like parrots, and the best are those who repeat, with the fewest mistakes, the sentences they have been taught. They sit like owls upon some dead limb of the tree of knowledge, and hoot the same old hoots that have been hooted for eighteen hundred years. Their congregations are not grand enough, nor sufficiently civilized, to be willing that the poor preachers shall think for themselves. They are not employed for that purpose. Investigation regarded as a dangerous experiment, and the ministers are warned that none of that kind of work will be tolerated. They are notified to stand by the old creed, and to avoid all original thought, as a mortal pestilence. Every minister is employed like an attorney—either for plaintiff or defendant,—and he is expected to be true to his client. If he changes his mind, he is regarded as a deserter, and denounced, hated, and slandered accordingly. Every orthodox clergyman agrees not to change. He contracts not to find new facts, and makes a bargain that he will deny them if he does. Such is the position of a Protestant minister in this nineteenth century. His condition excites my pity; and to better it, I am going to do what little I can.

Some of the clergy have the independence to break away, and the intellect to maintain themselves as free men, but the most are compelled to submit to the dictation of the orthodox, and the dead. They are not employed to give their thoughts, but simply to repeat the ideas of others. They are not expected to give even the doubts that may suggest themselves, but are required to walk in the narrow, verdureless path trodden by the ignorance of the past. The forests and fields on either side are nothing to them. They must not even look at the purple hills, nor pause to hear the babble of the brooks. They must remain in the dusty road where the guide-boards are. They must confine themselves to the “fall of man,” the expulsion from the garden, the “scheme of salvation,” the “second birth,” the atonement, the happiness of the redeemed, and the misery of the lost. They must be careful not to express any new ideas upon these great questions. It is much safer for them to quote from the works of the dead. The more vividly they describe the sufferings of the unregenerate, of those who attended theatres and balls, and drank wine in summer gardens on the Sabbath-day, and laughed at priests, the better ministers they are supposed to be. They must show that misery fits the good for heaven, while happiness prepares the bad for hell; that the wicked get all their good things in this life, and the good all their evil; that in this world God punishes the people he loves, and in the next, the ones he hates; that happiness makes us bad here, but not in heaven; that pain makes us good here, but not in hell. No matter how absurd these things may appear to the carnal mind, they must be preached and they must be believed. If they were reasonable, there would be no virtue in believing. Even the publicans and sinners believe reasonable things. To believe without evidence, or in spite of it, is accounted as righteousness to the sincere and humble Christian.

The ministers are in duty bound to denounce all intellectual pride, and show that we are never quite so dear to God as when we admit that we are poor, corrupt and idiotic worms; that we never should have been born; that we ought to be damned without

the least delay; that we are so infamous that we like to enjoy ourselves; that we love our wives and children better than our God; that we are generous only because we are vile; that we are honest from the meanest motives, and that sometimes we have fallen so low that we have had doubts about the inspiration of the Jewish Scriptures. In short, they are expected to denounce all pleasant paths and rustling trees, to curse the grass and flowers, and glorify the dust and weeds. They are expected to malign the wicked people in the green and happy fields, who sit and laugh beside the gurgling springs or climb the hills and wander as they will. They are expected to point out the dangers of freedom, the safety of implicit obedience, and to show the wickedness of philosophy, the goodness of faith, the immorality of science and the purity of ignorance.

Now and then a few pious people discover some young man of a religious turn of mind and a consumptive habit of body, not quite sickly enough to die, nor healthy enough to be wicked. The idea occurs to them that he would make a good orthodox minister. They take up a contribution, and send the young man to some theological school where he can be taught to repeat a creed and despise reason. Should it turn out that the young man had some mind of his own, and, after graduating, should change his opinions and preach a different doctrine from that taught in the school, every man who contributed a dollar towards his education would feel that he had been robbed, and would denounce him as a dishonest and ungrateful wretch.

The pulpit should not be a pillory. Congregations should allow the minister a little liberty. They should, at least, permit him to tell the truth.

They have, in Massachusetts, at a place called Andover, a kind of minister factory, where each professor takes an oath once in five years—that time being considered the life of an oath—that he has not, during the last five years, and will not, during the next five years, intellectually advance. There is probably no oath that they could easier keep. Probably, since the foundation stone of that institution was laid there has not been a single case of perjury. The old creed is still taught. They still insist that God is infinitely wise, powerful and good, and that all men are totally depraved. They insist that the best man God ever made, deserved to be damned the moment he was finished. Andover puts its brand upon every minister it turns out, the same as Sheffield and Birmingham brand their wares, and all who see the brand know exactly what the minister believes, the books he has read, the arguments he relies on, and just what he intellectually is. They know just what he can be depended on to preach, and that he will continue to shrink and shrivel, and grow solemnly stupid day by day until he reaches the Andover of the grave and becomes truly orthodox forever.

I have not singled out the Andover factory because it is worse than the others. They are all about the same. The professors, for the most part, are ministers who failed in the pulpit and were retired to the seminary on account of their deficiency in reason and their excess of faith. As a rule, they know nothing of this world, and far less of the next; but they have the power of stating the most absurd propositions with faces solemn as stupidity touched by fear.

Something should be done for the liberation of these men. They should be allowed to grow—to have sunlight and air. They should no longer be chained and tied to confessions of faith, to mouldy books and musty creeds. Thousands of ministers are anxious to give their honest thoughts. The hands of wives and babes now stop their mouths. They must have bread, and so the husbands and fathers are forced to preach a doctrine that they hold in scorn. For the sake of shelter, food and clothes, they are

obliged to defend the childish miracles of the past, and denounce the sublime discoveries of to-day. They are compelled to attack all modern thought, to point out the dangers of science, the wickedness of investigation and the corrupting influence of logic. It is for them to show that virtue rests upon ignorance and faith, while vice impudently feeds and fattens upon fact and demonstration. It is a part of their business to malign and vilify the Voltaires, Humes, Paines, Humboldts, Tyndalls, Haeckels, Darwins, Spencers, and Drapers, and to bow with uncovered heads before the murderers, adulterers, and persecutors of the world. They are, for the most part, engaged in poisoning the minds of the young, prejudicing children against science, teaching the astronomy and geology of the Bible, and inducing all to desert the sublime standard of reason.

These orthodox ministers do not add to the sum of knowledge. They produce nothing. They live upon alms. They hate laughter and joy. They officiate at weddings, sprinkle water upon babes, and utter meaningless words and barren promises above the dead. They laugh at the agony of unbelievers, mock at their tears, and of their sorrows make a jest. There are some noble exceptions. Now and then a pulpit holds a brave and honest man. Their congregations are willing that they should think—willing that their ministers should have a little freedom.

As we become civilized, more and more liberty will be accorded to these men, until finally ministers will give their best and highest thoughts. The congregations will finally get tired of hearing about the patriarchs and saints, the miracles and wonders, and will insist upon knowing something about the men and women of our day, and the accomplishments and discoveries of our time. They will finally insist upon knowing how to escape the evils of this world instead of the next. They will ask light upon the enigmas of this life. They will wish to know what we shall do with our criminals instead of what God will do with his—how we shall do away with beggary and want—with crime and misery—with prostitution, disease and famine,—with tyranny in all its cruel forms—with prisons and scaffolds, and how we shall reward the honest workers, and fill the world with happy homes! These are the problems for the pulpits and congregations of an enlightened future. If Science cannot finally answer these questions, it is a vain and worthless thing.

The clergy, however, will continue to answer them in the old way, until their congregations are good enough to set them free. They will still talk about believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, as though that were the only remedy for all human ills. They will still teach that retrogression is the only path that leads to light; that we must go back, that faith is the only sure guide, and that reason is a delusive glare, lighting only the road to eternal pain.

Until the clergy are free they cannot be intellectually honest. We can never tell what they really believe until they know that they can safely speak. They console themselves now by a secret resolution to be as liberal as they dare, with the hope that they can finally educate their congregations to the point of allowing them to think a little for themselves. They hardly know what they ought to do. The best part of their lives has been wasted in studying subjects of no possible value. Most of them are married, have families, and know but one way of making their living. Some of them say that if they do not preach these foolish dogmas, others will, and that they may through fear, after all, restrain mankind. Besides, they hate publicly to admit that they are mistaken, that the whole thing is a delusion, that the “scheme of salvation” is absurd, and that the Bible is no better than some other books, and worse than most.

You can hardly expect a bishop to leave his palace, or the pope to vacate the Vatican. As long as people want popes, plenty of hypocrites will be found to take the place. And as long as labor fatigues, there will be found a good many men willing to preach once a week, if other folks will work and give them bread. In other words, while the demand lasts, the supply will never fail.

If the people were a little more ignorant, astrology would flourish—if a little more enlightened, religion would perish!

II. FREE SCHOOLS.

It is also my desire to free the schools. When a professor in a college finds a fact, he should make it known, even if it is inconsistent with something Moses said. Public opinion must not compel the professor to hide a fact, and, "like the base Indian, throw the pearl away." With the single exception of Cornell, there is not a college in the United States where truth has ever been a welcome guest. The moment one of the teachers denies the inspiration of the Bible, he is discharged. If he discovers a fact inconsistent with that book, so much the worse for the fact, and especially for the discoverer of the fact. He must not corrupt the minds of his pupils with demonstrations. He must beware of every truth that cannot, in some way be made to harmonize with the superstitions of the Jews. Science has nothing in common with religion. Facts and miracles never did, and never will agree. They are not in the least related. They are deadly foes. What has religion to do with facts? Nothing. Can there be Methodist mathematics, Catholic astronomy, Presbyterian geology, Baptist biology, or Episcopal botany? Why, then, should a sectarian college exist? Only that which somebody knows should be taught in our schools. We should not collect taxes to pay people for guessing. The common school is the bread of life for the people, and it should not be touched by the withering hand of superstition.

Our country will never be filled with great institutions of learning until there is an absolute divorce between Church and School. As long as the mutilated records of a barbarous people are placed by priest and professor above the reason of mankind, we shall reap but little benefit from church or school.

Instead of dismissing professors for finding something out, let us rather discharge those who do not. Let each teacher understand that investigation is not dangerous for him; that his bread is safe, no matter how much truth he may discover, and that his salary will not be reduced, simply because he finds that the ancient Jews did not know the entire history of the world.

Besides, it is not fair to make the Catholic support a Protestant school, nor is it just to collect taxes from infidels and atheists to support schools in which any system of religion is taught.

The sciences are not sectarian. People do not persecute each other on account of disagreements in mathematics. Families are not divided about botany, and astronomy does not even tend to make a man hate his father and mother. It is what people do not know, that they persecute each other about. Science will bring, not a sword, but peace.

Just as long as religion has control of the schools, science will be an outcast. Let us free our institutions of learning. Let us dedicate them to the science of eternal truth. Let us tell every teacher to ascertain all the facts he can—to give us light, to follow Nature, no matter where she leads; to be infinitely true to himself and us; to feel that he is without a chain, except the obligation to be honest; that he is bound by no

books, by no creed, neither by the sayings of the dead nor of the living; that he is asked to look with his own eyes, to reason for himself without fear, to investigate in every possible direction, and to bring us the fruit of all his work.

At present, a good many men engaged in scientific pursuits, and who have signally failed in gaining recognition among their fellows, are endeavoring to make reputations among the churches by delivering weak and vapid lectures upon the "harmony of Genesis and Geology." Like all hypocrites, these men overstate the case to such a degree, and so turn and pervert facts and words that they succeed only in gaining the applause of other hypocrites like themselves. Among the great scientists they are regarded as generals regard sutlers who trade with both armies.

Surely the time must come when the wealth of the world will not be wasted in the propagation of ignorant creeds and miraculous mistakes. The time must come when churches and cathedrals will be dedicated to the use of man; when minister and priest will deem the discoveries of the living of more importance than the errors of the dead; when the truths of Nature will outrank the "sacred" falsehoods of the past, and when a single fact will outweigh all the miracles of Holy Writ.

Who can over estimate the progress of the world if all the money wasted in superstition could be used to enlighten, elevate and civilize mankind?

When every church becomes a school, every cathedral a university, every clergyman a teacher, and all their hearers brave and honest thinkers, then, and not until then, will the dream of poet, patriot, philanthropist and philosopher, become a real and blessed truth.

III. THE POLITICIANS.

I would like also to liberate the politician. At present, the successful office-seeker is a good deal like the centre of the earth; he weighs nothing himself, but draws everything else to him. There are so many societies, so many churches, so many isms, that it is almost impossible for an independent man to succeed in a political career. Candidates are forced to pretend that they are Catholics with Protestant proclivities, or Christians with liberal tendencies, or temperance men who now and then take a glass of wine, or, that although not members of any church their wives are, and that they subscribe liberally to all. The result of all this is that we reward hypocrisy and elect men entirely destitute of real principle; and this will never change until the people become grand enough to allow each other to do their own thinking, our Government should be entirely and purely secular. The religious views of a candidate should be kept entirely out of sight. He should not be compelled to give his opinion as to the inspiration of the Bible, the propriety of infant baptism, or the immaculate conception. All these things are private and personal. He should be allowed to settle such things for himself, and should he decide contrary to the law and will of God, let him settle the matter with God. The people ought to be wise enough to select as their officers men who know something of political affairs, who comprehend the present greatness, and clearly perceive the future grandeur of our country. If we were in a storm at sea, with deck wave-washed and masts strained and bent with storm, and it was necessary to reef the top sail, we certainly would not ask the brave sailor who volunteered to go aloft, what his opinion was on the five points of Calvinism. Our Government has nothing to do with religion. It is neither Christian nor pagan; it is secular. But as long as the people persist in voting for or against men on account of their religious views, just so long will hypocrisy hold place and power. Just so long will the candidates crawl in the dust—hide their opinions, flatter those with whom

they differ, pretend to agree with those whom they despise; and just so long will honest men be trampled under foot. Churches are becoming political organizations. Nearly every Catholic is a Democrat; nearly every Methodist in the North is a Republican.

It probably will not be long until the churches will divide as sharply upon political, as upon theological questions; and when that day comes, if there are not liberals enough to hold the balance of power, this Government will be destroyed. The liberty of man is not safe in the hands of any church. Wherever the Bible and sword are in partnership, man is a slave.

All laws for the purpose of making man worship God, are born of the same spirit that kindled the fires of the *auto da fe*, and lovingly built the dungeons of the Inquisition. All laws defining and punishing blasphemy—making it a crime to give your honest ideas about the Bible, or to laugh at the ignorance of the ancient Jews, or to enjoy yourself on the Sabbath, or to give your opinion of Jehovah, were passed by impudent bigots, and should be at once repealed by honest men. An infinite God ought to be able to protect himself, without going in partnership with State Legislatures. Certainly he ought not so to act that laws become necessary to keep him from being laughed at. No one thinks of protecting Shakespeare from ridicule, by the threat of fine and imprisonment. It strikes me that God might write a book that would not necessarily excite the laughter of his children. In fact, I think it would be safe to say that a real God could produce a work that would excite the admiration of mankind. Surely politicians could be better employed than in passing laws to protect the literary reputation of the Jewish God.

IV. MAN AND WOMAN

Let us forget that we are Baptists, Methodists,

Catholics, Presbyterians, or Freethinkers, and remember only that we are men and women. After all, man and woman are the highest possible titles. All other names belittle us, and show that we have, to a certain extent, given up our individuality, and have consented to wear the collar of authority—that we are followers. Throwing away these names, let us examine these questions not as partisans, but as human beings with hopes and fears in common.

We know that our opinions depend, to a great degree, upon our surroundings—upon race, country, and education. We are all the result of numberless conditions, and inherit vices and virtues, truths and prejudices. If we had been born in England, surrounded by wealth and clothed with power, most of us would have been Episcopalians, and believed in church and state. We should have insisted that the people needed a religion, and that not having intellect enough to provide one for themselves, it was our duty to make one for them, and then compel them to support it. We should have believed it indecent to officiate in a pulpit without wearing a gown, and that prayers should be read from a book. Had we belonged to the lower classes, we might have been dissenters and protested against the mummeries of the High Church. Had we been born in Turkey, most of us would have been Mohammedans and believed in the inspiration of the Koran. We should have believed that Mohammed actually visited heaven and became acquainted with an angel by the name of Gabriel, who was so broad between the eyes that it required three hundred days for a very smart camel to travel the distance. If some man had denied this story we should probably have denounced him as a dangerous person, one who was endeavoring to undermine the foundations of society, and to destroy all

distinction between virtue and vice. We should have said to him, “What do you propose to give us in place of that angel? We cannot afford to give up an angel of that size for nothing.” We would have insisted that the best and wisest men believed the Koran. We would have quoted from the works and letters of philosophers, generals and sultans, to show that the Koran was the best of books, and that Turkey was indebted to that book and to that alone for its greatness and prosperity. We would have asked that man whether he knew more than all the great minds of his country, whether he was so much wiser than his fathers? We would have pointed out to him the fact that thousands had been consoled in the hour of death by passages from the Koran; that they had died with glazed eyes brightened by visions of the heavenly harem, and gladly left this world of grief and tears. We would have regarded Christians as the vilest of men, and on all occasions would have repeated “There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!”

So, if we had been born in India, we should in all probability have believed in the religion of that country. We should have regarded the old records as true and sacred, and looked upon a wandering priest as better than the men from whom he begged, and by whose labor he lived. We should have believed in a god with three heads instead of three gods with one head, as we do now.

Now and then some one says that the religion of his father and mother is good enough for him, and wonders why anybody should desire a better. Surely we are not bound to follow our parents in religion any more than in politics, science or art. China has been petrified by the worship of ancestors. If our parents had been satisfied with the religion of theirs, we would be still less advanced than we are. If we are, in any way, bound by the belief of our fathers, the doctrine will hold good back to the first people who had a religion; and if this doctrine is true, we ought now to be believers in that first religion. In other words, we would all be barbarians. You cannot show real respect to your parents by perpetuating their errors. Good fathers and mothers wish their children to advance, to overcome obstacles which baffled them, and to correct the errors of their education. If you wish to reflect credit upon your parents, accomplish more than they did, solve problems that they could not understand, and build better than they knew. To sacrifice your manhood upon the grave of your father is an honor to neither. Why should a son who has examined a subject, throw away his reason and adopt the views of his mother? Is not such a course dishonorable to both?

We must remember that this “ancestor” argument is as old at least as the second generation of men, that it has served no purpose except to enslave mankind, and results mostly from the fact that acquiescence is easier than investigation. This argument pushed to its logical conclusion, would prevent the advance of all people whose parents were not Freethinkers.

It is hard for many people to give up the religion in which they were born; to admit that their fathers were utterly mistaken, and that the sacred records of their country are but collections of myths and fables.

But when we look for a moment at the world, we find that each nation has its “sacred records”—its religion, and its ideas of worship. Certainly all cannot be right; and as it would require a life time to investigate the claims of these various systems, it is hardly fair to damn a man forever, simply because he happens to believe the wrong one. All these religions were produced by barbarians. Civilized nations have contented themselves with changing the religions of their barbaric ancestors, but

they have made none. Nearly all these religions are intensely selfish. Each one was made by some contemptible little nation that regarded itself as of almost infinite importance, and looked upon the other nations as beneath the notice of their god. In all these countries it was a crime to deny the sacred records, to laugh at the priests, to speak disrespectfully of the gods, to fail to divide your substance with the lazy hypocrites who managed your affairs in the next world upon condition that you would support them in this. In the olden time these theological people who quartered themselves upon the honest and industrious, were called soothsayers, seers, charmers, prophets, enchanters, sorcerers, wizards, astrologers, and impostors, but now, they are known as clergymen.

We are no exception to the general rule, and consequently have our sacred books as well as the rest. Of course, it is claimed by many of our people that our books are the only true ones, the only ones that the real God ever wrote, or had anything whatever to do with. They insist that all other sacred books were written by hypocrites and impostors; that the Jews were the only people that God ever had any personal intercourse with, and that all other prophets and seers were inspired only by impudence and mendacity. True, it seems somewhat strange that God should have chosen a barbarous and unknown people who had little or nothing to do with the other nations of the earth, as his messengers to the rest of mankind.

It is not easy to account for an infinite God making people so low in the scale of intellect as to require a revelation. Neither is it easy to perceive why, if a revelation was necessary for all, it was made only to a few. Of course, I know that it is extremely wicked to suggest these thoughts, and that ignorance is the only armor that can effectually protect you from the wrath of God. I am aware that investigators with all their genius, never find the road to heaven; that those who look where they are going are sure to miss it, and that only those who voluntarily put out their eyes and implicitly depend upon blindness can surely keep the narrow path.

Whoever reads our sacred book is compelled to believe it or suffer forever the torments of the lost. We are told that we have the privilege of examining it for ourselves; but this privilege is only extended to us on the condition that we believe it whether it appears reasonable or not. We may disagree with others as much as we please upon the meaning of all passages in the Bible, but we must not deny the truth of a single word. We must believe that the book is inspired. If we obey its every precept without believing in its inspiration we will be damned just as certainly as though we disobeyed its every word. We have no right to weigh it in the scales of reason—to test it by the laws of nature, or the facts of observation and experience. To do this, we are told, is to put ourselves above the word of God, and sit in judgment on the works of our creator.

For my part, I cannot admit that belief is a voluntary thing. It seems to me that evidence, even in spite of ourselves, will have its weight, and that whatever our wish may be, we are compelled to stand with fairness by the scales, and give the exact result. It will not do to say that we reject the Bible because we are wicked. Our wickedness must be ascertained not from our belief but from our acts.

I am told by the clergy that I ought not to attack the Bible; that I am leading thousands to perdition and rendering certain the damnation of my own soul. They have had the kindness to advise me that, if my object is to make converts, I am pursuing the wrong course. They tell me to use gentler expressions, and more cunning words. Do they really wish me to make more converts? If their advice is

honest, they are traitors to their trust. If their advice is not honest, then they are unfair with me. Certainly they should wish me to pursue the course that will make the fewest converts, and yet they pretend to tell me how my influence could be increased. It may be, that upon this principle John Bright advises America to adopt free trade, so that our country can become a successful rival of Great Britain. Sometimes I think that even ministers are not entirely candid.

Notwithstanding the advice of the clergy, I have concluded to pursue my own course, to tell my honest thoughts, and to have my freedom in this world whatever my fate may be in the next.

The real oppressor, enslaver and corrupter of the people is the Bible. That book is the chain that binds, the dungeon that holds the clergy. That book spreads the pall of superstition over the colleges and schools. That book puts out the eyes of science, and makes honest investigation a crime. That book unmans the politician and degrades the people. That book fills the world with bigotry, hypocrisy and fear. It plays the same part in our country that has been played by “sacred records” in all the nations of the world.

A little while ago I saw one of the Bibles of the Middle Ages. It was about two feet in length, and one and a half in width. It had immense oaken covers, with hasps, and clasps, and hinges large enough almost for the doors of a penitentiary. It was covered with pictures of winged angels and aureoled saints. In my imagination I saw this book carried to the cathedral altar in solemn pomp—heard the chant of robed and kneeling priests, felt the strange tremor of the organ’s peal; saw the colored light streaming through windows stained and touched by blood and flame—the swinging censer with its perfumed incense rising to the mighty roof, dim with height and rich with legend carved in stone, while on the walls was hung, written in light, and shade, and all the colors that can tell of joy and tears, the pictured history of the martyred Christ. The people fell upon their knees. The book was opened, and the priest read the messages from God to man. To the multitude, the book itself was evidence enough that it was not the work of human hands. How could those little marks and lines and dots contain, like tombs, the thoughts of men, and how could they, touched by a ray of light from human eyes, give up their dead? How could these characters span the vast chasm dividing the present from the past, and make it possible for the living still to hear the voices of the dead?

V. THE PENTATEUCH

The first five books in our Bible are known as the Pentateuch. For a long time it was supposed that Moses was the author, and among the ignorant the supposition still prevails. As a matter of fact, it seems to be well settled that Moses had nothing to do with these books, and that they were not written until he had been dust and ashes for hundreds of years. But, as all the churches still insist that he was the author, that he wrote even an account of his own death and burial, let us speak of him as though these books were in fact written by him. As the Christians maintain that God was the real author, it makes but little difference whom he employed as his pen.

Nearly all authors of sacred books have given an account of the creation of the universe, the origin of matter, and the destiny of the human race, all have pointed out the obligation that man is under to his creator for having placed him upon the earth, and allowed him to live and suffer, and have taught that nothing short of the most abject worship could possibly compensate God for his trouble and labor suffered and done for the good of man. They have nearly all insisted that we should

thank God for all that is good in life; but they have not all informed us as to whom we should hold responsible for the evils we endure.

Moses differed from most of the makers of sacred books by his failure to say anything of a future life, by failing to promise heaven, and to threaten hell. Upon the subject of a future state, there is not one word in the Pentateuch. Probably at that early day God did not deem it important to make a revelation as to the eternal destiny of man. He seems to have thought that he could control the Jews, at least, by rewards and punishments in this world, and so he kept the frightful realities of eternal joy and torment a profound secret from the people of his choice. He thought it far more important to tell the Jews their origin than to enlighten them as to their destiny.

We must remember that every tribe and nation has some way in which, the more striking phenomena of nature are accounted for. These accounts are handed down by tradition, changed by numberless narrators as intelligence increases, or to account for newly discovered facts, or for the purpose of satisfying the appetite for the marvelous.

The way in which a tribe or nation accounts for day and night, the change of seasons, the fall of snow and rain, the flight of birds, the origin of the rainbow, the peculiarities of animals, the dreams of sleep, the visions of the insane, the existence of earthquakes, volcanoes, storms, lightning and the thousand things that attract the attention and excite the wonder, fear or admiration of mankind, may be called the philosophy of that tribe or nation. And as all phenomena are, by savage and barbaric man accounted for as the action of intelligent beings for the accomplishment of certain objects, and as these beings were supposed to have the power to assist or injure man, certain things were supposed necessary for man to do in order to gain the assistance, and avoid the anger of these gods. Out of this belief grew certain ceremonies, and these ceremonies united with the belief, formed religion; and consequently every religion has for its foundation a misconception of the cause of phenomena.

All worship is necessarily based upon the belief that some being exists who can, if he will, change the natural order of events. The savage prays to a stone that he calls a god, while the Christian prays to a god that he calls a spirit, and the prayers of both are equally useful. The savage and the Christian put behind the Universe an intelligent cause, and this cause whether represented by one god or many, has been, in all ages, the object of all worship. To carry a fetich, to utter a prayer, to count beads, to abstain from food, to sacrifice a lamb, a child or an enemy, are simply different ways by which the accomplishment of the same object is sought, and are all the offspring of the same error.

Many systems of religion must have existed many ages before the art of writing was discovered, and must have passed through many changes before the stories, miracles, histories, prophecies and mistakes became fixed and petrified in written words. After that, change was possible only by giving new meanings to old words, a process rendered necessary by the continual acquisition of facts somewhat inconsistent with a literal interpretation of the “sacred records.” In this way an honest faith often prolongs its life by dishonest methods; and in this way the Christians of to-day are trying to harmonize the Mosaic account of creation with the theories and discoveries of modern science.

Admitting that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch, or that he gave to the Jews a religion, the question arises as to where he obtained his information. We are told by

the theologians that he received his knowledge from God, and that every word he wrote was and is the exact truth. It is admitted at the same time that he was an adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, and enjoyed the rank and privilege of a prince. Under such circumstances, he must have been well acquainted with the literature, philosophy and religion of the Egyptians, and must have known what they believed and taught as to the creation of the world.

Now, if the account of the origin of this earth as given by Moses is substantially like that given by the Egyptians, then we must conclude that he learned it from them. Should we imagine that he was divinely inspired because he gave to the Jews what the Egyptians had given him?

The Egyptian priests taught *first*, that a god created the original matter, leaving it in a state of chaos; *second*, that a god moulded it into form; *third*, that the breath of a god moved upon the face of the deep; *fourth*, that a god created simply by saying "Let it be;" *fifth*, that a god created light before the sun existed.

Nothing can be clearer than that Moses received from the Egyptians the principal parts of his narrative, making such changes and additions as were necessary to satisfy the peculiar superstitions of his own people.

If some man at the present day should assert that he had received from God the theories of evolution, the survival of the fittest, and the law of heredity, and we should afterwards find that he was not only an Englishman, but had lived in the family of Charles Darwin, we certainly would account for his having these theories in a natural way, So, if Darwin himself should pretend that he was inspired, and had obtained his peculiar theories from God, we should probably reply that his grandfather suggested the same ideas, and that Lamarck published substantially the same theories the same year that Mr. Darwin was born.

Now, if we have sufficient courage, we will, by the same course of reasoning, account for the story of creation found in the Bible. We will say that it contains the belief of Moses, and that he received his information from the Egyptians, and not from God. If we take the account as the absolute truth and use it for the purpose of determining the value of modern thought, scientific advancement becomes impossible. And even if the account of the creation as given by Moses should turn out to be true, and should be so admitted by all the scientific world, the claim that he was inspired would still be without the least particle of proof. We would be forced to admit that he knew more than we had supposed. It certainly is no proof that a man is inspired simply because he is right.

No one pretends that Shakespeare was inspired, and yet all the writers of the books of the Old Testament put together, could not have produced Hamlet.

Why should we, looking upon some rough and awkward thing, or god in stone, say that it must have been produced by some inspired sculptor, and with the same breath pronounce the *Venus de Milo* to be the work of man? Why should we, looking at some ancient daub of angel, saint or virgin, say its painter must have been assisted by a god?

Let us account for all we see by the facts we know. If there are things for which we cannot account, let us wait for light. To account for anything by supernatural agencies is, in fact to say that we do not know. Theology is not what we know about God, but what we do not know about Nature. In order to increase our respect for the Bible, it became necessary for the priests to exalt and extol that book, and at the

same time to decry and belittle the reasoning powers of man. The whole power of the pulpit has been used for hundreds of years to destroy the confidence of man in himself—to induce him to distrust his own powers of thought, to believe that he was wholly unable to decide any question for himself, and that all human virtue consists in faith and obedience. The church has said, “Believe, and obey! If you reason, you will become an unbeliever, and unbelievers will be lost. If you disobey, you will do so through vain pride and curiosity, and will, like Adam and Eve, be thrust from Paradise forever!”

For my part, I care nothing for what the church says, except in so far as it accords with my reason; and the Bible is nothing to me, only in so far as it agrees with what I think or know.

All books should be examined in the same spirit, and truth should be welcomed and falsehood exposed, no matter in what volume they may be found.

Let us in this spirit examine the Pentateuch; and if anything appears unreasonable, contradictory or absurd, let us have the honesty and courage to admit it. Certainly no good can result either from deceiving ourselves or others. Many millions have implicitly believed this book, and have just as implicitly believed that polygamy was sanctioned by God. Millions have regarded this book as the foundation of all human progress, and at the same time looked upon slavery as a divine institution. Millions have declared this book to have been infinitely holy, and to prove that they were right, have imprisoned, robbed and burned their fellow-men. The inspiration of this book has been established by famine, sword and fire, by dungeon, chain and whip, by dagger and by rack, by force and fear and fraud, and generations have been frightened by threats of hell, and bribed with promises of heaven.

Let us examine a portion of this book, not in the darkness of our fear, but in the light of reason.

And first, let us examine the account given of the creation of this world, commenced, according to the Bible, on Monday morning about five thousand eight hundred and eighty-three years ago.

VI. MONDAY.

Moses commences his story by telling us that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

If this means anything, it means that God produced, caused to exist, called into being, the heaven and the earth. It will not do to say that he formed the heaven and the earth of previously existing matter. Moses conveys, and intended to convey the idea that the matter of which the heaven and the earth are composed, was created.

It is impossible for me to conceive of something being created from nothing. Nothing, regarded in the light of a raw material, is a decided failure. I cannot conceive of matter apart from force. Neither is it possible to think of force disconnected with matter. You cannot imagine matter going back to absolute nothing. Neither can you imagine nothing being changed into something. You may be eternally damned if you do not say that you can conceive these things, but you cannot conceive them.

Such is the constitution of the human mind that it cannot even think of a commencement or an end of matter, or force.

If God created the universe, there was a time when he commenced to create. Back of that commencement there must have been an eternity. In that eternity what was this God doing? He certainly did not think. There was nothing to think about. He did not remember. Nothing had ever happened. What did he do? Can you imagine anything more absurd than an infinite intelligence in infinite nothing wasting an eternity?

I do not pretend to tell how all these things really are; but I do insist that a statement that cannot possibly be comprehended by any human being, and that appears utterly impossible, repugnant to every fact of experience, and contrary to everything that we really know, must be rejected by every honest man.

We can conceive of eternity, because we cannot conceive of a cessation of time. We can conceive of infinite space because we cannot conceive of so much matter that our imagination will not stand upon the farthest star, and see infinite space beyond. In other words, we cannot conceive of a cessation of time; therefore eternity is a necessity of the mind. Eternity sustains the same relation to time that space does to matter.

In the time of Moses, it was perfectly safe for him to write an account of the creation of the world. He had simply to put in form the crude notions of the people. At that time, no other Jew could have written a better account. Upon that subject he felt at liberty to give his imagination full play. There was no one who could authoritatively contradict anything he might say. It was substantially the same story that had been imprinted in curious characters upon the clay records of Babylon, the gigantic monuments of Egypt, and the gloomy temples of India. In those days there was an almost infinite difference between the educated and ignorant. The people were controlled almost entirely by signs and wonders. By the lever of fear, priests moved the world. The sacred records were made and kept, and altered by them. The people could not read, and looked upon one who could, as almost a god. In our day it is hard to conceive of the influence of an educated class in a barbarous age. It was only necessary to produce the “sacred record,” and ignorance fell upon its face. The people were taught that the record was inspired, and therefore true. They were not taught that it was true, and therefore inspired.

After all, the real question is not whether the Bible is inspired, but whether it is true. If it is true, it does not need to be inspired. If it is true, it makes no difference whether it was written by a man or a god. The multiplication table is just as useful, just as true as though God had arranged the figures himself. If the Bible is really true, the claim of inspiration need not be urged; and if it is not true, its inspiration can hardly be established. As a matter of fact, the truth does not need to be inspired. Nothing needs inspiration except a falsehood or a mistake. Where truth ends, where probability stops, inspiration begins. A fact never went into partnership with a miracle. Truth does not need the assistance of miracle. A fact will fit every other fact in the Universe, because it is the product of all other facts. A lie will fit nothing except another lie made for the express purpose of fitting it. After a while the man gets tired of lying, and then the last lie will not fit the next fact, and then there is an opportunity to use a miracle. Just at that point, it is necessary to have a little inspiration.

It seems to me that reason is the highest attribute of man, and that if there can be any communication from God to man, it must be addressed to his reason. It does not seem possible that in order to understand a message from God it is absolutely essential to throw our reason away. How could God make known his will to any being

destitute of reason? How can any man accept as a revelation from God that which is unreasonable to him? God cannot make a revelation to another man for me. He must make it to me, and until he convinces my reason that it is true, I cannot receive it.

The statement that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, I cannot accept. It is contrary to my reason, and I cannot believe it. It appears reasonable to me that force has existed from eternity. Force cannot, as it appears to me, exist apart from matter. Force, in its nature, is forever active, and without matter it could not act; and so I think matter must have existed forever. To conceive of matter without force, or of force without matter, or of a time when neither existed, or of a being who existed for an eternity without either, and who out of nothing created both, is to me utterly impossible. I may be damned on this account, but I cannot help it. In my judgment, Moses was mistaken.

It will not do to say that Moses merely intended to tell what God did, in making the heavens and the earth out of matter then in existence. He distinctly states that in the *beginning* God created them. If this account is true, we must believe that God, existing in infinite space surrounded by eternal nothing, naught and void, created, produced, called into being, willed into existence this universe of countless stars.

The next thing we are told by this inspired gentleman is, that God created light, and proceeded to divide it from the darkness.

Certainly, the person who wrote this believed that darkness was a thing, an entity, a material that could get mixed and tangled up with light, and that these entities, light and darkness, had to be separated. In his imagination he probably saw God throwing pieces and chunks of darkness on one side, and rays and beams of light on the other. It is hard for a man who has been born but once to understand these things. For my part, I cannot understand how light can be separated from darkness. I had always supposed that darkness was simply the absence of light, and that under no circumstances could it be necessary to take the darkness away from the light. It is certain, however, that Moses believed darkness to be a form of matter, because I find that in another place he speaks of a darkness that could be felt. They used to have on exhibition at Rome a bottle of the darkness that overspread Egypt.

You cannot divide light from darkness any more than you can divide heat from cold. Cold is an absence of heat, and darkness is an absence of light. I suppose that we have no conception of absolute cold. We know only degrees of heat. Twenty degrees below zero is just twenty degrees warmer than forty degrees below zero. Neither cold nor darkness are entities, and these words express simply either the absolute or partial absence of heat or light. I cannot conceive how light can be divided from darkness, but I can conceive how a barbarian several thousand years ago, writing upon a subject about which he knew nothing, could make a mistake. The creator of light could not have written in this way. If such a being exists, he must have known the nature of that “mode of motion” that paints the earth on every eye, and clothes in garments seven-hued this universe of worlds.

VII. TUESDAY.

We are next informed by Moses that “God of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters;” and that “God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.” What did the writer mean by the word firmament? Theologians now tell us that he meant an “expanse.” This will not do. How could an expanse divide the waters from the waters, so that the waters above the expanse would not fall into and mingle with the

waters below the expanse? The truth is that Moses regarded the firmament as a solid affair. It was where God lived, and where water was kept. It was for this reason that they used to pray for rain. They supposed that some angel could with a lever raise a gate and let out the quantity of moisture desired. It was with the water from this firmament that the world was drowned when the windows of heaven were opened. It was in this said Let there be a firmament in the midst firmament that the sons of God lived—the sons who "saw the daughters of men that they were fair and took them wives of all which they chose." The issue of such marriages were giants, and "the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown."

Nothing is clearer than that Moses regarded the firmament as a vast material division that separated the waters of the world, and upon whose floor God lived, surrounded by his sons. In no other way could he account for rain. Where did the water come from? He knew nothing about the laws of evaporation. He did not know that the sun wooed with amorous kisses the waves of the sea, and that they, clad in glorified mist rising to meet their lover, were, by disappointment, changed to tears and fell as rain.

The idea that the firmament was the abode of the Deity must have been in the mind of Moses when he related the dream of Jacob. "And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set upon the earth and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it; and behold the Lord stood above it and said, I am the Lord God."

So, when the people were building the tower of Babel "the Lord came down to see the city, and the tower which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, Behold the people is one, and they have all one language: and this they begin to do; and nothing will be restrained from them which they imagined to do. Go to, let us go down and confound their language that they may not understand one another's speech."

The man who wrote that absurd account must have believed that God lived above the earth, in the firmament. The same idea was in the mind of the Psalmist when he said that God "bowed the heavens and came down."

Of course, God could easily remove any person bodily to heaven, as it was but a little way above the earth. "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." The accounts in the Bible of the ascension of Elijah, Christ and St. Paul were born of the belief that the firmament was the dwelling-place of God. It probably never occurred to these writers that if the firmament was seven or eight miles away, Enoch and the rest would have been frozen perfectly stiff long before the journey could have been completed. Possibly Elijah might have made the voyage, as he was carried to heaven in a chariot of fire "by a whirlwind."

The truth is, that Moses was mistaken, and upon that mistake the Christians located their heaven and their hell. The telescope destroyed the firmament, did away with the heaven of the New Testament, rendered the ascension of our Lord and the assumption of his Mother infinitely absurd, crumbled to chaos the gates and palaces of the New Jerusalem, and in their places gave to man a wilderness of worlds.

VIII. WEDNESDAY.

We are next informed by the historian of creation, that after God had finished making the firmament and had succeeded in dividing the waters by means of an "expanse," he proceeded "to gather the waters on the earth together in seas, so that the dry land might appear."

Certainly the writer of this did not have any conception of the real form of the earth. He could not have known anything of the attraction of gravitation. He must have regarded the earth as flat and supposed that it required considerable force and power to induce the water to leave the mountains and collect in the valleys. Just as soon as the water was forced to run down hill, the dry land appeared, and the grass began to grow, and the mantles of green were thrown over the shoulders of the hills, and the trees laughed into bud and blossom, and the branches were laden with fruit. And all this happened before a ray had left the quiver of the sun, before a glittering beam had thrilled the bosom of a flower, and before the Dawn with trembling hands had drawn aside the curtains of the East and welcomed to her arms the eager god of Day.

It does not seem to me that grass and trees could grow and ripen into seed and fruit without the sun. According to the account, this all happened on the third day. Now, if, as the Christians say, Moses did not mean by the word day a period of twenty-four hours, but an immense and almost measureless space of time, and as God did not, according to this view make any animals until the fifth day, that is, not for millions of years after he made the grass and trees, for what purpose did he cause the trees to bear fruit?

Moses says that God said on the third day, “Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit whose seed was in itself after his kind; and God saw that it was good, and the evening and the morning were the third day.”

There was nothing to eat this fruit; not an insect with painted wings sought the honey of the flowers; not a single living, breathing thing upon the earth. Plenty of grass, a great variety of herbs, an abundance of fruit, but not a mouth in all the world. If Moses is right, this state of things lasted only two days; but if the modern theologians are correct, it continued for millions of ages.

“It is now well known that the organic history of the earth can be properly divided into five epochs—the Primordial, Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Quaternary. Each of these epochs is characterized by animal and vegetable life peculiar to itself. In the First will be found Algæ and Skulless Vertebrates, in the Second, Ferns and Fishes, in the Third, Pine Forests and Reptiles, in the Fourth, Foliaceous Forests and Mammals, and in the Fifth, Man.”

How much more reasonable this is than the idea that the earth was covered with grass, and herbs, and trees loaded with fruit for millions of years before an animal existed.

There is, in Nature, an even balance forever kept between the total amounts of animal and vegetable life. “In her wonderful economy she must form and bountifully nourish her vegetable progeny—twin-brother life to her, with that of animals. The perfect balance between plant existences and animal existences must always be maintained, while matter courses through the eternal circle, becoming each in turn. If an animal be resolved into its ultimate constituents in a period according to the surrounding circumstances, say, of four hours, of four months, of four years, or even of four thousand years,—for it is impossible to deny that there may be instances of all these periods during which the process has continued—those elements which assume the gaseous form mingle at once with the atmosphere and are taken up from it without delay by the ever-open mouths of vegetable life. By a thousand pores in every leaf the carbonic acid which renders the atmosphere unfit for animal life is absorbed,

the carbon being separated, and assimilated to form the vegetable fibre, which, as wood, makes and furnishes our houses and ships, is burned for our warmth, or is stored up under pressure for coal. All this carbon has played its part, and many parts in its time, as animal existences from monad up to man. Our mahogany of to-day has been many negroes in its turn, and before the African existed, was integral portions of many a generation of extinct species."

It seems reasonable to suppose that certain kinds of vegetation-and certain kinds of animals should exist together, and that as the character of the vegetation changed, a corresponding change would take place in the animal world. It may be that I am led to these conclusions by "total depravity," or that I lack the necessary humility of spirit to satisfactorily harmonize Haeckel and Moses; or that I am carried away by pride, blinded by reason, given over to hardness of heart that I might be damned, but I never can believe that the earth was covered with leaves, and buds, and flowers, and fruits before the sun with glittering spear had driven back the hosts of Night.

IX. THURSDAY.

After the world was covered with vegetation, it occurred to Moses that it was about time to make a sun and moon; and so we are told that on the fourth day God said, "Let there be light in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years; and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth; and it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also."

Can we believe that the inspired writer had any idea of the size of the sun? Draw a circle five inches in diameter, and by its side thrust a pin through the paper. The hole made by the pin will sustain about the same relation to the circle that the earth does to the sun. Did he know that the sun was eight hundred and sixty thousand miles in diameter; that it was enveloped in an ocean of fire thousands of miles in depth, hotter even than the Christian's hell, over which sweep tempests of flame moving at the rate of one hundred miles a second, compared with which the wildest storm that ever wrecked the forests of this world was but a calm? Did he know that the sun every moment of time throws out as much heat as could be generated by the combustion of millions upon millions of tons of coal? Did he know that the volume of the earth is less than one-millionth of that of the sun? Did he know of the one hundred and four planets belonging to our solar system, all children of the sun? Did he know of Jupiter eighty-five thousand miles in diameter, hundreds of times as large as our earth, turning on his axis at the rate of twenty-five thousand miles an hour accompanied by four moons, making the tour of his orbit in fifty years, a distance of three thousand million miles? Did he know anything about Saturn, his rings and his eight moons? Did he have the faintest idea that all these planets were once a part of the sun; that the vast luminary was once thousands of millions of miles in diameter; that Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars were all born before our earth, and that by no possibility could this world have existed three days, nor three periods, nor three "good whiles" before its source, the sun?

Moses supposed the sun to be about three or four feet in diameter and the moon about half that size. Compared with the earth they were but simple specks. This idea seems to have been shared by all the "inspired" men. We find in the book of Joshua that the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves

upon their enemies. “So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.”

We are told that the sacred writer wrote in common speech as we do when we talk about the rising and setting of the sun, and that all he intended to say was that the earth ceased to turn on its axis “for about a whole day.”

My own opinion is that General Joshua knew no more about the motions of the earth than he did about mercy and justice. If he had known that the earth turned upon its axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and swept in its course about the sun at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, he would have doubled the hailstones, spoken of in the same chapter, that the Lord cast down from heaven, and allowed the sun and moon to rise and set in the usual way.

It is impossible to conceive of a more absurd story than this about the stopping of the sun and moon, and yet nothing so excites the malice of the orthodox preacher as to call its truth in question. Some endeavor to account for the phenomenon by natural causes, while others attempt to show that God could, by the refraction of light have made the sun visible although actually shining on the opposite side of the earth. The last hypothesis has been seriously urged by ministers within the last few months. The Rev. Henry M. Morey of South Bend, Indiana, says “that the phenomenon was simply optical. The rotary motion of the earth was not disturbed, but the light of the sun was prolonged by the same laws of refraction and reflection by which the sun now appears to be above the horizon when it is really below. The medium through which the sun’s rays passed may have been miraculously influenced so as to have caused the sun to linger above the horizon long after its usual time for disappearance.”

This is the latest and ripest product of Christian scholarship upon this question no doubt, but still it is not entirely satisfactory to me. According to the sacred account the sun did not linger, merely, above the horizon, but stood still “in the midst of heaven for about a whole day,” that is to say, for about twelve hours. If the air was miraculously changed, so that it would refract the rays of the sun while the earth turned over as usual for “about a whole day,” then, at the end of that time the sun must have been visible in the east, that is, it must by that time have been the next morning. According to this, that most wonderful day must have been at least thirty-six hours in length. We have first, the twelve hours of natural light, then twelve hours of “refracted and reflected” light. By that time it would again be morning, and the sun would shine for twelve hours more in the natural way, making thirty-six hours in all.

If the Rev. Morey would depend a little less on “refraction” and a little more on “reflection,” he would conclude that the whole story is simply a barbaric myth and fable.

It hardly seems reasonable that God, if there is one, would either stop the globe, change the constitution of the atmosphere or the nature of light simply to afford Joshua an opportunity to kill people on that day when he could just as easily have waited until the next morning. It certainly cannot be very gratifying to God for us to believe such childish things.

It has been demonstrated that force is eternal; that it is forever active, and eludes destruction by change of form. Motion is a form of force, and all arrested motion changes instantly to heat. The earth turns upon its axis at about one thousand miles an hour. Let it be stopped and a force beyond our imagination is changed to heat. It has been calculated that to stop the world would produce as much heat as the

burning of a solid piece of coal three times the size of the earth. And yet we are asked to believe that this was done in order that one barbarian might defeat another. Such stories never would have been written, had not the belief been general that the heavenly bodies were as nothing compared with the earth.

The view of Moses was acquiesced in by the Jewish people and by the Christian world for thousands of years. It is supposed that Moses lived about fifteen hundred years before Christ, and although he was "inspired," and obtained his information directly from God, he did not know as much about our solar system as the Chinese did a thousand years before he was born. "The Emperor Chwenhio adopted as an epoch, a conjunction of the planets Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, which has been shown by M. Bailly to have occurred no less than 2449 years before Christ." The ancient Chinese knew not only the motions of the planets, but they could calculate eclipses. "In the reign of the Emperor Chow-Kang, the chief astronomers, Ho and Hi were condemned to death for neglecting to announce a solar eclipse which took place 2169 B. C., a clear proof that the prediction of eclipses was a part of the duty of the imperial astronomers."

Is it not strange that a Chinaman should find out by his own exertions more about the material universe than Moses could when assisted by its Creator?

About eight hundred years after God gave Moses the principal facts about the creation of the "heaven and the earth" he performed another miracle far more wonderful than stopping the world. On this occasion he not only stopped the earth, but actually caused it to turn the other way. A Jewish king was sick, and God, in order to convince him that he would ultimately recover, offered to make the shadow on the dial go forward, or backward ten degrees. The king thought it was too easy a thing to make the shadow go forward, and asked that it be turned back. Thereupon, "Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord, and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz." I hardly see how this miracle could be accounted for even by "refraction" and "reflection."

It seems, from the account, that this stupendous miracle was performed after the king had been cured. The account of the shadow going backward is given in the eleventh verse of the twentieth chapter of Second Kings, while the cure is given in the seventh verse of the same chapter. "And Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered."

Stopping the world and causing it to turn back ten degrees after that, seems to have been, as the boil was already cured by the figs, a useless display of power.

The easiest way to account for all these wonders is to say that the "inspired" writers were mistaken. In this way a fearful burden is lifted from the credulity of man, and he is left free to believe the evidences of his own senses, and the demonstrations of science. In this way he can emancipate himself from the slavery of superstition, the control of the barbaric dead, and the despotism of the church.

Only about a hundred years ago, Buffon, the naturalist, was compelled by the faculty of theology at Paris to publicly renounce fourteen "errors" in his work on Natural History because they were at variance with the Mosaic account of creation. The Pentateuch is still the scientific standard of the church, and ignorant priests, armed with that, pronounce sentence upon the vast accomplishments of modern thought.

X. "HE MADE THE STARS ALSO."

Moses came very near forgetting about the stars, and only gave five words to all the hosts of heaven. Can it be possible that he knew anything about the stars beyond the mere fact that he saw them shining above him?

Did he know that the nearest star, the one we ought to be the best acquainted with, is twenty-one billion of miles away, and that it is a sun shining by its own light? Did he know of the next, that is thirty-seven billion miles distant? Is it possible that he was acquainted with Sirius, a sun two thousand six hundred and eighty-eight times larger than our own, surrounded by a system of heavenly bodies, several of which are already known, and distant from us eighty-two billion miles? Did he know that the Polar star that tells the mariner his course and guided slaves to liberty and joy, is distant from this little world two hundred and ninety-two billion miles, and that Capella wheels and shines one hundred and thirty-three billion miles beyond? Did he know that it would require about seventy-two years for light to reach us from this star? Did he know that light travels one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles a second? Did he know that some stars are so far away in the infinite abysses that five millions of years are required for their light to reach this globe?

If this is true, and if as the Bible tells us, the stars were made after the earth, then this world has been wheeling in its orbit for at least five million years.

It may be replied that it was not the intention of God to teach geology and astronomy. Then why did he say anything upon these subjects? and if he did say anything, why did he not give the facts?

According to the sacred records God created, on the first day, the heaven and the earth, “moved upon the face of the waters,” and made the light. On the second day he made the firmament or the “expanse” and divided the waters. On the third day he gathered the waters into seas, let the dry land appear and caused the earth to bring forth grass, herbs and fruit trees, and on the fourth day he made the sun, moon and stars and set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth. This division of labor is very striking. The work of the other days is as nothing when compared with that of the fourth. Is it possible that it required the same time and labor to make the grass, herbs and fruit trees, that it did to fill with countless constellations the infinite expanse of space?

XI. FRIDAY.

We are then told that on the next day “God the moving creatures that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales and every living creature which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind, and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.”

Is it true that while the dry land was covered with grass, and herbs, and trees bearing fruit, the ocean was absolutely devoid of life, and so remained for millions of years?

If Moses meant twenty-four hours by the word day, then it would make but little difference on which of the six days animals were made; but if the word said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly day was used to express millions of ages, during which life was slowly evolved from monad up to man, then the account becomes infinitely absurd, puerile and foolish. There is not a scientist of high standing who will say that in his judgment the earth was covered with fruit-bearing trees before the moners, the ancestors it may be of the human race, felt in Laurentian seas the first faint throb of

life. Nor is there one who will declare that there was a single spire of grass before the sun had poured upon the world his flood of gold.

Why should men in the name of religion try to harmonize the contradictions that exist between Nature and a book? Why should philosophers be denounced for placing more reliance upon what they know than upon what they have been told? If there is a God, it is reasonably certain that he made the world, but it is by no means certain that he is the author of the Bible. Why then should we not place greater confidence in Nature than in a book? And even if this God made not only the world but the book besides, it does not follow that the book is the best part of creation, and the only part that we will be eternally punished for denying. It seems to me that it is quite as important to know something of the solar system, something of the physical history of this globe, as it is to know the adventures of Jonah or the diet of Ezekiel. For my part, I would infinitely prefer to know all the results of scientific investigation, than to be inspired as Moses was. Supposing the Bible to be true; why is it any worse or more wicked for Freethinkers to deny it, than for priests to deny the doctrine of evolution, or the dynamic theory of heat? Why should we be damned for laughing at Samson and his foxes, while others, holding the Nebular Hypothesis in utter contempt, go straight to heaven? It seems to me that a belief in the great truths of science are fully as essential to salvation, as the creed of any church. We are taught that a man may be perfectly acceptable to God even if he denies the rotundity of the earth, the Copernican system, the three laws of Kepler, the indestructibility of matter and the attraction of gravitation. And we are also taught that a man may be right upon all these questions, and yet, for failing to believe in the “scheme of salvation,” be eternally lost.

XII. SATURDAY.

On this, the last day of creation, God said;—

“Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping thing and beast of the earth after his kind; and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind; and God saw that it was good.”

Now, is it true that the seas were filled with fish, the sky with fowls, and the earth covered with grass, and herbs, and fruit bearing trees, millions of ages before there was a creeping thing in existence? Must we admit that plants and animals were the result of the fiat of some incomprehensible intelligence independent of the operation of what are known as natural causes? Why is a miracle any more necessary to account for yesterday than for to-day or for to-morrow?

If there is an infinite Power, nothing can be more certain than that this Power works in accordance with what we call law, that is, by and through natural causes. If anything can be found without a pedigree of natural antecedents, it will then be time enough to talk about the fiat of creation. There must have been a time when plants and animals did not exist upon this globe. The question, and the only question is, whether they were naturally produced. If the account given by Moses is true, then the vegetable and animal existences are the result of certain special fiats of creation entirely independent of the operation of natural causes. This is so grossly improbable, so at variance with the experience and observation of mankind, that it cannot be adopted without abandoning forever the basis of scientific thought and action.

It may be urged that we do not understand the sacred record correctly. To this it may be replied that for thousands of years the account of the creation has, by the Jewish and Christian world, been regarded as literally true. If it was inspired, of course God must have known just how it would be understood, and consequently must have intended that it should be understood just as he knew it would be. One man writing to another, may mean one thing, and yet be understood as meaning something else. Now, if the writer knew that he would be misunderstood, and also knew that he could use other words that would convey his real meaning, but did not, we would say that he used words on purpose to mislead, and was not an honest man.

If a being of infinite wisdom wrote the Bible, or caused it to be written, he must have known exactly how his words would be interpreted by all the world, and he must have intended to convey the very meaning that was conveyed. He must have known that by reading that book, man would form erroneous views as to the shape, antiquity, and size of this world; that he would be misled as to the time and order of creation; that he would have the most childish and contemptible views of the creator; that the “sacred word” would be used to support slavery and polygamy; that it would build dungeons for the good, and light fagots to consume the brave, and therefore he must have intended that these results should follow. He also must have known that thousands and millions of men and women never could believe his Bible, and that the number of unbelievers would increase in the exact ratio of civilization, and therefore, he must have intended that result.

Let us understand this. An honest finite being uses the best words, in his judgment, to convey his meaning. This is the best he can do, because he cannot certainly know the exact effect of his words on others. But an infinite being must know not only the real meaning of the words, but the exact meaning they will convey to every reader and hearer. He must know every meaning that they are capable of conveying to every mind. He must also know what explanations must be made to prevent misconception. If an infinite being cannot, in making a revelation to man, use such words that every person to whom a revelation is essential will understand distinctly what that revelation is, then a revelation from God through the instrumentality of language is impossible, or it is not essential that all should understand it correctly. It may be urged that millions have not the capacity to understand a revelation, although expressed in the plainest words. To this it seems a sufficient reply to ask, why a being of infinite power should create men so devoid of intelligence, that he cannot by any means make known to them his will? We are told that it is exceedingly plain, and that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. This statement is refuted by the religious history of the Christian world. Every sect is a certificate that God has not plainly revealed his will to man. To each reader the Bible conveys a different meaning. About the meaning of this book, called a revelation, there have been ages of war, and centuries of sword and flame. If written by an infinite God, he must have known that these results must follow; and thus knowing, he must be responsible for all.

Is it not infinitely more reasonable to say that this book is the work of man, that it is filled with mingled truth and error, with mistakes and facts, and reflects, too faithfully perhaps, the “very form and pressure of its time”?

If there are mistakes in the Bible, certainly they were made by man. If there is anything contrary to nature, it was written by man. If there is anything immoral, cruel, heartless or infamous, it certainly was never written by a being worthy of the adoration of mankind.

XIII. LET US MAKE MAN.

We are next informed by the author of the Pentateuch that God said "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," and that "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him—male and female created he them."

If this account means anything, it means that man was created in the physical image and likeness of God. Moses while he speaks of man as having been made in the image of God, never speaks of God except as having the form of a man. He speaks of God as "walking in the garden in the cool of the day;" and that Adam and Eve "heard his voice." He is constantly telling what God said, and in a thousand passages he refers to him as not only having the human form, but as performing actions, such as man performs. The God of Moses was a God with hands, with feet, with the organs of speech.

A God of passion, of hatred, of revenge, of affection, of repentance; a God who made mistakes:—in other words, an immense and powerful man.

It will not do to say that Moses meant to convey the idea that God made man in his mental or moral image. Some have insisted that man was made in the moral image of God because he was made pure. Purity cannot be manufactured. A moral character cannot be made for man by a god. Every man must make his own moral character. Consequently, if God is infinitely pure, Adam and Eve were not made in his image in that respect. Others say that Adam and Eve were made in the mental image of God. If it is meant by that, that they were created with reasoning powers like, but not to the extent of those possessed by a god, then this may be admitted. But certainly this idea was not in the mind of Moses. He regarded the human form as being in the image of God, and for that reason always spoke of God as having that form. No one can read the Pentateuch without coming to the conclusion that the author supposed that man was created in the physical likeness of Deity. God said "Go to, let us go down." "God smelled a sweet savor;" "God repented him that he had made man;" "and God said;" and "walked;" and "talked;" and "rested." All these expressions are inconsistent with any other idea than that the person using them regarded God as having the form of man.

As a matter of fact, it is impossible for a man to conceive of a personal God, other than as a being having the human form. No one can think of an infinite being having the form of a horse, or of a bird, or of any animal beneath man. It is one of the necessities of the mind to associate forms with intellectual capacities. The highest form of which we have any conception is man's, and consequently, his is the only form that we can find in imagination to give to a personal God, because all other forms are, in our minds, connected with lower intelligences.

It is impossible to think of a personal God as a spirit without form. We can use these words, but they do not convey to the mind any real and tangible meaning. Every one who thinks of a personal God at all, thinks of him as having the human form. Take from God the idea of form; speak of him simply as an all pervading spirit—which means an all pervading something about which we know nothing—and Pantheism is the result.

We are told that God made man; and the question naturally arises, how was this done? Was it by a process of "evolution," "development;" the "transmission of acquired habits;" the "survival of the fittest," or was the necessary amount of clay kneaded to the proper consistency, and then by the hands of God moulded into form? Modern science tells that man has been evolved, through countless epochs,

from the lower forms; that he is the result of almost an infinite number of actions, reactions, experiences, states, forms, wants and adaptations. Did Moses intend to convey such a meaning, or did he believe that God took a sufficient amount of dust, made it the proper shape, and breathed into it the breath of life? Can any believer in the Bible give any reasonable account of this process of creation? Is it possible to imagine what was really done? Is there any theologian who will contend that man was created directly from the earth? Will he say that man was made substantially as he now is, with all his muscles properly developed for walking and speaking, and performing every variety of human action? That all his bones were formed as they now are, and all the relations of nerve, ligament, brain and motion as they are to-day?

Looking back over the history of animal life from the lowest to the highest forms, we find that there has been a slow and gradual development; a certain but constant relation between want and production; between use and form. The Moner is said to be the simplest form of animal life that has yet been found. It has been described as "an organism without organs." It is a kind of structureless structure; a little mass of transparent jelly that can flatten itself out, and can expand and contract around its food. It can feed without a mouth, digest without a stomach, walk without feet, and reproduce itself by simple division. By taking this Moner as the commencement of animal life, or rather as the first animal, it is easy to follow the development of the organic structure through all the forms of life to man himself. In this way finally every muscle, bone and joint, every organ, form and function may be accounted for. In this way, and in this way only, can the existence of rudimentary organs be explained. Blot from the human mind the ideas of evolution, heredity, adaptation, and "the survival of the fittest," with which it has been enriched by Lamarck, Goethe, Darwin, Haeckel and Spencer, and all the facts in the history of animal life become utterly disconnected and meaningless.

Shall we throw away all that has been discovered with regard to organic life, and in its place take the statements of one who lived in the rude morning of a barbaric day? Will anybody now contend that man was a direct and independent creation, and sustains and bears no relation to the animals below him? Belief upon this subject must be governed at last by evidence. Man cannot believe as he pleases. He can control his speech, and can say that he believes or disbelieves; but after all, his will cannot depress or raise the scales with which his reason finds the worth and weight of facts. If this is not so, investigation, evidence, judgment and reason are but empty words.

I ask again, how were Adam and Eve created? In one account they are created male and female, and apparently at the same time. In the next account, Adam is made first, and Eve a long time afterwards, and from a part of the man. Did God simply by his creative fiat cause a rib slowly to expand, grow and divide into nerve, ligament, cartilage and flesh? How was the woman created from a rib? How was man created simply from dust? For my part, I cannot believe this statement.

I may suffer for this in the world to come; and may, millions of years hence, sincerely wish that I had never investigated the subject, but had been content to take the ideas of the dead. I do not believe that any deity works in that way. So far as my experience goes, there is an unbroken procession of cause and effect. Each thing is a necessary link in an infinite chain; and I cannot conceive of this chain being broken even for one instant. Back of the simplest moner there is a cause, and back of that another,

and so on, it seems to me, forever. In my philosophy I postulate neither beginning nor ending.

If the Mosaic account is true, we know how long man has been upon this earth. If that account can be relied on, the first man was made about five thousand eight hundred and eighty-three years ago. Sixteen hundred and fifty-six years after the making of the first man, the inhabitants of the world, with the exception of eight people, were destroyed by a flood. This flood occurred only about four thousand two hundred and twenty-seven years ago. If this account is correct, at that time, only one kind of men existed. Noah and his family were certainly of the same blood. It therefore follows that all the differences we see between the various races of men have been caused in about four thousand years. If the account of the deluge is true, then since that event all the ancient kingdoms of the earth were founded, and their inhabitants passed through all the stages of savage, nomadic, barbaric and semi-civilized life; through the epochs of Stone, Bronze and Iron; established commerce, cultivated the arts, built cities, filled them with palaces and temples, invented writing, produced a literature and slowly fell to shapeless ruin. We must believe that all this has happened within a period of four thousand years.

From representations found upon Egyptian granite made more than three thousand years ago, we know that the negro was as black, his lips as full, and his hair as closely curled then as now. If we know anything, we know that there was at that time substantially the same difference between the Egyptian and the Negro as now. If we know anything, we know that magnificent statues were made in Egypt four thousand years before our era—that is to say, about six thousand years ago. There was at the World's Exposition, in the Egyptian department, a statue of king Cephren, known to have been chiseled more than six thousand years ago. In other words, if the Mosaic account must be believed, this statue was made before the world. We also know, if we know anything, that men lived in v Europe with the hairy mammoth, the cave bear, the rhinoceros, and the hyena. Among the bones of these animals have been found the stone hatchets and flint arrows of our ancestors. In the caves where they lived have been discovered the remains of these animals that had been conquered, killed and devoured as food, hundreds of thousands of years ago.

If these facts are true, Moses was mistaken. For my part, I have infinitely more confidence in the discoveries of to-day, than in the records of a barbarous people. It will not now do to say that man has existed upon this earth for only about six thousand years. One can hardly compute in his imagination the time necessary for man to emerge from the barbarous state, naked and helpless, surrounded by animals far more powerful than he, to progress and finally create the civilizations of India, Egypt and Athens. The distance from savagery to Shakespeare must be measured not by hundreds, but by millions of years.

XIV. SUNDAY.

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."

The great work had been accomplished, the world, the sun, and moon, and all the hosts of heaven were finished; the earth was clothed in green, the seas were filled with life, the cattle wandered by the brooks—insects with painted wings were in the

happy air, Adam and Eve were making each others acquaintance, and God was resting from his work. He was contemplating the accomplishments of a week.

Because he rested on that day he sanctified it, and for that reason and for that alone, it was by the Jews considered a holy day. If he only rested on that day, there ought to be some account of what he did the following Monday. Did he rest on that day? What did he do after he got rested? Has he done anything in the way of creation since Saturday evening of the first week?

It is now claimed by the "scientific" Christians that the "days" of creation were not ordinary days of twenty-four hours each, but immensely long periods of time. If they are right, then how long was the seventh day? Was that, too, a geologic period covering thousands of ages? That cannot be, because Adam and Eve were created the Saturday evening before, and according to the Bible that was about five thousand eight hundred and eighty-three years ago. I cannot state the time exactly, because there have been as many as one hundred and forty different opinions given by learned Biblical students as to the time between the creation of the world and the birth of Christ. We are quite certain, however, that, according to the Bible, it is not more than six thousand years since the creation of Adam. From this it would appear that the seventh day was not a geologic epoch, but was in fact a period of less than six thousand years, and probably of only twenty-four hours.

The theologians who "answer" these things may take their choice. If they take the ground that the "days" were periods of twenty-four hours, then geology will force them to throw away the whole account. If, on the other hand, they admit that the days were vast "periods," then the sacredness of the Sabbath must be given up.

There is found in the Bible no intimation that there was the least difference in the days. They are all spoken of in the same way. It may be replied that our translation is incorrect. If this is so, then only those who understand Hebrew, have had a revelation from God, and all the rest have been deceived.

How is it possible to sanctify a space of time? Is rest holier than labor? If there is any difference between days, ought not that to be considered best in which the most useful labor has been performed?

Of all the superstitions of mankind, this insanity about the "sacred Sabbath" is the most absurd. The idea of feeling it a duty to be solemn and sad one-seventh of the time! To think that we can please an infinite being by staying in some dark and sombre room, instead of walking in the perfumed fields! Why should God hate to see a man happy? Why should it excite his wrath to see a family in the woods, by some babbling stream, talking, laughing and loving? Nature works on that "sacred" day. The earth turns, the rivers run, the trees grow, buds burst into flower, and birds fill the air with song. Why should we look sad, and think about death, and hear about hell? Why should that day be filled with gloom instead of joy?

A poor mechanic, working all the week in dust and noise, needs a day of rest and joy, a day to visit stream and wood—a day to live with wife and child; a day in which to laugh at care, and gather hope and strength for toils to come. And his weary wife needs a breath of sunny air, away from street and wall, amid the hills or by the margin of the sea, where she can sit and prattle with her babe, and fill with happy dreams the long, glad day.

The "Sabbath" was born of asceticism, hatred of human joy, fanaticism, ignorance, egotism of priests and the cowardice of the people. This day, for thousands of years,

has been dedicated to superstition, to the dissemination of mistakes, and the establishment of falsehoods. Every Freethinker, as a matter of duty, should violate this day. He should assert his independence, and do all within his power to wrest the Sabbath from the gloomy church and give it back to liberty and joy. Freethinkers should make the Sabbath a day of mirth and music; a day to spend with wife and child—a day of games, and books, and dreams—a day to put fresh flowers above our sleeping dead—a day of memory and hope, of love and rest.

Why should we in this age of the world be dominated by the dead? Why should barbarian Jews who went down to death and dust three thousand years ago, control the living world? Why should we care for the superstition of men who began the Sabbath by paring their nails, "beginning at the fourth finger, then going to the second, then to the fifth, then to the third, and ending with the thumb?" How pleasing to God this must have been. The Jews were very careful of these nail parings. They who threw them upon the ground were wicked, because Satan used them to work evil upon the earth. They believed that upon the Sabbath, souls were allowed to leave purgatory and cool their burning souls in water. Fires were neither allowed to be kindled nor extinguished, and upon that day it was a sin to bind up wounds. "The lame might use a staff, but the blind could not." So strict was the Sabbath kept, that at one time "if a Jew on a journey was overtaken by the 'sacred day' in a wood, or on the highway, no matter where, nor under what circumstances, he must sit down," and there remain until the day was gone. "If he fell down in the dirt, there he was compelled to stay until the day was done." For violating the Sabbath, the punishment was death, for nothing short of the offender's blood could satisfy the wrath of God. There are, in the Old Testament, two reasons given for abstaining from labor on the Sabbath:—the resting of God, and the redemption of the Jews from the bondage of Egypt.

Since the establishment of the Christian religion, the day has been changed, and Christians do not regard the day as holy upon which God actually rested, and which he sanctified. The Christian Sabbath, or the "Lord's day" was legally established by the murderer Constantine, because upon that day Christ was supposed to have risen from the dead.

It is not easy to see where Christians got the right to disregard the direct command of God, to labor on the day he sanctified, and keep as sacred, a day upon which he commanded men to labor. The Sabbath of God is Saturday, and if any day is to be kept holy, that is the one, and not the Sunday of the Christian.

Let us throw away these superstitions and take the higher, nobler ground, that every day should be rendered sacred by some loving act, by increasing the happinesss of man, giving birth to noble thoughts, putting in the path of toil some flower of joy, helping the unfortunate, lifting the fallen, dispelling gloom, destroying prejudice, defending the helpless and filling homes with light and love.

XV. THE NECESSITY FOR A GOOD MEMORY.

It must not be forgotten that there are two accounts of the creation in Genesis. The first account stops with the third verse of the second chapter. The chapters have been improperly divided. In the original Hebrew the Pentateuch was neither divided into chapters nor verses. There was not even any system of punctuation. It was written wholly with consonants, without vowels, and without any marks, dots, or lines to indicate them.

These accounts are materially different, and both cannot be true. Let us see wherein they differ.

The second account of the creation begins with the fourth verse of the second chapter, and is as follows:

“These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.

“And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew; for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground.

“But there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground.

“And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

“And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

“And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

“And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads.

“The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold.

“And the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium and the onyx stone.

“And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia.

“And the name of the third river is Hiddekel; that is it which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates.

“And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

“And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

“And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him.

“And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof.

“And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found a helpmeet for him.

“And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

“And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman and brought her unto the man.

“And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man.

“Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.

“And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.”

Order of creation in the first account:

1. The heaven and the earth, and light were made.

2. The firmament was constructed and the waters divided.

3. The waters gathered into seas—and then came dry land, grass, herbs and fruit trees.

4. The sun and moon. He made the stars also.

5. Fishes, fowls, and great whales.

6. Beasts, cattle, every creeping thing, man and woman.

Order of creation in the second account:

1. The heavens and the earth.

2. A mist went up from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

3. Created a man out of dust, by the name of Adam.

4. Planted a garden eastward in Eden, and put the man in it.

5. Created the beasts and fowls.

6. Created a woman out of one of the man’s ribs.

In the second account, man was made *before* the beasts and fowls. If this is true, the first account is false. And if the theologians of our time are correct in their view that the Mosaic day means thousands of ages, then, according to the second account, Adam existed millions of years before Eve was formed. He must have lived one Mosaic day before there were any trees, and another Mosaic day before the beasts and fowls were created. Will some kind clergymen tell us upon what kind of food Adam subsisted during these immense periods?

In the second account a man is made, and the fact that he was without a helpmeet did not occur to the Lord God until a couple “of vast periods” afterwards. The Lord God suddenly coming to an appreciation of the situation said, “It is not good that the man should be alone. I will make him an helpmeet for him.”

Now, after concluding to make “an helpmeet” for Adam, what did the Lord God do? Did he at once proceed to make a woman? No. What did he do? He made the beasts, and tried to induce Adam to take one of them for “an helpmeet.” If I am incorrect, read the following account, and tell me what it means:

“And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him.

“And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof.

“And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an helpmeet for him.”

Unless the Lord God was looking for an helpmeet for Adam, why did he cause the animals to pass before him? And why did he, after the menagerie had passed by, pathetically exclaim, “But for Adam there was not found an helpmeet for him”?

It seems that Adam saw nothing that struck his fancy. The fairest ape, the sprightliest chimpanzee, the loveliest baboon, the most bewitching orangoutang, the most fascinating gorilla failed to touch with love’s sweet pain, poor Adam’s lonely heart. Let us rejoice that this was so. Had he fallen in love then, there never would have been a Freethinker in this world.

Dr. Adam Clarke, speaking of this remarkable proceeding says: - “God caused the animals to pass before Adam to show him that no creature yet formed could make him a suitable companion; that Adam was convinced that none of these animals could be a suitable companion for him, and that therefore he must continue in a state that was not good (celibacy) unless he became a further debtor to the bounty of his maker, for among all the animals which he had formed, there was not a helpmeet for Adam.”

Upon this same subject, Dr. Scott informs us “that it was not conducive to the happiness of the man to remain without the consoling society, and endearment of tender friendship, nor consistent with the end of his creation to be without marriage by which the earth might be replenished and worshipers and servants raised up to render him praise and glory. Adam seems to have been vastly better acquainted by intuition or revelation with the distinct properties of every creature than the most sagacious observer since the fall of man.

“Upon this review of the animals, not one was found in outward form his counterpart, nor one suited to engage his affections, participate in his enjoyments, or associate with him in the worship of God.”

Dr. Matthew Henry admits that “God brought all the animals together to see if there was a suitable match for Adam in any of the numerous families of the inferior creatures, but there was none. They were all looked over, but Adam could not be matched among them all. Therefore God created a new thing to be a helpmeet for him.”

Failing to satisfy Adam with any of the inferior animals, the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon him, and while in this sleep took out one of Adam’s ribs and “closed up the flesh instead thereof.” And out of this rib, the Lord God made a woman, and brought her to the man.

Was the Lord God compelled to take a part of the man because he had used up all the original “nothing” out of which the universe was made? Is it possible for any sane and intelligent man to believe this story? Must a man be born a second time before this account seems reasonable?

Imagine the Lord God with a bone in his hand with which to start a woman, trying to make up his mind whether to make a blonde or a brunette!

Just at this point it may be proper for me to warn all persons from laughing at or making light of, any stories found in the “Holy Bible.” When you come to die, every laugh will be a thorn in your pillow. At that solemn moment, as you look back upon the records of your life, no matter how many men you may have wrecked and ruined;

no matter how many women you have deceived and deserted, all that can be forgiven; but if you remember then that you have laughed at even one story in God's "sacred book" you will see through the gathering shadows of death the forked tongues of devils, and the leering eyes of fiends.

These stories must be believed, or the work of regeneration can never be commenced. No matter how well you act your part, live as honestly as you may, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, divide your last farthing with the poor, and you are simply traveling the broad road that leads inevitably to eternal death, unless at the same time you implicitly believe the Bible to be the inspired word of God.

Let me show you the result of unbelief. Let us suppose, for a moment, that we are at the Day of Judgment, listening to the trial of souls as they arrive. The Recording Secretary, or whoever does the cross-examining, says to a soul:

Where are you from?

I am from the Earth.

What kind of a man were you?

Well, I don't like to talk about myself. I suppose you can tell by looking at your books.

No, sir. You must tell what kind of a man you were.

Well, I was what you might call a first-rate fellow. I loved my wife and children. My home was my heaven. My fireside was a paradise to me. To sit there and see the lights and shadows fall upon the faces of those I loved, was to me a perfect joy.

How did you treat your family?

I never said an unkind word. I never caused my wife, nor one of my children, a moments pain.

Did you pay your debts?

I did not owe a dollar when I died, and left enough to pay my funeral expenses, and to keep the fierce wolf of want from the door of those I loved.

Did you belong to any church?

No, sir. They were too narrow, pinched and bigoted for me, I never thought that I could be very happy if other folks were damned.

Did you believe in eternal punishment?

Well, no. I always thought that God could get his revenge in far less time.

Did you believe the rib story?

Do you mean the Adam and Eve business?

Yes! Did you believe that?

To tell you the God's truth, that was just a little more than I could swallow.

Away with him to hell!

Next!

Where are you from?

I am from the world too.

Did you belong to any church?

Yes, sir, and to the Young Men's Christian Association besides.

What was your business?

Cashier in a Savings Bank.

Did you ever run away with any money?

Where I came from, a witness could not be compelled to criminate himself.

The law is different here. Answer the question. Did you run away with any money?

Yes, sir.

How much?

One hundred thousand dollars.

Did you take anything else with you?

Yes, sir.

Well, what else?

I took my neighbor's wife—we sang together in the choir.

Did you have a wife and children of your own? Yes, sir.

And you deserted them?

Yes, sir, but such was my confidence in God that I believed he would take care of them.

Have you heard of them since?

No, sir.

Did you believe in the rib story?

Bless your soul, of course I did. A thousand times I regretted that there were no harder stories in the Bible, so that I could have shown my wealth of faith.

Do you believe the rib story yet?

Yes, with all my heart.

Give him a harp!

Well, as I was saying, God made a woman from Adam's rib. Of course, I do not know exactly how this was done, but when he got the woman finished, he presented her to Adam. He liked her, and they commenced house-keeping in the celebrated Garden of Eden.

Must we, in order to be good, gentle and loving in our lives, believe that the creation of woman was a second thought? That Jehovah really endeavored to induce Adam to take one of the lower animals as an helpmeet for him? After all, is it not possible to live honest and courageous lives without believing these fables? It is said that from Mount Sinai God gave, amid thunderings and lightnings, ten commandments for the guidance of mankind; and yet among them is not found - "Thou shalt believe the Bible."

XVI. THE GARDEN.

In the first account we are told that God made man, male and female, and said to them "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it."

In the second account only the man is made, and he is put in a garden "to dress it and to keep it." He is not told to subdue the earth, but to dress and keep a garden.

In the first account man is given every herb bearing seed upon the face of the earth and the fruit of every tree for food, and in the second, he is given only the fruit of all the trees in the garden with the exception "of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil" which was a deadly poison.

There was issuing from this garden a river that was parted into four heads. The first of these, Pison, compassed the whole land of Havilah, the second, Gihon, that compassed the whole land of Ethiopia.

The third, Heddekel, that flowed toward the east of Assyria, and the fourth, the Euphrates. Where are these four rivers now? The brave prow of discovery has visited every sea; the traveler has pressed with weary feet the soil of every clime; and yet there has been found no place from which four rivers sprang. The Euphrates still journeys to the gulf, but where are Pison, Gihon and the mighty Heddekel? Surely by going to the source of the Euphrates we ought to find either these three rivers or their ancient beds. Will some minister when he answers the "Mistakes of Moses" tell us where these rivers are or were? The maps of the world are incomplete without these mighty streams. We have discovered the sources of the Nile; the North Pole will soon be touched by an American; but these three rivers still rise in unknown hills, still flow through unknown lands, and empty still in unknown seas.

The account of these four rivers is what the Rev. David Swing would call "a geographical poem." The orthodox clergy cover the whole affair with the blanket of allegory, while the "scientific" Christian folks talk about cataclysms, upheavals, earthquakes, and vast displacements of the earth's crust.

The question, then arises, whether within the last six thousand years there have been such upheavals and displacements? Talk as you will about the vast "creative periods" that preceded the appearance of man; it is, according to the Bible, only about six thousand years since man was created. Moses gives us the generations of men from Adam until his day, and this account cannot be explained away by calling centuries, days.

According to the second account of creation, these four rivers were made after the creation of man, and consequently they must have been obliterated by convulsions of Nature within six thousand years.

Can we not account for these contradictions, absurdities, and falsehoods by simply saying that although the writer may have done his level best, he failed because he was limited in knowledge, led away by tradition, and depended too implicitly upon the correctness of his imagination? Is not such a course far more reasonable than to insist that all these things are true and must stand though every science shall fall to mental dust?

Can any reason be given for not allowing man to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge? What kind of tree was that? If it is all an allegory, what truth is sought to be conveyed? Why should God object to that fruit being eaten by man? Why did he put it in the midst of the garden? There was certainly plenty of room outside. If he wished to keep man and this tree apart, why did he put them together? And why, after he had eaten, was he thrust out? The only answer that we have a right to give, is the one given in the Bible. "And the Lord God said, Behold the man has become as one of us to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand and take also of

the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken."

Will some minister, some graduate of Andover, tell us what this means? Are we bound to believe it without knowing what the meaning is? If it is a revelation, what does it reveal? Did God object to education then, and does that account for the hostile attitude still assumed by theologians toward all scientific truth? Was there in the garden a tree of life, the eating of which would have rendered Adam and Eve immortal? Is it true, that after the Lord God drove them from the garden that he placed upon its Eastern side "Cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life?" Are the Cherubim and the flaming sword guarding that tree still, or was it destroyed, or did its rotting trunk, as the Rev. Robert Collyer suggests, "nourish a bank of violets"?

What objection could God have had to the immortality of man? You see that after all, this sacred record, instead of assuring us of immortality, shows us only how we lost it. In this there is assuredly but little consolation.

According to this story we have lost one Eden, but nowhere in the Mosaic books are we told how we may gain another. I know that the Christians tell us there is another, in which all true believers will finally be gathered, and enjoy the unspeakable happiness of seeing the unbelievers in hell; but they do not tell us where it is.

Some commentators say that the Garden of Eden was in the third heaven—some in the fourth, others have located it in the moon, some in the air beyond the attraction of the earth, some on the earth, some under the earth, some inside the earth, some at the North Pole, others at the South, some in Tartary, some in China, some on the borders of the Ganges, some in the island of Ceylon, some in Armenia, some in Africa, some under the Equator, others in Mesopotamia, in Syria, Persia, Arabia, Babylon, Assyria, Palestine and Europe. Others have contended that it was invisible, that it was an allegory, and must be spiritually understood.

But whether you understand these things or not, you must believe them. You may be laughed at in this world for insisting that God put Adam into a deep sleep and made a woman out of one of his ribs, but you will be crowned and glorified in the next. You will also have the pleasure of hearing the gentlemen howl there, who laughed at you here. While you will not be permitted to take any revenge, you will be allowed to smilingly express your entire acquiescence in the will of God. But where is the new Eden? No one knows. The one was lost, and the other has not been found.

Is it true that man was once perfectly pure and innocent, and that he became degenerate by disobedience? No. The real truth is, and the history of man shows, that he has advanced. Events, like the pendulum of a clock have swung forward and back ward, but after all, man, like the hands, has gone steadily on. Man is growing grander. He is not degenerating. Nations and individuals fail and die, and make room for higher forms. The intellectual horizon of the world widens as the centuries pass. Ideals grow grander and purer; the difference between justice and mercy becomes less and less; liberty enlarges, and love intensifies as the years sweep on. The ages of force and fear, of cruelty and wrong, are behind us and the real Eden is beyond. It is said that a desire for knowledge lost us the Eden of the past; but whether that is true or not, it will certainly give us the Eden of the future.

XVII. THE FALL.

We are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, that he had a conversation with Eve, in which he gave his opinion about the effect of eating certain fruit; that he assured her it was good to eat, that it was pleasant to the eye, that it would make her wise; that she was induced to take some; that she persuaded her husband to try it; that God found it out, that he then cursed the snake; condemning it to crawl and eat the dust; that he multiplied the sorrows of Eve, cursed the ground for Adam's sake, started thistles and thorns, condemned man to eat the herb of the field in the sweat of his face, pronounced the curse of death, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," made coats of skins for Adam and Eve, and drove them out of Eden.

Who, and what was this serpent? Dr. Adam Clarke says: - "The serpent must have walked erect, for this is necessarily implied in his punishment. That he was endued with the gift of speech, also with reason. That these things were given to this creature. The woman no doubt having often seen him walking erect, and talking and reasoning, therefore she testifies no sort of surprise when he accosts her in the language related in the text. It therefore appears to me that a creature of the ape or orangoutang kind is here intended, and that Satan made use of this creature as the most proper instrument for the accomplishment of his murderous purposes against the life of the soul of man. Under this creature he lay hid, and by this creature he seduced our first parents. Such a creature answers to every part of the description in the text. It is evident from the structure of its limbs and its muscles that it might have been originally designed to walk erect, and that nothing else than the sovereign controlling power could induce it to put down hands—in every respect formed like those of man—and walk like those creatures whose claw-armed parts prove them to have been designed to walk on all fours. The stealthy cunning, and endless variety of the pranks and tricks of these creatures show them even now to be wiser and more intelligent than any other creature, man alone excepted. Being obliged to walk on all fours and gather their food from the ground, they are literally obliged to eat the dust; and though exceeding cunning, and careful in a variety of instances to separate that part which is wholesome and proper for food from that which is not so, in the article of cleanliness they are lost to all sense of propriety. Add to this their utter aversion to walk upright; it requires the utmost discipline to bring them to it, and scarcely anything offends or irritates them more than to be obliged to do it. Long observation of these animals enables me to state these facts. For earnest, attentive watching, and for chattering and babbling they (the ape) have no fellows in the animal world. Indeed, the ability and propensity to chatter, is all they have left of their original gift of speech, of which they appear to have been deprived at the fall as a part of their punishment."

Here then is the "connecting link" between man and the lower creation. The serpent was simply an orang-outang that spoke Hebrew with the greatest ease, and had the outward appearance of a perfect gentleman, seductive in manner, plausible, polite, and most admirably calculated to deceive.

It never did seem reasonable' to me that a long, cold and disgusting snake with an apple in his mouth, could deceive anybody; and I am glad, even at this late date to know that the something that persuaded Eve to taste the forbidden fruit was, at least, in the shape of a man.

Dr. Henry does not agree with the zoological explanation of Mr. Clark, but insists that "it is certain that the devil that beguiled Eve is the old serpent, a malignant by creation, an angel of light, an immediate attendant upon God's throne, but by sin an

apostate from his first state, and a rebel against God's crown and dignity. He who attacked our first parents was surely the prince of devils, the ring leader in rebellion. The devil chose to act his part in a serpent, because it is a specious creature, has a spotted, dappled skin, and then, went erect. Perhaps it was a flying serpent which seemed to come from on high, as a messenger from the upper world, one of the seraphim; because the serpent is a subtile creature. What Eve thought of this serpent speaking to her, we are not likely to tell, and, I believe, she herself did not know what to think of it. At first, perhaps, she supposed it might be a good angel, and yet afterwards might suspect something amiss. The person tempted was a woman, now alone, and at a distance from her husband, but near the forbidden tree. It was the devil's subtlety to assault the weaker vessel with his temptations, as we may suppose her inferior to Adam in knowledge, strength and presence of mind. Some think that Eve received the command not immediately from God, but at second hand from her husband, and might, therefore, be the more easily persuaded to discredit it. It was the policy of the devil to enter into discussion with her when she was alone. He took advantage by finding her near the forbidden tree. God permitted Satan to prevail over Eve, for wise and holy ends. Satan teaches men first to doubt, and then to deny. He makes skeptics first, and by degrees makes them atheists."

We are compelled to admit that nothing could be more attractive to a woman than a snake walking erect, with a "spotted, dappled skin," unless it were a serpent with wings. Is it not humiliating to know that our ancestors believed these things? Why should we object to the Darwinian doctrine of descent after this?

Our fathers thought it their duty to believe, thought it a sin to entertain the slightest doubt, and really supposed that their credulity was exceedingly, gratifying to God. To them, the story was entirely real. They could see the garden, hear the babble of waters, smell the perfume of flowers. They believed there was a tree where knowledge grew like plums or pears; and they could plainly see the serpent coiled amid its rustling leaves, coaxing Eve to violate the laws of God.

Where did the serpent come from? On which of the six days was he created? Who made him? Is it possible that God would make a successful rival? He must have known that Adam and Eve would fall. He knew what a snake with a "spotted, dappled skin" could do with an inexperienced woman. Why did he not defend his children? He knew that if the serpent got into the garden, Adam and Eve would sin, that he would have to drive them out, that afterwards the world would be destroyed, and that he himself would die upon the cross.

Again, I ask what and who was this serpent? He was not a man, for only one man had been made. He was not a woman. He was not a beast of the field, because "he was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." He was neither fish nor fowl, nor snake, because he had the power of speech, and did not crawl upon his belly until after he was cursed. Where did this serpent come from? Why was he not kept out of the garden? Why did not the Lord God take him by the tail and snap his head off? Why did he not put Adam and Eve on their guard about this serpent? They, of course, were not acquainted in the neighborhood, and knew nothing about the serpent's reputation for truth and veracity among his neighbors. Probably Adam saw him when he was looking for "an helpmeet" and gave him a name, but Eve had never met him before. She was not surprised to hear a serpent talk, as that was the first one she had ever met. Every thing being new to her, and her husband not being with her just at that moment, it need hardly excite our wonder that she tasted the fruit by way of experiment. Neither should we be surprised that

when she saw it was good and pleasant to the eye, and a fruit to be desired to make one wise, she had the generosity to divide with her husband.

Theologians have filled thousands of volumes with abuse of this serpent, but it seems that he told the exact truth. We are told that this serpent was, in fact, Satan, the greatest enemy of mankind, and that he entered the serpent, appearing to our first parents in its body. If this is so, why should the serpent have been cursed? Why should God curse the serpent for what had really been done by the devil? Did Satan remain in the body of the serpent, and in some mysterious manner share his punishment? Is it true that when we kill a snake we also destroy an evil spirit, or is there but one devil, and did he perish at the death of the first serpent? Is it on account of that transaction in the Garden of Eden, that all the descendants of Adam and Eve known as Jews and Christians hate serpents?

Do you account for the snake-worship in Mexico, Africa and India in the same way?

What was the form of the serpent when he entered the garden, and in what way did he move from place to place? Did he walk or fly? Certainly he did not crawl, because that mode of locomotion was pronounced upon him as a curse. Upon what food did he subsist before his conversation with Eve? We know that after that he lived upon dust, but what did he eat before? It may be that this is all poetic; and the truest poetry is, according to Touchstone, “the most feigning.”

In this same chapter we are informed that “unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them.” Where did the Lord God get those skins? He must have taken them from the animals; he was a butcher. Then he had to prepare them; he was a tanner. Then he made them into coats; he was a tailor. How did it happen that they needed coats of skins, when they had been perfectly comfortable in a nude condition? Did the “fall” produce a change in the climate?

Is it really necessary to believe this account in order to be happy here, or hereafter? Does it tend to the elevation of the human race to speak of “God” as a butcher, tanner and tailor?

And here, let me say once for all, that when I speak of God, I mean the being described by Moses; the Jehovah of the Jews. There may be for aught I know, somewhere in the unknown shoreless vast, some being whose dreams are constellations and within whose thought the infinite exists. About this being, if such an one exists, I have nothing to say. He has written no books, inspired no barbarians, required no worship, and has prepared no hell in which to burn the honest seeker after truth.

When I speak of God, I mean that god who prevented man from putting forth his hand and taking also of the fruit of the tree of life that he might live forever; of that god who multiplied the agonies of woman, increased the weary toil of man, and in his anger drowned a world—of that god whose altars reeked with human blood, who butchered babes, violated maidens, enslaved men and filled the earth with cruelty and crime; of that god who made heaven for the few, hell for the many, and who will gloat forever and ever upon the writhings of the lost and damned.

XVIII. DAMPNESS.

“And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them.

“That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose.

“And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh; yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years.

“There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.

“And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

“And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.

“And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.”

From this account it seems that driving Adam and Eve out of Eden did not have the effect to improve them or their children. On the contrary, the world grew worse and worse. They were under the immediate control and government of God, and he from time to time made known his will; but in spite of this, man continued to increase in crime.

Nothing in particular seems to have been done. Not a school was established. There was no written language. There was not a Bible in the world. The “scheme of salvation” was kept a profound secret. The five points of Calvinism had not been taught. Sunday schools had not been opened. In short, nothing had been done for the reformation of the world. God did not even keep his own sons at home, but allowed them to leave their abode in the firmament, and make love to the daughters of men. As a result of this, the world was filled with wickedness and giants to such an extent that God regretted “that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.”

Of course God knew when he made man, that he would afterwards regret it. He knew that the people would grow worse and worse until destruction would be the only remedy. He knew that he would have to kill all except Noah and his family, and it is hard to see why he did not make Noah and his family in the first place, and leave Adam and Eve in the original dust. He knew that they would be tempted, that he would have to drive them out of the garden to keep them from eating of the tree of life; that the whole thing would be a failure; that Satan would defeat his plan; that he could not reform the people; that his own sons would corrupt them, and that at last he would have to drown them all except Noah and his family. Why was the Garden of Eden planted? Why was the experiment made? Why were Adam and Eve exposed to the seductive arts of the serpent? Why did God wait until the cool of the day before looking after his children? Why was he not on hand in the morning?

Why did he fill the world with his own children, knowing that he would have to destroy them? And why does this same God tell me how to raise my children when he had to drown his?

It is a little curious that when God wished to reform the ante-diluvian world he said nothing about hell; that he had no revivals, no camp-meetings, no tracts, no outpourings of the Holy Ghost, no baptisms, no noon prayer meetings, and never

mentioned the great doctrine of salvation by faith. If the orthodox creeds of the world are true, all those people went to hell without ever having heard that such a place existed. If eternal torment is a fact, surely these miserable wretches ought to have been warned. They were threatened only with water when they were in fact doomed to eternal fire!

Is it not strange that God said nothing to Adam and Eve about a future life; that he should have kept these "infinite verities" to himself and allowed millions to live and die without the hope of heaven, or the fear of hell?

It may be that hell was not made at that time. In the six days of creation nothing is said about the construction of a bottomless pit, and the serpent himself did not make his appearance until after the creation of man and woman. Perhaps he was made on the first Sunday, and from that fact came, it may be, the old couplet,

"And Satan still some mischief finds
For idle hands to do."

The sacred historian failed also to tell us when the cherubim and the flaming sword were made, and said nothing about two of the persons composing the Trinity. It certainly would have been an easy thing to enlighten Adam and his immediate descendants. The world was then only about fifteen hundred and thirty-six years old, and only about three or four generations of men had lived. Adam had been dead only about six hundred and six years, and some of his grandchildren must, at that time, have been alive and well.

It is hard to see why God did not civilize these people. He certainly had the power to use, and the wisdom to devise the proper means. What right has a god to fill a world with fiends? Can there be goodness in this? Why should he make experiments that he knows must fail? Is there wisdom in this? And what right has a man to charge an infinite being with wickedness and folly?

According to Moses, God made up his mind not only to destroy the people, but the beasts and the creeping things, and the fowls of the air. What had the beasts, and the creeping things, and the birds done to excite the anger of God? Why did he repent having made them? Will some Christian give us an explanation of this matter? No good man will inflict unnecessary pain upon a beast; how then can we worship a god who cares nothing for the agonies of the dumb creatures that he made?

Why did he make animals that he knew he would destroy? Does God delight in causing pain? He had the power to make the beasts, and fowls, and creeping things in his own good time and way, and it is to be presumed that he made them according to his wish. Why should he destroy them? They had committed no sin. They had eaten no forbidden fruit, made no aprons, nor tried to reach the tree of life. Yet this god, in blind unreasoning wrath destroyed "all flesh wherein was the breath of life, and every living thing beneath the sky, and every substance wherein was life that he had made."

Jehovah having made up his mind to drown the world, told Noah to make an Ark of gopher wood three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits wide and thirty cubits high. A cubit is twenty-two inches; so that the ark was five hundred and fifty feet long, ninety-one feet and eight inches wide and fifty-five feet high. This ark was divided into three stories, and had on top, one window twenty-two inches square. Ventilation must have been one of Jehovah's hobbies. Think of a ship larger than the Great Eastern with only one window, and that but twenty-two inches square!

The ark also had one door set in the side thereof that shut from the outside. As soon as this ship was finished, and properly victualed, Noah received seven days notice to get the animals in the ark.

It is claimed by some of the scientific theologians that the flood was partial, that the waters covered only a small portion of the world, and that consequently only a few animals were in the ark. It is impossible to conceive of language that can more clearly convey the idea of a universal flood than that found in the inspired account. If the flood was only partial, why did God say he would "destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life from under heaven, and that every thing that is in the earth shall die"? Why did he say "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth, both man and beast, and the creeping thing and the fowls of the air"? Why did he say "And every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth"? Would a partial, local flood have fulfilled these threats?

Nothing can be clearer than that the writer of this account intended to convey, and did convey the idea that the flood was universal. Why should Christians try to deprive God of the glory of having wrought the most stupendous of miracles? Is it possible that the Infinite could not overwhelm with waves this atom called the earth? Do you doubt his power, his wisdom or his justice?

Believers in miracles should not endeavor to explain them. There is but one way to explain anything, and that is to account for it by natural agencies. The moment you explain a miracle, it disappears. You should depend not upon explanation, but assertion. You should not be driven from the field because the miracle is shown to be unreasonable. You should reply that all miracles are unreasonable. Neither should you be in the least disheartened if it is shown to be impossible. The possible is not miraculous. You should take the ground that if miracles were reasonable, and possible, there would be no reward paid for believing them. The Christian has the goodness to believe, while the sinner asks for evidence. It is enough for God to work miracles without being called upon to substantiate them for the benefit of unbelievers.

Only a few years ago, the Christians believed implicitly in the literal truth of every miracle recorded in the Bible. Whoever tried to explain them in some natural way, was looked upon as an infidel in disguise, but now he is regarded as a benefactor. The credulity of the church is decreasing, and the most marvelous miracles are now either "explained," or allowed to take refuge behind the mistakes of the translators, or hide in the drapery of allegory.

In the sixth chapter, Noah is ordered to take "of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort into the ark—male and female." In the seventh chapter the order is changed, and Noah is commanded, according to the Protestant Bible, as follows: "Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female, and of beasts that are not clean, by two, the male and his female. Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female."

According to the Catholic Bible, Noah was commanded—-"Of all clean beasts take seven and seven, the male and the female. But of the beasts that are unclean two and two, the male and the female. Of the fowls also of the air seven and seven, the male and the female."

For the purpose of belittling this miracle, many commentators have taken the ground that Noah was not ordered to take seven males and seven females of each kind of

clean beasts, but seven in all. Many Christians contend that only seven clean beasts of each kind were taken into the ark—three and a half of each sex.

If the account in the seventh chapter means anything, it means *first*, that of each kind of clean beasts, fourteen were to be taken, seven males, and seven females; *second*, that of unclean beasts should be taken, two of each kind, one of each sex, and *third*, that he should take of every kind of fowls, seven of each sex.

It is equally clear that the command in the 19th and 20th verses of the 6th chapter, is to take two of each sort, one male and one female. And this agrees exactly with the account in the 7th, 8th, 9th, 14th, 15th, and 16th verses of the 7th chapter.

The next question is, how many beasts, fowls and creeping things did Noah take into the ark?

There are now known and classified at least twelve thousand five hundred species of birds. There are still vast territories in China, South America, and Africa unknown to the ornithologist.

Of the birds, Noah took fourteen of each species, according to the 3d verse of the 7th chapter, "Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female," making a total of 175,000 birds.

And right here allow me to ask a question. If the flood was simply a partial flood, why were birds taken into the ark? It seems to me that most birds, attending strictly to business, might avoid a partial flood.

There are at least sixteen hundred and fifty-eight kinds of beasts. Let us suppose that twenty-five of these are clean. Of the clean, fourteen of each kind—seven of each sex—were taken. These amount to 350. Of the unclean—two of each kind, amounting to 3,266. There are some six hundred and fifty species of reptiles. Two of each kind amount to 1,300. And lastly, there are of insects including the creeping things, at least one million species, so that Noah and his folks had to get of these into the ark about 2,000,000.

Animalculæ have not been taken into consideration. There are probably many hundreds of thousands of species; many of them invisible; and yet Noah had to pick them out by pairs. Very few people have any just conception of the trouble Noah had.

We know that there are many animals on this continent not found in the Old World. These must have been carried from here to the ark, and then brought back afterwards. Were the peccary, armadillo, ant-eater, sloth, agouti, vampire-bat, marmoset, howling and prehensile-tailed monkey, the raccoon and muskrat carried by the angels from America to Asia? How did they get there? Did the polar bear leave his field of ice and journey toward the tropics? How did he know where the ark was? Did the kangaroo swim or jump from Australia to Asia? Did the giraffe, hippopotamus, antelope and orang-outang journey from Africa in search of the ark? Can absurdities go farther than this?

What had these animals to eat while on the journey? What did they eat while in the ark? What did they drink? When the rain came, of course the rivers ran to the seas, and these seas rose and finally covered the world. The waters of the seas, mingled with those of the flood, would make all salt. It has been calculated that it required, to drown the world, about eight times as much water as was in all the seas. To find how salt the waters of the flood must have been, take eight quarts of fresh water, and add one quart from the sea. Such water would create instead of allaying thirst. Noah had

to take in his ark fresh water for all his beasts, birds and living things. He had to take the proper food for all. How long was he in the ark? Three hundred and seventy-seven days! Think of the food necessary for the monsters of the ante-diluvian world!

Eight persons did all the work. They attended to the wants of 175,000 birds, 3,616 beasts, 1,300 reptiles, and 2,000,000 insects, saying nothing of countless animalculæ.

Well, after they all got in, Noah pulled down the window, God shut the door, and the rain commenced.

How long did it rain?

Forty days.

How deep did the water get?

About five miles and a half.

How much did it rain a day?

Enough to cover the whole world to a depth of about seven hundred and forty-two feet.

Some Christians say that the fountains of the great deep were broken up. Will they be kind enough to tell us what the fountains of the great deep are? Others say that God had vast stores of water in the center of the earth that he used on that occasion. How did these waters happen to run up hill?

Gentlemen, allow me to tell you once more that you must not try to explain these things. Your efforts in that direction do no good, because your explanations are harder to believe than the miracle itself. Take my advice, stick to assertion, and let explanation alone.

Then, as now, Dhawalagiri lifted its crown of snow twenty-nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and on the cloudless cliffs of Chimborazo then, as now, sat the condor; and yet the waters rising seven hundred and twenty-six feet a day—thirty feet an hour, six inches a minute,—rose over the hills, over the volcanoes, filled the vast craters, extinguished all the fires, rose above every mountain peak until the vast world was but one shoreless sea covered with the innumerable dead.

Was this the work of the most merciful God, the father of us all? If there is a God, can there be the slightest danger of incurring his displeasure by doubting even in a reverential way, the truth of such a cruel lie? If we think that God is kinder than he really is, will our poor souls be burned for that?

How many trees can live under miles of water for a year? What became of the soil washed, scattered, dissolved, and covered with the *debris* of a world? How were the tender plants and herbs preserved? How were the animals preserved after leaving the ark? There was no grass except such as had been submerged for a year. There were no animals to be devoured by the carnivorous beasts. What became of the birds that fed on worms and insects? What became of the birds that devoured other birds?

It must be remembered that the pressure of the water when at the highest point—say twenty-nine thousand feet, would have been about eight hundred tons on each square foot. Such a pressure certainly would have destroyed nearly every vestige of vegetable life, so that when the animals came out of the ark, there was not a mouthful of food in the wide world. How were they supported until the world was again clothed with grass? How were those animals taken care of that subsisted on others?

Where did the bees get honey, and the ants seeds? There was not a creeping thing upon the whole earth; not a breathing creature beneath the whole heavens; not a living substance. Where did the tenants of the ark get food?

There is but one answer, if the story is true. The food necessary not only during the year of the flood, but sufficient for many months afterwards, must have been stored in the ark.

There is probably not an animal in the world that will not, in a year, eat and drink ten times its weight. Noah must have provided food and water for a year while in the ark, and food for at least six months after they got ashore. It must have required for a pair of elephants, about one hundred and fifty tons of food and water. A couple of mammoths would have required about twice that amount. Of course there were other monsters that lived on trees; and in a year would have devoured quite a forest.

How could eight persons have distributed this food, even if the ark had been large enough to hold it? How was the ark kept clean? We know how it was ventilated; but what was done with the filth? How were the animals watered? How were some portions of the ark heated for animals from the tropics, and others kept cool for the polar bears? How did the animals get back to their respective countries? Some had to creep back about six thousand miles, and they could only go a few feet a day. Some of the creeping things must have started for the ark just as soon as they were made, and kept up a steady jog for sixteen hundred years. Think of a couple of the slowest snails leaving a point opposite the ark and starting for the plains of Shinar, a distance of twelve thousand miles. Going at the rate of a mile a month, it would take them a thousand years. How did they get there? Polar bears must have gone several thousand miles, and so sudden a change in climate must have been exceedingly trying upon their health. How did they know the way to go? Of course, all the polar bears did not go. Only two were required. Who selected these?

Two sloths had to make the journey from South America. These creatures cannot travel to exceed three rods a day. At this rate, they would make a mile in about a hundred days. They must have gone about six thousand five hundred miles, to reach the ark. Supposing them to have traveled by a reasonably direct route, in order to complete the journey before Noah hauled in the plank, they must have started several years before the world was created. We must also consider that these sloths had to board themselves on the way, and that most of their time had to be taken up getting food and water. It is exceedingly doubtful whether a sloth could travel six thousand miles and board himself in less than three thousand years.

Volumes might be written upon the infinite absurdity of this most incredible, wicked and foolish of all the fables contained in that repository of the impossible, called the Bible. To me it is a matter of amazement, that it ever was for a moment believed by any intelligent human being.

Dr. Adam Clarke says that “the animals were brought to the ark by the power of God, and their enmities were so removed or suspended, that the lion could dwell peaceably with the lamb, and the wolf sleep happily by the side of the kid. There is no positive evidence that animal food was ever used before the flood. Noah had the first grant of this kind.”

Dr. Scott remarks, “There seems to have been a very extraordinary miracle, perhaps by the ministration of angels, in bringing two of every species to Noah, and rendering them submissive, and peaceful with each other. Yet it seems not to have made any impression upon the hardened spectators. The suspension of the ferocity of the

savage beasts during their continuance in the ark, is generally considered as an apt figure of the change that takes place in the disposition of sinners when they enter the true church of Christ."

He believed the deluge to have been universal. In his day science had not demonstrated the absurdity of this belief, and he was not compelled to resort to some theory not found in the Bible. He insisted that "by some vast convulsion, the very bowels of the earth were forced upwards, and rain poured down in cataracts and water-spouts, with no intermission for forty days and nights, and until in every place a universal deluge was effected.

"The presence of God was the only comfort of Noah in his dreary confinement, and in witnessing the dire devastation of the earth and its inhabitants, and especially of the human species—of his companions, his neighbors, his relatives—all those to whom he had preached, for whom he had prayed and over whom he had wept, and even of many who had helped to build the ark.

"It seems that by a peculiar providential interposition, no animal of any sort died, although they had been shut up in the ark above a year; and it does not appear that there had been any increase of them during that time.

"The Ark was flat-bottomed—square at each end—roofed like a house so that it terminated at the top in the breadth of a cubit. It was divided into many little cabins for its intended inhabitants. Pitched within and without to keep it tight and sweet, and lighted from the upper part. But it must, at first sight, be evident that so large a vessel, thus constructed, with so few persons on board, was utterly unfitted to weather out the deluge, except it was under the immediate guidance and protection of the Almighty."

Dr. Henry furnished the Christian world with the following:—

"As our bodies have in them the humors which, when God pleases, become the springs and seeds of mortal disease, so the earth had, in its bowels, those waters which, at God's command, sprung up and flooded it.

"God made the world in six days, but he was forty days in destroying it, because he is slow to anger.

"The hostilities between the animals in the ark ceased, and ravenous creatures became mild and manageable, so that the wolf lay down with the lamb, and the lion ate straw like an ox.

"God shut the door of the ark to secure Noah and to keep him safe, and because it was necessary that the door should be shut very close lest the water should break in and sink the ark, and very fast lest others might break it down.

"The waters rose so high that not only the low flat countries were deluged, but to make sure work and that none might escape, the tops of the highest mountains were overflowed fifteen cubits. That is, seven and a half yards, so that salvation was not hoped for from hills or mountains.

"Perhaps some of the people got to the top of the ark, and hoped to shift for themselves there. But either they perished there for want of food, or the dashing rain washed them off the top. Others, it may be, hoped to prevail with Noah for admission into the ark, and plead old acquaintance.

"'Have we not eaten and drank in thy presence? Hast thou not preached in our streets?' 'Yea,' said Noah, 'many a time, but to little purpose. I called but ye refused; and now it is not in my power to help you. God has shut the door and I cannot open it.'

"We may suppose that some of those who perished in the deluge had themselves assisted Noah, or were employed by him in building the ark.

"Hitherto, man had been confined to feed only upon the products of the earth. Fruits, herbs and roots, and all sorts of greens, and milk, which was the first grant; but the flood having perhaps washed away much of the fruits of the earth, and rendered them much less pleasant and nourishing, God enlarged the grant and allowed him to eat flesh, which perhaps man never thought of until now, that God directed him to it. Nor had he any more desire to it than the sheep has to suck blood like the wolf. But now, man is allowed to feed upon flesh as freely and safely as upon the green herb."

Such was the debasing influence of a belief in the literal truth of the Bible upon these men, that their commentaries are filled with passages utterly devoid of common sense.

Dr. Clarke speaking of the mammoth says:

"This animal, an astonishing proof of God's power, he seems to have produced merely to show what he could do. And after suffering a few of them to propagate, he extinguished the race by a merciful providence, that they might not destroy both man and beast.

"We are told that it would have been much easier for God to destroy all the people and make new ones, but he would not want to waste anything and no power or skill should be lavished where no necessity exists.

"The animals were brought to the ark by the power of God."

Again gentlemen, let me warn you of the danger of trying to explain a miracle. Let it alone. Say that you do not understand it, and do not expect to until taught in the schools of the New Jerusalem. The more reasons you give, the more unreasonable the miracle will appear. Through what you say in defence, people are led to think, and as soon as they really think, the miracle is thrown away.

Among the most ignorant nations you will find the most wonders, among the most enlightened, the least. It is with individuals, the same as with nations. Ignorance believes, Intelligence examines and explains.

For about seven months the ark, with its cargo of men, animals and insects, tossed and wandered without rudder or sail upon a boundless sea. At last it grounded on the mountains of Ararat; and about three months afterward the tops of the mountains became visible. It must not be forgotten that the mountain where the ark is supposed to have first touched bottom, was about seventeen thousand feet high. How were the animals from the tropics kept warm? When the waters were abated it would be intensely cold at a point seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea. May be there were stoves, furnaces, fire places and steam coils in the ark, but they are not mentioned in the inspired narrative. How were the animals kept from freezing? It will not do to say that Ararat was not very high after all.

If you will read the fourth and fifth verses of the eight chapter you will see that although "the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat, it was not until the first day of the tenth month that

the tops of the mountains could be seen." From this it would seem that the ark must have rested upon about the highest peak in that country. Noah waited forty days more, and then for the first time opened the window and took a breath of fresh air. He then sent out a raven that did not return, then a dove that returned. He then waited seven days and sent forth a dove that returned not. From this he knew that the waters were abated. Is it possible that he could not see whether the waters had gone? Is it possible to conceive of a more perfectly childish way of ascertaining whether the earth was dry?

At last Noah "removed the covering of the ark, and looked and behold the face of the ground was dry," and thereupon God told him to disembark. In his gratitude Noah built an altar and took of every clean beast and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings. And the Lord smelled a sweet savor and said in his heart that he would not any more curse the ground for man's sake. For saying this in his heart the Lord gives as a reason, not that man is, or will be good, but because "the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." God destroyed man because "the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and *because every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually*." And he promised for the same reason not to destroy him again. Will some gentleman skilled in theology give us an explanation?

After God had smelled the sweet savor of sacrifice, he seems to have changed his idea as to the proper diet for man. When Adam and Eve were created they were allowed to eat herbs bearing seed, and the fruit of trees. When they were turned out of Eden, God said to them "Thou shalt eat the herb of the field." In the first chapter of Genesis the "green herb" was given for food to the beasts, fowls and creeping things. Upon being expelled from the garden, Adam and Eve, as to their food, were put upon an equality with the lower animals. According to this, the ante-diluvians were vegetarians. This may account for their wickedness and longevity.

After Noah sacrificed, and God smelled the sweet savor; he said - "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you, even as the green herb have I given you all things." Afterward this same God changed his mind again, and divided the beasts and birds into clean and unclean, and made it a crime for man to eat the unclean. Probably food was so scarce when Noah was let out of the ark that Jehovah generously allowed him to eat anything and everything he could find.

According to the account, God then made a covenant with Noah to the effect that he would not again destroy the world with a flood, and as the attesting witness of this contract, a rainbow was set in the cloud. This bow was placed in the sky so that it might perpetually remind God of his promise and covenant. Without this visible witness and reminder, it would seem that Jehovah was liable to forget the contract, and drown the world again. Did the rainbow originate in this way? Did God put it in the cloud simply to keep his agreement in his memory?

For me it is impossible to believe the story of the deluge. It seems so cruel, so barbaric, so crude in detail, so absurd in all its parts, and so contrary to all we know of law, that even credulity itself is shocked.

Many nations have preserved accounts of a deluge in which all people, except a family or two, were destroyed. Babylon was certainly a city before Jerusalem was founded. Egypt was in the height of her power when there were only seventy Jews in the world, and India had a literature before the name of Jehovah had passed the lips of superstition. An account of a general deluge "was discovered by George Smith, translated from another account that was written about two thousand years before

Christ." Of course it is impossible to tell how long the story had lived in the memory of tradition before it was reduced to writing by the Babylonians. According to this account, which is, without doubt, much older than the one given by Moses, Tamzi built a ship at the command of the god Hea, and put in it his family and the beasts of the field. He pitched the ship inside and outside with bitumen, and as soon as it was finished, there came a flood of rain and "destroyed all life from the face of the whole earth. On the seventh day there was a calm, and the ship stranded on the mountain Nizir." Tamzi waited for seven days more, and then let out a dove. Afterwards, he let out a swallow, and that, as well as the dove returned. Then he let out a raven, and as that did not return, he concluded that the water had dried away, and thereupon left the ship. Then he made an offering to god, or the gods, and "Hea interceded with Bel," so that the earth might never again be drowned.

This is the Babylonian story, told without the contradictions of the original. For in that, it seems, there are two accounts, as well as in the Bible. Is it not a strange coincidence that there should be contradictory accounts mingled in both the Babylonian and Jewish stories?

In the Bible there are two accounts. In one account, Noah was to take two of all beasts, birds, and creeping things into the ark, while in the other, he was commanded to take of clean beasts, and all birds by sevens of each kind. According to one account, the flood only lasted one hundred and fifty days—as related in the third verse of the eighth chapter; while the other account fixes the time at three hundred and seventy-seven days. Both of these accounts cannot be true. Yet in order to be saved, it is not sufficient to believe one of them—you must believe both.

Among the Egyptians there was a story to the effect that the great god Ra became utterly maddened with the people, and deliberately made up his mind that he would exterminate mankind. Thereupon he began to destroy, and continued in the terrible work until blood flowed in streams, when suddenly he ceased, and took an oath that he would not again destroy the human race. This myth was probably thousands of years old when Moses was born.

So, in India, there was a fable about the flood. A fish warned Manu that a flood was coming. Manu built a "box" and the fish towed it to a mountain and saved all hands.

The same kind of stories were told in Greece, and among our own Indian tribes. At one time the Christian pointed to the fact that many nations told of a flood, as evidence of the truth of the Mosaic account; but now, it having been shown that other accounts are much older, and equally reasonable, that argument has ceased to be of any great value.

It is probable that all these accounts had a common origin. They were likely born of something in nature visible to all nations. The idea of a universal flood, produced by a god to drown the world on account of the sins of the people, is infinitely absurd. The solution of all these stories has been supposed to be, the existence of partial floods in most countries; and for a long time this solution was satisfactory. But the fact that these stories are greatly alike, that only one man is warned, that only one family is saved, that a boat is built, that birds are sent out to find if the water had abated, tend to show that they had a common origin. Admitting that there were severe floods in all countries; it certainly cannot follow that in each instance only one family would be saved, or that the same story would in each instance be told. It may be urged that the natural tendency of man to exaggerate calamities, might account for this agreement in all the accounts, and it must be admitted that there is some

force in the suggestion. I believe, though, that the real origin of all these myths is the same, and that it was originally an effort to account for the sun, moon and stars. The sun and moon were the man and wife, or the god and goddess, and the stars were their children. From a celestial myth, it became a terrestrial one; the air, or ether-ocean became a flood, produced by rain, and the sun moon and stars became man, woman and children.

In the original story, the mountain was the place where in the far east the sky was supposed to touch the earth, and it was there that the ship containing the celestial passengers finally rested from its voyage. But whatever may be the origin of the stories of the flood, whether told first by Hindu, Babylonian or Hebrew, we may rest perfectly assured that they are all equally false.

XIX. BACCHUS AND BABEL.

As soon as Noah had disembarked, he proceeded to plant a vineyard, and began to be a husbandman; and when the grapes were ripe he made wine and drank of it to excess; cursed his grandson, blessed Shem and Japheth, and after that lived for three hundred and fifty years. What he did during these three hundred and fifty years, we are not told. We never hear of him again. For three hundred and fifty years he lived among his sons, and daughters, and their descendants. He must have been a venerable man. He was the man to whom God had made known his intention of drowning the world. By his efforts, the human race had been saved. He must have been acquainted with Methuselah for six hundred years, and Methuselah was about two hundred and forty years old, when Adam died. Noah must himself have known the history of mankind, and must have been an object of almost infinite interest; and yet for three hundred and fifty years he is neither directly nor indirectly mentioned. When Noah died, Abraham must have been more than fifty years old; and Shem, the son of Noah, lived for several hundred years after the death of Abraham; and yet he is never mentioned. Noah when he died, was the oldest man in the whole world by about five hundred years; and everybody living at the time of his death knew that they were indebted to him, and yet no account is given of his burial. No monument was raised to mark the spot. This, however, is no more wonderful than the fact that no account is given of the death of Adam or of Eve, nor of the place of their burial. This may all be accounted for by the fact that the language of man was confounded at the building of the tower of Babel, whereby all tradition may have been lost, so that even the sons of Noah could not give an account of their voyage in the ark; and, consequently, some one had to be directly inspired to tell the story, after new languages had been formed.

It has always been a mystery to me how Adam, Eve, and the serpent were taught the same language. Where did they get it? We know now, that it requires a great number of years to form a language; that it is of exceedingly slow growth. We also know that by language, man conveys to his fellows the impressions made upon him by what he sees, hears, smells and touches. We know that the language of the savage consists of a few sounds, capable of expressing only a few ideas or states of the mind, such as love, desire, fear, hatred, aversion and contempt. Many centuries are required to produce a language capable of expressing complex ideas. It does not seem to me that ideas can be manufactured by a deity and put in the brain of man. These ideas must be the result of observation and experience.

Does anybody believe that God directly taught a language to Adam and Eve, or that he so made them that they, by intuition spoke Hebrew, or some language capable of

conveying to each other their thoughts? How did the serpent learn the same language? Did God teach it to him, or did he happen to overhear God, when he was teaching Adam and Eve? We are told in the second chapter of Genesis that God caused all the animals to pass before Adam to see what he would call them. We cannot infer from this that God named the animals and informed Adam what to call them. Adam named them himself. Where did he get his words? We cannot imagine a man just made out of dust, without the experience of a moment, having the power to put his thoughts in language. In the first place, we cannot conceive of his having any thoughts until he has combined, through experience and observation, the impressions that nature had made upon him through the medium of his senses. We cannot imagine of his knowing anything, in the first instance, about different degrees of heat, nor about darkness, if he was made in the day-time, nor about light, if created at night, until the next morning. Before a man can have what we call thoughts, he must have had a little experience. Something must have happened to him before he can have a thought, and before he can express himself in language. Language is a growth, not a gift. We account now for the diversity of language by the fact that tribes and nations have had different experiences, different wants, different surroundings, and, one result of all these differences is, among other things, a difference in language. Nothing can be more absurd than to account for the different languages of the world by saying that the original language was confounded at the tower of Babel.

According to the Bible, up to the time of the building of that tower, the whole earth was of one language and of one speech, and would have so remained until the present time had not an effort been made to build a tower whose top should reach into heaven. Can any one imagine what objection God would have to the building of such a tower? And how could the confusion of tongues prevent its construction? How could language be confounded? It could be confounded only by the destruction of memory. Did God destroy the memory of mankind at that time, and if so, how? Did he paralyze that portion of the brain presiding over the organs of articulation, so that they could not speak the words, although they remembered them clearly, or did he so touch the brain that they could not hear? Will some theologian, versed in the machinery of the miraculous, tell us in what way God confounded the language of mankind?

Why would the confounding of the language make them separate? Why would they not stay together until they could understand each other? People will not separate, from weakness. When in trouble they come together and desire the assistance of each other. Why, in this instance, did they separate? What particular ones would naturally come together if nobody understood the language of any other person? Would it not have been just as hard to agree when and where to go, without any language to express the agreement, as to go on with the building of the tower?

Is it possible that any one now believes that the whole world would be of one speech had the language not been confounded at Babel? Do we not know that every word was suggested in some way by the experience of men? Do we not know that words are continually dying, and continually being born; that every language has its cradle and its cemetery—its buds, its blossoms, its fruits and its withered leaves? Man has loved, enjoyed, hated, suffered and hoped, and all words have been born of these experiences.

Why did “the Lord come down to see the city and the tower”? Could he not see them from where he lived or from where he was? Where did he come down from? Did he

come in the daytime, or in the night? We are taught now that God is everywhere; that he inhabits immensity; that he is in every atom, and in every star. If this is true, why did he “come down to see the city and the tower?” Will some theologian explain this?

After all, is it not much easier and altogether more reasonable to say that Moses was mistaken, that he knew little of the science of language, and that he guessed a great deal more than he investigated?

XX. FAITH IN FILTH.

No light whatever is shed upon what passed in the world after the confounding of language at Babel, until the birth of Abraham. But, before speaking of the history of the Jewish people, it may be proper for me to say that many things are recounted in Genesis, and other books attributed to Moses, of which I do not wish to speak. There are many pages of these books unfit to read, many stories not calculated, in my judgment, to improve the morals of mankind. I do not wish even to call the attention of my readers to these things, except in a general way. It is to be hoped that the time will come when such chapters and passages as cannot be read without leaving the blush of shame upon the cheek of modesty, will be left out, and not published as a part of the Bible. If there is a God, it certainly is blasphemous to attribute to him the authorship of pages too obscene, beastly and vulgar to be read in the presence of men and women.

The believers in the Bible are loud in their denunciation of what they are pleased to call the immoral literature of the world; and yet few books have been published containing more moral filth than this inspired word of God. These stories are not redeemed by a single flash of wit or humor. They never rise above the dull details of stupid vice. For one, I cannot afford to soil my pages with extracts from them; and all such portions of the Scriptures I leave to be examined, written upon, and explained by the clergy. Clergymen may know some way by which they can extract honey from these flowers. Until these passages are expunged from the Old Testament, it is not a fit book to be read by either old or young. It contains pages that no minister in the United States would read to his congregation for any reward whatever. There are chapters that no gentleman would read in the presence of a lady. There are chapters that no father would read to his child. There are narratives utterly unfit to be told; and the time will come when mankind will wonder that such a book was ever called inspired.

I know that in many books besides the Bible, there are immodest lines. Some of the greatest writers have soiled their pages with indecent words. We account for this by saying that the authors were human; that they catered to the taste and spirit of their times. We make excuses, but at the same time regret that in their works they left an impure word. But what shall we say of God? Is it possible that a being of infinite purity—the author of modesty, would smirch the pages of his book with stories lewd, licentious and obscene? If God is the author of the Bible, it is, of course, the standard by which all other books can, and should be measured. If the Bible is not obscene, what book is? Why should men be imprisoned simply for imitating God? The Christian world should never say another word against immoral books until it makes the inspired volume clean. These vile and filthy things were not written for the purpose of conveying and enforcing moral truth, but seem to have been written because the author loved an unclean thing. There is no moral depth below that occupied by the writer or publisher of obscene books, that stain with lust, the loving heart of youth. Such men should be imprisoned and their books destroyed. The

literature of the world should be rendered decent, and no book should be published that cannot be read by, and in the hearing of the best and purest people. But as long as the Bible is considered as the work of God, it will be hard to make all men too good and pure to imitate it; and as long as it is imitated there will be vile and filthy books. The literature of our country will not be sweet and clean until the Bible ceases to be regarded as the production of a god.

We are continually told that the Bible is the very foundation of modesty and morality; while many of its pages are so immodest and immoral that a minister, for reading them in the pulpit, would be instantly denounced as an unclean wretch. Every woman would leave the church, and if the men stayed, it would be for the purpose of chastising the minister.

Is there any saving grace in hypocrisy? Will men become clean in speech by believing that God is unclean? Would it not be far better to admit that the Bible was written by barbarians in a barbarous, coarse and vulgar age? Would it not be safer to charge Moses with vulgarity, instead of God? Is it not altogether more probable that some ignorant Hebrew would write the vulgar words? The Christians tell me that God is the author of these vile and stupid things? I have examined the question to the best of my ability, and as to God my verdict is:—Not guilty. Faith should not rest in filth.

Every foolish and immodest thing should be expunged from the Bible. Let us keep the good. Let us preserve every great and splendid thought, every wise and prudent maxim, every just law, every elevated idea, and every word calculated to make man nobler and purer, and let us have the courage to throw the rest away. The souls of children should not be stained and soiled. The charming instincts of youth should not be corrupted and defiled. The girls and boys should not be taught that unclean words were uttered by “inspired” lips. Teach them that these words were born of savagery and lust. Teach them that the unclean is the unholy, and that only the pure is sacred.

XXI. THE HEBREWS.

After language had been confounded and the people scattered, there appeared in the land of Canaan a tribe of Hebrews ruled by a chief or sheik called Abraham. They had a few cattle, lived in tents, practiced polygamy, wandered from place to place, and were the only folks in the whole world to whom God paid the slightest attention. At this time there were hundreds of cities in India filled with temples and palaces; millions of Egyptians worshiped Isis and Osiris, and had covered their land with marvelous monuments of industry, power and skill. But these civilizations were entirely neglected by the Deity, his whole attention being taken up with Abraham and his family.

It seems, from the account, that God and Abraham were intimately acquainted, and conversed frequently upon a great variety of subjects. By the twelfth chapter of Genesis it appears that he made the following promises to Abraham. “I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great: and thou shalt be a blessing. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee.”

After receiving this communication from the Almighty, Abraham went into the land of Canaan, and again God appeared to him and told him to take a heifer three years old, a goat of the same age, a sheep of equal antiquity, a turtle dove and a young pigeon. Whereupon Abraham killed the animals “and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another.” And it came to pass that when the sun went down and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace and a burning lamp that passed

between the raw and bleeding meat. The killing of these animals was a preparation for receiving a visit from God. Should an American missionary in Central Africa find a negro chief surrounded by a butchered heifer, a goat and a sheep, with which to receive a communication from the infinite God, my opinion is, that the missionary would regard the proceeding as the direct result of savagery. And if the chief insisted that he had seen a smoking furnace and a burning lamp going up and down between the pieces of meat, the missionary would certainly conclude that the chief was not altogether right in his mind.

If the Bible is true, this same God told Abraham to take and sacrifice his only son, or rather the only son of his wife, and a murder would have been committed had not God, just at the right moment, directed him to stay his hand and take a sheep instead.

God made a great number of promises to Abraham, but few of them were ever kept. He agreed to make him the father of a great nation, but he did not. He solemnly promised to give him a great country, including all the land between the river of Egypt and the Euphrates, but he did not.

In due time Abraham passed away, and his son Isaac took his place at the head of the tribe. Then came Jacob, who "watered stock" and enriched himself with the spoil of Laban. Joseph was sold into Egypt by his jealous brethren, where he became one of the chief men of the kingdom, and in a few years his father and brothers left their own country and settled in Egypt. At this time there were seventy Hebrews in the world, counting Joseph and his children. They remained in Egypt two hundred and fifteen years. It is claimed by some that they were in that country for four hundred and thirty years. This is a mistake. Josephus says they were in Egypt two hundred and fifteen years, and this statement is sustained by the best biblical scholars of all denominations. According to the 17th verse of the 3rd chapter of Galatians, it was four hundred and thirty years from the time the promise was made to Abraham to the giving of the law, and as the Hebrews did not go to Egypt for two hundred and fifteen years after the making of the promise to Abraham, they could in no event have been in Egypt more than two hundred and fifteen years. In our Bible the 40th verse of the 12th chapter of Exodus, is as follows:—

"Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, who dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years."

This passage does not say that the sojourning was all done in Egypt; neither does it say that the children of Israel dwelt in Egypt four hundred and thirty years; but it does say that the sojourning of the children of Israel who dwelt in Egypt was four hundred and thirty years. The Vatican copy of the Septuagint renders the same passage as follows:—

"The sojourning of the children of Israel which they sojourned in Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, was four hundred and thirty years."

The Alexandrian version says: - "The sojourning of the children of Israel which they and their fathers sojourned in Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, was four hundred and thirty years."

And in the Samaritan Bible we have: - "The sojourning of the children of Israel and of their fathers which they sojourned in the land of Canaan, and in the land of Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years."

There were seventy souls when they went down into Egypt, and they remained two hundred and fifteen years, and at the end of that time they had increased to about three million. How do we know that there were three million at the end of two hundred and fifteen years? We know it because we are informed by Moses that "there were six hundred thousand men of war." Now, to each man of war, there must have been at least five other people. In every State in this Union there will be to each voter, five other persons at least, and we all know that there are always more voters than men of war. If there were six hundred thousand men of war, there must have been a population of at least three million. Is it possible that seventy people could increase to that extent in two hundred and fifteen years? You may say that it was a miracle; but what need was there of working a miracle? Why should God miraculously increase the number of slaves? If he wished miraculously to increase the population, why did he not wait until the people were free?

In 1776, we had in the American Colonies about three millions of people. In one hundred years we doubled four times: that is to say, six, twelve, twenty-four, forty-eight million,—our present population.

We must not forget that during all these years there has been pouring into our country a vast stream of emigration, and that this, taken in connection with the fact that our country is productive beyond all others, gave us only four doubles in one hundred years. Admitting that the Hebrews increased as rapidly without emigration as we, in this country, have with it, we will give to them four doubles each century, commencing with seventy people, and they would have, at the end of two hundred years, a population of seventeen thousand nine hundred and twenty. Giving them another double for the odd fifteen years and there would be, provided no deaths had occurred, thirty-five thousand eight hundred and forty people. And yet we are told that instead of having this number, they had increased to such an extent that they had six hundred thousand men of war; that is to say, a population of more than three millions?

Every sensible man knows that this account is not, and cannot be true. We know that seventy people could not increase to three million in two hundred and fifteen years.

About this time the Hebrews took a census, and found that there were twenty-two thousand two hundred and seventy-three first-born males. It is reasonable to suppose that there were about as many first-born females. This would make forty-four thousand five hundred and forty-six first-born children. Now, there must have been about as many mothers as there were first-born children. If there were only about forty-five thousand mothers and three millions of people, the mothers must have had on an average about sixty-six children apiece.

At this time, the Hebrews were slaves, and had been for two hundred and fifteen years. A little while before, an order had been made by the Egyptians that all the male children of the Hebrews should be killed. One, contrary to this order, was saved in an ark made of bullrushes daubed with slime. This child was found by the daughter of Pharaoh, and was adopted, it seems, as her own, and, may be, was. He grew to be a man, sided with the Hebrews, killed an Egyptian that was smiting a slave, hid the body in the sand, and fled from Egypt to the land of Midian, became acquainted with a priest who had seven daughters, took the side of the daughters against the ill-mannered shepherds of that country, and married Zipporah, one of the girls, and became a shepherd for her father. Afterward, while tending his flock, the Lord appeared to him in a burning bush, and commanded him to go to the king of

Egypt and demand from him the liberation of the Hebrews. In order to convince him that the something burning in the bush was actually God, the rod in his hand was changed into a serpent, which, upon being caught by the tail, became again a rod. Moses was also told to put his hand in his bosom, and when he took it out it was as leprous as snow. Quite a number of strange things were performed, and others promised. Moses then agreed to go back to Egypt provided his brother could go with him. Whereupon the Lord appeared to Aaron, and directed him to meet Moses in the wilderness. They met at the mount of God, went to Egypt, gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel, spake all the words which God had spoken unto Moses, and did all the signs in the sight of the people. The Israelites believed, bowed their heads and worshiped; and Moses and Aaron went in and told their message to Pharaoh the king.

XXII. THE PLAGUES.

Three millions of people were in slavery. They were treated with the utmost rigor, and so fearful were their masters that they might, in time, increase in numbers sufficient to avenge themselves, that they took from the arms of mothers all the male children and destroyed them. If the account given is true, the Egyptians were the most cruel, heartless and infamous people of which history gives any record. God finally made up his mind to free the Hebrews; and for the accomplishment of this purpose he sent, as his agents, Moses and Aaron, to the king of Egypt. In order that the king might know that these men had a divine mission, God gave Moses the power of changing a stick into a serpent, and water into blood. Moses and Aaron went before the king, stating that the Lord God of Israel ordered the king of Egypt to let the Hebrews go that they might hold a feast with God in the wilderness. Thereupon Pharaoh, the king, enquired who the Lord was, at the same time stating that he had never made his acquaintance, and knew nothing about him. To this they replied that the God of the Hebrews had met with them, and they asked to go a three days journey into the desert and sacrifice unto this God, fearing that if they did not he would fall upon them with pestilence or the sword. This interview seems to have hardened Pharaoh, for he ordered the tasks of the children of Israel to be increased; so that the only effect of the first appeal was to render still worse the condition of the Hebrews. Thereupon, Moses returned unto the Lord and said, “Lord, wherefore hast thou so evil entreated this people? Why is it that thou hast sent me? For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in thy name he hath done evil to this people; neither hast thou delivered thy people at all.”

Apparently stung by this reproach, God answered:—

“Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharoah; for with a strong hand shall he let them go; and with a strong hand shall he drive them out of his land.”

God then recounts the fact that he had appeared unto Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, that he had established a covenant with them to give them the land of Canaan, that he had heard the groanings of the children of Israel in Egyptian bondage; that their groanings had put him in mind of his covenant, and that he had made up his mind to redeem the children of Israel with a stretched-out arm and with great judgments. Moses then spoke to the children of Israel again, but they would listen to him no more. His first effort in their behalf had simply doubled their trouble and they seemed to have lost confidence in his power. Thereupon Jehovah promised Moses that he would make him a god unto Pharaoh, and that Aaron should be his prophet, but at the same time informed him that his message would be of no avail; that he

would harden the heart of Pharaoh so that he would not listen; that he would so harden his heart that he might have an excuse for destroying the Egyptians. Accordingly, Moses and Aaron again went before Pharaoh. Moses said to Aaron; - "Cast down your rod before Pharaoh," which he did, and it became a serpent. Then Pharaoh not in the least surprised, called for his wise men and his sorcerers, and they threw down their rods and changed them into serpents. The serpent that had been changed from Aaron's rod was, at this time crawling upon the floor, and it proceeded to swallow the serpents that had been produced by the magicians of Egypt. What became of these serpents that were swallowed, whether they turned back into sticks again, is not stated. Can we believe that the stick was changed into a real living serpent, or did it assume simply the appearance of a serpent? If it bore only the appearance of a serpent it was a deception, and could not rise above the dignity of legerdemain. Is it necessary to believe that God is a kind of prestigiator—a sleight-of-hand performer, a magician or sorcerer? Can it be possible that an infinite being would endeavor to secure the liberation of a race by performing a miracle that could be equally performed by the sorcerers and magicians of a barbarian king?

Not one word was said by Moses or Aaron as to the wickedness of depriving a human being of his liberty. Not a word was said in favor of liberty. Not the slightest intimation that a human being was justly entitled to the product of his own labor. Not a word about the cruelty of masters who would destroy even the babes of slave mothers. It seems to me wonderful that this God did not tell the king of Egypt that no nation could enslave another, without also enslaving itself; that it was impossible to put a chain around the limbs of a slave, without putting manacles upon the brain of the master. Why did he not tell him that a nation founded upon slavery could not stand? Instead of declaring these things, instead of appealing to justice, to mercy and to liberty, he resorted to feats of jugglery. Suppose we wished to make a treaty with a barbarous nation, and the President should employ a sleight-of-hand performer as envoy extraordinary, and instruct him, that when he came into the presence of the savage monarch, he should cast down an umbrella or a walking stick, which would change into a lizard or a turtle; what would we think? Would we not regard such a performance as beneath the dignity even of a President? And what would be our feelings if the savage king sent for his sorcerers and had them perform the same feat? If such things would appear puerile and foolish in the President of a great republic, what shall be said when they were resorted to by the creator of all worlds? How small, how contemptible such a God appears! Pharaoh, it seems, took about this view of the matter, and he would not be persuaded that such tricks were performed by an infinite being.

Again, Moses and Aaron came before Pharaoh as he was going to the river's bank, and the same rod which had changed to a serpent, and, by this time changed back, was taken by Aaron, who, in the presence of Pharaoh, smote the water of the river, which was immediately turned to blood, as well as all the water in all the streams, ponds, and pools, as well as all water in vessels of wood and vessels of stone in the entire land of Egypt. As soon as all the waters in Egypt had been turned into blood, the magicians of that country did the same with their enchantments. We are not informed where they got the water to turn into blood, since all the water in Egypt had already been so changed. It seems from the account that the fish in the Nile died, and the river emitted a stench, and there was not a drop of water in the land of Egypt that had not been changed into blood. In consequence of this, the Egyptians digged "around about the river" for water to drink. Can we believe this story? Is it necessary to salvation to admit that all the rivers, pools, ponds and lakes of a country were

changed into blood, in order that a king might be induced to allow the children of Israel the privilege of going a three days journey into the wilderness to make sacrifices to their God?

It seems from the account that Pharaoh was told that the God of the Hebrews would, if he refused to let the Israelites go, change all the waters of Egypt into blood, and that, upon his refusal, they were so changed. This had, however, no influence upon him, for the reason that his own magicians did the same. It does not appear that Moses and Aaron expressed the least surprise at the success of the Egyptian sorcerers. At that time it was believed that each nation had its own god. The only claim that Moses and Aaron made for their God was, that he was the greatest and most powerful of all the gods, and that with anything like an equal chance he could vanquish the deity of any other nation.

After the waters were changed to blood Moses and Aaron waited for seven days. At the end of that time God told Moses to again go to Pharaoh and demand the release of his people, and to inform him that, if he refused, God would strike all the borders of Egypt with frogs. That he would make frogs so plentiful that they would go into the houses of Pharaoh, into his bedchamber, upon his bed, into the houses of his servants, upon his people, into their ovens, and even into their kneading troughs. This threat had no effect whatever upon Pharaoh. And thereupon Aaron stretched out his hand over the waters of Egypt, and the frogs came up and covered the land. The magicians of Egypt did the same, and with their enchantments brought more frogs upon the land of Egypt.

These magicians do not seem to have been original in their ideas, but so far as imitation is concerned, were perfect masters of their art. The frogs seem to have made such an impression upon Pharaoh that he sent for Moses and asked him to entreat the Lord that he would take away the frogs. Moses agreed to remove them from the houses and the land, and allow them to remain only in the rivers. Accordingly the frogs died out of the houses, and out of the villages, and out of the fields, and the people gathered them together in heaps. As soon as the frogs had left the houses and fields, the heart of Pharaoh became again hardened, and he refused to let the people go.

Aaron then, according to the command of God, stretched out his hand, holding the rod, and smote the dust of the earth, and it became lice in man and in beast, and all the dust became lice throughout the land of Egypt. Pharaoh again sent for his magicians, and they sought to do the same with their enchantments, but they could not. Whereupon the sorcerers said unto Pharaoh: “This is the finger of God.”

Notwithstanding this, however, Pharaoh refused to let the Hebrews go. God then caused a grievous swarm of flies to come into the house of Pharaoh and into his servants’ houses, and into all the land of Egypt, to such an extent that the whole land was corrupted by reason of the flies. But into that part of the country occupied by the children of Israel there came no flies. Thereupon Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron and said to them: “Go, and sacrifice to your God in this land.” They were not willing to sacrifice in Egypt, and asked permission to go on a journey of three days into the wilderness. To this Pharaoh acceded, and in consideration of this Moses agreed to use his influence with the Lord to induce him to send the flies out of the country. He accordingly told the Lord of the bargain he had made with Pharaoh, and the Lord agreed to the compromise, and removed the flies from Pharaoh and from his servants and from his people, and there remained not a single fly in the land of

Egypt. As soon as the flies were gone, Pharaoh again changed his mind, and concluded not to permit the children of Israel to depart. The Lord then directed Moses to go to Pharaoh and tell him that if he did not allow the children of Israel to depart, he would destroy his cattle, his horses, his camels and his sheep; that these animals would be afflicted with a grievous disease, but that the animals belonging to the Hebrews should not be so afflicted. Moses did as he was bid. On the next day all the cattle of Egypt died; that is to say, all the horses, all the asses, all the camels, all the oxen and all the sheep; but of the animals owned by the Israelites, not one perished. This disaster had no effect upon Pharaoh, and he still refused to let the children of Israel go. The Lord then told Moses and Aaron to take some ashes out of a furnace, and told Moses to sprinkle them toward the heavens in the sight of Pharaoh; saying that the ashes should become small dust in all the land of Egypt, and should be a boil breaking forth with blains upon man and upon beast throughout all the land.

How these boils breaking out with blains, upon cattle that were already dead, should affect Pharaoh, is a little hard to understand. It must not be forgotten that all the cattle and all beasts had died with the murrain before the boils had broken out.

This was a most decisive victory for Moses and Aaron. The boils were upon the magicians to that extent that they could not stand before Moses. But it had no effect upon Pharaoh, who seems to have been a man of great firmness. The Lord then instructed Moses to get up early in the morning and tell Pharaoh that he would stretch out his hand and smite his people with a pestilence, and would, on the morrow, cause it to rain a very grievous hail, such as had never been known in the land of Egypt. He also told Moses to give notice, so that they might get all the cattle that were in the fields under cover. It must be remembered that all these cattle had recently died of the murrain, and their dead bodies had been covered with boils and blains. This, however, had no effect, and Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven, and the Lord sent thunder, and hail and lightning, and fire that ran along the ground, and the hail fell upon all the land of Egypt, and all that were in the fields, both man and beast, were smitten, and the hail smote every herb of the field, and broke every tree of the country except that portion inhabited by the children of Israel; there, there was no hail.

During this hail storm Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron and admitted that he had sinned, that the Lord was righteous, and that the Egyptians were wicked, and requested them to ask the Lord that there be no more thunderings and hail, and that he would let the Hebrews go. Moses agreed that as soon as he got out of the city he would stretch forth his hands unto the Lord, and that the thunderings should cease and the hail should stop. But, when the rain and the hail and the thundering ceased, Pharaoh concluded that he would not let the children of Israel go.

Again, God sent Moses and Aaron, instructing them to tell Pharaoh that if he refused to let the people go, the face of the earth would be covered with locusts, so that man would not be able to see the ground, and that these locusts would eat the residue of that which escaped from the hail; that they would eat every tree out of the field; that they would fill the houses of Pharaoh and the houses of all his servants, and the houses of all the Egyptians. Moses delivered the message, and went out from Pharaoh. Some of Pharaoh's servants entreated their master to let the children of Israel go. Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron and asked them, who wished to go into the wilderness to sacrifice. They replied that they wished to go with the young and old; with their sons and daughters, with flocks and herds. Pharaoh would not consent

to this, but agreed that the men might go. Thereupon Pharaoh drove Moses and Aaron out of his sight. Then God told Moses to stretch forth his hand upon the land of Egypt for the locusts, that they might come up and eat every herb, even all that the hail had left. “And Moses stretched out his rod over the land of Egypt, and the Lord brought an east wind all that day and all that night; and when it was morning the east wind brought the locusts; and they came up over all the land of Egypt and rested upon all the coasts covering the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they ate every herb and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left, and there remained not any green thing on the trees or in the herbs of the field throughout the land of Egypt.” Pharaoh then called for Moses and Aaron in great haste, admitted that he had sinned against the Lord their God and against them, asked their forgiveness and requested them to intercede with God that he might take away the locusts. They went out from his presence and asked the Lord to drive the locusts away, “And the Lord made a strong west wind which took away the locusts, and cast them into the Red Sea so that there remained not one locust in all the coasts of Egypt.”

As soon as the locusts were gone, Pharaoh changed his mind, and, in the language of the sacred text, “the Lord hardened Pharaoh’s heart so that he would not let the children of Israel go.”

The Lord then told Moses to stretch out his hand toward heaven that there might be darkness over the land of Egypt, “even darkness which might be felt.” “And Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven, and there was a thick darkness over the land of Egypt for three days during which time they saw not each other, neither arose any of the people from their places for three days; but the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.”

It strikes me that when the land of Egypt was covered with thick darkness—so thick that it could be felt, and when light was in the dwellings of the Israelites, there could have been no better time for the Hebrews to have left the country.

Pharaoh again called for Moses, and told him that his people could go and serve the Lord, provided they would leave their flocks and herds. Moses would not agree to this, for the reason that they needed the flocks and herds for sacrifices and burnt offerings, and he did not know how many of the animals God might require, and for that reason he could not leave a single hoof. Upon the question of the cattle, they divided, and Pharaoh again refused to let the people go. God then commanded Moses to tell the Hebrews to borrow, each of his neighbor, jewels of silver and gold. By a miraculous interposition the Hebrews found favor in the sight of the Egyptians so that they loaned the articles asked for. After this, Moses again went to Pharaoh and told him that all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh upon the throne, unto the first-born of the maid-servant who was behind the mill, as well as the first-born of beasts, should die.

As all the beasts had been destroyed by disease and hail, it is troublesome to understand the meaning of the threat as to their first-born.

Preparations were accordingly made for carrying this frightful threat into execution. Blood was put on the door-posts of all houses inhabited by Hebrews, so that God, as he passed through that land, might not be mistaken and destroy the first-born of the Jews. “And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, the first-born of Pharaoh who sat on the throne, and the first-born of the captive who was in the dungeon. And Pharaoh rose up in the night, and all his

servants, and all the Egyptians, and there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead."

What had these children done? Why should the babes in the cradle be destroyed on account of the crime of Pharaoh? Why should the cattle be destroyed because man had enslaved his brother? In those days women and children and cattle were put upon an exact equality, and all considered as the property of the men; and when man in some way excited the wrath of God, he punished them by destroying all their cattle, their wives, and their little ones. Where can words be found bitter enough to describe a god who would kill wives and babes because husbands and fathers had failed to keep his law? Every good man, and every good woman, must hate and despise such a deity.

Upon the death of all the first-born Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron, and not only gave his consent that they might go with the Hebrews into the wilderness, but besought them to go at once.

Is it possible that an infinite God, creator of all worlds and sustainer of all life, said to Pharaoh, "If you do not let my people go, I will turn all the water of your country into blood," and that upon the refusal of Pharaoh to release the people, God did turn all the waters into blood? Do you believe this?

Do you believe that Pharaoh even after all the water was turned to blood, refused to let the Hebrews go, and that thereupon God told him he would cover his land with frogs? Do you believe this?

Do you believe that after the land was covered with frogs Pharaoh still refused to let the people go, and that God then said to him, "I will cover you and all your people with lice?" Do you believe God would make this threat?

Do you also believe that God told Pharaoh, "It you do not let these people go, I will fill all your houses and cover your country with flies?" Do you believe God makes such threats as this?

Of course God must have known that turning the waters into blood, covering the country with frogs, infesting all flesh with lice, and filling all houses with flies, would not accomplish his object, and that all these plagues would have no effect whatever upon the Egyptian king.

Do you believe that, failing to accomplish anything by the flies, God told Pharaoh that if he did not let the people go he would kill his cattle with murrain? Does such a threat sound God-like?

Do you believe that, failing to effect anything by killing the cattle, this same God then threatened to afflict all the people with boils, including the magicians who had been rivaling him in the matter of miracles; and failing to do anything by boils, that he resorted to hail? Does this sound reasonable? The hail experiment having accomplished nothing, do you believe that God murdered the first-born of animals and men? Is it possible to conceive of anything more utterly absurd, stupid, revolting, cruel and senseless, than the miracles said to have been wrought by the Almighty for the purpose of inducing Pharaoh to liberate the children of Israel?

Is it not altogether more reasonable to say that the Jewish people, being in slavery, accounted for the misfortunes and calamities, suffered by the Egyptians, by saying that they were the judgments of God?

When the Armada of Spain was wrecked and scattered by the storm, the English people believed that God had interposed in their behalf, and publicly gave thanks. When the battle of Lepanto was won, it was believed by the Catholic world that the victory was given in answer to prayer. So, our fore-fathers in their Revolutionary struggle saw, or thought they saw, the hand of God, and most firmly believed that they achieved their independence by the interposition of the Most High.

Now, it may be that while the Hebrews were enslaved by the Egyptians, there were plagues of locusts and flies. It may be that there were some diseases by which many of the cattle perished. It may be that a pestilence visited that country so that in nearly every house there was some one dead. If so, it was but natural for the enslaved and superstitious Jews to account for these calamities by saying that they were punishments sent by their God. Such ideas will be found in the history of every country.

For a long time the Jews held these opinions, and they were handed from father to son simply by tradition. By the time a written language had been produced, thousands of additions had been made, and numberless details invented; so that we have not only an account of the plagues suffered by the Egyptians, but the whole woven into a connected story, containing the threats made by Moses and Aaron, the miracles wrought by them, the promises of Pharaoh, and finally the release of the Hebrews, as a result of the marvelous things performed in their behalf by Jehovah.

In any event it is infinitely more probable that the author was misinformed, than that the God of this universe was guilty of these childish, heartless and infamous things. The solution of the whole matter is this:—Moses was mistaken.

XXIII. THE FLIGHT.

Three millions of people, with their flocks and herds, with borrowed jewelry and raiment, with unleavened dough in kneading troughs bound in their clothes upon their shoulders, in one night commenced their journey for the land of promise. We are not told how they were informed of the precise time to start. With all the modern appliances, it would require months of time to inform three millions of people of any fact.

In this vast assemblage there were six hundred thousand men of war, and with them were the old, the young, the diseased and helpless. Where were those people going? They were going to the desert of Sinai, compared with which Sahara is a garden. Imagine an ocean of lava torn by storm and vexed by tempest, suddenly gazed at by a Gorgon and changed instantly to stone! Such was the desert of Sinai.

All of the civilized nations of the world could not feed and support three millions of people on the desert of Sinai for forty years. It would cost more than one hundred thousand millions of dollars, and would bankrupt Christendom. They had with them their flocks and herds, and the sheep were so numerous that the Israelites sacrificed, at one time, more than one hundred and fifty thousand first-born lambs. How were these flocks supported? What did they eat? Where were meadows and pastures for them? There was no grass, no forests—nothing! There is no account of its having rained baled hay, nor is it even claimed that they were miraculously fed. To support these flocks, millions of acres of pasture would have been required. God did not take the Israelites through the land of the Philistines, for fear that when they saw the people of that country they would return to Egypt, but he took them by the way of the wilderness to the Red Sea, going before them by day in a pillar of cloud, and by night, in a pillar of fire.

When it was told Pharaoh that the people had fled, he made ready and took six hundred chosen chariots of Egypt, and pursued after the children of Israel, overtaking them by the sea. As all the animals had long before that time been destroyed, we are not informed where Pharaoh obtained the horses for his chariots. The moment the children of Israel saw the hosts of Pharaoh, although they had six hundred thousand men of war, they immediately cried unto the Lord for protection. It is wonderful to me that a land that had been ravaged by the plagues described in the Bible, still had the power to put in the field an army that would carry terror to the hearts of six hundred thousand men of war. Even with the help of God, it seems, they were not strong enough to meet the Egyptians in the open field, but resorted to strategy. Moses again stretched forth his wonderful rod over the waters of the Red Sea, and they were divided, and the Hebrews passed through on dry land, the waters standing up like a wall on either side. The Egyptians pursued them; "and in the morning watch the Lord looked into the hosts of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire," and proceeded to take the wheels off their chariots. As soon as the wheels were off, God told Moses to stretch out his hand over the sea. Moses did so, and immediately "the waters returned and covered the chariots and horsemen and all the hosts of Pharaoh that came into the sea, and there remained not so much as one of them."

This account may be true, but still it hardly looks reasonable that God would take the wheels off the chariots. How did he do it? Did he pull out the linch-pins, or did he just take them off by main force?

What a picture this presents to the mind! God the creator of the universe, maker of every shining, glittering star, engaged in pulling off the wheels of wagons, that he might convince Pharaoh of his greatness and power!

Where were these people going? They were going to the promised land. How large a country was that? About twelve thousand square miles. About one-fifth the size of the State of Illinois. It was a frightful country, covered with rocks and desolation. How many people were in the promised land already? Moses tells us there were seven nations in that country mightier than the Jews. As there were at least three millions of Jews, there must have been at least twenty-one millions of people already in that country. These had to be driven out in order that room might be made for the chosen people of God.

It seems, however, that God was not willing to take the children of Israel into the promised land immediately. They were not fit to inhabit the land of Canaan; so he made up his mind to allow them to wander upon the desert until all except two, who had left Egypt, should perish. Of all the slaves released from Egyptian bondage, only two were allowed to reach the promised land!

As soon as the Hebrews crossed the Red Sea, they found themselves without food, and with water unfit to drink by reason of its bitterness, and they began to murmur against Moses, who cried unto the Lord, and "the Lord showed him a tree." Moses cast this tree into the waters, and they became sweet. "And it came to pass in the morning the dew lay around about the camp; and when the dew that lay was gone, behold, upon the face of the wilderness lay a small round thing, small as the hoar-frost upon the ground. And Moses said unto them, this is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat." This manna was a very peculiar thing. It would melt in the sun, and yet they could cook it by seething and baking. One would as soon think of frying snow or of broiling icicles. But this manna had another remarkable quality. No

matter how much or little any person gathered, he would have an exact omer; if he gathered more, it would shrink to that amount, and if he gathered less, it would swell exactly to that amount. What a magnificent substance manna would be with which to make a currency—shrinking and swelling according to the great laws of supply and demand!

"Upon this manna the children of Israel lived for forty years, until they came to a habitable land. With this meat were they fed until they reached the borders of the land of Canaan." We are told in the twenty-first chapter of Numbers, that the people at last became tired of' the manna, complained of God, and asked Moses why he brought them out of the land of Egypt to die in the wilderness. And they said: - "There is no bread, nor have we any water. Our soul loatheth this light food."

We are told by some commentators that the Jews lived on manna for forty years; by others that they lived upon it for only a short time. As a matter of fact the accounts differ, and this difference is the opportunity for commentators. It also allows us to exercise faith in believing that both accounts are true. If the accounts agreed, and were reasonable, they would be believed by the wicked and unregenerated. But as they are different and unreasonable, they are believed only by the good. Whenever a statement in the Bible is unreasonable, and you believe it, you are considered quite a good Christian. If the statement is grossly absurd and infinitely impossible, and you still believe it, you are a saint.

The children of Israel were in the desert, and they were out of water. They had nothing to eat but manna, and this they had had so long that the soul of every person abhorred it. Under these circumstances they complained to Moses. Now, as God is infinite, he could just as well have furnished them with an abundance of the purest and coolest of water, and could, without the slightest trouble to himself, have given them three excellent meals a day, with a generous variety of meats and vegetables, it is very hard to see why he did not do so. It is still harder to conceive why he fell into a rage when the people mildly suggested that they would like a change of diet. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, nothing but manna. No doubt they did the best they could by cooking it in different ways, but in spite of themselves they began to loathe its sight and taste, and so they asked Moses to use his influence to secure a change in the bill of fare.

Now, I ask, whether it was unreasonable for the Jews to suggest that a little meat would be very gratefully received? It seems, however, that as soon as the request was made, this God of infinite mercy became infinitely enraged, and instead of granting it, went into partnership with serpents, for the purpose of punishing the hungry wretches to whom he had promised a land flowing with milk and honey.

Where did these serpents come from? How did God convey the information to the serpents, that he wished them to go to the desert of Sinai and bite some Jews? It may be urged that these serpents were created for the express purpose of punishing the children of Israel for having had the presumption, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more.

There is another account in the eleventh chapter of Numbers, of the people murmuring because of their food. They remembered the fish, the cucumbers, the melons, the leeks, the onions and the garlic of Egypt, and they asked for meat. The people went to the tent of Moses and asked him for flesh. Moses cried unto the Lord and asked him why he did not take care of the multitude. God thereupon agreed that they should have meat, not for a day or two, but for a month, until the meat should come out of their nostrils and become loathsome to them. He then caused a wind to

bring quails from beyond the sea, and cast them into the camp, on every side of the camp around about for the space of a days journey. And the people gathered them, and while the flesh was yet between their teeth the wrath of God being provoked against them, struck them with an exceeding great plague. Serpents, also, were sent among them, and thousands perished for the crime of having been hungry.

The Rev. Alexander Cruden commenting upon this account says:—

"God caused a wind to rise that drove the quails within and about the camp of the Israelites; and it is in this that the miracle consists, that they were brought so seasonably to this place, and in so great numbers as to suffice above a million of persons above a month. Some authors affirm, that in those eastern and southern countries, quails are innumerable, so that in one part of Italy within the compass of five miles, there were taken about an hundred thousand of them every day for a month together; and that sometimes they fly so thick over the sea, that being weary they fall into ships, sometimes in such numbers, that they sink them with their weight."

No wonder Mr. Cruden believed the Mosaic account.

Must we believe that God made an arrangement with hornets for the purpose of securing their services in driving the Canaanites from the land of promise? Is this belief necessary unto salvation? Must we believe that God said to the Jews that he would send hornets before them to drive out the Canaanites, as related in the twenty-third chapter of Exodus, and the second chapter of Deuteronomy? How would the hornets know a Canaanite? In what way would God put it in the mind of a hornet to attack a Canaanite? Did God create hornets for that especial purpose, implanting an instinct to attack a Canaanite, but not a Hebrew? Can we conceive of the Almighty granting letters of marque and reprisal to hornets? Of course it is admitted that nothing in the world would be better calculated to make a man leave his native land than a few hornets. Is it possible for us to believe that an infinite being would resort to such expedients in order to drive the Canaanites from their country? He could just as easily have spoken the Canaanites out of existence as to have spoken the hornets in. In this way a vast amount of trouble, pain and suffering would have been saved. Is it possible that there is, in this country, an intelligent clergyman who will insist that these stories are true; that we must believe them in in order to be good people in this world, and glorified souls in the next?

We are also told that God instructed the Hebrews to kill the Canaanites slowly, giving as a reason that the beasts of the field might increase upon his chosen people. When we take into consideration the fact that the Holy Land contained only about eleven or twelve thousand square miles, and was at that time inhabited by at least twenty-one millions of people, it does not seem reasonable that the wild beasts could have been numerous enough to cause any great alarm. The same ratio of population would give to the State of Illinois at least one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants. Can anybody believe that, under such circumstances, the danger from wild beasts could be very great? What would we think of a general, invading such a State, if he should order his soldiers to kill the people slowly, lest the wild beasts might increase upon them? Is it possible that a God capable of doing the miracles recounted in the Old Testament could not, in some way, have disposed of the wild beasts? After the Canaanites were driven out, could he not have employed the hornets to drive out the wild beasts? Think of a God that could drive twenty-one millions of people out of the promised land, could raise up innumerable stinging flies, and could cover the earth

with fiery serpents, and yet seems to have been perfectly powerless against the wild beasts of the land of Canaan!

Speaking of these hornets, one of the good old commentators, whose views have long been considered of great value by the believers in the inspiration of the Bible, uses the following language: - “Hornets are a sort of strong flies, which the Lord used as instruments to plague the enemies of his people. They are of themselves very troublesome and mischievous, and those the Lord made use of were, it is thought, of an extraordinary bigness and perniciousness. It is said they live as the wasps, and that they have a king or captain, and pestilent stings as bees, and that, if twenty-seven of them sting man or beast, it is certain death to either. Nor is it strange that such creatures did drive out the Canaanites from their habitations; for many heathen writers give instances of some people driven from their seats by frogs, others by mice, others by bees and wasps. And it is said that a Christian city, being besieged by Sapores, king of Persia, was delivered by hornets; for the elephants and beasts being stung by them, waxed unruly, and so the whole army fled.”

Only a few years ago, all such stories were believed by the Christian world; and it is a historical fact, that Voltaire was the third man of any note in Europe, who took the ground that the mythologies of Greece and Rome were without foundation. Until his time, most Christians believed as thoroughly in the miracles ascribed to the Greek and Roman gods as in those of Christ and Jehovah. The Christian world cultivated credulity, not only as one of the virtues, but as the greatest of them all. But, when Luther and his followers left the Church of Rome, they were compelled to deny the power of the Catholic Church, at that time, to suspend the laws of nature, but took the ground that such power ceased with the apostolic age. They insisted that all things now happened in accordance with the laws of nature, with the exception of a few special interferences in favor of the Protestant Church in answer to prayer. They taught their children a double philosophy: by one, they were to show the impossibility of Catholic miracles, because opposed to the laws of nature; by the other, the probability of the miracles of the apostolic age, because they were in conformity with the statements of the Scriptures. They had two foundations: one, the law of nature, and the other, the word of God. The Protestants have endeavored to carry on this double process of reasoning, and the result has been a gradual increase of confidence in the law of nature, and a gradual decrease of confidence in the word of God.

We are told, in this inspired account, that the clothing of the Jewish people did not wax old, and that their shoes refused to wear out. Some commentators have insisted that angels attended to the wardrobes of the Hebrews, patched their garments, and mended their shoes. Certain it is, however, that the same clothes lasted them for forty years, during the entire journey from Egypt to the Holy Land. Little boys starting out with their first pantaloons, grew as they traveled, and their clothes grew with them.

Can it be necessary to believe a story like this? Will men make better husbands, fathers, neighbors, and citizens, simply by giving credence to these childish and impossible things? Certainly an infinite God could have transported the Jews to the Holy Land in a moment, and could, as easily, have removed the Canaanites to some other country. Surely there was no necessity for doing thousands and thousands of petty miracles, day after day for forty years, looking after the clothes of three millions of people, changing the nature of wool and linen and leather, so that they would not “wax old.” Every step, every motion, would wear away some part of the clothing,

some part of the shoes. Were these parts, so worn away, perpetually renewed, or was the nature of things so changed that they could not wear away? We know that whenever matter comes in contact with matter, certain atoms, by abrasion, are lost. Were these atoms gathered up every night by angels, and replaced on the soles of the shoes, on the elbows of coats, and on the knees of pantaloons, so that the next morning they would be precisely in the condition they were on the morning before? There must be a mistake somewhere.

Can we believe that the real God, if there is one, ever ordered a man to be killed simply for making hair oil, or ointment? We are told in the thirtieth chapter of Exodus, that the Lord commanded Moses to take myrrh, cinnamon, sweet calamus, cassia, and olive oil, and make a holy ointment for the purpose of anointing the tabernacle, tables, candlesticks and other utensils, as well as Aaron and his sons; saying, at the same time, that whosoever compounded any like it, or whoever put any of it on a stranger, should be put to death. In the same chapter, the Lord furnishes Moses with a recipe for making a perfume, saying, that whoever should make any which smelled like it, should be cut off from his people. This, to me, sounds so unreasonable that I cannot believe it. Why should an infinite God care whether mankind made ointments and perfumes like his or not? Why should the Creator of all things threaten to kill a priest who approached his altar without having washed his hands and feet? These commandments and these penalties would disgrace the vainest tyrant that ever sat, by chance, upon a throne. There must be some mistake. I cannot believe that an infinite Intelligence appeared to Moses upon Mount Sinai having with him a variety of patterns for making a tabernacle, tongs, snuffers and dishes. Neither can I believe that God told Moses how to cut and trim a coat for a priest. Why should a God care about such things? Why should he insist on having buttons sewed in certain rows, and fringes of a certain color? Suppose an intelligent civilized man was to overhear, on Mount Sinai, the following instructions from God to Moses:—

“You must consecrate my priests as follows:—You must kill a bullock for a sin offering, and have Aaron and his sons lay their hands upon the head of the bullock. Then you must take the blood and put it upon the horns of the altar round about with your finger, and pour some blood at the bottom of the altar to make a reconciliation; and of the fat that is upon the inwards, the caul above the liver and two kidneys, and their fat, and burn them upon the altar. You must get a ram for a burnt offering, and Aaron and his sons must lay their hands upon the head of the ram. Then you must kill it and sprinkle the blood upon the altar, and cut the ram into pieces, and burn the head, and the pieces, and the fat, and wash the inwards and the lungs in water and then burn the whole ram upon the altar for a sweet savor unto me. Then you must get another ram, and have Aaron and his sons lay their hands upon the head of that, then kill it and take of its blood, and put it on the top of Aaron’s right ear, and on the thumb of his right hand, and on the great toe of his right foot. And you must also put a little of the blood upon the top of the right ears of Aaron’s sons, and on the thumbs of their right hands and on the great toes of their right feet. And then you must take of the fat that is on the inwards, and the caul above the liver and the two kidneys, and their fat, and the right shoulder, and out of a basket of unleavened bread you must take one unleavened cake and another of oil bread, and one wafer, and put them on the fat of the right shoulder. And you must take of the anointing oil, and of the blood, and sprinkle it on Aaron, and on his garments, and on his sons’ garments, and sanctify them and all their clothes.”—Do you believe that he would have even suspected that the creator of the universe was talking?

Can any one now tell why God commanded the Jews, when they were upon the desert of Sinai, to plant trees, telling them at the same time that they must not eat any of the fruit of such trees until after the fourth year? Trees could not have been planted in that desert, and if they had been, they could not have lived. Why did God tell Moses, while in the desert, to make curtains of fine linen? Where could he have obtained his flax? There was no land upon which it could have been produced. Why did he tell him to make things of gold, and silver, and precious stones, when they could not have been in possession of these things? There is but one answer, and that is, the Pentateuch was written hundreds of years after the Jews had settled in the Holy Land, and hundreds of years after Moses was dust and ashes.

When the Jews had a written language, and that must have been long after their flight from Egypt, they wrote out their history and their laws. Tradition had filled the infancy of the nation with miracles and special interpositions in their behalf by Jehovah. Patriotism would not allow these wonders to grow small, and priestcraft never denied a miracle. There were traditions to the effect that God had spoken face to face with Moses; that he had given him the tables of the law, and had, in a thousand ways, made known his will; and whenever the priests wished to make new laws, or amend old ones, they pretended to have found something more that God said to Moses at Sinai. In this way obedience was more easily secured. Only a very few of the people could read, and, as a consequence, additions, interpolations and erasures had no fear of detection. In this way we account for the fact that Moses is made to speak of things that did not exist in his day, and were unknown for hundreds of years after his death.

In the thirtieth chapter of Exodus, we are told that the people, when numbered, must give each one a half shekel after the shekel of the *sanctuary*. At that time no such money existed, and consequently the account could not, by any possibility, have been written until after there was a shekel of the sanctuary, and there was no such thing until long after the death of Moses. If we should read that Cæsar paid his troops in pounds, shillings and pence, we would certainly know that the account was not written by Cæsar, nor in his time, but we would know that it was written after the English had given these names to certain coins.

So, we find, that when the Jews were upon the desert it was commanded that every mother should bring, as a sin offering, a couple of doves to the priests, and the priests were compelled to eat these doves in the most holy place. At the time this law appears to have been given, there were three million people, and only three priests, Aaron, Eleazer and Ithamar. Among three million people there would be, at least, three hundred births a day. Certainly we are not expected to believe that these three priests devoured six hundred pigeons every twenty-four hours.

Why should a woman ask pardon of God for having been a mother? Why should that be considered a crime in Exodus, which is commanded as a duty in Genesis? Why should a mother be declared unclean? Why should giving birth to a daughter be regarded twice as criminal as giving birth to a son? Can we believe that such laws and ceremonies were made and instituted by a merciful and intelligent God? If there is anything in this poor world suggestive of, and standing for, all that is sweet, loving and pure, it is a mother holding in her thrilled and happy arms her prattling babe. Read the twelfth chapter of Leviticus, and you will see that when a woman became the mother of a boy she was so unclean that she was not allowed to touch a hallowed thing, nor to enter the sanctuary for forty days. If the babe was a girl, then the mother was unfit for eighty days, to enter the house of God, or to touch the sacred

tongs and snuffers. These laws, born of barbarism, are unworthy of our day, and should be regarded simply as the mistakes of savages.

Just as low in the scale of intelligence are the directions given in the fifth chapter of Numbers, for the trial of a wife of whom the husband was jealous. This foolish chapter has been the foundation of all appeals to God for the ascertainment of facts, such as the corsned, trial by battle, by water, and by fire, the last of which is our judicial oath. It is very easy to believe that in those days a guilty woman would be afraid to drink the water of jealousy and take the oath, and that, through fear, she might be made to confess. Admitting that the deception tended not only to prevent crime, but to discover it when committed, still, we cannot admit that an honest god would, for any purpose, resort to dishonest means. In all countries fear is employed as a means of getting at the truth, and in this there is nothing dishonest, provided falsehood is not resorted to for the purpose of producing the fear. Protestants laugh at Catholics because of their belief in the efficacy of holy water, and yet they teach their children that a little holy water, in which had been thrown some dust from the floor of the sanctuary, would, work a miracle in a woman's flesh. For hundreds of years our fathers believed that a perjurer could not swallow a piece of sacramental bread. Such stories belong to the childhood of our race, and are now believed only by mental infants and intellectual babes.

I cannot believe that Moses had in his hands a couple of tables of stone, upon which God had written the Ten Commandments, and that when he saw the golden calf, and the dancing, that he dashed the tables to the earth and broke them in pieces. Neither do I believe that Moses took a golden calf, burnt it, ground it to powder, and made the people drink it with water, as related in the thirty-second chapter of Exodus.

There is another account of the giving of the Ten Commandments to Moses, in the nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Exodus. In this account not one word is said about the people having made a golden calf, nor about the breaking of the tables of stone. In the thirty-fourth chapter of Exodus, there is an account of the renewal of the broken tables of the law, and the commandments are given, but they are not the same commandments mentioned in the twentieth chapter. There are two accounts of the same transaction. Both of these stories cannot be true, and yet both must be believed. Any one who will take the trouble to read the nineteenth and twentieth chapters, and the last verse of the thirty-first chapter, the thirty-second, thirty-third, and thirty-fourth chapters of Exodus, will be compelled to admit that both accounts cannot be true.

From the last account it appears that while Moses was upon Mount Sinai receiving the commandments from God, the people brought their jewelry to Aaron and he cast for them a golden calf. This happened before any commandment against idolatry had been given. A god ought, certainly, to publish his laws before inflicting penalties for their violation. To inflict punishment for breaking unknown and unpublished laws is, in the last degree, cruel and unjust. It may be replied that the Jews knew better than to worship idols, before the law was given. If this is so, why should the law have been given? In all civilized countries, laws are made and promulgated, not simply for the purpose of informing the people as to what is right and wrong, but to inform them of the penalties to be visited upon those who violate the laws. When the Ten Commandments were given, no penalties were attached. Not one word was written on the tables of stone as to the punishments that would be inflicted for breaking any or all of the inspired laws. The people should not have been punished for violating a commandment before it was given. And yet, in this case, Moses commanded the sons

of Levi to take their swords and slay every man his brother, his companion, and his neighbor. The brutal order was obeyed, and three thousand men were butchered.. The Levites consecrated themselves unto the Lord by murdering their sons, and their brothers, for having violated a commandment before it had been given.

It has been contended for many years that the Ten Commandments are the foundation of all ideas of justice and of law. Eminent jurists have bowed to popular prejudice, and deformed their works by statements to the effect that the Mosaic laws are the fountains from which sprang all ideas of right and wrong. Nothing can be more stupidly false than such assertions. Thousands of years before Moses was born, the Egyptians had a code of laws. They had laws against blasphemy, murder, adultery, larceny, perjury, laws for the collection of debts, the enforcement of contracts, the ascertainment of damages, the redemption of property pawned, and upon nearly every subject of human interest. The Egyptian code was far better than the Mosaic.

Laws spring from the instinct of self-preservation. Industry objected to supporting idleness, and laws were made against theft. Laws were made against murder, because a very large majority of the people have always objected to being murdered. All fundamental laws were born simply of the instinct of self-defence. Long before the Jewish savages assembled at the foot of Sinai, laws had been made and enforced, not only in Egypt and India, but by every tribe that ever existed.

It is impossible for human beings to exist together, without certain rules of conduct, certain ideas of the proper and improper, of the right and wrong, growing out of the relation. Certain rules must be made, and must be enforced. This implies law, trial and punishment. Whoever produces anything by weary labor, does not need a revelation from heaven to teach him that he has a right to the thing produced. Not one of the learned gentlemen who pretend that the Mosaic laws are filled with justice and intelligence, would live, for a moment, in any country where such laws were in force.

Nothing can be more wonderful than the medical ideas of Jehovah. He had the strangest notions about the cause and cure of disease. With him everything was miracle and wonder. In the fourteenth chapter of Leviticus, we find the law for cleansing a leper: - “Then shall the priest take for him that is to be cleansed, two birds, alive and clean, and cedar wood, and scarlet, and hyssop. And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an *earthen* vessel, over *running* water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them, and the living bird, in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water. And he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy, seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field.”

We are told that God himself gave these directions to Moses. Does anybody believe this? Why should the bird be killed in an *earthen* vessel? Would the charm be broken if the vessel was of wood? Why over *running* water? What would be thought of a physician now, who would give a prescription like that?

Is it not strange that God, although he gave hundreds of directions for the purpose of discovering the presence of leprosy, and for cleansing the leper after he was healed, forgot to tell how that disease could be cured? Is it not wonderful that while God told his people what animals were fit for food, he failed to give a list of plants that man

might eat? Why did he leave his children to find out the hurtful and the poisonous by experiment, knowing that experiment, in millions of cases, must be death?

When reading the history of the Jewish people, of their flight from slavery to death, of their exchange of tyrants, I must confess that my sympathies are all aroused in their behalf. They were cheated, deceived and abused. Their god was quick-tempered, unreasonable, cruel, revengeful and dishonest. He was always promising but never performed. He wasted time in ceremony and childish detail, and in the exaggeration of what he had done. It is impossible for me to conceive of a character more utterly detestable than that of the Hebrew god. He had solemnly promised the Jews that he would take them from Egypt to a land flowing with milk and honey. He had led them to believe that in a little while their troubles would be over, and that they would soon in the land of Canaan, surrounded by their wives and little ones, forget, the stripes and tears of Egypt. After promising the poor wanderers again and again that he would lead them in safety to the promised land of joy and plenty, this God, forgetting every promise, said to the wretches in his power: - “Your carcasses shall fall in this wilderness and your children shall wander until your carcasses be wasted.” This curse was the conclusion of the whole matter. Into this dust of death and night faded all the promises of God. Into this rottenness of wandering despair fell all the dreams of liberty and home. Millions of corpses were left to rot in the desert, and each one certified to the dishonesty of Jehovah. I cannot believe these things. They are so cruel and heartless, that my blood is chilled and my sense of justice shocked. A book that is equally abhorrent to my head and heart, cannot be accepted as a revelation from God.

When we think of the poor Jews, destroyed, murdered, bitten by serpents, visited by plagues, decimated by famine, butchered by each other, swallowed by the earth, frightened, cursed, starved, deceived, robbed and outraged, how thankful we should be that we are not the chosen people of God. No wonder that they longed for the slavery of Egypt, and remembered with sorrow the unhappy day when they exchanged masters. Compared with Jehovah, Pharaoh was a benefactor, and the tyranny of Egypt was freedom to those who suffered the liberty of God.

While reading the Pentateuch, I am filled with indignation, pity and horror. Nothing can be sadder than the history of the starved and frightened wretches who wandered over the desolate crags and sands of wilderness and desert, the prey of famine, sword, and plague. Ignorant and superstitious to the last degree, governed by falsehood, plundered by hypocrisy, they were the sport of priests, and the food of fear. God was their greatest enemy, and death their only friend.

It is impossible to conceive of a more thoroughly despicable, hateful, and arrogant being, than the Jewish god. He is without a redeeming feature. In the mythology of the world he has no parallel. He, only, is never touched by agony and tears. He delights only in blood and pain. Human affections are naught to him. He cares neither for love nor music, beauty nor joy. A false friend, an unjust judge, a braggart, hypocrite, and tyrant, sincere in hatred, jealous, vain, and revengeful, false in promise, honest in curse, suspicious, ignorant, and changeable, infamous and hideous:—such is the God of the Pentateuch.

XXIV. CONFESS AND AVOID

The scientific Christians now admit that the Bible is not inspired in its astronomy, geology, botany, zoology, nor in any science. In other words, they admit that on these subjects, the Bible cannot be depended upon. If all the statements in the Scriptures

were true, there would be no necessity for admitting that some of them are not inspired. A Christian will not admit that a passage in the Bible is uninspired, until he is satisfied that it is untrue. Orthodoxy itself has at last been compelled to say, that while a passage may be true and uninspired, it cannot be inspired if false.

If the people of Europe had known as much of astronomy and geology when the Bible was introduced among them, as they do now, there never could have been one believer in the doctrine of inspiration. If the writers of the various parts of the Bible had known as much about the sciences as is now known by every intelligent man, the book never could have been written. It was produced by ignorance, and has been believed and defended by its author. It has lost power in the proportion that man has gained knowledge. A few years ago, this book was appealed to in the settlement of all scientific questions; but now, even the clergy confess that in such matters, it has ceased to speak with the voice of authority. For the establishment of facts, the word of man is now considered far better than the word of God. In the world of science, Jehovah was superseded by Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler. All that God told Moses, admitting the entire account to be true, is dust and ashes compared to the discoveries of Descartes, Laplace, and Humboldt. In matters of fact, the Bible has ceased to be regarded as a standard. Science has succeeded in breaking the chains of theology. A few years ago, Science endeavored to show that it was not inconsistent with the Bible. The tables have been turned, and now, Religion is endeavoring to prove that the Bible is not inconsistent with Science. The standard has been changed.

For many ages, the Christians contended that the Bible, viewed simply as a literary performance, was beyond all other books, and that man without the assistance of God could not produce its equal. This claim was made when but few books existed, and the Bible, being the only book generally known, had no rival. But this claim, like the other, has been abandoned by many, and soon will be, by all. Com pared with Shakespeare's "book and volume of the brain," the "sacred" Bible shrinks and seems as feebly impotent and vain, as would a pipe of Fan, when some great organ, voiced with every tone, from the hoarse thunder of the sea to the winged warble of a mated bird, floods and fills cathedral aisles with all the wealth of sound.

It is now maintained—and this appears to be the last fortification behind which the doctrine of inspiration skulks and crouches—that the Bible, although false and mistaken in its astronomy, geology, geography, history and philosophy, is inspired in its morality. It is now claimed that had it not been for this book, the world would have been inhabited only by savages, and that had it not been for the Holy Scriptures, man never would have even dreamed of the unity of God. A belief in one God is claimed to be a dogma of almost infinite importance, that with out this belief civilization is impossible, and that this fact is the sun around which all the virtues revolve. For my part, I think it infinitely more important to believe in man. Theology is a superstition—Humanity a religion.

XXV. "INSPIRED" SLAVERY

Perhaps the Bible was inspired upon the subject of human slavery. Is there, in the civilized world, to-day, a clergyman who believes in the divinity of slavery? Does the Bible teach man to enslave his brother? If it does, is it not blasphemous to say that it is inspired of God? If you find the institution of slavery upheld in a book said to have been written by God, what would you expect to find in a book inspired by the devil? Would you expect to find that book in favor of liberty? Modern Christians, ashamed of the God of the Old Testament, endeavor now to show that slavery was neither

commanded nor opposed by Jehovah. Nothing can be plainer than the following passages from the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus. “Moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession, they shall be your bondmen forever. Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen, and bondmaids.”

Can we believe in this, the Nineteenth Century, that these infamous passages were inspired by God? that God approved not only of human slavery, but instructed his chosen people to buy the women, children and babes of the heathen round about them? If it was right for the Hebrews to buy, it was also right for the heathen to sell. This God, by commanding the Hebrews to buy, approved of the selling of sons and daughters. The Canaanite who, tempted by gold, lured by avarice, sold from the arms of his wife the dimpled babe, simply made it possible for the Hebrews to obey the orders of their God. If God is the author of the Bible, the reading of these passages ought to cover his cheeks with shame. I ask the Christian world to-day, was it right for the heathen to sell their children? Was it right for God not only to uphold, but to command the infamous traffic in human flesh? Could the most revengeful fiend, the most malicious vagrant in the gloom of hell, sink to a lower moral depth than this?

According to this God, his chosen people were not only commanded to buy of the heathen round about them, but were also permitted to buy each other for a term of years. The law governing the purchase of Jews is laid down in the twenty-first chapter of Exodus. “If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years shall he serve: and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself: if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and she have borne him sons or daughters, the wife and her children shall be her master’s, and he shall go out by himself. And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free: Then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door-post: and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl: and he shall serve him forever.”

Do you believe that God was the author of this infamous law? Do you believe that the loving father of us all, turned the dimpled arms of babes into manacles of iron? Do you believe that he baited the dungeon of servitude with wife and child? Is it possible to love a God who would make such laws? Is it possible not to hate and despise him?

The heathen are not spoken of as human beings. Their rights are never mentioned. They were the rightful food of the sword, and their bodies were made for stripes and chains.

In the same chapter of the same inspired book, we are told that, “if a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he dies under his hand, he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished, for he is his money.”

Must we believe that God called some of his children the money of others? Can we believe that God made lashes upon the naked back, a legal tender for labor performed? Must we regard the auction block as an altar? Were blood hounds apostles? Was the slave-pen a temple? Were the stealers and whippers of babes and women the justified children of God?

It is now contended that while the Old Testament is touched with the barbarism of its time, that the New Testament is morally perfect, and that on its pages can be found no blot or stain. As a matter of fact, the New Testament is more decidedly in favor of human slavery than the old.

For my part, I never will, I never can, worship a God who upholds the institution of slavery. Such a God I hate and defy. I neither want his heaven, nor fear his hell.

XXXVI. "INSPIRED" MARRIAGE

Is there an orthodox clergyman in the world, who will now declare that he believes the institution of polygamy to be right? Is there one who will publicly declare that, in his judgment, that institution ever was right? Was there ever a time in the history of the world when it was right to treat woman simply as property? Do not attempt to answer these questions by saying, that the Bible is an exceedingly good book, that we are indebted for our civilization to the sacred volume, and that without it, man would lapse into savagery, and mental night. This is no answer. Was there a time when the institution of polygamy was the highest expression of human virtue? Is there a Christian woman, civilized, intelligent, and free, who believes in the institution of polygamy? Are we better, purer, and more intelligent than God was four thousand years ago? Why should we imprison Mormons, and worship God? Polygamy is just as pure in Utah, as it could have been in the promised land. Love and Virtue are the same the whole world round, and Justice is the same in every star. All the languages of the world are not sufficient to express the filth of polygamy. It makes of man, a beast, of woman, a trembling slave. It destroys the fireside, makes virtue an outcast, takes from human speech its sweetest words, and leaves the heart a den, where crawl and hiss the slimy serpents of most loathsome lust. Civilization rests upon the family. The good family is the unit of good government. The virtues grow about the holy hearth of home—they cluster, bloom, and shed their perfume round the fireside where the one man loves the one woman. Lover—husband—wife—mother—father—child—home!—? without these sacred words, the world is but a lair, and men and women merely beasts.

Why should the innocent maiden and the loving mother worship the heartless Jewish God? Why should they, with pure and stainless lips, read the vile record of inspired lust?

The marriage of the one man to the one woman is the citadel and fortress of civilization. Without this, woman becomes the prey and slave of lust and power, and man goes back to savagery and crime. From the bottom of my heart I hate, abhor and execrate all theories of life, of which the pure and sacred home is not the corner-stone. Take from the world the family, the fireside, the children born of wedded love, and there is nothing left. The home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all the world.

XXVII. "INSPIRED" WAR

If the Bible be true, God commanded his chosen people to destroy men simply for the crime of defending their native land. They were not allowed to spare trembling and white-haired age, nor dimpled babes clasped in the mothers' arms. They were ordered to kill women, and to pierce, with the sword of war, the unborn child. "Our heavenly Father" commanded the Hebrews to kill the men and women, the fathers, sons and brothers, but to preserve the girls alive. Why were not the maidens also killed? Why were they spared? Read the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, and you will find that the maidens were given to the soldiers and the priests. Is there, in all the

history of war, a more infamous thing than this? Is it possible that God permitted the violets of modesty, that grow and shed their perfume in the maiden's heart, to be trampled beneath the brutal feet of lust? If this was the order of God, what, under the same circumstances, would have been the command of a devil? When, in this age of the world, a woman, a wife, a mother, reads this record, she should, with scorn and loathing, throw the book away. A general, who now should make such an order, giving over to massacre and rapine a conquered people, would be held in execration by the whole civilized world. Yet, if the Bible be true, the supreme and infinite God was once a savage.

A little while ago, out upon the western plains, in a little path leading to a cabin, were found the bodies of two children and their mother. Her breast was filled with wounds received in the defence of her darlings. They had been murdered by the savages. Suppose when looking at their lifeless forms, some one had said, "This was done by the command of God!" In Canaan there were countless scenes like this. There was no pity in inspired war. God raised the black flag, and commanded his soldiers to kill even the smiling infant in its mother's arms. Who is the blasphemer; the man who denies the existence of God, or he who covers the robes of the Infinite with innocent blood?

We are told in the Pentateuch, that God, the father of us all, gave thousands of maidens, after having killed their fathers, their mothers, and their brothers, to satisfy the brutal lusts of savage men. If there be a God, I pray him to write in his book, opposite my name, that I denied this lie for him.

XXVIII. "INSPIRED" RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

According to the Bible, God selected the Jewish people through whom to make known the great fact, that he was the only true and living God. For this purpose, he appeared on several occasions to Moses—came down to Sinai's top clothed in cloud and fire, and wrought a thousand miracles for the preservation and education of the Jewish people. In their presence he opened the waters of the sea. For them he caused bread to rain from heaven. To quench their thirst, water leaped from the dry and barren rock. Their enemies were miraculously destroyed; and for forty years, at least, this God took upon himself the government of the Jews. But, after all this, many of the people had less confidence in him than in gods of wood and stone. In moments of trouble, in periods of disaster, in the darkness of doubt, in the hunger and thirst of famine, instead of asking this God for aid, they turned and sought the help of senseless things. This God, with all his power and wisdom, could not even convince a few wandering and wretched savages that he was more potent than the idols of Egypt. This God was not willing that the Jews should think and investigate for themselves. For heresy, the penalty was death. Where this God reigned, intellectual liberty was unknown. He appealed only to brute force; he collected taxes by threatening plagues; he demanded worship on pain of sword and fire; acting as spy, inquisitor, judge and executioner.

In the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, we have the ideas of God as to mental freedom. "If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known, thou nor thy fathers; namely of the gods of the people which are around about you, nigh unto thee, or far off from thee, from the one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth, Thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him, neither shall thine eye pity him, neither

shalt thou spare him, neither shalt thou conceal him. But thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterward the hand of all the people. And thou shalt stone him with stones that he die."

This is the religious liberty of God; the toleration of Jehovah. If I had lived in Palestine at that time, and my wife, the mother of my children, had said to me, "I am tired of Jehovah, he is always asking for blood; he is never weary of killing; he is always telling of his might and strength; always telling what he has done for the Jews, always asking for sacrifices; for doves and lambs—blood, nothing but blood.—Let us worship the sun. Jehovah is too revengeful, too malignant, too exacting. Let us worship the sun. The sun has clothed the world in beauty; it has covered the earth with flowers; by its divine light I first saw your face, and my beautiful babe."—If I had obeyed the command of God, I would have killed her. My hand would have been first upon her, and after that the hands of all the people, and she would have been stoned with stones until she died. For my part, I would never kill my wife, even if commanded so to do by the real God of this universe. Think of taking up some ragged rock and hurling it against the white bosom filled with love for you; and when you saw oozing from the bruised lips of the death wound, the red current of her sweet life—think of looking up to heaven and receiving the congratulations of the infinite fiend whose commandment you had obeyed!

Can we believe that any such command was ever given by a merciful and intelligent God? Suppose, however, that God did give this law to the Jews, and did tell them that whenever a man preached a heresy, or proposed to worship any other God that they should kill him; and suppose that afterward this same God took upon himself flesh, and came to this very chosen people and taught a different religion, and that thereupon the Jews crucified him; I ask you, did he not reap exactly what he had sown? What right would this God have to complain of a crucifixion suffered in accordance with his own command?

Nothing can be more infamous than intellectual tyranny. To put chains upon the body is as nothing compared with putting shackles on the brain. No god is entitled to the worship or the respect of man who does not give, even to the meanest of his children, every right that he claims for himself.

If the Pentateuch be true, religious persecution is a duty. The dungeons of the Inquisition were temples, and the clank of every chain upon the limbs of heresy was music in the ear of God. If the Pentateuch was inspired, every heretic should be destroyed; and every man who advocates a fact inconsistent with the sacred book, should be consumed by sword and flame.

In the Old Testament no one is told to reason with a heretic, and not one word is said about relying upon argument, upon education, nor upon intellectual development—nothing except simple brute force. Is there to-day a Christian who will say that four thousand years ago, it was the duty of a husband to kill his wife if she differed with him upon the subject of religion? Is there one who will now say that, under such circumstances, the wife ought to have been killed? Why should God be so jealous of the wooden idols of the heathen? Could he not compete with Baal? Was he envious of the success of the Egyptian magicians? Was it not possible for him to make such a convincing display of his power as to silence forever the voice of unbelief? Did this God have to resort to force to make converts? Was he so ignorant of the structure of the human mind as to believe all honest doubt a crime? If he wished to do away with the idolatry of the Canaanites, why did he not appear to them? Why did he not give

them the tables of the law? Why did he only make known his will to a few wandering savages in the desert of Sinai? Will some theologian have the kindness to answer these questions? Will some minister, who now believes in religious liberty, and eloquently denounces the intolerance of Catholicism, explain these things; will he tell us why he worships an intolerant God? Is a god who will burn a soul forever in another world, better than a Christian who burns the body for a few hours in this? Is there no intellectual liberty in heaven? Do the angels all discuss questions on the same side? Are all the investigators in perdition? Will the penitent thief, winged and crowned, laugh at the honest folks in hell? Will the agony of the damned increase or decrease the happiness of God? Will there be, in the universe, an eternal *auto da fe?*

XXIX. CONCLUSION

If the Pentateuch is not inspired in its astronomy, geology, geography, history or philosophy, if it is not inspired concerning slavery, polygamy, war, law, religious or political liberty, or the rights of men, women and children, what is it inspired in, or about? The unity of God?—that was believed long before Moses was born. Special providence?—that has been the doctrine of ignorance in all ages. The rights of property?—theft was always a crime. The sacrifice of animals?—that was a custom thousands of years before a Jew existed. The sacredness of life?—there have always been laws against murder. The wickedness of perjury?—truthfulness has always been a virtue. The beauty of chastity?—the Pentateuch does not teach it. Thou shalt worship no other God?—that has been the burden of all religions.

Is it possible that the Pentateuch could not have been written by uninspired men? that the assistance of God was necessary to produce these books? Is it possible that Galileo ascertained the mechanical principles of “Virtual Velocity,” the laws of falling bodies and of all motion; that Copernicus ascertained the true position of the earth and accounted for all celestial phenomena; that Kepler discovered his three laws—discoveries of such importance that the 8th of May, 1618, may be called the birthday of modern science; that Newton gave to the world the Method of Fluxions, the Theory of Universal Gravitation, and the Decomposition of Light; that Euclid, Cavalieri, Descartes, and Leibnitz, almost completed the science of mathematics; that all the discoveries in optics, hydrostatics, pneumatics and chemistry, the experiments, discoveries, and inventions of Galvani, Volta, Franklin and Morse, of Trevethick, Watt and Fulton and of all the pioneers of progress—that all this was accomplished by uninspired men, while the writer of the Pentateuch was directed and inspired by an infinite God? Is it possible that the codes of China, India, Egypt, Greece and Rome were made by man, and that the laws recorded in the Pentateuch were alone given by God? Is it possible that Æschylus and Shakespeare, Burns, and Beranger, Goethe and Schiller, and all the poets of the world, and all their wondrous tragedies and songs, are but the work of men, while no intelligence except the infinite God could be the author of the Pentateuch? Is it possible that of all the books that crowd the libraries of the world, the books of science, fiction, history and song, that all save only one, have been produced by man? Is it possible that of all these, the Bible only is the work of God?

If the Pentateuch is inspired, the civilization of our day is a mistake and crime. There should be no political liberty. Heresy should be trodden out beneath the bigot’s brutal feet. Husbands should divorce their wives at will, and make the mothers of their children houseless and weeping wanderers. Polygamy ought to be practiced; women should become slaves; we should buy the sons and daughters of the heathen and make them bondmen and bondwomen forever. We should sell our own flesh and

blood, and have the right to kill our slaves. Men and women should be stoned to death for laboring on the seventh day. “Mediums,” such as have familiar spirits, should be burned with fire. Every vestige of mental liberty should be destroyed, and reason’s holy torch extinguished in the martyr’s blood.

Is it not far better and wiser to say that the Pentateuch while containing some good laws, some truths, some wise and useful things is, after all, deformed and blackened by the savagery of its time? Is it not far better and wiser to take the good and throw the bad away?

Let us admit what we know to be true; that Moses was mistaken about a thousand things; that the story of creation is not true; that the Garden of Eden is a myth; that the serpent and the tree of knowledge, and the fall of man are but fragments of old mythologies lost and dead; that woman was not made out of a rib; that serpents never had the power of speech; that the sons of God did not marry the daughters of men; that the story of the flood and ark is not exactly true; that the tower of Babel is a mistake; that the confusion of tongues is a childish thing; that the origin of the rainbow is a foolish fancy; that Methuselah did not live nine hundred and sixty-nine years; that Enoch did not leave this world, taking with him his flesh and bones; that the story of Sodom and Gomorrah is somewhat improbable; that burning brimstone never fell like rain; that Lot’s wife was not changed into chloride of sodium; that Jacob did not, in fact, put his hip out of joint wrestling with God; that the history of Tamar might just as well have been left out; that a belief in Pharaoh’s dreams is not essential to salvation; that it makes but little difference whether the rod of Aaron was changed to a serpent or not; that of all the wonders said to have been performed in Egypt, the greatest is, that anybody ever believed the absurd account; that God did not torment the innocent cattle on account of the sins of their owners; that he did not kill the first born of the poor maid behind the mill because of Pharaoh’s crimes; that flies and frogs were not ministers of God’s wrath; that lice and locusts were not the executors of his will; that seventy people did not, in two hundred and fifteen years, increase to three million; that three priests could not eat six hundred pigeons in a day; that gazing at a brass serpent could not extract poison from the blood; that God did not go in partnership with hornets; that he did not murder people simply because they asked for something to eat; that he did not declare the making of hair oil and ointment an offence to be punished with death; that he did not miraculously preserve cloth and leather; that he was not afraid of wild beasts; that he did not punish heresy with sword and fire; that he was not jealous, revengeful, and unjust; that he knew all about the sun, moon, and stars; that he did not threaten to kill people for eating the fat of an ox; that he never told Aaron to draw cuts to see which of two goats should be killed; that he never objected to clothes made of woolen mixed with linen; that if he objected to dwarfs, people with flat noses and too many fingers, he ought not to have created such folks; that he did not demand human sacrifices as set forth in the last chapter of Leviticus; that he did not object to the raising of horses; that he never commanded widows to spit in the faces of their brothers-in-law; that several contradictory accounts of the same transaction cannot all be true; that God did not talk to Abraham as one man talks to another; that angels were not in the habit of walking about the earth eating veal dressed with milk and butter, and making bargains about the destruction of cities; that God never turned himself into a flame of fire, and lived in a bush; that he never met Moses in a hotel and tried to kill him; that it was absurd to perform miracles to induce a king to act in a certain way and then harden his heart so that he would refuse; that God was not kept from killing the Jews by the fear that the Egyptians would laugh at him; that he did not secretly bury a

man and then allow the corpse to write an account of the funeral; that he never believed the firmament to be solid; that he knew slavery was and always would be a frightful crime; that polygamy is but stench and filth; that the brave soldier will always spare an unarmed foe; that only cruel cowards slay the conquered and the helpless; that no language can describe the murderer of a smiling babe; that God did not want the blood of doves and lambs; that he did not love the smell of burning flesh; that he did not want his altars daubed with blood; that he did not pretend that the sins of a people could be transferred to a goat; that he did not believe in witches, wizards, spooks, and devils; that he did not test the virtue of woman with dirty water; that he did not suppose that rabbits chewed the cud; that he never thought there were any four-footed birds; that he did not boast for several hundred years that he had vanquished an Egyptian king; that a dry stick did not bud, blossom, and bear almonds in one night; that manna did not shrink and swell, so that each man could gather only just one omer; that it was never wrong to "countenance the poor man in his cause;" that God never told a people not to live in peace with their neighbors; that he did not spend forty days with Moses on Mount Sinai giving him patterns for making clothes, tongs, basins, and snuffers; that maternity is not a sin; that physical deformity is not a crime; that an atonement cannot be made for the soul by shedding innocent blood; that killing a dove over running water will not make its blood a medicine; that a god who demands love knows nothing of the human heart; that one who frightens savages with loud noises is unworthy the love of civilized men; that one who destroys children on account of the sins of their fathers is a monster; that an infinite god never threatened to give people the itch; that he never sent wild beasts to devour babes; that he never ordered the violation of maidens; that he never regarded patriotism as a crime; that he never ordered the destruction of unborn children; that he never opened the earth and swallowed wives and babes because husbands and fathers had displeased him; that he never demanded that men should kill their sons and brothers, for the purpose of sanctifying themselves; that we cannot please God by believing the improbable; that credulity is not a virtue; that investigation is not a crime; that every mind should be free; that all religious persecution is infamous in God, as well as man; that without liberty, virtue is impossible; that without freedom, even love cannot exist; that every man should be allowed to think and to express his thoughts; that woman is the equal of man; that children should be governed by love and reason; that the family relation is sacred; that war is a hideous crime; that all intolerance is born of ignorance and hate; that the freedom of today is the hope of to-morrow; that the enlightened present ought not to fall upon its knees and blindly worship the barbaric past; and that every free, brave and enlightened man should publicly declare that all the ignorant, infamous, heartless, hideous things recorded in the "inspired" Pentateuch are not the words of God, but simply "Some Mistakes of Moses."

Some Reasons Why

I.

RELIGION makes enemies instead of friends. That one word, “religion,” covers all the horizon of memory with visions of war, of outrage, of persecution, of tyranny, and death. That one word brings to the mind every instrument with which man has tortured man. In that one word are all the fagots and flames and dungeons of the past, and in that word is the infinite and eternal hell of the future.

In the name of universal benevolence Christians have hated their fellow-men. Although they have been preaching universal love, the Christian nations are the warlike nations of the world. The most destructive weapons of war have been invented by Christians. The musket, the revolver, the rifled canon, the bombshell, the torpedo, the explosive bullet, have been invented by Christian brains.

Above all other arts, the Christian world has placed the art of war.

A Christian nation has never had the slightest respect for the rights of barbarians; neither has any Christian sect any respect for the rights of other sects. Anciently, the sects discussed with fire and sword, and even now, something happens almost every day to show that the old spirit that was in the Inquisition still slumbers in the Christian breast.

Whoever imagines himself a favorite with God, holds other people in contempt.

Whenever a man believes that he has the exact truth from God, there is in that man no spirit of compromise. He has not the modesty born of the imperfections of human nature; he has the arrogance of theological certainty and the tyranny born of ignorant assurance. Believing himself to be the slave of God, he imitates his master, and of all tyrants, the worst is a slave in power.

When a man really believes that it is necessary to do a certain thing to be happy forever, or that a certain belief is necessary to ensure eternal joy, there is in that man no spirit of concession. He divides the whole world into saints and sinners, into believers and unbelievers, into God’s sheep and Devil’s goats, into people who will be glorified and people who will be damned.

A Christian nation can make no compromise with one not Christian; it will either compel that nation to accept its doctrine, or it will wage war. If Christ, in fact, said “I came not to bring peace but a sword,” it is the only prophecy in the New Testament that has been literally fulfilled.

II. DUTIES TO GOD.

RELIGION is supposed to consist in a discharge of the duties we owe to God. In other words, we are taught that God is exceedingly anxious that we should believe a certain thing. For my part, I do not believe that there is any infinite being to whom we owe anything. The reason I say this is, we can not owe any duty to any being who requires nothing—to any being that we cannot possibly help, to any being whose happiness we cannot increase. If God is infinite, we cannot make him happier than he is. If God is infinite, we can neither give, nor can he receive, anything. Anything that we do or fail to do, cannot, in the slightest degree, affect an infinite God;

consequently, no relations can exist between the finite and the Infinite, if by relations is meant mutual duties and obligations.

Some tell us that it is the desire of God that we should worship him. What for? Why does he desire worship? Others tell us that we should sacrifice something to him. What for? Is he in want? Can we assist him? Is he unhappy? Is he in trouble? Does he need human sympathy? We cannot assist the Infinite, but we can assist our fellow-men. We can feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and enlighten the ignorant, and we can help, in some degree at least, toward covering this world with the mantle of joy.

I do not believe there is any being in this universe who gives rain for praise, who gives sunshine for prayer, or who blesses a man simply because he kneels.

The Infinite cannot receive praise or worship.

The Infinite can neither hear nor answer prayer.

An Infinite personality is an infinite impossibility.

III. INSPIRATION.

WE are told that we have in our possession the inspired will of God. What is meant by the word "inspired" is not exactly known; but whatever else it may mean, certainly it means that the "inspired" must be the true. If it is true, there is, in fact, no need of its being inspired—the truth will take care of itself.

The church is forced to say that the Bible differs from all other books; it is forced to say that it contains the actual will of God. Let us then see what inspiration really is. A man looks at the sea, and the sea says something to him. It makes an impression upon his mind. It awakens memory, and this impression depends upon the man's experience—upon his intellectual capacity. Another looks upon the same sea. He has a different brain; he has had a different experience. The sea may speak to him of joy, to the other of grief and tears. The sea cannot tell the same thing to any two human beings, because no two human beings have had the same experience.

A year ago, while the cars were going from Boston to Gloucester, we passed through Manchester. As the cars stopped, a lady sitting opposite, speaking to her husband, looking out of the window and catching, for the first time, a view of the sea, cried out, "Is it not beautiful!" and the husband replied, "I'll bet you could dig clams right here!"

Another, standing upon the shore, listening to what the great Greek tragedian called "the multitudinous laughter of the sea," may say: Every drop has visited all the shores of the earth; every one has been frozen in the vast and icy North; every one has fallen in snow, has been whirled by storms around mountain peaks; every one has been kissed to vapor by the sun; every one has worn the seven-hued garment of light; every one has fallen in pleasant rain, gurgled from springs and laughed in brooks while lovers wooed upon the banks, and every one has rushed with mighty rivers back to the sea's embrace. Everything in nature tells a different story to all eyes that see and to all ears that hear.

Once in my life, and once only, I heard Horace Greeley deliver a lecture. I think its title was, "Across the Continent." At last he reached the mammoth trees of California, and I thought "Here is an opportunity for the old man to indulge his fancy. Here are trees that have outlived a thousand human governments. There are limbs above his head older than the pyramids. While man was emerging from barbarism to

something like civilization, these trees were growing. Older than history, every one appeared to be a memory, a witness, and a prophecy. The same wind that filled the sails of the Argonauts had swayed these trees." But these trees said nothing of this kind to Mr. Greeley. Upon these subjects not a word was told to him. Instead, he took his pencil, and after figuring awhile, remarked: "One of these trees, sawed into inch-boards, would make more than three hundred thousand feet of lumber."

I was once riding on the cars in Illinois. There had been a violent thunder-storm. The rain had ceased, the sun was going down. The great clouds had floated toward the west, and there they assumed most wonderful architectural shapes. There were temples and palaces domed and turreted, and they were touched with silver, with amethyst and gold. They looked like the homes of the Titans, or the palaces of the gods. A man was sitting near me. I touched him and said, "Did you ever see anything so beautiful!" He looked out. He saw nothing of the cloud, nothing of the sun, nothing of the color; he saw only the country and replied, "Yes, it is beautiful; I always did like rolling land." On another occasion I was riding in a stage. There had been a snow, and after the snow a sleet, and all the trees were bent, and all the boughs were arched. Every fence, every log cabin had been transfigured, touched with a glory almost beyond this world. The great fields were a pure and perfect white; the forests, drooping beneath their load of gems, made wonderful caves, from which one almost expected to see troops of fairies come. The whole world looked like a bride, jewelled from head to foot. A German on the back seat, hearing our talk, and our exclamations of wonder leaned forward, looked out of the stage window and said: "Yes, it looks like a clean table cloth!"

So, when we look upon a flower, a painting, a statue, a star, or a violet, the more we know, the more we have experienced, the more we have thought, the more we remember, the more the statue, the star, the painting, the violet has to tell. Nature says to me all that I am capable of understanding—gives all that I can receive.

As with star, or flower, or sea, so with a book. A man reads Shakespeare. What does he get from him? All that he has the mind to understand. He gets his little cup full. Let another read him who knows nothing of the drama, nothing of the impersonations of passion, and what does he get? Almost nothing. Shakespeare has a different story for each reader. He is a world in which each recognizes his acquaintances—he may know a few, he may know all.

The impression that nature makes upon the mind, the stories told by sea and star and flower, must be the natural food of thought. Leaving out for the moment the impression gained from ancestors, the hereditary fears and drifts and trends—the natural food of thought must be the impression made upon the brain by coming in contact through the medium of the five senses with what we call the outward world. The brain is natural. Its food is natural. The result, thought, must be natural. The supernatural can be constructed with no material except the natural. Of the supernatural we can have no conception. Thought may be deformed, and the thought of one may be strange to, and denominated as unnatural by, another; but it cannot be supernatural. It may be weak, it may be insane, but it is not supernatural. Above the natural man cannot rise, even with the aid of fancy's wings. There can be deformed ideas, as there are deformed persons. There can be religions monstrous and misshapen, but they must be naturally produced. Some people have ideas about what they are pleased to call the supernatural; but what they call the supernatural is simply the deformed. The world is to each man according to each man. It takes the

world as it really is and that man to make that man's world, and that man's world cannot exist without that man.

You may ask, and what of all this? I reply, as with everything in nature, so with the Bible. It has a different story for each reader. Is then the Bible a different book to every human being who reads it? It is. Can God then, through the Bible, make the same revelation to two persons? He cannot. Why? Because the man who reads it is the man who inspires. Inspiration is in the man, as well as in the book. God should have inspired readers as well as writers.

You may reply: "God knew that his book would be understood differently by each one, and that he really intended that it should be understood as it is understood by each." If this is so, then my understanding of the Bible is the real revelation to me. If this is so, I have no right to take the understanding of another. I must take the revelation made to me through my understanding, and by that revelation I must stand. Suppose then, that I do read this Bible honestly, fairly, and when I get through I am compelled to say, "The book is not true." If this is the honest result, then you are compelled to say, either that God has made no revelation to me, or that the revelation that it is not true, is the revelation made to me, and by which I am bound. If the book and my brain are both the work of the same Infinite God, whose fault is it that the book and the brain do not agree? Either God should have written a book to fit my brain, or should have made my brain to fit his book.

The inspiration of the Bible depends upon the ignorance of him who reads. There was a time when its geology, its astronomy, its natural history, were inspired. That time has passed. There was a time when its morality satisfied the men who ruled mankind. That time has passed. There was a time when the tyrant regarded its laws as good; when the master believed in its liberty; when strength gloried in its passages; but these laws never satisfied the oppressed, they were never quoted by the slave.

We have a sacred book, an inspired Bible, and I am told that this book was written by the same being who made every star, and who peopled infinite space with infinite worlds. I am also told that God created man, and that man is totally depraved. It has always seemed to me that an infinite being has no right to make imperfect things. I may be mistaken; but this is the only planet I have ever been on; I live in what might be called one of the rural districts of this universe, consequently I may be mistaken; I simply give the best and largest thought I have.

IV. GOD'S EXPERIMENT WITH THE JEWS

THE Bible tells us that men became so bad that God destroyed them all with the exception of eight persons; that afterwards he chose Abraham and some of his kindred, a wandering tribe, for the purpose of seeing whether or no they could be civilized. He had no time to waste with all the world. The Egyptians at that time, a vast and splendid nation, having a system of laws and free schools, believing in the marriage of the one man to the one woman; believing, too, in the rights of woman—a nation that had courts of justice and understood the philosophy of damages—these people had received no revelation from God,—they were left to grope in Nature's night. He had no time to civilize India, wherein had grown a civilization that fills the world with wonder still—a people with a language as perfect as ours, a people who had produced philosophers, scientists, poets. He had no time to waste on them; but he took a few, the tribe of Abraham. He established a perfect despotism—with no schools, with no philosophy, with no art, with no music—nothing but the sacrifices of

dumb beasts—nothing but the abject worship of a slave. Not a word upon geology, upon astronomy; nothing, even, upon the science of medicine. Thus God spent hours and hours with Moses upon the top of Sinai, giving directions for ascertaining the presence of leprosy and for preventing its spread, but it never occurred to Jehovah to tell Moses how it could be cured. He told them a few things about what they might eat—prohibiting among other things four-footed birds, and one thing upon the subject of cooking. From the thunders and lightnings of Sinai he proclaimed this vast and wonderful fact: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in its mother's milk." He took these people, according to our sacred Scriptures, under his immediate care, and for the purpose of controlling them he wrought wonderful miracles in their sight.

Is it not a little curious that no priest of one religion has ever been able to astonish a priest of another religion by telling a miracle? Our missionaries tell the Hindoos the miracles of the Bible, and the Hindoo priests, without the movement of a muscle, hear them and then recite theirs, and theirs do not astonish our missionaries in the least! Is it not a little curious that the priests of one religion never believe the priests of another? Is it not a little strange that the believers in sacred books regard all except their own as having been made by hypocrites and fools?

I heard the other day a story. A gentleman was telling some wonderful things and the listeners, with one exception, were saying, as he proceeded with his tale, "Is it possible?" "Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?" and when he had concluded, there was a kind of chorus of "Is it possible?" and "Can it be?" One man, however, sat perfectly quiet, utterly unmoved. Another listener said to him "Did you hear that?" and he replied "Yes." "Well," said the other, "You did not manifest much astonishment." "Oh, no," was the answer, "I am a liar myself."

I am told by the sacred Scriptures that, as a matter of fact, God, even with the help of miracles, failed to civilize the Jews, and this shows of how little real benefit, after all, it is, to have a ruler much above the people, or to simply excite the wonder of mankind. Infinite wisdom, if the account be true, could not civilize a single tribe. Laws made by Jehovah himself were not obeyed, and every effort of Jehovah failed. It is claimed that God made known his law and inspired men to write and teach his will, and yet, it was found utterly impossible to reform mankind.

V. CIVILIZED COUNTRIES

IN all civilized countries, it is now passionately asserted that slavery is a crime; that a war of conquest is murder; that polygamy enslaves woman, degrades man and destroys home; that nothing is more infamous than the slaughter of decrepit men, of helpless mothers, and of prattling babes; that captured maidens should not be given to their captors; that wives should not be stoned to death for differing with their husbands on the subject of religion. We know that there was a time, in the history of most nations, when all these crimes were regarded as divine institutions. Nations entertaining this view now are regarded as savage, and, with the exception of the South Sea Islanders, Feejees, a few tribes in Central Africa, and some citizens of Delaware, no human beings are found degraded enough to agree upon these subjects with Jehovah.

The only evidence we can have that a nation has ceased to be savage, is that it has abandoned these doctrines of savagery.

To every one except a theologian, it is easy to account for these mistakes and crimes by saying that civilization is a painful growth; that the moral perceptions are cultivated through ages of tyranny, of crime, and of heroism; that it requires

centuries for man to put out the eyes of self and hold in lofty and in equal poise the golden scales of Justice. Conscience is born of suffering. Mercy is the child of the imagination. Man advances as he becomes acquainted with his surroundings, with the mutual obligations of life, and learns to take advantage of the forces of nature.

The believer in the inspiration of the Bible is compelled to say, that there was a time when slavery was right, when women could sell their babes, when polygamy was the highest form of virtue, when wars of extermination were waged with the sword of mercy, when religious toleration was a crime, and when death was the just penalty for having expressed an honest thought. He is compelled to insist that Jehovah is as bad now as he was then; that he is as good now as he was then. Once, all the crimes that I have mentioned were commanded by God; now they are prohibited. Once, God was in favor of them all; now the Devil is their defender. In other words, the Devil entertains the same opinion to-day that God held four thousand years ago. The Devil is as good now as Jehovah was then, and God was as bad then as the Devil is now. Other nations besides the Jews had similar laws and ideas—believed in and practiced the same crimes, and yet, it is not claimed that they received a revelation. They had no knowledge of the true God, and yet they practiced the same crimes, of their own motion, that the Jews did by command of Jehovah. From this it would seem that man can do wrong without a special revelation.

The passages upholding slavery, polygamy, war and religious persecution are certainly not evidences of the inspiration of that book. Suppose nothing had been in the Old Testament upholding these crimes, would the modern Christian suspect that it was not inspired on that account? Suppose nothing had been in the Old Testament except laws in favor of these crimes, would it still be insisted that it was inspired? If the Devil had inspired a book, will some Christian tell us in what respect, on the subjects of slavery, polygamy, war and liberty, it would have differed from some parts of the Old Testament? Suppose we knew that after inspired men had finished the Bible the Devil had gotten possession of it and had written a few passages, what part would Christians now pick out as being probably his work? Which of the following passages would be selected as having been written by the Devil: “Love thy neighbor as thyself,” or “Kill all the males among the little ones, and kill every woman, but all the women children keep alive for yourselves”?

Is there a believer in the Bible who does not now wish that God, amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, had said to Moses that man should not own his fellow-man; that women should not sell their babes; that all men should be allowed to think and investigate for themselves, and that the sword never should be unsheathed to shed innocent blood? Is there a believer who would not be delighted to find that every one of the infamous passages are interpolations, and that the skirts of God were never reddened by the blood of maiden, wife, or babe? Is there an honest man who does not regret that God commanded a husband to stone his wife for suggesting the worship of some other God? Surely we do not need an inspired book to teach us that slavery is right, that polygamy is virtue, and that intellectual liberty is a crime.

VI. A COMPARISON OF BOOKS

LET us compare the gems of Jehovah with Pagan paste. It may be that the best way to illustrate what I have said, is to compare the supposed teachings of Jehovah with those of persons who never wrote an inspired line. In all ages of which any record has been preserved, men have given their ideas of justice, charity, liberty, love and law. If the Bible is the work of God, it should contain the sublimest truths, it should excel

the works of man, it should contain the loftiest definitions of justice, the best conceptions of human liberty, the clearest outlines of duty, the tenderest and noblest thoughts. Upon every page should be found the luminous evidence of its divine origin. It should contain grander and more wonderful things than man has written.

It may be said that it is unfair to call attention to bad things in the Bible. To this it may be replied that a divine being ought not to put bad things in his book. If the Bible now upholds what we call crimes, it will not do to say that it is not verbally inspired. If the words are not inspired, what is? It may be said, that the thoughts are inspired. This would include only thoughts expressed without words. If ideas are inspired, they must be expressed by inspired words—that is to say, by an inspired arrangement of words. If a sculptor were inspired of God to make a statue, we would not say that the marble was inspired, but the statue—that is to say, the relation of part to part, the married harmony of form and function. The language, the words, take the place of the marble, and it is the arrangement of the words that Christians claim to be inspired. If there is an uninspired word, or a word in the wrong place, until that word is known a doubt is cast on every word the book contains.

If it was worth God's while to make a revelation at all, it was certainly worth his while to see that it was correctly made—that it was absolutely preserved.

Why should God allow an inspired book to be interpolated? If it was worth while to inspire men to write it, it was worth while to inspire men to preserve it; and why should he allow another person to interpolate in it that which was not inspired? He certainly would not have allowed the man he inspired to write contrary to the inspiration. He should have preserved his revelation. Neither will it do to say that God adapted his revelation to the prejudices of man. It was necessary for him to adapt his revelation to the capacity of man, but certainly God would not confirm a barbarian in his prejudices. He would not fortify a heathen in his crimes....

If a revelation is of any importance, it is to eradicate prejudice. They tell us now that the Jews were so ignorant, so bad, that God was compelled to justify their crimes, in order to have any influence with them. They say that if he had declared slavery and polygamy to be crimes, the Jews would have refused to receive the Ten Commandments. They tell us that God did the best he could; that his real intention was to lead them along slowly, so that in a few hundred years they would be induced to admit that larceny and murder and polygamy and slavery were not virtues. I suppose if we now wished to break a cannibal of the bad habit of devouring missionaries, we would first induce him to cook them in a certain way, saying: "To eat cooked missionary is one step in advance of eating your missionary raw. After a few years, a little mutton could be cooked with missionary, and year after year the amount of mutton could be increased and the amount of missionary decreased, until in the fullness of time the dish could be entirely mutton, and after that the missionaries would be absolutely safe."

If there is anything of value, it is liberty—liberty of body, liberty of mind. The liberty of body is the reward of labor. Intellectual liberty is the air of the soul, the sunshine of the mind, and without it, the world is a prison, the universe a dungeon.

If the Bible is really inspired, Jehovah commanded the Jewish people to buy the children of the strangers that sojourned among them, and ordered that the children thus bought should be an inheritance for the children of the Jews, and that they should be bondmen and bondwomen forever. Yet Epictetus, a man to whom no revelation was ever made, a man whose soul followed only the light of nature, and

who had never heard of the Jewish God, was great enough to say: “Will you not remember that your servants are by nature your brothers, the children of God? In saying that you have bought them, you look down on the earth, and into the pit, on the wretched law of men long since dead, but you see not the laws of the gods.”

We find that Jehovah, speaking to his chosen people, assured them that their bondmen and their bondmaids must be “of the heathen that were round about them.” “Of them,” said Jehovah, “shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids.” And yet Cicero, a pagan, Cicero, who had never been enlightened by reading the Old Testament, had the moral grandeur to declare: “They who say that we should love our fellow-citizens but not foreigners, destroy the universal brotherhood of mankind, with which benevolence and justice would perish forever.”

If the Bible is inspired, Jehovah, God of all worlds, actually said: “And if a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be sorely punished; notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished, for he is his money.” And yet Zeno, founder of the Stoics, centuries before Christ was born, insisted that no man could be the owner of another, and that the title was bad, whether the slave had become so by conquest or by purchase.

Jehovah ordered a Jewish general to make war, and gave, among others, this command: “When the Lord thy God shall drive them before thee, thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them.” And yet Epictetus, whom we have already quoted, gave this marvelous rule for the guidance of human conduct: “Live with thy inferiors as thou wouldst have thy superiors live with thee.”

Is it possible, after all, that a being of infinite goodness and wisdom said: “I will heap mischief upon them; I will send mine arrows upon them; they shall be burned with hunger, and devoured with burning heat, and with bitter destruction. I will send the tooth of beasts upon them, with the poison of serpents of the dust. The sword without, and terror within, shall destroy both the young man and the virgin, the suckling also, with the man of gray hairs” while Seneca, an uninspired Roman, said: “The wise man will not pardon any crime that ought to be punished, but he will accomplish, in a nobler way, all that is sought in pardoning. He will spare some and watch over some, because of their youth, and others on account of their ignorance. His clemency will not fall short of justice, but will fulfill it perfectly.”

Can we believe that God ever said to any one: “Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow; let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places; let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the stranger spoil his labor; let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children.” If he ever said these words, surely he had never heard this line, this strain of music from the Hindu: “Sweet is the lute to those who have not heard the prattle of their own children.”

Jehovah, “from the clouds and darkness of Sinai,” said to the Jews: “Thou shalt have no other gods before me.... Though shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.” Contrast this with the words put by the Hindu in the mouth of Brahma: “I am the same to all mankind. They who honestly serve other gods involuntarily worship me. I am he who partakest of all worship, and I am the reward of all worshipers.”

Compare these passages; the first a dungeon where crawl the things begot of jealous slime; the other, great as the domed firmament inlaid with suns. Is it possible that the real God ever said:

"And if the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I, the Lord, have deceived that prophet; and I will stretch out my hand upon him and will destroy him from the midst of my people." Compare that passage with one from a Pagan.

"It is better to keep silence for the remainder of your life than to speak falsely."

Can we believe that a being of infinite mercy gave this command:

"Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate, throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor; consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, even every man upon his son and upon his brother, that he may bestow a blessing upon you this day."

Surely, that God was not animated by so great and magnanimous a spirit as was Antoninus, a Roman emperor, who declared that, "he had rather keep a single Roman citizen alive than slay a thousand enemies."

Compare the laws given to the children of Israel, as it is claimed by the Creator of us all, with the following from Marcus Aurelius:

"I have formed the ideal of a state, in which there is the same law for all, and equal rights, and equal liberty of speech established; an empire where nothing is honored so much as the freedom of the citizen."

In the Avesta I find this: "I belong to five: to those who think good, to those who speak good, to those who do good, to those who hear, and to those who are pure."

"Which is the one prayer which in greatness, goodness, and beauty is worth all that is between heaven and earth and between this earth and the stars? And he replied: To renounce all evil thoughts and words and works."

VII.

IT is claimed by the Christian world that one of the great reasons for giving an inspired book to the Jews was, that through them the world might learn that there is but one God. This piece of information has been supposed to be of infinite value. As a matter of fact, long before Moses was born, the Egyptians believed and taught that there was but one God—that is to say, that above all intelligences there was the one Supreme. They were guilty, too, of the same inconsistencies of modern Christians. They taught the doctrine of the Trinity—God the Father, God the Mother, and God the Son. God was frequently represented as father, mother and babe. They also taught that the soul had a divine origin; that after death it was to be judged according to the deeds done in the body; that those who had done well passed into perpetual joy, and those who had done evil into endless pain. In this they agreed with the most approved divine of the nineteenth century. Women were the equals of men, and Egypt was often governed by queens. In this, her government was vastly better than the one established by God. The laws were administered by courts much like ours. In Egypt there was a system of schools that gave the son of poverty a chance of advancement, and the highest offices were open to the successful scholar. The Egyptian married one wife. The wife was called "the lady of the house." The women were not secluded. The people were not divided into castes. There was nothing to prevent the rise of able and intelligent Egyptians. But like the Jehovah of the Jews, they made slaves of the captives of war.

The ancient Persians believed in one God; and women helped to found the Parsee religion. Nothing can exceed some of the maxims of Zoroaster. The Hindoos taught that above all, and over all, was one eternal Supreme. They had a code of laws. They understood the philosophy of evidence and of damages. They knew better than to teach the doctrine of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

They knew that when one man maimed another, it was not to the interest of society to have that man maimed, thus burdening the people with two cripples, but that it was better to make the man who maimed the other work to support him. In India, upon the death of a father, the daughters received twice as much from the estate as the sons.

The Romans built temples to Truth, Faith, Valor, Concord, Modesty, and Charity, in which they offered sacrifices to the highest conceptions of human excellence. Women had rights; they presided in the temple; they officiated in holy offices; they guarded the sacred fires upon which the safety of Rome depended; and when Christ came, the grandest figure in the known world was the Roman mother.

It will not do to say that some rude statue was made by an inspired sculptor, and that the Apollo of Belvidere, Venus de Milo, and the Gladiator were made by unaided men; that the daubs of the early ages were painted by divine assistance, while the Raphaels, the Angelos, and the Rembrandts did what they did without the help of heaven. It will not do to say, that the first hut was built by God, and the last palace by degraded man; that the hoarse songs of the savage tribes were made by the Deity, but that Hamlet and Lear were written by man; that the pipes of Pan were invented in heaven, and all other musical instruments on the earth.

If the Jehovah of the Jews had taken upon himself flesh, and dwelt as a man among the people had he endeavored to govern, had he followed his own teachings, he would have been a slaveholder, a buyer of babes, and a beater of women. He would have waged wars of extermination. He would have killed grey-haired and trembling age, and would have sheathed his sword, in prattling, dimpled babes. He would have been a polygamist, and would have butchered his wife for differing with him on the subject of religion.

VIII. THE NEW TESTAMENT.

ONE great objection to the Old Testament is the cruelty said to have been commanded by God. All these cruelties ceased with death. The vengeance of Jehovah stopped at the tomb. He never threatened to punish the dead; and there is not one word, from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse of Malachi, containing the slightest intimation that God will take his revenge in another world. It was reserved for the New Testament to make known the doctrine of eternal pain. The teacher of universal benevolence rent the veil between time and eternity, and fixed the horrified gaze of man upon the lurid gulf of hell. Within the breast of non-resistance coiled the worm that never dies. Compared with this, the doctrine of slavery, the wars of extermination, the curses, the punishments of the Old Testament were all merciful and just.

There is no time to speak of the conflicting statements in the various books composing the New Testament—no time to give the history of the manuscripts, the errors in translation, the interpolations made by the fathers and by their successors, the priests, and only time to speak of a few objections, including some absurdities and some contradictions.

Where several witnesses testify to the same transaction, no matter how honest they may be, they will disagree upon minor matters, and such testimony is generally considered as evidence that the witnesses have not conspired among themselves. The differences in statement are accounted for from the facts that all do not see alike, and that all have not equally good memories; but when we claim that the witnesses are inspired, we must admit that he who inspired them did know exactly what occurred, and consequently there should be no disagreement, even in the minutest detail. The accounts should not only be substantially, but they should be actually, the same. The differences and contradictions can be accounted for by the weaknesses of human nature, but these weaknesses cannot be predicated of divine wisdom.

And here let me ask: Why should there have been more than one correct account of what really happened? Why were four gospels necessary? It seems to me that one inspired gospel, containing all that happened, was enough. Copies of the one correct one could have been furnished to any extent. According to Doctor Davidson, Irenæus argues that the gospels were four in number, because there are four universal winds, four corners of the globe. Others have said, because there are four seasons; and these gentlemen might have added, because a donkey has four legs. For my part, I cannot even conceive of a reason for more than one gospel.

According to one of these gospels, and according to the prevalent Christian belief, the Christian religion rests upon the doctrine of the atonement. If this doctrine is without foundation, the fabric falls; and it is without foundation, for it is repugnant to justice and mercy. The church tells us that the first man committed a crime for which all others are responsible. This absurdity was the father and mother of another—that a man can be rewarded for the good action of another. We are told that God made a law, with the penalty of eternal death. All men, they tell us, have broken this law. The law had to be vindicated. This could be done by damning everybody, but through what is known as the atonement the salvation of a few was made possible. They insist that the law demands the extreme penalty, that justice calls for its victim, that mercy ceases to plead, and that God by allowing the innocent to suffer in the place of the guilty settled satisfactory with the law. To carry out this scheme God was born as a babe, grew in stature, increased in knowledge, and at the age of thirty-three years having lived a life filled with kindness, having practiced every virtue, he was sacrificed as an atonement for man. It is claimed that he took our place, bore our sins, our guilt, and in this way satisfied the justice of God.

Under the Mosaic dispensation there was no remission of sin except through the shedding of blood. When a man sinned he must bring to the priest a lamb, a bullock, a goat, or a pair of turtle-doves.

The priest would lay his hand upon the animal and the sin of the man would be transferred to the beast. Then the animal would be killed in place of the sinner, and the blood thus shed would be sprinkled upon the altar. In this way Jehovah was satisfied. The greater the crime, the greater the sacrifice. There was a ratio between the value of the animal and the enormity of the sin.

The most minute directions were given as to the killing of these animals. Every priest became a butcher, every synagogue a slaughter-house. Nothing could be more utterly shocking to a refined soul, nothing better calculated to harden the heart, than the continual shedding of innocent blood. This terrible system culminated in the sacrifice of Christ. His blood took the place of all other. It is not necessary to shed any more. The law at last is satisfied, satiated, surfeited.

The idea that God wants blood is at the bottom of the atonement, and rests upon the most fearful savagery; and yet the Mosaic dispensation was better adapted to prevent the commission of sin than the Christian system. Under that dispensation, if you committed a sin, you had to bring a sacrifice—dove, sheep, or bullock, now, when a sin is committed, the Christian says, "Charge it," "Put it on the slate, If I don't pay it the Savior will." In this way, rascality is sold on a credit, and the credit system of religion breeds extravagance in sin. The Mosaic dispensation was based upon far better business principles. The debt had to be paid, and by the man who owed it. We are told that the sinner is in debt to God, and that the obligation is discharged by the Savior. The best that can be said of such a transaction is that the debt is transferred, not paid. As a matter of fact, the sinner is in debt to the person he has injured. If you injure a man, it is not enough to get the forgiveness of God—you must get the man's forgiveness, you must get your own. If a man puts his hand in the fire and God forgives him, his hand will smart just as badly. You must reap what you sow. No God can give you wheat when you sow tares, and no Devil can give you tares when you sow wheat. We must remember that in nature there are neither rewards nor punishments—there are consequences. The life and death of Christ do not constitute an atonement. They are worth the example, the moral force, the heroism of benevolence, and in so far as the life of Christ produces emulation in the direction of goodness, it has been of value to mankind.

To make innocence suffer is the greatest sin, and it may be the only sin. How, then, is it possible to make the consequences of sin an atonement for sin, when the consequences of sin are to be borne by one who has not sinned, and the one who has sinned is to reap the reward of virtue? No honorable man should be willing that another should suffer for him. No good law can accept the sufferings of innocence as an atonement for the guilty; and besides, if there was no atonement until the crucifixion of Christ, what became of the countless millions who died before that time? We must remember that the Jews did not kill animals for the Gentiles. Jehovah hated foreigners. There was no way provided for the forgiveness of a heathen. What has become of the millions who have died since, without having heard of the atonement? What becomes of those who hear and do not believe? Can there be a law that demands that the guilty be rewarded. And yet, to reward the guilty is far nearer justice than to punish the innocent. If the doctrine of the atonement is true, there would have been no heaven had no atonement been made.

If Judas had understood the Christian system, if he knew that Christ must be betrayed, and that God was depending on him to betray him, and that without the betrayal no human soul could be saved, what should Judas have done?

Jehovah took special charge of the Jewish people. He did this for the purpose of civilizing them. If he had succeeded in civilizing them, he would have made the damnation of the entire human race a certainty; because if the Jews had been a civilized people when Christ appeared—a people who had not been hardened by the laws of Jehovah—they would not have crucified Christ, and as a consequence, the world would have been lost. If the Jews had believed in religious freedom, in the rights of thought and speech, if the Christian religion is true, not a human soul ever could have been saved. If, when Christ was on his way to Calvary, some brave soul had rescued him from the pious mob, he would not only have been damned for his pains, but would have rendered impossible the salvation of any human being.

The Christian world has been trying for nearly two thousand years to explain the atonement, and every effort has ended in an admission that it cannot be understood,

and a declaration that it must be believed. Has the promise and hope of forgiveness ever prevented the commission of a sin? Can men be made better by being taught that sin gives happiness here; that to live a virtuous life is to bear a cross; that men can repent between the last sin and the last breath; and that repentance washes every stain of the soul away? Is it good to teach that the serpent of regret will not hiss in the ear of memory; that the saved will not even pity the victims of their crimes; and that sins forgiven cease to affect the unhappy wretches sinned against?

Another objection is, that a certain belief is necessary to save the soul. This doctrine, I admit, is taught in the gospel according to John, and in many of the epistles; I deny that it is taught in Matthew, Mark, or Luke. It is, however, asserted by the church that to believe is the only safe way. To this, I reply: Belief is not a voluntary thing. A man believes or disbelieves in spite of himself. They tell us that to believe is the safe way; but I say, the safe way is to be honest. Nothing can be safer than that. No man in the hour of death ever regretted having been honest. No man when the shadows of the last day were gathering about the pillow of death, ever regretted that he had given to his fellow-man his honest thought. No man, in the presence of eternity, ever wished that he had been a hypocrite. No man ever then regretted that he did not throw away his reason. It certainly cannot be necessary to throw away your reason to save your soul, because after that, your soul is not worth saving. The soul has a right to defend itself. My brain is my castle; and when I waive the right to defend it, I become an intellectual serf and slave.

I do not admit that a man by doing me an injury can place me under obligations to do him a service. To render benefits for injuries is to ignore all distinctions between actions. He who treats friends and enemies alike has neither love nor justice. The idea of non-resistance never occurred to a man with power to defend himself. The mother of this doctrine was weakness. To allow a crime to be committed, even against yourself, when you can prevent it, is next to committing the crime yourself. The church has preached the doctrine of non-resistance, and under that banner has shed the blood of millions. In the folds of her sacred vestments have gleamed for centuries the daggers of assassination. With her cunning hands she wove the purple for hypocrisy and placed the crown upon the brow of crime. For more than a thousand years larceny held the scales of justice, hypocrisy wore the mitre and tiara, while beggars scorned the royal sons of toil, and ignorant fear denounced the liberty of thought.

IX. CHRIST'S MISSION.

HE came, they tell us, to make a revelation, and what did he reveal? "Love thy neighbor as thyself"? That was in the Old Testament. "Love God with all thy heart"? That was in the Old Testament. "Return good for evil"? That was said by Buddha, seven hundred years before Christ was born. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"? That was the doctrine of Lao-tsze. Did he come to give a rule of action? Zoroaster had done this long before: "Whenever thou art in doubt as to whether an action is good or bad, abstain from it." Did he come to tell us of another world? The immortality of the soul had been taught by the Hindoos, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans hundreds of years before he was born. What argument did he make in favor of immortality? What facts did he furnish? What star of hope did he put above the darkness of this world? Did he come simply to tell us that we should not revenge ourselves upon our enemies? Long before, Socrates had said: "One who is injured ought not to return the injury, for on no account can it be right to do an injustice; and it is not right to return an injury, or to do evil to any man, however

much we have suffered from him." And Cicero had said: "Let us not listen to those who think we ought to be angry with our enemies, and who believe this to be great and manly. Nothing is so praiseworthy, nothing so clearly shows a great and noble soul, as clemency and readiness to forgive." Is there anything in the literature of the world more nearly perfect than this thought?

Was it from Christ the world learned the first lesson of forbearance, when centuries and centuries before, Chrishna had said, "If a man strike thee, and in striking drop his staff, pick it up and hand it to him again?" Is it possible that the son of God threatened to say to a vast majority, of his children, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," while the Buddhist was great and tender enough to say:

"Never will I seek nor receive private individual salvation; never enter into final peace alone; but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds. Never will I leave this world of sin and sorrow and struggle until all are delivered. Until then, I will remain and suffer where I am?"

Is there anything in the New Testament as beautiful as this, from a Sufi? - "Better one moment of silent contemplation and inward love than seventy thousand years of outward worship."

Is there anything comparable to this? - "Whoever carelessly treads on a worm that crawls on the earth, that heartless one is darkly alienate from God."

Is there anything in the New Testament more beautiful than the story of the Sufi?

For seven years a Sufi practised every virtue, and then he mounted the three steps that lead to the doors of Paradise. He knocked and a voice said: "Who is there?" The Sufi replied: "Thy servant, O God." But the doors remained closed.

Yet seven other years the Sufi engaged in every good work. He comforted the sorrowing and divided his substance with the poor. Again he mounted the three steps, again knocked at the doors of Paradise, and again the voice asked: "Who is there?" and the Sufi replied: "Thy slave, O God."—But the doors remained closed.

Yet seven other years the Sufi spent in works of charity, in visiting the imprisoned and the sick. Again he mounted the steps, again knocked at the celestial doors. Again he heard the question: "Who is there?" and he replied: "Thyself, O God."—The gates wide open flew.

Is it possible that St. Paul was inspired of God, when he said: "Let the women learn in silence, with all subjection." - "Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man?"

And is it possible that Epictetus, without the slightest aid from heaven, gave to the world this gem of love:

"What is more delightful than to be so dear to your wife, as to be on that account dearer to yourself?"

Did St. Paul express the sentiments of God when he wrote—

"But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of every woman is the man, and the head of Christ is God. Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord?"

And was the author of this, a poor despised heathen?—

"In whatever house the husband is contented with the wife, and the wife with the husband, in that house will fortune dwell; but upon the house where women are not honored, let a curse be pronounced. Where the wife is honored, there the gods are truly worshiped."

Is there anything in the New Testament as beautiful as this?—

"Shall I tell thee where nature is most blest and fair? It is where those we love abide. Though that space be small, it is ample above kingdoms; though it be a desert, through it run the rivers of Paradise."

After reading the curses pronounced in the Old

Testament upon Jew and heathen, the descriptions of slaughter, of treachery and of death, the destruction of women and babes; after you shall have read all the chapters of horror in the New Testament, the threatenings of fire and flame, then read this, from the greatest of human beings:

"The quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown."

X. ETERNAL PAIN

UPON passages in the New Testament rests the doctrine of eternal pain. This doctrine subverts every idea of justice. A finite being can neither commit an infinite sin, nor a sin against the Infinite. A being of infinite goodness and wisdom has no right to create any being whose life is not a blessing. Infinite wisdom has no right to create a failure, and surely a man destined to everlasting failure is not a conspicuous success. The doctrine of eternal punishment is the most infamous of all doctrines—born of ignorance, cruelty and fear. Around the angel of immortality, Christianity has coiled this serpent.

Upon Love's breast the church has placed the eternal asp. And yet in the same book in which is taught this most frightful of dogmas, we are assured that "the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

A few days ago upon the wide sea, was found a barque called "The Tiger," Captain Kreuger, in command. The vessel had been one hundred and twenty-six days upon the sea. For days the crew had been without water, without food, and were starving. For nine days not a drop had passed their lips. The crew consisted of the captain, a mate, and eleven men. At the end of one hundred and eighteen days from Liverpool they killed the captain's Newfoundland dog. This lasted them four days. During the next five days they had nothing. For weeks they had had no light and were unable to see the compass at night. On the one hundred and twenty-fifth day Captain Kreuger, a German, took a revolver in his hand, stood up before the men, and placing the weapon at his temple said: "Boys, we can't stand this much longer, and to save you all, I am willing to die." The mate grasped the revolver and begged the captain to wait another day. The next day, upon the horizon of their despair, they saw the smoke of the steamship Nebo. They were rescued.

Suppose that Captain Kreuger was not a Christian, and suppose that he had sent the ball crashing through his brain, and had done so simply to keep the crew from starvation, do you tell me that a God of infinite mercy would forever damn that man?

Do not misunderstand me. I insist that every passage in the Bible upholding crime was written by savage man. I insist that if there is a God, he is not, never was, and never will be in favor of slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination, or religious persecution. Does any Christian believe that if the real God were to write a book now, he would uphold the crimes commanded in the Old Testament? Has Jehovah improved? Has infinite mercy become more merciful? Has infinite wisdom intellectually advanced?

XI

WILL any one claim that the passages upholding slavery have liberated mankind? Are we indebted to polygamy for our modern homes? Was religious liberty born of that infamous verse in which the husband is commanded to kill his wife for worshiping an unknown God?

The usual answer to these objections is, that no country has ever been civilized without a Bible. The Jews were the only people to whom Jehovah made his will directly known. Were they better than other nations? They read the Old Testament and one of the effects of such reading was, that they crucified a kind, loving, and perfectly innocent man. Certainly they could not have done worse, without a Bible. In crucifying Christ the Jews followed the teachings of his Father. If Jehovah was in fact God, and if that God took upon himself flesh and came among the Jews, and preached what the Jews understood to be blasphemy; and if the Jews in accordance with the laws given by this same Jehovah to Moses, crucified him, then I say, and I say it with infinite reverence, he reaped what he had sown. He became the victim of his own injustice.

But I insist that these things are not true. I insist that the real God, if there is one, never commanded man to enslave his fellow-man, never told a mother to sell her babe, never established polygamy, never urged one nation to exterminate another, and never told a husband to kill his wife because she suggested the worship of another God.

From the aspersions of the pulpit, from the slanders of the church, I seek to rescue the reputation of the Deity. I insist that the Old Testament would be a better book with all these passages left out; and whatever may be said of the rest of the Bible, the passages to which I have called attention can, with vastly more propriety, be attributed to a devil than to a god.

Take from the New Testament the idea that belief is necessary to salvation; that Christ was offered as an atonement for the sins of mankind; that heaven is the reward of faith, and hell the penalty of honest investigation, and that the punishment of the human soul will go on forever; take from it all miracles and foolish stories, and I most cheerfully admit that the good passages are true. If they are true, it makes no difference whether they are inspired or not. Inspiration is only necessary to give authority to that which is repugnant to human reason. Only that which never happened needs to be substantiated by a miracle.

The universe is natural.

The church must cease to insist that passages upholding the institutions of savage men were inspired of God. The dogma of atonement must be abandoned. Good deeds

must take the place of faith. The savagery of eternal punishment must be renounced. It must be admitted that credulity is not a virtue, and that investigation is not a crime. It must be admitted that miracles are the children of mendacity, and that nothing can be more wonderful than the majestic, unbroken, sublime, and eternal procession of causes and effects. Reason must be the arbiter. Inspired books attested by miracles cannot stand against a demonstrated fact. A religion that does not command the respect of the greatest minds will, in a little while, excite the mockery of all.

A man who does not believe in intellectual liberty is a barbarian. Is it possible that God is intolerant? Could there be any progress, even in heaven, without intellectual liberty? Is the freedom of the future to exist only in perdition? Is it not, after all, barely possible that a man acting like Christ can be saved? Is a man to be eternally rewarded for believing according to evidence, without evidence, or against evidence? Are we to be saved because we are good, or because another was virtuous? Is credulity to be winged and crowned, whilst honest doubt is chained and damned.

If Jehovah, was in fact God, he knew the end from the beginning. He knew that his Bible would be a breast-work behind which all tyranny and hypocrisy would crouch. He knew that his Bible would be the auction-block on which women would stand while their babes were sold from their arms. He knew that this Bible would be quoted by tyrants; that it would be the defence of robbers called kings, and of hypocrites called priests. He knew that he had taught the Jewish people nothing of importance. He knew that he had found them free and left them slaves. He knew that he had never fulfilled a single promise made to them. He knew that while other nations had advanced in art and science his chosen people were savage still. He promised them the world, and gave them a desert. He promised them liberty and he made them slaves. He promised them victory and he gave them defeat. He said they should be kings and he made them serfs. He promised them universal empire and gave them exile. When one finishes the Old Testament he is compelled to say: “Nothing can add to the misery of a nation whose king is Jehovah!”

The Old Testament filled this world with tyranny and injustice, and the New gives us a future filled with pain for nearly all of the sons of men.

The Old Testament describes the hell of the past, and the New the hell of the future.

The Old Testament tells us the frightful things that God has done, the New the frightful things that he will do.

These two books give us the sufferings of the past and the future—the injustice, the agony and the tears of both worlds.

Orthodoxy

A LECTURE.

IT is utterly inconceivable that any man believing in the truth of the Christian religion should publicly deny it, because he who believes in that religion would believe that, by a public denial, he would peril the eternal salvation of his soul. It is conceivable, and without any great effort of the mind, that millions who do not believe in the Christian religion should openly say that they did. In a country where religion is supposed to be in power—where it has rewards for pretence, where it pays a premium upon hypocrisy, where it at least is willing to purchase silence—it is easily conceivable that millions pretend to believe what they do not. And yet I believe it has been charged against myself not only that I was insincere, but that I took the side I am on for the sake of popularity; and the audience to-night goes far toward justifying the accusation.

Orthodox Religion Dying Out.

It gives me immense pleasure to say to this audience that orthodox religion is dying out of the civilized world. It is a sick man. It has been attacked with two diseases—softening of the brain and ossification of the heart. It is a religion that no longer satisfies the intelligence of this country; that no longer satisfies the brain; a religion against which the heart of every civilized man and woman protests. It is a religion that gives hope only to a few; that puts a shadow upon the cradle; that wraps the coffin in darkness and fills the future of mankind with flame and fear. It is a religion that I am going to do what little I can while I live to destroy. In its place I want humanity, I want good fellowship, I want intellectual liberty—free lips, the discoveries and inventions of genius, the demonstrations of science—the religion of art, music and poetry—of good houses, good clothes, good wages—that is to say, the religion of this world.

Religious Deaths and Births.

We must remember that this is a world of progress, a world of perpetual change—a succession of coffins and cradles. There is perpetual death, and there is perpetual birth. By the grave of the old, forever stand youth and joy; and when an old religion dies, a better one is born. When we find out that an assertion is a falsehood a shining truth takes its place, and we need not fear the destruction of the false. The more false we destroy the more room there will be for the true.

There was a time when the astrologer sought to read in the stars the fate of men and nations. The astrologer has faded from the world, but the astronomer has taken his place. There was a time when the poor alchemist, bent and wrinkled and old, over his crucible endeavored to find some secret by which he could change the baser metals into purest gold. The alchemist has gone; the chemist took his place; and, although he finds nothing to change metals into gold, he finds something that covers the earth with wealth. There was a time when the soothsayer and augur flourished. After them came the parson and the priest; and the parson and the priest must go. The preacher must go, and in his place must come the teacher—the real interpreter of Nature. We are done with the supernatural. We are through with the miraculous and the impossible. There was once the prophet who pretended to read the book of the future. His place has been taken by the philosopher, who reasons from cause to

effect—who finds the facts by which we are surrounded and endeavors to reason from these premises and to tell what in all probability will happen. The prophet has gone, the philosopher is here. There was a time when man sought aid from heaven—when he prayed to the deaf sky. There was a time when everything depended on the supernaturalist. That time in Christendom is passing away. We now depend upon the naturalist—not upon the believer in ancient falsehoods, but on the discoverer of facts—on the demonstrater of truths. At last we are beginning to build on a solid foundation, and as we progress, the supernatural dies. The leaders of the intellectual world deny the existence of the supernatural. They take from all superstition its foundation.

The Religion of Reciprocity.

Supernatural religion will fade from this world, and in its place we shall have reason. In the place of the worship of something we know not of, will be the religion of mutual love and assistance—the great religion of reciprocity. Superstition must go. Science will remain. The church dies hard. The brain of the world is not yet developed. There are intellectual diseases as well as physical—there are pestilences and plagues of the mind.

Whenever the new comes the old protests, and fights for its place as long as it has a particle of power. We are now having the same warfare between superstition and science that there was between the stage coach and the locomotive. But the stage coach had to go. It had its day of glory and power, but it is gone. It went West. In a little while it will be driven into the Pacific. So we find that there is the same conflict between the different sects and different schools not only of philosophy but of medicine.

Recollect that everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. That is the order of Nature. Words die. Every language has a cemetery. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written “obsolete.” New words are continually being born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is married to a sound, and a child-word is born. And there comes a time when the word gets old, and wrinkled, and expressionless, and is carried mournfully to the grave. So in the schools of medicine. You can remember, so can I, when the old allopathists, the bleeders and blisterers, reigned supreme. If there was anything the matter with a man they let out his blood. Called to the bedside, they took him on the point of a lancet to the edge of eternity, and then practiced all their art to bring him back. One can hardly imagine how perfect a constitution it took a few years ago to stand the assault of a doctor. And long after the old practice was found to be a mistake hundreds and thousands of the ancient physicians clung to it, carried around with them, in one pocket a bottle of jalap, and in the other a rusty lancet, sorry that they could not find some patient with faith enough to allow the experiment to be made again.

So these schools, and these theories, and these religions die hard. What else can they do? Like the paintings of the old masters, they are kept alive because so much money has been invested in them. Think of the amount of money that has been invested in superstition! Think of the schools that have been founded for the more general diffusion of useless knowledge! Think of the colleges wherein men are taught that it is dangerous to think, and that they must never use their brains except in the act of faith! Think of the millions and billions of dollars that have been expended in churches, in temples, and in cathedrals! Think of the thousands and thousands of

men who depend for their living upon the ignorance of mankind! Think of those who grow rich on credulity and who fatten on faith! Do you suppose they are going to die without a struggle? What are they to do? From the bottom of my heart I sympathize with the poor clergyman that has had all his common sense educated out of him, and is now to be thrown upon the cold and unbelieving world. His prayers are not answered; he gets no help from on high, and the pews are beginning to criticise the pulpit. What is the man to do? If he suddenly changes he is gone. If he preaches what he really believes he will get notice to quit. And yet, if he and the congregation would come together and be perfectly honest, they would all admit that they believe little and know nothing.

Only a little while ago a couple of ladies were riding together from a revival, late at night, and one said to the other, as they rode along: “I am going to say something that will shock you, and I beg of you never to tell it to anybody else. I am going to tell it to you.” “Well, what is it?” Said she: “I do not believe the Bible.” The other replied: “Neither do I.”

I have often thought how splendid it would be if the ministers could but come together and say: “Now, let us be honest. Let us tell each other, honor bright”—like Dr. Curry, of Chicago, did in the meeting the other day - “just what we believe.” They tell a story that in the old time a lot of people, about twenty, were in Texas in a little hotel, and one fellow got up before the fire, put his hands behind him, and said: “Boys, let us all tell our real names.” If the ministers and their congregations would only tell their real thoughts they would find that they are nearly as bad as I am, and that they believe as little.

Orthodoxy dies hard, and its defenders tell us that this fact shows that it is of divine origin. Judaism dies hard. It has lived several thousand years longer than Christianity. The religion of Mohammed dies hard.

Buddhism dies hard. Why do all these religions die hard? Because intelligence increases slowly.

Let me whisper in the ear of the Protestant: Catholicism dies hard. What does that prove? It proves that the people are ignorant and that the priests are cunning.

Let me whisper in the ear of the Catholic: Protestantism dies hard. What does that prove? It proves that the people are superstitious and the preachers stupid.

Let me whisper in all your ears: Infidelity is not dying—it is growing—it increases every day. And what does that prove? It proves that the people are learning more and more—that they are advancing—that the mind is getting free, and that the race is being civilized.

The clergy know that I know that they know that they do not know.

The Blows That Have Shattered the Shield and Shivered the Lance of Superstition.

Mohammed.

Mohammed wrested from the disciples of the cross the fairest part of Europe. It was known that he was an impostor, and that fact sowed the seeds of distrust and infidelity in the Christian world. Christians made an effort to rescue from the infidels the empty sepulchre of Christ. That commenced in the eleventh century and ended at the close of the thirteenth. Europe was almost depopulated. The fields were left waste, the villages were deserted, nations were impoverished, every man who owed a debt was discharged from payment if he put a cross upon his breast and joined the

Crusades. No matter what crime he had committed, the doors of the prison were open for him to join the hosts of the cross. They believed that God would give them victory, and they carried in front of the first Crusade a goat and a goose, believing that both those animals were blessed by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. And I may say that those same animals are in the lead to-day in the orthodox world. Until the year 1291 they endeavored to gain possession of that sepulchre, and finally the hosts of Christ were driven back, baffled and beaten,—a poor, miserable, religious rabble. They were driven back, and that fact sowed the seeds of distrust in Christendom. You know that at that time the world believed in trial by battle—that God would take the side of the right—and there had been a trial by battle between the cross and the crescent, and Mohammed had been victorious. Was God at that time governing the world? Was he endeavoring to spread his gospel?

The Destruction of Art.

You know that when Christianity came into power it destroyed every statue it could lay its ignorant hands upon. It defaced and obliterated every painting; it destroyed every beautiful building; it burned the manuscripts, both Greek and Latin; it destroyed all the history, all the poetry, all the philosophy it could find, and reduced to ashes every library that it could reach with its torch. And the result was, that the night of the Middle Ages fell upon the human race. But by accident, by chance, by oversight, a few of the manuscripts escaped the fury of religious zeal; and these manuscripts became the seed, the fruit of which is our civilization of to-day. A few statues had been buried; a few forms of beauty were dug from the earth that had protected them, and now the civilized world is filled with art, the walls are covered with paintings, and the niches filled with statuary. A few manuscripts were found and deciphered. The old languages were learned, and literature was again born. A new day dawned upon mankind. Every effort at mental improvement had been opposed by the church, and yet, the few things saved from the general wreck—a few poems, a few works of the ancient thinkers, a few forms wrought in stone, produced a new civilization destined to overthrow and destroy the fabric of superstition.

The Discovery of America.

What was the next blow that this church received? The discovery of America. The Holy Ghost who inspired men to write the Bible did not know of the existence of this continent, never dreamed of the Western Hemisphere. The Bible left out half the world. The Holy Ghost did not know that the earth is round. He did not dream that the earth is round. He believed it was flat, although he made it himself. At that time heaven was just beyond the clouds. It was there the gods lived, there the angels were, and it was against that heaven that Jacob's ladder leaned when the angels went up and down. It was to that heaven that Christ ascended after his resurrection. It was up there that the New Jerusalem was, with its streets of gold, and under this earth was perdition. There was where the devils lived; where a pit was dug for all unbelievers, and for men who had brains. I say that for this reason: Just in proportion that you have brains, your chances for eternal joy are lessened, according to this religion. And just in proportion that you lack brains your chances are increased. At last they found that the earth is round. It was circumnavigated by Magellan. In 1519 that brave man set sail. The church told him: "The earth is flat, my friend; don't go, you may fall off the edge." Magellan said: "I have seen the shadow of the earth upon the moon, and I have more confidence in the shadow than I have in the church." The ship went round. The earth was circumnavigated. Science passed its hand above it and beneath it, and where was the old heaven and where was the hell? Vanished forever! And they

dwell now only in the religion of superstition. We found there was no place there for Jacob's ladder to lean against; no place there for the gods and angels to live; no place to hold the waters of the deluge; no place to which Christ could have ascended. The foundations of the New Jerusalem crumbled. The towers and domes fell, and in their places infinite space, sown with an infinite number of stars; not with New Jerusalems, but with countless constellations.

Copernicus and Kepler.

Then man began to grow great, and with that came Astronomy, In 1473 Copernicus was born. In 1543 his great work appeared. In 1616 the system of Copernicus was condemned by the pope, by the infallible Catholic Church, and the church was about as near right upon that subject as upon any other. The system of Copernicus was denounced. And how long do you suppose the church fought that? Let me tell you. It was revoked by Pius VII. in the year of grace 1821. For two hundred and seventy-eight years after the death of Copernicus the church insisted that his system was false, and that the old Bible astronomy was true. Astronomy is the first help that we ever received from heaven. Then came Kepler in 1609, and you may almost date the birth of science from the night that Kepler discovered his first law. That was the break of the day. His first law, that the planets do not move in circles but in ellipses; his second law, that they describe equal spaces in equal times; his third law, that the squares of their periodic times are proportional to the cubes of their distances. That man gave us the key to the heavens. He opened the infinite book, and in it read three lines.

I have not time to speak of Galileo, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Bruno, and of hundreds of others who contributed to the intellectual wealth of the world.

Special Providence.

The next thing that gave the church a blow was Statistics. We found by taking statistics that we could tell the average length of human life; that this human life did not depend upon infinite caprice; that it depended upon conditions, circumstances, laws and facts, and that these conditions, circumstances, and facts were during long periods of time substantially the same. And now, the man who depends entirely upon special providence gets his life insured. He has more confidence even in one of these companies than he has in the whole Trinity. We found by statistics that there were just so many crimes on an average committed; just so many crimes of one kind and so many of another; just so many suicides, so many deaths by drowning, so many accidents on an average, so many men marrying women, for instance, older than themselves; so many murders of a particular kind; just the same number of mistakes; and I say to-night, statistics utterly demolish the idea of special providence.

Only the other day a gentleman was telling me of a case of special providence. He knew it. He had been the subject of it. A few years ago he was about to go on a ship when he was detained. He did not go, and the ship was lost with all on board.

"Yes!" I said, "Do you think the people who were drowned believed in special providence?" Think of the infinite egotism of such a doctrine. Here is a man that fails to go upon a ship with five hundred passengers and they go down to the bottom of the sea—fathers, mothers, children, and loving husbands and wives waiting upon the chores of expectation. Here is one poor little wretch that did not happen to go! And he thinks that God, the Infinite Being, interfered in his poor little withered behalf and let the rest all go. That is special providence. Why does special providence allow all the crimes? Why are the wife-beaters protected, and why are the wives and

children left defenceless if the hand of God is over us all? Who protects the insane? Why does Providence permit insanity? But the church cannot give up special providence. If there is no such thing, then no prayers, no worship, no churches, no priests. What would become of National Thanksgiving?

You know we have a custom every year of issuing a proclamation of thanksgiving. We say to God, "Although you have afflicted all the other countries, although you have sent war, and desolation, and famine on everybody else, we have been such good children that you have been kind to us, and we hope you will keep on." It does not make a bit of difference whether we have good times or not—the thanksgiving is always exactly the same. I remember a few years ago a governor of Iowa got out a proclamation of that kind. He went on to tell how thankful the people were and how prosperous the State had been. There was a young fellow in that State who got out another proclamation, saying that he feared the Lord might be misled by official correspondence; that the governor's proclamation was entirely false; that the State was not prosperous; that the crops had been an almost utter failure; that nearly every farm in the State was mortgaged, and that if the Lord did not believe him, all he asked was that he would send some angel in whom he had confidence, to look the matter over and report.

Charles Darwin.

This century will be called Darwin's century. He was one of the greatest men who ever touched this globe. He has explained more of the phenomena of life than all of the religious teachers. Write the name of Charles Darwin on the one hand and the name of every theologian who ever lived on the other, and from that name has come more light to the world than from all of those. His doctrine of evolution, his doctrine of the survival of the fittest, his doctrine of the origin of species, has removed in every thinking mind the last vestige of orthodox Christianity. He has not only stated, but he has demonstrated, that the inspired writer knew nothing of this world, nothing of the origin of man, nothing of geology, nothing of astronomy, nothing of nature; that the Bible is a book written by ignorance—at the instigation of fear. Think of the men who replied to him. Only a few years ago there was no person too ignorant to successfully answer Charles Darwin; and the more ignorant he was the more cheerfully he undertook the task. He was held up to the ridicule, the scorn and contempt of the Christian world, and yet when he died, England was proud to put his dust with that of her noblest and her grandest. Charles Darwin conquered the intellectual world, and his doctrines are now accepted facts. His light has broken in on some of the clergy, and the greatest man who to-day occupies the pulpit of one of the orthodox: churches, Henry Ward Beecher, is a believer in the theories of Charles Darwin—a man of more genius than all the clergy of that entire church put together.

And yet we are told in this little creed that orthodox religion is about to conquer the world! It will be driven to the wilds of Africa. It must go to some savage country; it has lost its hold upon civilization. It is unfortunate to have a religion that cannot be accepted by the intellect of a nation. It is unfortunate to have a religion against which every good and noble heart protests. Let us have a good religion or none. My pity has been excited by seeing these ministers endeavor to warp and twist the passages of Scripture to fit the demonstrations of science. Of course, I have not time to recount all the discoveries and events that have assisted in the destruction of superstition. Every fact is an enemy of the church. Every fact is a heretic. Every demonstration is an infidel. Everything that ever really happened testifies against the supernatural.

The church teaches that man was created perfect, and that for six thousand years he has degenerated. Darwin demonstrated the falsity of this dogma. He shows that man has for thousands of ages steadily advanced; that the Garden of Eden is an ignorant myth; that the doctrine of original sin has no foundation in fact; that the atonement is an absurdity; that the serpent did not tempt, and that man did not "fall."

Charles Darwin destroyed the foundation of orthodox Christianity. There is nothing left but faith in what we know could not and did not happen. Religion and science are enemies. One is a superstition; the other is a fact. One rests upon the false, the other upon the true. One is the result of fear and faith, the other of investigation and reason.

The Creeds.

I have been talking a great deal about the orthodox religion. Often, after having delivered a lecture, I have met some good, religious person who has said to me:

"You do not tell it as we believe it."

"Well, but I tell it as you have it written in your creed."

"Oh, we don't mind the creed any more."

"Then, why do you not change it?"

"Oh, well, we understand it as it is, and if we tried to change it, maybe we would not agree."

Possibly the creeds are in the best condition now. There is a tacit understanding that they do not believe them, that there is a way to get around them, and that they can read between the lines; that if they should meet now to form new creeds they would fail to agree; and that now they can say as they please, except in public. Whenever they do so in public the church, in self-defence, must try them; and I believe in trying every minister that does not preach the doctrine he agrees to. I have not the slightest sympathy with a Presbyterian preacher who endeavors to preach infidelity from a Presbyterian pulpit and receives Presbyterian money. When he changes his views he should step down and out like a man, and say, "I do not believe your doctrine, and I will not preach it. You must hire some other man." The Latest Creed.

But I find that I have correctly interpreted the creeds. There was put into my hands the new Congregational creed. I have read it, and I will call your attention to it to-night, to find whether that church has made any advance; to find whether the sun of science has risen in the heavens in vain; whether they are still the children of intellectual darkness; whether they still consider it necessary for you to believe something that you by no possibility can understand, in order to be a winged angel forever. Now, let us see what their creed is. I will read a little of it.

They commence by saying that they

"*Believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible*."

They say, now, that there is the one personal God; that he is the maker of the universe and its ruler. I again ask the old question, Of what did he make it? If matter has not existed through eternity, then this God made it. Of what did he make it? What did he use for the purpose? There was nothing in the universe except this God. What had the God been doing for the eternity he had been living? He had made nothing—called nothing into existence; never had had an idea, because it is

impossible to have an idea unless there is something to excite an idea. What had he been doing? Why does not the Congregational Church tell us? How do they know about this Infinite Being? And if he is infinite how can they comprehend him? What good is it to believe in something that you know you do not understand, and that you never can understand?

In the Episcopalian creed God is described as follows:

"*There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts or passions.*"

Think of that!—without body, parts, or passions.

I defy any man in the world to write a better description of nothing. You cannot conceive of a finer word-painting of a vacuum than "without body, parts, or passions." And yet this God, without passions, is angry at the wicked every day; this God, without passions, is a jealous God, whose anger burneth to the lowest hell. This God, without passions, loves the whole human race; and this God, without passions, damns a large majority of mankind. This God without body, walked in the Garden of Eden, in the cool of the day. This God, without body, talked with Adam and Eve. This God, without body, or parts met Moses upon Mount Sinai, appeared at the door of the tabernacle, and talked with Moses face to face as a man speaketh to his friend. This description of God is simply an effort of the church to describe a something of which it has no conception.

God as a Governor.

So, too, I find the following:

"*We believe that the Providence of God, by which he executes his eternal purposes in the government of the world, is in and over all events.*"

Is God the governor of the world? Is this established by the history of nations? What evidence can you find, if you are absolutely honest and not frightened, in the history of the world, that this universe is presided over by an infinitely wise and good God?

How do you account for Russia? How do you account for Siberia? How do you account for the fact that whole races of men toiled beneath the master's lash for ages without recompense and without reward? How do you account for the fact that babes were sold from the arms of mothers—arms that had been reached toward God in supplication? How do you account for it? How do you account for the existence of martyrs? How do you account for the fact that this God allows people to be burned simply for loving him? Is justice always done? Is innocence always acquitted? Do the good succeed? Are the honest fed? Are the charitable clothed? Are the virtuous shielded? How do you account for the fact that the world has been filled with pain, and grief, and tears? How do you account for the fact that people have been swallowed by earthquakes, overwhelmed by volcanoes, and swept from the earth by storms? Is it easy to account for famine, for pestilence and plague if there be above us all a Ruler infinitely good, powerful and wise?

I do not say there is none. I do not know. As I have said before, this is the only planet I was ever on. I live in one of the rural districts of the universe, and do not know about these things as much as the clergy pretend to, but if they know no more about the other world than they do about this, it is not worth mentioning.

How do they answer all this? They say that God "permits" it. What would you say to me if I stood by and saw a ruffian beat out the brains of a child, when I had full and perfect power to prevent it? You would say truthfully that I was as bad as the

murderer. Is it possible for this God to prevent it? Then, if he does not he is a fiend; he is no god. But they say he "permits" it. What for? So that we may have freedom of choice. What for? So that God may find, I suppose, who are good and who are bad. Did he not know that when he made us? Did he not know exactly just what he was making? Why should he make those whom he knew would be criminals? If I should make a machine that would walk your streets and take the lives of people you would hang me. And if God made a man whom he knew would commit murder, then God is guilty of that murder. If God made a man knowing that he would beat his wife, that he would starve his children, that he would strew on either side of his path of life the wrecks of ruined homes, then I say the being who knowingly called that wretch into existence is directly responsible. And yet we are to find the providence of God in the history of nations. What little I have read shows me that when man has been helped, man has done it; when the chains of slavery have been broken, they have been broken by man; when something bad has been done in the government of mankind, it is easy to trace it to man, and to fix the responsibility upon human beings. You need not look to the sky; you need throw neither praise nor blame upon gods; you can find the efficient causes nearer home—right here.

The Love of God.

What is the next thing I find in this creed?

"*We believe that man was made in the image of God, that he might know, love, and obey God, and enjoy him forever.*"

I do not believe that anybody ever did love God, because nobody ever knew anything about him. We love each other. We love something that we know. We love something that our experience tells us is good and great and beautiful. We cannot by any possibility love the unknown. We can love truth, because truth adds to human happiness. We can love justice, because it preserves human joy. We can love charity. We can love every form of goodness that we know, or of which we can conceive, but we cannot love the infinitely unknown. And how can we be made in the image of something that has neither body, parts, nor passions?

The Fall of Man.

The Congregational Church has not outgrown the doctrine of "original sin." We are told that:

"*Our first parents, by disobedience, fell under the condemnation of God, and that all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of sin except through God's redeeming power.*"

Is there an intelligent man or woman now in the world who believes in the Garden of Eden story? If you find any man who believes it, strike his forehead and you will hear an echo. Something is for rent. Does any intelligent man now believe that God made man of dust, and woman of a rib, and put them in a garden, and put a tree in the midst of it? Was there not room outside of the garden to put his tree, if he did not want people to eat his apples?

If I did not want a man to eat my fruit, I would not put him in my orchard.

Does anybody now believe in the story of the serpent? I pity any man or woman who, in this nineteenth century, believes in that childish fable. Why did Adam and Eve disobey? Why, they were tempted. By whom? The devil. Who made the devil? God. What did God make him for? Why did he not tell Adam and Eve about this serpent?

Why did he not watch the devil, instead of watching Adam and Eve? Instead of turning them out, why did he not keep him from getting in? Why did he not have his flood first, and drown the devil, before he made a man and woman.

And yet, people who call themselves intelligent—professors in colleges and presidents of venerable institutions—teach children and young men that the Garden of Eden story is an absolute historical fact. I defy any man to think of a more childish thing. This God, waiting around Eden—knowing all the while what would happen—having made them on purpose so that it would happen, then does what? Holds all of us responsible, and we were not there. Here is a representative before the constituency had been born. Before I am bound by a representative I want a chance to vote for or against him; and if I had been there, and known all the circumstances, I should have voted "No!" And yet, I am held responsible.

We are told by the Bible and by the churches that through this fall of man "*Sin and death entered the world?*"

According to this, just as soon as Adam and Eve had partaken of the forbidden fruit, God began to contrive ways by which he could destroy the lives of his children. He invented all the diseases—all the fevers and coughs and colds—all the pains and plagues and pestilences—all the aches and agonies, the malaria and spores; so that when we take a breath of air we admit into our lungs unseen assassins; and, fearing that some might live too long, even under such circumstances, God invented the earthquake and volcano, the cyclone and lightning, animalcules to infest the heart and brain, so small that no eye can detect—no instrument reach. This was all owing to the disobedience of Adam and Eve!

In his infinite goodness, God invented rheumatism and gout and dyspepsia, cancers and neuralgia, and is still inventing new diseases. Not only this', but he decreed the pangs of mothers, and that by the gates of love and life should crouch the dragons of death and pain. Fearing that some might, by accident, live too long, he planted poisonous vines and herbs that looked like food. He caught the serpents he had made and gave them fangs and curious organs, ingeniously devised to distill and deposit the deadly drop. He changed the nature of the beasts, that they might feed on human flesh. He cursed a world, and tainted every spring and source of joy. He poisoned every breath of air; corrupted even light, that it might bear disease on every ray; tainted every drop of blood in human veins; touched every nerve, that it might bear the double fruit of pain and joy; decreed all accidents and mistakes that maim and hurt and kill, and set the snares of life-long grief, baited with present pleasure,—with a moment's joy. Then and there he foreknew and foreordained all human tears. And yet all this is but the prelude, the introduction, to the infinite revenge of the good God. Increase and multiply all human griefs until the mind has reached imagination's farthest verge, then add eternity to time, and you may faintly tell, but never can conceive, the infinite horrors of this doctrine called "The Fall of Man." The Atonement.

We are further told that:

"*All men are so alienated from God that there is no alleviation from the guilt and power of sin except through God's redeeming grace;*"

And that:

"*We believe that the love of God to sinful man has found its highest expression in the redemptive work of his Son, who became man, uniting his divine nature with our*

human nature in one person; who was tempted like other men and yet without sin, and by his humiliation, his holy obedience, his sufferings, his death on the cross, and his resurrection, became a perfect redeemer; whose sacrifice of himself for the sins of the world declares the righteousness of God, and is the sole and sufficient ground of forgiveness and of reconciliation with him."

The absurdity of the doctrine known as "The Fall of Man," gave birth to that other absurdity known as "The Atonement." So that now it is insisted that, as we are rightfully charged with the sin of somebody else, we can rightfully be credited with the virtues of another. Let us leave out of our philosophy both these absurdities. Our creed will read a great deal better with both of them out, and will make far better sense.

Now, in consequence of Adam's sin, everybody is alienated from God. How? Why? Oh, we are all depraved, you know; we all do wrong. Well, why? Is that because we are depraved? No. Why do we make so many mistakes? Because there is only one right way, and there is an almost infinite number of wrong ways; and as long as we are not perfect in our intellects we must make mistakes. "There is no darkness but ignorance," and alienation, as they call it, from God, is simply a lack of intellect. Why were we not given better brains? That may account for the alienation.

The church teaches that every soul that finds its way to the shore of this world is against God—naturally hates God; that the little dimpled child in the cradle is simply a chunk of depravity. Everybody against God! It is a libel upon the human race; it is a libel upon all the men who have worked for wife and child; upon all mothers who have suffered and labored, wept and worked; upon all the men who have died for their country; upon all who have fought for human liberty. Leave out the history of religion and there is little left to prove the depravity of man.

Everybody that comes is against God! Every soul, they think, is like the wrecked Irishman, who drifted to an unknown island, and as he climbed the shore saw a man and said to him, "Have you a Government here?" The man replied "We have." "Well," said he, "I'm forninst it!"

The church teaches us that such is the attitude of every soul in the universe of God. Ought a god to take any credit to himself for making depraved people? A god that cannot make a soul that is not totally depraved, I respectfully suggest, should retire from the business. And if a god has made us, knowing that we are totally depraved, why should we go to the same being to be "born again?"

The Second Birth.

The church insists that we must be "born again" and that all who are not the subjects of this second birth are heirs of everlasting fire. Would it not have been much better to have made another Adam and Eve? Would it not have been better to change Noah and his people, so that after that a second birth would not have been necessary? Why not purify the fountain of all human life? Why allow the earth to be peopled with depraved and monstrous beings, each one of whom must be re-made, re-formed, and born again?

And yet, even reformation is not enough. If the man who steals becomes perfectly honest, that is not enough; if the man who hates his fellow-man, changes and loves his fellow-man, that is not enough; he must go through that mysterious thing called the second birth; he must be born again. He must have faith; he must believe something that he does not understand, and experience what they call "conversion."

According to the church, nothing so excites the wrath of God—nothing so corrugates the brows of Jehovah with hatred—as a man relying on his own good works. He must admit that he ought to be damned, and that of the two he prefers it, before God will consent to save him.

I met a man the other day, who said to me, "I am a Unitarian Universalist." "What do you mean by that?" I asked. "Well," said he, "this is what I mean: the Unitarian thinks he is too good to be damned, and the Universalist thinks God is too good to damn him, and I believe them both."

Is it possible that the sacrifice of a perfect being was acceptable to God? Will he accept the agony of innocence for the punishment of guilt? Will he release Barabbas and crucify Christ?

Inspiration.

What is the next thing in this great creed?

"*We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the record of God's revelation of Himself, the work of redemption; that they were written by men under the special guidance of the holy spirit; that they are able to make wise unto salvation; and that they constitute an authoritative standard by which religious teaching and human conduct are to be regulated and judged.*"

This is the creed of the Congregational Church; that is, the result reached by a high-joint commission appointed to draw up a creed for their churches; and there we have the statement that the Bible was written "by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit."

What part of the Bible? All of it? All of it. And yet what is this Old Testament that was written by an infinitely good God? The being who wrote it did not know the shape of the world he had made; knew nothing of human nature. He commands men to love him, as if one could love upon command. The same God upheld the institution of human slavery; and the church says that the Bible that upholds that institution was written by men under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Then I disagree with the Holy Spirit.

This church tells us that men under the guidance of the Holy Spirit upheld the institution of polygamy—I deny it; that under the guidance of the Holy Spirit these men upheld wars of extermination and conquest—I deny it; that under the guidance of the Holy Spirit these men wrote that it was right for a man to destroy the life of his wife if she happened to differ with him on the subject of religion—I deny it. And yet that is the book now upheld in this creed of the Congregational Church.

If the devil had written upon the subject of slavery, which side would he have taken? Let every minister answer. If you knew the devil had written a work on human slavery, in your judgment, would he uphold slavery, or denounce it? Would you regard it as any evidence that he ever wrote it, if it upheld slavery? And yet, here you have a work upholding slavery, and you say that it was written by an infinitely good God! If the devil upheld polygamy, would you be surprised? If the devil wanted to kill men for differing with him would you be astonished? If the devil told a man to kill his wife, would you be shocked? And yet, you say, that is exactly what God did. If there be a God, then that creed is blasphemy. That creed is a libel upon him who sits on heaven's throne. If there be a God, I ask him to write in the book in which my account is kept, that I denied these lies for him.

I do not believe in a slaveholding God! I do not worship a polygamous Holy Ghost, nor a Son who threatens eternal pain; I will not get upon my knees before any being who commands a husband to slay his wife because she expresses her honest thought. Suppose a book should be found old as the Old Testament in which slavery, polygamy and war are all denounced, would Christians think that it was written by the devil?

Did it ever occur to you that if God wrote the Old Testament, and told the Jews to crucify or kill anybody that disagreed with them on religion, and that this God afterward took upon himself flesh and came to Jerusalem, and taught a different religion, and the Jews killed him—did it ever occur to you that he reaped exactly what he had sown? Did it ever occur to you that he fell a victim to his own tyranny, and was destroyed by his own hand? Of course I do not believe that any God ever was the author of the Bible, or that any God was ever crucified, or that any God was ever killed, or ever will be, but I want to ask you that question.

Take this Old Testament, then, with all its stories of murder and massacre; with all its foolish and cruel fables; with all its infamous doctrines; with its spirit of caste; with its spirit of hatred, and tell me whether it was written by a good God. If you will read the maledictions and curses of that book, you will think that God, like Lear, had divided heaven among his daughters, and then, in the insanity of despair, had launched his curses on the human race.

And yet, I must say—I must admit—that the Old Testament is better than the New. In the Old Testament, when God had a man dead, he let him alone. When he saw him quietly in his grave he was satisfied. The muscles relaxed, and the frown gave place to a smile. But in the New Testament the trouble commences at death. In the New Testament God is to wreak his revenge forever and ever. It was reserved for one who said, “Love your enemies,” to tear asunder the veil between time and eternity and fix the horrified gaze of man upon the gulfs of eternal fire. The New Testament is just as much worse than the Old, as hell is worse than sleep; just as much worse, as infinite cruelty is worse than dreamless rest; and yet, the New Testament is claimed to be a gospel of love and peace.

Is it possible that: “*The Scriptures constitute the authoritative standard by which religious teaching and human conduct are to be regulated and judged”?*

Are we to judge of conduct by the Old Testament, by the New, or by both? According to the Old, the slaveholder was a just and generous man; a polygamist was a model of virtue. According to the New, the worst can be forgiven and the best can be lost. How can any book be a standard, when the standard itself must be measured by human reason? Is there a standard of a standard? Must not the reason be convinced? and, if so, is not the reason of each man the final arbiter of that man? If he takes a book as a standard, does he so take it because it is to him reasonable? In what way is the human reason to be ignored? Why should a book take its place, unless the reason has been convinced that the book is the proper standard? If this is so, the book rests upon the reason of those who adopt it. Are they to be saved because they act in accordance with their reason, and are others to be damned because they act by the same standard—their reason? No two are alike. Can we demand of all the same result? Suppose the compasses were not constant to the pole—no two compasses exactly alike—would you expect all ships to reach the same harbor?

The Reign of Truth and Love.

I also find in this creed the following:

"*We believe that Jesus Christ came to establish among men the Kingdom of God, the reign of truth and love, of righteousness and peace!*"

Well, that may have been the object of Jesus Christ. I do not deny it. But what was the result? The Christian world has caused more war than all the rest of the world beside. Most of the cunning instruments of death have been devised by Christians. All the wonderful machinery by which the life is blown from men, by which nations are conquered and enslaved—all these machines have been born in Christian brains. And yet he came to bring peace, they say; but the Testament says otherwise: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." And the sword was brought. What are the Christian nations doing to-day in Europe? Is there a solitary Christian nation that will trust any other? How many millions of Christians are in the uniform of forgiveness, armed with the muskets of love?

There was an old Spaniard on the bed of death, who sent for a priest, and the priest told him that he would have to forgive his enemies before he died. He said, "I have none." "What! no enemies?" "Not one," said the dying man; "I killed the last one three months ago."

How many millions of Christians are now armed and equipped to destroy their fellow-Christians? Who are the men in Europe crying against war? Who wishes to have the nations disarmed? Is it the church? No; the men who do not believe in what they call this religion of peace. When there is a war, and when they make a few thousand widows and orphans; when they strew the plain with dead patriots, Christians assemble in their churches and sing "Te Deum Laudamus." Why? Because he has enabled a few of his children to kill some others of his children. This is the religion of peace—the religion that invented the Krupp gun, that will hurl a ball weighing two thousand pounds through twenty-four inches of solid steel. This is the religion of peace that covers the sea with men-of-war, clad in mail, in the name of universal forgiveness. This is the religion that drills and uniforms five millions of men to kill their fellows.

The Wars It Brought.

What effect has this religion had upon the nations of the earth? What have the nations been fighting about? What was the Thirty Years' War in Europe for? What was the war in Holland for? Why was it that England persecuted Scotland? Why is it that England persecutes Ireland even to this day? At the bottom of every one of these conflicts you will find a religious question. The religion of Jesus Christ, as preached by his church, causes war, bloodshed, hatred, and all uncharitableness; and why? Because, they say, a certain belief is necessary to salvation. They do not say, if you behave yourself you will get there; they do not say, if you pay your debts and love your wife and love your children, and are good to your friends, and your neighbors, and your country, you will get there; that will do you no good; you have got to believe a certain thing. No matter how bad you are, you can instantly be forgiven; and no matter how good you are, if you fail to believe that which you cannot understand, the moment you get to the day of judgment nothing is left but to damn you, and all the angels will shout "hallelujah."

What do they teach to-day? Nearly every murderer goes to heaven; there is only one step from the gallows to God, only one jerk between the halter and heaven. That is taught by this church.

I believe there ought to be a law to prevent the giving of the slightest religious consolation to any man who has been found guilty of murder. Let a Catholic

understand that if he imbrues his hands in his brother's blood, he can have no extreme unction. Let it be understood that he can have no forgiveness through the church; and let the Protestant understand that when he has committed that crime the community will not pray him into heaven. Let him go with his victim. The victim, dying in his sins, goes to hell, and the murderer has the happiness of seeing him there. If heaven grows dull and monotonous, the murderer can again give life to the nerve of pleasure by watching the agony of his victim.

The truth is, Christianity has not made friends; it has made enemies. It is not, as taught, the religion of peace, it is the religion of war. Why should a Christian hesitate to kill a man that his God is waiting to damn? Why should a Christian not destroy an infidel who is trying to assassinate his soul? Why should a Christian pity an unbeliever—one who has rejected the Bible—when he knows that God will be pitiless forever? And yet we are told, in this creed, that "*we believe in the ultimate prevalence of the Kingdom of Christ over all the earth*."

What makes you? Do you judge from the manner in which you are getting along now? How many people are being born a year? About fifty millions. How many are you converting a year, really, truthfully? Five or six thousand. I think I have overstated the number. Is orthodox Christianity on the increase? No. There are a hundred times as many unbelievers in orthodox Christianity as there were ten years ago. What are you doing in the missionary world? How long is it since you converted a Chinaman? A fine missionary religion, to send missionaries with their Bibles and tracts to China, but if a Chinaman comes here, mob him, simply to show him the difference between the practical and theoretical workings of the Christian religion. How long since you have had an intelligent convert in India? In my judgment, never; there never has been an intelligent Hindoo converted from the time the first missionary put his foot on that soil; and never, in my judgment, has an intelligent Chinaman been converted since the first missionary touched that shore. Where are they? We hear nothing of them, except in the reports. They get money from poor old ladies, trembling on the edge of the grave, and go and tell them stories, how hungry the average Chinaman is for a copy of the New Testament, and paint the sad condition of a gentleman in the interior of Africa without the works of Dr. McCosh, longing for a copy of *The Princeton Review*,—in my judgment, a pamphlet that would suit a savage. Thus money is scared from the dying, and frightened from the old and feeble.

About how long is it before this kingdom is to be established? No one objects to the establishment of peace and good will. Every good man longs for the time when war shall cease. We are all hoping for a day of universal justice—a day of universal freedom—when man shall control himself, when the passions shall become obedient to the intelligent will. But the coming of that day will not be hastened by preaching the doctrines of total depravity and eternal revenge. That sun will not rise the quicker for preaching salvation by faith. The star that shines above that dawn, the herald of that day, is Science, not superstition,—Reason, not religion.

To show you how little advance has been made, how many intellectual bats and mental owls still haunt the temple, still roost above the altar, I call your attention to the fact that the Congregational Church, according to this creed; still believes in the resurrection of the dead, and in their Confession of Faith, attached to the creed, I find that they also believe in the literal resurrection of the body.

The Resurrection.

Does anybody believe that, who has the courage to think for himself? Here is a man, for instance, that weighs 200 pounds and gets sick and dies weighing 120; how much will he weigh in the morning of the resurrection? Here is a cannibal, who eats another man; and we know that the atoms you eat go into your body and become a part of you. After the cannibal has eaten the missionary, and appropriated his atoms to himself, and then dies, to whom will the atoms belong in the morning of the resurrection? Could the missionary maintain an action of replevin, and if so, what would the cannibal do for a body? It has been demonstrated, in so far as logic can demonstrate anything, that there is no creation and no destruction in Nature. It has been demonstrated, again and again, that the atoms in us have been in millions of other beings; have grown in the forests and in the grass, have blossomed in flowers, and been in the metals. In other words, there are atoms in each one of us that have been in millions of others; and when we die, these atoms return to the earth, again appear in grass and trees, are again eaten by animals, and again devoured by countless vegetable mouths and turned into wood; and yet this church, in the nineteenth century, in a council composed of, and presided over by, professors and presidents of colleges and theologians, solemnly tells us that it believes in the literal resurrection of the body. This is almost enough to make one despair of the future—almost enough to convince a man of the immortality of the absurd. They know better. There is not one so ignorant but knows better.

The Judgment-Day.

And what is the next thing?

"*We believe in a final judgment, the issues of which are everlasting punishment and everlasting life!*"

At the final judgment all of us will be there. The thousands, and millions, and billions, and trillions, and quadrillions that have died will be there. The books will be opened, and each case will be called. The sheep and the goats will be divided. The unbelievers will be sent to the left, while the faithful will proudly walk to the right. The saved, without a tear, will bid an eternal farewell to those who loved them here—to those they loved. Nearly all the human race will go away to everlasting punishment, and the fortunate few to eternal life. This is the consolation of the Congregational Church! This is the hope that dispels the gloom of life!

Pious Evasions.

When the clergy are caught, they give a different meaning to the words and say the world was not made in seven days. They say "good whiles" - "epochs."

And in this same Confession of Faith and in this creed they say that the Lord's day is holy—every seventh day. Suppose you lived near the North Pole where the day is three months long. Then which day would you keep? If you could get to the North Pole you could prevent Sunday from ever overtaking you. You could walk around the other way faster than the world could revolve. How would you keep Sunday then? Suppose we invent something that can go one thousand miles an hour? We can chase Sunday clear around the globe. Is there anything that can be more perfectly absurd than that a space of time can be holy? You might as well talk about a virtuous vacuum. We are now told that the Bible is not a scientific book, and that after all we cannot depend on what God said four thousand years ago—that his ways are not as our ways—that we must accept without evidence, and believe without understanding.

I heard the other night of an old man. He was not very well educated, and he got into the notion that he must have reading of the Bible and family worship. There was a bad boy in the family, and they were reading the Bible by course. In the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians is this passage: “Behold, brethren, I show you a mystery; we shall not all die, but we shall all be changed.” This boy had rubbed out the “c” in “changed.” So when the old man put on his spectacles, and got down his Bible, he read: “Behold, brethren, I show you a mystery, we shall not all die, but we shall all be hanged.” The old lady said, “Father, I don’t think it reads that way.” He said, “Who is reading this?” “Yes mother, it says ‘hanged,’ and, more than that, I see the sense of it. Pride is the besetting sin of the human heart, and if there is anything calculated to take the pride out of a man it is hanging.” It is in this way that ministers avoid and explain the discoveries of Science.

People ask me, if I take away the Bible what are we going to do? How can we get along without the revelation that no one understands? What are we going to do if we have no Bible to quarrel about What are we to do without hell? What are we going to do with our enemies? What are we going to do with the people we love but don’t like?

“No Bible, No Civilization.”

They tell me that there never would have been any civilization if it had not been for this Bible. The Jews had a Bible; the Romans had not. Which had the greater and the grander government? Let us be honest. Which of those nations produced the greatest poets, the greatest soldiers, the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, the greatest sculptors? Rome had no Bible. God cared nothing for the Roman Empire. He let the men come up by chance. His time was taken up with the Jewish people. And yet Rome conquered the world, including the chosen people of God. The people who had the Bible were defeated by the people who had not. How was it possible for Lucretius to get along without the Bible?—how did the great and glorious of that empire? And what shall we say of Greece? No Bible. Compare Athens with Jerusalem. From Athens come the beauty and intellectual grace of the world. Compare the mythology of Greece with the mythology of Judea; one covering the earth with beauty, and the other filling heaven with hatred and injustice. The Hindoos had no Bible; they had been forsaken by the Creator, and yet they became the greatest metaphysicians of the world. Egypt had no Bible. Compare Egypt with Judea. What are we to do without the Bible? What became of the Jews who had a Bible? Their temple was destroyed and their city was taken; and they never found real prosperity until their God deserted them. The Turks attributed all their victories to the Koran. The Koran gave them their victories over the believers in the Bible. The priests of each nation have accounted for the prosperity of that nation by its religion.

The Christians mistake an incident for a cause, and honestly imagine that the Bible is the foundation of modern liberty and law. They forget physical conditions, make no account of commerce, care nothing for inventions and discoveries, and ignorantly give the credit to their inspired book.

The foundations of our civilization were laid centuries before Christianity was known. The intelligence of courage, of self-government, of energy, of industry, that uniting made the civilization of this century, did not come alone from Judea, but from every nation of the ancient world.

Miracles of the New Testament.

There are many things in the New Testament that I cannot accept as true.

I cannot believe in the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ. I believe he was the son of Joseph and Mary; that Joseph and Mary had been duly and legally married; that he was the legitimate offspring of that union. Nobody ever believed the contrary until he had been dead at least one hundred and fifty years. Neither Matthew, Mark, nor Luke ever dreamed that he was of divine origin. He did not say to either Matthew, Mark, or Luke, or to any one in their hearing, that he was the Son of God, or that he was miraculously conceived. He did not say it. It may be asserted that he said it to John, but John did not write the gospel that bears his name. The angel Gabriel, who, they say, brought the news, never wrote a word upon the subject. The mother of Christ never wrote a word upon the subject. His alleged father never wrote a word upon the subject, and Joseph never admitted the story. We are lacking in the matter of witnesses. I would not believe such a story now. I cannot believe that it happened then. I would not believe people I know, much less would I believe people I do not know.

At that time Matthew and Luke believed that Christ was the son of Joseph and Mary. And why? they say he descended from David, and in order to show that he was of the blood of David, they gave the genealogy of Joseph. And if Joseph was not his father, why did they not give the genealogy of Pontius Pilate or of Herod? Could they, by giving the genealogy of Joseph, show that he was of the blood of David if Joseph was in no way related to Christ? And yet that is the position into which the Christian world is driven. In the New Testament we find that in giving the genealogy of Christ it says, “who was the son of Joseph?” and the church has interpolated the words “as was supposed.” Why did they give a supposed genealogy? It will not do. And that is a thing that cannot in any way, by any human testimony, be established.

If it is important for us to know that he was the Son of God, I say, then, that it devolves upon God to give us the evidence. Let him write it across the face of the heavens, in every language of mankind. If it is necessary for us to believe it, let it grow on every leaf next year. No man should be damned for not believing, unless the evidence is overwhelming. And he ought not to be made to depend upon say so, or upon “as was supposed.” He should have it directly, for himself. A man says that God told him a certain thing, and he tells me, and I have only his word. He may have been deceived. If God has a message for me he ought to tell it to me, and not to somebody that has been dead four or five thousand years, and in another language.

Besides, God may have changed his mind on many things; he has on slavery, and polygamy at least, according to the church; and yet his church now wants to go and destroy polygamy in Utah with the sword. Why do they not send missionaries there with copies of the Old Testament? By reading the lives of Abraham and Isaac, and Lot, and a few other patriarchs who ought to have been in the penitentiary, maybe they can soften their hearts.

More Miracles.

There is another miracle I do not believe,—the resurrection. I want to speak about it as we would about any ordinary transaction. In the first place, I do not believe that any miracle was ever performed, and if there was, you cannot prove it. Why? Because it is altogether more reasonable to believe that the people were mistaken about it than that it happened. And why? Because, according to human experience, we know that people will not always tell the truth, and we never saw a miracle ourselves, and we must be governed by our experience; and if we go by our experience, we must say that the miracle never happened—that the witnesses were mistaken.

A man comes into Jerusalem, and the first thing he does is to cure the blind. He lets the light of day visit the night of blindness. The eyes are opened, and the world is again pictured upon the brain. Another man is clothed with leprosy. He touches him and the disease falls from him, and he stands pure, and clean, and whole. Another man is deformed, wrinkled, and bent. He touches him, and throws around him again the garment of youth. A man is in his grave, and he says, "Come forth!" And the man walks in life, feeling his heart throb and his blood going joyously through his veins. They say that actually happened. I do not know.

There is one wonderful thing about the dead people that were raised—we do not hear of them any more. What became of them? If there was a man in this city who had been raised from the dead, I would go to see him to-night. I would say, "Where were you when you got the notice to come back? What kind of a country is it? What kind of opening there for a young man? How did you like it? Did you meet there the friends you had lost? Is there a world without death, without pain, without a tear? Is there a land without a grave, and where good-bye is never heard?" Nobody ever paid the slightest attention to the dead who had been raised. They did not even excite interest when they died the second time. Nobody said, "Why, that man is not afraid. He has been there once. He has walked through the valley of the shadow." Not a word. They pass quietly away.

I do not believe these miracles. There is something wrong somewhere about that business. I may suffer eternal punishment for all this, but I cannot, I do not, believe.

There was a man who did all these things, and thereupon they crucified him. Let us be honest. Suppose a man came into this city and should meet a funeral procession, and say, "Who is dead?" and they should reply, "The son of a widow; her only support." Suppose he should say to the procession, "Halt!" and to the undertaker, "Take out that coffin, unscrew that lid. Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" and the dead should step from the coffin and in a moment afterward hold his mother in his arms. Suppose this stranger should go to your cemetery and find some woman holding a little child in each hand, while the tears fell upon a new-made grave, and he should say to her, "Who lies buried here?" and she should reply, "My husband;" and he should cry, "I say unto thee, oh grave, give up thy dead!" and the husband should rise, and in a moment after have his lips upon his wife's, and the little children with their arms around his neck; do you think that the people of this city would kill him? Do you think any one would wish to crucify him? Do you not rather believe that every one who had a loved one out in that cemetery would go to him, even upon their knees, and beg him to give back their dead? Do you believe that any man was ever crucified who was the master of death?

Let me tell you to-night if there shall ever appear upon this earth the master, the monarch, of death, all human knees will touch the earth. He will not be crucified. All the living who fear death; all the living who have lost a loved one, will bow to him. And yet we are told that this worker of miracles, this man who could clothe the dead dust in the throbbing flesh of life, was crucified. I do not believe that he worked the miracles, I do not believe that he raised the dead, I do not believe that he claimed to be the Son of God, These things were told long after he was dead; told because the ignorant multitude demanded mystery and wonder; told, because at that time the miraculous was believed of all the illustrious dead. Stories that made Christianity powerful then, weaken it now. He who gains a triumph in a conflict with a devil, will be defeated by science.

There is another thing about these foolish miracles. All could have been imitated. Men could pretend to be blind; confederates could feign sickness, and even death.

It is not very difficult to limp or to hold an arm as though it were paralyzed; or to say that one is afflicted with "an issue of blood." It is easy to say that the son of a widow was raised from the dead, and if you fail to give the name of the son, or his mother, or the time and place where the wonder occurred, it is quite difficult to show that it did not happen.

No one can be called upon to disprove anything that has not apparently been established. I say apparently, because there can be no real evidence in support of a miracle.

How could we prove, for instance, the miracle of the loaves and fishes? There were plenty of other loaves and other fishes in the world? Each one of the five thousand could have had a loaf and a fish with him. We would have to show that there was no other possible way for the people to get the bread and fish except by miracle, and then we are only half through. We must then show that they did, in fact, get enough to feed five thousand people, and that more was left than was had in the beginning.

Of course this is simply impossible. And let me ask, why was not the miracle substantiated by some of the multitude?

Would it not have been a greater wonder if Christ had *created* instead of multiplied the loaves and fishes?

How can we now prove that a certain person more than eighteen hundred years ago was possessed by seven devils?

How was it ever possible to prove a thing like that?

How can it be established that some evil spirits could talk while others were dumb, and that the dumb ones were the hardest to control?

If Christ wished to convince his fellow-men by miracles, why did he not do something that could not by any means have been a counterfeit?

Instead of healing a withered arm, why did he not find some man whose arm had been cut off, and make another grow?

If he wanted to raise the dead, why did he not raise some man of importance, some one known to all?

Why did he do his miracles in the obscurity of the village, in the darkness of the hovel?

Why call back to life people so insignificant that the public did not know of their death?

Suppose that in May, 1865, a man had pretended to raise some person by the name of Smith from the dead, and suppose a religion had been founded on that miracle, would it not be natural for people, hundreds of years after the pretended miracle, to ask why the founder of that religion did not raise from the dead Abraham Lincoln, instead of the unknown and obscure Mr. Smith?

How could any man now, in any court, by any known rule of evidence, substantiate one of the miracles of Christ?

Must we believe anything that cannot in any way be substantiated?

If miracles were necessary to convince men eighteen centuries ago, are they not necessary now?

After all, how many men did Christ convince with his miracles? How many walked beneath the standard of the master of Nature?

How did it happen that so many miracles convinced so few? I will tell you. The miracles were never performed. No other explanation is possible.

It is infinitely absurd to say that a man who cured the sick, the halt and blind, raised the dead, cast out devils, controlled the winds and waves, created food and held obedient to his will the forces of the world, was put to death by men who knew his superhuman power and who had seen his wondrous works. If the crucifixion was public, the miracles were private. If the miracles had been public, the crucifixion could not have been. Do away with the miracles, and the superhuman character of Christ is destroyed. He becomes what he really was—a man. Do away with the wonders, and the teachings of Christ cease to be authoritative. They are then worth the reason, the truth that is in them, and nothing more. Do away with the miracles, and then we can measure the utterances of Christ with the standard of our reason. We are no longer intellectual serfs, believing what is unreasonable in obedience to the command of a supposed god. We no longer take counsel of our fears, of our cowardice, but boldly defend what our reason maintains.

Christ takes his appropriate place with the other teachers of mankind. His life becomes reasonable and admirable. We have a man who hated oppression; who despised and denounced superstition and hypocrisy; who attacked the heartless church of his time; who excited the hatred of bigots and priests, and who rather than be false to his conception of truth, met and bravely suffered even death.

The Resurrection.

The miracle of the resurrection I do not and cannot believe. If it was the fact, if the dead Christ rose from the grave, why did he not appear to his enemies? Why did he not visit Pontius Pilate? Why did he not call upon Caiaphas, the high priest? upon Herod? Why did he not again enter the temple and end the old dispute with demonstration? Why did he not confront the Roman soldiers who had taken money to falsely swear that his body had been stolen by his friends? Why did he not make another triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Why did he not say to the multitude: “Here are the wounds in my feet, and in my hands, and in my side. I am the one you endeavored to kill, but Death is my slave”? Simply because the resurrection is a myth. It makes no difference with his teachings. They are just as good whether he wrought miracles or not. Twice two are four; that needs no miracle. Twice two are five—a miracle can not help that. Christ’s teachings are worth their effect upon the human race. It makes no difference about miracle or wonder. In that day every one believed in the impossible. Nobody had any standing as teacher, philosopher, governor, king, general, about whom there was not supposed to be something miraculous. The earth was covered with the sons and daughters of gods and goddesses.

In Greece, in Rome, in Egypt, in India, every great man was supposed to have had either a god for his father, or a goddess for his mother. They accounted for genius by divine origin. Earth and heaven were at that time near together. It was but a step for the gods from the blue arch to the green earth. Every lake and valley and mountain top was made rich with legends of the loves of gods. How could the early Christians have made converts to a man, among a people who believed so thoroughly in gods—

in gods that had lived upon the earth; among a people who had erected temples to the sons and daughters of gods? Such people could not have been induced to worship a man—a man born among barbarous people, citizen of a nation weak and poor and paying tribute to the Roman power. The early Christians therefore preached the gospel of a god.

The Ascension.

I cannot believe in the miracle of the ascension, in the bodily ascension of Jesus Christ. Where was he going? In the light shed upon this question by the telescope, I again ask, where was he going?

The New Jerusalem is not above us. The abode of the gods is not there. Where was he going? Which way did he go? Of course that depends upon the time of day he left. If he left in the evening, he went exactly the opposite way from that he would have gone had he ascended in the morning. What did he do with his body? How high did he go? In what way did he overcome the intense cold? The nearest station is the moon, two hundred and forty thousand miles away. Again I ask, where did he go? He must have had a natural body, for it was the same body that died. His body must have been material, otherwise he would not as he rose have circled with the earth, and he would have passed from the sight of his disciples at the rate of more than a thousand miles per hour.

It may be said that his body was "spiritual." Then what became of the body that died? Just before his ascension we are told that he partook of broiled fish with his disciples. Was the fish "spiritual?"

Who saw this miracle?

They say the disciples saw it. Let us see what they say. Matthew did not think it was worth mentioning. He does not speak of it. On the contrary, he says that the last words of Christ were:

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Is it possible that Matthew saw this, the most miraculous of miracles, and yet forgot to put it in his life of Christ? Think of the little miracles recorded by this saint, and then determine whether it is probable that he witnessed the ascension of Jesus Christ.

Mark says: "So, then, after the Lord had spoken unto them he was received up into heaven and sat on the right hand of God." This is all he says about the most wonderful vision that ever astonished human eyes, a miracle great enough to have stuffed credulity to bursting; and yet all we have is this one, poor, meagre verse. We know now that most of the last chapter of Mark is an interpolation, and as a matter of fact, the author of Mark's gospel said nothing about the ascension one way or the other.

Luke says: "And it came to pass while he blessed them he was parted from them and was carried up into Heaven."

John does not mention it. He gives as Christ's last words this address to Peter: "Follow thou Me." Of course, he did not say that as he ascended. It seems to have made very little impression upon him; he writes the account as though tired of the story. He concludes with an impatient wave of the hand.

In the Acts we have another account. A conversation is given not spoken of in any of the others, and we find there two men clad in white apparel, who said: "Ye men of

Galilee why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus that was taken up into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go up into heaven."

Matthew did not see the men in white apparel, did not see the ascension. Mark forgot the entire transaction, and Luke did not think the men in white apparel worth mentioning. John had not confidence enough in the story to repeat it. And yet, upon such evidence, we are bound to believe in the bodily ascension, or suffer eternal pain.

And here let me ask, why was not the ascension in public?

Casting out Devils.

Most of the miracles said to have been wrought by Christ were recorded to show his power over evil spirits. On many occasions, he is said to have "cast out devils"—devils who could speak, and devils who were dumb.

For many years belief in the existence of evil spirits has been fading from the mind, and as this belief grew thin, ministers endeavored to give new meanings to the ancient words. They are inclined now to put "disease" in the place of "devils," and most of them say, that the poor wretches supposed to have been the homes of fiends, were simply suffering from epileptic fits! We must remember that Christ and these devils often conversed together. Is it possible that fits can talk? These devils often admitted that Christ was God. Can epilepsy certify to divinity? On one occasion the fits told their name, and made a contract to leave the body of a man provided they would be permitted to take possession of a herd of swine. Is it possible that fits carried Christ himself to the pinnacle of a temple? Did fits pretend to be the owner of the whole earth? Is Christ to be praised for resisting such a temptation? Is it conceivable that fits wanted Christ to fall down and worship them?

The church must not abandon its belief in devils. Orthodoxy cannot afford to put out the fires of hell. Throw away a belief in the devil, and most of the miracles of the New Testament become impossible, even if we admit the supernatural. If there is no devil, who was the original tempter in the garden of Eden? If there is no hell, from what are we saved; to what purpose is the atonement? Upon the obverse of the Christian shield is God, upon the reverse, the devil. No devil, no hell. No hell, no atonement. No atonement, no preaching, no gospel.

Necessity of Belief.

Does belief depend upon evidence? I think it does somewhat in some cases. How is it when a jury is sworn to try a case, hearing all the evidence, hearing both sides, hearing the charge of the judge, hearing the law, are upon their oaths equally divided, six for the plaintiff and six for the defendant? Evidence does not have the same effect upon all people. Why? Our brains are not alike. They are not the same shape. We have not the same intelligence, or the same experience, the same sense. And yet I am held accountable for my belief. I must believe in the Trinity—three times one is one, once one is three, and my soul is to be eternally damned for failing to guess an arithmetical conundrum. That is the poison part of Christianity—that salvation depends upon belief. That is the accursed part, and until that dogma is discarded Christianity will be nothing but superstition.

No man can control his belief. If I hear certain evidence I will believe a certain thing. If I fail to hear it I may never believe it. If it is adapted to my mind I may accept it; if it is not, I reject it. And what am I to go by? My brain. That is the only light I have from Nature, and if there be a God it is the only torch that this God has given me to find my way through the darkness and night called life. I do not depend upon hearsay

for that. I do not have to take the word of any other man nor get upon my knees before a book. Here in the temple of the mind I consult the God, that is to say my reason, and the oracle speaks to me and I obey the oracle. What should I obey? Another man's oracle? Shall I take another man's word—not what he thinks, but what he says some God has said to him?

I would not know a god if I should see one. I have said before, and I say again, the brain thinks in spite of me, and I am not responsible for my thoughts. I cannot control the beating of my heart. I cannot stop the blood that flows through the rivers of my veins. And yet I am held responsible for my belief. Then why does not God give me the evidence? They say he has. In what? In an inspired book. But I do not understand it as they do. Must I be false to my understanding? They say: "When you come to die you will be sorry if you do not." Will I be sorry when I come to die that I did not live a hypocrite? Will I be sorry that I did not say I was a Christian when I was not? Will the fact that I was honest put a thorn in the pillow of death? Cannot God forgive me for being honest? They say that when he was in Jerusalem he forgave his murderers, but now he will not forgive an honest man for differing from him on the subject of the Trinity.

They say that God says to me, "Forgive your enemies." I say, "I do;" but he says, "I will damn mine." God should be consistent. If he wants me to forgive my enemies he should forgive his. I am asked to forgive enemies who can hurt me. God is only asked to forgive enemies who cannot hurt him. He certainly ought to be as generous as he asks us to be. And I want no God to forgive me unless I am willing to forgive others, and unless I do forgive others. All I ask, if that be true, is that this God should act according to his own doctrine. If I am to forgive my enemies, I ask him to forgive his. I do not believe in the religion of faith, but of kindness, of good deeds. The idea that man is responsible for his belief is at the bottom of religious intolerance and persecution.

How inconsistent these Christians are! In St. Louis the other day I read an interview with a Christian minister—one who is now holding a revival. They call him the boy preacher—a name that he has borne for fifty or sixty years. The question was whether in these revivals, when they were trying to rescue souls from eternal torture, they would allow colored people to occupy seats with white people; and that revivalist, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, said he would not allow the colored people to sit with white people; they must go to the back of the church. These same Christians tell us that in heaven there will be no distinction. That Christ cares nothing for the color of the skin. That in Paradise white and black will sit together, swap harps, and cry hallelujah in chorus; yet this minister, believing as he says he does, that all men who fail to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ will eternally perish, was not willing that a colored man should sit by a white man and hear the gospel of everlasting peace.

According to this revivalist, the ship of the world is going down; Christ is the only life-boat; and yet he is not willing that a colored man, with a soul to save, shall sit by the side of a white brother, and be rescued from eternal death. He admits that the white brother is totally depraved; that if the white brother had justice done him he would be damned; that it is only through the wonderful mercy of God that the white man is not in hell; and yet such a being, totally depraved, is too good to sit by a colored man! Total depravity becomes arrogant; total depravity draws the color line in religion, and an ambassador of Christ says to the black man, "Stand away; let your white brother hear first about the love of God."

I believe in the religion of humanity. It is far better to love our fellow-men than to love God. We can help them. We cannot help him. We had better do what we can than to be always pretending to do what we cannot.

Virtue is of no color; kindness, justice and love, of no complexion.

Eternal Punishment.

Now I come to the last part of this creed—the doctrine of eternal punishment. I have concluded that I will never deliver a lecture in which I will not attack the doctrine of eternal pain. That part of the Congregational creed would disgrace the lowest savage that crouches and crawls in the jungles of Africa. The man who now, in the nineteenth century, preaches the doctrine of eternal punishment, the doctrine of an eternal hell, has lived in vain. Think of that doctrine! The eternity of punishment! I find in this same creed—in this latest utterance of Congregationalism—that Christ is finally going to triumph in this world and establish his kingdom. This creed declares that "we believe in the ultimate prevalence of the kingdom of God over all the earth." If their doctrine is true he will never triumph in the other world. The Congregational Church does not believe in the ultimate prevalence of the kingdom of Christ in the world to come. There he is to meet with eternal failure. He will have billions in hell forever.

In this world we never will be perfectly civilized as long as a gallows casts its shadow upon the earth. As long as there is a penitentiary, within the walls of which a human being is immured, we are not a perfectly civilized people. We shall never be perfectly civilized until we do away with crime. And yet, according to this Christian religion, God is to have an eternal penitentiary; he is to be an everlasting jailer, an everlasting turnkey, a warden of an infinite dungeon, and he is going to keep prisoners there forever, not for the purpose of reforming them—because they are never going to get any better, only worse—but for the purpose of purposeless punishment. And for what? For something they failed to believe in this world. Born in ignorance, supported by poverty, caught in the snares of temptation, deformed by toil, stupefied by want—and yet held responsible through the countless ages of eternity! No man can think of a greater horror; no man can dream of a greater absurdity. For the growth of that doctrine ignorance was soil and fear was rain. It came from the fanged mouths of serpents, and yet it is called "glad tidings of great joy." Some Who are Damned.

We are told "God so loved the world" that he is going to damn almost everybody. If this orthodox religion be true, some of the greatest, and grandest, and best who ever lived are suffering God's torments to-night. It does not appear to make much difference with the members of the church. They go right on enjoying themselves about as well as ever. If this doctrine is true, Benjamin Franklin, one of the wisest and best of men, who did so much to give us here a free government, is suffering the tyranny of God to-night, although he endeavored to establish freedom among men. If the churches were honest, their preachers would tell their hearers: "Benjamin Franklin is in hell, and we warn all the youth not to imitate Benjamin Franklin. Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, with its self-evident truths, has been damned these many years."

That is what all the ministers ought to have the courage to say. Talk as you believe. Stand by your creed, or change it. I want to impress it upon your minds, because the thing I wish to do in this world is to put out the fires of hell. I will keep on as long as

there is one little red coal left in the bottomless pit. As long as the ashes are warm I shall denounce this infamous doctrine.

I want you to know that according to this creed the men who founded this great and splendid Government are in hell to-night. Most of the men who fought in the Revolutionary war, and wrested from the clutch of Great Britain this continent, have been rewarded by the eternal wrath of God. Thousands of the old Revolutionary soldiers are in torment tonight. Let the preachers have the courage to say so. The men who fought in 1812, and gave to the United States the freedom of the seas, have nearly all been damned. Thousands of heroes who served our country in the Civil war, hundreds who starved in prisons, are now in the dungeons of God, compared with which, Andersonville was Paradise. The greatest of heroes are there; the greatest of poets, the greatest scientists, the men who have made the world beautiful—they are all among the damned if this creed is true.

Humboldt, who shed light, and who added to the intellectual wealth of mankind; Goethe, and Schiller, and Lessing, who almost created the German language—all gone—all suffering the wrath of God tonight, and every time an angel thinks of one of those men he gives his harp an extra twang. Laplace, who read the heavens like an open book—he is there. Robert Burns, the poet of human love—he is there. He wrote the "Prayer of Holy Willie." He fastened on the cross the Presbyterian creed, and there it is, a lingering crucifixion. Robert Burns increased the tenderness of the human heart. Dickens put a shield of pity before the flesh of childhood—God is getting even with him. Our own Ralph Waldo Emerson, although he had a thousand opportunities to hear Methodist clergymen, scorned the means of grace, lived to his highest ideal, gave to his fellow-men his best and truest thought, and yet his spirit is the sport and prey of fiends to-night.

Longfellow, who has refined thousands of homes, did not believe in the miraculous origin of the Savior, doubted the report of Gabriel, loved his fellow-men, did what he could to free the slaves, to increase the happiness of man, yet God was waiting for his soul—waiting to cast him out and down forever. Thomas Paine, author of the "Rights of Man;" offering his life in both hemispheres for the freedom of the human race; one of the founders of this Republic, is now among the damned; and yet it seems to me that if he could only get God's attention long enough to point him to the American flag he would let him out. Auguste Comte, author of the "Positive Philosophy," who loved his fellow-men to that degree that he made of humanity a god, who wrote his great work in poverty, with his face covered with tears—they are getting their revenge on him now.

Voltaire, who abolished torture in France; who did more for human liberty than any other man, living or dead; who was the assassin of superstition, and whose dagger still rusts in the heart of Catholicism—he is with the rest. All the priests who have been translated have had their happiness increased by looking at Voltaire.

Giordano Bruno, the first star of the morning after the long night; Benedict Spinoza, the pantheist, the metaphysician, the pure and generous man; Diderot, the encyclopedist, who endeavored to get all knowledge in a small compass, so that he could put the peasant on an equality intellectually with the prince; Diderot, who wished to sow all over the world the seed of knowledge, and loved to labor for mankind, while the priests wanted to burn; who did all he could to put out the fires—he was lost, long, long ago. His cry for water has become so common that his voice is

now recognized through all the realms of heaven, and the angels laughing, say to one another, “That is Diderot.”

David Hume, the Scotch philosopher, is there, with his inquiry about the “Human Understanding” and his argument against miracles. Beethoven, master of music, and Wagner, the Shakespeare of harmony, who made the air of this world rich forever, they are there; and to-night they have better music in hell than in heaven!

Shelley, whose soul, like his own “Skylark,” was a winged joy, has been damned for many, many years; and Shakespeare, the greatest of the human race, who did more to elevate mankind than all the priests who ever lived and died, he is there; but founders of inquisitions, builders of dungeons, makers of chains, inventors of instruments of torture, tearers, and burners, and branders of human flesh, stealers of babes, and sellers of husbands and wives and children, and they who kept the horizon lurid with the fagot’s flame for a thousand years—are in heaven to-night. I wish heaven joy!

That is the doctrine with which we are polluting the souls of children. That is the doctrine that puts a fiend by the dying bed and a prophecy of hell over every cradle. That is “glad tidings of great joy.”

Only a little while ago, when the great flood came upon the Ohio, sent by him who is ruling the world and paying particular attention to the affairs of nations, just in the gray of the morning they saw a house floating down and on its top a human being. A few men went out to the rescue. They found there a woman, a mother, and they wished to save her life. She said: “No, I am going to stay where I am. In this house I have three dead babes; I will not desert them.” Think of a love so limitless—stronger and deeper than despair and death! And yet, the Christian religion says, that if that woman, that mother, did not happen to believe in their creed God would send her soul to eternal fire! If there is another world, and if in heaven they wear hats, when such a woman climbs the opposite bank of the Jordan, Christ should lift his to her.

The doctrine of eternal pain is my trouble with this Christian religion. I reject it on account of its infinite heartlessness. I cannot tell them too often, that during our last war Christians, who knew that if they were shot they would go right to heaven, went and hired wicked men to take their places, perfectly willing that these men should go to hell provided they could stay at home. You see they are not honest in it, or they do not believe it, or as the people say, “they don’t sense it.” They have not imagination enough to conceive what it is they believe, and what a terrific falsehood they assert. And I beg of every one who hears me to-night, I beg, I implore, I beseech you, never to give another dollar to build a church in which that lie is preached. Never give another cent to send a missionary with his mouth stuffed with that falsehood to a foreign land. Why, they say, the heathen will go to heaven, any way, if you let them alone. What is the use of sending them to hell by enlightening them? Let them alone. The idea of going and telling a man a thing that if he does not believe, he will be damned, when the chances are ten to one that he will not believe it, is monstrous. Do not tell him here, and as quick as he gets to the other world and finds it is necessary to believe, he can say “Yes.” Give him a chance.

Another Objection.

My objection to orthodox religion is that it destroys human love, and tells us that the love of this world is not necessary to make a heaven in the next.

No matter about your wife, your children, your brother, your sister—no matter about all the affections of the human heart—when you get there, you will be with the angels. I do not know whether I would like the angels. I do not know whether the angels would like me. I would rather stand by the ones who have loved me and whom I know; and I can conceive of no heaven without the loved of this earth. That is the trouble with this Christian relief-ion. Leave your father, leave your mother, leave your wife, leave your children, leave everything and follow Jesus Christ. I will not. I will stay with my people. I will not sacrifice on the altar of a selfish fear all the grandest and noblest promptings of my heart.

Do away with human love and what are we? What would we be in another world, and what would we be here? Can any one conceive of music without human love? Of art, or joy? Human love builds every home. Human love is the author of all beauty. Love paints every picture, and chisels every statue. Love builds every fireside. What could heaven be without human love? And yet that is what we are promised—a heaven with your wife lost, your mother lost, some of your children gone. And you expect to be made happy by falling in with some angel! Such a religion is infamous. Christianity holds human love for naught; and yet Love is the only bow on Life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart—builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody—for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it, earth is heaven, and we are gods.

And how are you to get to this heaven? On the efforts of another. You are to be a perpetual heavenly pauper, and you will have to admit through all eternity that you never would have been there if you had not been frightened. "I am here," you will say, "I have these wings, I have this musical instrument, because I was scared. I am here. The ones who loved me are among the damned; the ones I loved are also there—but I am here, that is enough."

What a glorious' world heaven must be! No reformation in that world—not the slightest. If you die in Arkansas that is the end of you! Think of telling a boy in the next world, who lived and died in Delaware, that he had been fairly treated! Can anything be more infamous?

All on an equality—the rich and the poor, those with parents loving them, those with every opportunity for education, on an equality with the poor, the abject and the ignorant—and this little day called life, this moment with a hope, a shadow and a tear, this little space between your mother's arms and the grave, balances eternity.

God can do nothing for you when you get there. A Methodist preacher can do more for the soul here than its creator can there. The soul goes to heaven, where there is nothing but good society; no bad examples; and they are all there, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and yet they can do nothing for that poor unfortunate except to damn him. Is there any sense in that?

Why should this be a period of probation? It says in the Bible, I believe, "Now is the accepted time." When does that mean? That means whenever the passage is pronounced. "Now is the accepted time." It will be the same to-morrow, will it not?

And just as appropriate then as to-day, and if appropriate at any time, appropriate through all eternity.

What I say is this: There is no world—there can be no world—in which every human being will not have the eternal opportunity of doing right.

That is my objection to this Christian religion; and if the love of earth is not the love of heaven, if those we love here are to be separated from us there, then I want eternal sleep. Give me a good cool grave rather than the furnace of Jehovah's wrath. I pray the angel of the resurrection to let me sleep. Gabriel, do not blow! Let me alone! If, when the grave bursts, I am not to meet the faces that have been my sunshine in this life, let me sleep. Rather than that this doctrine of endless punishment should be true, I would gladly see the fabric of our civilization crumbling fall to unmeaning chaos and to formless dust, where oblivion broods and even memory forgets. I would rather that the blind Samson of some imprisoned force, released by chance, should so wreck and strand the mighty world that man in stress and strain of want and fear should shudderingly crawl back to savage and barbaric night. I would rather that every planet should in its orbit wheel a barren star!

What I Believe.

I think it is better to love your children than to love God, a thousand times better, because you can help them, and I am inclined to think that God can get along without you. Certainly we cannot help a being without body, parts, or passions!

I believe in the religion of the family. I believe that the roof-tree is sacred, from the smallest fibre that feels the soft cool clasp of earth, to the topmost flower that spreads its bosom to the sun, and like a spendthrift gives its perfume to the air. The home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all the world. And I tell you God cannot afford to damn a man in the next world who has made a happy family in this. God cannot afford to cast over the battlements of heaven the man who has a happy home upon this earth. God cannot afford to be unpitying to a human heart capable of pity. God cannot clothe with fire the man who has clothed the naked here; and God cannot send to eternal pain a man who has done something toward improving the condition of his fellow-man. If he can, I had rather go to hell than to heaven and keep the company of such a god.

Immortality.

They tell me that the next terrible thing I do is to take away the hope of immortality! I do not, I would not, I could not. Immortality was first dreamed of by human love; and yet the church is going to take human love out of immortality. We love, therefore we wish to live. A loved one dies and we wish to meet again; and from the affection of the human heart grew the great oak of the hope of immortality. Around that oak has climbed the poisonous vines of superstition. Theologians, pretenders, soothsayers, parsons, priests, popes, bishops, have taken advantage of that. They have stood by graves and promised heaven. They have stood by graves and prophesied a future filled with pain. They have erected their toll-gates on the highway of life and have collected money from fear.

Neither the Bible nor the church gave us the idea of immortality. The Old Testament tells us how we lost immortality, and it does not say a word about another world, from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi. There is not in the Old Testament a burial service.

No man in the Old Testament stands by the dead and says, “We shall meet again.” From the top of Sinai came no hope of another world.

And when we get to the New Testament, what do we find? “They that are accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection of the dead.” As though some would be counted unworthy to obtain the resurrection of the dead. And in another place. “Seek for honor, glory, immortality.” If you have it, why seek it? And in another place, “God, who alone hath immortality.” Yet they tell us that we get our idea of immortality from the Bible. I deny it.

I would not destroy the faintest ray of human hope, but I deny that we got our idea of immortality from the Bible. It existed long before Moses. We find it symbolized through all Egypt, through all India. Wherever man has lived he has made another world in which to meet the lost of this.

The history of this belief we find in tombs and temples wrought and carved by those who wept and hoped. Above their dead they laid the symbols of another life.

We do not know. We do not prophesy a life of pain. We leave the dead with Nature, the mother of us all. Under the bow of hope, under the seven-hued arch, let the dead sleep.

If Christ was in fact God, why did he not plainly say there is another life? Why did he not tell us something about it? Why did he not turn the tear-stained hope of immortality into the glad knowledge of another life? Why did he go dumbly to his death and leave the world in darkness and in doubt? Why? Because he was a man and did not know.

What consolation has the orthodox religion for the widow of the unbeliever, the widow of a good, brave, kind man? What can the orthodox minister say to relieve the bursting heart of that woman? What can he say to relieve the aching hearts of the orphans as they kneel by the grave of that father, if that father did not happen to be an orthodox Christian? What consolation have they? When a Christian loses a friend the tears spring from his eyes as quickly as from the eyes of others. Their tears are as bitter as ours. Why? The echoes of the words spoken eighteen hundred years ago are so low, and the sounds of the clods upon the coffin are so loud; the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near.

We do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings; the rise or the set of a sun, or an endless life that brings the rapture of love to everyone. A Fable.

There is the fable of Orpheus and Eurydice. Eurydice had been captured and taken to the infernal regions, and Orpheus went after her, taking with him his harp and playing as he went. When he came to Pluto’s realm he began to play, and Sysiphus, charmed by the music, sat down upon the stone that he had been heaving up the mountain’s side for so many years, and which continually rolled back upon him; Ixion paused upon his wheel of fire; Tantalus ceased his vain efforts for water; the daughters of the Danaides left off trying to fill their sieves with water; Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of hell the cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears. The god relented, and said, “Eurydice may go with you, but you must not look back.” So Orpheus again threaded the caverns, playing as he went, and as he reached the light he failed to hear the footsteps of Eurydice. He looked back, and in a moment

she was gone. Again and again Orpheus sought his love. Again and again looked back.

This fable gives the idea of the perpetual effort made by the human mind to rescue truth from the clutch of error.

Some time Orpheus will not look back. Some day Eurydice will reach the blessed light, and at last there will fade from the memory of men the monsters of superstition.

Myth And Miracle

I.

HAPPINESS is the true end and aim of life. It is the task of intelligence to ascertain the conditions of happiness, and when found the truly wise will live in accordance with them. By happiness is meant not simply the joy of eating and drinking—the gratification of the appetite—but good, wellbeing, in the highest and noblest forms. The joy that springs from obligation discharged, from duty done, from generous acts, from being true to the ideal, from a perception of the beautiful in nature, art and conduct. The happiness that is born of and gives birth to poetry and music, that follows the gratification of the highest wants.

Happiness is the result of all that is really right and sane.

But there are many people who regard the desire to be happy as a very low and degrading ambition. These people call themselves spiritual. They pretend to care nothing for the pleasures of "sense." They hold this world, this life, in contempt. They do not want happiness in this world—but in another. Here, happiness degrades—there, it purifies and ennobles.

These spiritual people have been known as prophets, apostles, augurs, hermits, monks, priests, popes, bishops and parsons. They are devout and useless. They do not cultivate the soil. They produce nothing. They live on the labor of others. They are pious and parasitic. They pray for others, if the others will work for them. They claim to have been selected by the Infinite to instruct and govern mankind. They are "meek" and arrogant, "long-suffering" and revengeful.

They ever have been, now are, and always will be the enemies of liberty, of investigation and science. They are believers in the supernatural, the miraculous and the absurd. They have filled the world with hatred, bigotry and fear. In defence of their creeds they have committed every crime and practiced every cruelty.

They denounce as worldly and sensual those who are gross enough to love wives and children, to build homes, to fell the forests, to navigate the seas, to cultivate the earth, to chisel statues, to paint pictures and fill the world with love and art.

They have denounced and maligned the thinkers, the poets, the dramatists, the composers, the actors, the orators, the workers—those who have conquered the world for man.

According to them this world is only the vestibule of the next, a kind of school, an ordeal, a place of probation. They have always insisted that this life should be spent in preparing for the next; that those who supported and obeyed the "spiritual guides"—the shepherds, would be rewarded with an eternity of joy, and that all others would suffer eternal pain.

These spiritual people have always hated labor. They have added nothing to the wealth of the world. They have always lived on alms—on the labor of others. They have always been the enemies of innocent pleasure, and of human love.

These spiritual people have produced a literature. The books they have written are called sacred. Our sacred books are called the Bible. The Hindoos have the Vedas and

many others, the Persians the Zend Avesta—the Egyptians had the Book of the Dead—the Aztecs the Popol Vuh, and the Mohammedans have the Koran.

These books, for the most part, treat of the unknowable. They describe gods and winged phantoms of the air. They give accounts of the origin of the universe, the creation of man and the worlds beyond this. They contain nothing of value. Millions and millions of people have wasted their lives studying these absurd and ignorant books.

The "spiritual people" in each country claimed that their books had been written by inspired men—that God was the real author, and that all men and women who denied this would be, after death, tormented forever.

And yet, the worldly people, the uninspired, the wicked, have produced a far greater literature than the spiritual and the inspired.

Not all the sacred books of the world equal Shakespeare's "volume of the brain." A purer philosophy, grander, nobler, fell from the lips of Shakespeare's clowns than the Old Testament, or the New, contains.

The Declaration of Independence is nobler far than all the utterances from Sinai's cloud and flame. "A Man's a Man for a' That," by Robert Burns, is better than anything the sacred books contain. For my part, I would rather hear Beethoven's Sixth Symphony than to read the five books of Moses. Give me the Sixth Symphony—this sound-wrought picture of the fields and woods, of flowering hedge and happy home, where thrushes build and swallows fly, and mothers sing to babes; this echo of the babbled lullaby of brooks that, dallying, wind and fall where meadows bare their daisied bosoms to the sun; this joyous mimicry of summer rain, the laugh of children, and the rhythmic rustle of the whispering leaves; this strophe of peasant life; this perfect poem of content and love.

I would rather listen to Tristan and Isolde—that Mississippi of melody—where the great notes, winged like eagles, lift the soul above the cares and griefs of this weary world—than to all the orthodox sermons ever preached. I would rather look at the Venus de Milo than to read the Presbyterian creed.

The spiritual have endeavored to civilize the world through fear and faith—by the promise of reward and the threat of pain in other worlds. They taught men to hate and persecute their fellow-men. In all ages they have appealed to force. During all the years they have practiced fraud. They have pretended to have influence with the gods—that their prayers gave rain, sunshine and harvest—that their curses brought pestilence and famine, and that their blessings filled the world with plenty. They have subsisted on the fears their falsehoods created. Like poisonous vines, they have lived on the oak of labor. They have praised charity, but they never gave. They have denounced revenge, but they never forgave.

Whenever the spiritual have had power, art has died, learning has languished, science has been despised, liberty destroyed, the thinkers have been imprisoned, the intelligent and honest have been outcasts, and the brave have been murdered.

The "spiritual" have been, are, and always will be the enemies of the human race.

For all the blessings that we now enjoy—for progress in every form, for science and art—for all that has lengthened life, that has conquered disease, that has lessened pain, for raiment, roof and food, for music in its highest forms—for the poetry that has ennobled and enriched our lives—for the marvellous machines now working for

the world—for all this we are indebted to the worldly—to those who turned their attention to the affairs of this life. They have been the only benefactors of our race.

II.

AND yet all of these religions—these "sacred books," these priests, have been naturally produced. From the dens and caves of savagery to the palaces of civilization men have traveled by the necessary paths and roads. Back of every step has been the efficient cause. In the history of the world there has been no chance, no interference from without, nothing miraculous. Everything in accordance with and produced by the facts in nature.

We need not blame the hypocritical and cruel. They thought and acted as they were compelled to think and act.

In all ages man has tried to account for himself and his surroundings. He did the best he could. He wondered why the water ran, why the trees grew, why the clouds floated, why the stars shone, why the sun and moon journeyed through the heavens. He was troubled about life and death, about darkness and dreams. The seas, the volcanoes, the lightning and thunder, the earthquake and cyclone, filled him with fear. Behind all life and growth and motion, and even inanimate things, he placed a spirit—an intelligent being—a fetich, a person, something like himself—a god, controlled by love and hate. To him causes and effects became gods—supernatural beings. The Dawn was a maiden, wondrously fair, the Sun, a warrior and lover; the Night, a serpent, a wolf—the Wind, a musician; Winter, a wild beast; Autumn, Proserpine gathering flowers.

Poets were the makers of these myths. They were the first to account for what they saw and felt. The great multitude mistook these fancies for facts. Myths strangely alike, were produced by most nations, and gradually took possession of the world.

The Sleeping Beauty, a myth of the year, has been found among most peoples. In this myth, the Earth was a maiden—the Sun was her lover, She had fallen asleep in winter. Her blood was still and her breath had gone. In the Spring the lover came, clasped her in his arms, covered her lips and cheeks with kisses. She was thrilled, her heart began to beat, she breathed, her blood flowed, and she awoke to love and joy. This myth has made the circuit of the globe.

So, Red Riding-Hood is the history of a day. Little Red Riding-Hood—the morning, touched with red, goes to visit her kindred, a day that is past. She is attacked by the wolf of night and is rescued by the hunter, Apollo, who pierces the heart of the beast with an arrow of light.

The beautiful myth of Orpheus and Eurydice is the story of the year. Eurydice has been captured and carried to the infernal world. Orpheus, playing upon his harp, goes after her. Such is the effect of his music when he reaches the realm of Pluto, the laughterless, that Tantalus ceases his efforts to slake his thirst. He listens and forgets his withered lips, the daughters of the Danaides cease their vain efforts to fill the sieve with water, Sisyphus sits down on the stone that he so often had heaved against the mountain's misty side, Ixion pauses upon his wheel of fire, even Pluto smiles, and for the first time in the history of hell the cheeks of the Furies are wet with tears.

"Give me back Eurydice," cried Orpheus, and Pluto said: "Take her, but look not back." Orpheus led the way and Eurydice followed. Just as he reached the upper world, he missed her footsteps, turned, looked, and she vanished.

And thus the summer comes, is lost, and comes again through all the years.

So, our ancestors believed in the Garden of Eden, in the Golden Age, in the blessed time when all were good and pure—when nature satisfied the wants of all. The race, like the old man, has golden dreams of youth. The morning was filled with light and life and joy, and the evening is always sad. When the old man was young, girls were beautiful and men were honest. He remembers his Eden. And so the whole world has had its age of gold.

Our fathers were believers in the Elysian Fields. They were in the far, far West. They saw them at the setting of the sun. They saw the floating isles of gold in sapphire seas; the templed mist with spires and domes of emerald and amethyst; the magic caverns of the clouds, resplendent with the rays of every gem. And as they looked, they thought the curtain had been drawn aside and that their eyes had for a moment feasted on the glories of another world.

The myth of the Flood has also been universal. Finding shells of the seas on plain and mountain, and everywhere some traces of the waves, they thought the world had been submerged—that God in wrath had drowned the race, except a few his mercy saved.

The Hindus say that Menu, a holy man, dipped from the Ganges some water, and in the basin saw a little fish. The fish begged him to throw him back into the river, and Menu, having pity, cast him back. The fish then told Menu that there was to be a flood—told him to build an ark, to take on board, people, animals and food, and that when the flood came, he, the fish, would save him. The saint did as he was told, the flood came, the fish returned. By that time he had grown to be a whale with a horn in his head. About this horn Menu fastened a rope, attached the other end to the ark, and the fish towed the boat across the raging waves to a mountain's top, where it rested until the waters subsided. The name of this wonderful fish was Matsaya.

Many other nations told similar stories of floods and arks and the sending forth of doves.

In all these myths and legends of the past we find philosophies and dreams and efforts, stained with tears, of great and tender souls who tried to pierce the mysteries of life and death, to answer the questions of the whence and whither, and who vainly sought with bits of shattered glass to make a mirror that would in very truth reflect the face and form of Nature's perfect self. These myths were born of hopes and fears, of tears and smiles, and they were touched and colored by all there is of joy and grief between the rosy dawn of birth and death's sad night. They clothed even the stars with passion, and gave to gods the faults and frailties of the sons of men. In them the winds and waves were music, and all the springs, the mountains, woods and perfumed dells were haunted by a thousand fairy forms. They thrilled the veins of Spring with tremulous desire, made tawny Summer's billowy breast the throne and home of love, filled Autumn's arms with sun-kissed grapes and gathered sheaves, and pictured Winter as a weak old king, who felt, like Lear, upon his withered face, Cordelia's tears.

These myths, though false in fact, are beautiful and true in thought, and have for many ages and in countless ways enriched the heart and kindled thought.

III.

IN all probability the first religion was Sun-worship. Nothing could have been more natural. Light was life and warmth and love. The sun was the fireside of the world.

The sun was the “all-seeing”—the “Sky Father.” Darkness was grief and death, and in the shadows crawled the serpents of despair and fear.

The sun was a great warrior, fighting the hosts of Night. Apollo was the sun, and he fought and conquered the serpent of Night. Agni, the generous, who loved the lowliest and visited the humblest, was the sun. He was the god of fire, and the crossed sticks that by friction leaped into flame were his emblem. It was said that, in spite of his goodness, he devoured his father and mother, the two pieces of wood being his parents. Baldur was the sun. He was in love with the Dawn—a maiden—he deserted her and traveled through the heavens alone. At the twilight they met, were reconciled, and the drops of dew were the tears of joy they shed.

Chrishna was the sun. At his birth the Ganges thrilled from its source to the sea. All the trees, the dead as well as the living, burst into leaf and bud and flower.

Hercules was a sun-god.

Jonah the same, rescued from the fiends of Night and carried by the fish through the under world. Samson was a sun-god. His strength was in his hair—in his beams. He was shorn of his strength by Delilah, the shadow—the darkness. So, Osiris, Bacchus, Mithra, Hermes, Buddha, Quelzalcoatle, Prometheus, Zoroaster, Perseus, Codom Lao-tsze Fo-hi, Horus and Rameses were all sun-gods.

All these gods had gods for fathers and all their mothers were virgins.

The births of nearly all were announced by stars.

When they were born there was celestial music—voices declared that a blessing had come upon the earth.

When Buddha was born, the celestial choir sang: “This day is born for the good of men Buddha, and to dispel the darkness of their ignorance—to give joy and peace to the world.”

Chrishna was born in a cave, and protected by shepherds. Bacchus, Apollo, Mithra and Hermes were all born in caves. Buddha was born in an inn—according to some, under a tree.

Tyrants sought to kill all of these gods when they were babes.

When Chrishna was born, a tyrant killed the babes of the neighborhood.

Buddha was the child of Maya, a virgin, in the kingdom of Madura. The king arrested Maya before the child was born, imprisoned her in a tower. During the night when the child was born, a great wind wrecked the tower, and carried mother and child to a place of safety. The next morning the king sent his soldiers to kill the babes, and when they came to Buddha and his mother, the babe appeared to be about twelve years of age, and the soldiers passed on.

So Typhon sought in many ways to destroy the babe Horus. The king pursued the infant Zoroaster. Cadmus tried to kill the infant Bacchus.

All of these gods were born on the 25th of December.

Nearly all were worshiped by “wise men.”

All of them fasted for forty days.

All met with a violent death.

All rose from the dead.

The history of these gods is the history of our Christ. He had a god for a father, a virgin for a mother. He was born in a manger, or a cave—on the 2 5th of December. His birth was announced by angels. He was worshiped by wise men, guided by a star. Herod, seeking his life, caused the death of many babes. Christ fasted for forty days. So, it rained for forty days before the flood—Moses was on Mt. Sinai for forty days. The temple had forty pillars and the Jews wandered in the wilderness for forty years. Christ met with a violent death, and rose from the dead.

These things are not accidents—not coincidences. Christ was a sun-god. All religions have been born of sun-worship. To-day, when priests pray, they shut their eyes. This is a survival of sun-worship. When men worshiped the sun, they had to shut their eyes. Afterwards, to flatter idols, they pretended that the glory of their faces was more than the eyes could bear.

In the religion of our day there is nothing original. All of its doctrines, its symbols and ceremonies are but the survivals of creeds that perished long ago. Baptism is far older than Christianity—than Judaism. The Hindus, the Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans had holy water. The eucharist was borrowed from the Pagans. Ceres was the goddess of the fields, Bacchus the god of the vine. At the harvest festival they made cakes of wheat and said: “These are the flesh of the goddess.” They drank wine and cried: “This is the blood of our god.”

The cross has been a symbol for many thousands of years. It was a symbol of immortality—of life, of the god Agni, the form of the grave of a man. An ancient people of Italy, who lived long before the Romans, long before the Etruscans, so long that not one word of their language is known, used the cross, and beneath that emblem, carved on stone, their dead still rest. In the forests of Central America, ruined temples have been found, and on the walls the cross with the bleeding victim. On Babylonian cylinders is the impression of the cross. The Trinity came from Egypt. Osiris, Isis and Horus were worshiped thousands of years before our Father, Son and Holy Ghost were thought of. So the Tree of Life grew in India, China and among the Aztecs long before the Garden of Eden was planted. Long before our Bible was known, other nations had their sacred books, temples and altars, sacrifices, ceremonies and priests. The “Fall of Man” is far older than our religion, and so are the “Atonement” and the Scheme of Redemption.

In our blessed religion there is nothing new, nothing original.

Among the Egyptians the cross was a symbol of the life to come. And yet the first religion was, and all religions growing out of that, were naturally produced. Every brain was a field in which Nature sowed the seeds of thought. The rise and set of sun, the birth and death of day, the dawns of silver and the dusks of gold, the wonders of the rain and snow, the shroud of Winter and the many colored robe of Spring, the lonely moon with nightly loss or gain, the serpent lightning and the thunder’s voice, the tempest’s fury and the zephyr’s sigh, the threat of storm and promise of the bow, cathedral clouds with dome and spire, earthquake and strange eclipse, frost and fire, the snow-crowned mountains with their tongues of flame, the fields of space sown thick with stars, the wandering comets hurrying past the fixed and sleepless sentinels of night, the marvels of the earth and air, the perfumed flower, the painted wing, the waveless pool that held within its magic breast the image of the startled face, the mimic echo that made a record in the viewless air, the pathless forests and the boundless seas, the ebb and flow of tides—the slow, deep breathing of some vague and monstrous life—the miracle of birth, the mystery of dream and death, and over

all the silent and immeasurable dome. These were the warp and woof, and at the loom sat Love and Fancy, Hope and Fear, and wove the wondrous tapestries whereon we find pictures of gods and fairy lands and all the legends that were told when Nature rocked the cradle of the infant world.

IV.

WE must remember that there is a great difference. Myth is the idealization of a fact. A miracle is the counterfeit of a fact. There is the same difference between a myth and a miracle that there is between fiction and falsehood—between poetry and perjury. Miracles belong to the far past and the far future. The little line of sand, called the present, between the seas, belongs to common sense, to the natural.

If you should tell a man that the dead were raised two thousand years ago, he would probably say: "Yes, I know that." If you should say that a hundred thousand years from now all the dead will be raised, he might say: "Probably they will." But if you should tell him that you saw a dead man raised and given life that day, he would likely ask the name of the insane asylum from which you had escaped.

Our Bible is filled with accounts of miracles and yet they always fail to convince.

Jehovah, according to the Scriptures, wrought hundreds of miracles for the benefit of the Jews. With many miracles he rescued them from slavery, guided them on their journey with a miraculous cloud by day and a miraculous pillar of fire by night—divided the sea that they might escape from the Egyptians, fed them with miraculous manna and supernatural quails, raised up hornets to attack their enemies, caused water to follow them wherever they wandered and in countless ways manifested his power, and yet the Jews cared nothing for these wonders. Not one of them seems to have been convinced that Jehovah had done anything for the people.

In spite of all these miracles, the Jews had more confidence in a golden calf, made by themselves, than in Jehovah. The reason of this is, that the miracles were never performed, and never invented until hundreds of years after those, who had wandered over the desert of Sinai, were dust.

The miracles attributed to Christ had no effect. No human being seems to have been convinced by them. Those whom he raised from the dead, cured of leprosy, or blindness, failed to become his followers. Not one of them appeared at his trial. Not one offered to bear witness of his miraculous power.

To this there is but one explanation: The miracles were never performed. These stories were the growth of centuries. The casting out of devils, the changing of water into wine, feeding the multitude with a few loaves and fishes, resisting the devil, using a fish for a pocketbook, curing the blind with clay and saliva, stilling the tempest, walking on the water, the resurrection and ascension, happened and only happened, in the imaginations of men, who were not born until several generations after Christ was dead.

In those days the world was filled with ignorance and fear. Miracles happened every day. The supernatural was expected. Gods were continually interfering with the affairs of this world. Everything was told except the truth, everything believed except the facts. History was a circumstantial account of occurrences that never occurred. Devils and goblins and ghosts were as plentiful as saints. The bones of the dead were used to cure the living. Cemeteries were hospitals and corpses were physicians. The saints practiced magic, the pious communed with God in dreams, and the course of events was changed by prayer. The credulous demanded the marvelous, the

miraculous, and the priests supplied the demand. The sky was full of signs, omens of death and disaster, and the darkness thick with devils endeavoring to mislead and enslave the souls of men.

Our fathers thought that everything had been made for man, and that demons and gods gave their entire attention to this world. The people believed that they were the sport and prey, the favorites or victims, of these phantoms. And they also believed that the Creator, the God, could be influenced by sacrifice, by prayers and ceremonies.

This has been the mistake of the world. All the temples have been reared, all the altars erected, all the sacrifices offered, all the prayers uttered in vain. No god has interfered, no prayer has been answered, no help received from heaven. Nothing was created, nothing has happened for, or with reference to man. If not a human being lived,—if all Were in' their graves, the sun would continue to shine, the wheeling world would still pursue its flight, violets would spread their velvet bosoms to the day, the spendthrift roses give their perfume to the air, the climbing vines would hide with leaf and flower the fallen and the dead, the changing seasons would come-and go,-time would repeat the poem of the year, storms would wreck and whispering rains repair, Spring with deft and unseen hands would weave her robes of green, life with countless lips would seek fair Summer's swelling breasts, Autumn would reap the wealth of leaf and fruit and seed, Winter, the artist, would etch in frost the pines and ferns, while Wind and Wave and Fire, old architects, with ceaseless toil would still destroy and build, still wreck and change, and from the dust of death produce again the throb and breath of life.

V.

A FEW years ago a few men began to think, to investigate, to reason. They began to doubt the legends of the church, the miracles of the past. They began to notice what happened. They found that eclipses came at certain intervals and that their coming could be foretold. They became satisfied that the conduct of men had nothing to do with eclipses—and that the stars moved in their orbits unconscious of the sons of men. Galileo, Copernicus, and Kepler' destroyed the astronomy of the Bible, and demonstrated that the "inspired" story of creation could not be true, and that the church was as ignorant as the priests were dishonest.

They found that the myth-makers were mistaken, that the sun and stars did not revolve about the earth, that the firmament was not solid, that the earth was not flat, and that the so-called philosophy of the theologians was absurd and idiotic.

The stars became witnesses against the creeds of superstition.

With the telescope the heavens were explored. The New Jerusalem could not be found.

It had faded away.

The church persecuted the astronomers and denied the facts. In February, in the year of grace sixteen hundred, the Catholic Church, the "Triumphant Beast," having in her hands, her paws, the keys of heaven and hell, accused Giordano Bruno of having declared that there were other worlds than this. He was tried, convicted, imprisoned in a dungeon for seven years. He was offered his liberty if he would recant. Bruno, the atheist, the philosopher, refused to stain his soul by denying what he believed to be true. He was taken from his cell by the priests, by those who loved their enemies, led to the place of execution. He was clad in a robe on which representations of devils

had been painted—the devils that were soon to claim his soul. He was chained to a stake and about his body the wood was piled. Then priests, followers of Christ, lighted the fagots and flames consumed the greatest, the most perfect martyr, that ever suffered death.

And yet the Italian agent of God, the infallible Leo XIII., only a few years ago, denounced Bruno, the "bravest of the brave," as a coward.

The church murdered him, and the pope maligned his memory. Fagot and falsehood—two weapons of the church.

A little while ago a few men began to examine rocks and soils, mountains, islands, reefs and seas. They noticed the valleys and deltas that had been formed by rivers, the many strata of lava that had been changed to soil, the vast deposits of metals and coal, the immense reefs that the coral had formed, the work of glaciers in the far past, the production of soil by the disintegration of rock, by the growth and decay of vegetation and the countless evidences of the countless ages through which the Earth has passed. The geologists read the history of the world written by wave and flame, attested by fossils, by the formation of rocks, by mountain ranges, by volcanoes, by rivers, islands, continents and seas.

The geology of the Bible—of the "divinely inspired" church, of the "infallible" pope, was found to be utterly false and foolish.

The Earth became a witness against the creeds of superstition.

Then came Watt and Galvani with the miracles of steam and electricity, while countless inventors created the wonderful machines that do the work of the world. Investigation took the place of credulity. Men became dissatisfied with huts and rags, with crusts and creeds. They longed for the comforts, the luxuries of life. The intellectual horizon enlarged, new truths were discovered, old ideas were thrown aside, the brain was developed, the heart civilized and science was born. Humboldt, Laplace and hundreds of others explained the phenomena of nature, called attention to the ancient and venerable mistakes of sanctified ignorance and added to the sum of knowledge. Darwin and Haeckel gave their conclusions to the world. Men began to really think, the myths began to fade, the miracles to grow mean and small, and the great structure, known as theology, fell with a crash.

Science denies the truth of myth and miracle, denies that human testimony can substantiate the miraculous, denies the existence of the supernatural. Science asserts the absolute, the unvarying uniformity of nature. Science insists that the present is the child of all the past,—that no power can change the past, and that nature is forever the same.

The chemist has found that just so many atoms of one kind unite with just so many of another—no more, no less, always the same. No caprice in chemistry; no interference from without.

The astronomers know that the planets remain in their orbits—that their forces are constant. They know that light is forever the same, always obeying the angle of incidence, traveling with the same rapidity,—casting the same shadow, under the same circumstances in all worlds. They know that the eclipses will occur at the times foretold—neither hastening nor delaying. They know that the attraction of gravitation is always the same, always in perfect proportion to mass and distance, neither weaker nor stronger, unvarying forever. They know that the facts in nature cannot be changed or destroyed, and that the qualities of all things are eternal.

The men of science know that the atomic integrity of the metals is always the same, that each metal is true to its nature and that the particles cling to each other with the same tenacity,—the same force. They have demonstrated the persistence of force, that it is forever active, forever the same, and that it cannot be destroyed.

These great truths have revolutionized the thought of the world.

Every art, every employment, all study, all experiment, the value of experience, of judgment, of hope, all rest on a belief in the uniformity of nature, on the eternal persistence and indestructibility of force.

Break one link in the infinite chain of cause and effect, and the Master of Nature appears. The broken link would become the throne of a god.

The uniformity of Nature denies the supernatural and demonstrates that there is no interference from without. There is no place, no office left for gods. Ghosts fade from the brain and the shrivelled deities fall palsied from their thrones.

The uniformity of Nature renders a belief in "special providence" impossible. Prayer becomes a useless agitation of the air, and religious ceremonies are but motions, pantomimes, mindless and meaningless.

The naked savage, worshiping a wooden god, is the religious equal of the robed pope kneeling before an image of the Virgin. The poor African who carries roots and bark to protect himself from evil spirits is on the same intellectual plane of one who sprinkles his body with "holy water."

All the creeds of Christendom, all the religions of the heathen world are equally absurd. The cathedral, the mosque and the joss house have the same foundation. Their builders do not believe in the uniformity of Nature, and the business of all priests is to induce a so-called infinite being to change the order of events, to make causes barren of effects and to produce effects without, and in spite of, natural causes. They all believe in the unthinkable and pray for the impossible.

Science teaches us that there was no creation and that there can be no destruction. The infinite denies creation and defies destruction. An infinite person, an "infinite being" is an infinite impossibility. To conceive of such a being is beyond the power of the mind. Yet all religions rest upon the supposed existence of the unthinkable, the inconceivable. And the priests of these religions pretend to be perfectly familiar with the designs, will, and wishes of this unthinkable, this inconceivable.

Science teaches that that which really is has always been, that behind every effect is the efficient and necessary cause, that there is in the universe neither chance nor interference, and that energy is eternal. Day by day the authority of the theologian grows weaker and weaker. As the people become intelligent they care less for preachers and more for teachers. Their confidence in knowledge, in thought and investigation increases. They are eager to know the discoveries, the useful truths, the important facts made, ascertained and demonstrated by the explorers in the domain of the natural. They are no longer satisfied with the platitudes of the pulpit, and the assertions of theologians. They are losing confidence in the "sacred Scriptures" and in the protecting power and goodness of the supernatural. They are satisfied that credulity is not a virtue and that investigation is not a crime.

Science is the providence of man, the worker of true miracles, of real wonders. Science has "read a little in Nature's infinite book of secrecy." Science knows the circuits of the winds, the courses of the stars. Fire is his servant, and lightning his

messenger. Science freed the slaves and gave liberty to their masters. Science taught man to enchain, not his fellows, but the forces of nature, forces that have no backs to be scarred, no limbs for chains to chill and eat, forces that have no hearts to break, forces that never know fatigue, forces that shed no tears. Science is the great physician. His touch has given sight. He has made the lame to leap, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, and in the pallid face his hand has set the rose of health. Science has given his beloved sleep and wrapped in happy dreams the throbbing nerves of pain. Science is the destroyer of disease, builder of happy homes, the preserver of life and love. Science is the teacher of every virtue, the enemy of every vice. Science has given the true basis of morals, the origin and office of conscience, revealed the nature of obligation, of duty, of virtue in its highest, noblest forms, and has demonstrated that true happiness is the only possible good. Science has slain the monsters of superstition, and destroyed the authority of inspired books. Science has read the records of the rocks, records that priestcraft cannot change, and on his wondrous scales has weighed the atom and the star.

Science has founded the only true religion. Science is the only Savior of this world.

VI.

FOR many ages religion has been tried. For countless centuries man has sought for help from heaven. To soften the heart of God, mothers sacrificed their babes! but the God did not hear, did not see, and did not help. Naked savages were devoured by beasts, bitten by serpents, killed by flood and frost. They prayed for help, but their God was deaf. They built temples and altars, employed priests and gave of their substance, but the volcano destroyed and the famine came. For the sake of God millions murdered their fellow-men, but the God was silent. Millions of martyrs died for the honor of God, but the God was blind. He did not see the flames, the scaffolds. He did not hear the prayers, the groans. Thousands of priests in the name of God tortured their fellow-men, stretched them on racks, crushed their feet in iron boots, tore out their tongues, extinguished their eyes. The victims implored the protection of God, but their god did not hear, did not see. He was deaf and blind. He was willing that his enemies should torture his friends.

Nations tried to destroy each other for the sake of God, and the banner of the cross dripping with blood floated over a thousand fields—but the god was silent. He neither knew nor cared. Pestilence covered the earth with dead, the priests prayed, the altars were heaped with sacrifices, but the god did not see, did not hear. The miseries of the world did not lessen the joys of heaven. The clouds gave no rain, the famine came, withered babes with pallid lips sought the breasts of dead mothers, while starving fathers knelt and prayed, but the god did not hear. Through many centuries millions were enslaved, babes were sold from mothers, husbands from wives, backs were scarred with the lash. The poor wretches lifted their clasped hands toward heaven and prayed for justice, for liberty—but their god did not hear. He cared nothing for the sufferings of slaves, nothing for the tears of wives and mothers, nothing for the agony of men. He answered no prayers. He broke no chains. He freed no slaves.

The miserable wretches appealed to the priests of God, but they were on the other side. They defended the masters. The slaves had nothing to give.

During all these years it was claimed by the theologians that their God was governing the world, that he was infinitely powerful, wise and good—and that the “powers” of the earth were “ordained” by him. During all these years the church was the enemy of

progress. It hated all physicians and told the people to rely on prayer, amulets and relics. It persecuted the astronomers and geologists, denounced them as infidels and atheists, as enemies of the human race. It poisoned the fountains of learning and insisted that teachers should distort the facts in nature to the end that they might harmonize with the "inspired" book. During all these years the church misdirected the energies of man, and when it reached the zenith of its power, darkness fell upon the world.

In all nations and in all ages, religion has failed. The gods have never interfered. Nature has produced and destroyed without mercy and without hatred. She has cared no more for man than for the leaves of the forest, no more for nations than for hills of ants, nothing for right or wrong, for life or death, for pain or joy.

Man through his intelligence must protect himself. He gets no help from any other world. The church has always claimed and still claims that it is the only reforming power, that it makes men honest, virtuous and merciful, that it prevents violence and war, and that without its influence the race would return to barbarism.

Nothing can exceed the absurdity of these claims.

If we wish to improve the condition of mankind—if we wish for nobler men and women we must develop the brain, we must encourage thought and investigation. We must convince the world that credulity is a vice,—that there is no virtue in believing without, or against evidence, and that the really honest man is true to himself. We must fill the world with intellectual light. We must applaud mental courage. We must educate the children, rescue them from ignorance and crime. School-houses are the real temples, and teachers are the true priests. We must supply the wants of the mind, satisfy the hunger of the brain. The people should be familiar with the great poets, with the tragedies of Æschylus, the dramas of Shakespeare, with the poetry of Homer and Virgil. Shakespeare should be taught in every school, found in every house.

Through photography the whole world may become acquainted with the great statues, the great paintings, the victories of art. In this way the mind is enlarged, the sympathies quickened, the appreciation of the beautiful intensified, the taste refined and the character ennobled.

The great novels should be read by all. All should be acquainted with the men and women of fiction, with the ideal world. The imagination should be developed, trained and strengthened. Superstition has degraded art and literature. It gave us winged monsters, scenes from heaven and hell, representations of gods and devils, sculptured the absurd and painted the impossible in the name of Art. It gave us the dreams of the insane, the lives of fanatical saints, accounts of miracles and wonders, of cures wrought by the bones of the dead, descriptions of Paradise, purgatory and the eternal dungeon, discourses on baptism, on changing wine and wafers into the blood and flesh of God, on the forgiveness of sins by priests, on fore-ordination and accountability, predestination and free will, on devils, ghosts and goblins, the ministrations of guardian angels, the virtue of belief and the wickedness of doubt. And this was called "sacred literature."

The church taught that those who believed, counted beads, mumbled prayers, and gave their time or property for the support of the gospel were the good and that all others were traveling the "broad road" to eternal pain. According to the theologians, the best people, the saints, were dead, and real beauty was to be found only in heaven. They denounced the joys of life as husks and filthy rags, declared that the

world had been cursed, and that it brought forth thistles and thorns because of the sins of man. They regarded the earth as a kind of dock, running out into the sea of eternity,—on which the pious waited for the ship on which they were to be transported to another world.

But the real poets and the real artists clung to this world, to this life. They described and represented things that exist. They expressed thoughts of the brain, emotions of the heart, the griefs and joys, the hope and despair of men and women. They found strength and beauty on every hand. They found their angels here. They were true to human experience and they touched the brain and heart of the world. In the tragedies and comedies of life, in the smiles and tears, in the ecstasies of love, in the darkness of death, in the dawn of hope, they found their materials for statue and song, for poem and painting. Poetry and art are the children of this world, born and nourished here. They are human. They have left the winged monsters of heaven, the malicious deformities of hell, and have turned their attention to men and women, to the things of this life.

There is a poem called "The Skylark," by Shelley, graceful as the motions of flames. Another by Robert Burns, called "The Daisy," exquisite, perfect as the pearl of virtue in the beautiful breast of a loving girl. Between this lark and this daisy, neither above nor below, you will find all the poetry of the world. Eloquence, sublimity, poetry and art must have the foundation of fact, of reality. Imaginary worlds and beings are nothing to us.

At last the old creeds are becoming cruel and vulgar. We now have imagination enough to put ourselves in the place of others. Believers in hell, in eternal pain, like murderers, lack imagination. The murderer has not imagination enough to see his victim dead. He does not see the sightless and pathetic eyes. He does not see the widow's arms about the corpse, her lips upon the dead. He does not hear the sobs of children. He does not see the funeral. He does not hear the clods as they fall on the coffin. He does not feel the hand of arrest, the scene of the trial is not before him. He does not hear the awful verdict, the sentence of the court, the last words. He does not see the scaffold, nor feel about his throat the deadly noose.

Let us develop the brain, civilize the heart, and give wings to the imagination.

VII.

IF we abandon myth and miracle, if we discard the supernatural and the scheme of redemption, how are we to civilize the world?

Is falsehood a reforming power? Is credulity the mother of virtue? Is there any saving grace in the impossible and absurd? Did wisdom perish with the dead? Must the civilized accept the religion of savages?

If we wish to reform the world we must rely on truth, on fact, on reason. We must teach men that they are good or bad for themselves, that others cannot be good or bad for them, that they cannot be charged with the crimes, or credited with the virtues of others. We must discard the doctrine of the atonement, because it is absurd and immoral. We are not accountable for the sins of "Adam" and the virtues of Christ cannot be transferred to us. There can be no vicarious virtue, no vicarious vice. Why should the sufferings of the innocent atone for the crimes of the guilty. According to the doctrine of the atonement right and wrong do not exist in the nature of things, but in the arbitrary will of the Infinite. This is a subversion of all ideas of justice and mercy.

An act is good, bad, or indifferent, according to its consequences. No power can step between an act and its natural consequences. A governor may pardon the criminal, but the natural consequences of the crime remain untouched. A god may forgive, but the consequences of the act forgiven, are still the same. We must teach the world that the consequences of a bad action cannot be avoided, that they are the invisible police, the unseen avengers, that accept no gifts, that hear no prayers, that no cunning can deceive.

We do not need the forgiveness of gods, but of ourselves and the ones we injure. Restitution without repentance is far better than repentance without restitution.

We know nothing of any god who rewards, punishes or forgives.

We must teach our fellow-men that honor comes from within, not from without, that honor must be earned, that it is not alms, that even an infinite God could not enrich the beggar's palm with the gem of honor.

Teach them also that happiness is the bud, the blossom and the fruit of good and noble actions, that it is not the gift of any god; that it must be earned by man—must be deserved.

In this world of ours there is no magic, no sleight-of-hand, by which consequences can be made to punish the good and reward the bad.

Teach men not to sacrifice this world for some other, but to turn their attention to the natural, to the affairs of this life. Teach them that theology has no known foundation, that it was born of ignorance and fear, that it has hardened the heart, polluted the imagination and made fiends of men.

Theology is not for this world. It is no part of real religion. It has nothing to do with goodness or virtue. Religion does not consist in worshiping gods, but in adding to the well-being, the happiness of man. No human being knows whether any god exists or not, and all that has been said and written about "our god," or the gods of other people, has no known fact for a foundation. Words without thoughts, clouds without rain.

Let us put theology out of religion.

Church and state should be absolutely divorced. Priests pretend that they have been selected by, and that they get their power from God. Kings occupy their thrones in accordance with the will of God. The pope declares that he is the agent, the deputy of God and that by right he should rule the world. All these pretentions and assertions are perfectly absurd and yet they are acknowledged and believed by millions. Get theology out of government and kings will descend from their thrones. All will admit that governments get their powers from the consent of the governed, and that all persons in office are the servants of the people. Get theology out of government and chaplains will be dismissed from Legislatures, from Congress, from the army and navy. Get theology out of government and people will be allowed to express their honest thoughts about "inspired books" and superstitious creeds. Get theology out of government and priests will no longer steal a seventh of our time. Get theology out of government and the clergy will soon take their places with augurs and soothsayers, with necromancers and medicine-men.

Get theology out of education. Nothing should be taught in a school that somebody does not know.

There are plenty of things to be learned about this world, about this life. Every child should be taught to think, and that it is dangerous not to think. Children should not be taught the absurdities, the cruelties and imbecilities of superstition. No church should be allowed to control the common school, and public money should not be divided between the hateful and warring sects. The public school should be secular, and only the useful should be taught. Many of our colleges are under the control of churches. Presidents and professors are mostly ministers of the gospel and the result is that all facts inconsistent with the creeds are either suppressed or denied. Only those professors who are naturally stupid or mentally dishonest can retain their places. Those who tell the truth, who teach the facts, are discharged.

In every college truth should be a welcome guest. Every professor should be a finder, and every student a learner, of facts. Theology and intellectual dishonesty go together. The teacher of children should be intelligent and perfectly sincere.

Let us get theology out of education.

The pious denounce the secular schools as godless. They should be. The sciences are all secular, all godless. Theology bears the same relation to science that the black art does to chemistry, that magic does to mathematics. It is something that cannot be taught, because it cannot be known. It has no foundation in fact. It neither produces, nor accords with, any image in the mind. It is not only unknowable but unthinkable. Through hundreds and thousands of generations men have been discussing, wrangling and fighting about theology. No advance has been made. The robed priest has only reached the point from which the savage tried to start.

We know that theology always has and always will make enemies. It sows the seeds of hatred in families and nations. It is selfish, cruel, revengeful and malicious. It has heaven for the few and perdition for the many. We now know that credulity is not a virtue and that intellectual courage is. We must stop rewarding hypocrisy and bigotry. We must stop persecuting the thinkers, the investigators, the creators of light, the civilizers of the world.

VIII.

WILL the unknown, the mysteries of life and itiations of the mind, forever furnish food for superstition? Will the gods and ghosts perish or simply retreat before the advancing hosts of science, and continue to crouch and lurk just beyond the horizon of the known? Will darkness forever be the womb and mother of the supernatural?

A little while ago priests told peasants that the New Jerusalem, the celestial city was just above the clouds. They said that its walls and domes and spires were just beyond the reach of human sight. The telescope was invented and those who looked at the wilderness of stars, saw no city, no throne. They said to the priests: “Where is your New Jerusalem?” The priests cheerfully and confidently replied. “It is just beyond where you see.”

At one time it was believed that a race of men existed “with their heads beneath their shoulders.” Returning travelers from distant lands were asked about these wonderful people and all replied that they had not seen them. “Oh,” said the believers in the monsters, “the men with heads beneath their shoulders live in a country that you did not visit.” And so the monsters lived and flourished until all the world was known. We cannot know the universe. We cannot travel infinite distances, and so, somewhere in shoreless space there will always be room for gods and ghosts, for heavens and hells. And so it may be that superstition will live and linger until the

world becomes intelligent enough to build upon the foundation of the known, to keep the imagination within the domain of the probable, and to believe in the natural—*until the supernatural shall have been demonstrated.*

Savages knew all about gods, about heavens and hells before they knew anything about the world in which they lived. They were perfectly familiar with evil spirits, with the invisible phantoms of the air, long before they had any true conception of themselves. So, they knew all about the origin and destiny of the human race. They were absolutely certain about the problems, the solution of which, philosophers know, is beyond the limitations of the mind. They understood astrology, but not astronomy, knew something of magic, but nothing about chemistry. They were wise only as to those things about which nothing can be known.

The poor Indian believed in the "Great Spirit" and saw "design" on every hand.—Trees were made that he might have bows and arrows, wood for his fire and bark for his wigwam—rivers and lakes to give him fish, wild beasts and corn that he might have food, and the animals had skins that he might have clothes.

Primitive peoples all reasoned in the same way, and modern Christians follow their example. They knew but little of the world and thought that it had been made expressly for the use of man. They did not know that it was mostly water, that vast regions were locked in eternal ice and that in most countries the conditions were unfavorable to human life. They knew nothing of the countless enemies of man that live unseen in water, food and air. Back of the little good they knew they put gods and back of the evil, devils. They thought it of the greatest importance to gain the good will of the gods, who alone could protect them from the devils. Those who worshiped these gods, offered sacrifices, and obeyed priests, were considered loyal members of the tribe or community, and those who refused to worship were regarded as enemies and traitors. The believers, in order to protect themselves from the anger of the gods, exiled or destroyed the infidels.

Believing as they did, the course they pursued was natural. They not only wished to protect themselves from disease and death, from pestilence and famine in this world but the souls of their children from eternal pain in the next. Their gods were savages who demanded flattery and worship not only, but the acceptance of a certain creed. As long as Christians believe in eternal punishment they will be the enemies of those who investigate and contend for the authority of reason, of those who demand evidence, who care nothing for the unsupported assertions of the dead or the illogical inferences of the living.

Science always has been, is, and always will be modest, thoughtful, truthful. It has but one object: The ascertainment of truth. It has no prejudice, no hatred. It is in the realm of the intellect and cannot be swayed or changed by passion. It does not try to please God, to gain heaven or avoid hell. It is for this world, for the use of man. It is perfectly candid. It does not try to conceal, but to reveal. It is the enemy of mystery, of pretence and canc. It does not ask people to be solemn, but sensible. It calls for and insists on the use of all the senses, of all the faculties of the mind. It does not pretend to be "holy" or "inspired." It courts investigation, criticism and even denial. It asks for the application of every test, for trial by every standard. It knows nothing of blasphemy and does not ask for the imprisonment of those who ignorantly or knowingly deny the truth. The good that springs from a knowledge of the truth is the only reward it offers, and the evil resulting from ignorance is the only punishment it threatens. Its effort is to reform the world through intelligence.

On the other hand theology is, always has been, and always will be, ignorant, arrogant, puerile and cruel. When the church had power, hypocrisy was crowned and honesty imprisoned. Fraud wore the tiara and truth was a convict, Liberty was in chains, Theology has always sent the worst to heaven, the best to hell.

Let me give you a scene from the day of judgment. Christ is upon his throne, his secretary by his side. A soul appears. This is what happens—

“What is your name?”

Torquemada.

“Were you a Christian?”

I was.

“Did you endeavor to convert your fellow-men?”

I did. I tried to convert them by persuasion, by preaching and praying and even by force.

“What did you do?”

I put the heretics in prison, in chains. I tore out their tongues, put out their eyes, crushed their bones, stretched them upon racks, roasted their feet, and if they remained obdurate I flayed them alive or burned them at the stake.

“And did you do all this for my glory?”

Yes, all for you. I wanted to save some, I wanted to protect the young and the weak minded.

“Did you believe the Bible, the miracles—that I was God, that I was born of a virgin and kept money in the mouth of a fish?”

Yes, I believed it all. My reason was the slave of faith.

“Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord. I was hungry and you gave me meat, naked and you clothed me..” Another soul arises.

“What is your name?”

Giordano Bruno.

“Were you a Christian?”

At one time I was, but for many years I was a philosopher, a seeker after truth.

“Did you seek to convert your fellow-men?”

Not to Christianity, but to the religion of reason. I tried to develop their minds, to free them from the slavery of ignorance and superstition. In my day the church taught the holiness of credulity—the virtue of unquestioning obedience, and in your name tortured and destroyed the intelligent and courageous. I did what I could to civilize the world, to make men tolerant and merciful, to soften the hearts of priests, and banish torture from the world. I expressed my honest thoughts and walked in the light of reason.

“Did you believe the Bible, the miracles? Did you believe that I was God, that I was born of a virgin and that I suffered myself to be killed by the Jews to appease the wrath of God—that is, of myself—so that God could save the souls of a few?”

“No, I did not. I did not believe that God was ever born into my world, or that God learned the trade of a carpenter, or that he ‘increased in knowledge,’ or that he cast devils out of men, or that his garments could cure diseases, or that he allowed himself to be murdered, and in the hour of death “forsook” himself. These things I did not and could not believe. But I did all the good I could. I enlightened the ignorant, comforted the afflicted, defended the innocent, divided even my poverty with the poor, and did the best I could to increase the happiness of my fellow-men. I was a soldier in the army of progress.—I was arrested, imprisoned, tried and convicted by the church—by the ‘Triumphant Beast.’ I was burned at the stake by ignorant and heartless priests and my ashes given to the winds.”

Then Christ, his face growing dark, his brows contracted with wrath, with uplifted hands, with half averted face, cries or rather shrieks: “Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.”

This is the justice of God—the mercy of the compassionate Christ. This is the belief, the dream and hope of the orthodox theologian - “the consummation devoutly to be wished.”

Theology makes God a monster, a tyrant, a savage; makes man a servant, a serf, a slave; promises heaven to the obedient, the meek, the frightened, and threatens the self-reliant with the tortures of hell.

It denounces reason and appeals to the passions—to hope and fear. It does not answer the arguments of those who attack, but resorts to sophistry, falsehood and slander. It is incapable of advancement. It keeps its back to the sunrise, lives on myth and miracle, and guards with a misers care the “sacred” superstitions of the past.

In the great struggle between the supernatural and the natural, between gods and men, we have passed midnight. All the forces of civilization, all the facts that have been found, all the truths that have been discovered are the allies of science—the enemies of the supernatural.

We need no myths, no miracles, no gods, no devils.

IX.

FOR thousands of generations the myths have been taught and the miracles believed. Every mother was a missionary and told with loving care the falsehoods of “faith” to her babe. The poison of superstition was in the mother’s milk. She was honest and affectionate and her character, her goodness, her smiles and kisses, entered into, mingled with, and became a part of the superstition that she taught. Fathers, friends and priests united with the mothers, and the children thus taught, became the teachers of their children and so the creeds were kept alive.

Childhood loves the romantic, the mysterious, the monstrous. It lives in a world where cause has nothing to do with effect, where the fairy waves her hand and the prince appears. Where wish creates the thing desired and facts become the slaves of amulet and charm. The individual lives the life of the race, and the child is charmed with what the race in its infancy produced.

There seems to be the same difference between mistakes and facts that there is between weeds and corn. Mistakes seem to take care of themselves, while the facts have to be guarded with all possible care. Falsehoods like weeds flourish without care. Weeds care nothing for soil or rain. They not only ask no help but they almost defy destruction. In the minds of children, superstitions, legends, myths and miracles

find a natural, and in most instances a lasting home. Thrown aside in manhood, forgotten or denied, in old age they oft return and linger to the end.

This in part accounts for the longevity of religious lies. Ministers with clasped hands and uplifted eyes ask the man who is thinking for himself how he can be wicked and heartless enough to attack the religion of his mother. This question is regarded by the clergy as unanswerable. Of course it is not to be asked by the missionaries, of the Hindus and the Chinese. The heathen are expected to desert the religion of their mothers as Christ and his apostles deserted the religion of their mothers. It is right for Jews and heathen, but not for thinkers and philosophers.

A cannibal was about to kill a missionary for food.

The missionary objected and asked the cannibal how he could be so cruel and wicked.

The cannibal replied that he followed the example of his mother. “My mother,” said he, “was good enough for me. Her religion is my religion. The last time I saw her she was sitting, propped up against a tree, eating cold missionary.”

But now the mother argument has mostly lost its force, and men of mind are satisfied with nothing less than truth.

The phenomena of nature have been investigated and the supernatural has not been found. The myths have faded from the imagination, and of them nothing remains but the poetic. The miraculous has become the absurd, the impossible. Gods and phantoms have been driven from the earth and sky. We are living in a natural world.

Our fathers, some of them, demanded the freedom of religion. We have taken another step. We demand the Religion of Freedom.

O Liberty, thou art the god of my idolatry! Thou art the only deity that hateth bended knees. In thy vast and unwalled temple, beneath the roofless dome, star-gemmed and luminous with suns, thy worshipers stand erect! They do not cringe, or crawl, or bend their foreheads to the earth. The dust has never borne the impress of their lips. Upon thy altars mothers do not sacrifice their babes, nor men their rights. Thou askest naught from man except the things that good men hate—the whip, the chain, the dungeon key. Thou hast no popes, no priests, who stand between their fellow-men and thee. Thou carest not for foolish forms, or selfish prayers. At thy sacred shrine hypocrisy does not bow, virtue does not tremble, superstition’s feeble tapers do not burn, but Reason holds aloft her inextinguishable torch whose holy light will one day flood the world.

Volume 3

Shakespeare

I.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was the greatest genius of our world. He left to us the richest legacy of all the dead—the treasures of the rarest soul that ever lived and loved and wrought of words the statues, pictures, robes and gems of thought.

It is hard to overstate the debt we owe to the men and women of genius. Take from our world what they have given, and all the niches would be empty, all the walls naked—meaning and connection would fall from words of poetry and fiction, music would go back to common air, and all the forms of subtle and enchanting Art would lose proportion and become the unmeaning waste and shattered spoil of thoughtless Chance.

Shakespeare is too great a theme. I feel as though endeavoring to grasp a globe so large that the hand obtains no hold. He who would worthily speak of the great dramatist should be inspired by “a muse of fire that should ascend the brightest heaven of invention”—he should have “a kingdom for a stage, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene.”

More than three centuries ago, the most intellectual of the human race was born. He was not of supernatural origin. At his birth there were no celestial pyrotechnics. His father and mother were both English, and both had the cheerful habit of living in this world. The cradle in which he was rocked was canopied by neither myth nor miracle, and in his veins there was no drop of royal blood.

This babe became the wonder of mankind. Neither of his parents could read or write. He grew up in a small and ignorant village on the banks of the Avon, in the midst of the common people of three hundred years ago. There was nothing in the peaceful, quiet landscape on which he looked, nothing in the low hills, the cultivated and undulating fields, and nothing in the murmuring stream, to excite the imagination—nothing, so far as we can see, calculated to sow the seeds of the subtlest and sublimest thought.

So there is nothing connected with his education, or his lack of education, that in any way accounts for what he did. It is supposed that he attended school in his native town—but of this we are not certain. Many have tried to show that he was, after all, of gentle blood, but the fact seems to be the other way. Some of his biographers have sought to do him honor by showing that he was patronized by Queen Elizabeth, but of this there is not the slightest proof.

As a matter of fact, there never sat on any throne a king, queen, or emperor who could have honored William Shakespeare.

Ignorant people are apt to overrate the value of what is called education. The sons of the poor, having suffered the privations of poverty, think of wealth as the mother of joy. On the other hand, the children of the rich, finding that gold does not produce happiness, are apt to underrate the value of wealth. So the children of the educated often care but little for books, and hold all culture in contempt. The children of great authors do not, as a rule, become writers.

Nature is filled with tendencies and obstructions. Extremes beget limitations, even as a river by its own swiftness creates obstructions for itself.

Possibly, many generations of culture breed a desire for the rude joys of savagery, and possibly generations of ignorance breed such a longing for knowledge, that of this desire, of this hunger of the brain, Genius is born. It may be that the mind, by lying fallow, by remaining idle for generations, gathers strength.

Shakespeare's father seems to have been an ordinary man of his time and class. About the only thing we know of him is that he was officially reported for not coming monthly to church. This is good as far as it goes. We can hardly blame him, because at that time Richard Bifield was the minister at Stratford, and an extreme Puritan, one who read the Psalter by Sternhold and Hopkins.

The church was at one time Catholic, but in John Shakespeare's day it was Puritan, and in 1564, the year of Shakespeare's birth, they had the images defaced. It is greatly to the honor of John Shakespeare that he refused to listen to the "tidings of great joy" as delivered by the Puritan Bifield.

Nothing is known of his mother, except her beautiful name—Mary Arden. In those days but little attention was given to the biographies of women. They were born, married, had children, and died. No matter how celebrated their sons became, the mothers were forgotten. In old times, when a man achieved distinction, great pains were taken to find out about the father and grandfather—the idea being that genius is inherited from the father's side. The truth is, that all great men have had great mothers. Great women have had, as a rule, great fathers.

The mother of Shakespeare was, without doubt, one of the greatest of women. She dowered her son with passion and imagination and the higher qualities of the soul, beyond all other men. It has been said that a man of genius should select his ancestors with great care—and yet there does not seem to be as much in heredity as most people think. The children of the great are often small. Pigmies are born in palaces, while over the children of genius is the roof of straw. Most of the great are like mountains, with the valley of ancestors on one side and the depression of posterity on the other.

In his day Shakespeare was of no particular importance. It may be that his mother had some marvelous and prophetic dreams, but Stratford was unconscious of the immortal child. He was never engaged in a reputable business. Socially he occupied a position below servants. The law described him as "a sturdy vagabond." He was neither a noble, a soldier, nor a priest. Among the half-civilized people of England, he who amused and instructed them was regarded as a menial. Kings had their clowns, the people their actors and musicians. Shakespeare was scheduled as a servant. It is thus that successful stupidity has always treated genius. Mozart was patronized by an Archbishop—lived in the palace,—but was compelled to eat with the scullions.

The composer of divine melodies was not fit to sit by the side of the theologian, who long ago would have been forgotten but for the fame of the composer.

We know but little of the personal peculiarities, of the daily life, or of what may be called the outward Shakespeare, and it may be fortunate that so little is known. He might have been belittled by friendly fools. What silly stories, what idiotic personal reminiscences, would have been remembered by those who scarcely saw him! We have his best—his sublimest—and we have probably lost only the trivial and the worthless. All that is known can be written on a page.

We are tolerably certain of the date of his birth, of his marriage and of his death. We think he went to London in 1586, when he was twenty-two years old. We think that

three years afterward he was part owner of Blackfriars' Theatre. We have a few signatures, some of which are supposed to be genuine. We know that he bought some land—that he had two or three law-suits. We know the names of his children. We also know that this incomparable man—so apart from, and so familiar with, all the world—lived during his literary life in London—that he was an actor, dramatist and manager—that he returned to Stratford, the place of his birth,—that he gave his writings to negligence, deserted the children of his brain—that he died on the anniversary of his birth at the age of fifty-two, and that he was buried in the church where the images had been defaced, and that on his tomb was chiseled a rude, absurd and ignorant epitaph.

No letter of his to any human being has been found, and no line written by him can be shown.

And here let me give my explanation of the epitaph. Shakespeare was an actor—a disreputable business—but he made money—always reputable. He came back from London a rich man. He bought land, and built houses. Some of the supposed great probably treated him with deference. When he died he was buried in the church. Then came a reaction. The pious thought the church had been profaned. They did not feel that the ashes of an actor were fit to lie in holy ground. The people began to say the body ought to be removed. Then it was, as I believe, that Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, had this epitaph cut on the tomb:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Certainly Shakespeare could have had no fear that his tomb would be violated. How could it have entered his mind to have put a warning, a threat and a blessing, upon his grave? But the ignorant people of that day were no doubt convinced that the epitaph was the voice of the dead, and so feeling they feared to invade the tomb. In this way the dust was left in peace.

This epitaph gave me great trouble for years. It puzzled me to explain why he, who erected the intellectual pyramids,—great ranges of mountains—should put such a pebble at his tomb. But when I stood beside the grave and read the ignorant words, the explanation I have given flashed upon me.

II.

IT has been said that Shakespeare was hardly mentioned by his contemporaries, and that he was substantially unknown. This is a mistake. In 1600 a book was published called *England's Parnassus*, and it contained ninety extracts from Shakespeare. In the same year was published the *Garden of the Muses*, containing several pieces from Shakespeare, Chapman, Marston and Ben Jonson. *England's Helicon* was printed in the same year, and contained poems from Spenser, Greene, Harvey and Shakespeare.

In 1600 a play was acted at Cambridge, in which Shakespeare was alluded to as follows: "Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare who puts them all down." John Weaver published a book of poems in 1595, in which there was a sonnet to Shakespeare. In 1598 Richard Bamfield wrote a poem to Shakespeare. Francis Meres, "clergyman, master of arts in both universities, compiler of school books," was the author of the *Wits Treasury*. In this he compares the ancient and modern tragic poets, and mentions Marlowe, Peele, Kyd and Shakespeare. So he compares the writers of

comedies, and mentions Lilly, Lodge, Greene and Shakespeare. He speaks of elegiac poets, and names Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Raleigh and Shakespeare. He compares the lyric poets, and names Spenser, Drayton, Shakespeare and others. This same writer, speaking of Horace, says that England has Sidney, Shakespeare and others, and that "as the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet-wittie soul of Ovid lives in the mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." He also says: "If the Muses could speak English, they would speak in Shakespeare's phrase." This was in 1598. In 1607, John Davies alludes in a poem to Shakespeare.

Of course we are all familiar with what rare Ben Jonson wrote. Henry Chettle took Shakespeare to task because he wrote nothing on the death of Queen Elizabeth.

It may be wonderful that he was not better known. But is it not wonderful that he gained the reputation that he did in so short a time, and that twelve years after he began to write he stood at least with the first?

III.

BUT there is a wonderful fact connected with the writings of Shakespeare: In the Plays there is no direct mention of any of his contemporaries. We do not know of any poet, author, soldier, sailor, statesman, priest, nobleman, king, or queen, that Shakespeare directly mentioned.

Is it not marvelous that he, living in an age of great deeds, of adventures in far-off lands and unknown seas—in a time of religious wars—in the days of the Armada—the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the Edict of Nantes—the assassination of Henry III.—the victory of Lepanto—the execution of Marie Stuart—did not mention the name of any man or woman of his time? Some have insisted that the paragraph ending with the lines: "The imperial votress passed on in maiden meditation fancy-free," referred to Queen Elizabeth; but it is impossible for me to believe that the daubed and wrinkled face, the small black eyes, the cruel nose, the thin lips, the bad teeth, and the red wig of Queen Elizabeth could by any possibility have inspired these marvelous lines.

It is perfectly apparent from Shakespeare's writings that he knew but little of the nobility, little of kings and queens. He gives to these supposed great people great thoughts, and puts great words in their mouths and makes them speak—not as they really did—but as Shakespeare thought such people should. This demonstrates that he did not know them personally.

Some have insisted that Shakespeare mentions Queen Elizabeth in the last scene of Henry VIII. The answer to this is that Shakespeare did not write the last scene in that Play. The probability is that Fletcher was the author.

Shakespeare lived during the great awakening of the world, when Europe emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, when the discovery of America had made England, that blossom of the Gulf-Stream, the centre of commerce, and during a period when some of the greatest writers, thinkers, soldiers and discoverers were produced.

Cervantes was born in 1547, dying on the same day that Shakespeare died. He was undoubtedly the greatest writer that Spain has produced. Rubens was born in 1577. Camoens, the Portuguese, the author of the *Lusiad*, died in 1597. Giordano Bruno—greatest of martyrs—was born in 1548—visited London in Shakespeare's time—delivered lectures at Oxford, and called that institution "the widow of learning." Drake circled the globe in 1580. Galileo was born in 1564—the same year with

Shakespeare. Michael Angelo died in 1563. Kepler—he of the Three Laws—born in 1571. Calderon, the Spanish dramatist, born in 1601. Corneille, the French poet, in 1606. Rembrandt, greatest of painters, 1607. Shakespeare was born in 1564. In that year John Calvin died. What a glorious exchange!

Seventy-two years after the discovery of America Shakespeare was born, and England was filled with the voyages and discoveries written by Hakluyt, and the wonders that had been seen by Raleigh, by Drake, by Frobisher and Hawkins. London had become the centre of the world, and representatives from all known countries were in the new metropolis. The world had been doubled. The imagination had been touched and kindled by discovery. In the far horizon were unknown lands, strange shores beyond untraversed seas. Toward every part of the world were turned the prows of adventure. All these things fanned the imagination into flame, and this had its effect upon the literary and dramatic world. And yet Shakespeare—the master spirit of mankind—in the midst of these discoveries, of these adventures, mentioned no navigator, no general, no discoverer, no philosopher.

Galileo was reading the open volume of the sky, but Shakespeare did not mention him. This to me is the most marvelous thing connected with this most marvelous man.

At that time England was prosperous—was then laying the foundation of her future greatness and power.

When men are prosperous, they are in love with life. Nature grows beautiful, the arts begin to flourish, there is work for painter and sculptor, the poet is born, the stage is erected—and this life with which men are in love, is represented in a thousand forms.

Nature, or Fate, or Chance prepared a stage for Shakespeare, and Shakespeare prepared a stage for Nature.

Famine and faith go together. In disaster and want the gaze of man is fixed upon another world. He that eats a crust has a creed. Hunger falls upon its knees, and heaven, looked for through tears, is the mirage of misery. But prosperity brings joy and wealth and leisure—and the beautiful is born.

One of the effects of the world's awakening was Shakespeare. We account for this man as we do for the highest mountain, the greatest river, the most perfect gem. We can only say: He was.

"It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which is was wished until he were."

IV.

IN Shakespeare's time the actor was a vagabond, the dramatist a disreputable person—and yet the greatest dramas were then written. In spite of law, and social ostracism, Shakespeare reared the many-colored dome that fills and glorifies the intellectual heavens.

Now the whole civilized world believes in the theatre—asks for some great dramatist—is hungry for a play worthy of the century, is anxious to give gold and fame to any one who can worthily put our age upon the stage—and yet no great play has been written since Shakespeare died.

Shakespeare pursued the highway of the right. He did not seek to put his characters in a position where it was right to do wrong. He was sound and healthy to the centre.

It never occurred to him to write a play in which a wife's lover should be jealous of her husband.

There was in his blood the courage of his thought. He was true to himself and enjoyed the perfect freedom of the highest art. He did not write according to rules—but smaller men make rules from what he wrote.

How fortunate that Shakespeare was not educated at Oxford—that the winged god within him never knelt to the professor. How fortunate that this giant was not captured, tied and tethered by the literary Lilliputians of his time.

He was an idealist. He did not—like most writers of our time—take refuge in the real, hiding a lack of genius behind a pretended love of truth. All realities are not poetic, or dramatic, or even worth knowing. The real sustains the same relation to the ideal that a stone does to a statue—or that paint does to a painting. Realism degrades and impoverishes. In no event can a realist be more than an imitator and copyist. According to the realist's philosophy, the wax that receives and retains an image is an artist.

Shakespeare did not rely on the stage-carpenter, or the scenic painter. He put his scenery in his lines. There you will find mountains and rivers and seas, valleys and cliffs, violets and clouds, and over all "the firmament fretted with gold and fire." He cared little for plot, little for surprise. He did not rely on stage effects, or red fire. The plays grow before your eyes, and they come as the morning comes. Plot surprises but once. There must be something in a play besides surprise. Plot in an author is a kind of strategy—that is to say, a sort of cunning, and cunning does not belong to the highest natures.

There is in Shakespeare such a wealth of thought that the plot becomes almost immaterial—and such is this wealth that you can hardly know the play—there is too much. After you have heard it again and again, it seems as pathless as an untrodden forest.

He belonged to all lands. "Timon of Athens" is as Greek as any tragedy of Eschylus. "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus" are perfect Roman, and as you read, the mighty ruins rise and the Eternal City once again becomes the mistress of the world. No play is more Egyptian than "Antony and Cleopatra"—the Nile runs through it, the shadows of the pyramids fall upon it, and from its scenes the Sphinx gazes forever on the outstretched sands.

In "Lear" is the true pagan spirit. "Romeo and Juliet" is Italian—everything is sudden, love bursts into immediate flower, and in every scene is the climate of the land of poetry and passion.

The reason of this is that Shakespeare dealt with elemental things, with universal man. He knew that locality colors without changing, and that in all surroundings the human heart is substantially the same.

Not all the poetry written before his time would make his sum—not all that has been written since, added to all that was written before, would equal his.

There was nothing within the range of human thought, within the horizon of intellectual effort, that he did not touch. He knew the brain and heart of man—the theories, customs, superstitions, hopes, fears, hatreds, vices and virtues of the human race.

He knew the thrills and ecstasies of love, the savage joys of hatred and revenge. He heard the hiss of envy's snakes and watched the eagles of ambition soar. There was no hope that did not put its star above his head—no fear he had not felt—no joy that had not shed its sunshine on his face. He experienced the emotions of mankind. He was the intellectual spendthrift of the world. He gave with the generosity, the extravagance, of madness.

Read one play, and you are impressed with the idea that the wealth of the brain of a god has been exhausted—that there are no more comparisons, no more passions to be expressed, no more definitions, no more philosophy, beauty, or sublimity to be put in words—and yet, the next play opens as fresh as the dewy gates of another day.

The outstretched wings of his imagination filled the sky. He was the intellectual crown o' the earth.

V.

THE plays of Shakespeare show so much knowledge, thought and learning, that many people—those who imagine that universities furnish capacity—contend that Bacon must have been the author.

We know Bacon. We know that he was a scheming politician, a courtier, a time-server of church and king, and a corrupt judge. We know that he never admitted the truth of the Copernican system—that he was doubtful whether instruments were of any advantage in scientific investigation—that he was ignorant of the higher branches of mathematics, and that, as a matter of fact, he added but little to the knowledge of the world. When he was more than sixty years of age he turned his attention to poetry, and dedicated his verses to George Herbert.

If you will read these verses you will say that the author of "Lear" and "Hamlet" did not write them.

Bacon dedicated his work on the *Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human*, to James I., and in his dedication he stated that there had not been, since the time of Christ, any king or monarch so learned in all erudition, divine or human. He placed James the First before Marcus Aurelius and all other kings and emperors since Christ, and concluded by saying that James the First had "the power and fortune of a king, the illumination of a priest, the learning and universality of a philosopher." This was written of James the First, described by Macaulay as a "stammering, slobbering, trembling coward, whose writings were deformed by the grossest and vilest superstitions—witches being the special objects of his fear, his hatred, and his persecution."

It seems to have been taken for granted that if Shakespeare was not the author of the great dramas, Lord Bacon must have been.

It has been claimed that Bacon was the greatest philosopher of his time. And yet in reading his works we find that there was in his mind a strange mingling of foolishness and philosophy. He takes pains to tell us, and to write it down for the benefit of posterity, that "snow is colder than water, because it hath more spirit in it, and that quicksilver is the coldest of all metals, because it is the fullest of spirit."

He stated that he hardly believed that you could contract air by putting opium on top of the weather glass, and gave the following reason:

"I conceive that opium and the like make spirits fly rather by malignity than by cold."

This great philosopher gave the following recipe for staunching blood:

“Thrust the part that bleedeth into the body of a capon, new ripped and bleeding. This will staunch the blood. The blood, as it seemeth, sucking and drawing up by similitude of substance the blood it meeteth with, and so itself going back.”

The philosopher also records this important fact: “Divers witches among heathen and Christians have fed upon man’s flesh to aid, as it seemeth, their imagination with high and foul vapors.”

Lord Bacon was not only a philosopher, but he was a biologist, as appears from the following:

“As for living creatures, it is certain that their vital spirits are a substance compounded of an airy and flamy matter, and although air and flame being free will not mingle, yet bound in by a body that hath some fixing, will.”

Now and then the inventor of deduction reasons by analogy. He says:

“As snow and ice holpen, and their cold activated by nitre or salt, will turn water into ice, so it may be it will turn wood or stiff clay into stone.”

Bacon seems to have been a believer in the transmutation of metals, and solemnly gives a formula for changing silver or copper into gold. He also believed in the transmutation of plants, and had arrived at such a height in entomology that he informed the world that “insects have no blood.”

It is claimed that he was a great observer, and as evidence of this he recorded the wonderful fact that “tobacco cut and dried by the fire loses weight” that “bears in the winter wax fat in sleep, though they eat nothing” that “tortoises have no bones” that “there is a kind of stone, if ground and put in water where cattle drink, the cows will give more milk” that “it is hard to cure a hurt in a Frenchman’s head, but easy in his leg;” that “it is hard to cure a hurt in an Englishman’s leg, but easy in his head;” that “wounds made with brass weapons are easier to cure than those made with iron;” that “lead will multiply and increase, as in statues buried in the ground” and that “the rainbow touching anything causeth a sweet smell.”

Bacon seems also to have turned his attention to ornithology, and says that “eggs laid in the full of the moon breed better birds,” and that “you can make swallows white by putting ointment on the eggs before they are hatched.”

He also informs us “that witches cannot hurt kings as easily as they can common people” that “perfumes dry and strengthen the brain” that “any one in the moment of triumph can be injured by another who casts an envious eye, and the injury is greatest when the envious glance comes from the oblique eye.”

Lord Bacon also turned his attention to medicine, and he states that “bracelets made of snakes are good for curing cramps” that “the skin of a wolf might cure the colic, because a wolf has great digestion” that “eating the roasted brains of hens and hares strengthens the memory” that “if a woman about to become a mother eats a good many quinces and considerable coriander seed, the child will be ingenious,” and that “the moss which groweth on the skull of an unburied dead man is good for staunching blood.”

He expresses doubt, however, “as to whether you can cure a wound by putting ointment on the weapon that caused the wound, instead of on the wound itself.”

It is claimed by the advocates of the Baconian theory that their hero stood at the top of science; and yet "it is absolutely certain that he was ignorant of the law of the acceleration of falling bodies, although the law had been made known and printed by Galileo thirty years before Bacon wrote upon the subject. Neither did this great man understand the principle of the lever. He was not acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes, and as a matter of fact was ill-read in those branches of learning in which, in his time, the most rapid progress had been made."

After Kepler discovered his third law, which was on the 15th of May, 1618, Bacon was more than ever opposed to the Copernican system. This great man was far behind his own time, not only in astronomy, but in mathematics. In the preface to the "Descriptio Globi Intellectualis," it is admitted either that Bacon had never heard of the correction of the parallax, or was unable to understand it. He complained on account of the want of some method for shortening mathematical calculations; and yet "Napier's Logarithms" had been printed nine years before the date of his complaint.

He attempted to form a table of specific gravities by a rude process of his own, a process that no one has ever followed; and he did this in spite of the fact that a far better method existed.

We have the right to compare what Bacon wrote with what it is claimed Shakespeare produced. I call attention to one thing—to Bacon's opinion of human love. It is this:

"The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. As to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies, but in life it doth much mischief—sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. Amongst all the great and worthy persons there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

The author of "Romeo and Juliet" never wrote that.

It seems certain that the author of the wondrous Plays was one of the noblest of men.

Let us see what sense of honor Bacon had.

In writing commentaries on certain passages of Scripture, Lord Bacon tells a courtier, who has committed some offence, how to get back into the graces of his prince or king. Among other things he tells him not to appear too cheerful, but to assume a very grave and modest face; not to bring the matter up himself; to be extremely industrious, so that the prince will see that it is hard to get along without him; also to get his friends to tell the prince or king how badly he, the courtier, feels; and then he says, all these failing, "let him contrive to transfer the fault to others."

It is true that we know but little of Shakespeare, and consequently do not positively know that he did not have the ability to write the Plays—but we do know Bacon, and we know that he could not have written these Plays—consequently, they must have been written by a comparatively unknown man—that is to say, by a man who was known by no other writings. The fact that we do not know Shakespeare, except through the Plays and Sonnets, makes it possible for us to believe that he was the author.

Some people have imagined that the Plays were written by several—but this only increases the wonder, and adds a useless burden to credulity.

Bacon published in his time all the writings that he claimed. Naturally, he would have claimed his best. Is it possible that Bacon left the wondrous children of his brain

on the door-step of Shakespeare, and kept the deformed ones at home? Is it possible that he fathered the failures and deserted the perfect?

Of course, it is wonderful that so little has been found touching Shakespeare—but is it not equally wonderful, if Bacon was the author, that not a line has been found in all his papers, containing a suggestion, or a hint, that he was the writer of these Plays? Is it not wonderful that no fragment of any scene—no line—no word—has been found?

Some have insisted that Bacon kept the authorship secret because it was disgraceful to write Plays. This argument does not cover the Sonnets—and besides, one who had been stripped of the robes of office for receiving bribes as a judge, could have borne the additional disgrace of having written "Hamlet." The fact that Bacon did not claim to be the author, demonstrates that he was not. Shakespeare claimed to be the author, and no one in his time or day denied the claim. This demonstrates that he was.

Bacon published his works, and said to the world: This is what I have done.

Suppose you found in a cemetery a monument erected to John Smith, inventor of the Smith-churn, and suppose you were told that Mr. Smith provided for the monument in his will, and dictated the inscription—would it be possible to convince you that Mr. Smith was also the inventor of the locomotive and telegraph?

Bacon's best can be compared with Shakespeare's common, but Shakespeare's best rises above Bacon's best, like a domed temple above a beggar's hut.

VI.

OF course it is admitted that there were many dramatists before and during the time of Shakespeare—but they were only the foot hills of that mighty peak the top of which the clouds and mists still hide. Chapman and Marlowe, Heywood and Jonson, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher wrote some great lines, and in the monotony of declamation now and then is found a strain of genuine music—but all of them together constituted only a herald of Shakespeare. In all these Plays there is but a hint, a prophecy, of the great drama destined to revolutionize the poetic thought of the world.

Shakespeare was the greatest of poets. What Greece and Rome produced was great until his time. "Lions make leopards tame."

The great poet is a great artist. He is painter and sculptor. The greatest pictures and statues have been painted and chiseled with words. They outlast all others. All the galleries of the world are poor and cheap compared with the statues and pictures in Shakespeare's book.

Language is made of pictures represented by sounds. The outer world is a dictionary of the mind, and the artist called the soul uses this dictionary of things to express what happens in the noiseless and invisible world of thought. First a sound represents something in the outer world, and afterwards something in the inner, and this sound at last is represented by a mark, and this mark stands for a picture, and every brain is a gallery, and the artists—that is to say, the souls—exchange pictures and statues.

All art is of the same parentage. The poet uses words—makes pictures and statues of sounds. The sculptor expresses harmony, proportion, passion, in marble; the composer, in music; the painter in form and color. The dramatist expresses himself

not only in words, not only paints these pictures, but he expresses his thought in action.

Shakespeare was not only a poet, but a dramatist, and expressed the ideal, the poetic, not only in words, but in action. There are the wit, the humor, the pathos, the tragedy of situation, of relation. The dramatist speaks and acts through others—his personality is lost. The poet lives in the world of thought and feeling, and to this the dramatist adds the world of action. He creates characters that seem to act in accordance with their own natures and independently of him. He compresses lives into hours, tells us the secrets of the heart, shows us the springs of action—how desire bribes the judgment and corrupts the will—how weak the reason is when passion pleads, and how grand it is to stand for right against the world.

It is not enough to say fine things,—great things, dramatic things, must be done.

Let me give you an illustration of dramatic incident accompanying the highest form of poetic expression:

Macbeth having returned from the murder of Duncan says to his wife:

"Methought I heard a voice cry: Sleep no more,
Macbeth does murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."...

"Still it cried: Sleep no more, to all the house,
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more."

She exclaims:

"Who was it that thus cried?
Why, worthy Thane, you do unbend your noble strength
To think so brain-sickly of things; get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring the daggers from the place?"

Macbeth was so overcome with horror at his own deed, that he not only mistook his thoughts for the words of others, but was so carried away and beyond himself that he brought with him the daggers—the evidence of his guilt—the daggers that he should have left with the dead. This is dramatic.

In the same play, the difference of feeling before and after the commission of a crime is illustrated to perfection. When Macbeth is on his way to assassinate the king, the bell strikes, and he says, or whispers:

"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell."

Afterward, when the deed has been committed, and a knocking is heard at the gate, he cries:

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst."

Let me give one more instance of dramatic action. When Antony speaks above the body of Cæsar he says:

"You all do know this mantle:
I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on—
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it."

VII.

THERE are men, and many of them, who are always trying to show that somebody else chiseled the statue or painted the picture,—that the poem is attributed to the wrong man, and that the battle was really won by a subordinate.

Of course Shakespeare made use of the work of others—and, we might almost say, of all others. Every writer must use the work of others. The only question is, how the accomplishments of other minds are used, whether as a foundation to build higher, or whether stolen to the end that the thief may make a reputation for himself, without adding to the great structure of literature.

Thousands of people have stolen stones from the Coliseum to make huts for themselves. So thousands of writers have taken the thoughts of others with which to adorn themselves. These are plagiarists. But the man who takes the thought of another, adds to it, gives it intensity and poetic form, throb and life,—is in the highest sense original.

Shakespeare found nearly all of his facts in the writings of others, and was indebted to others for most of the stories of his plays. The question is not: Who furnished the stone, or who owned the quarry, but who chiseled the statue?

We now know all the books that Shakespeare could have read, and consequently know many of the sources of his information. We find in Pliny's *Natural History*, published in 1601, the following: "The sea Pontis evermore floweth and runneth out into the Propontis; but the sea never retireth back again with the Impontis." This was the raw material, and out of it Shakespeare made the following:

"Like to the Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont—
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er turn back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up."

Perhaps we can give an idea of the difference between Shakespeare and other poets, by a passage from "Lear." When Cordelia places her hand upon her father's head and speaks of the night and of the storm, an ordinary poet might have said:

"On such a night, a dog
Should have stood against my fire."

A very great poet might have gone a step further and exclaimed:

"On such a night, mine enemy's dog
Should have stood against my fire."

But Shakespeare said:

"Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,
Should have stood, that night, against my fire."

Of all the poets—of all the writers—Shakespeare is the most original. He is as original as Nature.

It may truthfully be said that "Nature wants stuff to vie strange forms with fancy, to make another."

VIII.

THERE is in the greatest poetry a kind of extravagance that touches the infinite, and in this Shakespeare exceeds all others.

You will remember the description given of the voyage of Paris in search of Helen:

"The seas and winds, old wranglers, made a truce,
And did him service; he touched the ports desired,
And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning."

So, in Pericles, when the father finds his daughter, he cries out:

"O Helicanus! strike me, honored sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality."

The greatest compliment that man has ever paid to the woman he adores is this line:

"Eyes that do mislead the morn."

Nothing can be conceived more perfectly poetic. In that marvelous play, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," is one of the most extravagant things in literature:

"Thou rememberest Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music."

This is so marvelously told that it almost seems probable.

So the description of Mark Antony:

"For his bounty
There was no winter in't—an autumn t'was
That grew the more by reaping.

His delights
Were dolphin-like—they showed his back above
The element they lived in."

Think of the astronomical scope and amplitude of this:

"Her bed is India—there she lies a pearl."

Is there anything more intense than these words of Cleopatra?

"Rather on Nilus mud lay me stark naked
And let the water-flies blow me into abhorring."

Or this of Isabella:

"The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I yield
My body up to shame."

Is there an intellectual man in the world who will not agree with this?

"Let me not live
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits."

Can anything exceed the words of Troilus when parting with Cressida:

"We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, most poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how;
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loos'e adieu,
And scants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears."

Take this example, where pathos almost touches the grotesque.

"O dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?
Shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps thee here.
I' the dark, to be his paramour?"

Often when reading the marvelous lines of Shakespeare, I feel that his thoughts are "too subtle potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness, for the capacity of my ruder powers." Sometimes I cry out, "O churl!—write all, and leave no thoughts for those who follow after."

IX.

SHAKESPEARE was an innovator, an iconoclast. He cared nothing for the authority of men or of schools. He violated the "unities," and cared nothing for the models of the ancient world.

The Greeks insisted that nothing should be in a play that did not tend to the catastrophe. They did not believe in the episode—in the sudden contrasts of light and shade—in mingling the comic and the tragic. The sunlight never fell upon their tears, and darkness did not overtake their laughter. They believed that nature sympathized or was in harmony with the events of the play. When crime was about to be committed—some horror to be perpetrated—the light grew dim, the wind sighed, the trees shivered, and upon all was the shadow of the coming event.

Shakespeare knew that the play had little to do with the tides and currents of universal life—that Nature cares neither for smiles nor tears, for life nor death, and that the sun shines as gladly on coffins as on cradles.

The first time I visited the Place de la Concorde, where during the French Revolution stood the guillotine, and where now stands an Egyptian obelisk—a bird, sitting on the top, was singing with all its might.—Nature forgets.

One of the most notable instances of the violation by Shakespeare of the classic model, is found in the 6th scene of the I. Act of Macbeth.

When the King and Banquo approach the castle in which the King is to be murdered that night, no shadow falls athwart the threshold. So beautiful is the scene that the King says:

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

And Banquo adds:

"This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate."

Another notable instance is the porter scene immediately following the murder. So, too, the dialogue with the clown who brings the asp to Cleopatra just before the suicide, illustrates my meaning.

I know of one paragraph in the Greek drama worthy of Shakespeare. This is in "Medea." When Medea kills her children she curses Jason, using the ordinary Billingsgate and papal curse, but at the conclusion says: "I pray the gods to make him virtuous, that he may the more deeply feel the pang that I inflict."

Shakespeare dealt in lights and shadows. He was intense. He put noons and midnights side by side. No other dramatist would have dreamed of adding to the pathos—of increasing our appreciation of Lear's agony, by supplementing the wail of the mad king with the mocking laughter of a loving clown.

X.

THE ordinary dramatists—the men of talent—(and there is the same difference between talent and genius that there is between a stone-mason and a sculptor) create characters that become types. Types are of necessity caricatures—actual men and women are to some extent contradictory in their actions. Types are blown in the one direction by the one wind—characters have pilots.

In real people, good and evil mingle. Types are all one way, or all the other—all good, or all bad, all wise, or all foolish.

Pecksniff was a perfect type, a perfect hypocrite—and will remain a type as long as language lives—a hypocrite that even drunkenness could not change. Everybody understands Pecksniff, and compared with him Tartuffe was an honest man.

Hamlet is an individual, a person, an actual being—and for that reason there is a difference of opinion as to his motives and as to his character. We differ about Hamlet as we do about Cæsar, or about Shakespeare himself.

Hamlet saw the ghost of his father and heard again his fathers voice, and yet, afterward, he speaks of “the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.”

In this there is no contradiction. The reason outweighs the senses. If we should see a dead man rise from his grave, we would not, the next day, believe that we did. No one can credit a miracle until it becomes so common that it ceases to be miraculous.

Types are puppets—controlled from without—characters act from within. There is the same difference between characters and types that there is between springs and water-works, between canals and rivers, between wooden soldiers and heroes.

In most plays and in most novels the characters are so shadowy that we have to piece them out with the imagination.

One waking in the morning sometimes sees at the foot of his bed a strange figure—it may be of an ancient lady with cap and ruffles and with the expression of garrulous and fussy old age—but when the light gets stronger, the figure gradually changes and he sees a few clothes on a chair.

The dramatist lives the lives of others, and in order to delineate character must not only have imagination but sympathy with the character delineated. The great dramatist thinks of a character as an entirety, as an individual.

I once had a dream, and in this dream I was discussing a subject with another man. It occurred to me that I was dreaming, and I then said to myself: If this is a dream, I am doing the talking for both sides—consequently I ought to know in advance what the other man is going to say. In my dream I tried the experiment. I then asked the other man a question, and before he answered made up my mind what the answer was to be. To my surprise, the man did not say what I expected he would, and so great was my astonishment that I awoke.

It then occurred to me that I had discovered the secret of Shakespeare. He did, when awake, what I did when asleep—that is, he threw off a character so perfect that it acted independently of him.

In the delineation of character Shakespeare has no rivals. He creates no monsters. His characters do not act without reason, without motive.

Iago had his reasons. In Caliban, nature was not destroyed—and Lady Macbeth certifies that the woman still was in her heart, by saying:

“Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it.”

Shakespeare’s characters act from within. They are centres of energy. They are not pushed by unseen hands, or pulled by unseen strings. They have objects, desires. They are persons—real, living beings.

Few dramatists succeed in getting their characters loose from the canvas—their backs stick to the wall—they do not have free and independent action—they have no background, no unexpressed motives—no untold desires. They lack the complexity of the real.

Shakespeare makes the character true to itself. Christopher Sly, surrounded by the luxuries of a lord, true to his station, calls for a pot of the smallest ale.

Take one expression by Lady Macbeth. You remember that after the murder is discovered—after the alarm bell is rung—she appears upon the scene wanting to know what has happened. Macduff refuses to tell her, saying that the slightest word

would murder as it fell. At this moment Banquo comes upon the scene and Macduff cries out to him:

"Our royal master's murdered."

What does Lady Macbeth then say? She in fact makes a confession of guilt. The weak point in the terrible tragedy is that Duncan was murdered in Macbeth's castle. So when Lady Macbeth hears what they suppose is news to her, she cries:

"What! In our house!"

Had she been innocent, her horror of the crime would have made her forget the place—the venue. Banquo sees through this, and sees through her.

Her expression was a light, by which he saw her guilt—and he answers:

"Too cruel anywhere."

No matter whether Shakespeare delineated clown or king, warrior or maiden—no matter whether his characters are taken from the gutter or the throne—each is a work of consummate art, and when he is unnatural, he is so splendid that the defect is forgotten.

When Romeo is told of the death of Juliet, and thereupon makes up his mind to die upon her grave, he gives a description of the shop where poison could be purchased. He goes into particulars and tells of the alligators stuffed, of the skins of ill-shaped fishes, of the beggarly account of empty boxes, of the remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roses—and while it is hardly possible to believe that under such circumstances a man would take the trouble to make an inventory of a strange kind of drug-store, yet the inventory is so perfect—the picture is so marvelously drawn—that we forget to think whether it is natural or not.

In making the frame of a great picture—of a great scene—Shakespeare was often careless, but the picture is perfect. In making the sides of the arch he was negligent, but when he placed the keystone, it burst into blossom. Of course there are many lines in Shakespeare that never should have been written. In other words, there are imperfections in his plays. But we must remember that Shakespeare furnished the torch that enables us to see these imperfections.

Shakespeare speaks through his characters, and we must not mistake what the characters say, for the opinion of Shakespeare. No one can believe that Shakespeare regarded life as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." That was the opinion of a murderer, surrounded by avengers, and whose wife—partner in his crimes—troubled with thick-coming fancies—had gone down to her death.

Most actors and writers seem to suppose that the lines called "The Seven Ages" contain Shakespeare's view of human life. Nothing could be further from the truth. The lines were uttered by a cynic, in contempt and scorn of the human race.

Shakespeare did not put his characters in the livery and uniform of some weakness, peculiarity or passion. He did not use names as tags or brands. He did not write under the picture, "This is a villain." His characters need no suggestive names to tell us what they are—we see them and we know them for ourselves.

It may be that in the greatest utterances of the greatest characters in the supreme moments, we have the real thoughts, opinions and convictions of Shakespeare.

Of all writers Shakespeare is the most impersonal. He speaks through others, and the others seem to speak for themselves. The didactic is lost in the dramatic. He does not use the stage as a pulpit to enforce some maxim. He is as reticent as Nature.

He idealizes the common and transfigures all he touches—but he does not preach. He was interested in men and things as they were. He did not seek to change them—but to portray. He was Natures mirror—and in that mirror Nature saw herself.

When I stood amid the great trees of California that lift their spreading capitals against the clouds, looking like Nature's columns to support the sky, I thought of the poetry of Shakespeare.

IX.

THAT a procession of men and women—statesmen and warriors—kings and clowns—issued from Shakespeare's brain! What women!

Isabella—in whose spotless life love and reason blended into perfect truth.

Juliet—within whose heart passion and purity met like white and red within the bosom of a rose.

Cordelia—who chose to suffer loss, rather than show her wealth of love with those who gilded lies in hope of gain.

Hermione—"tender as infancy and grace"—who bore with perfect hope and faith the cross of shame, and who at last forgave with all her heart.

Desdemona—so innocent, so perfect, her love so pure, that she was incapable of suspecting that another could suspect, and who with dying words sought to hide her lover's crime—and with her last faint breath uttered a loving lie that burst into a perfumed lily between her pallid lips.

Perdita—"a violet dim, and sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes"—"The sweetest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward." And

Helena—who said:

"I know I love in vain, strive against hope—
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still,
Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshiper,
But knows of him no more."

Miranda—who told her love as gladly as a flower gives its bosom to the kisses of the sun. And *Cordelia*—whose kisses cured and whose tears restored. And stainless

Imogen—who cried: "What is it to be false?" And here is the description of the perfect woman:

"To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth—
Outliving beauty's outward with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays."

Shakespeare has done more for woman than all the other dramatists of the world.

For my part, I love the Clowns. I love *Launce* and his dog Crabb, and *Gobbo*, whose conscience threw its arms around the neck of his heart, and *Touchstone*, with his lie seven times removed; and dear old *Dogberry*—a pretty piece of flesh, tedious as a king. And *Bottom*, the very paramour for a sweet voice, longing to take the part to tear a cat in; and *Autolycus*, the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, sleeping out the thought for the life to come. And great *Sir John*, without conscience, and for that reason unblamed and enjoyed—and who at the end babbles of green fields, and is almost loved. And ancient *Pistol*, the world his oyster. And *Bardolph*, with the flea on his blazing nose, putting beholders in mind of a damned soul in hell. And the poor *Pool*, who followed the mad king, and went "to bed at noon." And the clown who carried the worm of Nilus, whose "biting was immortal." And *Corin*, the shepherd—who described the perfect man: "I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat—get that I wear—owe no man aught—envy no man's happiness—glad of other men's good—content."

And mingling in this motley throng, Lear, within whose brain a tempest raged until the depths were stirred, and the intellectual wealth of a life was given back to memory?—and then by madness thrown to storm and night—and when I read the living lines I feel as though I looked upon the sea and saw it wrought by frenzied whirlwinds, until the buried treasures and the sunken wrecks of all the years were cast upon the shores.

And *Othello*—who like the base Indian threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.

And *Hamlet*—thought-entangled—hesitating between two worlds.

And *Macbeth*—strange mingling of cruelty and conscience, reaping the sure harvest of successful crime—"Curses not loud but deep—mouth-honor—breath."

And *Brutus*, falling on his sword that Cæsar might be still.

And *Romeo*, dreaming of the white wonder of Juliet's hand. And *Ferdinand*, the patient log-man for Miranda's sake. And *Florizel*, who, "for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide," would not be faithless to the low-born lass. And *Constance*, weeping for her son, while grief "stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

And in the midst of tragedies and tears, of love and laughter and crime, we hear the voice of the good friar, who declares that in every human heart, as in the smallest flower, there are encamped the opposed hosts of good and evil—and our philosophy is interrupted by the garrulous old nurse, whose talk is as busily useless as the babble of a stream that hurries by a ruined mill.

From every side the characters crowd upon us—the men and women born of Shakespeare's brain. They utter with a thousand voices the thoughts of the "myriad-minded" man, and impress themselves upon us as deeply and vividly as though they really lived with us.

Shakespeare alone has delineated love in every possible phase—has ascended to the very top, and actually reached heights that no other has imagined. I do not believe the human mind will ever produce or be in a position to appreciate, a greater love-play than "Romeo and Juliet." It is a symphony in which all music seems to blend. The heart bursts into blossom, and he who reads feels the swooning intoxication of a divine perfume.

In the alembic of Shakespeare's brain the baser metals were turned to gold—passions became virtues—weeds became exotics from some diviner land—and common mortals made of ordinary clay outranked the Olympian Gods. In his brain there was the touch of chaos that suggests the infinite—that belongs to genius. Talent is measured and mathematical—dominated by prudence and the thought of use. Genius is tropical. The creative instinct runs riot, delights in extravagance and waste, and overwhelms the mental beggars of the world with uncounted gold and unnumbered gems.

Some things are immortal: The plays of Shakespeare, the marbles of the Greeks, and the music of Wagner.

XII.

SHAKESPEARE was the greatest of philosophers. He knew the conditions of success—of happiness—the relations that men sustain to each other, and the duties of all. He knew the tides and currents of the heart—the cliffs and caverns of the brain. He knew the weakness of the will, the sophistry of desire—and

"That pleasure and revenge have ears more deaf than
Adders to the voice of any true decision."

He knew that the soul lives in an invisible world—that flesh is but a mask, and that

"There is no art to find the mind's construction
In the face."

He knew that courage should be the servant of judgment, and that

"When valor preys on reason it eats the sword
It fights with."

He knew that man is never master of the event, that he is to some extent the sport or prey of the blind forces of the world, and that

"In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men."

Feeling that the past is unchangeable, and that that which must happen is as much beyond control as though it had happened, he says:

"Let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way."

Shakespeare was great enough to know that every human being prefers happiness to misery, and that crimes are but mistakes. Looking in pity upon the human race, upon the pain and poverty, the crimes and cruelties, the limping travelers on the thorny paths, he was great and good enough to say:

"There is no darkness but ignorance."

In all the philosophies there is no greater line. This great truth fills the heart with pity.

He knew that place and power do not give happiness—that the crowned are subject as the lowest to fate and chance.

"For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit.—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus;
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!"

So, too, he knew that gold could not bring joy—that death and misfortune come alike to rich and poor, because:

"If thou art rich thou art poor;
For like an ass whose back with ingots bows
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee."

In some of his philosophy there was a kind of scorn—a hidden meaning that could not in his day and time have safely been expressed. You will remember that Laertes was about to kill the king, and this king was the murderer of his own brother, and sat upon the throne by reason of his crime—and in the mouth of such a king Shakespeare puts these words:

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king."

So, in Macbeth:

"How he solicits
Heaven himself best knows; but strangely visited people
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despairs of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding royalty—he leaves
The healing benediction.

With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace."

Shakespeare was the master of the human heart—knew all the hopes, fears, ambitions and passions that sway the mind of man; and thus knowing, he declared that

"Love is not love that alters
When it alteration finds."

This is the sublimest declaration in the literature of the world.

Shakespeare seems to give the generalization—the result—without the process of thought. He seems always to be at the conclusion—standing where all truths meet.

In one of the Sonnets is this fragment of a line that contains the highest possible truth:

"Conscience is born of love."

If man were incapable of suffering, the words right and wrong never could have been spoken. If man were destitute of imagination, the flower of pity never could have blossomed in his heart.

We suffer—we cause others to suffer—those that we love—and of this fact conscience is born.

Love is the many-colored flame that makes the fireside of the heart. It is the mingled spring and autumn—the perfect climate of the soul.

XIII.

IN the realm of comparison Shakespeare seems to have exhausted the relations, parallels and similitudes of things, He only could have said:

"Tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the ears of a drowsy man."

"Duller than a great thaw.
Dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

In the words of Ulysses, spoken to Achilles, we find the most wonderful collection of pictures and comparisons ever compressed within the same number of lines:

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,—
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes—
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done; perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost:
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing."

So the words of Cleopatra, when Charmain speaks:

"Peace, peace:
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

XIV.

NOTHING is more difficult than a definition—a crystallization of thought so perfect that it emits light. Shakespeare says of suicide:

"It is great to do that thing
That ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accident, and bolts up change."

He defines drama to be:

"Turning the accomplishments of many years
Into an hour glass."

Of death:

"This sensible warm motion to become a kneaded clod,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."

Of memory:

"The warder of the brain."

Of the body:

"This muddy vesture of decay."

And he declares that

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

He speaks of Echo as:

"The babbling gossip of the air"—

Romeo, addressing the poison that he is about to take, says:

"Come, bitter conduct, come unsavory guide,
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark."

He describes the world as

"This bank and shoal of time."

He says of rumor—

"That it doubles, like the voice and echo."

It would take days to call attention to the perfect definitions, comparisons and generalizations of Shakespeare. He gave us the deeper meanings of our words—taught us the art of speech. He was the lord of language—master of expression and compression.

He put the greatest thoughts into the shortest words—made the poor rich and the common royal.

Production enriched his brain. Nothing exhausted him. The moment his attention was called to any subject—comparisons, definitions, metaphors and generalizations filled his mind and begged for utterance. His thoughts like bees robbed every blossom in the world, and then with "merry march" brought the rich booty home "to the tent royal of their emperor."

Shakespeare was the confidant of Nature. To him she opened her "infinite book of secrecy," and in his brain were "the hatch and brood of time."

XV.

THERE is in Shakespeare the mingling of laughter and tears, humor and pathos. Humor is the rose, wit the thorn. Wit is a crystallization, humor an efflorescence. Wit comes from the brain, humor from the heart. Wit is the lightning of the soul.

In Shakespeare's nature was the climate of humor. He saw and felt the sunny side even of the saddest things. You have seen sunshine and rain at once. So Shakespeare's tears fell oft upon his smiles. In moments of peril—on the very darkness of death—there comes a touch of humor that falls like a fleck of sunshine.

Gonzalo, when the ship is about to sink, having seen the boatswain, exclaims:

"I have great comfort from this fellow;
Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him;
His complexion is perfect gallows."

Shakespeare is filled with the strange contrasts of grief and laughter. While poor Hero is supposed to be dead—wrapped in the shroud of dishonor—Dogberry and Verges unconsciously put again the wedding wreath upon her pure brow.

The soliloquy of Launcelot—great as Hamlet's—offsets the bitter and burning words of Shylock.

There is only time to speak of Maria in "Twelfth Night," of Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale," of the parallel drawn by Fluellen between Alexander of Macedon and Harry of Monmouth, or of the marvelous humor of Falstaff, who never had the faintest thought of right or wrong—or of Mercutio, that embodiment of wit and humor—or of the gravediggers who lamented that "great folk should have countenance in this world to drown and hang themselves, more than their even Christian," and who reached the generalization that "the gallows does well because it does well to those who do ill."

There is also an example of grim humor—an example without a parallel in literature, so far as I know. Hamlet having killed Polonius is asked:

"Where's Polonius?"

"At supper."

"At supper! where?"

"Not where he eats, but where he is eaten."

Above all others, Shakespeare appreciated the pathos of situation.

Nothing is more pathetic than the last scene in "Lear." No one has ever bent above his dead who did not feel the words uttered by the mad king,—words born of a despair deeper than tears:

"Oh, that a horse, a dog, a rat hath life
And thou no breath!"

So Iago, after he has been wounded, says:

"I bleed, sir; but not killed."

And Othello answers from the wreck and shattered remnant of his life:

"I would have thee live;
For in my sense it is happiness to die."

When Troilus finds Cressida has been false, he cries:

"Let it not be believed for womanhood;
Think! we had mothers."

Ophelia, in her madness, "*the sweet bells jangled out o' tune,*" says softly:

"I would give you some violets;
But they withered all when my father died."

When Macbeth has reaped the harvest, the seeds of which were sown by his murderous hand, he exclaims,—and what could be more pitiful?

"I 'gin to be aweary of the sun."

Richard the Second feels how small a thing it is to be, or to have been, a king, or to receive honors before or after power is lost; and so, of those who stood uncovered before him, he asks this piteous question:

"I live with bread, like you; feel want,
Taste grief, need friends; subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?"

Think of the salutation of Antony to the dead Cæsar:

"Pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth."

When Pisanio informs Imogen that he had been ordered by Posthumus to murder her, she bares her neck and cries:

"The lamb entreats the butcher:
Where is thy knife? Thou art too slow
To do thy master's bidding when I desire it."

Antony, as the last drops are falling from his self-inflicted wound, utters with his dying breath to Cleopatra, this:

"I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips."

To me, the last words of Hamlet are full of pathos:

"I die, Horatio.
The potent poison quite o' er crows my spirit...
The rest is silence."

XVI.

SOME have insisted that Shakespeare must have been a physician, for the reason that he shows such knowledge of medicine—of the symptoms of disease and death—was so familiar with the brain, and with insanity in all its forms.

I do not think he was a physician. He knew too much—his generalizations were too splendid. He had none of the prejudices of that profession in his time. We might as well say that he was a musician, a composer, because we find in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" nearly every musical term known in Shakespeare's time.

Others maintain that he was a lawyer, perfectly acquainted with the forms, with the expressions familiar to that profession—yet there is nothing to show that he was a lawyer, or that he knew more about law than any intelligent man should know.

He was not a lawyer. His sense of justice was never dulled by reading English law.

Some think that he was a botanist, because he named nearly all known plants. Others, that he was an astronomer, a naturalist, because he gave hints and suggestions of nearly all discoveries.

Some have thought that he must have been a sailor, for the reason that the orders given in the opening of "The Tempest" were the best that could, under the circumstances, have been given to save the ship.

For my part, I think there is nothing in the plays to show that he was a lawyer, doctor, botanist or scientist. He had the observant eyes that really see, the ears that really hear, the brain that retains all pictures, all thoughts, logic as unerring as light,- the imagination that supplies defects and builds the perfect from a fragment. And these faculties, these aptitudes, working together, account for what he did.

He exceeded all the sons of men in the splendor of his imagination. To him the whole world paid tribute, and nature poured her treasures at his feet. In him all races lived again, and even those to be were pictured in his brain.

He was a man of imagination—that is to say, of genius, and having seen a leaf, and a drop of water, he could construct the forests, the rivers, and the seas—and in his presence all the cataracts would fall and foam, the mists rise, the clouds form and float.

If Shakespeare knew one fact, he knew its kindred and its neighbors. Looking at a coat of mail, he instantly imagined the society, the conditions, that produced it and what it, in turn, produced. He saw the castle, the moat, the draw-bridge, the lady in the tower, and the knightly lover spurring across the plain. He saw the bold baron and the rude retainer, the trampled serf, and all the glory and the grief of feudal life.

He lived the life of all.

He was a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles. He listened to the eager eloquence of the great orators, and sat upon the cliffs, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He saw Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood. He was present when the great man drank hemlock, and met the night of death, tranquil as a star meets morning. He listened to the peripatetic philosophers, and was unpuzzled by the sophists. He watched Phidias as he chiseled shapeless stone to forms of love and awe.

He lived by the mysterious Nile, amid the vast and monstrous. He knew the very thought that wrought the form and features of the Sphinx. He heard great Memnon's morning song when marble lips were smitten by the sun. He laid him down with the embalmed and waiting dead, and felt within their dust the expectation of another life, mingled with cold and suffocating doubts—the children born of long delay.

He walked the ways of mighty Rome, and saw great Cæsar with his legions in the field. He stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumphs given to victorious men, followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, and all the spoils of ruthless war. He heard the shout that shook the Coliseum's roofless walls, when from the reeling gladiator's hand the short sword fell, while from his bosom gushed the stream of wasted life.

He lived the life of savage men. He trod the forests' silent depths, and in the desperate game of life or death he matched his thought against the instinct of the beast.

He knew all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards. He was victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king. He heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart had fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success.

He knew the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and with the eagles he had shared the ecstasy of flight and poise and swoop, and he had lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks uncoiling slowly in the heat of noon.

He sat beneath the bo-tree's contemplative shade, wrapped in Buddha's mighty thought, and dreamed all dreams that light, the alchemist, has wrought from dust and dew, and stored within the slumbrous poppy's subtle blood.

He knelt with awe and dread at every shrine—he offered every sacrifice, and every prayer—felt the consolation and the shuddering fear—mocked and worshiped all the gods—enjoyed all heavens, and felt the pangs of every hell.

He lived all lives, and through his blood and brain there crept the shadow and the chill of every death, and his soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate.

The Imagination had a stage in. Shakespeare's brain, whereon were set all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players bodied forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of universal life.

From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of gems spanned by Fancy's seven-hued arch. He was as many-sided as clouds are many-formed. To him giving was hoarding—sowing was harvest—and waste itself the source of wealth. Within his marvelous mind were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be. As a drop of dew contains the image of the earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in Shakespeare's brain.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean—towards which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.

Robert Burns

This lecture is printed from notes found among Colonel Ingersoll's papers, but was not revised by him for publication.

We have met to-night to honor the memory of a poet—possibly the next to the greatest that has ever written in our language. I would place one above him, and only one—Shakespeare.

It may be well enough at the beginning to inquire, What is a poet? What is poetry?

Every one has some idea of the poetic, and this idea is born of his experience—of his education—of his surroundings.

There have been more nations than poets.

Many people suppose that poetry is a kind of art depending upon certain rules, and that it is only necessary to find out these rules to be a poet. But these rules have never been found. The great poet follows them unconsciously. The great poet seems as unconscious as Nature, and the product of the highest art seems to have been felt instead of thought.

The finest definition perhaps that has been given is this:

"As nature unconsciously produces that which appears to be the result of consciousness, so the greatest artist consciously produces that which appears the unconscious result."

Poetry must rest on the experience of men—the history of heart and brain. It must sit by the fireside of the heart. It must have to do with this world, with the place in which we live, with the men and women we know, with their loves, their hopes, their fears and their joys.

After all, we care nothing about gods and goddesses, or folks with wings.

The cloud-compelling Jupiters, the ox-eyed Junos, the feather-heeled Mercurys, or the Minervas that leaped full-armed from the thick skull of some imaginary god, are nothing to us. We know nothing of their fears or loves, and for that reason, the poetry that deals with them, no matter how ingenious it may be, can never touch the human heart.

I was taught that Milton was a wonderful poet, and above all others sublime. I have read Milton once. Few have read him twice.

With splendid words, with magnificent mythological imagery, he musters the heavenly militia—puts epaulets on the shoulders of God, and describes the Devil as an artillery officer of the highest rank.

Then he describes the battles in which immortals undertake the impossible task of killing each other.

Take this line:

"Flying with indefatigable wings over the vast abrupt."

This is called sublime, but what does it mean?

We have been taught that Dante was a wonderful poet.

He described with infinite minuteness the pangs and agonies endured by the damned in the torture—dungeons of God.

The vicious twins of superstition—malignity and solemnity—struggle for the mastery in his revengeful lines.

But there was one good thing about Dante: he had the courage, and what might be called the religious democracy, to see a pope in hell.

That is something to be thankful for.

So, the sonnets of Petrarch are as unmeaning as the promises of candidates. They are filled not with genuine passion, but with the feelings that lovers are supposed to have.

Poetry cannot be written by rule; it is nota trade, or a profession. Let the critics lay down the laws, and the true poet will violate them all.

By rule you can make skeletons, but you cannot clothe them with flesh, put blood in their veins, thoughts in their eyes, and passions in their hearts.

This can be done only by following the impulses of the heart, the winged fancies of the brain—by wandering from paths and roads, keeping step with the rhythmic ebb and flow of the throbbing blood.

In the olden time in Scotland, most of the so-called poetry was written by pedagogues and parsons—gentlemen who found out what little they knew of the living world by reading the dead languages—by studying epitaphs in the cemeteries of literature.

They knew nothing of any life that they thought poetic. They kept as far from the common people as they could. They wrote countless verses, but no poems. They tried to put metaphysics, that is to say, Calvinism, in poetry.

As a matter of fact, a Calvinist cannot be a poet. Calvinism takes all the poetry out of the world.

If the existence of the Calvinistic, the Christian, hell could be demonstrated, another poem never could be written. .

In those days they made poetry about geography, and the beauties of the Scotch Kirk, and even about law.

The critics have always been looking for mistakes, not beauties—not for the perfection of expression and feeling. They would object to the lark and nightingale because they do not sing by note—to the clouds because they are not square.

At one time it was thought that scenery, the grand in nature, made the poet. We now know that the poet makes the scenery. Holland has produced far more genius than the Alps. Where nature is prodigal—where the crags tower above the clouds—man is overcome, or overawed. In England and Scotland the hills are low, and there is nothing in the scenery calculated to rouse poetic blood, and yet these countries have produced the greatest literature of all time.

The truth is that poets and heroes make the scenery. The place where man has died for man is grander than all the snow-crowned summits of the world.

A poem is something like a mountain stream that flashes in light, then lost in shadow, leaps with a kind of wild joy into the abyss, emerges victorious, and winding runs amid meadows, lingers in quiet places, holding within its breast the hills and

vales and clouds—then running by the cottage door, babbling of joy, and murmuring delight, then sweeping on to join its old mother, the sea.

Thousands, millions of men live poems, but do not write them; but every great poem has been lived.

I say to-night that every good and self-denying man, every one who lives and labors for those he loves, for wife and child, is living a poem. The loving mother rocking a cradle, singing the slumber song, lives a poem pure and tender as the dawn; the man who bares his breast to shot and shell lives a poem, and all the great men of the world, and all the brave and loving women have been poets in action, whether they have written one word or not. The poor woman of the tenement, sewing, blinded by tears, lives a poem holier, it may be, than the fortunate can know. The pioneers—the home builders, the heroes of toil, are all poets, and their deeds are filled with the pathos and perfection of the highest art.

But to-night we are going to talk of a poet—one who poured out his soul in song. How does a country become great? By producing great poets. Why is it that Scotland, when the roll of nations is called, can stand up and proudly answer “here”? Because Robert Burns has lived. It is Robert Burns that put Scotland in the front rank.

On the 25th of January, 1759, Robert Burns was born. William Burns, a gardener, his father; Agnes Brown, his mother. He was born near the little town of Ayr, in a little cottage made of mud and thatched with straw. From the first, poverty was his portion,—”Poverty, the half-sister of Death.” The father struggled as best he could, but at last overcome more by misfortunes than by disease, died in 1784, at the age of 63. Robert attended school at Alloway Mill, and had been taught a little by John Murdock, and some by his father. That was his education—with this exception, that whenever nature produces a genius, the old mother holds him close to her heart and whispers secrets to his ears that others do not know.

He had spent most of his time working on a farm, raising very poor crops, getting deeper and deeper into debt, until finally the death of his father left him to struggle as best he might for himself.

In the year 1759, Scotland was emerging from the darkness and gloom of Calvinism. The attention of the people had been drawn from the other world, or rather from the other worlds, to the affairs of this. The commercial spirit, the interests of trade, were winning men from the discussion of predestination and the sacred decrees of God. Mechanics and manufacturers were undermining theology. The influence of the clergy was gradually diminishing, and the beggarly elements of this life were beginning to attract the attention of the Scotch. The people at that time were mostly poor. They had made but little progress in art and science. They had been engaged for many years fighting for their political or theological rights, or to destroy the rights of others. They had great energy, great natural sense, and courage without limit, and it may be well enough to add that they were as obstinate as brave.

Several countries have had a metaphysical peasantry. It is true of parts of Switzerland about the time of Calvin. In Holland, after the people had suffered all the cruelties that Spain could inflict, they began to discuss as to foreordination and free will, and upon these questions destroyed each other. The same is true of New England, and peculiarly true of Scotland—a metaphysical peasantry—men who lived in mud houses thatched with straw and discussed the motives of God and the means by which the Infinite Being was to accomplish his ends.

For many years the Scotch had been ruled by the clergy. The power of the Scotch preacher was unlimited. It so happened that the religion of Scotland became synonymous with patriotism, and those who were fighting Scotland were also fighting her religion. This drew priest and people together; and the priest naturally took advantage of the situation. They not only determined upon the policy to be pursued by the people, but they went into every detail of life. And in this world there has never been established a more odious tyranny or a more odious form of government than that of the Scotch Kirk.

A few men had made themselves famous—David Hume, Adam Smith, Doctor Hugh Blair, he of the grave, Beattie and Ramsay, Reid and Robertson—but the great body of the people were orthodox to the last drop of their blood. Nothing seemed to please them like attending church, like hearing sermons. Before Communion Sabbath they frequently met on Friday, having two or three sermons on that day, three or four on Saturday, more if possible on Sunday, and wound up with a kind of gospel spree on Monday. They loved it. I think it was Heinrich Heine who said, "It is not true, it is not true that the damned in hell are compelled to hear all the sermons preached on earth." He says this is not true. This shows that there is some mercy even in hell. They were infinitely interested in these questions.

And yet, the people were social, fond of games, of outdoor sports, full of song and story, and no folks ever passed the cup with a happier smile.

Sometimes I have thought that they were saved from the gloom of Calvinism by the use of intoxicating liquors. It may be that John Barleycorn redeemed the Scotch and saved them from the divine dyspepsia of the Calvinistic creed. So, too, it may be that the Puritan was saved by rum, and the Hollander by schnapps. Yet, in spite of the gloom of the creed, in spite of the climate of mists and fogs, and the maniac winters, the songs of Scotland are the sweetest and the tenderest in all the world.

Robert Burns was a peasant—a ploughman—a poet. Why is it that millions and millions of men and women love this man? He was a Scotchman, and all the tendrils of his heart struck deep in Scotland's soil. He voiced the ideals of the best and greatest of his race and blood. And yet he is as dear to the citizens of this great Republic as to Scotia's sons and daughters.

All great poetry has a national flavor. It tastes of the soil. No matter how great it is, how wide, how universal, the flavor of locality is never lost. Burns made common life beautiful. He idealized the sun-burnt girls who worked in the fields. He put honest labor above titled idleness. He made a cottage far more poetic than a palace. He painted the simple joys and ecstasies and raptures of sincere love. He put native sense above the polish of schools.

We love him because he was independent, sturdy, self-poised, social, generous, susceptible, thrilled by a look, by a touch, full of pity, carrying the sorrows of others in his heart, even those of animals; hating to see anybody suffer, and lamenting the death of everything—even of trees and flowers. We love him because he was a natural democrat, and hated tyranny in every form.

We love him because he was always on the side of the people, feeling the throb of progress.

Burns read but little, had but few books; had but a little of what is called education; had only an outline of history, a little of philosophy, in its highest sense. His library consisted of the *Life of Hannibal*, the *History of Wallace*, Ray's *Wisdom of God*,

Stackhouse's *History of the Bible*; two or three plays of Shakespeare, Ferguson's *Scottish Poems*, Pope's *Homer*, Shenstone, McKenzie's *Man of Feeling* and Ossian.

Burns was a man of genius. He was like a spring—something that suggests no labor.

A spring seems to be a perpetual free gift of nature. There is no thought of toil. The water comes whispering to the pebbles without effort. There is no machinery, no pipes, no pumps, no engines, no water-works, nothing that suggests expense or trouble. So a natural poet is, when compared with the educated, with the polished, with the industrious.

Burns seems to have done everything without effort. His poems wrote themselves. He was overflowing with sympathies, with suggestions, with ideas, in every possible direction. There is no midnight oil. There is nothing of the student—no suggestion of their having been re-written or re-cast. There is in his heart a poetic April and May, and all the poetic seeds burst into sudden life. In a moment the seed is a plant, and the plant is in blossom, and the fruit is given to the world.

He looks at everything from a natural point of view; and he writes of the men and women with whom he was acquainted. He cares nothing for mythology, nothing for the legends of the Greeks and Romans. He draws but little from history. Everything that he uses is within his reach, and he knows it from centre to circumference. All his figures and comparisons are perfectly natural. He does not endeavor to make angels of fine ladies.

He takes the servant girls with whom he is acquainted, the dairy maids that he knows. He puts wings upon them and makes the very angels envious.

And yet this man, so natural, keeping his cheek so close to the breast of nature, strangely enough thought that Pope and Churchill and Shenstone and Thomson and Lyttelton and Beattie were great poets.

His first poem was addressed to Nellie Kilpatrick, daughter of the blacksmith. He was in love with Ellison Begbie, offered her his heart and was refused. She was a servant, working in a family and living on the banks of the Cessnock. Jean Armour, his wife, was the daughter of a tailor, and Highland Mary, a servant—a milk-maid.

He did not make women of goddesses, but he made goddesses of women.

POET OF LOVE.

Burns was the poet of love. To him woman was divine. In the light of her eyes he stood transfigured. Love changed this peasant to a king; the plaid became a robe of purple; the ploughman became a poet; the poor laborer an inspired lover.

In his "Vision" his native Muse tells the story of his verse:

"When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame."

Ah, this light from heaven: how it has purified the heart of man!

Was there ever a sweeter song than "Bonnie Doon"?

“Thou’lt break my heart thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate,
For sae I sat and sae I sang,
And wist na o’ my fate.”

or,

“O, my luve’s like a red, red rose
That’s newly sprung in June;
O, my luve’s like the melodie
That’s sweetly play’d in tune.”

It would consume days to give the intense and tender lines—lines wet with the heart’s blood, lines that throb and sigh and weep, lines that glow like flames, lines that seem to clasp and kiss.

But the most perfect love-poem that I know—pure the tear of gratitude—is “To Mary in Heaven:”

“Thou lingering star, with less’ning ray,
That lov’st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher’st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear’st thou the groans that rend his breast?

“That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow’d grove
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we ‘twas our last!

“Ayr, gurgling, kiss’d his pebbled shore,
O’erhung with wild woods, thick’ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin’d am’rous round the raptur’d scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev’ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim’d the speed of wingèd day.

“Still o’er these scenes my mem’ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear’st thou the groans that rend his breast?”

Above all the daughters of luxury and wealth, above all of Scotland's queens rises this pure and gentle girl made deathless by the love of Robert Burns.

POET OF HOME

He was the poet of the home—of father, mother, child—of the purest wedded love.

In the "Cotter's Saturday Night," one of the noblest and sweetest poems in the literature of the world, is a description of the poor cotter going from his labor to his home:

"At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil."

And in the same poem, after having described the courtship, Burns bursts into this perfect flower:

"O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there in the world a more beautiful—a more touching picture than the old couple sitting by the ingleside with clasped hands, and the pure, patient, loving old wife saying to the white-haired man who won her heart when the world was young:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

Burns taught that the love of wife and children was the highest—that to toil for them was the noblest.

"The sacred lowe o' weel placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt the illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it."

"I waine the quantum of the sin,
The hazzard o'concealing;
But och! it hardens all within,
And petrifies the feeling."

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos, and sublime,
Of human life."

FRIENDSHIP.

He was the poet of friendship:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?"

Wherever those who speak the English language assemble—wherever the Anglo-Saxon people meet with clasp and smile—these words are given to the air.

SCOTCH DRINK.

The poet of good Scotch drink, of merry meetings, of the cup that cheers, author of the best drinking song in the world:

"O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allen came to see;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

Chorus.

"We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.
"Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And monie a night we've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be!

We are na fou, &c.

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift say hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

We are na fou, &c.

"Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three!

We are na fou, &c."

POETS BORN, NOT MADE.

He did not think the poet could be made—that colleges could furnish feeling, capacity, genius. He gave his opinion of these manufactured minstrels:

"A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!"

"Gie me ane spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

BURNS, THE ARTIST.

He was an artist—a painter of pictures.

This of the brook:

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter's to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night."

Or this from Tam O'Shanter:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed,
Or, like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or, like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

This:

"As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;

So, trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean."

"The sun had clos'd the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roarin play,
An' hunger's Maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she had been."

"O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croons
Wi' wailfu' cry!"

"Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!"

This of the lark and daisy—the daintiest and nearest perfect in our language:

"Alas! it's no' thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east."

A REAL DEMOCRAT.

He was in every fibre of his being a sincere democrat. He was a believer in the people—in the sacred rights of man. He believed that honest peasants were superior to titled parasites. He knew the so-called "gentrv" of his time.

In one of his letters to Dr. Moore is this passage: "It takes a few dashes into the world to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils—the mechanics and peasantry around him—who were born in the same village."

He knew the infinitely cruel spirit of caste—a spirit that despises the useful—the children of toil—those who bear the burdens of the world.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

If not, why am I subject to .
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?"

Against the political injustice of his time—against the artificial distinctions among men by which the lowest were regarded as the highest—he protested in the great poem, “A man’s a man for a’ that,” every line of which came like lava from his heart.

“Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a’ that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a’ that!
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Our toils obscure, and a’ that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

“What tho’ on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a’ that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man’s a man for a’ that.
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Their tinsel show, and a’ that;
The honest man, tho’ e’er sae poor,
Is king o’ men for a’ that.”

“Ye see yon birkie, ca’d a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a’ that;
Tho’ hundreds worship at his word,
He’s but a coof for a’ that;
For a’ that, and a’ that,
His riband, star, and a’ that,
The man’ o’ independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a’ that.”

“A prince can mak’ a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a’ that;
But an honest man’s aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa’ that!
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Their dignities, and a’ that,
The pith o’ sense, and pride o’ worth,
Are higher ranks than a’ that.

“Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a’ that;
That sense and worth, o’er a’ the earth,
May bear the gree and a’ that.
For a’ that, and a’ that;
It’s cornin’ yet for a’ that
That man to man, the warld o’er,
Shall brithers be for a’ that.”

No grander declaration of independence was ever uttered. It stirs the blood like a declaration of war. It is the apotheosis of honesty, independence, sense and worth. And it is a prophecy of that better day when men will be brothers the world over.

HIS THEOLOGY.

Burns was superior in heart and brain to the theologians of his time. He knew that the creed of Calvin was infinitely cruel and absurd, and he attacked it with every weapon that his brain could forge.

He was not awed by the clergy, and he cared nothing for what was called "authority." He insisted on thinking for himself. Sometimes he faltered, and now and then, fearing that some friend might take offence, he would say or write a word in favor of the Bible, and sometimes he praised the Scriptures in words of scorn.

He laughed at the dogma of eternal pain—at hell as described by the preacher:

"A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane,
Wha's ragin' flame an' scorchin' heat
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snorin'.
Asleep that day."

The dear old doctrine that man is totally depraved, that morality is a snare—a flowery path leading to perdition—excited the indignation of Burns. He put the doctrine in verse:

"Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth and justice."
He understood the hypocrites of his day:
"Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back."

"Then orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd owre the seas to France;
Let him bark there."

"They talk religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what? to gie their malice skouth On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin straight."

"Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac,
Ye should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense Upon any pretence,
Was heretic damnable error,

Doctor Mac,
Was heretic damnable error."

But the greatest, the sharpest, the deadliest, the keenest, the wittiest thing ever said or written against Calvinism is Holy Willie's Prayer:—

"O Thou, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done afore thee!

"I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou has left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
To a' this place.

"What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause?

"When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plunged me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Where damnèd devils roar and yell,
Chained to a stake.

"Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' Thy flock."

In this poem you will find the creed stated just as it is—with fairness and accuracy—and at the same time stated so perfectly that its absurdity fills the mind with inextinguishable laughter.

In this poem Burns nailed Calvinism to the cross, put it on the rack, subjected it to every instrument of torture, flayed it alive, burned it at the stake, and scattered its ashes to the winds.

In 1787 Burns wrote this curious letter to Miss Chalmers:

"I have taken tooth and nail to the Bible, and have got through the five books of Moses and half way in Joshua.

"It is really a glorious book."

This must have been written in the spirit of Voltaire.

Think of Burns, with his loving, tender heart, half way in Joshua, standing in blood to his knees, surrounded by the mangled bodies of old men, women and babes, the swords of the victors dripping with innocent blood, shouting—"This is really a glorious sight."

A letter written on the seventh of March, 1788, contains the clearest, broadest and most philosophical statement of the religion of Burns to be found in his works:

"An honest man has nothing to fear. If we lie down in the grave, the whole man a piece of broken machinery, to moulder with the clods of the valley—be it so; at least there is an end of pain and care, woes and wants. If that part of us called Mind does survive the apparent destruction of the man, away with old-wife prejudices and tales!

"Every age and every nation has a different set of stories; and, as the many are always weak, of consequence they have often, perhaps always, been deceived.

"A man conscious of having acted an honest part among his fellow creatures, even granting that he may have been the sport at times of passions and instincts, he goes to a great Unknown Being, who could have had no other end in giving him existence but to make him happy; who gave him those passions and instincts and well knows their force.

"These, my worthy friend, are my ideas.

"It becomes a man of sense to think for himself, particularly in a case where all men are equally interested, and where, indeed, all men are equally in the dark."

"Religious nonsense is the most nonsensical nonsense."

"Why has a religious turn of mind always a tendency to narrow and harden the heart?"

"All my fears and cares are for this world."

We have grown tired of gods and goddesses in art. Milton's heavenly militia excites our laughter. Light-houses have driven sirens from the dangerous coasts. We have found that we do not depend on the imagination for wonders—there are millions of miracles under our feet.

Nothing can be more marvelous than the common and everyday facts of life. The phantoms have been cast aside. Men and women are enough for men and women. In their lives is all the tragedy and all the comedy that they can comprehend.

The painter no longer crowds his canvas with the winged and impossible—he paints life as he sees it, people as he knows them, and in whom he is interested. "The Angelus," the perfection of pathos, is nothing but two peasants bending their heads in thankfulness as they hear the solemn sound of the distant bell—two peasants, who have nothing to be thankful for—nothing but weariness and want, nothing but the crusts that they soften with their tears—nothing. And yet as you look at that picture you feel that they have something besides to be thankful for—that they have life, love, and hope—and so the distant bell makes music in their simple hearts.

Let me give you the difference between culture and nature—between educated talent and real genius.

A little while ago one of the great poets died. I was reading some of his volumes and during the same period was reading a little from Robert Burns. And the difference between these two poets struck me forcibly.

Tennyson was a piece of rare china decorated by the highest art.

Burns was made of honest, human clay, moulded by sympathy and love.

Tennyson dwelt in his fancy, for the most part, with kings and queens, with lords and ladies, with knights and nobles.

Burns lingered by the fireside of the poor and humble, in the thatched cottage of the peasant, with the imprisoned and despised. He loved men and women in spite of their titles, and without regard to the outward. Through robes and rags he saw and loved the man.

Tennyson was touched by place and power, the insignia given by chance or birth. As he grew old he grew narrower, lost interest in the race, and gave his heart to the class to which he had been lowered as a reward for melodious flattery.

Burns broadened and ripened with the flight of his few years. His sympathies widened and increased to the last.

Tennyson had the art born of intellectual taste, of the sense of mental proportion, knowing the color of adjectives and the gradations of emphasis. His pictures were born in his brain, exquisitely shaded by details, carefully wrought by painful and conscious art.

Burns's brain was the servant of his heart. His melody was a rhythm taught by love. He was touched by the miseries, the injustice, the agony of his time. While Tennyson wrote of the past—of kings long dead, of ladies who had been dust for many centuries, Burns melted with his love the walls of caste—the cruel walls that divide the rich and the poor.

Tennyson celebrated the birth of royal babes, the death of the titled useless; gave wings to degraded dust, wearing the laurels given by those who lived upon the toil of men whom they despised. Burns poured poems from his heart, filled with tears and sobs for the suffering poor; poems that helped to break the chains of millions; poems that the enfranchised love to repeat; poems that liberty loves to hear.

Tennyson was the poet of the past, of the twilight, of the sunset, of decorous regret, of the vanished glories of barbarous times, of the age of chivalry in which great nobles clad in steel smote to death with battle axe and sword the unarmed peasants of the field.

Burns was the poet of the dawn, glad that the night was fading from the east. He kept his face toward the sunrise, caring nothing for the midnight of the past, but loved with all the depth and sincerity of his nature the few great souls—the lustrous stars—that darkness cannot quench.

Tennyson was surrounded with what gold can give, touched with the selfishness of wealth. He was educated at Oxford, and had what are called the advantages of his time, and in maturer years was somewhat swayed by the spirit of caste, by the descendants of the ancient Pharisees, and at last became a lord.

Burns had but little knowledge of the world. What he knew was taught him by his sympathies. Being a genius, he absorbed the good and noble of which he heard or dreamed, and thus he happily outgrew the smaller things with which he came in contact, and journeyed toward the great—the wider world, until he reached the end.

Tennyson was what is called religious. He believed in the divinity of decorum, not falling on his face before the Eternal King, but bowing gracefully, as all lords should,

while uttering thanks for favors partly undeserved, and thanks more fervid still for those to come.

Burns had the deepest and the tenderest feelings in his heart. The winding stream, the flowering shrub, the shady vale—these were trysting places where the real God met those he loved, and where his spirit prompted thoughts and words of thankfulness and praise, took from their hearts the dross of selfishness and hate, leaving the gold of love.

In the religion of Burns, form was nothing, creed was nothing, feeling was everything. He had the religious climate of the soul, the April that receives the seed, the June of blossom, and the month of harvest.

Burns was a real poet of nature. He put fields and woods in his lines. There were principles like oaks, and there were thoughts, hints and suggestions as shy as violets beneath the withered leaves. There were the warmth of home, the social virtues born of equal state, that touched the heart and softened grief; that make breaches in the cruel walls of pride; that make the rich and poor clasp hands and feel like comrades, warm and true.

The house in which his spirit lived was not large. It enclosed only space enough for common needs, built near the barren land of want; but through the open door the sunlight streamed, and from its windows all the stars were seen, while in the garden grew the common flowers—the flowers that all the ages through have been the messengers of honest love; and in the fields were heard the rustling corn, and reapers songs, telling of well-requited toil; and there were trees whose branches rose and fell and swayed while birds filled all the air with music born of joy. He read with tear-filled eyes the human page, and found within his breast the history of hearts.

Tennyson's imagination lived in a palace ample, wondrous fair, with dome and spire and galleries, where eyes of proud old pedigree grew dim with gazing at the portraits of the worthless dead; and there were parks and labyrinths of walks and ways and artificial lakes where sailed the "double swans;" and there were flowers from far-off lands with strange perfume, and men and women of the grander sort, telling of better days and nobler deeds than men in these poor times of commerce, trade and toil have hearts to do; and, yet, from this fair dwelling—too vast, too finely wrought, to be a home—he uttered wondrous words, painting pictures that will never fade, and told, with every aid of art, old tales of love and war, sometimes beguiling men of tears, enchanting all with melody of speech, and sometimes rousing blood and planting seeds of high resolve and noble deeds; and sometimes thoughts were woven like tapestries in patterns beautiful, involved and strange, where dreams and fancies interlaced like tendrils of a vine, like harmonies that wander and return to catch the music of the central theme, yet cold as traceries in frost wrought on glass by winter's subtle art.

Tennyson was ingenious—Burns ingenuous. One was exclusive, and in his exclusiveness a little disdain. The other pressed the world against his heart.

Tennyson touched art on many sides, dealing with vast poetic themes, and satisfied in many ways the intellectual tastes of cultured men.

Tennyson is always perfectly self-possessed. He has poetic sympathy, but not the fire and flame. No one thinks of him as having been excited, as being borne away by passion's storm. His pulse never rises. In artistic calm, he turns, polishes, perfects,

embroiders and beautifies. In him there is nothing of the storm and chaos, nothing of the creative genius, no sea wrought to fury, filling the heavens with its shattered cry.

Burns dwelt with simple things—with those that touch the heart; that tell of joy; that spring from labor done; that lift the burdens of despair from fainting souls; that soften hearts until the pearls of pity fall from eyes unused to weep.

To illustrate his thought, he used the things he knew—the things familiar to the world—not caring for the vanished things—the legends told by artful tongues to artless ears—but clinging to the common things of life and love and death, adorning them with countless gems; and, over all, he placed the bow of hope.

With him the man was greater than the king, the woman than the queen. The greatest were the noblest, and the noblest were those who loved their fellow-men the best, the ones who filled their lives with generous deeds. Men admire Tennyson. Men love Robert Burns.

He was a believer in God, and had confidence that this God was sitting at the loom weaving with warp and woof of cause and effect, of fear and fancy, pain and hope, of dream and shadows, of despair and death, mingled with the light of love, the tapestries in which at last all souls will see that all was perfect from the first. He believed or hoped that the spirit of infinite goodness, soft as the autumn air, filled all of heaven's dome with love.

Such a religion is easy to understand when it includes all races through all times. It is consistent, if not with the highest thought, with the deepest and the tenderest feelings of the heart.

FROM CRADLE TO COFFIN.

There is no time to follow the steps of Burns from old Alloway, by the Bonnie Doon in the clay-built hut, where the January wind blew hansel in on Robin—to Mt. Oliphant, with its cold and stingy soil, the hard factor, whose letters made the children weep—working in the fields, or tired with "The thresher's weary flinging tree," where he was thrilled, for the first time with love's sweet pain that set his heart to music.

To Lochlea, still giving wings to thought—still working in the unproductive fields, Lochlea where his father died, and reached the rest that life denied.

To Mossgiel, where Burns reached the top and summit of his art and wrote like one enrapt, inspired. Here he met and loved and gave to immortality his Highland Mary.

To Edinburgh and fame, and back to Mauchline to Jean Armour and honor, the noblest deed of all his life.

To Ellisland, by the winding Nith.

To Dumfries, a poor exciseman, wearing out his heart in the disgusting details of degrading drudgery—suspected of treason because he preferred Washington to Pitt—because he sympathized with the French Revolution—because he was glad that the American colonies had become a free nation.

At a banquet once, being asked to drink the health of Pitt, Burns said: "I will give you a better toast—George Washington." A little while after, when they wanted him to drink to the success of the English arms, Burns said: "No; I will drink this: May their success equal the justice of their cause." He sent three or four little cannon to the French Convention, because he sympathized with the French Revolution, and because of these little things, his love of liberty, of freedom and justice, at Dumfries

he was suspected of being a traitor, and, as a result of these trivial things, as a result of that suspicion, Burns was obliged to join the Dumfries volunteers.

How pitiful that the author of "Scots wha hae with Wallace bled," should be thought an enemy of Scotland!

Poor Burns! Old and broken before his time—surrounded by the walking lumps of Dumfries' clay!

To appease the anger of his fellow-citizens—to convince them that he was a patriot, he actually joined the Dumfries volunteers,—bought his uniform on credit—amount about seven pounds—was unable to pay—was threatened with arrest and a jail by Matthew Penn.

These threats embittered his last hours.

A little while before his death, he said: "Do not let that awkward squad—the Dumfries volunteers—fire over my grave." We have a true insight into what his feelings were. But they fired. They were bound to fire or die.

The last words uttered by Robert Burns were these: "That damned scoundrel Matthew Penn."

Burns had another art, the art of ending—of stopping at the right place. Nothing is more difficult than this. It is hard to end a play—to get the right kind of roof on a house. Not one story-teller in a thousand knows just the spot where the rocket should explode. They go on talking after the stick has fallen.

Burns wrote short poems, and why? All great poems are short. There cannot be a long poem any more than there can be a long joke. I believe the best example of an ending perfectly accomplished you will find in his "Vision."

There comes into his house, into that "auld clay biggin," his muse, the spirit of a beautiful woman, and tells him what he can do, and what he can't do, as a poet. He has a long talk with her and now the thing is how to get her out of the house. You may think that it is an easy thing. It is easy to get yourself into difficulty, but not to get out.

I was struck with the beautiful manner in which Burns got that angel out of the house.

Nothing could be happier than the ending of the "Vision"—the leave-taking of the Muse:

"And wear thou this, she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought she fled.
In light away."

How that man rose above all his fellows in death! Do you know, there is something wonderful in death. What a repose! What a piece of sculpture! The common man dead looks royal; a genius dead, sublime.

When a few years ago I visited all the places where Burns had been, from the little house of clay with one room where he was born, to the little house with one room where he now sleeps, I thought of this. Yes, I visited them all, all the places made immortal by his genius, the field where love first touched his heart, the field where he

ploughed up the home of the Mouse. I saw the cottage where Robert and Jean first lived as man and wife, and walked on “the banks and braes of Bonnie Doon.” And when I stood by his grave, I said: This man was a radical, a real genuine man. This man believed in the dignity of labor, in the nobility of the useful. This man believed in human love, in making a heaven here, in judging men by their deeds instead of creeds and titles. This man believed in the liberty of the soul, of thought and speech. This man believed in the sacred rights of the individual; he sympathized with the suffering and oppressed. This man had the genius to change suffering and toil into song, to enrich poverty, to make a peasant feel like a prince of the blood, to fill the lives of the lowly with love and light. This man had the genius to make robes of glory out of squalid rags. This man had the genius to make Cleopatras, and Sapphos and Helens out of the freckled girls of the villages and fields—and he had the genius to make Auld Ayr, and Bonnie Doon, and Sweet Afton and the Winding Nith murmur the name of Robert Burns forever.

This man left a legacy of glory to Scotland and the whole world; he enriched our language, and with a generous hand scattered the gems of thought. This man was the companion of poverty, and wept the tears of grief, and yet he has caused millions to shed the happy tears of joy.

His heart blossomed in a thousand songs—songs for all times and all seasons—suited to every experience of the heart—songs for the dawn of love—for the glance and clasp and kiss of courtship—for “favors secret, sweet and precious”—for the glow and flame, the ecstasy and rapture of wedded life—songs of parting and despair—songs of hope and simple joy—songs for the vanished days—songs for birth and burial—songs for wild war’s deadly blast, and songs for gentle peace—songs for the dying and the dead—songs for labor and content—songs for the spinning wheel, the sickle and the plow—songs for sunshine and for storm, for laughter and for tears—songs that will be sung as long as language lives and passion sways the heart of man.

And when I was at his birth-place, at that little clay house where he was born, standing in that sacred place, I wrote these lines:

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names,
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all,
Was loved and cradled here.
Here lived the gentle peasant-prince,
The loving cotter-king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
Is but a titled thing.

‘Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day;
And yet I stand within this room,
And hold all thrones in scorn;
For here beneath this lowly thatch,
Love’s sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched

The something deemed divine.
And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears,
Will pay to Robert Burns.

Abraham Lincoln

I.

ON the 12th of February, 1809, two babes were born—one in the woods of Kentucky, amid the hardships and poverty of pioneers; one in England, surrounded by wealth and culture. One was educated in the University of Nature, the other at Cambridge.

One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor, with the emancipation of millions, with the salvation of the Republic. He is known to us as Abraham Lincoln.

The other broke the chains of superstition and filled the world with intellectual light, and he is known as Charles Darwin.

Nothing is grander than to break chains from the bodies of men—nothing nobler than to destroy the phantoms of the soul.

Because of these two men the nineteenth century is illustrious.

A few men and women make a nation glorious—Shakespeare made England immortal, Voltaire civilized and humanized France; Goethe, Schiller and Humboldt lifted Germany into the light. Angelo, Raphael, Galileo and Bruno crowned with fadeless laurel the Italian brow, and now the most precious treasure of the Great Republic is the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Every generation has its heroes, its iconoclasts, its pioneers, its ideals. The people always have been and still are divided, at least into classes—the many, who with their backs to the sunrise worship the past, and the few, who keep their faces toward the dawn—the many, who are satisfied with the world as it is; the few, who labor and suffer for the future, for those to be, and who seek to rescue the oppressed, to destroy the cruel distinctions of caste, and to civilize mankind.

Yet it sometimes happens that the liberator of one age becomes the oppressor of the next. His reputation becomes so great—he is so revered and worshiped—that his followers, in his name, attack the hero who endeavors to take another step in advance.

The heroes of the Revolution, forgetting the justice for which they fought, put chains upon the limbs of others, and in their names the lovers of liberty were denounced as ingrates and traitors.

During the Revolution our fathers to justify their rebellion dug down to the bed-rock of human rights and planted their standard there. They declared that all men were entitled to liberty and that government derived its power from the consent of the governed. But when victory came, the great principles were forgotten and chains were put upon the limbs of men. Both of the great political parties were controlled by greed and selfishness. Both were the defenders and protectors of slavery. For nearly three-quarters of a century these parties had control of the Republic. The principal object of both parties was the protection of the infamous institution. Both were eager to secure the Southern vote and both sacrificed principle and honor upon the altar of success.

At last the Whig party died and the Republican was born. This party was opposed to the further extension of slavery. The Democratic party of the South wished to make

the “divine institution” national—while the Democrats of the North wanted the question decided by each territory for itself.

Each of these parties had conservatives and extremists. The extremists of the Democratic party were in the rear and wished to go back; the extremists of the Republican party were in the front, and wished to go forward. The extreme Democrat was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of slavery, and the extreme Republican was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of liberty.

Neither party could succeed without the votes of its extremists.

This was the condition in 1858-60.

When Lincoln was a child his parents removed from Kentucky to Indiana. A few trees were felled—a log hut open to the south, no floor, no window, was built—a little land plowed and here the Lincolns lived. Here the patient, thoughtful, silent, loving mother died—died in the wide forest as a leaf dies, leaving nothing to her son but the memory of her love.

In a few years the family moved to Illinois. Lincoln then almost grown, clad in skins, with no woven stitch upon his body—walking and driving the cattle. Another farm was opened—a few acres subdued and enough raised to keep the wolf from the door. Lincoln quit the farm—went down the Ohio and Mississippi as a hand on a flat-boat—afterward clerked in a country store—then in partnership with another bought the store—failed. Nothing left but a few debts—learned the art of surveying—made about half a living and paid something on the debts—read law—admitted to the bar—tried a few small cases—nominated for the Legislature and made a speech.

This speech was in favor of a tariff, not only for revenue, but to encourage American manufacturers and to protect American workingmen. Lincoln knew then as well as we do now, that everything, to the limits of the possible, that Americans use should be produced by the energy, skill and ingenuity of Americans. He knew that the more industries we had, the greater variety of things we made, the greater would be the development of the American brain. And he knew that great men and great women are the best things that a nation can produce,—the finest crop a country can possibly raise.

He knew that a nation that sells raw material will grow ignorant and poor, while the people who manufacture will grow intelligent and rich. To dig, to chop, to plow, requires more muscle than mind, more strength than thought.

To invent, to manufacture, to take advantage of the forces of nature—this requires thought, talent, genius. This develops the brain and gives wings to the imagination.

It is better for Americans to purchase from Americans, even if the things purchased cost more.

If we purchase a ton of steel rails from England for twenty dollars, then we have the rails and England the money; But if we buy a ton of steel rails from an American for twenty-five dollars, then America has both the rails and the money.

Judging from the present universal depression and the recent elections, Lincoln, in his first speech, stood on solid rock and was absolutely right. Lincoln was educated in the University of Nature—educated by cloud and star—by field and winding stream—by billowed plains and solemn forests—by morning’s birth and death of day—by storm and night—by the ever eager Spring—by Summer’s wealth of leaf and vine and

flower—the sad and transient glories of the Autumn woods—and Winter, builder of home and fireside, and whose storms without, create the social warmth within.

He was perfectly acquainted with the political questions of the day—heard them discussed at taverns and country stores, at voting places and courts and on the stump. He knew all the arguments for and against, and no man of his time was better equipped for intellectual conflict. He knew the average mind—the thoughts of the people, the hopes and prejudices of his fellow-men. He had the power of accurate statement. He was logical, candid and sincere. In addition, he had the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

In 1858 he was a candidate for the Senate against Stephen A. Douglas.

The extreme Democrats would not vote for Douglas, but the extreme Republicans did vote for Lincoln. Lincoln occupied the middle ground, and was the compromise candidate of his own party. He had lived for many years in the intellectual territory of compromise—in a part of our country settled by Northern and Southern men—where Northern and Southern ideas met, and the ideas of the two sections were brought together and compared.

The sympathies of Lincoln, his ties of kindred, were with the South. His convictions, his sense of justice, and his ideals, were with the North. He knew the horrors of slavery, and he felt the unspeakable ecstasies and glories of freedom. He had the kindness, the gentleness, of true greatness, and he could not have been a master; he had the manhood and independence of true greatness, and he could not have been a slave. He was just, and was incapable of putting a burden upon others that he himself would not willingly bear.

He was merciful and profound, and it was not necessary for him to read the history of the world to know that liberty and slavery could not live in the same nation, or in the same brain. Lincoln was a statesman.. And there is this difference between a politician and a statesman. A politician schemes and works in every way to make the people do something for him. A statesman wishes to do something for the people. With him place and power are means to an end, and the end is the good of his country.

In this campaign Lincoln demonstrated three things—first, that he was the intellectual superior of his opponent; second, that he was right; and third, that a majority of the voters of Illinois were on his side.

II.

IN 1860 the Republic reached a crisis. The conflict between liberty and slavery could no longer be delayed. For three-quarters of a century the forces had been gathering for the battle.

After the Revolution, principle was sacrificed for the sake of gain. The Constitution contradicted the Declaration. Liberty as a principle was held in contempt. Slavery took possession of the Government. Slavery made the laws, corrupted courts, dominated Presidents and demoralized the people.

I do not hold the South responsible for slavery any more than I do the North. The fact is, that individuals and nations act as they must. There is no chance. Back of every event—of every hope, prejudice, fancy and dream—of every opinion and belief—of every vice and virtue—of every smile and curse, is the efficient cause. The present moment is the child, and the necessary child, of all the past.

Northern politicians wanted office, and so they defended slavery; Northern merchants wanted to sell their goods to the South, and so they were the enemies of freedom. The preacher wished to please the people who paid his salary, and so he denounced the slave for not being satisfied with the position in which the good God had placed him.

The respectable, the rich, the prosperous, the holders of and the seekers for office, held liberty in contempt. They regarded the Constitution as far more sacred than the rights of men. Candidates for the presidency were applauded because they had tried to make slave States of free territory, and the highest court solemnly and ignorantly decided that colored men and women had no rights. Men who insisted that freedom was better than slavery, and that mothers should not be robbed of their babes, were hated, despised and mobbed. Mr. Douglas voiced the feelings of millions when he declared that he did not care whether slavery was voted up or down. Upon this question the people, a majority of them, were almost savages. Honor, manhood, conscience, principle—all sacrificed for the sake of gain or office.

From the heights of philosophy—standing above the contending hosts, above the prejudices, the sentimentalities of the day—Lincoln was great enough and brave enough and wise enough to utter these prophetic words:

“A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all the one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it further until it becomes alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.”

This declaration was the standard around which gathered the grandest political party the world has ever seen, and this declaration made Lincoln the leader of that vast host.

In this, the first great crisis, Lincoln uttered the victorious truth that made him the foremost man in the Republic.

The Republican party nominated him for the presidency and the people decided at the polls that a house divided against itself could not stand, and that slavery had cursed soul and soil enough.

It is not a common thing to elect a really great man to fill the highest official position. I do not say that the great Presidents have been chosen by accident. Probably it would be better to say that they were the favorites of a happy chance.

The average man is afraid of genius. He feels as an awkward man feels in the presence of a sleight-of-hand performer. He admires and suspects. Genius appears to carry too much sail—to lack prudence, has too much courage. The ballast of dullness inspires confidence.

By a happy chance Lincoln was nominated and elected in spite of his fitness—and the patient, gentle, just and loving man was called upon to bear as great a burden as man has ever borne.

III.

THEN came another crisis—the crisis of Secession and Civil war.

Again Lincoln spoke the deepest feeling and the highest thought of the Nation. In his first message he said:

“The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.”

He also showed conclusively that the North and South, in spite of secession, must remain face to face—that physically they could not separate—that they must have more or less commerce, and that this commerce must be carried on either between the two sections as friends, or as aliens.

This situation and its consequences he pointed out to absolute perfection in these words:

“Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends?”

After having stated fully and fairly the philosophy of the conflict, after having said enough to satisfy any calm and thoughtful mind, he addressed himself to the hearts of America. Probably there are few finer passages in literature than the close of Lincoln’s inaugural address:

“I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriotic grave to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

These noble, these touching, these pathetic words, were delivered in the presence of rebellion, in the midst of spies and conspirators—surrounded by but few friends, most of whom were unknown, and some of whom were wavering in their fidelity—at a time when secession was arrogant and organized, when patriotism was silent, and when, to quote the expressive words of Lincoln himself, “Sinners were calling the righteous to repentance.”

When Lincoln became President, he was held in contempt by the South—underrated by the North and East—not appreciated even by his cabinet—and yet he was not only one of the wisest, but one of the shrewdest of mankind. Knowing that he had the right to enforce the laws of the Union in all parts of the United States, and Territories—knowing, as he did, that the secessionists were in the wrong, he also knew that they had sympathizers not only in the North, but in other lands.

Consequently, he felt that it was of the utmost importance that the South should fire the first shot, should do some act that would solidify the North, and gain for us the justification of the civilized world.

He proposed to give food to the soldiers at Sumter. He asked the advice of all his cabinet on this question, and all, with the exception of Montgomery Blair, answered in the negative, giving their reasons in writing. In spite of this, Lincoln took his own course—endeavored to send the supplies, and while thus engaged, doing his simple duty, the South commenced actual hostilities and fired on the fort. The course pursued by Lincoln was absolutely right, and the act of the South to a great extent solidified the North, and gained for the Republic the justification of a great number of people in other lands.

At that time Lincoln appreciated the scope and consequences of the impending conflict. Above all other thoughts in his mind was this:

"This conflict will settle the question, at least for centuries to come, whether man is capable of governing himself, and consequently is of greater importance to the free than to the enslaved."

He knew what depended on the issue and he said: "We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

HEN came a crisis in the North. It became clearer and clearer to Lincoln's mind, day by day, that the Rebellion was slavery, and that it was necessary to keep the border States on the side of the Union. For this purpose he proposed a scheme of emancipation and colonization—a scheme by which the owners of slaves should be paid the full value of what they called their "property."

He knew that if the border States agreed to gradual emancipation, and received compensation for their slaves, they would be forever lost to the Confederacy, whether secession succeeded or not. It was objected at the time, by some, that the scheme was far too expensive; but Lincoln, wiser than his advisers—far wiser than his enemies—demonstrated that from an economical point of view, his course was best.

IV.

He proposed that $400 be paid for slaves, including men, women and children. This was a large price, and yet he showed how much cheaper it was to purchase than to carry on the war.

At that time, at the price mentioned, there were about $750,000 worth of slaves in Delaware. The cost of carrying on the war was at least two millions of dollars a day, and for one-third of one day's expenses, all the slaves in Delaware could be purchased. He also showed that all the slaves in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri could be bought, at the same price, for less than the expense of carrying on the war for eighty-seven days.

This was the wisest thing that could have been proposed, and yet such was the madness of the South, such the indignation of the North, that the advice was unheeded.

Again, in July, 1862, he urged on the Representatives of the border States a scheme of gradual compensated emancipation; but the Representatives were too deaf to hear, too blind to see.

Lincoln always hated slavery, and yet he felt the obligations and duties of his position. In his first message he assured the South that the laws, including the most odious of all—the law for the return of fugitive slaves—would be enforced. The South would not hear. Afterward he proposed to purchase the slaves of the border States, but the proposition was hardly discussed—hardly heard. Events came thick and fast; theories gave way to facts, and everything was left to force.

The extreme Democrat of the North was fearful that slavery might be destroyed, that the Constitution might be broken, and that Lincoln, after all, could not be trusted; and at the same time the radical Republican feared that Lincoln loved the Union more than he did liberty.

The fact is, that he tried to discharge the obligations of his great office, knowing from the first that slavery must perish. The course pursued by Lincoln was so gentle, so kind and persistent, so wise and logical, that millions of Northern Democrats sprang to the defence, not only of the Union, but of his administration. Lincoln refused to be

led or hurried by Fremont or Hunter, by Greeley or Sumner. From first to last he was the real leader, and he kept step with events.

V.

ON the 22d of July, 1862, Lincoln sent word to the members of his cabinet that he wished to see them. It so happened that Secretary Chase was the first to arrive. He found Lincoln reading a book. Looking up from the page, the President said: "Chase, did you ever read this book?" "What book is it?" asked Chase. "Artemus Ward," replied Lincoln. "Let me read you this chapter, entitled '*Wax Wurx in Albany*.'" And so he began reading while the other members of the cabinet one by one came in. At last Stanton told Mr. Lincoln that he was in a great hurry, and if any business was to be done he would like to do it at once. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln laid down the open book, opened a drawer, took out a paper and said: "Gentlemen, I have called you together to notify you what I have determined to do. I want no advice. Nothing can change my mind."

He then read the Proclamation of Emancipation. Chase thought there ought to be something about God at the close, to which Lincoln replied: "Put it in, it won't hurt it." It was also agreed that the President would wait for a victory in the field before giving the Proclamation to the world.

The meeting was over, the members went their way. Mr. Chase was the last to go, and as he went through the door looked back and saw that Mr. Lincoln had taken up the book and was again engrossed in the *Wax Wurx at Albany*.

This was on the 22d of July, 1862. On the 22d of August of the same year—after Lincoln wrote his celebrated letter to Horace Greeley, in which he stated that his object was to save the Union; *that he would save it with slavery if he could*; that if it was necessary to destroy slavery in order to save the Union, he would; in other words, he would do what was necessary to save the Union.

This letter disheartened, to a great degree, thousands and millions of the friends of freedom. They felt that Mr. Lincoln had not attained the moral height upon which they supposed he stood. And yet, when this letter was written, the Emancipation Proclamation was in his hands, and had been for thirty days, waiting only an opportunity to give it to the world.

Some two weeks after the letter to Greeley, Lincoln was waited on by a committee of clergymen, and was by them informed that it was God's will that he should issue a Proclamation of Emancipation. He replied to them, in substance, that the day of miracles had passed. He also mildly and kindly suggested that if it were God's will this Proclamation should be issued, certainly God would have made known that will to him—to the person whose duty it was to issue it.

On the 22d day of September, 1862, the most glorious date in the history of the Republic, the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued.

Lincoln had reached the generalization of all argument upon the question of slavery and freedom—a generalization that never has been, and probably never will be, excelled:

"In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free."

This is absolutely true. Liberty can be retained, can be enjoyed, only by giving it to others. The spendthrift saves, the miser is prodigal. In the realm of Freedom, waste is husbandry. He who puts chains upon the body of another shackles his own soul. The

moment the Proclamation was issued the cause of the Republic became sacred. From that moment the North fought for the human race.

From that moment the North stood under the blue and stars, the flag of Nature, sublime and free.

In 1831, Lincoln went down the Mississippi on a flat-boat. He received the extravagant salary of ten dollars a month. When he reached New Orleans, he and some of his companions went about the city.

Among other places, they visited a slave market, where men and women were being sold at auction. A young colored girl was on the block. Lincoln heard the brutal words of the auctioneer—the savage remarks of bidders. The scene filled his soul with indignation and horror.

Turning to his companions, he said, "Boys, if I ever get a chance to hit slavery, by God I'll hit it hard!"

The helpless girl, unconsciously, had planted in a great heart the seeds of the Proclamation.

Thirty-one years afterward the chance came, the oath was kept, and to four millions of slaves, of men, women and children, was restored liberty, the jewel of the soul.

In the history, in the fiction of the world, there is nothing more intensely dramatic than this.

Lincoln held within his brain the grandest truths, and he held them as unconsciously, as easily, as naturally, as a waveless pool holds within its stainless breast a thousand stars.

In these two years we had traveled from the Ordinance of Secession to the Proclamation of Emancipation.

VI.

WE were surrounded by enemies. Many of the so-called great in Europe and England were against us. They hated the Republic, despised our institutions, and sought in many ways to aid the South.

Mr. Gladstone announced that Jefferson Davis had made a nation, and that he did not believe the restoration of the American Union by force attainable.

From the Vatican came words of encouragement for the South.

It was declared that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence.

The Marquis of Salisbury said: "The people of the South are the natural allies of England. The North keeps an opposition shop in the same department of trade as ourselves."

Not a very elevated sentiment—but English.

Some of their statesmen declared that the subjugation of the South by the North would be a calamity to the world.

Louis Napoleon was another enemy, and he endeavored to establish a monarchy in Mexico, to the end that the great North might be destroyed. But the patience, the uncommon common sense, the statesmanship of Lincoln—in spite of foreign hate

and Northern division—triumphed over all. And now we forgive all foes. Victory makes forgiveness easy.

Lincoln was by nature a diplomat. He knew the art of sailing against the wind. He had as much shrewdness as is consistent with honesty. He understood, not only the rights of individuals, but of nations. In all his correspondence with other governments he neither wrote nor sanctioned a line which afterward was used to tie his hands. In the use of perfect English he easily rose above all his advisers and all his fellows.

No one claims that Lincoln did all. He could have done nothing without the generals in the field, and the generals could have done nothing without their armies. The praise is due to all—to the private as much as to the officer; to the lowest who did his duty, as much as to the highest.

My heart goes out to the brave private as much as to the leader of the host.

But Lincoln stood at the centre and with infinite patience, with consummate skill, with the genius of goodness, directed, cheered, consoled and conquered.

VII.

SLAVERY was the cause of the war, and slavery was the perpetual stumbling-block. As the war went on, question after question arose—questions that could not be answered by theories. Should we hand back the slave to his master, when the master was using his slave to destroy the Union? If the South was right, slaves were property, and by the laws of war anything that might be used to the advantage of the enemy might be confiscated by us. Events did not wait for discussion. General Butler denominated the negro as “a contraband.” Congress provided that the property of the rebels might be confiscated.

The extreme Democrats of the North regarded the slave as more sacred than life. It was no harm to kill the master—to burn his house, to ravage his fields—but you must not free his slave. If in war a nation has the right to take the property of its citizens—of its friends—certainly it has the right to take the property of those it has the right to kill.

Lincoln was wise enough to know that war is governed by the laws of war, and that during the conflict constitutions are silent. All that he could do he did in the interests of peace. He offered to execute every law—including the most infamous of all—to buy the slaves in the border States—to establish gradual, compensated emancipation; but the South would not hear. Then he confiscated the property of rebels—treated the slaves as contraband of war, used them to put down the Rebellion, armed them and clothed them in the uniform of the Republic—was in favor of making them citizens and allowing them to stand on an equality with their white brethren under the flag of the Nation. During these years Lincoln moved with events, and every step he took has been justified by the considerate judgment of mankind.

VIII.

LINCOLN not only watched the war, but kept his hand on the political pulse. In 1863 a tide set in against the administration. A Republican meeting was to be held in Springfield, Illinois, and Lincoln wrote a letter to be read at this convention. It was in his happiest vein. It was a perfect defence of his administration, including the Proclamation of Emancipation. Among other things he said:

“But the proclamation, as law, either is valid or it is not valid. If it is not valid it needs no retraction, but if it is valid it cannot be retracted, any more than the dead can be brought to life.”

To the Northern Democrats who said they would not fight for negroes, Lincoln replied:

“Some of them seem willing to fight for you—but no matter.”

Of negro soldiers:

“But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us they must be prompted by the strongest motive—even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept.”

There is one line in this letter that will give it immortality:

“The Father of waters again goes unvexed to the sea.”

This line is worthy of Shakespeare.

Another:

“Among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet.”

He draws a comparison between the white men against us and the black men for us:

“And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue and clenched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it.”

Under the influence of this letter, the love of country, of the Union, and above all, the love of liberty, took possession of the heroic North.

There was the greatest moral exaltation ever known.

The spirit of liberty took possession of the people. The masses became sublime.

To fight for yourself is natural—to fight for others is grand; to fight for your country is noble—to fight for the human race—for the liberty of hand and brain—is nobler still.

As a matter of fact, the defenders of slavery had sown the seeds of their own defeat. They dug the pit in which they fell. Clay and Webster and thousands of others had by their eloquence made the Union almost sacred. The Union was the very tree of life, the source and stream and sea of liberty and law.

For the sake of slavery millions stood by the Union, for the sake of liberty millions knelt at the altar of the Union; and this love of the Union is what, at last, overwhelmed the Confederate hosts.

It does not seem possible that only a few years ago our Constitution, our laws, our Courts, the Pulpit and the Press defended and upheld the institution of slavery—that it was a crime to feed the hungry—to give water to the lips of thirst—shelter to a woman flying from the whip and chain!

The old flag still flies—the stars are there—the stains have gone.

IX.

LINCOLN always saw the end. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the times. He advanced too rapidly for the conservative politicians, too slowly for the radical enthusiasts. He occupied the line of safety, and held by his personality—by the force of his great character, by his charming candor—the masses on his side.

The soldiers thought of him as a father.

All who had lost their sons in battle felt that they had his sympathy—felt that his face was as sad as theirs. They knew that Lincoln was actuated by one motive, and that his energies were bent to the attainment of one end—the salvation of the Republic.

They knew that he was kind, sincere and merciful. They knew that in his veins there was no drop of tyrants' blood. They knew that he used his power to protect the innocent, to save reputation and life—that he had the brain of a philosopher—the heart of a mother.

During all the years of war, Lincoln stood the embodiment of mercy, between discipline and death. He pitied the imprisoned and condemned. He took the unfortunate in his arms, and was the friend even of the convict. He knew temptation's strength—the weakness of the will—and how in fury's sudden flame the judgment drops the scales, and passion—blind and deaf—usurps the throne.

One day a woman, accompanied by a Senator, called on the President. The woman was the wife of one of Mosby's men. Her husband had been captured, tried and condemned to be shot. She came to ask for the pardon of her husband. The President heard her story and then asked what kind of man her husband was. "Is he intemperate, does he abuse the children and beat you?" "No, no," said the wife, "he is a good man, a good husband, he loves me and he loves the children, and we cannot live without him. The only trouble is that he is a fool about politics—I live in the North, born there, and if I get him home, he will do no more fighting for the South." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, after examining the papers, "I will pardon your husband and turn him over to you for safe keeping." The poor woman, overcome with joy, sobbed as though her heart would break.

"My dear woman," said Lincoln, "if I had known how badly it was going to make you feel, I never would have pardoned him." "You do not understand me," she cried between her sobs. "You do not understand me." "Yes, yes, I do," answered the President, "and if you do not go away at once I shall be crying with you."

On another occasion, a member of Congress, on his way to see Lincoln, found in one of the anterooms of the White House an old white-haired man, sobbing—his wrinkled face wet with tears. The old man told him that for several days he had tried to see the President—that he wanted a pardon for his son. The Congressman told the old man to come with him and he would introduce him to Mr. Lincoln. On being introduced, the old man said: "Mr. Lincoln, my wife sent me to you. We had three boys. They all joined your army. One of 'em has been killed, one's a fighting now, and one of 'em, the youngest, has been tried for deserting and he's going to be shot day after to-morrow. He never deserted. He's wild, and he may have drunk too much and wandered off, but he never deserted. 'Taint in the blood. He's his mother's favorite, and if he's shot, I know she'll die." The President, turning to his secretary, said: "Telegraph General Butler to suspend the execution in the case of————[giving the name] until further orders from me, and ask him to answer————."

The Congressman congratulated the old man on his success—but the old man did not respond. He was not satisfied. "Mr. President," he began, "I can't take that news

home. It won't satisfy his mother. How do I know but what you'll give further orders to-morrow?" "My good man," said Mr. Lincoln, "I have to do the best I can. The generals are complaining because I pardon so many. They say that my mercy destroys discipline. Now, when you get home you tell his mother what you said to me about my giving further orders, and then you tell her that I said this: 'If your son lives until they get further orders from me, that when he does die people will say that old Methusaleh was a baby compared to him.'"

The pardoning power is the only remnant of absolute sovereignty that a President has. Through all the years, Lincoln will be known as Lincoln the loving, Lincoln the merciful.

X.

LINCOLN had the keenest sense of humor, and always saw the laughable side even of disaster. In his humor there was logic and the best of sense. No matter how complicated the question, or how embarrassing the situation, his humor furnished an answer and a door of escape.

Vallandigham was a friend of the South, and did what he could to sow the seeds of failure. In his opinion everything, except rebellion, was unconstitutional.

He was arrested, convicted by a court martial, and sentenced to imprisonment.

There was doubt about the legality of the trial, and thousands in the North denounced the whole proceeding as tyrannical and infamous. At the same time millions demanded that Vallandigham should be punished.

Lincoln's humor came to the rescue. He disapproved of the findings of the court, changed the punishment, and ordered that Mr. Vallandigham should be sent to his friends in the South.

Those who regarded the act as unconstitutional almost forgave it for the sake of its humor.

Horace Greeley always had the idea that he was greatly superior to Lincoln, because he lived in a larger town, and for a long time insisted that the people of the North and the people of the South desired peace. He took it upon himself to lecture Lincoln. Lincoln, with that wonderful sense of humor, united with shrewdness and profound wisdom, told Greeley that, if the South really wanted peace, he (Lincoln) desired the same thing, and was doing all he could to bring it about. Greeley insisted that a commissioner should be appointed, with authority to negotiate with the representatives of the Confederacy. This was Lincoln's opportunity. He authorized Greeley to act as such commissioner. The great editor felt that he was caught. For a time he hesitated, but finally went, and found that the Southern commissioners were willing to take into consideration any offers of peace that Lincoln might make, consistent with the independence of the Confederacy.

The failure of Greeley was humiliating, and the position in which he was left, absurd.

Again the humor of Lincoln had triumphed.

Lincoln, to satisfy a few fault-finders in the North, went to Grant's headquarters and met some Confederate commissioners. He urged that it was hardly proper for him to negotiate with the representatives of rebels in arms—that if the South wanted peace, all they had to do was to stop fighting. One of the commissioners cited as a precedent

the fact that Charles the First negotiated with rebels in arms. To which Lincoln replied that Charles the First lost his head.

The conference came to nothing, as Mr. Lincoln expected.

The commissioners, one of them being Alexander H. Stephens, who, when in good health, weighed about ninety pounds, dined with the President and Gen. Grant. After dinner, as they were leaving, Stephens put on an English ulster, the tails of which reached the ground, while the collar was somewhat above the wearer's head.

As Stephens went out, Lincoln touched Grant and said: "Grant, look at Stephens. Did you ever see as little a nubbin with as much shuck?"

Lincoln always tried to do things in the easiest way. He did not waste his strength. He was not particular about moving along straight lines. He did not tunnel the mountains. He was willing to go around, and reach the end desired as a river reaches the sea.

XI.

One of the most wonderful things ever done by Lincoln was the promotion of General Hooker. After the battle of Fredericksburg, General Burnside found great fault with Hooker, and wished to have him removed from the Army of the Potomac. Lincoln disapproved of Burnside's order, and gave Hooker the command. He then wrote Hooker this memorable letter:

"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier—which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession—in which you are right. You have confidence—which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition to thwart him as much as you could—in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military successes, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence in him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, so far as I can, to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon, if he were alive, can get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

This letter has, in my judgment, no parallel. The mistaken magnanimity is almost equal to the prophecy:

"I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their command and withholding confidence in him, will now turn upon you."

Chancellorsville was the fulfillment.

XII.

MR. LINCOLN was a statesman. The great stumbling-block—the great obstruction—in Lincoln's way, and in the way of thousands, was the old doctrine of States Rights.

This doctrine was first established to protect slavery. It was clung to to protect the inter-State slave trade. It became sacred in connection with the Fugitive Slave Law, and it was finally used as the corner-stone of Secession.

This doctrine was never appealed to in defence of the right—always in support of the wrong. For many years politicians upon both sides of this question endeavored to express the exact relations existing between the Federal Government and the States, and I know of no one who succeeded, except Lincoln. In his message of 1861, delivered on July the 4th, the definition is given, and it is perfect:

"Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the General Government. Whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State."

When that definition is realized in practice, this country becomes a Nation. Then we shall know that the first allegiance of the citizen is not to his State, but to the Republic, and that the first duty of the Republic is to protect the citizen, not only when in other lands, but at home, and that this duty cannot be discharged by delegating it to the States.

Lincoln believed in the sovereignty of the people—in the supremacy of the Nation—in the territorial integrity of the Republic.

XIII.

A GREAT actor can be known only when he has assumed the principal character in a great drama. Possibly the greatest actors have never appeared, and it may be that the greatest soldiers have lived the lives of perfect peace. Lincoln assumed the leading part in the greatest drama ever enacted upon the stage of this continent.

His criticisms of military movements, his correspondence with his generals and others on the conduct of the war, show that he was at all times master of the situation—that he was a natural strategist, that he appreciated the difficulties and advantages of every kind, and that in "the still and mental" field of war he stood the peer of any man beneath the flag.

Had McClellan followed his advice, he would have taken Richmond.

Had Hooker acted in accordance with his suggestions, Chancellorsville would have been a victory for the Nation.

Lincoln's political prophecies were all fulfilled.

We know now that he not only stood at the top, but that he occupied the centre, from first to last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage and his patriotism.

In passion's storm he stood, unmoved, patient, just and candid. In his brain there was no cloud, and in his heart no hate. He longed to save the South as well as North, to see the Nation one and free.

He lived until the end was known.

He lived until the Confederacy was dead—until Lee surrendered, until Davis fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened, until the Republic was supreme.

He lived until Lincoln and Liberty were united forever.

He lived to cross the desert—to reach the palms of victory—to hear the murmured music of the welcome waves.

He lived until all loyal hearts were his—until the history of his deeds made music in the souls of men—until he knew that on Columbia's Calendar of worth and fame his name stood first.

He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

What he did was worth living for, worth dying for.

He lived until he stood in the midst of universal

Joy, beneath the outstretched wings of Peace—the foremost man in all the world.

And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The Savior of the Republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, he who had "assured freedom to the free," was dead.

Upon his brow Fame placed the immortal wreath, and for the first time in the history of the world a Nation bowed and wept.

The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all States beneath a Nation's flag.

XIV.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, of Aesop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, were an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all, the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. About these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity.

Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved and hated and schemed, we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct.

Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mould—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors.

He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons.

In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage and generosity. In cultivated society, cultivation is often more important than soil. A well-executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison, and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment.

In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is sufficient. In the new, they find what a man really is; in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together, than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys.

In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called Spring, touched and saddened by Autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairy-land. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

In the country you keep your cheek close to the breast of Nature. You are calmed and ennobled by the space, the amplitude and scope of earth and sky—by the constancy of the stars.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney, or a hypocritical parson.

Lincoln was a great lawyer. There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. Perfect candor is sword and shield.

He understood the nature of man. As a lawyer he endeavored to get at the truth, at the very heart of a case. He was not willing even to deceive himself. No matter what his interest said, what his passion demanded, he was great enough to find the truth and strong enough to pronounce judgment against his own desires.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit, or kinder humor.

It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side—stands in the mind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger, reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most men can tell the things we wish to hear.

He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid.

He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most complex and intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

Lincoln was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity.

The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous speech at Gettysburg, and then the oration of Edward Everett.

The speech of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The oration of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature—unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others.

He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows.

He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes.

Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.

As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred-dollar bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either of

making a display of wealth or a pretence of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

By his candor, by his kindness, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought, and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible, but popular, to be natural. He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly respectable, of the cold and formal.

He wore no official robes either on his body or his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other, or different, from what he really was.

He had the unconscious naturalness of Nature's self.

He built upon the rock. The foundation was secure and broad. The structure was a pyramid, narrowing as it rose. Through days and nights of sorrow, through years of grief and pain, with unswerving purpose, "with malice towards none, with charity for all," with infinite patience, with unclouded vision, he hoped and toiled. Stone after stone was laid, until at last the Proclamation found its place. On that the Goddess stands.

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; little for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop; but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong.

He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defence, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves.

He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned.

With him, men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong.

Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end.

He was patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a Nation.

He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince.

He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon.

He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

Voltaire

I.

THE infidels of one age have often been the aureoled saints of the next.

The destroyers of the old are the creators of the new.

As time sweeps on the old passes away and the new in its turn becomes old.

There is in the intellectual world, as in the physical, decay and growth, and ever by the grave of buried age stand youth and joy.

The history of intellectual progress is written in the lives of infidels.

Political rights have been preserved by traitors, the liberty of mind by heretics.

To attack the king was treason; to dispute the priest was blasphemy.

For many centuries the sword and cross were allies. Together they attacked the rights of man. They defended each other.

The throne and altar were twins—two vultures from the same egg.

James I. said: “No bishop, no king.” He might have added: “No cross, no crown.” The king owned the bodies of men; the priest, the souls. One lived on taxes collected by force, the other on alms collected by fear—both robbers, both beggars.

These robbers and these beggars controlled two worlds. The king made laws, the priest made creeds. Both obtained their authority from God, both were the agents of the Infinite.

With bowed backs the people carried the burdens of one, and with wonder’s open mouth received the dogmas of the other.

If the people aspired to be free, they were crushed by the king, and every priest was a Herod who slaughtered the children of the brain.

The king ruled by force, the priest by fear, and both by both.

The king said to the people: “God made you peasants, and He made me king; He made you to labor, and me to enjoy; He made rags and hovels for you, robes and palaces for me. He made you to obey, and me to command. Such is the justice of God.”

And the priest said: “God made you ignorant and vile; He made me holy and wise; you are the sheep, I am the shepherd; your fleeces belong to me. If you do not obey me here, God will punish you now and torment you forever in another world. Such is the mercy of God.”

“You must not reason. Reason is a rebel. You must not contradict—contradiction is born of egotism; you must believe. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.” Heaven was a question of ears.

Fortunately for us, there have been traitors and there have been heretics, blasphemers, thinkers, investigators, lovers of liberty, men of genius who have given their lives to better the condition of their fellow-men.

It may be well enough here to ask the question: What is greatness?

A great man adds to the sum of knowledge, extends the horizon of thought, releases souls from the Bastile of fear, crosses unknown and mysterious seas, gives new islands and new continents to the domain of thought, new constellations to the firmament of mind. A great man does not seek applause or place; he seeks for truth; he seeks the road to happiness, and what he ascertains he gives to others.

A great man throws pearls before swine, and the swine are sometimes changed to men. If the great had always kept their pearls, vast multitudes would be barbarians now.

A great man is a torch in the darkness, a beacon in superstition's night, an inspiration and a prophecy.

Greatness is not the gift of majorities; it cannot be thrust upon any man; men cannot give it to another; they can give place and power, but not greatness.

The place does not make the man, nor the sceptre the king. Greatness is from within.

The great men are the heroes who have freed the bodies of men; they are the philosophers and thinkers who have given liberty to the soul; they are the poets who have transfigured the common and filled the lives of many millions with love and song.

They are the artists who have covered the bare walls of weary life with the triumphs of genius.

They are the heroes who have slain the monsters of ignorance and fear, who have outgazed the Gorgon and driven the cruel gods from their thrones.

They are the inventors, the discoverers, the great mechanics, the kings of the useful who have civilized this world.

At the head of this heroic army, foremost of all, stands Voltaire, whose memory we are honoring tonight.

Voltaire! a name that excites the admiration of men, the malignity of priests. Pronounce that name in the presence of a clergyman, and you will find that you have made a declaration of war. Pronounce that name, and from the face of the priest the mask of meekness will fall, and from the mouth of forgiveness will pour a Niagara of vituperation and calumny. And yet Voltaire was the greatest man of his century, and did more to free the human race than any other of the sons of men.

On Sunday, the 21st of November, 1694, a babe was born—a babe so exceedingly frail that the breath hesitated about remaining, and the parents had him baptized as soon as possible. They were anxious to save the soul of this babe, and they knew that if death came before baptism the child would be doomed to an eternity of pain. They knew that God despised an unsprinkled child. The priest who, with a few drops of water, gave the name of Francois-Marie Arouet to this babe and saved his soul—little thought that before him, wrapped in many folds, weakly wailing, scarcely breathing, was the one destined to tear from the white throat of Liberty the cruel, murderous claws of the "Triumphant Beast."

When Voltaire came to this "great stage of fools," his country had been Christianized—not civilized—for about fourteen hundred years. For a thousand years the religion of peace and good-will had been supreme. The laws had been given by Christian kings, and sanctioned by "wise and holy men." Under the benign reign of

universal love, every court had its chamber of torture, and every priest relied on the thumb-screw and rack.

Such had been the success of the blessed gospel that every science was an outcast.

To speak your honest thoughts, to teach your fellow-men, to investigate for yourself, to seek the truth, these were all crimes, and the “holy-mother church” pursued the criminals with sword and flame.

The believers in a God of love—an infinite father—punished hundreds of offences with torture and death. Suspected persons were tortured to make them confess. Convicted persons were tortured to make them give the names of their accomplices. Under the leadership of the church, cruelty had become the only reforming power.

In this blessed year, 1694, all authors were at the mercy of king and priest. The most of them were cast into prisons, impoverished by fines and costs, exiled or executed.

The little time that hangmen could snatch from professional duties was occupied in burning books.

The courts of justice were traps, in which the innocent were caught. The judges were almost as malicious and cruel as though they had been bishops or saints. There was no trial by jury, and the rules of evidence allowed the conviction of the supposed criminal by the proof of suspicion or hearsay.

The witnesses, being liable to be tortured, generally told what the judges wished to hear.

The supernatural and the miraculous controlled the world. Everything was explained, but nothing was understood. The church was at the head. The sick bought from monks little amulets of consecrated paper. They did not send for a doctor, but for a priest, and the priest sold the diseased and the dying these magical amulets. These little pieces of paper with the help of some saint would cure diseases of every kind. If you would put one in a cradle, it would keep the child from being bewitched. If you would put one in the barn, the rats would not eat your corn. If you would keep one in the house, evil spirits would not enter your doors, and if you buried them in the fields, you would have good weather, the frost would be delayed, rain would come when needed, and abundant crops would bless your labor. The church insisted that all diseases could be cured in the name of God, and that these cures could be effected by prayers, exorcism, by touching bones of saints, pieces of the true cross; by being sprinkled with holy water or with sanctified salt, or touched with magical oil.

In that day the dead saints were the best physicians; St. Valentine cured the epilepsy; St. Gervasius was exceedingly good for rheumatism; St. Michael for cancer; St. Judas for coughs and colds; St. Ovidius restored the hearing; St. Sebastian was good for the bites of snakes and the stings of poisonous insects; St. Apollonia for toothache; St. Clara for any trouble with the eyes; and St. Hubert for hydrophobia. It was known that doctors reduced the revenues of the church; that was enough—science was the enemy of religion.

The church thought that the air was filled with devils; that every sinner was a kind of tenement house inhabited by evil spirits; that angels were on one side of men and evil spirits on the other, and that God would, when the subscriptions and donations justified the effort, drive the evil spirits from the field.

Satan had power over the air; consequently he controlled the frost, the mildew, the lightning and the flood; and the principal business of the church was with bells, and

holy water, and incense, and crosses, to defeat the machinations of that prince of the power of the air.

Great reliance was placed upon the bells; they were sprinkled with holy water, and their clangor cleared the air of imps and fiends. And bells also protected the people from storms and lightning. In that day the church used to anathematize insects. Suits were commenced against rats, and judgment rendered. Every monastery had its master magician, who sold incense and salt and tapers and consecrated palms and relics. Every science was regarded as an enemy; every fact held the creed of the church in scorn. Investigators were regarded as dangerous; thinkers were traitors, and the church exerted its vast power to prevent the intellectual progress of man.

There was no real liberty, no real education, no real philosophy, no real science—-nothing but credulity and superstition. The world was under the control of Satan and the church.

The church firmly believed in the existence of witches and devils and fiends. In this way the church had every enemy within her power. It simply had to charge him with being a wizard, of holding communications with devils, and the ignorant mob were ready to tear him to pieces. So prevalent was this belief, this belief in the supernatural, that the poor people were finally driven to make the best possible terms they could with the spirit of evil. This frightful doctrine filled every friend with suspicion of his friend; it made the husband denounce the wife, children their parents, parents their children. It destroyed the amenities of humanity; it did away with justice in courts; it broke the bond of friendship; it filled with poison the golden cup of life; it turned earth into a very perdition peopled with abominable, malicious and hideous fiends. Such was the result of a belief in the supernatural; such was the result of giving up the evidence of their own senses and relying upon dreams, visions and fears. Such was the result of the attack upon the human reason; such the result of depending on the imagination, on the supernatural; such the result of living in this world for another; of depending upon priests instead of upon ourselves. The Protestants vied with Catholics; Luther stood side by side with the priests he had deserted in promoting this belief in devils and fiends. To the Catholic every Protestant was possessed by a devil; to the Protestant every Catholic was the home of a fiend. All order, all regular succession of causes and effects were known no more; the natural ceased to exist; the learned and the ignorant were on a level. The priest was caught in the net he had spread for the peasant, and Christendom became a vast madhouse, with the insane for keepers.

When Voltaire was born the church ruled and owned France. It was a period of almost universal corruption. The priests were mostly libertines, the judges cruel and venal. The royal palace was a house of prostitution. The nobles were heartless, proud, arrogant and cruel to the last degree. The common people were treated as beasts. It took the church a thousand years to bring about this happy condition of things.

The seeds of the Revolution unconsciously were being scattered by every noble and by every priest.

They were germinating slowly in the hearts of the wretched; they were being watered by the tears of agony; blows began to bear interest. There was a faint longing for blood. Workmen, blackened by the sun, bowed by labor, deformed by want, looked at the white throats of scornful ladies and thought about cutting them.

In those days witnesses were cross-examined with instruments of torture; the church was the arsenal of superstition; miracles, relics, angels and devils were as common as lies.

In order to appreciate a great man we must know his surroundings. We must understand the scope of the drama in which he played—the part he acted, and we must also know his audience.

In England George I. was disporting with the "May-pole" and "Elephant," and then George II., jealous and choleric, hating the English and their language, making, however, an excellent image or idol before whom the English were glad to bow—snobbery triumphant—the criminal code getting bloodier every day—223 offences punishable with death—the prisons filled and the scaffolds crowded—efforts on every hand to repress the ambition of men to be men—the church relying on superstition and ceremony to make men good—and the state dependent on the whip, the rope and axe to make men patriotic.

In Spain the Inquisition in full control—all the instruments of torture used to prevent the development of the mind, Spain, that had driven out the Jews, that is to say, her talent; that had driven out the Moors, that is to say, her taste and her industry, was still endeavoring by all religious means to reduce the land to the imbecility of the true faith.

In Portugal they were burning women and children for having eaten meat on a holy day, and this to please the most merciful God.

In Italy the nation prostrate, covered with swarms of cardinals and bishops and priests and monks and nuns and every representative of holy sloth. The Inquisition there also—while hands that were clasped in prayer or stretched for alms, grasped with eagerness and joy the lever of the rack, or gathered fagots for the holy flame.

In Germany they were burning men and women charged with having made a compact with the enemy of man.

And in our own fair land, persecuting Quakers, stealing men and women from another shore, stealing children from their mother's breasts, and paying labor with the cruel lash.

Superstition ruled the world!

There is but one use for law, but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty—to give to each man his own, to secure to the farmer what he produces from the soil, the mechanic what he invents and makes, to the artist what he creates, to the thinker the right to express his thoughts. Liberty is the breath of progress.

In France, the people were the sport of a king's caprice. Everywhere was the shadow of the Bastile.

It fell upon the sunniest field, upon the happiest home. With the king walked the headsman; back of the throne was the chamber of torture. The Church appealed to the rack, and Faith relied on the fagot. Science was an outcast, and Philosophy, so-called, was the pander of superstition.

Nobles and priests were sacred. Peasants were vermin. Idleness sat at the banquet, and Industry gathered the crumbs and the crusts.

II. THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

VOLTAIRE was of the people. In the language of that day, he had no ancestors. His real name was Francois-Marie Arouet. His mother was Marguerite d'Aumard. This mother died when he was seven years of age. He had an elder brother, Armand, who was a devotee, very religious and exceedingly disagreeable. This brother used to present offerings to the church, hoping to make amends for the unbelief of his brother. So far as we know, none of his ancestors were literary people.

The Arouets had never written a line. The Abbe de Chaulieu was his godfather, and, although an abbe, was a Deist who cared nothing about religion except in connection with his salary. Voltaire's father wanted to make a lawyer of him, but he had no taste for law. At the age of ten he entered the college of Louis Le Grand. This was a Jesuit school, and here he remained for seven years, leaving at seventeen, and never attending any other school. According to Voltaire, he learned nothing at this school but a little Greek, a good deal of Latin and a vast amount of nonsense.

In this college of Louis Le Grand they did not teach geography, history, mathematics or any science. This was a Catholic institution, controlled by the Jesuits. In that day the religion was defended, was protected or supported by the state. Behind the entire creed were the bayonet, the axe, the wheel, the fagot and the torture chamber.

While Voltaire was attending the college of Louis Le Grand the soldiers of the king were hunting Protestants in the mountains of Cevennes for magistrates to hang on gibbets, to put to torture, to break on the wheel, or to burn at the stake.

At seventeen Voltaire determined to devote his life to literature. The father said, speaking of his two sons Armand and Francois, "I have a pair of fools for sons, one in verse and the other in prose."

In 1713, Voltaire, in a small way, became a diplomat. He went to The Hague attached to the French minister, and there he fell in love. The girl's mother objected. Voltaire sent his clothes to the young lady that she might visit him. Everything was discovered and he was dismissed. To this girl he wrote a letter, and in it you will find the key note of Voltaire: "Do not expose yourself to the fury of your mother. You know what she is capable of. You have experienced it too well. Dissemble; it is your only chance. Tell her that you have forgotten me, that you hate me; then after telling her, love me all the more."

On account of this episode Voltaire was formally disinherited by his father. The father procured an order of arrest and gave his son the choice of going to prison or beyond the seas. He finally consented to become a lawyer, and says: "I have already been a week at work in the office of a solicitor learning the trade of a pettifogger."

About this time he competed for a prize, writing a poem on the king's generosity in building the new choir in the Cathedral Notre Dame. He did not win it. After being with the solicitor a little while, he hated the law, began to write poetry and the outlines of tragedy. Great questions were then agitating the public mind, questions that throw a flood of light upon that epoch.

In 1552 Dr. Baius took it into his head to sustain a number of propositions touching predestination to the prejudice of the doctrine of free will. The Cordelian monks selected seventy-six of the propositions and denounced them to the Pope as heretical, and from the Pope obtained what was called a Bull. This Bull contained a doubtful passage, the meaning of which was dependent upon the position of a comma. The friends of Dr. Baius wrote to Rome to find where the comma ought to be placed.

Rome, busy with other matter, sent as an answer a copy of the Bull in which the doubtful sentence was left without any comma. So the dispute continued.

Then there was the great controversy between the Jansenists and Molinists. Molini was a Spanish Jesuit, who sustained the doctrine of free will with a subtlety of his own, "man's will is free, but God sees exactly how he will use it." The Presbyterians of our country are still wrestling with this important absurdity.

Jansenius was a French Jesuit who carried the doctrine of predestination to the extreme, asserting that God commands things that are impossible, and that Christ did not die for all.

In 1641 the Jesuits obtained a Bull condemning five propositions of Jansenius. The Jansenists there upon denied that the five propositions—or any of them—were found in the works of Jansenius.

This question of Jansenism and Molinism occupied France for about two hundred years.

In Voltaire's time the question had finally dwindled down to whether the five propositions condemned by the Papal Bull were in fact in the works of Jansenius. The Jansenists proved that the five propositions were not in his book, because a niece of Pascal had a diseased eye cured by the application of a thorn from the crown of Christ.

The Bull Unigenitus was launched in 1713, and then all the prisons were filled with Jansenists. This great question of predestination and free will, of free moral agency and accountability, and being saved by the grace of God, and damned for the glory of God, have occupied the mind of what we call the civilized world for many centuries. All these questions were argued pro and con through Switzerland; all of them in Holland for centuries; in Scotland and England and New England, and millions of people are still busy harmonizing foreordination and free will, necessity and morality, predestination and accountability.

Louis XIV. having died, the Regent took possession, and then the prisons were opened. The Regent called for a list of all persons then in the prisons sent there at the will of the king. He found that, as to many prisoners, nobody knew any cause why they had been in prison. They had been forgotten. Many of the prisoners did not know themselves, and could not guess why they had been arrested. One Italian had been in the Bastile thirty-three years without ever knowing why. On his arrival in Paris, thirty-three years before, he was arrested and sent to prison. He had grown old. He had survived his family and friends. When the rest were liberated he asked to remain where he was, and lived there the rest of his life. The old prisoners were pardoned, but in a little while their places were taken by new ones.

At this time Voltaire was not interested in the great world—knew very little of religion or of government. He was busy writing poetry, busy thinking of comedies and tragedies. He was full of life. All his fancies were winged like moths.

He was charged with having written some cutting epigrams. He was exiled to Tulle, three hundred miles away. From this place he wrote in the true vein—"I am at a chateau, a place that would be the most agreeable in the world if I had not been exiled to it, and where there is nothing wanting for my perfect happiness except the liberty of leaving. It would be delicious to remain, if I only were allowed to go."

At last the exile was allowed to return. Again he was arrested; this time sent to the Bastile, where he remained for nearly a year. While in prison he changed his name from Francois-Marie Arouet to Voltaire, and by that name he has since been known.

Voltaire, as full of life as summer is full of blossoms, giving his ideas upon all subjects at the expense of prince and king, was exiled to England. From sunny France he took his way to the mists and fogs of Albion. He became acquainted with the highest and the best in Britain. He met Pope, a most wonderful verbal mechanic, a maker of artificial flowers, very much like natural ones, except that they lack perfume and the seeds of suggestion. He made the acquaintance of Young, who wrote the "Night Thoughts;" Young, a fine old hypocrite with a virtuous imagination, a gentleman who electioneered with the king's mistress that he might be made a bishop. He became acquainted with Chesterfield—all manners, no man; with Thomson, author of "The Seasons," who loved to see the sun rise in bed and visit the country in town; with Swift, whose poisoned arrows were then festering in the flesh of Mr. Bull—Swift, as wicked as he was witty, and as heartless as he was humorous—with Swift, a dean and a devil; with Congreve, whom Addison thought superior to Shakespeare, and who never wrote but one great line, "The cathedral looking tranquillity."

III. THE MORN OF MANHOOD.

VOLTAIRE began to think, to doubt, to inquire. He studied the history of the church, of the creed. He found that the religion of his time rested on the inspiration of the Scriptures—the infallibility of the church—the dreams of insane hermits—the absurdities of the Fathers—the mistakes and falsehoods of saints—the hysteria of nuns—the cunning of priests and the stupidity of the people. He found that the Emperor Constantine, who lifted Christianity into power, murdered his wife Fausta and his eldest son Crispus, the same year that he convened the Council of Nice, to decide whether Christ was a man or the Son of God. The Council decided, in the year 325, that Christ was consubstantial with the Father. He found that the church was indebted to a husband who assassinated his wife—a father who murdered his son, for settling the vexed question of the divinity of the Savior. He found that Theodosius called a council at Constantinople in 381, by which it was decided that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father—that Theodosius, the younger, assembled a council at Ephesus in 431, that declared the Virgin Mary to be the mother of God—that the Emperor Marcian called another council at Chalcedon in 451, that decided that Christ had two wills—that Pognatius called another in 680, that declared that Christ had two natures to go with his two wills—and that in 1274, at the council of Lyons, the important fact was found that the Holy Ghost "proceeded," not only from the Father, but also from the Son at the same time.

So, it took about 1,300 years to find out a few things that had been revealed by an infinite God to his infallible church.

Voltaire found that this insane creed had filled the world with cruelty and fear. He found that vestments were more sacred than virtues—that images and crosses—pieces of old bones and bits of wood were more precious than the rights and lives of men, and that the keepers of these relics were the enemies of the human race.

With all the energy of his nature—with every faculty of his mind—he attacked this "Triumphant Beast."

Voltaire was the apostle of common sense. He knew that there could have been no primitive or first language from which all other languages had been formed. He knew that every language had been influenced by the surroundings of the people. He knew

that the language of snow and ice was not the language of palm and flower. He knew also that there had been no miracle in language. He knew that it was impossible that the story of the Tower of Babel should be true. He knew that everything in the whole world had been natural. He was the enemy of alchemy, not only in language but in science. One passage from him is enough to show his philosophy in this regard. He says; “To transmute iron into gold, two things are necessary: first, the annihilation of the iron; second, the creation of gold.”

Voltaire gave us the philosophy of history.

Voltaire was a man of humor, of good nature, of cheerfulness. He despised with all his heart the philosophy of Calvin, the creed of the sombre, of the severe, of the unnatural. He pitied those who needed the aid of religion to be honest, to be cheerful. He had the courage to enjoy the present and the philosophy to bear what the future might bring.

And yet for more than a hundred and fifty years the Christian world has fought this man and has maligned his memory. In every Christian pulpit his name has been pronounced with scorn, and every pulpit has been an arsenal of slander. He is one man of whom no orthodox minister has ever told the truth. He has been denounced equally by Catholics and Protestants.

Priests and ministers, bishops and exhorters, presiding elders and popes have filled the world with slanders, with calumnies about Voltaire. I am amazed that ministers will not or cannot tell the truth about an enemy of the church. As a matter of fact, for more than one thousand years, almost every pulpit has been a mint in which slanders have been coined.

Voltaire made up his mind to destroy the superstition of his time.

He fought with every weapon that genius could devise or use. He was the greatest of all caricaturists, and he used this wonderful gift without mercy. For pure crystallized wit, he had no equal. The art of flattery was carried by him to the height of an exact science. He knew and practiced every subterfuge. He fought the army of hypocrisy and pretence, the army of faith and falsehood.

Voltaire was annoyed by the meaner and baser spirits of his time, by the cringers and crawlers, by the fawners and pretenders, by those who wished to gain the favor of priests, the patronage of nobles. Sometimes he allowed himself to be annoyed by these wretches; sometimes he attacked them. And, but for these attacks, long ago they would have been forgotten. In the amber of his genius Voltaire preserved these insects, these tarantulas, these scorpions.

It is fashionable to say that he was not profound. This is because he was not stupid. In the presence of absurdity he laughed, and was called irreverent. He thought God would not damn even a priest forever—this was regarded as blasphemy. He endeavored to prevent Christians from murdering each other, and did what he could to civilize the disciples of Christ. Had he founded a sect, obtained control of some country, and burned a few heretics at slow fires, he would have won the admiration, respect and love of the Christian world. Had he only pretended to believe all the fables of antiquity, had he mumbled Latin prayers, counted beads, crossed himself, devoured now and then the flesh of God, and carried fagots to the feet of Philosophy in the name of Christ, he might have been in heaven this moment, enjoying a sight of the damned.

If he had only adopted the creed of his time—if he had asserted that a God of infinite power and mercy had created millions and billions of human beings to suffer eternal pain, and all for the sake of his glorious justice—that he had given his power of attorney to a cunning and cruel Italian Pope, authorizing him to save the soul of his mistress and send honest wives to hell—if he had given to the nostril's of this God the odor of burning flesh—the incense of the fagot—if he had filled his ears with the shrieks of the tortured—the music of the rack, he would now be known as Saint Voltaire.

For many years this restless man filled Europe with the product of his brain. Essays, epigrams, epics, comedies, tragedies, histories, poems, novels, representing every phase and every faculty of the human mind. At the same time engrossed in business, full of speculation, making money like a millionaire, busy with the gossip of courts, and even with the scandals of priests. At the same time alive to all the discoveries of science and the theories of philosophers, and in this Babel never forgetting for one moment to assail the monster of superstition.

Sleeping and waking he hated the church. With the eyes of Argus he watched, and with the arms of Briareus he struck. For sixty years he waged continuous and unrelenting war, sometimes in the open field, sometimes striking from the hedges of opportunity—taking care during all this time to remain independent of all men. He was in the highest sense successful. He lived like a prince, became one of the powers of Europe, and in him, for the first time, literature was crowned.

It has been claimed by the Christian critics that Voltaire was irreverent; that he examined sacred things without solemnity; that he refused to remove his shoes in the presence of the Burning Bush; that he smiled at the geology of Moses, the astronomical ideas of Joshua, and that the biography of Jonah filled him with laughter. They say that these stories, these sacred impossibilities, these inspired falsehoods, should be read and studied with a believing mind in humbleness of spirit; that they should be examined prayerfully, asking God at the same time to give us strength to triumph over the conclusions of our reason. These critics imagine that a falsehood can be old enough to be venerable, and that to stand covered in its presence is the act of an irreverent scoffer. Voltaire approached the mythology of the Jews precisely as he did the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, or the mythology of the Chinese or the Iroquois Indians. There is nothing in this world too sacred to be investigated, to be understood. The philosopher does not hide. Secrecy is not the friend of truth. No man should be reverent at the expense of his reason. Nothing should be worshiped until the reason has been convinced that it is worthy of worship.

Against all miracles, against all holy superstition, against sacred mistakes, he shot the arrows of ridicule.

These arrows, winged by fancy, sharpened by wit, poisoned by truth, always reached the centre.

It is claimed by many that anything, the best and holiest, can be ridiculed. As a matter of fact, he who attempts to ridicule the truth, ridicules himself. He becomes the food of his own laughter.

The mind of man is many-sided. Truth must be and is willing to be tested in every way, tested by all the senses.

But in what way can the absurdity of the "real presence" be answered, except by banter, by raillery, by ridicule, by persiflage? How are you going to convince a man

who believes that when he swallows the sacred wafer he has eaten the entire Trinity, and that a priest drinking a drop of wine has devoured the Infinite? How are you to reason with a man who believes that if any of the sacred wafers are left over they should be put in a secure place, so that mice should not eat God?

What effect will logic have upon a religious gentleman who firmly believes that a God of infinite compassion sent two bears to tear thirty or forty children in pieces for laughing at a bald-headed prophet?

How are such people to be answered? How can they be brought to a sense of their absurdity? They must feel in their flesh the arrows of ridicule..

So Voltaire has been called a mocker.

What did he mock? He mocked kings that were unjust; kings who cared nothing for the sufferings of their subjects. He mocked the titled fools of his day. He mocked the corruption of courts; the meanness, the tyranny and the brutality of judges. He mocked the absurd and cruel laws, the barbarous customs. He mocked popes and cardinals and bishops and priests, and all the hypocrites on the earth. He mocked historians who filled their books with lies, and philosophers who defended superstition. He mocked the haters of liberty, the persecutors of their fellow-men. He mocked the arrogance, the cruelty, the impudence, and the unspeakable baseness of his time.

He has been blamed because he used the weapon of ridicule.

Hypocrisy has always hated laughter, and always will. Absurdity detests humor, and stupidity despises wit. Voltaire was the master of ridicule. He ridiculed the absurd, the impossible. He ridiculed the mythologies and the miracles, the stupid lives and lies of the saints. He found pretence and mendacity crowned by credulity. He found the ignorant many controlled by the cunning and cruel few. He found the historian, saturated with superstition, filling his volumes with the details of the impossible, and he found the scientists satisfied with “they say.”

Voltaire had the instinct of the probable. He knew the law of average, the sea level; he had the idea of proportion, and so he ridiculed the mental monstrosities and deformities—the *non sequiturs*—of his day. Aristotle said women had more teeth than men. This was repeated again and again by the Catholic scientists of the eighteenth century.

Voltaire counted the teeth. The rest were satisfied with “they say.”

Voltaire for many years, in spite of his surroundings, in spite of almost universal tyranny and oppression, was a believer in God and what he was pleased to call the religion of Nature. He attacked the creed of his time because it was dishonorable to his God. He thought of the Deity as a father, as the fountain of justice, intelligence and mercy, and the creed of the Catholic Church made him a monster of cruelty and stupidity. He attacked the Bible with all the weapons at his command. He assailed its geology, its astronomy, its ideas of justice, its laws and customs, its absurd and useless miracles, its foolish wonders, its ignorance on all subjects, its insane prophecies, its cruel threats and its extravagant promises.

At the same time he praised the God of nature, the God who gives us rain and light and food and flowers and health and happiness—who fills the world with youth and beauty.

Attacked on every side, he fought with every weapon that wit, logic, reason, scorn, contempt, laughter, pathos and indignation could sharpen, form, devise or use. He often apologized, and the apology was an insult. He often recanted, and the recantation was a thousand times worse than the thing recanted. He took it back by giving more. In the name of eulogy he flayed his victim. In his praise there was poison. He often advanced by retreating, and asserted by retraction.

He did not intend to give priests the satisfaction of seeing him burn or suffer. Upon this very point of recanting he wrote:

"They say I must retract. Very willingly. I will declare that Pascal is always right. That if St. Luke and St. Mark contradict one another, it is only another proof of the truth of religion to those who know how to understand such things; and that another lovely proof of religion is that it is unintelligible. I will even avow that all priests are gentle and disinterested; that Jesuits are honest people; that monks are neither proud nor given to intrigue, and that their odor is agreeable; that the Holy Inquisition is the triumph of humanity and tolerance. In a word, I will say all that may be desired of me, provided they leave me in repose, and will not persecute a man who has done harm to none."

He gave the best years of his wondrous life to succor the oppressed, to shield the defenceless, to reverse infamous decrees, to rescue the innocent, to reform the laws of France, to do away with torture, to soften the hearts of priests, to enlighten judges, to instruct kings, to civilize the people, and to banish from the heart of man the love and lust of war.

You may think that I have said too much; that I have placed this man too high. Let me tell you what Goethe, the great German, said of this man:

"If you wish depth, genius, imagination, taste, reason, sensibility, philosophy, elevation, originality, nature, intellect, fancy, rectitude, facility, flexibility, precision, art, abundance, variety, fertility, warmth, magic, charm, grace, force, an eagle sweep of vision, vast understanding, instruction rich, tone excellent, urbanity, suavity, delicacy, correctness, purity, clearness, eloquence, harmony, brilliancy, rapidity, gaiety, pathos, sublimity and universality, perfection indeed, behold Voltaire."

Even Carlyle, that old Scotch terrier, with the growl of a grizzly bear, who attacked shams, as I have sometimes thought, because he hated rivals, was forced to admit that Voltaire gave the death stab to modern superstition.

It is the duty of every man to destroy the superstitions of his time, and yet there are thousands of men and women, fathers and mothers, who repudiate with their whole hearts the creeds of superstition, and still allow their children to be taught these lies. They allow their imaginations to be poisoned with the dogma of eternal pain. They allow arrogant and ignorant parsons, meek and foolish teachers, to sow the seeds of barbarism in the minds of their children—seeds that will fill their lives with fear and pain. Nothing can be more important to a human being than to be free and to live without fear.

It is far better to be a mortal free man than an immortal slave.

Fathers and mothers should do their utmost to make their children free. They should teach them to doubt, to investigate, to inquire, and every father and mother should know that by the cradle of every child, as by the cradle of the infant Hercules, crawls the serpent of superstition.

IV. THE SCHEME OF NATURE.

AT that time it was pretended by the believers in God that the plan, or the scheme of nature, was not cruel; that the lower was sacrificed for the benefit of the higher; that while life lived upon life, while animals lived upon each other, and while man was the king or sovereign of all, still the higher lived upon the lower. Consequently, a lower life was sacrificed that a higher life might exist. This reasoning satisfied many. Yet there were thousands that could not see why the lower should be sacrificed, or why all joy should be born of pain. But, since the construction of the microscope, since man has been allowed to look toward the infinitely small, as well as toward the infinitely great, he finds that our fathers were mistaken when they laid down the proposition that only the lower life was sacrificed for the sake of the higher.

Now we find that the lives of all visible animals are liable to be, and in countless cases are, destroyed by a far lower life; that man himself is destroyed by the microbes, the bacilli, the infinitesimal. We find that for the sake of preserving the yellow fever germs millions and millions have died, and that whole nations have been decimated for the sake of the little beast that gives us the cholera. We have also found that there are animals, call them what you please, that live on the substance of the human heart, others that prefer the lungs, others again so delicate in their palate that they insist on devouring the optic nerve, and when they have destroyed the sight of one eye have sense enough to bore through the cartilage of the nose to attack the other. Thus we find the other side of this proposition. At first sight the lower seemed to be sacrificed for the sake of the higher, but on closer inspection the highest are sacrificed for the sake of the lowest.

Voltaire was, for a long time, a believer in the optimism of Pope—"All partial evil, universal good." This is a very fine philosophy for the fortunate. It suits the rich. It is flattering to kings and priests. It sounds well. It is a fine stone to throw at a beggar. It enables you to bear with great fortitude the misfortunes of others.

It is not the philosophy for those who suffer—for industry clothed in rags, for patriotism in prison, for honesty in want, or for virtuous outcasts. It is a philosophy of a class, of a few, and of the few who are fortunate; and, when misfortune overtakes them, this philosophy fades and withers.

In 1755 came the earthquake at Lisbon. This frightful disaster became an immense interrogation. The optimist was compelled to ask, "What was my God doing? Why did the Universal Father crush to shapelessness thousands of his poor children, even at the moment when they were upon their knees returning thanks to him?"

What could be done with this horror? If earthquake there must be, why did it not occur in some uninhabited desert, on some wide waste of sea? This frightful fact changed the theology of Voltaire. He became convinced that this is not the best possible of all worlds. He became convinced that evil is evil here, now, and forever.

The Theist was silent. The earthquake denied the existence of God.

V. HIS HUMANITY.

TOULOUSE was a favored town. It was rich in relics. The people were as ignorant as wooden images, but they had in their possession the dried bodies of seven apostles—the bones of many of the infants slain by Herod—part of a dress of the Virgin Mary, and lots of skulls and skeletons of the infallible idiots known as saints.

In this city the people celebrated every year with great joy two holy events: The expulsion of the Huguenots, and the blessed massacre of St. Bartholomew. The citizens of Toulouse had been educated and civilized by the church.

A few Protestants, mild because in the minority, lived among these jackals and tigers.

One of these Protestants was Jean Calas—a small dealer in dry goods. For forty years he had been in this business, and his character was without a stain. He was honest, kind and agreeable. He had a wife and six children—four sons and two daughters. One of the sons became a Catholic. The eldest son, Marc Antoine, disliked his father's business and studied law. He could not be allowed to practice unless he became a Catholic. He tried to get his license by concealing that he was a Protestant. He was discovered—grew morose. Finally he became discouraged and committed suicide, by hanging himself one evening in his father's store.

The bigots of Toulouse started the story that his parents had killed him to prevent his becoming a Catholic.

On this frightful charge the father, mother, one son, a servant, and one guest at their house, were arrested.

The dead son was considered a martyr, the church taking possession of the body.

This happened in 1761.

There was what was called a trial. There was no evidence, not the slightest, except hearsay. All the facts were in favor of the accused.

The united strength of the defendants could not have done the deed.

Jean Calas was doomed to torture and to death upon the wheel. This was on the 9th of March, 1762, and the sentence was to be carried out the next day.

On the morning of the 10th the father was taken to the torture room. The executioner and his assistants were sworn on the cross to administer the torture according to the judgment of the court.

They bound him by the wrists to an iron ring in the stone wall four feet from the ground, and his feet to another ring in the floor. Then they shortened the ropes and chains until every joint in his arms and legs was dislocated. Then he was questioned. He declared that he was innocent. Then the ropes were again shortened until life fluttered in the torn body; but he remained firm.

This was called "the question ordinaire."

Again the magistrates exhorted the victim to confess, and again he refused, saying that there was nothing to confess.

Then came "the question extraordinaire."

Into the mouth of the victim was placed a horn holding three pints of water. In this way thirty pints of water were forced into the body of the sufferer. The pain was beyond description, and yet Jean Calas remained firm.

He was then carried to the scaffold in a tumbril.

He was bound to a wooden cross that lay on the scaffold. The executioner then took a bar of iron, broke each leg and each arm in two places, striking eleven blows in all. He was then left to die if he could. He lived for two hours, declaring his innocence to

the last. He was slow to die, and so the executioner strangled him. Then his poor lacerated, bleeding and broken body was chained to a stake and burned.

All this was a spectacle—a festival for the savages of Toulouse. What would they have done if their hearts had not been softened by the glad tidings of great joy—peace on earth and good will to men?

But this was not all. The property of the family was confiscated; the son was released on condition that he become a Catholic; the servant if she would enter a convent. The two daughters were consigned to a convent, and the heart-broken widow was allowed to wander where she would.

Voltaire heard of this case. In a moment his soul was on fire. He took one of the sons under his roof. He wrote a history of the case. He corresponded with kings and queens, with chancellors and lawyers. If money was needed, he advanced it. For years he filled Europe with the echoes of the groans of Jean Calas. He succeeded. The horrible judgment was annulled—the poor victim declared innocent and thousands of dollars raised to support the mother and family.

This was the work of Voltaire.

THE SIRVEN FAMILY.

Sirven, a Protestant, lived in Languedoc with his wife and three daughters. The housekeeper of the bishop wanted to make one of the daughters a Catholic.

The law allowed the bishop to take the child of Protestants from their parents for the sake of its soul. This little girl was so taken and placed in a convent. She ran away and came back to her parents. Her poor little body was covered with the marks of the convent whip.

“Suffer little children to come unto me.”

The child was out of her mind—suddenly she disappeared, and a few days after her little body was found in a well, three miles from home.

The cry was raised that her folks had murdered her to keep her from becoming a Catholic.

This happened only a little way from the Christian City of Toulouse while Jean Calas was in prison. The Sirvens knew that a trial would end in conviction. They fled. In their absence they were convicted, their property confiscated, the parents sentenced to die by the hangman, the daughters to be under the gallows during the execution of their mother, and then to be exiled.

The family fled in the midst of winter; the married daughter gave birth to a child in the snows of the Alps; the mother died, and, at last reaching Switzerland, the father found himself without means of support.

They went to Voltaire. He espoused their cause. He took care of them, gave them the means to live, and labored to annul the sentence that had been pronounced against them for nine long and weary years. He appealed to kings for money, to Catharine II. of Russia, and to hundreds of others. He was successful. He said of this case: The Sirvens were tried and condemned in two hours in January, 1762, and now in January, 1772, after ten years of effort, they have been restored to their rights.

This was the work of Voltaire. Why should the worshipers of God hate the lovers of men?

THE ESPENASSE CASE.

Espenasse was a Protestant, of good estate. In 1740 he received into his house a Protestant clergyman, to whom he gave supper and lodging.

In a country where priests repeated the parable of the "Good Samaritan," this was a crime.

For this crime Espenasse was tried, convicted and sentenced to the galleys for life.

When he had been imprisoned for twenty-three years his case came to the knowledge of Voltaire, and he was, through the efforts of Voltaire, released and restored to his family.

This was the work of Voltaire. There is not time to tell of the case of General Lally, of the English General Byng, of the niece of Corneille, of the Jesuit Adam, of the writers, dramatists, actors, widows and orphans for whose benefit he gave his influence, his money and his time. But I will tell another case:

In 1765, at the town of Abbeville, an old wooden cross on a bridge had been mutilated—whittled with a knife—a terrible crime. Sticks, when crossing each other, were far more sacred than flesh and blood. Two young men were suspected—the Chevalier de la Barre and D'Etallonde. D'Etallonde fled to Prussia and enlisted as a common soldier.

La Barre remained and stood his trial.

He was convicted without the slightest evidence, and he and D'Etallonde were both sentenced:

First, to endure the torture, ordinary and extraordinary.

Second, to have their tongues torn out by the roots with pincers of iron.

Third, to have their right hands cut off at the door of the church.

Fourth, to be bound to stakes by chains of iron and burned to death by a slow fire.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Remembering this, the judges mitigated the sentence by providing that their heads should be cut off before their bodies were given to the flames.

The case was appealed to Paris; heard by a court composed of twenty-five judges, learned in the law, and the judgment was confirmed.

The sentence was carried out on the first day of July, 1766.

When Voltaire heard of this judicial infamy he made up his mind to abandon France. He wished to leave forever a country where such cruelties were possible.

He wrote a pamphlet, giving the history of the case.

He ascertained the whereabouts of D'Etallonde, wrote in his behalf to the King of Prussia; got him released from the army; took him to his own house; kept him for a year and a half; saw that he was instructed in drawing, mathematics, engineering, and had at last the happiness of seeing him a captain of engineers in the army of Frederick the Great.

Such a man was Voltaire. He was the champion of the oppressed and the helpless. He was the Cæsar to whom the victims of church and state appealed. He stood for the intellect and heart of his time.

And yet for a hundred and fifty years those who love their enemies have exhausted the vocabulary of hate, the ingenuity of malice and mendacity, in their efforts to save their stupid creeds from the genius of Voltaire.

From a great height he surveyed the world. His horizon was large. He had some vices—these he shared in common with priests—his virtues were his own.

He was in favor of universal education—of the development of the brain. The church despised him. He wished to put the knowledge of the whole world within the reach of all. Every priest was his enemy. He wished to drive from the gate of Eden the cherubim of superstition, so that the children of Adam might return and eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. The church opposed this because it had the fruit of the tree of ignorance for sale.

He was one of the foremost friends of the Encyclopedia—of Diderot, and did all in his power to give information to all. So far as principles were concerned, he was the greatest lawyer of his time. I do not mean that he knew the terms and decisions, but that he clearly perceived not only what the law should be, but its application and administration. He understood the philosophy of evidence, the difference between suspicion and proof, between belief and knowledge, and he did more to reform the laws of the kingdom and the abuses at courts than all the lawyers and statesmen of his time.

At school, he read and studied the works of Cicero—the lord of language—probably the greatest orator that has uttered speech, and the words of the Roman remained in his brain. He became, in spite of the spirit of caste, a believer in the equality of men. He said:

“Men are born equal.”

“Let us respect virtue and merit.”

“Let us have it in the heart that men are equal.” He was an abolitionist—the enemy of slavery in all its forms. He did not think that the color of one man gave him the right to steal from another man on account of that man’s color. He was the friend of serf and peasant, and did what he could to protect animals, wives and children from the fury of those who loved their neighbors as themselves.

It was Voltaire who sowed the seeds of liberty in the heart and brain of Franklin, of Jefferson and Thomas Paine.

Pufendorf had taken the ground that slavery was, in part, founded on contract.

Voltaire said: “Show me the contract, and if it is signed by the party to be the slave, I may believe.”

He thought it absurd that God should drown the fathers, and then come and die for the children. This is as good as the remark of Diderot: “If Christ had the power to defend himself from the Jews and refused to use it, he was guilty of suicide.”

He had sense enough to know that the flame of the fagot does not enlighten the mind. He hated the cruel and pitied the victims of church and state. He was the friend of the unfortunate—the helper of the striving. He laughed at the pomp of kings—the pretensions of priests. He was a believer in the natural and abhorred with all his heart the miraculous and absurd.

Voltaire was not a saint. He was educated by the Jesuits. He was never troubled about the salvation of his soul. All the theological disputes excited his laughter, the

creeds his pity, and the conduct of bigots his contempt. He was much better than a saint.

Most of the Christians in his day kept their religion not for every day use but for disaster, as ships carry life boats to be used only in the stress of storm.

Voltaire believed in the religion of humanity—of good and generous deeds. For many centuries the church had painted virtue so ugly, sour and cold, that vice was regarded as beautiful. Voltaire taught the beauty of the useful, the hatefulness and hideousness of superstition.

He was not the greatest of poets, or of dramatists, but he was the greatest man of his time, the greatest friend of freedom and the deadliest foe of superstition.

He did more to break the chains of superstition—to drive the phantoms of fear from the heart and brain, to destroy the authority of the church and to give liberty to the world than any other of the sons of men. In the highest, the holiest sense he was the most profoundly religious man of his time.

VI. THE RETURN.

AFTER an exile of twenty-seven years, occupying during all that time a first place in the civilized world, Voltaire returned to Paris. His journey was a triumphal march. He was received as a conqueror. The Academy, the Immortals, came to meet him—a compliment that had never been paid to royalty. His tragedy of "Irene" was performed. At the theatre he was crowned with laurel, covered with flowers; he was intoxicated with perfume and with incense of worship. He was the supreme French poet, standing above them all. Among the literary men of the world he stood first—a monarch by the divine right of genius. There were three mighty forces in France—the throne, the altar and Voltaire.

The king was the enemy of Voltaire. The court could have nothing to do with him. The church, malign and morose, was waiting for her revenge, and yet, such was the reputation of this man—such the hold he had upon the people—that he became, in spite of Throne, in spite of Church, the idol of France.

He was an old man of eighty-four. He had been surrounded with the comforts, the luxuries of life. He was a man of great wealth, the richest writer that the world had known. Among the literary men of the earth he stood first. He was an intellectual king—one who had built his own throne and had woven the purple of his own power. He was a man of genius. The Catholic God had allowed him the appearance of success. His last years were filled with the intoxication of flattery—of almost worship. He stood at the summit of his age.

The priests became anxious. They began to fear that God would forget, in a multiplicity of business, to make a terrible example of Voltaire.

Towards the last of May, 1778, it was whispered in Paris that Voltaire was dying. Upon the fences of expectation gathered the unclean birds of superstition, impatiently waiting for their prey.

"Two days before his death, his nephew went to seek the Curé of Saint Sulpice and the Abbé Gautier, and brought them into his uncle's sick chamber. 'Ah, well!' said Voltaire, 'give them my compliments and my thanks.' The Abbé spoke some words to him, exhorting him to patience. The curé of Saint Sulpice then came forward, having announced himself, and asked of Voltaire, elevating his voice, if he acknowledged the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The sick man pushed one of his hands against the

curés coif, shoving him back and cried, turning abruptly to the other side, 'Let me die in peace.' The curé seemingly considered his person soiled and his coif dishonored by the touch of a philosopher. He made the nurse give him a little brushing and went out with the Abbé Gautier."

He expired, says Wagnière, on the 30th of May, 1778, at about a quarter-past eleven at night, with the most perfect tranquillity. A few minutes before his last breath he took the hand of Morand, his *valet de chambre*, who was watching by him, pressed it, and said: "Adieu, my dear Morand, I am gone." These were his last words. Like a peaceful river with green and shaded banks, he flowed without a murmur into the waveless sea, where life is rest.

From this death, so simple and serene, so kind, so philosophic and tender, so natural and peaceful; from these words, so utterly destitute of cant or dramatic touch, all the frightful pictures, all the despairing utterances, have been drawn and made. From these materials, and from these alone, or rather, in spite of these facts, have been constructed by priests and clergymen and their dupes all the shameless lies about the death of this great and wonderful man. A man, compared with whom all of his calumniators, dead and living, were, and are, but dust and vermin.

Let us be honest. Did all the priests of Rome increase the mental wealth of man as much as Bruno? Did all the priests of France do as great a work for the civilization of the world as Voltaire or Diderot? Did all the ministers of Scotland add as much to the sum of human knowledge as David Hume? Have all the clergymen, monks, friars, ministers, priests, bishops, cardinals and popes, from the day of Pentecost to the last election, done as much for human liberty as Thomas Paine?

What would the world be if infidels had never been?

The infidels have been the brave and thoughtful men; the flower of all the world; the pioneers and heralds of the blessed day of liberty and love; the generous spirits of the unworthy past; the seers and prophets of our race; the great chivalric souls, proud victors on the battlefields of thought, the creditors of all the years to be.

Why should it be taken for granted that the men who devoted their lives to the liberation of their fellow-men should have been hissed at in the hour of death by the snakes of conscience, while men who defended slavery—practiced polygamy—-justified the stealing of babes from the breasts of mothers, and lashed the naked back of unpaid labor, are supposed to have passed smilingly from earth to the embraces of the angels? Why should we think that the brave thinkers, the investigators, the honest men, must have left the crumbling shore of time in dread and fear, while the instigators of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the inventors and users of thumb-screws, of iron boots and racks; the burners and tearers of human flesh; the stealers, the whippers and the enslavers of men; the buyers and beaters of maidens, mothers and babes; the founders of the Inquisition; the makers of chains; the builders of dungeons; the calumniators of the living; the slanderers of the dead, and even the murderers of Jesus Christ, all died in the odor of sanctity, with white, forgiven hands folded upon the breasts of peace, while the destroyers of prejudice, the apostles of humanity, the soldiers of liberty, the breakers of fetters, the creators of light, died surrounded by the fierce fiends of God?

In those days the philosophers—that is to say, the thinkers—were not buried in holy ground. It was feared that their principles might contaminate the ashes of the just. And they also feared that on the morning of the resurrection they might, in a moment of confusion, slip into heaven. Some were burned, and their ashes scattered;

and the bodies of some were thrown naked to beasts, and others buried in unholy earth.

Voltaire knew the history of Adrienne Le Couvreur, a beautiful actress, denied burial.

After all, we do feel an interest in what is to become of our bodies. There is a modesty that belongs to death. Upon this subject Voltaire was infinitely sensitive. It was that he might be buried that he went through the farce of confession, of absolution, and of the last sacrament. The priests knew that he was not in earnest, and Voltaire knew that they would not allow him to be buried in any of the cemeteries of Paris.

His death was kept a secret. The Abbé Mignot made arrangements for the burial at Romilli-on-the-Seine, more than 100 miles from Paris. On Sunday evening, on the last day of May, 1778, the body of Voltaire, clad in a dressing gown, clothed to resemble an invalid, posed to simulate life, was placed in a carriage; at its side, a servant, whose business it was to keep it in position. To this carriage were attached six horses, so that people might think a great lord was going to his estates. Another carriage followed, in which were a grand nephew and two cousins of Voltaire. All night they traveled, and on the following day arrived at the courtyard of the Abbey. The necessary papers were shown, the mass was performed in the presence of the body, and Voltaire found burial. A few moments afterwards, the prior, who "for charity had given a little earth," received from his bishop a menacing letter forbidding the burial of Voltaire. It was too late.

Voltaire was dead. The foundations of State and Throne had been sapped. The people were becoming acquainted with the real kings and with the actual priests. Unknown men born in misery and want, men whose fathers and mothers had been pavement for the rich, were rising toward the light, and their shadowy faces were emerging from darkness. Labor and thought became friends. That is, the gutter and the attic fraternized. The monsters of the Night and the angels of the Dawn—the first thinking of revenge, and the others dreaming of equality, liberty and fraternity.

VII. THE DEATH-BED ARGUMENT.

ALL kinds of criminals, except infidels, meet death with reasonable serenity. As a rule, there is nothing in the death of a pirate to cast any discredit on his profession. The murderer upon the scaffold, with a priest on either side, smilingly exhorts the multitude to meet him in heaven. The man who has succeeded in making his home a hell, meets death without a quiver, provided he has never expressed any doubt as to the divinity of Christ, or the eternal "procession" of the Holy Ghost. The king who has waged cruel and useless war, who has filled countries with widows and fatherless children, with the maimed and diseased, and who has succeeded in offering to the Moloch of ambition the best and bravest of his subjects, dies like a saint.

All the believing kings are in heaven—all the doubting philosophers in perdition. All the persecutors sleep in peace, and the ashes of those who burned their brothers, sleep in consecrated ground. Libraries could hardly contain the names of the Christian wretches who have filled the world with violence and death in defence of book and creed, and yet they all died the death of the righteous, and no priest, no minister, describes the agony and fear, the remorse and horror with which their guilty souls were filled in the last moments of their lives. These men had never doubted—they had never thought—they accepted the creed as they did the fashion of their clothes. They were not infidels, they could not be—they had been baptized, they had not denied the divinity of Christ, they had partaken of the "last supper." They respected priests, they admitted that Christ had two natures and the same number of

wills; they admitted that the Holy Ghost had “proceeded,” and that, according to the multiplication table of heaven, once one is three, and three times one is one, and these things put pillows beneath their heads and covered them with the drapery of peace.

They admitted that while kings and priests did nothing worse than to make their fellows wretched, that so long as they only butchered and burnt the innocent and helpless, God would maintain the strictest neutrality; but when some honest man, some great and tender soul, expressed a doubt as to the truth of the Scriptures, or prayed to the wrong God, or to the right one by the wrong name, then the real God leaped like a wounded tiger upon his victim, and from his quivering flesh tore his wretched soul.

There is no recorded instance where the uplifted hand of murder has been paralyzed—no truthful account in all the literature of the world of the innocent child being shielded by God. Thousands of crimes are being committed every day—men are at this moment lying in wait for their human prey—wives are whipped and crushed, driven to insanity and death—little children begging for mercy, lifting imploring, tear-filled eyes to the brutal faces of fathers and mothers—sweet girls are deceived, lured and outraged, but God has no time to prevent these things—no time to defend the good and protect the pure. He is too busy numbering hairs and watching sparrows. He listens for blasphemy; looks for persons who laugh at priests; examines baptismal registers; watches professors in college who begin to doubt the geology of Moses and the astronomy of Joshua. He does not particularly object to stealing, if you won’t swear. A great many persons have fallen dead in the act of taking God’s name in vain, but millions of men, women and children have been stolen from their homes and used as beasts of burden, but no one engaged in this infamy has ever been touched by the wrathful hand of God.

Now and then a man of genius, of sense, of intellectual honesty, has appeared. Such men have denounced the superstitions of their day. They have pitied the multitude. To see priests devour the substance of the people—priests who made begging one of the learned professions—filled them with loathing and contempt. These men were honest enough to tell their thoughts, brave enough to speak the truth. Then they were denounced, tried, tortured, killed by rack or flame. But some escaped the fury of the fiends who love their enemies, and died naturally in their beds. It would not do for the church to admit that they died peacefully. That would show that religion was not essential at the last moment. Superstition gets its power from the terror of death. It would not do to have the common people understand that a man could deny the Bible—refuse to kiss the cross—contend that Humanity was greater than Christ, and then die as sweetly as Torquemada did, after pouring molten lead into the ears of an honest man; or as calmly as Calvin after he had burned Servetus; or as peacefully as King David after advising with his last breath one son to assassinate another.

The church has taken great pains to show that the last moments of all infidels (that Christians did not succeed in burning) were infinitely wretched and despairing. It was alleged that words could not paint the horrors that were endured by a dying infidel. Every good Christian was expected to, and generally did, believe these accounts. They have been told and retold in every pulpit of the world. Protestant ministers have repeated the lies invented by Catholic priests, and Catholics, by a kind of theological comity, have sworn to the lies told by the Protestants. Upon this point they have always stood together, and will as long as the same falsehood can be used by both.

Instead of doing these things, Voltaire wilfully closed his eyes to the light of the gospel, examined the Bible for himself, advocated intellectual liberty, struck from the brain the fetters of an arrogant faith, assisted the weak, cried out against the torture of man, appealed to reason, endeavored to establish universal toleration, succored the indigent, and defended the oppressed.

He demonstrated that the origin of all religions is the same—the same mysteries—the same miracles—the same imposture—the same temples and ceremonies—the same kind of founders, apostles and dupes—the same promises and threats—the same pretence of goodness and forgiveness and the practice of the same persecution and murder. He proved that religion made enemies—philosophy friends—and that above the rights of Gods were the rights of man.

These were his crimes. Such a man God would not suffer to die in peace. If allowed to meet death with a smile, others might follow his example, until none would be left to light the holy fires of the *auto da fe*. It would not do for so great, so successful, an enemy of the church to die without leaving some shriek of fear, some shudder of remorse, some ghastly prayer of chattered horror uttered by lips covered with blood and foam.

For many centuries the theologians have taught that an unbeliever—an infidel—one who spoke or wrote against their creed, could not meet death with composure; that in his last moments God would fill his conscience with the serpents of remorse.

For a thousand years the clergy have manufactured the facts to fit this theory—this infamous conception of the duty of man and the justice of God.

The theologians have insisted that crimes against man were, and are, as nothing compared with crimes against God.

Upon the death-bed subject the clergy grow eloquent. When describing the shudderings and shrieks of the dying unbeliever, their eyes glitter with delight.

It is a festival.

They are no longer men. They become hyenas. They dig open graves. They devour the dead.

It is a banquet.

Unsatisfied still, they paint the terrors of hell. They gaze at the souls of the infidels writhing in the coils of the worm that never dies. They see them in flames—in oceans of fire—in gulfs of pain—in abysses of despair. They shout with joy. They applaud.

It is an *auto da fe*, presided over by God.

VIII. THE SECOND RETURN.

FOR four hundred years the Bastile had been the outward symbol of oppression. Within its walls the noblest had perished. It was a perpetual threat. It was the last, and often the first, argument of king and priest. Its dungeons, damp and rayless, its massive towers, its secret cells, its instruments of torture, denied the existence of God.

In 1789, on the 14th of July, the people, the multitude, frenzied by suffering, stormed and captured the Bastile. The battle-cry was “Vive Voltaire.”

In 1791 permission was given to place in the Pantheon the ashes of Voltaire. He had been buried 110 miles from Paris. Buried by stealth, he was to be removed by a

nation. A funeral procession of a hundred miles; every village with its flags and arches; all the people anxious to honor the philosopher of France—the Savior of Calas—the Destroyer of Superstition.

On reaching Paris the great procession moved along the Rue St. Antoine. Here it paused, and for one night upon the ruins of the Bastile rested the body of Voltaire—rested in triumph, in glory—rested on fallen wall and broken arch, on crumbling stone still damp with tears, on rusting chain and bar and useless bolt—above the dungeons dark and deep, where light had faded from the lives of men and hope had died in breaking hearts.

The conqueror resting upon the conquered.—Throned upon the Bastile, the fallen fortress of Night, the body of Voltaire, from whose brain had issued the Dawn.

For a moment his ashes must have felt the Promethean fire, and the old smile must have illumined once more the face of death.

The vast multitude bowed in reverence, hushed with love and awe heard these words uttered by a priest: “God shall be avenged.”

The cry of the priest was a prophecy. Priests skulking in the shadows with faces sinister as night, ghouls in the name of the gospel, desecrated the grave. They carried away the ashes of Voltaire.

The tomb is empty.

God is avenged.

The world is filled with his fame.

Man has conquered.

Was there in the eighteenth century, a man wearing the vestments of the church, the equal of Voltaire?

What cardinal, what bishop, what priest in France raised his voice for the rights of men? What ecclesiastic, what nobleman, took the side of the oppressed—of the peasant? Who denounced the frightful criminal code—the torture of suspected persons? What priest pleaded for the liberty of the citizen? What bishop pitied the victims of the rack? Is there the grave of a priest in France on which a lover of liberty would now drop a flower or a tear? Is there a tomb holding the ashes of a saint from which emerges one ray of light?

If there be another life—a day of judgment, no God can afford to torture in another world the man who abolished torture in this. If God be the keeper of an eternal penitentiary, he should not imprison there the men who broke the chains of slavery here. He cannot afford to make an eternal convict of Voltaire.

Voltaire was a perfect master of the French language, knowing all its moods, tenses and declinations, in fact and in feeling—playing upon it as skillfully as Paganini on his violin, finding expression for every thought and fancy, writing on the most serious subjects with the gayety of a harlequin, plucking jests from the crumbling mouth of death, graceful as the waving of willows, dealing in double meanings that covered the asp with flowers and flattery—master of satire and compliment—mingling them often in the same line, always interested himself, and therefore interesting others—handling thoughts, questions, subjects as a juggler does balls, keeping them in the air with perfect ease—dressing old words in new meanings, charming, grotesque, pathetic, mingling mirth with tears, wit and wisdom, and

sometimes wickedness, logic and laughter. With a woman's instinct knowing the sensitive nerves—just where to touch—hating arrogance of place, the stupidity of the solemn—snatching masks from priest and king, knowing the springs of action and ambition's ends—perfectly familiar with the great world—the intimate of kings and their favorites, sympathizing with the oppressed and imprisoned, with the unfortunate and poor, hating tyranny, despising superstition, and loving liberty with all his heart. Such was Voltaire writing "Odipus" at seventeen, "Irene" at eighty-three, and crowding between these two tragedies the accomplishment of a thousand lives.

From his throne at the foot of the Alps, he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. For half a century, past rack and stake, past dungeon and cathedral, past altar and throne, he carried with brave hands the sacred torch of Reason, whose light at last will flood the world.

Liberty In Literature

(A TESTIMONIAL TO WALT WHITMAN.)

**An address delivered in Philadelphia, Oct. 21, 1890. Used by permission of the Truth Seeker Co.*

I. LET US PUT WREATHS ON THE BROWS OF THE LIVING.

IN the year 1855 the American people knew but little of books. Their ideals, their models, were English. Young and Pollok, Addison and Watts, were regarded as great poets. Some of the more reckless read Thomson's "Seasons" and the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott. A few, not quite orthodox, delighted in the mechanical monotony of Pope, and the really wicked—those lost to all religious shame—were worshipers of Shakespeare. The really orthodox Protestant, untroubled by doubts, considered Milton the greatest poet of them all. Byron and Shelley were hardly respectable—not to be read by young persons. It was admitted on all hands that Burns was a child of nature of whom his mother was ashamed and proud.

In the blessed year aforesaid, candor, free and sincere speech, were under the ban. Creeds at that time were entrenched behind statutes, prejudice, custom, ignorance, stupidity, Puritanism and slavery; that is to say, slavery of mind and body.

Of course it always has been, and forever will be, impossible for slavery, or any kind or form of injustice, to produce a great poet. There are hundreds of verse makers and writers on the side of wrong—enemies of progress—but they are not poets, they are not men of genius.

At this time a young man—he to whom this testimonial is given—he upon whose head have fallen the snows of more than seventy winters—this man, born within the sound of the sea, gave to the world a book, "Leaves of Grass." This book was, and is, the true transcript of a soul. The man is unmasked. No drapery of hypocrisy, no pretence, no fear. The book was as original in form as in thought. All customs were forgotten or disregarded, all rules broken—nothing mechanical—no imitation—spontaneous, running and winding like a river, multitudinous in its thoughts as the waves of the sea—nothing mathematical or measured—in everything a touch of chaos; lacking what is called form, as clouds lack form, but not lacking the splendor of sunrise or the glory of sunset. It was a marvelous collection and aggregation of fragments, hints, suggestions, memories, and prophecies, weeds and flowers, clouds and clods, sights and sounds, emotions and passions, waves, shadows and constellations.

His book was received by many with disdain, with horror, with indignation and protest—by the few as a marvelous, almost miraculous, message to the world—full of thought, philosophy, poetry and music.

In the republic of mediocrity genius is dangerous. A great soul appears and fills the world with new and marvelous harmonies. In his words is the old Promethean flame. The heart of nature beats and throbs in his line. The respectable prudes and pedagogues sound the alarm, and cry, or rather screech: "Is this a book for a young person?"

A poem true to life as a Greek statue—candid as nature—fills these barren souls with fear.

They forget that drapery about the perfect was suggested by immodesty.

The provincial prudes, and others of like mold, pretend that love is a duty rather than a passion—a kind of self-denial—not an over-mastering joy. They preach the gospel of pretence and pantalettes, In the presence of sincerity, of truth, they cast down their eyes and endeavor to feel immodest. To them, the most beautiful thing is hypocrisy adorned with a blush.

They have no idea of an honest, pure passion, glorying in its strength—intense, intoxicated with the beautiful, giving even to inanimate things pulse and motion, and that transfigures, ennobles, and idealizes the object of its adoration.

They do not walk the streets of the city of life—they explore the sewers; they stand in the gutters and cry "Unclean!" They pretend that beauty is a snare; that love is a Delilah; that the highway of joy is the broad road, lined with flowers and filled with perfume, leading to the city of eternal sorrow.

Since the year 1855 the American people have developed; they are somewhat acquainted with the literature of the world. They have witnessed the most tremendous of revolutions, not only upon the fields of battle, but in the world of thought. The American citizen has concluded that it is hardly worth while being a sovereign unless he has the right to think for himself.

And now, from this height, with the vantage-ground of to-day, I propose to examine this book and to state, in a general way, what Walt Whitman has done, what he has accomplished, and the place he has won in the world of thought.

II. THE RELIGION OF THE BODY.

WALT WHITMAN stood when he published his book, where all stand to-night, on the perpetually moving line where history ends and prophecy begins. He was full of life to the very tips of his fingers—brave, eager, candid, joyous with health. He was acquainted with the past. He knew something of song and story, of philosophy and art; much of the heroic dead, of brave suffering, of the thoughts of men, the habits of the people—rich as well as poor—familiar with labor, a friend of wind and wave, touched by love and friendship, liking the open road, enjoying the fields and paths, the crags, friend of the forest—feeling that he was free—neither master nor slave; willing that all should know his thoughts; open as the sky, candid as nature, and he gave his thoughts, his dreams, his conclusions, his hopes and his mental portrait to his fellow-men.

Walt Whitman announced the gospel of the body. He confronted the people. He denied the depravity of man. He insisted that love is not a crime; that men and women should be proudly natural; that they need not grovel on the earth and cover their faces for shame, He taught the dignity and glory of the father and mother; the sacredness of maternity.

Maternity, tender and pure as the tear of pity, holy as suffering—the crown, the flower, the ecstasy of love!

People had been taught from Bibles and from creeds that maternity was a kind of crime; that the woman should be purified by some ceremony in some temple built in honor of some god. This barbarism was attacked in "Leaves of Grass."

The glory of simple life was sung; a declaration of independence was made for each and all.

And yet this appeal to manhood and to womanhood was misunderstood. It was denounced simply because it was in harmony with the great trend of nature. To me, the most obscene word in our language is celibacy.

It was not the fashion for people to speak or write their thoughts. We were flooded with the literature of hypocrisy. The writers did not faithfully describe the worlds in which they lived. They endeavored to make a fashionable world. They pretended that the cottage or the hut in which they dwelt was a palace, and they called the little area in which they threw their slops their domain, their realm, their empire. They were ashamed of the real, of what their world actually was. They imitated; that is to say, they told lies, and these lies filled the literature of most lands.

Walt Whitman defended the sacredness of love, the purity of passion—the passion that builds every home and fills the world with art and song.

They cried out: “He is a defender of passion—he is a libertine! He lives in the mire. He lacks spirituality!”

Whoever differs with the multitude, especially with a led multitude—that is to say, with a multitude of taggers—will find out from their leaders that he has committed an unpardonable sin. It is a crime to travel a road of your own, especially if you put up guide-boards for the information of others.

Many, many centuries ago Epicurus, the greatest man of his century, and of many centuries before and after, said: “Happiness is the only good; happiness is the supreme end.” This man was temperate, frugal, generous, noble—and yet through all these years he has been denounced by the hypocrites of the world as a mere eater and drinker.

It was said that Whitman had exaggerated the importance of love—that he had made too much of this passion. Let me say that no poet—not excepting Shakespeare—has had imagination enough to exaggerate the importance of human love—a passion that contains all heights and all depths—ample as space, with a sky in which glitter all constellations, and that has within it all storms, all lightnings, all wrecks and ruins, all griefs, all sorrows, all shadows, and all the joy and sunshine of which the heart and brain are capable.

No writer must be measured by a word or paragraph. He is to be measured by his work—by the tendency, not of one line, but by the tendency of all.

Which way does the great stream tend? Is it for good or evil? Are the motives high and noble, or low and infamous?

We cannot measure Shakespeare by a few lines, neither can we measure the Bible by a few chapters, nor “Leaves of Grass” by a few paragraphs. In each there are many things that I neither approve nor believe—but in all books you will find a mingling of wisdom and foolishness, of prophecies and mistakes—in other words, among the excellencies there will be defects. The mine is not all gold, or all silver, or all diamonds—there are baser metals. The trees of the forest are not all of one size. On some of the highest there are dead and useless limbs, and there may be growing beneath the bushes weeds, and now and then a poisonous vine.

If I were to edit the great books of the world, I might leave out some lines and I might leave out the best. I have no right to make of my brain a sieve and say that only that which passes through belongs to the rest of the human race. I claim the right to choose. I give that right to all.

Walt Whitman had the courage to express his thought—the candor to tell the truth. And here let me say it gives me joy—a kind of perfect satisfaction—to look above the bigoted bats, the satisfied owls and wrens and chickadees, and see the great eagle poised, circling higher and higher, unconscious of their existence. And it gives me joy, a kind of perfect satisfaction, to look above the petty passions and jealousies of small and respectable people, above the considerations of place and power and reputation, and see a brave, intrepid man.

It must be remembered that the American people had separated from the Old World—that we had declared not only the independence of colonies, but the independence of the individual. We had done more—we had declared that the state could no longer be ruled by the church, and that the church could not be ruled by the state, and that the individual could not be ruled by the church.

These declarations were in danger of being forgotten. We needed a new voice, sonorous, loud and clear, a new poet for America, for the new epoch, somebody to chant the morning song of the new day.

The great man who gives a true transcript of his mind, fascinates and instructs. Most writers suppress individuality. They wish to please the public. They flatter the stupid and pander to the prejudice of their readers. They write for the market, making books as other mechanics make shoes. They have no message, they bear no torch, they are simply the slaves of customers.

The books they manufacture are handled by “the trade;” they are regarded as harmless. The pulpit does not object; the young person can read the monotonous pages without a blush—or a thought.

On the title pages of these books you will find the imprint of the great publishers; on the rest of the pages, nothing. These books might be prescribed for insomnia.

III.

Men of talent, men of business, touch life upon few sides. They travel but the beaten path. The creative spirit is not in them. They regard with suspicion a poet who touches life on every side. They have little confidence in that divine thing called sympathy, and they do not and cannot understand the man who enters into the hopes, the aims and the feelings of all others.

In all genius there is the touch of chaos—a little of the vagabond; and the successful tradesman, the man who buys and sells, or manages a bank, does not care to deal with a person who has only poems for collaterals; they have a little fear of such people, and regard them as the awkward countryman does a sleight-of-hand performer.

In every age in which books have been produced the governing class, the respectable, have been opposed to the works of real genius. If what are known as the best people could have had their way, if the pulpit had been consulted—the provincial moralists—the works of Shakespeare would have been suppressed. Not a line would have reached our time. And the same may be said of every dramatist of his age.

If the Scotch Kirk could have decided, nothing would have been known of Robert Burns. If the good people, the orthodox, could have had their say, not one line of Voltaire would now be known. All the plates of the French Encyclopedia would have been destroyed with the thousands that were destroyed. Nothing would have been known of D’Alembert, Grimm, Diderot, or any of the Titans who warred against the

thrones and altars and laid the foundation of modern literature not only, but what is of far greater moment, universal education.

It is not too much to say that every book now held in high esteem would have been destroyed, if those in authority could have had their will. Every book of modern times that has a real value, that has enlarged the intellectual horizon of mankind, that has developed the brain, that has furnished real food for thought, can be found in the Index Expurgatorius of the Papacy, and nearly every one has been commended to the free minds of men by the denunciations of Protestants.

If the guardians of society, the protectors of "young persons," could have had their way, we should have known nothing of Byron or Shelley. The voices that thrill the world would now be silent. If authority could have had its way, the world would have been as ignorant now as it was when our ancestors lived in holes or hung from dead limbs by their prehensile tails.

But we are not forced to go very far back. If Shakespeare had been published for the first time now, those divine plays—greater than continents and seas, greater even than the constellations of the midnight sky—would be excluded from the mails by the decision of the present enlightened postmaster-general.

The poets have always lived in an ideal world, and that ideal world has always been far better than the real world. As a consequence, they have forever roused, not simply the imagination, but the energies—the enthusiasm of the human race.

The great poets have been on the side of the oppressed—of the downtrodden. They have suffered with the imprisoned and the enslaved, and whenever and wherever man has suffered for the right, wherever the hero has been stricken down—whether on field or scaffold—some man of genius has walked by his side, and some poet has given form and expression, not simply to his deeds, but to his aspirations.

From the Greek and Roman world we still hear the voices of a few. The poets, the philosophers, the artists and the orators still speak. Countless millions have been covered by the waves of oblivion, but the few who uttered the elemental truths, who had sympathy for the whole human race, and who were great enough to prophesy a grander day, are as alive to-night as when they roused, by their bodily presence, by their living voices, by their works of art, the enthusiasm of their fellow-men.

Think of the respectable people, of the men of wealth and position, those who dwelt in mansions, children of success, who went down to the grave voiceless, and whose names we do not know. Think of the vast multitudes, the endless processions, that entered the caverns of eternal night, leaving no thought, no truth as a legacy to mankind!

The great poets have sympathized with the people. They have uttered in all ages the human cry. Unbought by gold, unawed by power, they have lifted high the torch that illuminates the world.

IV.

Walt Whitman is in the highest sense a believer in democracy. He knows that there is but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty, to the end that man may be happy. He knows that there is but one excuse for any institution, secular or religious—the preservation of liberty; and that there is but one excuse for schools, lor universal education, for the ascertainment of facts, namely, the preservation of

liberty. He resents the arrogance and cruelty of power. He has sworn never to be tyrant or slave. He has solemnly declared:

"*I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy, By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms*."

This one declaration covers the entire ground. It is a declaration of independence, and it is also a declaration of justice, that is to say, a declaration of the independence of the individual, and a declaration that all shall be free. The man who has this spirit can truthfully say:

"*I have taken off my hat to nothing known or unknown. I am for those that have never been master'd.*"

There is in Whitman what he calls "The boundless impatience of restraint," together with that sense of justice which compelled him to say, "Neither a servant nor a master am I."

He was wise enough to know that giving others the same rights that he claims for himself could not harm him, and he was great enough to say: "As if it were not indispensable to my own rights that others possess the same."

He felt as all should feel, that the liberty of no man is safe unless the liberty of each is safe.

There is in our country a little of the old servile spirit, a little of the bowing and cringing to others. Many Americans do not understand that the officers of the government are simply the servants of the people. Nothing is so demoralizing as the worship of place. Whitman has reminded the people of this country that they are supreme, and he has said to them:

"*The President is there in the White House for you, it is not you who are here for him, The Secretaries act in their bureaus for you, not you here for them. Doctrines, politics and civilization exurge from you, Sculpture and monuments and any thing inscribed anywhere are tallied in you.*"

He describes the ideal American citizen—the one who

"*Says indifferently and alike 'How are you, friend?' to the President at his levee, And he says 'Good-day, my brother,' to Cudge that hoes in the sugar-field.*"

Long ago, when the politicians were wrong, when the judges were subservient, when the pulpit was a coward, Walt Whitman shouted:

"*Man shall not hold property in man.*"

"*The least develop'd person on earth is just as important and sacred to himself or herself as the most develop'd person is to himself or herself.*"

This is the very soul of true democracy.

Beauty is not all there is of poetry. It must contain the truth. It is not simply an oak, rude and grand, neither is it simply a vine. It is both. Around the oak of truth runs the vine of beauty.

Walt Whitman utters the elemental truths and is the poet of democracy. He is also the poet of individuality.

V. INDIVIDUALITY.

IN order to protect the liberties of a nation, we must protect the individual. A democracy is a nation of free individuals. The individuals are not to be sacrificed to the nation. The nation exists only for the purpose of guarding and protecting the individuality of men and women. Walt Whitman has told us that: "The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one single individual—namely to You."

And he has also told us that the greatest city—the greatest nation—is "where the citizen is always the head and ideal."

And that

"*A great city is that which has the greatest men and women, If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.*"

By this test maybe the greatest city on the continent to-night is Camden.

This poet has asked of us this question:

"*What do you suppose will satisfy the soul, except to walk free and own no superior?*"

The man who asks this question has left no impress of his lips in the dust, and has no dirt upon his knees.

He was great enough to say:

"*The soul has that measureless pride which revolts from every lesson but its own.*"

He carries the idea of individuality to its utmost height:

"*What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God? And that there is no God any more divine than Yourself?*"

Glorying in individuality, in the freedom of the soul, he cries out:

"O to struggle against great odds, to meet enemies undaunted!
To be entirely alone with them, to find how much one can stand!
To look strife, torture, prison, popular odium, face to face!
To mount the scaffold, to advance to the muzzles of guns with perfect nonchalance!
To be indeed a God!"

And again:

"O the joy of a manly self-hood!
To be servile to none, to defer to none, not to any tyrant known or unknown,

To walk with erect carriage, a step springy and elastic,
To look with calm gaze or with a flashing eye,

To speak with full and sonorous voice out of a broad chest,
To confront with your personality all the other personalities of the earth."

Walt Whitman is willing to stand alone. He is sufficient unto himself, and he says:

"Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune.
Strong and content I travel the open road."

He is one of

"Those that look carelessly in the faces of Presidents and Governors, as to say 'Who are you? '"

And not only this, but he has the courage to say: "Nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self." Walt Whitman is the poet of Individuality—the defender of the rights of each for the sake of all—and his sympathies are as wide as the world. He is the defender of the whole race.

VI. HUMANITY.

THE great poet is intensely human, infinitely sympathetic, entering into the joys and griefs of others, bearing their burdens, knowing their sorrows. Brain without heart is not much; they must act together. When the respectable people of the North, the rich, the successful, were willing to carry out the Fugitive Slave Law, Walt Whitman said:

"I am the hounded slave, I wince at the bite of the dogs,
Hell and despair are upon me, crack and again crack the marksmen,
I clutch the rails of the fence, my gore dribs, thinn'd with the ooze of my skin,
I fall on the weeds and stones,
The riders spur their unwilling horses, haul close,
Taunt my dizzy ears, and beat me violently over the head with whip-stocks.
Agonies are one of my changes of garments,
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels,
I myself become the wounded person....
I... see myself in prison shaped like another man,
And feel the dull unintermitted pain.
For me the keepers of convicts shoulder their carbines and keep watch,
It is I let out in the morning and barr'd at night.
Not a mutineer walks handcuff'd to jail but I am handcuff'd to him and walk by his side.
Judge not as the judge judges, but as the sun falling upon a helpless thing."

Of the very worst he had the infinite tenderness to say: "Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you."

In this age of greed when houses and lands and stocks and bonds outrank human life; when gold is of more value than blood, these words should be read by all:

"When the psalm sings instead of the singer,
When the script preaches instead of the preacher,
When the pulpit descends and goes instead of the carver that carved the supporting desk,
When I can touch the body of books by night or day, and when they touch my body back again,"
When a university course convinces like a slumbering woman and child convince,
When the minted gold in the vault smiles like the night-watchman's daughter,
When warrantee deeds loaf in chairs opposite and are my friendly companions,
I intend to reach them my hand, and make as much of them as I do of men and women like you."

VII.

The poet is also a painter, a sculptor—he, too, deals in form and color. The great poet is of necessity a great artist. With a few words he creates pictures, filling his canvas with living men and women—with those who feel and speak. Have you ever read the account of the stage-driver's funeral? Let me read it:

“Cold dash of waves at the ferry-wharf, posh and ice in the river, half-frozen mud in the streets,
A gray discouraged sky overhead, the short, last daylight of December,
A hearse and stages, the funeral of an old Broadway stage-driver, the cortege mostly drivers.
Steady the trot to the cemetery, duly rattles the death-bell, The gate is pass’d, the new-dug grave is halted at, the living alight, the hearse uncloses.
The coffin is pass’d out, lower’d and settled, the whip is laid on the coffin, the earth is swiftly shovel’d in,
The mound above is flatted with the spades—silence,
A minute—no one moves or speaks—it is done,
He is decently put away—is there anything more?
He was a good fellow, free-mouth’d, quick-temper’d, not bad-looking,
Ready with life or death for a friend, fond of women, gambled, ate hearty, drank hearty,
Had known what it was to be flush, grew low-spirited toward the last, sicken’d, was helped by a contribution, Died, aged forty-one years—and that was his funeral.”

Let me read you another description, one of a woman:

“Behold a woman!
She looks out from her quaker cap, her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.
She sits in an armchair under the shaded porch of the farmhouse,
The sun just shines on her old white head.
Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen,
Her grandsons raised the flax, and her granddaughters spun it with the distaff and the wheel.
The melodious character of the earth.
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go and does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men.”

Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight?

“Would you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars? List to the yarn, as my grandmother’s father the sailor told it to me. Our foe was no skulk in his ship I tell you, (said he,) His was the surly English pluck, and there is no tougher or truer, and never was, and never will be; Along the lower’d eve he came horribly raking us. We closed with him, the yards entangled, the cannon touch’d, My captain lash’d fast with his own hands. We had receiv’d some eighteen pound shots under the water, On our lower gun-deck two large pieces had burst at the first fire, killing all around and blowing up overhead. Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark, Ten o’clock at night, the full moon well up, our leaks on the gain, and five feet of water reported, The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the after-hold to give them a chance for themselves. The transit to and from the magazine is now stopt by the sentinels, They see so many strange faces they do not know whom to trust.

Our frigate takes fire,
The other asks if we demand quarter?
If our colors are struck and the fighting done?
Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my little captain,
‘We have not struck,’ he composedly cries, ‘we have just begun our part of the fighting.’

Only three guns are in use,
One is directed by the captain himself against the enemy's mainmast,
Two well serv'd with grape and canister silence his musketry and clear his decks.
The tops alone second the fire of this little battery, especially the main-top,
They hold out bravely during the whole of the action.
Not a moment's cease,
The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire eats toward the powder-magazines.
One of the pumps has been shot away, it is generally thought we are sinking.
Serene stands the little captain,
He is not hurried, his voice is neither high nor low,
His eyes give more light to us than our battle-lanterns.
Toward twelve there in the beams of the moon the surrender to us.
Stretch'd and still lies the midnight,
Two great hulls motionless on the breast of the darkness. Our vessel riddled and slowly sinking, preparations to pass to the one we have conquer'd,
The captain on the quarter-deck coldly giving his orders through a countenance white as a sheet,
Near by the corpse of the child that serv'd in the cabin, The dead face of an old salt with long white hair and carefully curl'd whiskers,
The flames spite of all that can be done flickering aloft and below,
The husky voices of the two or three officers yet fit for duty, Formless stacks of bodies and bodies by themselves, dabs of flesh upon the masts and spars,
Cut of cordage, dangle of rigging, slight shock of the soothe of waves,
Black and impassive guns, litter of powder-parcels, strong scent,
A few large stars overhead, silent and mournful shining, Delicate sniffs of sea-breeze, smells of sedgy grass and fields by the shore, death-messages given in charge to survivors,
The hiss of the surgeon's knife, the gnawing teeth of his saw,
Wheeze, cluck, swash of falling blood, short wild scream, and long, dull, tapering groan."

Some people say that this is not poetry—that it lacks measure and rhyme.

VIII. WHAT IS POETRY?

THE whole world is engaged in the invisible commerce of thought. That is to say, in the exchange of thoughts by words, symbols, sounds, colors and forms. The motions of the silent, invisible world, where feeling glows and thought flames—that contains all seeds of action—are made known only by sounds and colors, forms, objects, relations, uses and qualities, so that the visible universe is a dictionary, an aggregation of symbols, by which and through which is carried on the invisible commerce of thought. Each object is capable of many meanings, or of being used in many ways to convey ideas or states of feeling or of facts that take place in the world of the brain.

The greatest poet is the one who selects the best, the most appropriate symbols to convey the best, the highest, the sublimest thoughts. Each man occupies a world of his own. He is the only citizen of his world. He is subject and sovereign, and the best he can do is to give the facts concerning the world in which he lives to the citizens of other worlds. No two of these worlds are alike. They are of all kinds, from the flat, barren, and uninteresting—from the small and shriveled and worthless—to those whose rivers and mountains and seas and constellations belittle and cheapen the

visible world. The inhabitants of these marvelous worlds have been the singers of songs, utterers of great speech—the creators of art.

And here lies the difference between creators and imitators: the creator tells what passes in his own world—the imitator does not. The imitator abdicates, and by the fact of imitation falls upon his knees. He is like one who, hearing a traveler talk, pretends to others that he has traveled.

In nearly all lands, the poet has been privileged. For the sake of beauty, they have allowed him to speak, and for that reason he has told the story of the oppressed, and has excited the indignation of honest men and even the pity of tyrants. He, above all others, has added to the intellectual beauty of the world. He has been the true creator of language, and has left his impress on mankind.

What I have said is not only true of poetry—it is true of all speech. All are compelled to use the visible world as a dictionary. Words have been invented and are being invented, for the reason that new powers are found in the old symbols, new qualities, relations, uses and meanings. The growth of language is necessary on account of the development of the human mind. The savage needs but few symbols—the civilized many—the poet most of all.

The old idea was, however, that the poet must be a rhymer. Before printing was known, it was said: the rhyme assists the memory. That excuse no longer exists.

Is rhyme a necessary part of poetry? In my judgment, rhyme is a hindrance to expression. The rhymer is compelled to wander from his subject, to say more or less than he means, to introduce irrelevant matter that interferes continually with the dramatic action and is a perpetual obstruction to sincere utterance.

All poems, of necessity, must be short. The highly and purely poetic is the sudden bursting into blossom of a great and tender thought. The planting of the seed, the growth, the bud and flower must be rapid. The spring must be quick and warm, the soil perfect, the sunshine and rain enough—everything should tend to hasten, nothing to delay. In poetry, as in wit, the crystallization must be sudden.

The greatest poems are rhythmical. While rhyme is a hindrance, rhythm seems to be the comrade of the poetic. Rhythm has a natural foundation. Under emotion the blood rises and falls, the muscles contract and relax, and this action of the blood is as rhythmical as the rise and fall of the sea. In the highest form of expression the thought should be in harmony with this natural ebb and flow.

The highest poetic truth is expressed in rhythmical form. I have sometimes thought that an idea selects its own words, chooses its own garments, and that when the thought has possession, absolutely, of the speaker or writer, he unconsciously allows the thought to clothe itself.

The great poetry of the world keeps time with the winds and the waves.

I do not mean by rhythm a recurring accent at accurately measured intervals. Perfect time is the death of music. There should always be room for eager haste and delicious delay, and whatever change there may be in the rhythm or time, the action itself should suggest perfect freedom.

A word more about rhythm. I believe that certain feelings and passions—-joy, grief, emulation, revenge, produce certain molecular movements in the brain—that every thought is accompanied by certain physical phenomena. Now, it may be that certain sounds, colors, and forms produce the same molecular action in the brain that

accompanies certain feelings, and that these sounds, colors and forms produce first the molecular movements and these in their turn reproduce the feelings, emotions and states of mind capable of producing the same or like molecular movements. So that what we call heroic music produces the same molecular action in the brain—the same physical changes—that are produced by the real feeling of heroism; that the sounds we call plaintive produce the same molecular movement in the brain that grief, or the twilight of grief, actually produces. There may be a rhythmical molecular movement belonging to each state of mind, that accompanies each thought or passion, and it may be that music, or painting, or sculpture, produces the same state of mind or feeling that produces the music or painting or sculpture, by producing the same molecular movements.

All arts are born of the same spirit, and express like thoughts in different ways—that is to say, they produce like states of mind and feeling. The sculptor, the painter, the composer, the poet, the orator, work to the same end, with different materials. The painter expresses through form and color and relation; the sculptor through form and relation. The poet also paints and chisels—his words give form, relation and color. His statues and his paintings do not crumble, neither do they fade, nor will they as long as language endures. The composer touches the passions, produces the very states of feeling produced by the painter and sculptor, the poet and orator. In all these there must be rhythm—that is to say, proportion—that is to say, harmony, melody.

So that the greatest poet is the one who idealizes the common, who gives new meanings to old symbols, who transfigures the ordinary things of life. He must deal with the hopes and fears, and with the experiences of the people.

The poetic is not the exceptional. A perfect poem is like a perfect day. It has the undefinable charm of naturalness and ease. It must not appear to be the result of great labor. We feel, in spite of ourselves, that man does best that which he does easiest.

The great poet is the instrumentality, not always of his time, but of the best of his time, and he must be in unison and accord with the ideals of his race. The sublimer he is, the simpler he is. The thoughts of the people must be clad in the garments of feeling—the words must be known, apt, familiar. The height must be in the thought, in the sympathy.

In the olden time they used to have May day parties, and the prettiest child was crowned Queen of May. Imagine an old blacksmith and his wife looking at their little daughter clad in white and crowned with roses. They would wonder while they looked at her, how they ever came to have so beautiful a child. It is thus that the poet clothes the intellectual children or ideals of the people. They must not be gemmed and garlanded beyond the recognition of their parents. Out from all the flowers and beauty must look the eyes of the child they know.

We have grown tired of gods and goddesses in art. Milton’s heavenly militia excites our laughter. Light-houses have driven sirens from the dangerous coasts. We have found that we do not depend on the imagination for wonders—there are millions of miracles under our feet.

Nothing can be more marvelous than the common and everyday facts of life. The phantoms have been cast aside. Men and women are enough for men and women. In their lives is all the tragedy and all the comedy that they can comprehend.

The painter no longer crowds his canvas with the winged and impossible—he paints life as he sees it, people as he knows them, and in whom he is interested. "The Angelus," the perfection of pathos, is nothing but two peasants bending their heads in thankfulness as they hear the solemn sound of the distant bell—two peasants, who have nothing to be thankful for, nothing but weariness and want, nothing but the crusts that they soften with their tears—nothing. And yet as you look at that picture you feel that they have something besides to be thankful for—that they have life, love, and hope—and so the distant bell makes music in their simple hearts.

IX.

The attitude of Whitman toward religion has not been understood. Toward all forms of worship, toward all creeds, he has maintained the attitude of absolute fairness. He does not believe that Nature has given her last message to man. He does not believe that all has been ascertained. He denies that any sect has written down the entire truth. He believes in progress, and so believing he says:

"We consider Bibles and religions divine—I do not say they are not divine,
I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you still,
It is not they who give the life, it is you who give the life."

"His [the poet's] thoughts are the hymns of the praise of things,
In the dispute on God and eternity he is silent."

"Have you thought there could be but a single supreme?
There can be any number of supremes—one does not countervail another anymore than one eyesight countervails another."

Upon the great questions, as to the great problems, he feels only the serenity of a great and well-poised soul:

"No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death.
I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,
Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself....
In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is sign'd by God's name."

The whole visible world is regarded by him as a revelation, and so is the invisible world, and with this feeling he writes:

"Not objecting to special revelations—considering a curl of smoke or a hair on the back of my hand just as curious as any revelation."

The creeds do not satisfy, the old mythologies are not enough; they are too narrow at best, giving only hints and suggestions; and feeling this lack in that which has been written and preached, Whitman says:

"Magnifying and applying come I,
Outbidding at the start the old cautious hucksters,
Taking myself the exact dimensions of Jehovah, Lithographing Kronos,
Zeus his son, and Hercules his grandson,
Buying drafts of Osiris, Isis, Belus, Brahma, Buddha,
In my portfolio placing Manito loose, Allah on a leaf, the crucifix engraved,
With Odin and the hideous-faced Mexitli, and every idol and image,
Taking them all for what they are worth, and not a cent more."

Whitman keeps open house. He is intellectually hospitable. He extends his hand to a new idea. He does not accept a creed because it is wrinkled and old and has a long white beard. He knows that hypocrisy has a venerable look, and that it relies on looks and masks, on stupidity and fear. Neither does he reject or accept the new because it is new. He wants the truth, and so he welcomes all until he knows just who and what they are.

X. PHILOSOPHY.

WALT WHITMAN is a philosopher. The more a man has thought, the more he has studied, the more he has traveled intellectually, the less certain he is. Only the very ignorant are perfectly satisfied that they know. To the common man the great problems are easy. He has no trouble in accounting for the universe. He can tell you the origin and destiny of man and the why and the wherefore of things. As a rule, he is a believer in special providence, and is egotistic enough to suppose that everything that happens in the universe happens in reference to him.

A colony of red ants lived at the foot of the Alps. It happened one day that an avalanche destroyed the hill; and one of the ants was heard to remark: "Who could have taken so much trouble to destroy our home?"

Walt Whitman walked by the side of the sea "where the fierce old mother endlessly cries for her castaways," and endeavored to think out, to fathom the mystery of being; and he said:

"I too but signify at the utmost a little wash'd-up drift,
A few sands and dead leaves to gather,
Gather, and merge myself as part of the sands and drift.
Aware now that amid all that blab whose echoes recoil upon me
I have not once had the least idea who or what I am,
But that before all my arrogant poems the real Me stands yet untouch'd, untold, altogether unreach'd,
Withdrawn far, mocking me with mock-congratulatory signs and bows,
With peals of distant ironical laughter at every word I have written,
Pointing in silence to these songs, and then to the sand beneath....
I perceive I have not really understood any thing, not a single object, and that no man ever can."

There is in our language no profounder poem than the one entitled "Elemental Drifts."

The effort to find the origin has ever been, and will forever be, fruitless. Those who endeavor to find the secret of life resemble a man looking in the mirror, who thinks that if he only could be quick enough he could grasp the image that he sees behind the glass.

The latest word of this poet upon this subject is as follows:

"To me this life with all its realities and functions is finally a mystery, the real something yet to be evolved, and the stamp and shape and life here somehow giving an important, perhaps the main outline to something further. Somehow this hangs over everything else, and stands behind it, is inside of all facts, and the concrete and material, and the worldly affairs of life and sense. That is the purport and meaning behind all the other meanings of Leaves of Grass."

As a matter of fact, the questions of origin and destiny are beyond the grasp of the human mind. We can see a certain distance; beyond that, everything is indistinct; and beyond the indistinct is the unseen. In the presence of these mysteries—and everything is a mystery so far as origin, destiny, and nature are concerned—the intelligent, honest man is compelled to say, “I do not know.”

In the great midnight a few truths like stars shine on forever, and from the brain of man come a few struggling gleams of light, a few momentary sparks.

Some have contended that everything is spirit; others that everything is matter; and again, others have maintained that a part is matter and a part is spirit; some that spirit was first and matter after; others that matter was first and spirit after; and others that matter and spirit have existed together.

But none of these people can by any possibility tell what matter is, or what spirit is, or what the difference is between spirit and matter.

The materialists look upon the spiritualists as substantially crazy; and the spiritualists regard the materialists as low and groveling. These spiritualistic people hold matter in contempt; but, after all, matter is quite a mystery. You take in your hand a little earth—a little dust. Do you know what it is? In this dust you put a seed; the rain falls upon it; the light strikes it; the seed grows; it bursts into blossom; it produces fruit.

What is this dust—this womb? Do you understand it? Is there anything in the wide universe more wonderful than this?

Take a grain of sand, reduce it to powder, take the smallest possible particle, look at it with a microscope, contemplate its every part for days, and it remains the citadel of a secret—an impregnable fortress. Bring all the theologians, philosophers, and scientists in serried ranks against it; let them attack on every side with all the arts and arms of thought and force. The citadel does not fall. Over the battlements floats the flag, and the victorious secret smiles at the baffled hosts.

Walt Whitman did not and does not imagine that he has reached the limit—the end of the road traveled by the human race. He knows that every victory over nature is but the preparation for another battle. This truth was in his mind when he said: “Understand me well; it is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.”

This is the generalization of all history.

XI. THE TWO POEMS.

THERE are two of these poems to which I will call special attention. The first is entitled, “A Word Out of the Sea.”

The boy, coming out of the rocked cradle, wandering over the sands and fields, up from the mystic play of shadows, out of the patches of briers and blackberries—from the memories of birds—from the thousand responses of his heart—goes back to the sea and his childhood, and sings a reminiscence.

Two guests from Alabama—two birds—build their nest, and there were four light green eggs, spotted with brown, and the two birds sang for joy:

“Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!

While we bask, we two together.
Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black, .
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together."

In a little while one of the birds is missed and never appeared again, and all through the summer the mate, the solitary guest, was singing of the lost:

"Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me."

And the boy that night, blending himself with the shadows, with bare feet, went down to the sea, where the white arms out in the breakers were tirelessly tossing; listening to the songs and translating the notes.

And the singing bird called loud and high for the mate, wondering what the dusky spot was in the brown and yellow, seeing the mate whichever way he looked, piercing the woods and the earth with his song, hoping that the mate might hear his cry; stopping that he might not lose her answer; waiting and then crying again: "Here I am! And this gentle call is for you. Do not be deceived by the whistle of the wind; those are the shadows;" and at last crying:

"O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more."

And then the 'boy, understanding the song that had awakened in his breast a thousand songs clearer and louder and more sorrowful than the birds, knowing that the cry of unsatisfied love would never again be absent from him; thinking then of the destiny of all, and asking of the sea the final word, and the sea answering, delaying not and hurrying not, spoke the low delicious word "Death!" "ever Death!"

The next poem, one that will live as long as our language, entitled: "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd," is on the death of Lincoln,

"The sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands."

One who reads this will never forget the odor of the lilac, "the lustrous western star" and "the gray-brown bird singing in the pines and cedars."

In this poem the dramatic unities are perfectly preserved, the atmosphere and climate in harmony with every event.

Never will he forget the solemn journey of the coffin through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land, nor the pomp of inlooped flags, the processions long and winding, the flambeaus of night, the torches' flames, the silent sea of faces, the unbared heads, the thousand voices rising strong and solemn, the dirges, the shuddering organs, the tolling bells—and the sprig of lilac.

And then for a moment they will hear the gray-brown bird singing in the cedars, bashful and tender, while the lustrous star lingers in the west, and they will

remember the pictures hung on the chamber walls to adorn the burial house—pictures of spring and farms and homes, and the gray smoke lucid and bright, and the floods of yellow gold—of the gorgeous indolent sinking sun—the sweet herbage under foot—the green leaves of the trees prolific—the breast of the river with the wind-dapple here and there, and the varied and ample land—and the most excellent sun so calm and haughty—the violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes—the gentle soft-born measureless light—the miracle spreading, bathing all—the fulfill'd noon—the coming eve delicious, and the welcome night and the stars.

And then again they will hear the song of the gray-brown bird in the limitless dusk amid the cedars and pines. Again they will remember the star, and again the odor of the lilac.

But most of all, the song of the bird translated and becoming the chant for death:

A CHANT FOR DEATH.

"Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.
Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.
Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.
Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.
From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and 'feastings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.
The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.
Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death."

This poem, in memory of "the sweetest, wisest soul of all our days and lands," and for whose sake lilac and star and bird entwined, will last as long as the memory of Lincoln.

XII. OLD AGE.

WALT WHITMAN is not only the poet of childhood, of youth, of manhood, but, above all, of old age. He has not been soured by slander or petrified by prejudice;

neither calumny nor flattery has made him revengeful or arrogant. Now sitting by the fireside, in the winter of life,

"His jocund heart still beating in his breast," he is just as brave and calm and kind as in his manhood's proudest days, when roses blossomed in his cheeks.

He has taken life's seven steps. Now, as the gamester might say, "on velvet," he is enjoying "old age, expanded, broad, with the haughty breadth of the universe; old age, flowing free, with the delicious near-by freedom of death; old age, superbly rising, welcoming the ineffable aggregation of dying days."

He is taking the "loftiest look at last," and before he goes he utters thanks:

"For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air—for life, mere life,
For precious ever-lingering memories, (of you my mother dear—you, father—you, brothers, sisters, friends,)
For all my days—not those of peace alone—the days of war the same,
For gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign lands,
For shelter, wine and meat—for sweet appreciation,
(You distant, dim unknown—or young or old—countless, unspecified, readers belov'd,
We never met, and ne'er shall meet—and yet our souls embrace, long, close and long;)
For beings, groups, love, deeds, words, books—for colors, forms,
For all the brave strong men—devoted, hardy men—who've forward sprung in freedom's help, all years, all lands,
For braver, stronger, more devoted men—(a special laurel ere I go, to life's war's chosen ones,
The cannoneers of song and thought—the great artillerists— the foremost leaders, captains of the soul:"

It is a great thing to preach philosophy—far greater to live it. The highest philosophy accepts the inevitable with a smile, and greets it as though it were desired.

To be satisfied: This is wealth—success.

The real philosopher knows that everything has happened that could have happened—consequently he accepts. He is glad that he has lived—glad that he has had his moment on the stage. In this spirit Whitman has accepted life.

"I shall go forth,
I shall traverse the States awhile, but I cannot tell whither or how long,
Perhaps soon some day or night while I am singing my voice will suddenly cease.
O book, O chants! must all then amount to but this?
Must we barely arrive at this beginning of us?—and yet it is enough, O soul;
O soul, we have positively appear'd—that is enough."

Yes, Walt Whitman has appeared. He has his place upon the stage. The drama is not ended. His voice is still heard. He is the Poet of Democracy—of all people. He is the poet of the body and soul. He has sounded the note of Individuality. He has given the pass-word primeval. He is the Poet of Humanity—of Intellectual Hospitality. He has voiced the aspirations of America—and, above all, he is the poet of Love and Death.

How grandly, how bravely he has given his thought, and how superb is his farewell—his leave-taking:

"After the supper and talk—after the day is done,
As a friend from friends his final withdrawal prolonging,
Good-bye and Good-bye with emotional lips repeating,
(So hard for his hand to release those hands—no more will they meet,
No more for communion of sorrow and joy, of old and young,
A far-stretching journey awaits him, to return no more,)
Shunning, postponing severance—seeking to ward off the last word ever so little,
E'en at the exit-door turning—charges superfluous calling back—e'en as he descends the steps,
Something to eke out a minute additional—shadows of nightfall deepening,
Farewells, messages lessening—dimmer the forthgoer's visage and form,
Soon to be lost for aye in the darkness—loth, O so loth to depart!"

And is this all? Will the forthgoer be lost, and forever? Is death the end? Over the grave bends Love sobbing, and by her side stands Hope and whispers:

We shall meet again. Before all life is death, and after all death is life. The falling leaf, touched with the hectic flush, that testifies of autumn's death, is, in a subtler sense, a prophecy of spring.

Walt Whitman has dreamed great dreams, told great truths and uttered sublime thoughts. He has held aloft the torch and bravely led the way.

As you read the marvelous book, or the person, called "Leaves of Grass," you feel the freedom of the antique world; you hear the voices of the morning, of the first great singers—voices elemental as those of sea and storm. The horizon enlarges, the heavens grow ample, limitations are forgotten—the realization of the will, the accomplishment of the ideal, seem to be within your power. Obstructions become petty and disappear. The chains and bars are broken, and the distinctions of caste are lost. The soul is in the open air, under the blue and stars—the flag of Nature. Creeds, theories and philosophies ask to be examined, contradicted, reconstructed. Prejudices disappear, superstitions vanish and custom abdicates. The sacred places become highways, duties and desires clasp hands and become comrades and friends. Authority drops the scepter, the priest the mitre, and the purple falls from kings. The inanimate becomes articulate, the meanest and humblest things utter speech, and the dumb and voiceless burst into song. A feeling of independence takes possession of the soul, the body expands, the blood flows full and free, superiors vanish, flattery is a lost art, and life becomes rich, royal, and superb. The world becomes a personal possession, and the oceans, the continents, and constellations belong to you. You are in the center, everything radiates from you, and in your veins beats and throbs the pulse of all life. You become a rover, careless and free. You wander by the shores of all seas and hear the eternal psalm. You feel the silence of the wide forest, and stand beneath the intertwined and over-arching boughs, entranced with symphonies of winds and woods. You are borne on the tides of eager and swift rivers, hear the rush and roar of cataracts as they fall beneath the seven-hued arch, and watch the eagles as they circling soar. You traverse gorges dark and dim, and climb the scarred and threatening cliffs. You stand in orchards where the blossoms fall like snow, where the birds nest and sing, and painted moths make aimless journeys through the happy air. You live the lives of those who till the earth, and walk amid the perfumed fields, hear the reapers' song, and feel the breadth and scope of earth and sky. You are in the great cities, in the midst of multitudes, of the endless processions. You are on the wide plains—the prairies—with hunter and trapper, with savage and pioneer, and you feel the soft grass yielding under your feet. You sail in many ships, and breathe the

free air of the sea. You travel many roads, and countless paths. You visit palaces and prisons, hospitals and courts; you pity kings and convicts, and your sympathy goes out to all the suffering and insane, the oppressed and enslaved, and even to the infamous. You hear the din of labor, all sounds of factory, field, and forest, of all tools, instruments and machines. You become familiar with men and women of all employments, trades and professions—with birth and burial, with wedding feast and funeral chant. You see the cloud and flame of war, and you enjoy the ineffable perfect days of peace.

In this one book, in these wondrous “Leaves of Grass,” you find hints and suggestions, touches and fragments, of all there is of life that lies between the babe, whose rounded cheeks dimple beneath his mother’s laughing, loving eyes, and the old man, snow-crowned, who, with a smile, extends his hand to death.

We have met to-night to honor ourselves by honoring the author of “Leaves of Grass.”

The Great Infidels

This lecture is printed from notes found among Colonel Ingersoll's papers, but was not revised by him for publication.

I HAVE sometimes thought that it will not make great and splendid character to rock children in the cradle of hypocrisy. I do not believe that the tendency is to make men and women brave and glorious when you tell them that there are certain ideas upon certain subjects that they must never express; that they must go through life with a pretence as a shield; that their neighbors will think much more of them if they will only keep still; and that above all is a God who despises one who honestly expresses what he believes. For my part, I believe men will be nearer honest in business, in politics, grander in art—in everything that is good and grand and beautiful, if they are taught from the cradle to the coffin to tell their honest opinion.

Neither do I believe thought to be dangerous.

It is incredible that only idiots are absolutely sure of salvation. It is incredible that the more brain you have the less your chance is. There can be no danger in honest thought, and if the world ever advances beyond what it is to-day, it must be led by men who express their real opinions.

We have passed midnight in the great struggle between Fact and Faith, between Science and Superstition. The brand of intellectual inferiority is now upon the orthodox brain. There is nothing grander than to rescue from the leprosy of slander the reputation of a good and generous man. Nothing can be nearer just than to benefit our benefactors.

The Infidels of one age have been the aureoled saints of the next. The destroyers of the old are the creators of the new. The old passes away, and the new becomes old. There is in the intellectual world, as in the material, decay and growth, and ever by the grave of buried age stand youth and joy.

The history of intellectual progress is written in the lives of Infidels. Political rights have been preserved by traitors—the liberty of the mind by heretics. To attack the king was treason—to dispute the priest was blasphemy. The sword and cross were allies. They defended each other. The throne and altar were twins—vultures from the same egg.

It was James I. who said: "No bishop, no king." He might have said: "No cross, no crown."

The king owned the bodies, and the priest the souls, of men. One lived on taxes, the other on alms. One was a robber, the other a beggar, and each was both.

These robbers and beggars controlled two worlds. The king made laws, the priest made creeds. With bowed backs the people received the burdens of the one, and with wonder's open mouth the dogmas of the other. If any aspired to be free they were crushed by the king, and every priest was a Herod who slaughtered the children of the brain. The king ruled by force, the priest by fear, and both by both.

The king said to the people: "God made you peasants, and he made me king. He made rags and hovels for you, robes and palaces for me. Such is the justice of God." And the priest said: "God made you ignorant and vile. He made me holy and wise. If

you do not obey me, God will punish you here and torment you hereafter. Such is the mercy of God."

Infidels are intellectual discoverers. They sail the unknown seas and find new isles and continents in the infinite realms of thought.

An Infidel is one who has found a new fact, who has an idea of his own, and who in the mental sky has seen another star.

He is an intellectual capitalist, and for that reason excites the envy and hatred of the theological pauper.

The Origin of god and Heaven, Of the Devil and Hell.

IN the estimation of good orthodox Christians I am a criminal, because I am trying to take from loving mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, and lovers the consolations naturally arising from a belief in an eternity of grief and pain. I want to tear, break, and scatter to the winds the God that priests erected in the fields of innocent pleasure—a God made of sticks called creeds, and of old clothes called myths. I shall endeavor to take from the coffin its horror, from the cradle its curse, and put out the fires of revenge kindled by an infinite fiend.

Is it necessary that Heaven should borrow its light from the glare of Hell?

Infinite punishment is infinite cruelty, endless injustice, immortal meanness. To worship an eternal goaler hardens, debases, and pollutes even the vilest soul. While there is one sad and breaking heart in the universe, no good being can be perfectly happy.

Against the heartlessness of the Christian religion every grand and tender soul should enter solemn protest. The God of Hell should be held in loathing, contempt and scorn. A God who threatens eternal pain should be hated, not loved—cursed, not worshiped. A heaven presided over by such a God must be below the lowest hell. I want no part in any heaven in which the saved, the ransomed and redeemed will drown with shouts of joy the cries and sobs of hell—in which happiness will forget misery, where the tears of the lost only increase laughter and double bliss.

The idea of hell was born of ignorance, brutality, fear, cowardice, and revenge. This idea testifies that our remote ancestors were the lowest beasts. Only from dens, lairs, and caves, only from mouths filled with cruel fangs, only from hearts of fear and hatred, only from the conscience of hunger and lust, only from the lowest and most debased could come this most cruel, heartless and bestial of all dogmas.

Our barbarian ancestors knew but little of nature. They were too astonished to investigate. They could not divest themselves of the idea that everything happened with reference to them; that they caused storms and earthquakes; that they brought the tempest and the whirlwind; that on account of something they had done, or omitted to do, the lightning of vengeance leaped from the darkened sky. They made up their minds that at least two vast and powerful beings presided over this world; that one was good and the other bad; that both of these beings wished to get control of the souls of men; that they were relentless enemies, eternal foes; that both welcomed recruits and hated deserters; that both demanded praise and worship; that one offered rewards in this world, and the other in the next. The Devil has paid cash—God buys on credit.

Man saw cruelty and mercy in nature, because he imagined that phenomena were produced to punish or to reward him. When his poor hut was torn and broken by the

wind, he thought it a punishment. When some town or city was swept away by flood or sea, he imagined that the crimes of the inhabitants had been avenged. When the land was filled with plenty, when the seasons were kind, he thought that he had pleased the tyrant of the skies.

It must be remembered that both gods and devils were supposed to be presided over by the greatest God and the greatest Devil. The God could give infinite rewards and could inflict infinite torments. The Devil could assist man here; could give him wealth and place in this world, in consideration of owning his soul hereafter. Each human soul was a prize contended for by these deities. Of course this God and this Devil had innumerable spirits at their command, to execute their decrees. The God lived in heaven and the Devil in hell. Both were monarchs and were infinitely jealous of each other. The priests pretended to be the agents and recruiting sergeants of this God, and they were duly authorized to promise and threaten in his name; they had power to forgive and curse. These priests sought to govern the world by force and fear. Believing that men could be frightened into obedience, they magnified the tortures and terrors of perdition. Believing also that man could in part be influenced by the hope of reward, they magnified the joys of heaven. In other words, they promised eternal joy and threatened everlasting pain. Most of these priests, born of the ignorance of the time, believed what they taught. They proved that God was good by sunlight and harvest, by health and happiness; that he was angry, by disease and death. Man, according to this doctrine, was led astray by the Devil, who delighted only in evil. It was supposed that God demanded worship; that he loved to be flattered; that he delighted in sacrifice; that nothing made him happier than to see ignorant faith upon its knees; that above all things he hated and despised doubters and heretics, and that he regarded all investigation as rebellion.

Now and then believers in these ideas, those who had gained great reputation for learning and sanctity, or had enjoyed great power, wrote books, and these books after a time were considered sacred. Most of them were written to frighten mankind, and were filled with threatenings and curses for unbelievers and promises for the faithful. The more frightful the curses, the more extravagant the promises, the more sacred the books were considered. All of the gods were cruel and vindictive, unforgiving and relentless, and the devils were substantially the same.

It was also believed that certain things must be accepted as true, no matter whether they were reasonable or not; that it was pleasing to God to believe a certain creed, especially if it happened to be the creed of the majority. Each community felt it a duty to see that the enemies of God were converted or killed. To allow a heretic to live in peace was to invite the wrath of God. Every public evil—every misfortune—was accounted for by something the community had permitted or done. When epidemics appeared, brought by ignorance and welcomed by filth, the heretic was brought out and sacrificed to appease the vengeance of God. From the knowledge they had—from their premises—they reasoned well. They said, if God will inflict such frightful torments upon us here, simply for allowing a few heretics to live, what will he do with the heretics? Of course the heretics would be punished forever. They knew how cruel was the barbarian king when he had the traitor in his power. They had seen every horror that man could inflict on man. Of course a God could do more than a king. He could punish forever. The fires he would kindle never could be quenched. The torments he would inflict would be eternal. They thought the amount of punishment would be measured only by the power of God.

These ideas were not only prevalent in what are called barbarous times, but they are received by the religious world of to-day.

No death could be conceived more horrible than that produced by flames. To these flames they added eternity, and hell was produced. They exhausted the idea of personal torture.

By putting intention behind what man called good, God was produced. By putting intention behind what man called bad, the Devil was created. Leave this “intention” out, and gods and devils fade away.

If not a human being existed the sun would continue to shine, and tempests now and then would devastate the world; the rain would fall in pleasant showers, and the bow of promise would adorn the cloud; violets would spread their velvet bosoms to the sun, and the earthquake would devour; birds would sing, and daisies bloom, and roses blush, and the volcanoes would fill the heavens with their lurid glare; the procession of the seasons would not be broken, and the stars would shine just as serenely as though the world was filled with loving hearts and happy homes. But in the olden time man thought otherwise. He imagined that he was of great importance. Barbarians are always egotistic. They think that the stars are watching them; that the sun shines on their account; that the rain falls for them, and that gods and devils are really troubling themselves about their poor and ignorant souls.

In those days men fought for their God as they did for their king. They killed the enemies of both. For this their king would reward them here, and their God hereafter. With them it was loyalty to destroy the disloyal. They did not regard God as a vague “spirit,” nor as an “essence” without body or parts, but as a being, a person, an infinite man, a king, the monarch of the universe, who had garments of glory for believers and robes of flame for the heretic and infidel.

Do not imagine that this doctrine of hell belongs to Christianity alone. Nearly all religions have had this dogma for a corner-stone. Upon this burning foundation nearly all have built. Over the abyss of pain rose the glittering dome of pleasure. This world was regarded as one of trial. Here a God of infinite wisdom experimented with man. Between the outstretched paws of the Infinite the mouse, man, was allowed to play. Here man had the opportunity of hearing priests and kneeling in temples. Here he could read and hear read the sacred books. Here he could have the example of the pious and the counsels of the holy. Here he could build churches and cathedrals. Here he could burn incense, fast, wear haircloth, deny himself all the pleasures of life, confess to priests, count beads, be miserable one day in seven, make creeds, construct instruments of torture, bow before pictures and images, eat little square pieces of bread, sprinkle water on the heads of babes, shut his eyes and say words to the clouds, and slander and defame all who have the courage to despise superstition, and the goodness to tell their honest thoughts. After death, nothing could be done to make him better. When he should come into the presence of God, nothing was left except to damn him. Priests might convert him here, but God could do nothing there,—all of which shows how much more a priest can do for a soul than its creator; how much more potent is the example of your average Christian than that of all the angels, and how much superior earth is to heaven for the moral development of the soul. In heaven the Devil is not allowed to enter. There all are pure and perfect, yet they cannot influence a soul for good.

Only here, on the earth, where the Devil is constantly active, only where his agents attack every soul, is there the slightest hope of moral improvement.

Strange! that a world cursed by God, filled with temptations and thick with fiends, should be the only place where hope exists, the only place where man can repent, the only place where reform is possible! Strange! that heaven, filled with angels and presided over by God, is the only place where reformation is utterly impossible! Yet these are the teachings of all the believers in the eternity of punishment.

Masters frightened slaves with the threat of hell, and slaves got a kind of shadowy revenge by whispering back the threat. The poor have damned the rich and the rich the poor. The imprisoned imagined a hell for their gaolers; the weak built this place for the strong; the arrogant for their rivals; the vanquished for their victors; the priest for the thinker, religion for reason, superstition for science.

All the meanness, all the revenge, all the selfishness, all the cruelty, all the hatred, all the infamy of which the heart of man is capable, grew, blossomed and bore fruit in this one word—Hell.

For the nourishment of this dogma cruelty was soil, ignorance was rain, and fear was light.

Christians have placed upon the throne of the universe a God of eternal hate. I cannot worship a being whose vengeance is boundless, whose cruelty is shoreless, and whose malice is increased by the agonies he inflicts.

THE APPEAL TO THE CEMETERY.

WHOEVER attacks a custom or a creed, will be confronted with a list of the names of the dead who upheld the custom, or believed the creed. He is asked in a very triumphant and sneering way, if he knows more than all the great and honored of the past Every defender of a creed has graven upon his memory the names of all “great” men whose actions or words can be tortured into evidence for his doctrine. The church is always anxious to have some king or president certify to the moral character of Christ, the authority of the Scriptures, and the justice of the Jewish God. Of late years, confessions of gentlemen about to be hanged have been considered of great value, and the scaffold is regarded as a means of grace.

All the churches of our day seek the rich. They are no longer the friends and defenders of the poor. Poverty no longer feels at home in the house of God. In the Temple of the Most High, garments out of fashion are considered out of place. People now, before confessing to God what worthless souls they have, enrich their bodies. Now words of penitence mingle with the rustle of silk, and light thrown from diamonds adorns the repentant tear. We are told that the rich, the fortunate, the holders of place and office, the fashionable, the respectable, are all within the churches. And yet all these people grow eloquent over the poverty of Christ—boast that he was born in a manger—that the Holy Ghost passed by all the ladies of titled wealth and fashion and selected the wife of a poor and unknown mechanic for the Mother of God.

They admit that all the men of Jerusalem who held high positions—all the people of wealth, influence and power—were the enemies of the Savior and held his pretensions in contempt. They admit that he had influence only with the poor, and that he was so utterly unknown—so indigent in acquaintance, that it was necessary to bribe one of his disciples to point him out to the police. They assert that he had done a great number of miracles—had cured the sick, and raised the dead—that he had preached to vast multitudes—had made a kind of triumphal entry into Jerusalem—had scourged from the temple the changers of money—had disputed with the

doctors—and yet, notwithstanding all these things, he remained in the very depths of obscurity. Surely he and his disciples could have been met with the argument that the "great" dead were opposed to the new religion.

The apostles, it is claimed, preached the doctrines of Christ in Rome and Athens, and the people of those cities could have used the arguments against Christianity that Christians now use in its support. They could have asked the apostles if they were wiser than all the philosophers, poets, orators, and statesmen dead—if they knew more, coming as they did from a weak and barbarous nation, than the greatest men produced by the highest civilization of the known world. With what scorn would the Greeks listen to a barbarian's criticisms upon Socrates and Plato. How a Roman would laugh to hear a vagrant Hebrew attack a mythology that had been believed by Cato and Virgil.

Every new religion has to overcome this argument of the cemetery—this logic of the grave. Old ideas take shelter behind a barricade of corpses and tombstones. They have epitaphs for battle-cries, and malign the living in the name of the dead. The moment, however, that a new religion succeeds, it becomes the old religion and uses the same argument against a new idea that it once so gallantly refuted. The arguments used to-day against what they are pleased to call infidelity would have shut the mouth of every religious reformer, from Christ to the founder of the last sect. The general objection to the new is, that it differs somewhat from the old, and the fact that it does differ is urged as an argument against its truth.

Every man is forced to admit that he does not agree with all the great men, living or dead. The average Catholic, if not a priest, as a rule will admit that Sir Isaac Newton was in some things his superior, that Demosthenes had the advantage of him in expressing his ideas in public, and that as a sculptor he is far below the unknown man of whose hand and brain was born the Venus de Milo, but he will not, on account of these admissions, change his views upon the important question of transubstantiation.

Most Protestants will cheerfully admit that they are inferior in brain and genius to some men who have lived and died in the Catholic Church; that in the matter of preaching funeral sermons they do not pretend to equal Bossuet; that their letters are not so interesting and polished as those of Pascal; that Torquemada excelled them in the genius of organization, and that for planning a massacre they would not for a moment dispute the palm with Catherine de Medici.

And yet, after all these admissions, they would insist that the Pope is an unblushing impostor, and that the Catholic Church is a vampire fattened by the best blood of a thousand years.

The truth is, that in favor of almost every sect, the names of some great men can be pronounced. In almost every church there have been men whose only weakness was their religion, and who in other directions achieved distinction. If you call men great because they were emperors, kings, noblemen, statesmen, millionaires—because they commanded vast armies and wielded great influence in their day, then more names can be found to support and prop the Church of Rome than any other Christian sect.

Is Protestantism willing to rest its claims upon the "great man" argument? Give me the ideas, the religions, not that have been advanced and believed by the so-called great of the past, but that will be defended and believed by the great souls of the future.

It gives me pleasure to say that Lord Bacon was a great man; but I do not for that reason abandon the Copernican system of astronomy, and insist that the earth is stationary. Samuel Johnson was an excellent writer of latinized English, but I am confident that he never saw a real ghost. Matthew Hale was a reasonably good judge of law, but he was mistaken about witches causing children to vomit crooked pins. John Wesley was quite a man, in a kind of religious way, but in this country few people sympathize with his hatred of republican government, or with his contempt for the Revolutionary Fathers. Sir Isaac Newton, in the domain of science, was the colossus of his time, but his commentary on the book of Revelation would hardly excite envy, even in the breast of a Spurgeon or a Talmage. Upon many questions, the opinions of Napoleon were of great value, and yet about his bed, when dying, he wanted to see burning the holy candles of Rome. John Calvin has been called a logician, and reasoned well from his premises, but the burning of Servetus did not make murder a virtue. Luther weakened somewhat the power of the Catholic Church, and to that extent was a reformer, and yet Lord Brougham affirmed that his "Table Talk" was so obscene that no respectable English publisher would soil paper with a translation. He was a kind of religious Rabelais; and yet a man can defend Luther in his attack upon the church without justifying his obscenity. If every man in the Catholic Church was a good man, that would not convince me that Ignatius Loyola ever met and conversed with the Virgin Mary. The fact is, very few men are right in everything. Great virtues may draw attention from defects, but they cannot sanctify them. A pebble surrounded by diamonds remains a common stone, and a diamond surrounded by pebbles is still a gem. No one should attempt to refute an argument by pronouncing the name of some man, unless he is willing to adopt all the ideas and beliefs of that man. It is better to give reasons and facts than names. An argument should not depend for its force upon the name of its author. Facts need no pedigree; logic has no heraldry, and the living should not be awed by the mistakes of the dead.

The greatest men the world has produced have known but little. They had a few facts, mingled with mistakes without number. In some departments they towered above their fellows, while in others they fell below the common level of mankind.

Daniel Webster had great respect for the Scriptures, but very little for the claims of his creditors. Most men are strangely inconsistent. Two propositions were introduced into the Confederate Congress by the same man. One was to hoist the black flag, and the other was to prevent carrying the mails on Sunday. George Whitefield defended the slave trade, because it brought the negroes within the sound of the gospel, and gave them the advantage of associating with the gentlemen who stole them. And yet this same Whitefield believed and taught the dogma of predestination. Volumes might be written upon the follies and imbecilities of great men. A full rounded man—a man of sterling sense and natural logic—is just as rare as a great painter, poet, or sculptor. If you tell your friend that he is not a painter, that he has no genius for poetry, he will probably admit the truth of what you say, without feeling that he has been insulted in the least. But if you tell him that he is not a logician, that he has but little idea of the value of a fact, that he has no real conception of what evidence is, and that he never had an original thought in his life, he will cut your acquaintance. Thousands of men are most wonderful in mechanics, in trade, in certain professions, keen in business, knowing well the men among whom they live, and yet satisfied with religions infinitely stupid, with politics perfectly senseless, and they will believe that wonderful things were common long ago, such things as no amount of evidence could convince them had happened in their day. A man may be a successful merchant, lawyer, doctor, mechanic, statesman,

or theologian without one particle of originality, and almost without the ability to think logically upon any subject whatever. Other men display in some directions the most marvelous intellectual power, astonish mankind with their grasp and vigor, and at the same time, upon religious subjects drool and drivel like David at the gates of Gath.

SACRED BOOKS.

WE have found, at last, that other nations have sacred books much older than our own, and that these books and records were and are substantiated by traditions and monuments, by miracles and martyrs, christs and apostles, as well as by prophecies fulfilled. In all of these nations differences of opinion as to the authenticity and meaning of these books arose from time to time, precisely as they have done and still do with us, and upon these differences were founded sects that manufactured creeds. These sects denounced each other, and preached with the sword and endeavored to convince with the fagot. Our theologians were greatly astonished to find in other bibles the same stories, precepts, laws, customs and commands that adorn and stain our own. At first they accounted for this, by saying that these books were in part copies of the Jewish Scriptures, mingled with barbaric myths. To such an extent did they impose upon and insult probability, that they declared that all the morality of the world, all laws commanding right and prohibiting wrong, all ideas respecting the unity of a Supreme Being, were borrowed from the Jews, who obtained them directly from God. The Christian world asserts with warmth, not always born of candor, that the Bible is the source, origin, and fountain of law, liberty, love, charity, and justice; that it is the intellectual and moral sun of the world; that it alone gives happiness here, and alone points out the way to joy hereafter; that it contains the only revelation from the Infinite; that all others are the work of dishonest and mistaken men. They say these things in spite of the fact that the Jewish nation was one of the weakest and most barbaric of the past; in spite of the fact that the civilization of Egypt and India had commenced to wane before that of Palestine existed. To account for all the morality contained in the sacred books of the Hindus, by saying that it was borrowed from the wanderers in the Desert of Sinai, from the escaped slaves of the Egyptians, taxes to the utmost the credulity of ignorance, bigotry, and zeal.

The men who make these assertions are not superior to other men. They have only the facts common to all, and they must admit that these facts do not force the same conclusions upon all. They must admit that men equally honest, equally well informed as themselves, deny their premises and conclusions. They must admit that had they been born and educated in some other country, they would have had a different religion, and would have regarded with reverence and awe the books they now hold as false and foolish. Most men are followers, and implicitly rely upon the judgment of others. They mistake solemnity for wisdom, and regard a grave countenance as the titlepage and preface to a most learned volume. So they are easily imposed upon by forms, strange garments, and solemn ceremonies. And when the teaching of parents, the customs of neighbors, and the general tongue approve and justify a belief or creed, no matter how absurd, it is hard even for the strongest to hold the citadel of his soul. In each country, in defence of each religion, the same arguments would be urged. There is the same evidence in favor of the inspiration of the Koran and Bible. Both are substantiated in exactly the same way. It is just as wicked and unreasonable to be a heretic in Constantinople as in New York. To deny the claims of Christ and Mohammed is alike blasphemous. It all depends upon where you are when you make the denial. No religion has ever fallen that carried with it

down to dumb death a solitary fact. Mistakes moulder with the temples in which they were taught, and countless superstitions sleep with their dead priests.

Yet Christians insist that the religions of all nations that have fallen from wealth and power were false, with of course the solitary exception of the Jewish, simply because the nations teaching them dropped from their dying hands the swords of power. This argument drawn from the fate of nations proves no more than would one based upon the history of persons. With nations as with individuals, the struggle for life is perpetual, and the law of the survival of the fittest applies equally to both.

It may be that the fabric of our civilization will crumbling fall to unmeaning chaos and to formless dust, where oblivion broods and even memory forgets. Perhaps the blind Samson of some imprisoned force, released by thoughtless chance, may so wreck and strand the world that man, in stress and strain of want and fear, will shudderingly crawl back to savage and barbaric night. The time may come in which this thrilled and throbbing earth, shorn of all life, will in its soundless orbit wheel a barren star, on which the light will fall as fruitlessly as falls the gaze of love upon the cold, pathetic face of death.

FEAR.

'T'HERE is a view quite prevalent, that in some way you can prove whether the theories defended or advanced by a man are right or not, by showing what kind of man he was, what kind of life he lived, and what manner of death he died.

A man entertains certain opinions; he is persecuted. He refuses to change his mind; he is burned, and in the midst of flames cries out that he dies without change. Hundreds then say that he has sealed his testimony with his blood, and his doctrines must be true.

All the martyrs in the history of the world are not sufficient to establish the correctness of an opinion. Martyrdom, as a rule, establishes the sincerity of the martyr,—never the correctness of his thought. Things are true or false in themselves. Truth cannot be affected by opinions; it cannot be changed, established, or affected by martyrdom. An error cannot be believed sincerely enough to make it a truth.

No Christian will admit that any amount of heroism displayed by a Mormon is sufficient to prove that Joseph Smith was divinely inspired. All the courage and culture, all the poetry and art of ancient Greece, do not even tend to establish the truth of any myth.

The testimony of the dying concerning some other world, or in regard to the supernatural, cannot be any better, to say the least, than that of the living. In the early days of Christianity a serene and intrepid death was regarded as a testimony in favor of the church. At that time Pagans were being converted to Christianity—were throwing Jupiter away and taking the Hebrew God instead. In the moment of death many of these converts, without doubt, retraced their steps and died in the faith of their ancestors. But whenever one died clinging to the cross of the new religion, this was seized upon as an evidence of the truth of the gospel. After a time the Christians taught that an unbeliever, one who spoke or wrote against their doctrines, could not meet death with composure—that the infidel in his last moments would necessarily be a prey to the serpent of remorse. For more than a thousand years they have made the "facts" to fit this theory. Crimes against men have been considered as nothing when compared with a denial of the truth of the Bible, the divinity of Christ, or the existence of God.

According to the theologians, God has always acted in this way. As long as men did nothing except to render their fellows wretched; as long as they only butchered and burnt the innocent and helpless, God maintained the strictest and most heartless neutrality; but when some honest man, some great and tender soul expressed a doubt as to the truth of the Scriptures, or prayed to the wrong God, or to the right one by the wrong name, then the real God leaped like a wounded tiger upon his victim, and from his quivering flesh tore his wretched soul.

There is no recorded instance where the uplifted hand of murder has been paralyzed—no truthful account in all the literature of the world of the innocent being shielded by God. Thousands of crimes are committed every day—men are this moment lying in wait for their human prey—wives are whipped and crushed, driven to insanity and death—little children begging for mercy, lifting imploring, tear-filled eyes to the brutal faces of fathers and mothers—sweet girls are deceived, lured, and outraged, but God has no time to prevent these things—no time to defend the good and to protect the pure. He is too busy numbering hairs and watching sparrows.

He listens for blasphemy; looks for persons who laugh at priests; examines baptismal registers; watches professors in colleges who begin to doubt the geology of Moses and the astronomy of Joshua. He does not particularly object to stealing if you won't swear. A great many persons have fallen dead in the act of taking God's name in vain, but millions of men, women, and children have been stolen from their homes and used as beasts of burden, but no one engaged in this infamy has ever been touched by the wrathful hand of God.

All kinds of criminals, except infidels, meet death with reasonable serenity. As a rule, there is nothing in the death of a pirate to cast any discredit on his profession. The murderer upon the scaffold, with a priest on either side, smilingly exhorts the multitude to meet him in heaven. The man who has succeeded in making his home a hell, meets death without a quiver, provided he has never expressed any doubt as to the divinity of Christ, or the eternal "procession" of the Holy Ghost. The king who has waged cruel and useless war, who has filled countries with widows and fatherless children, with the maimed and diseased, and who has succeeded in offering to the Moloch of ambition the best and bravest of his subjects, dies like a saint.

The Emperor Constantine, who lifted Christianity into power, murdered his wife Fausta, and his eldest son Crispus, the same year that he convened the Council of Nice to decide whether Jesus Christ was a man or the Son of God. The council decided that Christ was consubstantial with the Father. This was in the year 325. We are thus indebted to a wife-murderer for settling the vexed question of the divinity of the Savior. Theodosius called a council at Constantinople in 381, and this council decided that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father. Theodosius, the younger, assembled another council at Ephesus to ascertain who the Virgin Mary really was, and it was solemnly decided in the year 431 that she was the Mother of God. In 451 it was decided by a council held at Chalcedon, called together by the Emperor Marcian, that Christ had two natures—the human and divine. In 680, in another general council, held at Constantinople, convened by order of Pognatius, it was also decided that Christ had two wills, and in the year 1274 it was decided at the Council of Lyons, that the Holy Ghost proceeded not only from the Father, but from the Son as well. Had it not been for these councils, we might have been without a Trinity even unto this day. When we take into consideration the fact that a belief in the Trinity is absolutely essential to salvation, how unfortunate it was for the world that this

doctrine was not established until the year 1274. Think of the millions that dropped into hell while these questions were being discussed.

This, however, is a digression. Let us go back to Constantine. This Emperor, stained with every crime, is supposed to have died like a Christian. We hear nothing of fiends leering at him in the shadows of death. He does not see the forms of his murdered wife and son covered with the blood he shed. From his white and shrivelled lips issued no shrieks of terror. He does not cover his glazed eyes with thin and trembling hands to shut out the visions of hell. His chamber is filled with the rustle of wings—of wings waiting to bear his soul to the thrilling realms of joy.

Against the Emperor Constantine the church has hurled no anathema. She has accepted the story of his vision in the clouds, and his holy memory has been guarded by priest and pope. All the persecutors sleep in peace, and the ashes of those who burned their brothers in the name of Christ rest in consecrated ground. Whole libraries could not contain even the names of the wretches who have filled the world with violence and death in defence of book and creed, and yet they all died the death of the righteous, and no priest or minister describes the agony and fear, the remorse and horror, with which their guilty souls were filled in the last moments of their lives. These men had never doubted—they accepted the creed—they were not infidels—they had not denied the divinity of Christ—they had been baptized—they had partaken of the Last Supper—they had respected priests—they admitted that the Holy Ghost had "proceeded," and these things put pillows beneath their dying heads, and covered them with the drapery of peace.

Now and then, in the history of this world, a man of genius, of sense, of intellectual honesty has appeared. These men have denounced the superstitions of their day. They pitied the multitude. To see priests devour the substance of the people filled them with indignation. These men were honest enough to tell their thoughts. Then they were denounced, tried, condemned, executed. Some of them escaped the fury of the people who loved their enemies, and died naturally in their beds.

It would not do for the church to admit that they died peacefully. That would show that religion was not actually necessary in the last moment. Religion got much of its power from the terror of death.

THE DEATH TEST.

YOU had better live well and die wicked.

You had better live well and die cursing than live badly and die praying.

It would not do to have the common people understand that a man could deny the Bible, refuse to look at the cross, contend that Christ was only a man, and yet die as calmly as Calvin did after he had murdered Servetus, or as did King David after advising one son to kill another.

The church has taken great pains to show that the last moments of all infidels (that Christians did not succeed in burning) were infinitely wretched and despairing. It was alleged that words could not paint the horrors that were endured by a dying infidel. Every good Christian was expected to, and generally did, believe these accounts. They have been told and retold in every pulpit of the world. Protestant ministers have repeated the inventions of Catholic priests, and Catholics, by a kind of theological comity, have sworn to the falsehoods told by Protestants. Upon this point they have always stood together, and will as long as the same calumny can be used by both.

Upon the death-bed subject the clergy grow eloquent. When describing the shudderings and shrieks of the dying unbeliever, their eyes glitter with delight.

It is a festival.

They are no longer men. They become hyenas. They dig open graves. They devour the reputations of the dead.

It is a banquet.

Unsatisfied still, they paint the terrors of hell. They gaze at the souls of the infidels writhing in the coils of the worm that never dies. They see them in flames—in oceans of fire—in gulfs of pain—in abysses of despair. They shout with joy. They applaud.

It is an *auto da fe*, presided over by God and his angels.

The men they thus describe were not atheists; they were all believers in God, in special providence, and in the immortality of the soul. They believed in the accountability of man—in the practice of virtue, in justice, and liberty, but they did not believe in that collection of follies and fables called the Bible.

In order to show that an infidel must die overwhelmed with remorse and fear, they have generally selected from all the "unbelievers" since the day of Christ five men—the Emperor Julian, Spinoza, Voltaire, Diderot, David Hume, and Thomas Paine.

Hardly a minister in the United States has attempted to "answer" me without referring to the death of one or more of these men.

In vain have these calumniators of the dead been called upon to prove their statements. In vain have rewards been offered to any priestly maligner to bring forward the evidence.

Let us once for all dispose of these slanders—of these pious calumnies.

JULIAN.

THEY say that the Emperor Julian was an apostate that he was once a Christian; that he fell from grace, and that in his last moments, throwing some of his own blood into the air, he cried out to Jesus Christ, "Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

It must be remembered that the Christians had persecuted and imprisoned this very Julian; that they had exiled him; that they had threatened him with death. Many of his relatives were murdered by the Christians. He became emperor, and Christians conspired to take his life. The conspirators were discovered and they were pardoned. He did what he could to prevent the Christians from destroying each other. He held pomp and pride and luxury in contempt, and led his army on foot, sharing the privations of the meanest soldier.

Upon ascending the throne he published an edict proclaiming universal religious toleration. He was then a Pagan. It is claimed by some that he never did entirely forget his Christian education. In this I am inclined to think there is some truth, because he revoked his edict of toleration, and for a time was nearly as unjust as though he had been a saint. He was emperor one year and seven months. In a battle with the Persians he was mortally wounded. "Brought back to his tent, and feeling that he had but a short time to live, he spent his last hours in discoursing with his friends on the immortality of the soul. He reviewed his reign and declared that he was satisfied with his conduct, and had neither penitence nor remorse to express for anything that he had done." His last words were: "I submit willingly to the eternal decrees of heaven, convinced that he who is captivated with life, when his last hour

has arrived is more weak and pusillanimous than he who would rush to voluntary death when it is his duty still to live."

When we remember that a Christian emperor murdered Julian's father and most of his kindred, and that he narrowly escaped the same fate, we can hardly blame him for having a little prejudice against a church whose members were fierce, ignorant, and bloody—whose priests were hypocrites, and whose bishops were assassins. If Julian had said he was a Christian—no matter what he actually was, he would have satisfied the church.

The story that the dying emperor acknowledged that he was conquered by the Galilean was originated by some of the so-called Fathers of the Church, probably by Gregory or Theodoret. They are the same wretches who said that Julian sacrificed a woman to the moon, tearing out her entrails with his own hands. We are also informed by these hypocrites that he endeavored to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, and that fire came out of the earth and consumed the laborers employed in the sacrilegious undertaking.

I did not suppose that an intelligent man could be found in the world who believed this childish fable, and yet in the January number for 1880, of the *Princeton Review*, the Rev. Stuart Robinson (whoever he may be) distinctly certifies to the truth of this story. He says: "Throughout the entire era of the planting of the Christian Church, the gospel preached was assailed not only by the malignant fanaticism of the Jew and the violence of Roman statecraft, but also by the intellectual weapons of philosophers, wits, and poets. Now Celsus denounced the new religion as base imposture. Now Tacitus described it as but another phase of the *odium generis humani. Now Julian proposed to bring into contempt the prophetic claims of its founder by the practical test of rebuilding the Temple*." Here then in the year of grace 1880 is a Presbyterian preacher, who really believes that Julian tried to rebuild the Temple, and that God caused fire to issue from the earth and consume the innocent workmen.

All these stories rest upon the same foundation—the mendacity of priests.

Julian changed the religion of the Empire, and diverted the revenues of the church. Whoever steps between a priest and his salary, will find that he has committed every crime. No matter how often the slanders may be refuted, they will be repeated until the last priest has lost his body and found his wings. These falsehoods about Julian were invented some fifteen hundred years ago, and they are repeated to-day by just as honest and just as respectable people as those who told them at first. Whenever the church cannot answer the arguments of an opponent, she attacks his character. She resorts to falsehood, and in the domain of calumny she has stood for fifteen hundred years without a rival.

The great Empire was crumbling to its fall. The literature of the world was being destroyed by priests. The gods and goddesses were driven from the earth and sky. The paintings were torn and defaced. The statues were broken. The walls were left desolate, and the niches empty. Art, like Rachel, wept for her children, and would not be comforted. The streams and forests were deserted by the children of the imagination, and the whole earth was barren, poor and mean.

Christian ignorance, bigotry and hatred, in blind unreasoning zeal, had destroyed the treasures of our race. Art was abhorred, Knowledge was despised, Reason was an outcast. The sun was blotted from the intellectual heaven, every star extinguished,

and there fell upon the world that shadow—that midnight,—known as “The Dark Ages.”

This night lasted for a thousand years.

The First Great Star—Herald of the Dawn—was Bruno.

BRUNO.

THE night of the Middle Ages lasted for a thousand years. The first star that enriched the horizon of this universal gloom was Giordano Bruno. He was the herald of the dawn.

He was born in 1550, was educated for a priest, became a Dominican friar. At last his reason revolted against the doctrine of transubstantiation. He could not believe that the entire Trinity was in a wafer, or in a swallow of wine. He could not believe that a man could devour the Creator of the universe by eating a piece of bread. This led him to investigate other dogmas of the Catholic Church, and in every direction he found the same contradictions and impossibilities supported, not by reason, but by faith.

Those who loved their enemies threatened his life. He was obliged to flee from his native land, and he became a vagabond in nearly every nation of Europe. He declared that he fought, not what priests believed, but what they pretended to believe. He was driven from his native country because of his astronomical opinions. He had lost confidence in the Bible as a scientific work. He was in danger because he had discovered a truth.

He fled to England. He gave some lectures at Oxford. He found that institution controlled by priests. He found that they were teaching nothing of importance—only the impossible and the hurtful. He called Oxford “the widow of true learning.” There were in England, at that time, two men who knew more than the rest of the world. Shakespeare was then alive.

Bruno was driven from England. He was regarded as a dangerous man,—he had opinions, he inquired after reasons, he expressed confidence in facts. He fled to France. He was not allowed to remain in that country. He discussed things—that was enough. The church said, “move on.” He went to Germany. He was not a believer—he was an investigator. The Germans wanted believers; they regarded the whole Christian system as settled; they wanted witnesses; they wanted men who would assert. So he was driven from Germany.

He returned at last to his native land. He found himself without friends, because he had been true, not only to himself, but to the human race. But the world was false to him because he refused to crucify the Christ of his own soul between the two thieves of hypocrisy and bigotry. He was arrested for teaching that there are other worlds than this; that many of the stars are suns, around which other worlds revolve; that Nature did not exhaust all her energies on this grain of sand called the earth. He believed in a plurality of worlds, in the rotation of this, in the heliocentric theory. For these crimes, and for these alone, he was imprisoned for six years. He was kept in solitary confinement. He was allowed no books, no friends, no visitors. He was denied pen and paper. In the darkness, in the loneliness, he had time to examine the great questions of origin, of existence, of destiny. He put to the test what is called the goodness of God. He found that he could neither depend upon man nor upon any deity. At last, the Inquisition demanded him. He was tried, condemned, excommunicated and sentenced to be burned. According to Professor Draper, he believed that this world is animated by an intelligent soul—the cause of forms, but

not of matter; that it lives in all things, even in such as seem not to live; that everything is ready to become organized; that matter is the mother of forms, and then their grave; that matter and the soul of things, together, constitute God. He was a pantheist—that is to say, an atheist. He was a lover of Nature,—a reaction from the asceticism of the church. He was tired of the gloom of the monastery. He loved the fields, the woods, the streams. He said to his brother-priests: Come out of your cells, out of your dungeons: come into the air and light.

Throw away your beads and your crosses. Gather flowers; mingle with your fellow-men; have wives and children; scatter the seeds of joy; throw away the thorns and nettles of your creeds; enjoy the perpetual miracle of life.

On the sixteenth day of February, in the year of grace 1600, by "the triumphant beast," the Church of Rome, this philosopher, this great and splendid man, was burned. He was offered his liberty if he would recant. There was no God to be offended by his recantation, and yet, as an apostle of what he believed to be the truth, he refused this offer. To those who passed the sentence upon him he said: "It is with greater fear that ye pass this sentence upon me than I receive it." This man, greater than any naturalist of his day; grander than the martyr of any religion, died willingly in defence of what he believed to be the sacred truth. He was great enough to know that real religion will not destroy the joy of life on earth; great enough to know that investigation is not a crime—that the really useful is not hidden in the mysteries of faith. He knew that the Jewish records were below the level of the Greek and Roman myths; that there is no such thing as special providence; that prayer is useless; that liberty and necessity are the same, and that good and evil are but relative.

He was the first real martyr,—neither frightened by perdition, nor bribed by heaven. He was the first of all the world who died for truth without expectation of reward. He did not anticipate a crown of glory. His imagination had not peopled the heavens with angels waiting for his soul. He had not been promised an eternity of joy if he stood firm, nor had he been threatened with the fires of hell if he wavered and recanted. He expected as his reward an eternal nothing! Death was to him an everlasting end—nothing beyond but a sleep without a dream, a night without a star, without a dawn—nothing but extinction, blank, utter, and eternal. No crown, no palm, no "well done, good and faithful servant," no shout of welcome, no song of praise, no smile of God, no kiss of Christ, no mansion in the fair skies—not even a grave within the earth—nothing but ashes, wind-blown and priest-scattered, mixed with earth and trampled beneath the feet of men and beasts.

The murder of this man will never be completely and perfectly avenged until from Rome shall be swept every vestige of priest and pope, until over the shapeless ruin of St. Peter's, the crumbled Vatican and the fallen cross, shall rise a monument to Bruno,—the thinker, philosopher, philanthropist, atheist, martyr.

THE CHURCH IN THE TIME OF VOLTAIRE.

WHEN Voltaire was born, the natural was about the only thing in which the church did not believe. The monks sold little amulets of consecrated paper. They would cure diseases. If laid in a cradle they would prevent a child being bewitched. So, they could be put into houses and barns to keep devils away, or buried in a field to prevent bad weather, to delay frost, and to insure good crops. There was a regular formulary by which they were made, ending with a prayer, after which the amulets were sprinkled with holy water. The church contended that its servants were the only legitimate physicians. The priests cured in the name of the church, and in the name of God, by

exorcism, relics, water, salt, and oil. St. Valentine cured epilepsy, St. Gervasius was good for rheumatism, St. Michael de Sanatis for cancer, St. Judas for coughs, St. Ovidius for deafness, St. Sebastian for poisonous bites, St. Apollonia for toothache, St. Clara for rheum in the eye, St. Hubert for hydrophobia. Devils were driven out with wax tapers, with incense, with holy water, by pronouncing prayers. The church, as late as the middle of the twelfth century, prohibited good Catholics from having anything to do with physicians.

It was believed that the devils produced storms of wind, of rain and of fire from heaven; that the atmosphere was a battlefield between angels and devils; that Lucifer had power to destroy fields and vineyards and dwellings, and the principal business of the church was to protect the people from the Devil. This was the origin of church bells. These bells were sprinkled with holy water, and their clangor cleared the air of imps and fiends. The bells also prevented storms and lightning. The church used to anathematize insects. In the sixteenth century, regular suits were commenced against rats, and judgment was rendered. Every monastery had its master magician, who sold magic incense, salt, and tapers, consecrated palms and relics.

Every science was regarded as an outcast, an enemy. Every fact held the creed of the church in scorn. Investigators were enemies in disguise. Thinkers were traitors, and the church exerted its vast power for centuries to prevent the intellectual progress of man. There was no liberty, no education, no philosophy, no science; nothing but credulity, ignorance, and superstition. The world was really under the control of Satan and his agents. The church, for the purpose of increasing her power, exhausted every means to convince the people of the existence of witches, devils, and fiends. In this way the church had every enemy within her power. She simply had to charge him with being a wizard, of holding communication with devils, and the ignorant mob were ready to tear him to pieces.

To such an extent was this frightful course pursued, and such was the prevalence of the belief in the supernatural, that the worship of the devil was absolutely established. The poor people, brutalized by the church, filled with fear of Satanic influence, finding that the church did not protect, as a last resort began to worship the Devil. The power of the Devil was proven by the Bible. The history of Job, the temptation of Christ in the desert, the carrying of Christ to the top of the temple, and hundreds of other instances, were relied upon as establishing his power; and when people laughed about witches riding upon anointed sticks in the air, invisible, they were reminded of a like voyage when the Devil carried Jesus to the pinnacle of the temple.

This frightful doctrine filled every friend with suspicion of his friend. It the husband denounce the wife, the children the parents, and the parents the children It destroyed all the sweet relations of humanity. It did away with justice in the courts. It destroyed the charity of religion. It broke the bond of friendship. It filled with poison the golden cup of life. It turned earth into a very hell, peopled with ignorant, tyrannical, and malicious demons.

Such was the result of a few centuries of Christianity. Such was the result of a belief in the supernatural. Such was the result of giving up the evidence of our own senses, and relying upon dreams, visions, and fears. Such was the result of destroying human reason, of depending upon the supernatural, of living here for another world instead of for this, of depending upon priests instead of upon ourselves. The Protestants vied with the Catholics. Luther stood side by side with the priests he had deserted, in

promoting this belief in devils and fiends. To the Catholic, every Protestant was possessed by a devil. To the Protestant, every Catholic was the homestead of a fiend. All order, all regular succession of causes and effects, were known no more. The natural ceased to exist. The learned and the ignorant were on a level. The priest had been caught in the net spread for the peasant, and Christendom was a vast madhouse, with insane priests for keepers.

VOLTAIRE

WHEN Voltaire was born, the church ruled and owned France. It was a period of almost universal corruption. The priests were mostly libertines. The judges were nearly as cruel as venal. The royal palace was simply a house of assignation. The nobles were heartless, proud, arrogant, and cruel to the last degree. The common people were treated as beasts. It took the church a thousand years to bring about this happy condition of things.

The seeds of the revolution unconsciously were being scattered by every noble and by every priest. They germinated in the hearts of the helpless. They were watered by the tears of agony. Blows began to bear interest. There was a faint longing for blood. Workmen, blackened by the sun, bent by labor, looked at the white throats of scornful ladies and thought about cutting them.

In those days witnesses were cross-examined with instruments of torture. The church was the arsenal of superstition. Miracles, relics, angels and devils were as common as rags. Voltaire laughed at the evidences, attacked the pretended facts, held the Bible up to ridicule, and filled Europe with indignant protests against the cruelty, bigotry, and injustice of the time.

He was a believer in God, and in some ingenious way excused this God for allowing the Catholic Church to exist. He had an idea that, originally, mankind were believers in one God, and practiced all the virtues. Of course this was a mistake. He imagined that the church had corrupted the human race. In this he was right.

It may be that, at one time, the church relatively stood for progress, but when it gained power, it became an obstruction. The system of Voltaire was contradictory. He described a being of infinite goodness, who not only destroyed his children with pestilence and famine, but allowed them to destroy each other. While rejecting the God of the Bible, he accepted another God, who, to say the least, allowed the innocent to be burned for love of him.

Voltaire hated tyranny, and loved liberty. His arguments to prove the existence of a God were just as groundless as those of the reverend fathers of his day to prove the divinity of Christ, or that Mary was the mother of God. The theologians of his time maligned and feared him. He regarded them as a spider does flies. He spread nets for them. They were caught, and he devoured them for the amusement and benefit of the public. He was educated by the Jesuits, and sometimes acted like one.

It is fashionable to say that he was not profound, This is because he was not stupid. In the presence of absurdity he laughed, and was called irreverent. He thought God would not damn even a priest forever: this was regarded as blasphemy. He endeavored to prevent Christians from murdering each other and did what he could to civilize the disciples of Christ. Had he founded a sect, obtained control of some country, and burned a few heretics at slow fires, he would have won the admiration, respect and love of the Christian world. Had he only pretended to believe all the fables of antiquity, had he mumbled Latin prayers, counted beads, crossed himself,

devoured the flesh of God, and carried fagots to the feet of philosophy in the name of Christ, he might have been in heaven this moment, enjoying a sight of the damned.

Instead of doing these things, he willfully closed his eyes to the light of the gospel, examined the Bible for himself, advocated intellectual liberty, struck from the brain the fetters of an arrogant faith, assisted the weak, cried out against the torture of man, appealed to reason, endeavored to establish universal toleration, succored the indigent, and defended the oppressed.

These were his crimes. Such a man God would not suffer to die in peace. If allowed to meet death with a smile, others might follow his example, until none would be left to light the holy fires of the auto da fe. It would not do for so great, so successful an enemy of the church, to die without leaving some shriek of fear, some shudder of remorse, some ghastly prayer of chattered horror, uttered by lips covered with blood and foam.

He was an old man of eighty-four. He had been surrounded with the comforts of life; he was a man of wealth, of genius. Among the literary men of the world he stood first. God had allowed him to have the appearance of success. His last years were filled with the intoxication of flattery. He stood at the summit of his age.

The priests became anxious. They began to fear that God would forget, in a multiplicity of business, to make a terrible example of Voltaire.

Toward the last of May, 1778, it was whispered in Paris that Voltaire was dying. Upon the fences of expectation gathered the unclean birds of superstition, impatiently waiting for their prey.

“Two days before his death, his nephew went to seek the curé of Saint Sulpice and the Abbé Gautier and brought them into his uncle’s sick chamber, who was informed that they were there. ‘Ah, well!’ said Voltaire, ‘give them my compliments and my thanks.’ The Abbé spoke some words to him, exhorting him to patience. The curé of Saint Sulpice then came forward, having announced himself, and asked of Voltaire, elevating his voice, if he acknowledged the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The sick man pushed one of his hands against the curé’s coif, shoving him back, and cried, turning abruptly to the other side, ‘Let me die in peace.’ The curé seemingly considered his person soiled, and his coif dishonored, by the touch of the philosopher. He made the nurse give him a little brushing, and went out with the Abbé Gautier.”

He expired, says Wagniere, on the 30th of May, 1778, at about a quarter past eleven at night, with the most perfect tranquillity. Ten minutes before his last breath he took the hand of Morand, his *valet de chambre*, who was watching by him, pressed it and said: “Adieu, my dear Morand, I am gone.” These were his last words.

From this death, so simple and serene, so natural and peaceful; from these words so utterly destitute of cant or dramatic touch, all the frightful pictures, all the despairing utterances, have been drawn and made. From these materials, and from these alone, have been constructed all the shameless lies about The death of this great and wonderful man, compared with whom all of his calumniators, dead and living, were and are but dust and vermin.

Voltaire was the intellectual autocrat of his time. From his throne at the foot of the Alps he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. He was the pioneer of his century. He was the assassin of superstition. He left the quiver of ridicule without an arrow. Through the shadows of faith and fable, through the darkness of

myth and miracle, through the midnight of Christianity, through the blackness of bigotry, past cathedral and dungeon, past rack and stake, past altar and throne, he carried, with chivalric hands, the sacred torch of reason.

DIDEROT. DOUBT IS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD TRUTH.

DIDEROT was born in 1713. His parents were in what may be called the humbler walks of life. Like Voltaire he was educated by the Jesuits. He had in him something of the vagabond, and was for several years almost a beggar in Paris. He was endeavoring to live by his pen. In that day and generation, a man without a patron, endeavoring to live by literature, was necessarily almost a beggar. He nearly starved—frequently going for days without food. Afterward, when he had something himself, he was as generous as the air. No man ever was more willing to give, and no man less willing to receive, than Diderot.

He wrote upon all conceivable subjects, that he might have bread. He even wrote sermons, and regretted it all his life. He and D'Alembert were the life and soul of the Encyclopaedia. With infinite enthusiasm he helped to gather the knowledge of the world for the use of each and all. He harvested the fields of thought, separated the grain from the straw and chaff, and endeavored to throw away the seeds and fruit of superstition. His motto was, "*Incredulity is the first step towards philosophy*."

He had the vices of most Christians—was nearly as immoral as the majority of priests. His vices he shared in common, his virtues were his own. All who knew him united in saying that he had the pity of a woman, the generosity of a prince, the self-denial of an anchorite, the courage of Cæsar, and the enthusiasm of a poet. He attacked with every power of his mind the superstition of his day. He said what he thought. The priests hated him. He was in favor of universal education—the church despised it. He wished to put the knowledge of the whole world within reach of the poorest.

He wished to drive from the gate of the Garden of Eden the cherubim of superstition, so that the child of Adam might return to eat once more the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Every Catholic was his enemy. His poor little desk was ransacked by the police searching for manuscripts in which something might be found that would justify the imprisonment of such a dangerous man. Whoever, in 1750, wished to increase the knowledge of mankind was regarded as the enemy of social order.

The intellectual superstructure of France rests upon the Encyclopaedia. The knowledge given to the people was the impulse, the commencement, of the revolution that left the church without an altar and the king without a throne. Diderot thought for himself, and bravely gave his thoughts to others. For this reason he was regarded as a criminal. He did not expect his reward in another world. He did not do what he did to please some imaginary God. He labored for mankind. He wished to lighten the burdens of those who should live after him. Hear these noble words:

"The more man ascends through the past, and the more he launches into the future, the greater he will be, and all these philosophers and ministers and truth-telling men who have fallen victims to the stupidity of nations, the atrocities of priests, the fury of tyrants, what consolation was left for them in death? This: That prejudice would pass, and that posterity would pour out the vial of ignominy upon their enemies. O Posterity! Holy and sacred stay of the unhappy and the oppressed; thou who art just, thou who art incorruptible, thou who findest the good man, who unmaskest the hypocrite, who breakest down the tyrant, may thy sure faith, thy consoling faith

never, never abandon me!" Posterity is for the philosopher what the other world is for the devotee.

Diderot took the ground that, if orthodox religion be true Christ was guilty of suicide. Having the power to defend himself he should have used it.

Of course it would not do for the church to allow a man to die in peace who had added to the intellectual wealth of the world. The moment Diderot was dead, Catholic priests began painting and recounting the horrors of his expiring moments. They described him as overcome with remorse, as insane with fear; and these falsehoods have been repeated by the Protestant world, and will probably be repeated by thousands of ministers after we are dead. The truth is, he had passed his three-score years and ten. He had lived for seventy-one years. He had eaten his supper. He had been conversing with his wife. He was reclining in his easy chair. His mind was at perfect rest. He had entered, without knowing it, the twilight of his last day. Above the horizon was the evening star, telling of sleep. The room grew still and the stillness was lulled by the murmur of the street. There were a few moments of perfect peace. The wife said, "He is asleep." She enjoyed his repose, and breathed softly that he might not be disturbed. The moments wore on, and still he slept. Lovingly, softly, at last she touched him. Yes, he was asleep. He had become a part of the eternal silence.

DAVID HUME.

THE worst religion of the world was the Presbyterianism of Scotland as it existed in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Kirk had all the faults of the Church of Rome without a redeeming feature. The Kirk hated music, painting, statuary, and architecture. Anything touched with humanity—with the dimples of joy—was detested and accursed. God was to be feared—not loved.

Life was a long battle with the Devil. Every desire was of Satan. Happiness was a snare, and human love was wicked, weak and vain. The Presbyterian priest of Scotland was as cruel, bigoted and heartless as the familiar of the Inquisition.

One case will tell it all:

In the beginning of this, the nineteenth century, a boy seventeen years of age, Thomas Aikenhead, was indicted and tried at Edinburgh for blasphemy. He had denied the inspiration of the Bible. He had on several occasions, when cold, jocularly wished himself in hell that he might get warm. The poor, frightened boy recanted—begged for mercy; but he was found guilty, hanged, thrown in a hole at the foot of the scaffold, and his weeping mother vainly begged that his bruised and bleeding body might be given to her.

This one case, multiplied again and again, gives you the condition of Scotland when, on the 26th of April, 1711, David Hume was born.

David Hume was one of the few Scotchmen of his day who were not owned by the church. He had the manliness to examine historical and religious questions for himself, and the courage to give his conclusions to the world. He was singularly capable of governing himself. He was a philosopher, and lived a calm and cheerful life, unstained by an unjust act, free from all excess, and devoted in a reasonable degree to benefiting his fellow-men. After examining the Bible he became convinced that it was not true. For failing to suppress his real opinion, for failing to tell a deliberate falsehood, he brought upon himself the hatred of the church.

Intellectual honesty is the sin against the Holy Ghost, and whether God will forgive this sin or not his church has not, and never will.

Hume took the ground that a miracle could not be used as evidence until the fact that it had happened was established. But how can a miracle be established? Take any miracle recorded in the Bible, and how could it be established now? You may say: Upon the testimony of those who wrote the account. Who were they? No one knows. How could you prove the resurrection of Lazarus? Or of the widow's son? How could you substantiate, today, the ascension of Jesus Christ? In what way could you prove that the river Jordan was divided upon being struck by the coat of a prophet? How is it possible now to establish the fact that the fires of a furnace refused to burn three men? Where are the witnesses? Who, upon the whole earth, has the slightest knowledge upon this subject?

He insisted that at the bottom of all good was the useful; that human happiness was an end worth working and living for; that origin and destiny were alike unknown; that the best religion was to live temperately and to deal justly with our fellow-men; that the dogma of inspiration was absurd, and that an honest man had nothing to fear. Of course the Kirk hated him. He laughed at the creed.

To the lot of Hume fell ease, respect, success, and honor. While many disciples of God were the sport and prey of misfortune, he kept steadily advancing.

Envious Christians bided their time. They waited as patiently as possible for the horrors of death to fall upon the heart and brain of David Hume. They knew that all the furies would be there, and that God would get his revenge.

Adam Smith, author of the "Wealth of Nations," speaking of Hume in his last sickness, says that in the presence of death "his cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements ran so much in the usual strain, that, notwithstanding all his bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. A few days before his death Hume said: 'I am dying as fast as my enemies—if I have any—could wish, and as easily and tranquilly as my best friends could desire.'"

Col. Edmondstoune shortly afterward wrote Hume a letter, of which the following is an extract:

"My heart is full. I could not see you this morning. I thought it was better for us both. You cannot die—you must live in the memory of your friends and acquaintances; and your works will render you immortal. I cannot conceive that it was possible for any one to dislike you, or hate you. He must be more than savage who could be an enemy to a man with the best head and heart and the most amiable manners."

Adam Smith happened to go into his room while he was reading the above letter, which he immediately showed him. Smith said to Hume that he was sensible of how much he was weakening, and that appearances were in many respects bad; yet, that his cheerfulness was so great and the spirit of life still seemed to be so strong in him, that he could not keep from entertaining some hopes.

Hume answered, "When I lie down in the evening I feel myself weaker than when I arose in the morning; and when I rise in the morning, weaker than when I lay down in the evening. I am sensible, besides, that some of my vital parts are affected so that I must soon die."

"Well," said Mr. Smith, "if it must be so, you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, and the members of your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity."

He replied that he was so sensible of his situation that when he was reading Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him. He had no house to finish; he had no daughter to provide for; he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself; "and I could not well," said he, "imagine what excuse I could make to Charon in order to obtain a little delay. I have done everything of consequence which I ever meant to do, and I could, at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them; and I have, therefore, every reason to die contented."

"Upon further consideration," said he, "I thought I might say to him, 'Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time that I may see how the public receives the alterations.' 'But,' Charon would answer, 'when you have seen the effect of this, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end to such excuses; so, my honest friend, please step into the boat.' 'But,' I might still urge, 'have a little patience, good Charon; I have been endeavoring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition.' And Charon would then lose all temper and decency, and would cry out, 'You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a time? Get into the boat this instant.'"

To the Comtesse de Boufflers, the dying man, with the perfect serenity that springs from an honest and loving life, writes:

"I see death approach gradually without any anxiety or regret.... I salute you with great affection and regard, for the last time."

On the 25th of August, 1776, the philosopher, the historian, the infidel, the honest man, and a benefactor of his race, in the composure born of a noble life, passed quietly and panglessly away.

Dr. Black wrote the following account of his death:

"Monday, 26 August, 1776.

"Dear Sir: Yesterday, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Hume expired. The near approach of his death became evident on the evening between Thursday and Friday, when his disease became exhaustive, and soon weakened him so much that he could no longer rise from his bed. He continued to the last perfectly sensible, and free from much pain or feeling of distress. He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness.... When he became very weak, it cost him an effort to speak, and he died in such happy composure of mind that nothing could exceed it."

Dr. Cullen writes Dr. Hunter on the 17th of September, 1776, from which the following extracts are made:

"You desire an account of Mr. Hume's last days, and I give it to you with great pleasure.... It was truly an example *des grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant*; and to me, who have been so often shocked with the horrors of

superstition, the reflection on such a death is truly agreeable. For many weeks before his death he was very sensible of his gradual decay; and his answer to inquiries after his health was, several times, that he was going as fast as his enemies could wish, and as easily as his friends could desire. He passed most of the time in his drawing-room, admitting the visits of his friends, and with his usual spirit conversed with them upon literature and politics and whatever else was started. In conversation he seemed to be perfectly at ease; and to the last abounded with that pleasantry and those curious and entertaining anecdotes which ever distinguished him.... His senses and judgment did not fail him to the last hour of his life. He constantly discovered a strong sensibility of the attention and care of his friends; and midst great uneasiness and languor never betrayed any peevishness or impatience." (Here follows the conversation with Charon.) "These are a few particulars which may, perhaps, appear trivial; but to me, no particulars seem trivial which relate to so great a man. It is perhaps from trifles that we can best distinguish the tranquilness and cheerfulness of the philosopher at a time when the most part of mankind are under disquiet, and sometimes even horror. I consider the sacrifice of the cock as a more certain evidence of the tranquillity of Socrates than his discourse on immortality."

The Christians took it for granted that this serene and placid man died filled with remorse for having given his real opinions, and proceeded to describe, with every incident and detail of horror, the terrors of his last moments. Brainless clergymen, incapable of understanding what Hume had written, knowing only in a general way that he had held their creeds in contempt, answered his arguments by maligning his character.

Christians took it for granted that he died in horror and recounted the terrible scenes.

When the facts of his death became generally known to intelligent men, the ministers redoubled their efforts to maintain the old calumnies, and most of them are in this employment even unto this day. Finding it impossible to tell enough falsehoods to hide the truth, a few of the more intelligent among the priests admitted that Hume not only died without showing any particular fear, but was guilty of unbecoming levity. The first charge was that he died like a coward; the next that he did not care enough, and went through the shadowy doors of the dread unknown with a smile upon his lips. The dying smile of David Hume scandalized the believers in a God of love. They felt shocked to see a man dying without fear who denied the miracles of the Bible; who had spent a life investigating the opinions of men; in endeavoring to prove to the world that the right way is the best way; that happiness is a real and substantial good, and that virtue is not a termagant with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes.

Christians hated to admit that a philosopher had died serenely without the aid of superstition—one who had taught that man could not make God happy by making himself miserable, and that a useful life, after all, was the best possible religion. They imagined that death would fill such a man with remorse and terror. He had never persecuted his fellow-men for the honor of God, and must needs die in despair. They were mistaken.

He died as he had lived. Like a peaceful river with green and shaded banks he passed, without a murmur, into that waveless sea where life at last is rest.

BENEDICT SPINOZA.

ONE of the greatest thinkers was Benedict Spinoza, a Jew, born at Amsterdam, in 1632. He studied medicine and afterward theology. He endeavored to understand what he studied. In theology he necessarily failed. Theology is not intended to be understood,—it is only to be believed. It is an act, not of reason, but of faith. Spinoza put to the rabbis so many questions, and so persistently asked for reasons, that he became the most troublesome of students. When the rabbis found it impossible to answer the questions, they concluded to silence the questioner. He was tried, found guilty, and excommunicated from the synagogue.

By the terrible curse of the Jewish religion, he was made an outcast from every Jewish home. His father could not give him shelter. His mother could not give him bread—could not speak to him, without becoming an outcast herself. All the cruelty of Jehovah, all the infamy of the Old Testament, was in this curse. In the darkness of the synagogue the rabbis lighted their torches, and while pronouncing the curse, extinguished them in blood, imploring God that in like manner the soul of Benedict Spinoza might be extinguished.

Spinoza was but twenty-four years old when he found himself without kindred, without friends, surrounded only by enemies. He uttered no complaint.

He earned his bread with willing hands, and cheerfully divided his crust with those still poorer than himself.

He tried to solve the problem of existence. To him, the universe was One. The Infinite embraced the All. The All was God. According to his belief, the universe did not commence to be. It is; from eternity it was; to eternity it will be.

He was right. The universe is all there is, or was, or will be. It is both subject and object, contemplator and contemplated, creator and created, destroyer and destroyed, preserver and preserved, and hath within itself all causes, modes, motions and effects.

In this there is hope. This is a foundation and a star. The Infinite is the All. Without the All, the Infinite cannot be. I am something. Without me, the Infinite cannot exist.

Spinoza was a naturalist—that is to say, a pantheist. He took the ground that the supernatural is, and forever will be, an infinite impossibility. His propositions are luminous as stars, and each of his demonstrations is a Gibraltar, behind which logic sits and smiles at all the sophistries of superstition.

Spinoza has been hated because he has not been answered. He was a real republican. He regarded the people as the true and only source of political power. He put the state above the church, the people above the priest. He believed in the absolute liberty of worship, thought and speech. In every relation of life he was just, true, gentle, patient, modest and loving. He respected the rights of others, and endeavored to enjoy his own, and yet he brought upon himself the hatred of the Jewish and the Christian world. In his day, logic was blasphemy, and to think was the unpardonable sin. The priest hated the philosopher, revelation reviled reason, and faith was the sworn foe of every fact.

Spinoza was a philosopher, a philanthropist. He lived in a world of his own. He avoided men. His life was an intellectual solitude. He was a mental hermit. Only in his own brain he found the liberty he loved. And yet the rabbis and the priests, the ignorant zealot and the cruel bigot, feeling that this quiet, thoughtful, modest man was in some way forging weapons to be used against the church, hated him with all their hearts.

He did not retaliate. He found excuses for their acts. Their ignorance, their malice, their misguided and revengeful zeal excited only pity in his breast. He injured no man. He did not live on alms. He was poor—and yet, with the wealth of his brain, he enriched the world. On Sunday, February 21, 1677, Spinoza, one of the greatest and subtlest of metaphysicians—one of the noblest and purest of human beings,—at the age of forty-four, passed tranquilly away; and notwithstanding the curse of the synagogue under which he had lived and most lovingly labored, death left upon his lips the smile of perfect peace.

OUR INFIDELS.

IN our country there were three infidels—Paine, Franklin and Jefferson. The colonies were filled with superstition, the Puritans with the spirit of persecution. Laws savage, ignorant and malignant had been passed in every colony, for the purpose of destroying intellectual liberty. Mental freedom was absolutely unknown. The Toleration Acts of Maryland tolerated only Christians—not infidels, not thinkers, not investigators. The charity of Roger Williams was not extended to those who denied the Bible, or suspected the divinity of Christ. It was not based upon the rights of man, but upon the rights of believers, who differed in non-essential points.

The moment the colonies began to deny the rights of the king they suspected the power of the priest. In digging down to find an excuse for fighting George the Third, they unwittingly undermined the church. They went through the Revolution together. They found that all denominations fought equally well. They also found that persons without religion had patriotism and courage, and were willing to die that a new nation might be born. As a matter of fact the pulpit was not in hearty sympathy with our fathers. Many priests were imprisoned because they would not pray for the Continental Congress. After victory had enriched our standard, and it became necessary to make a constitution—to establish a government—the infidels—the men like Paine, like Jefferson, and like Franklin, saw that the church must be left out; that a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed could make no contract with a church pretending to derive its powers from an infinite God.

By the efforts of these infidels, the name of God was left out of the Constitution of the United States. They knew that if an infinite being was put in, no room would be left for the people. They knew that if any church was made the mistress of the state, that mistress, like all others, would corrupt, weaken, and destroy. Washington wished a church established by law in Virginia. He was prevented by Thomas Jefferson. It was only a little while ago that people were compelled to attend church by law in the Eastern States, and taxes were raised for the support of churches the same as for the construction of highways and bridges. The great principle enunciated in the Constitution has silently repealed most of these laws. In the presence of this great instrument, the constitutions of the States grew small and mean, and in a few years every law that puts a chain upon the mind, except in Delaware, will be repealed, and for these our children may thank the Infidels of 1776.

The church never has pretended that Jefferson or Franklin died in fear. Franklin wrote no books against the fables of the ancient Jews. He thought it useless to cast the pearls of thought before the swine of ignorance and fear. Jefferson was a statesman. He was the father of a great party. He gave his views in letters and to trusted friends. He was a Virginian, author of the Declaration of Independence, founder of a university, father of a political party, President of the United States, a statesman and philosopher. He was too powerful for the divided churches of his day.

Paine was a foreigner, a citizen of the world. He had attacked Washington and the Bible. He had done these things openly, and what he had said could not be answered. His arguments were so good that his character was bad.

THOMAS PAINE

THOMAS PAINE was born in Thetford, England. He came from the common people. At the age of thirty-seven he left England for America. He was the first to perceive the destiny of the New World. He wrote the pamphlet "Common Sense," and in a few months the Continental Congress declared the colonies free and independent States—a new nation was born. Paine having aroused the spirit of independence, gave every energy of his soul to keep the spirit alive. He was with the army. He shared its defeats and its glory. When the situation became desperate, he gave them "The Crisis." It was a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, leading the way to freedom, honor, and to victory.

The writings of Paine are gemmed with compact statements that carry conviction to the dullest. Day and night he labored for America, until there was a government of the people and for the people. At the close of the Revolution, no one stood higher than Thomas Paine. Had he been willing to live a hypocrite, he would have been respectable, he at least could have died surrounded by other hypocrites, and at his death there would have been an imposing funeral, with miles of carriages, filled with hypocrites, and above his hypocritical dust there would have been a hypocritical monument covered with lies.

Having done so much for man in America, he went to France. The seeds sown by the great infidels were bearing fruit in Europe. The eighteenth century was crowning its gray hairs with the wreath of progress. Upon his arrival in France he was elected a member of the French Convention—in fact, he was selected about the same time by the people of no less than four Departments. He was one of the committee to draft a constitution for France. In the Assembly, where nearly all were demanding the execution of the king, he had the courage to vote against death. To vote against the death of the king was to vote against his own life. This was the sublimity of devotion to principle. For this he was arrested, imprisoned, and doomed to death. While under sentence of death, while in the gloomy cell of his prison, Thomas Paine wrote to Washington, asking him to say one word to Robespierre in favor of the author of "Common Sense." Washington did not reply. He wrote again. Washington, the President, paid no attention to Thomas Paine, the prisoner. The letter was thrown into the wastebasket of forgetfulness, and Thomas Paine remained condemned to death. Afterward he gave his opinion of Washington at length, and I must say, that I have never found it in my heart to greatly blame him.

Thomas Paine, having done so much for political liberty, turned his attention to the superstitions of his age. He published "The Age of Reason;" and from that day to this, his character has been maligned by almost every priest in Christendom. He has been held up as the terrible example. Every man who has expressed an honest thought, has been warningly referred to Thomas Paine. All his services were forgotten. No kind word fell from any pulpit. His devotion to principle, his zeal for human rights, were no longer remembered. Paine simply took the ground that it is a contradiction to call a thing a revelation that comes to us second-hand. There can be no revelation beyond the first communication. All after that is hearsay. He also showed that the prophecies of the Old Testament had no relation whatever to Jesus Christ, and contended that Jesus Christ was simply a man. In other words, Paine was an

enlightened Unitarian. Paine thought the Old Testament too barbarous to have been the work of an infinitely benevolent God. He attacked the doctrine that salvation depends upon belief. He insisted that every man has the right to think.

After the publication of these views every falsehood that malignity could coin and malice pass was given to the world. On his return to America, after the election to the presidency of another infidel, Thomas Jefferson, it was not safe for him to appear in the public streets. He was in danger of being mobbed. Under the very flag he had helped to put in heaven his rights were not respected. Under the Constitution that he had suggested, his life was insecure. He had helped to give liberty to more than three millions of his fellow-citizens, and they were willing to deny it unto him. He was deserted, ostracized, shunned, maligned, and cursed. He enjoyed the seclusion of a leper; but he maintained through it all his integrity. He stood by the convictions of his mind. Never for one moment did he hesitate or waver.

He died almost alone. The moment he died Christians commenced manufacturing horrors for his death-bed. They had his chamber filled with devils rattling chains, and these ancient lies are annually certified to by the respectable Christians of the present day. The truth is, he died as he had lived. Some ministers were impolite enough to visit him against his will. Several of them he ordered from his room. A couple of Catholic priests, in all the meekness of hypocrisy, called that they might enjoy the agonies of a dying friend of man. Thomas Paine, rising in his bed, the few embers of expiring life blown into flame by the breath of indignation, had the goodness to curse them both. His physician, who seems to have been a meddling fool, just as the cold hand of death was touching the patriot's heart, whispered in the dull ear of the dying man: "Do you believe, or do you wish to believe, that Jesus Christ is the son of God?" And the reply was: "I have no wish to believe on that subject."

These were the last remembered words of Thomas Paine. He died as serenely as ever Christian passed away. He died in the full possession of his mind, and on the very brink and edge of death proclaimed the doctrines of his life.

Every Christian, every philanthropist, every believer in human liberty, should feel under obligation to Thomas Paine for the splendid service rendered by him in the darkest days of the American Revolution. In the midnight of Valley Forge, "The Crisis" was the first star that glittered in the wide horizon of despair. Every good man should remember with gratitude the brave words spoken by Thomas Paine in the French Convention against the death of Louis. He said: "We will kill the king, but not the man. We will destroy monarchy, not the monarch."

Thomas Paine was a champion, in both hemispheres, of human liberty; one of the founders and fathers of this Republic; one of the foremost men of his age. He never wrote a word in favor of injustice. He was a despiser of slavery. He abhorred tyranny in every form. He was, in the widest and best sense, a friend of all his race. His head was as clear as his heart was good, and he had the courage to speak his honest thought.

He was the first man to write these words: "The United States of America." He proposed the present Federal Constitution. He furnished every thought that now glitters in the Declaration of Independence.

He believed in one God and no more. He was a believer even in special providence, and he hoped for immortality.

How can the world abhor the man who said:

“I believe in the equality of man, and that religious duties consist in doing justice, in loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy.”—

“It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself.”—

“The word of God is the creation which we behold.”—

“Belief in a cruel God makes a cruel man.”—

“My opinion is, that those whose lives have been spent in doing good and endeavoring to make their fellow-mortals happy, will be happy hereafter.”—

“One good schoolmaster is of more use than a hundred priests.”—

“I believe in one God, and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life.”—

“Man has no property in man”—and “The key of heaven is not in the keeping of any sect!”

Had it not been for Thomas Paine I could not deliver this lecture here to-night..

It is still fashionable to calumniate this man—and yet Channing, Theodore Parker, Longfellow, Emerson, and in fact all the liberal Unitarians and Universalists of the world have adopted the opinions of Thomas Paine.

Let us compare these Infidels with the Christians of their time:

Compare Julian with Constantine,—the murderer of his wife,—the murderer of his son,—and who established Christianity with the same sword he had wet with their blood. Compare him with all the Christian emperors—with all the robbers and murderers and thieves—the parricides and fratricides and matricides that ever wore the imperial purple on the banks of the Tiber or the shores of the Bosphorus.

Let us compare Bruno with the Christians who burned him; and we will compare Spinoza, Voltaire, Diderot, Hume, Jefferson, Paine—with the men who it is claimed have been the visible representatives of God.

Let it be remembered that the popes have committed every crime of which human nature is capable, and that not one of them was the friend of intellectual liberty—that not one of them ever shed one ray of light.

Let us compare these Infidels with the founders of sectarian churches; you will see how narrow, how bigoted, how cruel were their founders, and how broad, how generous, how noble, were these infidels.

Let us be honest. The great effort of the human mind is to ascertain the order of facts by which we are surrounded—the history of things.

Who has accomplished the most in this direction—the church, or the unbelievers? Upon one side write all that the church has discovered—every phenomenon that has been explained by a creed, every new fact in Nature that has been discovered by a church, and on the other side write the discoveries of Humboldt, and the observations and demonstrations of Darwin!

Who has made Germany famous—her priests, or her scientists?

Goethe.

Kant: That immortal man who said: “Whoever thinks that he can please God in any way except by discharging his obligations to his fellows, is superstitious.”

And that greatest and bravest of thinkers, Ernst

Haeckel.

Humboldt.

Italy:—Mazzini. Garibaldi.

In France who are and were the friends of freedom—the Catholic priests, or Renan? the bishops, or Gambetta?—Dupanloup, or Victor Hugo?

Michelet—Taine—Auguste Comte.

England:—Let us compare her priests with John Stuart Mill,—Harriet Martineau, that “free rover on the breezy common of the universe.”—George Eliot—with Huxley and Tyndall, with Holyoake and Harrison—and above and over all—with Charles Darwin.

Conclusion

LET us be honest. Did all the priests of Rome increase the mental wealth of man as much as Bruno? Did all the priests of France do as great a work for the civilization of the world as Diderot and Voltaire? Did all the ministers of Scotland add as much to the sum of human knowledge as David Hume? Have all the clergymen, monks, friars, ministers, priests, bishops, cardinals and popes, from the day of Pentecost to the last election, done as much for human liberty as Thomas Paine?—as much for science as Charles Darwin?

What would the world be if infidels had never been?

The infidels have been the brave and thoughtful men; the flower of all the world; the pioneers and heralds of the blessed day of liberty and love; the generous spirits of the unworthy past; the seers and prophets of our race; the great chivalric souls, proud victors on the battlefields of thought, the creditors of all the years to be.

Why should it be taken for granted that the men who devoted their lives to the liberation of their fellow-men should have been hissed at in the hour of death by the snakes of conscience, while men who defended slavery, practiced polygamy, justified the stealing of babes from the breasts of mothers, and lashed the naked back of unpaid labor are supposed to have passed smilingly from earth to the embraces of the angels? Why should we think that the brave thinkers, the investigators, the honest men, must have left the crumbling shore of time in dread and fear, while the instigators of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the inventors and users of thumbscrews, of iron boots and racks; the burners and tearers of human flesh; the stealers, the whippers and the enslavers of men; the buyers and beaters of maidens, mothers, and babes; the founders of the Inquisition; the makers of chains; the builders of dungeons; the calumniators of the living; the slanderers of the dead, and even the murderers of Jesus Christ, all died in the odor of sanctity, with white, forgiven hands folded upon the breasts of peace, while the destroyers of prejudice, the apostles of humanity, the soldiers of liberty, the breakers of fetters, the creators of light, died surrounded by the fierce fiends of God?

Which Way?

I.

THERE are two ways,—the natural and the supernatural.

One way is to live for the world we are in, to develop the brain by study and investigation, to take, by invention, advantage of the forces of nature, to the end that we may have good houses, raiment and food, to the end that the hunger of the mind may be fed through art and science.

The other way is to live for another world that we expect, to sacrifice this life that we have for another that we know not of. The other way is by prayer and ceremony to obtain the assistance, the protection of some phantom above the clouds.

One way is to think—to investigate, to observe, and follow the light of reason. The other way is to believe, to accept, to follow, to deny the authority of your own senses, your own reason, and bow down to those who are impudent enough to declare that they know.

One way is to live for the benefit of your fellow-men—for your wife and children—to make those you love happy and to shield them from the sorrows of life.

The other way is to live for ghosts, goblins, phantoms and gods with the hope that they will reward you in another world.

One way is to enthrone reason and rely on facts, the other to crown credulity and live on faith.

One way is to walk by the light within—by the flame that illumines the brain, verifying all by the senses—by touch and sight and sound.

The other way is to extinguish the sacred light and follow blindly the steps of another.

One way is to be an honest man, giving to others your thought, standing erect, intrepid, careless of phantoms and hells.

The other way is to cringe and crawl, to betray your nobler self, and to deprive others of the liberty that you have not the courage to enjoy.

Do not imagine that I hate the ones who have taken the wrong side and traveled the wrong road.

Our fathers did the best they could. They believed in the Supernatural, and they thought that sacrifices and prayer, fasting and weeping, would induce the Supernatural to give them sunshine, rain and harvest—long life in this world and eternal joy in another. To them, God was an absolute monarch, quick to take offence, sudden in anger, terrible in punishment, jealous, hateful to his enemies, generous to his favorites. They believed also in the existence of an evil God, almost the equal of the other God in strength, and a little superior in cunning. Between these two Gods was the soul of man like a mouse between two paws.

Both of these Gods inspired fear. Our fathers did not quite love God, nor quite hate the Devil, but they were afraid of both. They really wished to enjoy themselves with God in the next world and with the Devil in this. They believed that the course of

Nature was affected by their conduct; that floods and storms, diseases, earthquakes and tempests were sent as punishments, and that all good phenomena were rewards.

Everything was under the direction and control of supernatural powers. The air, the darkness, were filled with angels and devils; witches and wizards planned and plotted against the pious—against the true believers. Eclipses were produced by the sins of the people, and the unusual was regarded as the miraculous. In the good old times Christendom was an insane asylum, and insane priests and prelates were the keepers. There was no science. The people did not investigate—did not think. They trembled and believed. Ignorance and superstition ruled the Christian world.

At last a few began to observe, to make records, and to think.

It was found that eclipses came at certain intervals, and that their coming could be foretold. This demonstrated that the actions of men had nothing to do with eclipses. A few began to suspect that earthquakes and storms had natural causes, and happened without the slightest reference to mankind.

Some began to doubt the existence of evil spirits, or the interference of good ones in the affairs of the world. Finding out something about astronomy, the great number of the stars, the certain and continuous motions of the planets, and the fact that many of them were vastly larger than the earth; ascertaining something about the earth, the slow development of forms, the growth and distribution of plants, the formation of islands and continents, the parts played by fire, water and air through countless centuries; the kinship of all life; fixing the earth's place in the constellation of the sun; by experiment and research discovering a few secrets of chemistry; by the invention of printing, and the preservation and dissemination of facts, theories and thoughts, they were enabled to break a few chains of superstition, to free themselves a little from the dominion of the supernatural, and to set their faces toward the light. Slowly the number of investigators and thinkers increased, slowly the real facts were gathered, the sciences began to appear, the old beliefs grew a little absurd, the supernatural retreated and ceased to interfere in the ordinary affairs of men.

Schools were founded, children were taught, books were printed and the thinkers increased. Day by day confidence lessened in the supernatural, and day by day men were more and more impressed with the idea that man must be his own protector, his own providence. From the mists and darkness of savagery and superstition emerged the dawn of the Natural. A sense of freedom took possession of the mind, and the soul began to dream of its power. On every side were invention and discovery, and bolder thought. The church began to regard the friends of science as its foes: Theologians resorted to chain and fagot—to mutilation and torture.

The thinkers were denounced as heretics and Atheists—as the minions of Satan and the defamers of Christ. All the ignorance, prejudice and malice of superstition were aroused and all united for the destruction of investigation and thought. For centuries this conflict was waged. Every outrage was perpetrated, every crime committed by the believers in the supernatural. But, in spite of all, the disciples of the Natural increased, and the power of the church waned. Now the intelligence of the world is on the side of the Natural. Still the conflict goes on—the supernatural constantly losing, and the Natural constantly gaining. In a few years the victory of science over superstition will be complete and universal.

So, there have been for many centuries two philosophies of life; one in favor of the destruction of the passions—the lessening of wants,—and absolute reliance on some higher power; the other, in favor of the reasonable gratification of the passions, the

increase of wants, and their supply by industry, ingenuity and invention, and the reliance of man on his own efforts. Diogenes, Epictetus, Socrates to some extent, Buddha and Christ, all taught the first philosophy. All despised riches and luxury, all were the enemies of art and music, the despisers of good clothes and good food and good homes. They were the philosophers of poverty and rags, of huts and hovels, of ignorance and faith. They preached the glories of another world and the miseries of this. They derided the prosperous, the industrious, those who enjoyed life, and reserved heaven for beggars.

This philosophy is losing authority, and now most people are anxious to be happy here in this life. Most people want food and roof and raiment—books and pictures, luxury and leisure. They believe in developing the brain—in making servants and slaves of the forces of Nature.

Now the intelligent men of the world have cast aside the teachings, the philosophy of the ascetics. They no longer believe in the virtue of fasting and self-torture. They believe that happiness is the only good, and that the time to be happy is now—here, in this world. They no longer believe in the rewards and punishments of the supernatural. They believe in consequences, and that the consequences of bad actions are evil, and the consequences of good actions are good.

They believe that man by investigation, by reason, should find out the conditions of happiness, and then live and act in accordance with such conditions. They do not believe that earthquakes, or tempests, or volcanoes, or eclipses are caused by the conduct of men. They no longer believe in the supernatural. They do not regard themselves as the serfs, servants, or favorites of any celestial king. They feel that many evils can be avoided by knowledge, and for that reason they believe in the development of the brain. The schoolhouse is their church and the university their cathedral.

So, there have been for some centuries two theories of government,—one theological, the other secular.

The king received his power directly from God. It was the business of the people to obey. The priests received their creeds from God and it was the duty of the people to believe.

The theological government is growing somewhat unpopular. In England, Parliament has taken the place of God, and in the United States, government derives its powers from the consent of the governed.

Probably Emperor William is the only man in Germany who really believes that God placed him on the throne and will keep him there whether the German people are satisfied or not. Italy has retired the Catholic God from politics, France belongs to and is governed by the French, and even in Russia there are millions who hold the Czar and all his divine pretensions in contempt.

The theological governments are passing away and the secular are slowly taking their places. Man is growing greater and the Gods are becoming vague and indistinct. These “divine” governments rest on the fear and ignorance of the many, the cunning, the impudence and the mendacity of the few. A secular government is born of the intelligence, the honesty and the courage, not only of the few, but of the many.

We have found that man can govern himself without the assistance of priest or pope, of ghost or God. We have found that religion is not self-evident, and that to believe without evidence is not a praiseworthy action. We know that the self-evident is the

square and compass of the brain, the polar star in the firmament of mind. And we know that no one denies the self-evident. We also know that there is no particular goodness in believing when the evidence is sufficient, and certainly there is' none in saying; that you believe when the evidence is insufficient.

The believers have not all been good. Some of the worst people in the whole world have been believers. The gentlemen who made Socrates drink hemlock were believers. The Jews who crucified Christ were believers in and worshipers of God. The devil believes in the Trinity, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and yet it does not seem to have affected his moral character. According to the Bible, he trembles, but he does not reform. At last we have concluded that we have a right to examine the religion of our fathers.

II.

ALL Christians know that all the gods, except Jehovah, were created by man; that they were, and are, false, foolish and monstrous; that all the heathen temples were built and all their altars erected in vain; that the sacrifices were wasted, that the priests were hypocrites, that their prayers were unanswered and that the poor people were deceived, robbed and enslaved. But after all, is our God superior to the gods of the heathen?

We can ask this question now because we are prosperous, and prosperity gives courage. If we should have a few earthquakes or a pestilence we might fall on our knees, shut our eyes and ask the forgiveness of God for ever having had a thought. We know that famine is the friend of faith and that calamity is the sunshine of superstition. But as we have no pestilence or famine, and as the crust of the earth is reasonably quiet, we can afford to examine into the real character of our God.

It must be admitted that the use of power is an excellent test of character.

Would a good God appeal to prejudice, the armor, fortress, sword and shield of ignorance? to credulity, the ring in the priest-led nose of stupidity? to fear, the capital stock of imposture, the lever of hypocrisy? Would a good God frighten or enlighten his children? Would a good God appeal to reason or ignorance, to justice or selfishness, to liberty or the lash?

To our first parents in the Garden of Eden, our God said nothing about the sacredness of love, nothing about children, nothing about education, about justice or liberty.

After they had violated his command he became ferocious as a wild beast. He cursed the earth and to Eve he said:—"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow. In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children. Thy husband shall rule over thee."

Our God made love the slave of pain, made wives serfs, and brutalized the firesides of the world.

Our God drowned the whole world, with the exception of eight people; made the earth one vast and shoreless sea covered with corpses.

Why did he cover the world with men, women and children knowing that he would destroy them?

Why did he not try to reform them? Why would he create people, knowing that they could not be reformed?

Is it possible that our God was intelligent and good?

After the flood our God selected the Jews and abandoned the rest of his children. He paid no attention to the Hindoos, neglected the Egyptians, ignored the Persians, forgot the Assyrians and failed to remember the Greeks. And yet he was the father of them all. For many centuries he was only a tribal God, protecting the few and despising the many. Our God was ignorant, knew nothing of astronomy or geology. He did not even know the shape of the earth, and thought the stars were only specks.

He knew nothing of disease. He thought that the blood of a bird that had been killed over running water was good medicine. He was revengeful and cruel, and assisted some of his children to butcher and destroy others. He commanded them to murder men, wives and children, and to keep alive the maidens and distribute them among his soldiers.

Our God established slavery—commanded men to buy their fellow-men, to make merchandise of wives and babes. Our God sanctioned polygamy and made wives the property of their husbands. Our God murdered the people for the crimes of kings.

No man of intelligence, no one whose brain has not been poisoned by superstition, paralyzed by fear, can read the Old Testament without being forced to the conclusion that our God was, a wild beast.

If we must have a god, let him be merciful. Let us remember that “the quality of mercy is not strained.” Let us remember that when the sword of Justice becomes a staff to support the weak, it bursts into blossom, and that the perfume of that flower is the only incense, the only offering, the only sacrifice that mercy will accept.

III.

SO, there have been two theories about the cause and cure of disease. One is the theological, the other the scientific.

According to the theological idea, diseases were produced by evil spirits, by devils who entered into the bodies of people.

These devils could be cast out by prophets, inspired men and priests.

While Christ was upon earth his principal business was to cast out evil spirits.

For many centuries the priests followed his example, and during the Middle Ages millions of devils were driven from the bodies of men. Diseases were cured with little images of consecrated pewter, with pieces of paper, with crosses worn about the neck—by having plaster of Paris Virgins and clay Christs at the head of the bed, by touching the bones of dead saints, or pieces of the true cross, or one of the nails that was driven through the flesh of Christ, or a garment that had been worn by the Virgin Mary, or by sprinkling the breast with holy water, or saying prayers, or counting beads, or making the stations of the cross, or by going without meat, or wearing haircloth, or in some way torturing the body. All diseases were supposed to be of supernatural origin and all cures were of the same nature. Pestilences were stopped by processions, led by priests carrying the Host.

Nothing was known of natural causes and effects. Everything was miraculous and mysterious. The priests were cunning and the people credulous.

Slowly another theory as to the cause and cure of disease took possession of the mind. A few discarded the idea of devils, and took the ground that diseases were naturally produced, and that many of them could be cured by natural means.

At first the physician was exceedingly ignorant, but he knew more than the priest. Slowly but surely he pushed the priest from the bedside. Some people finally became intelligent enough to trust their bodies to the doctors, and remained ignorant enough to leave the care of their souls with the priests. Among civilized people the theological theory has been cast aside, and the miraculous, the supernatural, no longer has a place in medicine. In Catholic countries the peasants are still cured by images, prayers, holy water and the bones of saints, but when the priests are sick they send for a physician, and now even the Pope, God's agent, gives his sacred body to the care of a doctor.

The scientific has triumphed to a great extent over the theological.

No intelligent person now believes that devils inhabit the bodies of men. No intelligent person now believes that devils are trying to control the actions of men. No intelligent person now believes that devils exist.

And yet, at the present time, in the city of New York, Catholic priests are exhibiting a piece of one of the bones of Saint Anne, the supposed mother of the Virgin Mary. Some of these priests may be credulous imbeciles and some may be pious rogues. If they have any real intelligence they must know that there is no possible way of proving that the piece of bone ever belonged to Saint Anne. And if they have any real intelligence they must know that even the bones of Saint Anne were substantially like the bones of other people, made of substantially the same material, and that the medical and miraculous qualities of all human bones must be substantially the same. And yet these priests are obtaining from their credulous dupes thousands and thousands of dollars for the privilege of seeing this bone and kissing the box that contains the "sacred relic."

Archbishop Corrigan knows that no one knows who the mother of the Virgin Mary was, that no one knows about any of the bones of this unknown mother, knows that the whole thing is a theological fraud, knows that his priests, or priests under his jurisdiction, are obtaining money under false pretences. Cardinal Gibbons knows the same, but neither of these pious gentlemen has one word to say against this shameless crime. They are willing that priests for the benefit of the church should make merchandise of the hopes and fears of ignorant believers; willing that fraud that produces revenue should live and thrive.

This is the honesty of the theologian. If these gentlemen should be taken sick they would not touch the relic. They would send for a physician.

Let me tell you a Japanese story that is exactly in point:

An old monk was in charge of a monastery that had been built above the bones of a saint. These bones had the power to cure diseases and they were so placed that by thrusting the arm through an orifice they could be touched by the hand of the pilgrim. Many people, afflicted in many ways, came and touched these bones. Many thought they had been benefited or cured, and many in gratitude left large sums of money with the monk. One day the old monk addressed his assistant as follows: "My dear son, business has fallen off, and I can easily attend to all who come. You will have to find another place. I will give you the white donkey, a little money, and my blessing."

So the young man mounted upon the beast and went his way. In a few days his money was gone and the white donkey died. An idea took possession of the young man's mind. By the side of the road he buried the donkey, and then to every passer-

by held out his hands and said in solemn tones: “I pray thee give me a little money to build a temple above the bones of the sinless one.”

Such was his success that he built the temple, and then thousands came to touch the bones of the sinless one. The young man became rich, gave employment to many assistants and lived in the greatest luxury.

One day he made up his mind to visit his old master. Taking with him a large retinue of servants he started for the old home. When he reached the place the old monk was seated by the doorway. With great astonishment he looked at the young man and his retinue. The young man dismounted and made himself known, and the old monk cried: “Where hast thou been? Tell me, I pray thee, the story of thy success.”

“Ah,” the young man replied, “old age is stupid, but youth has thoughts. Wait until we are alone and I will tell you all.”

So that night the young man told his story, told about the death and burial of the donkey, the begging of money to build a temple over the bones of the sinless one, and of the sums of money he had received for the cures the bones had wrought.

When he finished a satisfied smile crept over his pious face as he added: “Old age is stupid, but youth has thoughts.”

“Be not so fast,” said the old monk, as he placed his trembling hand on the head of his visitor, “Young man, this monastery in which your youth was passed, in which you have seen so many miracles performed, so many diseases cured, was built above the sacred bones of the mother of your little jackass.”

IV.

THERE are two ways of accounting for the sacred books and religions of the world.

One is to say that the sacred books were written by inspired men, and that our religion was revealed to us by God.

The other is to say that all books have been written by men, without any aid from supernatural powers, and that all religions have been naturally produced.

We find that other races and peoples have sacred books and prophets, priests and Christs; we find too that their sacred books were written by men who had the prejudices and peculiarities of the race to which they belonged, and that they contain the mistakes and absurdities peculiar to the people who produced them.

Christians are perfectly satisfied that all the so-called sacred books, with the exception of the Old and New Testaments, were written by men, and that the claim of inspiration is perfectly absurd. So they believe that all religions, except Judaism and Christianity, were invented by men. The believers in other religions take the ground that their religion was revealed by God, and that all others, including Judaism and Christianity, were made by men. All are right and all are wrong. When they say that “other” religions were produced by men, they are right; when they say that their religion was revealed by God, they are wrong.

Now we know that all tribes and nations have had some kind of religion; that they have believed in the existence of good and evil beings, spirits or powers, that could be softened by gifts or prayer. Now we know that at the foundation of every religion, of all worship, is the pale and bloodless face of fear. Now we know that all religions and all sacred books have been naturally produced—all born of ignorance, fear and cunning.

Now we know that the gifts, sacrifices and prayers were all in vain; that no god received and that no god heard or answered.

A few years ago prayers decided the issue of battle, and priests, through their influence with God, could give the victory. Now no intelligent man expects any answer to prayer. He knows that nature pursues her course without reference to the wishes of men, that the clouds float, the winds blow, the rain falls and the sun shines without regard to the human race. Yet millions are still praying, still hoping that they can gain the protection of some god, that some being will guard them from accident and disease. Year after year the ministers make the same petitions, pray for the same things, and keep on in spite of the fact that nothing is accomplished.

Whenever good men do some noble thing the clergy give their God the credit, and when evil things are done they hold the men who did the evil responsible, and forget to blame their God.

Praying has become a business, a profession, a trade, A minister is never happier than when praying in public. Most of them are exceedingly familiar with their God. Knowing that he knows everything, they tell him the needs of the nation and the desires of the people, they advise him what to do and when to do it. They appeal to his pride, asking him to do certain things for his own glory. They often pray for the impossible. In the House of Representatives in Washington I once heard a chaplain pray for what he must have known was impossible. Without a change of countenance, without a smile, with a face solemn as a sepulchre, he said: “I pray thee, O God, to give Congress wisdom.” It may be that ministers really think that their prayers do good and it may be that frogs imagine that their croaking brings spring.

The men of thought now know that all religions and all sacred books have been made by men; that no revelation has come from any being superior to nature; that all the prophecies were either false or made after the event; that no miracle ever was or ever will be performed; that no God wants the worship or the assistance of man; that no-prayer has ever coaxed one drop of rain from the sky, one ray of light from the sun; that no prayer has stayed the flood, or the tides of the sea, or folded the wings of the storm; that no prayer has given water to the cracked and bleeding lips of thirst, or food to the famishing; that no prayer has stopped the pestilence, stilled the earthquake or quieted the volcano; that no prayer has shielded the innocent, succored the oppressed, unlocked the dungeon’s door, broke the chains of slaves, rescued the good and noble from the scaffold, or extinguished the fagot’s flame.

The intelligent man now knows that we live in a natural world, that gods and devils and the sons of God are all phantoms, that our religion and our Deity are much like the religion and deities of other nations, and that the stone god of a savage answers prayer and protects his worshipers precisely the same, and to just the same extent, as the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

V.

THERE are two theories about morals. One theory is that the moral man obeys the commands of a supposed God, without stopping to think whether the commands are right or wrong. He believes that the will of the God is the source and fountain of right. He thinks a thing is wrong because the God prohibits it, not that the God prohibits it because it is wrong. This theory calls not for thought, but for obedience. It does not appeal to reason, but to the fear of punishment, the hope of reward. God is a king whose will is law, and men are serfs and slaves.

Many contend that without a belief in the existence of God morality is impossible and that virtue would perish from the earth.

This absurd theory, with its “Thus saith the Lord” has been claimed to be independent of and superior to reason.

The other theory is that right and wrong exist in the nature of things; that certain actions preserve or increase the happiness of man, and that other actions cause sorrow and misery; that all those actions that cause happiness are moral, and that all others are evil, or indifferent. Right and wrong are not revelations from some supposed god, but have been discovered through the experience and intelligence of man. There is nothing miraculous or supernatural about morality. Neither has morality anything to do with another world, or with an infinite being. It applies to conduct here, and the effect of that conduct on ourselves and others determines its nature.

In this world people are obliged to supply their wants by labor. Industry is a necessity, and those who work are the natural enemies of those who steal.

It required no revelation from God to make larceny unpopular. Human beings naturally object to being injured, maimed, or killed, and so everywhere, and at all times, they have tried to protect themselves.

Men did not require a revelation from God to put in their minds the thought of self-preservation. To defend yourself when attacked is as natural as to eat when you are hungry.

To determine the quality of an action by showing that it is in accordance with, or contrary to the command of some supposed God, is superstition pure and simple. To test all actions by their consequences is scientific and in accord with reason.

According to the supernatural theory, natural consequences are not taken into consideration. Actions are wrong because they have been prohibited and right because they have been commanded. According to the Catholic Church, eating meat on Friday is a sin that deserves eternal punishment. And yet, in the nature of things, the consequences of eating meat on that day must be exactly the same as eating meat on any other. So, all the churches teach that unbelief is a crime, not in the nature of things, but by reason of the will of God.

Of course this is absurd and idiotic. If there be an infinite God he cannot make that wrong which in the nature of things is right. Neither can he make an action good the natural consequences of which are evil. Even an infinite God cannot change a fact. In spite of him the relation between the diameter and circumference of a circle would remain the same.

All the relations of things to things, of forces to forces, of acts to acts, of causes to effects in the domain of what is called matter, and in the realm of what is called mind, are just as certain, just as unchangeable as the relation between the diameter and circumference of a circle.

An infinite God could not make ingratitude a virtue any easier than he could make a square triangle.

So, the foundations of the moral and the immoral are in the nature of things—in the necessary relation between conduct and well-being, and an infinite God cannot change these foundations, and cannot increase or diminish the natural consequences of actions.

In this world there is neither chance nor caprice, neither magic nor miracle. Behind every event, every thought and dream, is the efficient, the natural and necessary cause.

The effort to make the will of a supposed God the foundation of morality, has filled the world with misery and crime, extinguished in millions of minds the light of reason, and in countless ways hindered and delayed the progress of our race.

Intelligent men now know, that if there be an infinite God, man cannot in any way increase or decrease the happiness of such a being. They know that man can only commit crimes against sentient beings who, to some extent at least, are within his power, and that a crime by a finite being against an infinite being is an infinite impossibility.

VI.

FOR many thousands of years man has believed in and sought for the impossible. In chemistry he has searched for a universal solvent, for some way in which to change the baser metals into gold. Even Lord Bacon was a believer in this absurdity. Thousands of men, during many centuries, in thousands of ways, sought to change the nature of lead and iron so that they might be transformed to gold. They had no conception of the real nature of things. They supposed that they had originally been created by a kind of magic, and could by the same kind of magic be changed into something else. They were all believers in the supernatural. So, in mechanics, men sought for the impossible. They were believers in perpetual motion and they tried to make machines that would through a combination of levers furnish the force that propelled them.

Thousands of ingenious men wasted their lives in the vain effort to produce machines that would in some wonderful way create a force. They did not know that force is eternal, that it can neither be created nor destroyed. They did not know that a machine having perpetual motion would necessarily be a universe within itself, or independent of this, and in which the force called friction would be necessarily changed, without loss, into the force that propelled,—the machine itself causing or creating the original force that put it in motion. And yet in spite of all the absurdities involved, for many centuries men, regarded by their fellows as intelligent and learned, tried to discover the great principle of “perpetual motion.”

Our ancestors studied the stars because in them they thought it possible to learn the fate of nations, the life and destiny of the individual. Eclipses, wandering comets, the relations of certain stars were the forerunners or causes of prosperity or disaster, of the downfall or upbuilding of kingdoms. Astrology was believed to be a science, and those who studied the stars were consulted by warriors, statesmen and kings. The account of the star that led the wise men of the East to the infant Christ was written by a believer in astrology. It would be hard to overstate the time and talent wasted in the study of this so-called science. The men who believed in astrology thought that they lived in a supernatural world—a world in which causes and effects had no necessary connection with each other—in which all events were the result of magic and necromancy.

Even now, at the close of the nineteenth century, there are hundreds and hundreds of men who make their living by casting the horoscopes of idiots and imbeciles.

The “perpetual motion” of the mechanic, the universal solvent of the chemist, the changing of lead into gold, the foretelling events by the relations of stars were all

born of the same ignorance of nature that caused the theologian to imagine an uncaused cause as the cause of all causes and effects.

The theologian insisted that there was something superior to nature, and that that something was the creator and preserver of nature.

Of course there is no more evidence of the existence of that "something" than there is of the philosopher's stone.

The mechanics who now believe in perpetual motion are insane, so are the chemists who seek to change one metal into another, so are the honest astrologers, and in a few more years the same can truthfully be said of the honest theologians.

Many of our ancestors believed in the existence of and sought for the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. They believed that an old man could stoop and drink from this fountain and that while he drank his gray hairs would slowly change, that the wrinkles would disappear, that his dim eyes would brighten and grow clear, his heart throb with manhood's force and rhythm, while in his pallid cheeks would burst into blossom the roses of health.

They were believers in the supernatural, the miraculous, and nothing seemed more probable than the impossible.

VII.

MOST people use names in place of arguments. They are satisfied to be disciples, followers of the illustrious dead. Each church, each party has a list of "great men," and they throw the names of these men at each other when discussing their dogmas and creeds.

Men prove the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christ by the admissions of soldiers, statesmen and kings. And in the same way they establish the existence of heaven and hell. Dispute one of their dogmas and you will instantly be told that Isaac Newton or Matthew Hale was on the other side, and you will be asked whether you claim to be superior to Newton or Hale. In our own country the ministers, to establish their absurdities, quote the opinions of Webster and of other successful politicians as though such opinions were demonstrations.

Most Protestants will cheerfully admit that they are inferior in brain and genius to some men who have lived and died in the Catholic faith; that in the matter of preaching funeral sermons they are not equal to Bossuet; that their letters are not as interesting and polished as those written by Pascal; that Torquemada excelled them in the genius of organization, and that for planning a massacre they would not for a moment claim the palm from Catherine de Medici, and yet after these admissions, these same Protestants would insist that the Pope is an unblushing impostor, and the Catholic Church a vampire.

The so-called "great men" of the world have been mistaken in many things. Lord Bacon denied the Copernican system of astronomy and believed to the day of his death that the sun and stars journeyed about this little earth. Matthew Hale was a firm believer in the existence of witches and wizards. John Wesley believed that earthquakes were caused by sin and that they could be prevented by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. John Calvin regarded murder as one of the means to preserve the purity of the gospel. Martin Luther denounced Galileo as a fool because he was opposed to the astronomy of Moses. Webster was in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law

and held the book of Job in high esteem. He wanted votes and he knelt to the South. He wanted votes and he flattered the church.

VIII.

VOLUMES might be written on the follies and imbecilities of "great" men.

Only a few years ago the really great men were persecuted, imprisoned or burned. In this way the church was enabled to keep the "great" men on her side.

As a matter of fact it is impossible to tell what the "great" men really thought. We only know what they said. These "great" men had families to support, they had a prejudice against prisons and objected to being burned, and it may be that they thought one way and talked another.

The priests said to these men: "Agree with the creed, talk on our side, or you will be persecuted to the death." Then the priests turned to the people and cried: "Hear what the great men say."

For a few years we have had something like liberty of speech and many men have told their thoughts. Now the theologians are not quite so apt to appeal to names as formerly. The really great are not on their side. The leaders of modern thought are not Christians. Now the unbelievers can repeat names—names that stand for intellectual triumphs. Humboldt, Helmholtz, Haeckel and Huxley, Darwin, Spencer and Tyndall and many others, stand for investigation, discovery, for vast achievements in the world of thought. These men were and are thinkers and they had and have the courage to express their thoughts. They were not and are not puppets of priests, or the trembling worshipers of ghosts.

For many years, most of the presidents of American colleges have been engaged in the pious work of trying to prevent the intellectual advancement of the race. To such an extent have they succeeded that none of their students have been or are great scientists.

For the purpose of bolstering their creed the orthodox do not now repeat the names of the living, their witnesses are in the cemetery. All the "great" Christians are dead.

To-day we want arguments, not names, reasons, not opinions. It is degrading to blindly follow a man, or a church. Nothing is nobler than to be governed by reason. To be vanquished by the truth is to be a victor. The man who follows is a slave. The man who thinks is free.

We must remember that most men have been controlled by their surroundings. Most of the intelligent men in Turkey are followers of Mahomet. They were rocked in the cradle of the Koran, they received their religious opinions as they did their features—from their parents. Their opinion on the subject of religion is of no possible value. The same may be said of the Christians of our country. Their belief is the result, not of thought, of investigation, but of surroundings.

All religions have been the result of ignorance, and the seeds were sown and planted in the long night of savagery.

In the decline of the Roman power, in the times when prosperity died, when commerce almost ceased, when the sceptre of authority fell from weak and nerveless hands, when arts were lost and the achievements of the past forgotten or unknown, then Christians came, and holding in contempt all earthly things, told their fellows of another world—of joy eternal beyond the clouds.

If learning had not been lost, if the people had been educated, if they had known the literature of Greece and Rome, if they had been familiar with the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, with the philosophy of Zeno and Epicurus, with the orations of Demosthenes; if they had known the works of art, the miracles of genius, the passions in marble, the dreams in stone; if they had known the history of Rome; if they had understood Lucretius, Cicero and Cæsar; if they had studied the laws, the decisions of the Prætors; if they had known the thoughts of all the mighty dead, there would have been no soil on which the seeds of Christian superstition could have taken root and grown.

But the early Christians hated art, and song, and joy. They slandered and maligned the human race, insisted that the world had been blighted by the curse of God, that this life should be used only in making preparation for the next, that education filled the mind with doubt, and science led the soul from God.

IX.

THERE are two ways. One is to live for God. That has been tried, and the result has always been the same. It was tried in Palestine many years ago and the people who tried it were not protected by their God. They were conquered, overwhelmed and exiled. They lost their country and were scattered over the earth. For many centuries they expected assistance from their God. They believed that they would be gathered together again, that their cities and temples and altars would be rebuilt, that they would again be the favorites of Jehovah, that with his help they would overcome their enemies and rule the world. Century by century the hope has grown weaker and weaker, until now it is regarded by the intelligent as a foolish dream.

Living for God was tried in Switzerland and it ended in slavery and torture. Every avenue that led to improvement, to progress, was closed. Only those in authority were allowed to express their thoughts. No one tried to increase the happiness of people in this world. Innocent pleasure was regarded as sin, laughter was suppressed, all natural joy despised, and love itself denounced as sin.

They amused themselves with fasting and prayer, hearing sermons, talking about endless pain, committing to memory the genealogies in the Old Testament, and now and then burning one of their fellow-men.

Living for God was tried in Scotland. The people became the serfs and slaves of the blessed Kirk. The ministers became petty tyrants. They poisoned the very springs of life. They interfered with every family, invaded the privacy of every home, sowed the seeds of superstition and fear, and filled the darkness with devils. They claimed to be divinely inspired, that they delivered the messages of God, that to deny their authority was blasphemy, and that all who refused to do their bidding would suffer eternal pain. Under their government Scotland was a land of sighing and sorrow, of grief and pain. The people were slaves.

Living for God was tried in New England. A government was formed in accordance with the Old Testament. The laws, for the most part, were petty and absurd, the penalties cruel and bloody to the last degree. Religious liberty was regarded as a crime, as an insult to God. Persons differing in belief from those in power, were persecuted, whipped, maimed and exiled. People supposed to be in league with the devil were imprisoned or killed. A theological government was established, ministers were the agents of God, they dictated the laws and fixed the penalties. Everything was under the supervision of the clergy. They had no pity, no mercy. With all their

hearts they hated the natural. They promised happiness in another world, and did all they could to destroy the pleasures of this.

Their greatest consolation, their purest joy was found in their belief that all who failed to obey their words, to wear their yoke, would suffer infinite torture in the eternal dungeons of hell.

Living for God was tried in the Dark Ages. Thousands of scaffolds were wet with blood, countless swords were thrust through human hearts. The flames of fagots consumed the flesh of men, dungeons became the homes of those who thought. In the name of God every cruelty was practiced, every crime committed, and liberty perished from the earth. Everywhere the result has been the same. Living for God has filled the world with blood and flame.

There is another way. Let us live for man, for this world. Let us develop the brain and civilize the heart. Let us ascertain the conditions of happiness and live in accordance with them. Let us do what we can for the destruction of ignorance, poverty and crime. Let us do our best to supply the wants of the body, to satisfy the hunger of the mind, to ascertain the secrets of nature, to the end that we may make the invisible forces the tireless servants of the human race, and fill the world with happy homes.

Let the gods take care of themselves. Let us live for man. Let us remember that those who have sought for the truths of nature have never persecuted their fellow-men. The astronomers and chemists have forged no chains, built no dungeons. The geologists have invented no instrument of torture. The philosophers have not demonstrated the truth of their theories by burning their neighbors. The great infidels, the thinkers, have lived for the good of man.

It is noble to seek for truth, to be intellectually honest, to give to others a true transcript of your mind, a photograph of your thoughts in honest words.

X.

HERE are two ways: The narrow way along which the selfish go in single file, not wide enough for husband and wife to walk side by side while children clasp their hands. The narrow road over the desert of superstition “with here and there a traveler.” The narrow grass-grown path, filled with flints and broken glass, bordered by thistles and thorns, where the twice-born limping walk with bleeding feet. If by this path you see a flower, do not pick it. It is a temptation. Beneath its leaves a serpent lies. Keep your eyes on the New Jerusalem. Do not look back for wife or child or friend. Think only of saving your own soul. You will be just as happy in heaven with all you love in hell. Believe, have faith, and you will be rewarded for the goodness of another. Look neither to the right nor left. Keep on, straight on, and you will save your worthless, withered, selfish soul.

This is the narrow road that leads from earth to the Christian’s heartless heaven.

There is another way—the broad road.

Give me the wide and ample way, the way broad enough for us all to go together. The broad way where the birds sing, where the sun shines and the streams murmur. The broad way, through the fields where the flowers grow, over the daisied slopes where sunlight, lingering, seems to sleep and dream.

Let us go the broad way with the great world, with science and art, with music and the drama, with all that gladdens, thrills, refines and calms.

Let us go the wide road with husband and wife, with children and friends and with all there is of joy and love between the dawn and dusk of life's strange day.

This world is a great orange tree filled with blossoms, with ripening and ripened fruit, while, underneath the bending boughs, the fallen slowly turn to dust.

Each orange is a life. Let us squeeze it dry, get all the juice there is, so that when death comes we can say; "There is nothing left but withered peel."

Let us travel the broad and natural way. Let us live for man.

To think of what the world has suffered from superstition, from religion, from the worship of beast and stone and god, is almost enough to make one insane. Think of the long, long night of ignorance and fear! Think of the agony, the sufferings of the past, of the days that are dead!

I look. In gloomy caves I see the sacred serpents coiled, waiting for their sacrificial prey. I see their open jaws, their restless tongues, their glittering eyes, their cruel fangs. I see them seize and crush in many horrid folds the helpless children given by fathers and mothers to appease the Serpent-God. I look again. I see temples wrought of stone and gilded with barbaric gold. I see altars red with human blood. I see the solemn priests thrust knives in the white breasts of girls. I look again. I see other temples and other altars, where greedy flames devour the flesh and blood of babes. I see other temples and other priests and other altars dripping with the blood of oxen, lambs and doves.

I look again. I see other temples and other priests and other altars on which are sacrificed the liberties of man. I look. I see the cathedrals of God, the huts of peasants, the robes of priests and kings, the rags of honest men. I look again. The lovers of God are the murderers of men. I see dungeons filled with the noblest and the best. I see exiles, wanderers, outcasts, millions of martyrs, widows and orphans. I see the cunning instruments of torture and hear the shrieks and sobs and moans of millions dead.

I see the dungeon's gloom, I hear the clank of chains. I see the fagot's flames, the scorched and blackened face, the writhing limbs. I hear the jeers and scoffs of pious fiends. I see the victim on the rack, I hear the tendons as they break. I see a world beneath the feet of priests, liberty in chains, every virtue a crime, every crime a virtue, intelligence despised, stupidity sainted, hypocrisy crowned and the white forehead of honor wearing the brand of shame. This was.

I look again, and in the East of hope's fair sky the first pale light shed by the herald star gives promise of another dawn. I look, and from the ashes, blood and tears the heroes leap to bless the future and avenge the past. I see a world at war, and in the storm and chaos of the deadly strife thrones crumble, altars fall, chains break, creeds change.

The highest peaks are touched with holy light. The dawn has blossomed. I look again. I see discoverers sailing across mysterious seas. I see inventors cunningly enslave the forces of the world. I see the houses being built for schools. Teachers, interpreters of nature, slowly take the place of priests. Philosophers arise, thinkers give the world their wealth of brain, and lips grow rich with words of truth. This is.

I look again, but toward the future now. The popes and priests and kings are gone,—the altars and the thrones have mingled with the dust,—the aristocracy of land and cloud have perished from the earth and-air, and all the gods are dead. A new religion

sheds its glory on mankind. It is the gospel of this world, the religion of the body, of the heart and brain, the evangel of health and joy. I see a world at peace, where labor reaps its true reward, a world without prisons, without workhouses, without asylums for the insane, a world on which the gibbets shadow does not fall, a world where the poor girl, trying to win bread with the needle, the needle that has been called “the asp for the breast of the poor,” is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame. I see a world without the beggar’s outstretched palm, the miser’s heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the pallid face of crime, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without disease of flesh or brain, shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and use, and as I look life lengthens, fear dies, joy deepens, love intensifies. The world is free. This shall be.

About The Holy Bible

SOMEBODY ought to tell the truth about the Bible. The preachers dare not, because they would be driven from their pulpits. Professors in colleges dare not, because they would lose their salaries. Politicians dare not. They would be defeated. Editors dare not. They would lose subscribers. Merchants dare not, because they might lose customers. Men of fashion dare not, fearing that they would lose caste. Even clerks dare not, because they might be discharged. And so I thought I would do it myself.

There are many millions of people who believe the Bible to be the inspired word of God—millions who think that this book is staff and guide, counselor and consoler; that it fills the present with peace and the future with hope—millions who believe that it is the fountain of law, justice and mercy, and that to its wise and benign teachings the world is indebted for its liberty, wealth and civilization—millions who imagine that this book is a revelation from the wisdom and love of God to the brain and heart of man—millions who regard this book as a torch that conquers the darkness of death, and pours its radiance on another world—a world without a tear.

They forget its ignorance and savagery, its hatred of liberty, its religious persecution; they remember heaven, but they forget the dungeon of eternal pain.

They forget that it imprisons the brain and corrupts the heart. They forget that it is the enemy of intellectual freedom. Liberty is my religion. Liberty of hand and brain—of thought and labor.

Liberty is a word hated by kings—loathed by popes. It is a word that shatters thrones and altars—that leaves the crowned without subjects, and the outstretched hand of superstition without alms. Liberty is the blossom and fruit of justice—the perfume of mercy. Liberty is the seed and soil, the air and light, the dew and rain of progress, love and joy.

I. THE ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE.

A FEW wandering families—poor, wretched, without education, art or power; descendants of those who had been enslaved for four hundred years; ignorant as the inhabitants of Central Africa, had just escaped from their masters to the desert of Sinai.

Their leader was Moses, a man who had been raised in the family of Pharaoh and had been taught the law and mythology of Egypt. For the purpose of controlling his followers he pretended that he was instructed and assisted by Jehovah, the God of these wanderers.

Everything that happened was attributed to the interference of this God. Moses declared that he met this God face to face; that on Sinai's top from the hands of this God he had received the tables of stone on which, by the finger of this God, the Ten Commandments had been written, and that, in addition to this, Jehovah had made known the sacrifices and ceremonies that were pleasing to him and the laws by which the people should be governed.

In this way the Jewish religion and the Mosaic Code were established.

It is now claimed that this religion and these laws were and are revealed and established for all mankind.

At that time these wanderers had no commerce with other nations, they had no written language, they could neither read nor write. They had no means by which they could make this revelation known to other nations, and so it remained buried in the jargon of a few ignorant, impoverished and unknown tribes for more than two thousand years.

Many centuries after Moses, the leader, was dead—many centuries after all his followers had passed away—the Pentateuch was written, the work of many writers, and to give it force and authority it was claimed that Moses was the author.

We now know that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses.

Towns are mentioned that were not in existence when Moses lived.

Money, not coined until centuries after his death, is mentioned.

So, many of the laws were not applicable to wanderers on the desert—laws about agriculture, about the sacrifice of oxen, sheep and doves, about the weaving of cloth, about ornaments of gold and silver, about the cultivation of land, about harvest, about the threshing of grain, about houses and temples, about cities of refuge, and about many other subjects of no possible application to a few starving wanderers over the sands and rocks.

It is now not only admitted by intelligent and honest theologians that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch, but they all admit that no one knows who the authors were, or who wrote any one of these books, or a chapter or a line. We know that the books were not written in the same generation; that they were not all written by one person; that they are filled with mistakes and contradictions.

It is also admitted that Joshua did not write the book that bears his name, because it refers to events that did not happen until long after his death.

No one knows, or pretends to know, the author of Judges; all we know is that it was written centuries after all the judges had ceased to exist. No one knows the author of Ruth, nor of First and Second Samuel; all we know is that Samuel did not write the books that bear his name. In the 25th chapter of First Samuel is an account of Samuel's death, and in the 27th chapter is an account of the raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor.

No one knows the author of First and Second Kings or First and Second Chronicles; all we know is that these books are of no value.

We know that the Psalms were not written by David. In the Psalms the Captivity is spoken of, and that did not happen until about five hundred years after David slept with his fathers.

We know that Solomon did not write the Proverbs or the Song; that Isaiah was not the author of the book that bears his name; that no one knows the author of Job, Ecclesiastes, or Esther, or of any book in the Old Testament, with the exception of Ezra.

We know that God is not mentioned or in any way referred to in the book of Esther. We know, too, that the book is cruel, absurd and impossible.

God is not mentioned in the Song of Solomon, the best book in the Old Testament.

And we know that Ecclesiastes was written by an unbeliever.

We know, too, that the Jews themselves had not decided as to what books were inspired—were authentic—until the second century after Christ.

We know that the idea of inspiration was of slow growth, and that the inspiration was determined by those who had certain ends to accomplish.

II.

IF it is, it should be a book that no man—no number of men—could produce.

It should contain the perfection of philosophy.

It should perfectly accord with every fact in nature.

There should be no mistakes in astronomy, geology, or as to any subject or science.

Its morality should be the highest, the purest.

Its laws and regulations for the control of conduct should be just, wise, perfect, and perfectly adapted to the accomplishment of the ends desired.

It should contain nothing calculated to make man cruel, revengeful, vindictive or infamous.

It should be filled with intelligence, justice, purity, honesty, mercy and the spirit of liberty.

It should be opposed to strife and war, to slavery and lust, to ignorance, credulity and superstition.

It should develop the brain and civilize the heart.

It should satisfy the heart and brain of the best and wisest.

It should be true.

Does the Old Testament satisfy this standard?

Is there anything in the Old Testament—in history, in theory, in law, in government, in morality, in science—above and beyond the ideas, the beliefs, the customs and prejudices of its authors and the people among whom they lived?

Is there one ray of light from any supernatural source?

The ancient Hebrews believed that this earth was the centre of the universe, and that the sun, moon and stars were specks in the sky.

With this the Bible agrees.

They thought the earth was flat, with four corners; that the sky, the firmament, was solid—the floor of Jehovah's house.

The Bible teaches the same.

They imagined that the sun journeyed about the earth, and that by stopping the sun the day could be lengthened.

The Bible agrees with this.

They believed that Adam and Eve were the first man and woman; that they had been created but a few years before, and that they, the Hebrews, were their direct descendants.

This the Bible teaches.

If anything is, or can be, certain, the writers of the Bible were mistaken about creation, astronomy, geology; about the causes of phenomena, the origin of evil and the cause of death.

Now, it must be admitted that if an Infinite Being is the author of the Bible, he knew all sciences, all facts, and could not have made a mistake.

If, then, there are mistakes, misconceptions, false theories, ignorant myths and blunders in the Bible, it must have been written by finite beings; that is to say, by ignorant and mistaken men.

Nothing can be clearer than this.

For centuries the church insisted that the Bible was absolutely true; that it contained no mistakes; that the story of creation was true; that its astronomy and geology were in accord with the facts; that the scientists who differed with the Old Testament were infidels and atheists.

Now this has changed. The educated Christians admit that the writers of the Bible were not inspired as to any science. They now say that God, or Jehovah, did not inspire the writers of his book for the purpose of instructing the world about astronomy, geology, or any science. They now admit that the inspired men who wrote the Old Testament knew nothing about any science, and that they wrote about the earth and stars, the sun and moon, in accordance with the general ignorance of the time.

It required many centuries to force the theologians to this admission. Reluctantly, full of malice and hatred, the priests retired from the field, leaving the victory with science.

They took another position:

They declared that the authors, or rather the writers, of the Bible were inspired in spiritual and moral things; that Jehovah wanted to make known to his children his will and his infinite love for his children; that Jehovah, seeing his people wicked, ignorant and depraved, wished to make them merciful and just, wise and spiritual, and that the Bible is inspired in its laws, in the religion it teaches and in its ideas of government.

This is the issue now. Is the Bible any nearer right in its ideas of justice, of mercy, of morality or of religion than in its conception of the sciences?

Is it moral?

It upholds slavery—it sanctions polygamy.

Could a devil have done worse?

Is it merciful?

In war it raised the black flag; it commanded the destruction, the massacre, of all—of the old, infirm, and helpless—of wives and babes.

Were its laws inspired?

Hundreds of offences were punished with death. To pick up sticks on Sunday, to murder your father on Monday, were equal crimes. There is in the literature of the world no bloodier code. The law of revenge—of retaliation—was the law of Jehovah. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a limb for a limb.

This is savagery—not philosophy.

Is it just and reasonable?

The Bible is opposed to religious toleration—to religious liberty. Whoever differed with the majority was stoned to death. Investigation was a crime. Husbands were ordered to denounce and to assist in killing their unbelieving wives.

It is the enemy of Art. “Thou shalt make no graven image.” This was the death of Art.

Palestine never produced a painter or a sculptor.

Is the Bible civilized?

It upholds lying, larceny, robbery, murder, the selling of diseased meat to strangers, and even the sacrifice of human beings to Jehovah.

Is it philosophical?

It teaches that the sins of a people can be transferred to an animal—to a goat. It makes maternity an offence for which a sin offering had to be made.

It was wicked to give birth to a boy, and twice as wicked to give birth to a girl.

To make hair-oil like that used by the priests was an offence punishable with death.

The blood of a bird killed over running water was regarded as medicine.

Would a civilized God daub his altars with the blood of oxen, lambs and doves? Would he make all his priests butchers? Would he delight in the smell of burning flesh?

III. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

SOME Christian lawyers—some eminent and stupid judges—have said and still say, that the Ten Commandments are the foundation of all law.

Nothing could be more absurd. Long before these commandments were given there were codes of laws in India and Egypt—laws against murder, perjury, larceny, adultery and fraud. Such laws are as old as human society; as old as the love of life; as old as industry; as the idea of prosperity; as old as human love.

All of the Ten Commandments that are good were old; all that were new are foolish. If Jehovah had been civilized he would have left out the commandment about keeping the Sabbath, and in its place would have said: “Thou shalt not enslave thy fellow-men.” He would have omitted the one about swearing, and said: “The man shall have but one wife, and the woman but one husband.” He would have left out the one about graven images, and in its stead would have said: “Thou shalt not wage wars of extermination, and thou shalt not unsheathe the sword except in self-defence.”

If Jehovah, had been civilized, how much grander the Ten Commandments would have been.

All that we call progress—the enfranchisement of man, of labor, the substitution of imprisonment for death, of fine for imprisonment, the destruction of polygamy, the establishing of free speech, of the rights of conscience; in short, all that has tended to the development and civilization of man; all the results of investigation, observation, experience and free thought; all that man has accomplished for the benefit of man since the close of the Dark Ages—has been done in spite of the Old Testament.

Let me further illustrate the morality, the mercy, the philosophy and goodness of the Old Testament:

THE STORY OF ACHAN.

Joshua took the City of Jericho. Before the fall of the city he declared that all the spoil taken should be given to the Lord.

In spite of this order Achan secreted a garment, some silver and gold.

Afterward Joshua tried to take the city of Ai. He failed and many of his soldiers were slain.

Joshua sought for the cause of his defeat and he found that Achan had secreted a garment, two hundred shekels of silver and a wedge of gold. To this Achan confessed.

And thereupon Joshua took Achan, his sons and his daughters, his oxen and his sheep—stoned them all to death and burned their bodies.

There is nothing to show that the sons and Daughters had committed any crime. Certainly, the oxen and sheep should not have been stoned to death for the crime of their owner. This was the justice, the mercy, of Jehovah!

After Joshua had committed this crime, with the help of Jehovah he captured the city of Ai.

THE STORY OF ELISHA.

“And he went up thence unto Bethel, and as he was going up by the way there came forth little children out of the city and mocked him, and said unto him, ‘Go up, thou baldhead.’

“And he turned back and looked at them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood and tore forty and two children of them.”

This was the work of the good God—the merciful Jehovah!

THE STORY OF DANIEL.

King Darius had honored and exalted Daniel, and the native princes were jealous. So they induced the king to sign a decree to the effect that any man who should make a petition to any god or man except to King Darius, for thirty days, should be cast into the den of lions.

Afterward these men found that Daniel, with his face toward Jerusalem, prayed three times a day to Jehovah.

Thereupon Daniel was cast into the den of lions; a stone was placed at the mouth of the den and sealed with the king’s seal.

The king passed a bad night. The next morning he went to the den and cried out to Daniel. Daniel answered and told the king that God had sent his angel and shut the mouths of the lions.

Daniel was taken out alive and well, and the king was converted and believed in Daniel’s God.

Darius, being then a believer in the true God, sent for the men who had accused Daniel, and for their wives and their children, and cast them all into the lions’ den.

“And the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces, or ever they came at the bottom of the pit.”

What had the wives and little children done? How had they offended King Darius, the believer in Jehovah? Who protected Daniel? Jehovah! Who failed to protect the innocent wives and children? Jehovah!

THE STORY OF JOSEPH.

Pharaoh had a dream, and this dream was interpreted by Joseph.

According to this interpretation there was to be in Egypt seven years of plenty, followed by seven years of famine. Joseph advised Pharaoh to buy all the surplus of the seven plentiful years and store it up against the years of famine.

Pharaoh appointed Joseph as his minister or agent, and ordered him to buy the grain of the plentiful years.

Then came the famine. The people came to the king for help. He told them to go to Joseph and do as he said.

Joseph sold corn to the Egyptians until all their money was gone—until he had it all.

When the money was gone the people said: “Give us corn and we will give you our cattle.”

Joseph let them have corn until all their cattle, their horses and their flocks had been given to him.

Then the people said: “Give us corn and we will give you our lands.”

So Joseph let them have corn until all their lands were gone.

But the famine continued, and so the poor wretches sold themselves, and they became the servants of Pharoah.

Then Joseph gave them seed, and made an agreement with them that they should forever give one-fifth of all they raised to Pharaoh.

Who enabled Joseph to interpret the dream of Pharaoh? Jehovah! Did he know at the time that Joseph would use the information thus given to rob and enslave the people of Egypt? Yes. Who produced the famine? Jehovah!

It is perfectly apparent that the Jews did not think of Jehovah as the God of Egypt—the God of all the world. He was their God, and theirs alone. Other nations had gods, but Jehovah was the greatest of all. He hated other nations and other gods, and abhorred all religions except the worship of himself.

IV. WHAT IS IT ALL WORTH?

WILL some Christian scholar tell us the value of Genesis?

We know that it is not true—that it contradicts itself. There are two accounts of the creation in the first and second chapters. In the first account birds and beasts were created before man.

In the second, man was created before the birds and beasts.

In the first, fowls are made out of the water.

In the second, fowls are made out of the ground.

In the first, Adam and Eve are created together.

In the second, Adam is made; then the beasts and birds, and then Eve is created from one of Adam's ribs.

These stories are far older than the Pentateuch.

Persian: God created the world in six days, a man called Adama, a woman called Evah, and then rested.

The Etruscan, Babylonian, Phoenician, Chaldean and the Egyptian stories are much the same.

The Persians, Greeks, Egyptians, Chinese and

Hindus have their Garden of Eden and the Tree of Life.

So the Persians, the Babylonians, the Nubians, the people of Southern India, all had the story of the fall of man and the subtle serpent.

The Chinese say that sin came into the world by the disobedience of woman. And even the Tahitians tell us that man was created from the earth, and the first woman from one of his bones.

All these stories are equally authentic and of equal value to the world, and all the authors were equally inspired.

We know also that the story of the flood is much older than the book of Genesis, and we know besides that it is not true.

We know that this story in Genesis was copied from the Chaldean. There you find all about the rain, the ark, the animals, the dove that was sent out three times, and the mountain on which the ark rested.

So the Hindus, Chinese, Parsees, Persians, Greeks, Mexicans and Scandinavians have substantially the same story.

We also know that the account of the Tower of Babel is an ignorant and childish fable.

What then is left in this inspired book of

Genesis? Is there a word calculated to develop the heart or brain? Is there an elevated thought—any great principle—anything poetic—any word that bursts into blossom?

Is there anything except a dreary and detailed statement of things that never happened?

Is there anything in Exodus calculated to make men generous, loving and noble?

Is it well to teach children that God tortured the innocent cattle of the Egyptians—bruised them to death with hailstones—on account of the sins of Pharoah?

Does it make us merciful to believe that God killed the firstborn of the Egyptians—the firstborn of the poor and suffering people—of the poor girl working at the mill—because of the wickedness of the king?

Can we believe that the gods of Egypt worked miracles? Did they change water into blood, and sticks into serpents?

In Exodus there is not one original thought or line of value.

We know, if we know anything, that this book was written by savages—savages who believed in slavery, polygamy and wars of extermination. We know that the story told

is impossible, and that the miracles were never performed. This book admits that there are other gods besides Jehovah. In the 17th chapter is this verse: “Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods, for, in the thing wherein they dealt proudly, he was above them.”

So, in this blessed book is taught the duty of human sacrifice—the sacrifice of babes.

In the 22d chapter is this command: “Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits and of thy liquors: the first-born of thy sons thou shalt give unto me.”

Has Exodus been a help or a hindrance to the human race?

Take from Exodus the laws common to all nations, and is there anything of value left?

Is there anything in Leviticus of importance? Is there a chapter worth reading? What interest have we in the clothes of priests, the curtains and candles of the tabernacle, the tongs and shovels of the altar or the hair-oil used by the Levites?

Of what use the cruel code, the frightful punishments, the curses, the falsehoods and the miracles of this ignorant and infamous book?

And what is there in the book of Numbers—with its sacrifices and water of jealousy, with its shew-bread and spoons, its kids and fine flour, its oil and candlesticks, its cucumbers, onions and manna—to assist and instruct mankind? What interest have we in the rebellion of Korah, the water of separation, the ashes of a red heifer, the brazen serpent, the water that followed the people uphill and down for forty years, and the inspired donkey of the prophet Balaam? Have these absurdities and cruelties—these childish, savage superstitions—helped to civilize the world?

Is there anything in Joshua—with its wars, its murders and massacres, its swords dripping with the blood of mothers and babes, its tortures, maimings and mutilations, its fraud and fury, its hatred and revenge—calculated to improve the world?

Does not every chapter shock the heart of a good man? Is it a book to be read by children?

The book of Joshua is as merciless as famine, as ferocious as the heart of a wild beast. It is a history—a justification—a sanctification of nearly every crime.

The book of Judges is about the same, nothing but war and bloodshed; the horrible story of Jael and Sisera; of Gideon and his trumpets and pitchers; of Jephtha and his daughter, whom he murdered to please Jehovah.

Here we find the story of Samson, in which a sun-god is changed to a Hebrew giant.

Read this book of Joshua—read of the slaughter of women, of wives, of mothers and babes—read its impossible miracles, its ruthless crimes, and all done according to the commands of Jehovah, and tell me whether this book is calculated to make us forgiving, generous and loving.

I admit that the history of Ruth is in some respects a beautiful and touching story; that it is naturally told, and that her love for Naomi was deep and pure. But in the matter of courtship we would hardly advise our daughters to follow the example of Ruth. Still, we must remember that Ruth was a widow.

Is there anything worth reading in the first and second books of Samuel? Ought a prophet of God to hew a captured king in pieces? Is the story of the ark, its capture

and return of importance to us? Is it possible that it was right, just and merciful to kill fifty thousand men because they had looked into a box? Of what use to us are the wars of Saul and David, the stories of Goliath and the Witch of Endor? Why should Jehovah have killed Uzzah for putting forth his hand to steady the ark, and forgiven David for murdering Uriah and stealing his wife?

According to "Samuel," David took a census of the people. This excited the wrath of Jehovah, and as a punishment he allowed David to choose seven years of famine, a flight of three months from pursuing enemies, or three days of pestilence. David, having confidence in God, chose the three days of pestilence; and, thereupon, God, the compassionate, on account of the sin of David, killed seventy thousand innocent men!

Under the same circumstances, what would a devil have done?

Is there anything in First and Second Kings that suggests the idea of inspiration?

When David is dying he tells his son Solomon to murder Joab—not to let his hoar head go down to the grave in peace. With his last breath he commands his son to bring down the hoar head of Shimei to the grave with blood. Having uttered these merciful words, the good David, the man after God's heart, slept with his fathers.

Was it necessary to inspire the man who wrote the history of the building of the temple, the story of the visit of the Queen of Sheba, or to tell the number of Solomon's wives?

What care we for the withering of Jereboam's hand, the prophecy of Jehu, or the story of Elijah and the ravens?

Can we believe that Elijah brought flames from heaven, or that he went at last to Paradise in a chariot of fire?

Can we believe in the multiplication of the widow's oil by Elisha, that an army was smitten with blindness, or that an axe floated in the water?

Does it civilize us to read about the beheading of the seventy sons of Ahab, the putting out of the eyes of Zedekiah and the murder of his sons? Is there one word in First and Second Kings calculated to make men better?

First and Second Chronicles is but a re-telling of what is told in First and Second Kings. The same old stories—a little left out, a little added, but in no respect made better or worse.

The book of Ezra is of no importance. He tells us that Cyrus, King of Persia, issued a proclamation for building a temple at Jerusalem, and that he declared Jehovah to be the real and only God.

Nothing could be more absurd. Ezra tells us about the return from captivity, the building of the temple, the dedication, a few prayers, and this is all. This book is of no importance, of no use.

Nehemiah is about the same, only it tells of the building of the wall, the complaints of the people about taxes, a list of those who returned from Babylon, a catalogue of those who dwelt at Jerusalem, and the dedication of the walls.

Not a word in Nehemiah worth reading.

Then comes the book of Esther:

In this we are told that King Ahasueras was intoxicated; that he sent for his Queen, Vashti, to come and show herself to him and his guests. Vashti refused to appear.

This maddened the king, and he ordered that from every province the most beautiful girls should be brought before him that he might choose one in place of Vashti.

Among others was brought Esther, a Jewess. She was chosen and became the wife of the king. Then a gentleman by the name of Haman wanted to have all the Jews killed, and the king, not knowing that Esther was of that race, signed a decree that all the Jews should be killed.

Through the efforts of Mordecai and Esther the decree was annulled and the Jews were saved.

Haman prepared a gallows on which to have Mordecai hanged, but the good Esther so managed matters that Haman and his ten sons were hanged on the gallows that Haman had built, and the Jews were allowed to murder more than seventy-five thousand of the king's subjects.

This is the inspired story of Esther.

In the book of Job we find some elevated sentiments, some sublime and foolish thoughts, something of the wonder and sublimity of nature, the joys and sorrows of life; but the story is infamous.

Some of the Psalms are good, many are indifferent, and a few are infamous. In them are mingled the vices and virtues. There are verses that elevate, verses that degrade. There are prayers for forgiveness and revenge. In the literature of the world there is nothing more heartless, more infamous, than the 109th Psalm.

In the Proverbs there is much shrewdness, many pithy and prudent maxims, many wise sayings. The same ideas are expressed in many ways—the wisdom of economy and silence, the dangers of vanity and idleness. Some are trivial, some are foolish, and many are wise. These proverbs are not generous—not altruistic. Sayings to the same effect are found among all nations.

Ecclesiastes is the most thoughtful book in the Bible. It was written by an unbeliever—a philosopher—an agnostic. Take out the interpolations, and it is in accordance with the thought of the nineteenth century. In this book are found the most philosophic and poetic passages in the Bible.

After crossing the desert of death and crime—after reading the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings and Chronicles—it is delightful to reach this grove of palms, called the "Song of Solomon." A drama of love—of human love; a poem without Jehovah—a poem born of the heart and true to the divine instincts of the soul.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh."

Isaiah is the work of several. Its swollen words, its vague imagery, its prophecies and curses, its ravings against kings and nations, its laughter at the wisdom of man, its hatred of joy, have not the slightest tendency to increase the well-being of man.

In this book is recorded the absurdest of all miracles. The shadow on the dial is turned back ten degrees, in order to satisfy Hezekiah that Jehovah will add fifteen years to his life.

In this miracle the world, turning from west to east at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour, is not only stopped, but made to turn the other way until the

shadow on the dial went back ten degrees! Is there in the whole world an intelligent man or woman who believes this impossible falsehood?

Jeremiah contains nothing of importance—no facts of value; nothing but fault-finding, lamentations, croakings, wailings, curses and promises; nothing but famine and prayer, the prosperity of the wicked, the ruin of the Jews, the captivity and return, and at last Jeremiah, the traitor, in the stocks and in prison.

And Lamentations is simply a continuance of the ravings of the same insane pessimist; nothing but dust and sackcloth and ashes, tears and howls, railings and revilings.

And Ezekiel—eating manuscripts, prophesying siege and desolation, with visions of coals of fire, and cherubim, and wheels with eyes, and the type and figure of the boiling pot, and the resurrection of dry bones—is of no use, of no possible value.

With Voltaire, I say that any one who admires Ezekiel should be compelled to dine with him.

Daniel is a disordered dream—a nightmare.

What can be made of this book with its image with a golden head, with breast and arms of silver, with belly and thighs of brass, with legs of iron, and with feet of iron and clay; with its writing on the wall, its den of lions, and its vision of the ram and goat?

Is there anything to be learned from Hosea and his wife? Is there anything of use in Joel, in Amos, in Obadiah? Can we get any good from Jonah and his gourd? Is it possible that God is the real author of Micah and Nahum, of Habakkuk and Zephaniah, of Haggai and Malachi and Zechariah, with his red horses, his four horns, his four carpenters, his flying roll, his mountains of brass and the stone with four eyes?

Is there anything in these “inspired” books that has been of benefit to man?

Have they taught us how to cultivate the earth, to build houses, to weave cloth, to prepare food? Have they taught us to paint pictures, to chisel statues, to build bridges, or ships, or anything of beauty or of use? Did we get our ideas of government, of religious freedom, of the liberty of thought, from the Old Testament? Did we get from any of these books a hint of any science? Is there in the “sacred volume” a word, a line, that has added to the wealth, the intelligence and the happiness of mankind? Is there one of the books of the Old Testament as entertaining as “Robinson Crusoe,” “The Travels of Gulliver,” or “Peter Wilkins and his Flying Wife”? Did the author of Genesis know as much about nature as Humboldt, or Darwin, or Haeckel? Is what is called the Mosaic Code as wise or as merciful as the code of any civilized nation? Were the writers of Kings and Chronicles as great historians, as great writers, as Gibbon and Draper? Is Jeremiah, or Habakkuk equal to Dickens or Thackeray? Can the authors of Job and the Psalms be compared with Shakespeare? Why should we attribute the best to man and the worst to God?

V. WAS JEHOVAH A GOD OF LOVE?

Did these words come from the heart of love?—

“When the Lord thy God shall drive them before thee, thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, or show mercy unto them.”

“I will heap mischief upon them. I will send mine arrows upon them; they shall be burned with hunger and devoured with burning heat and with bitter destruction.”

“I will send the tooth of beasts upon them, with the poison of serpents of the dust.”

“The sword without, and terror within, shall destroy both the young man and the virgin; the suckling also with the man of gray hairs.”

“Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow; let his children be continually vagabonds and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places; let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the stranger spoil his labor; let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children.”

“And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body—the flesh of thy sons and daughters.”

“And the heaven that is over thee shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron.”

“Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field.”

“I will make my arrows drunk with blood.”

“I will laugh at their calamity.”.

Did these curses, these threats, come from the heart of love or from the mouth of savagery?

Was Jehovah god or devil?

Why should we place Jehovah above all the gods?

Has man in his ignorance and fear ever imagined a greater monster?

Have the barbarians of any land, in any time, worshiped a more heartless god?

Brahma was a thousand times nobler, and so was Osiris and Zeus and Jupiter. So was the supreme god of the Aztecs, to whom they offered only the perfume of flowers. The worst god of the Hindus, with his necklace of skulls and his bracelets of living snakes, was kind and merciful compared with Jehovah.

Compared with Marcus Aurelius, how small Jehovah seems. Compared with Abraham Lincoln, how cruel, how contemptible, is this god.

VI. JEHOVAH’S ADMINISTRATION.

HE created the world, the hosts of heaven, a man and woman—placed them in a garden. Then the serpent deceived them, and they were cast out and made to earn their bread.

Jehovah had been thwarted.

Then he tried again. He went on for about sixteen hundred years trying to civilize the people.

No schools, no churches, no Bible, no tracts—nobody taught to read or write. No Ten Commandments. The people grew worse and worse, until the merciful Jehovah sent the flood and drowned all the people except Noah and his family, eight in all.

Then he started again, and changed their diet. At first Adam and Eve were vegetarians. After the flood Jehovah said: “Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you”—snakes and buzzards.

Then he failed again, and at the Tower of Babel he dispersed and scattered the people.

Finding that he could not succeed with all the people, he thought he would try a few, so he selected Abraham and his descendants. Again he failed, and his chosen people were captured by the Egyptians and enslaved for four hundred years.

Then he tried again—rescued them from Pharaoh and started for Palestine.

Then he changed their diet, allowing them to eat only the beasts that parted the hoof and chewed the cud. Again he failed. The people hated him, and preferred the slavery of Egypt to the freedom of Jehovah. So he kept them wandering until nearly all who came from Egypt had died. Then he tried again—took them into Palestine and had them governed by judges.

This, too, was a failure—no schools, no Bible. Then he tried kings, and the kings were mostly idolaters.

Then the chosen people were conquered and carried into captivity by the Babylonians.

Another failure.

Then they returned, and Jehovah tried prophets—howlers and wailers—but the people grew worse and worse. No schools, no sciences, no arts, no commerce. Then Jehovah took upon himself flesh, was born of a woman, and lived among the people that he had been trying to civilize for several thousand years. Then these people, following the law that Jehovah had given them in the wilderness, charged this Jehovah-man—this Christ—with blasphemy; tried, convicted and killed him.

Jehovah had failed again.

Then he deserted the Jews and turned his attention to the rest of the world.

And now the Jews, deserted by Jehovah, persecuted by Christians, are the most prosperous people on the earth. Again has Jehovah failed.

What an administration!

VII. THE NEW TESTAMENT.

WHO wrote the New Testament?

Christian scholars admit that they do not know. They admit that, if the four gospels were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, they must have been written in Hebrew. And yet a Hebrew manuscript of any one of these gospels has never been found. All have been and are in Greek. So, educated theologians admit that the Epistles, James and Jude, were written by persons who had never seen one of the four gospels. In these Epistles—in James and Jude—no reference is made to any of the gospels, nor to any miracle recorded in them.

The first mention that has been found of one of our gospels was made about one hundred and eighty years after the birth of Christ, and the four gospels were first named and quoted from at the beginning of the third century, about one hundred and seventy years after the death of Christ.

We now know that there were many other gospels besides our four, some of which have been lost.

There were the gospels of Paul, of the Egyptians, of the Hebrews, of Perfection, of Judas, of Thaddeus, of the Infancy, of Thomas, of Mary, of Andrew, of Nicodemus, of Marcion and several others.

So there were the Acts of Pilate, of Andrew, of Mary, of Paul and Thecla and of many others; also a book called the Shepherd of Hermas.

At first not one of all the books was considered as inspired. The Old Testament was regarded as di vine; but the books that now constitute the New Testament were regarded as human productions. We now know that we do not know who wrote the four gospels.

The question is, Were the authors of these four gospels inspired?

If they were inspired, then the four gospels must be true. If they are true, they must agree.

The four gospels do not agree.

Matthew, Mark and Luke knew nothing of the atonement, nothing of salvation by faith. They knew only the gospel of good deeds—of charity. They teach that if we forgive others God will forgive us.

With this the gospel of John does not agree.

In that gospel we are taught that we must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; that we must be born again; that we must drink the blood and eat the flesh of Christ. In this gospel we find the doctrine of the atonement and that Christ died for us and suffered in our place.

This gospel is utterly at variance with, the other three. If the other three are true, the gospel of John is false. If the gospel of John was written by an inspired man, the writers of the other three were uninspired. From this there is no possible escape. The four cannot be true.

It is evident that there are many interpolations in the four gospels.

For instance, in the 28th chapter of Matthew is an account to the effect that the soldiers at the tomb of Christ were bribed to say that the disciples of Jesus stole away his body while they, the soldiers, slept.

This is clearly an interpolation. It is a break in the narrative.

The 10th verse should be followed by the 16th. The 10th verse is as follows:

“Then Jesus said unto them, ‘Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go unto Galilee and there shall they see me.’”

The 16th verse:

“Then the eleven disciples went away unto Galilee into a mountain, where Jesus had appointed them.”

The story about the soldiers contained in the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th verses is an interpolation—an afterthought—long after. The 15th verse demonstrates this.

Fifteenth verse: “So they took the money and did as they were taught. And this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.”

Certainly this account was not in the original gospel, and certainly the 15th verse was not written by a Jew. No Jew could have written this: “And this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.”

Mark, John and Luke never heard that the soldiers had been bribed by the priests; or, if they had, did not think it worth while recording. So the accounts of the Ascension of Jesus Christ in Mark and Luke are interpolations. Matthew says nothing about the Ascension.

Certainly there never was a greater miracle, and yet Matthew, who was present—who saw the Lord rise, ascend and disappear—did not think it worth mentioning.

On the other hand, the last words of Christ, according to Matthew, contradict the Ascension: “Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” John, who was present, if Christ really ascended, says not one word on the subject.

As to the Ascension, the gospels do not agree. Mark gives the last conversation that Christ had with his disciples, as follows:

“Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. So, then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven and sat on the right hand of God.”

Is it possible that this description was written by one who witnessed this miracle?

This miracle is described by Luke as follows: “And it came to pass while he blessed them he was parted from them and carried up into heaven.”

“Brevity is the soul of wit.”

In the Acts we are told that: “When he had spoken, while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight.”

Neither Luke, nor Matthew, nor John, nor the writer of the Acts, heard one word of the conversation attributed to Christ by Mark. The fact is that the Ascension of Christ was not claimed by his disciples.

At first Christ was a man—nothing more. Mary was his mother, Joseph his father. The genealogy of his father, Joseph, was given to show that he was of the blood of David.

Then the claim was made that he was the son of God, and that his mother was a virgin, and that she remained a virgin until her death.

Then the claim was made that Christ rose from the dead and ascended bodily to heaven.

It required many years for these absurdities to take possession of the minds of men.

If Christ rose from the dead, why did he not appear to his enemies? Why did he not call on Caiaphas, the high priest? Why did he not make another triumphal entry into Jerusalem?

If he really ascended, why did he not do so in public, in the presence of his persecutors? Why should this, the greatest of miracles, be done in secret, in a corner?

It was a miracle that could have been seen by a vast multitude—a miracle that could not be simulated—one that would have convinced hundreds of thousands.

After the story of the Resurrection, the Ascension became a necessity. They had to dispose of the body.

So there are many other interpolations in the gospels and epistles.

Again I ask: Is the New Testament true? Does anybody now believe that at the birth of Christ there was a celestial greeting; that a star led the Wise Men of the Bast; that Herod slew the babes of Bethlehem of two years old and under?

The gospels are filled with accounts of miracles. Were they ever performed?

Matthew gives the particulars of about twenty-two miracles, Mark of about nineteen, Luke of about eighteen and John of about seven.

According to the gospels, Christ healed diseases, cast out devils, rebuked the sea, cured the blind, fed multitudes with five loaves and two fishes, walked on the sea, cursed a fig tree, turned water into wine and raised the dead.

Matthew is the only one that tells about the Star and the Wise Men—the only one that tells about the murder of babes.

John is the only one who says anything about the resurrection of Lazarus, and Luke is the only one giving an account of the raising from the dead the widow of Nain's son.

How is it possible to substantiate these miracles?

The Jews, among whom they were said to have been performed, did not believe them. The diseased, the palsied, the leprous, the blind who were cured, did not become followers of Christ. Those that were raised from the dead were never heard of again.

Does any intelligent man believe in the existence of devils? The writer of three of the gospels certainly did. John says nothing about Christ having cast out devils, but Matthew, Mark and Luke give many instances.

Does any natural man now believe that Christ cast out devils? If his disciples said he did, they were mistaken. If Christ said he did, he was insane or an impostor.

If the accounts of casting out devils are false, then the writers were ignorant or dishonest. If they wrote through ignorance, then they were not inspired. If they wrote what they knew to be false, they were not inspired. If what they wrote is untrue, whether they knew it or not, they were not inspired.

At that time it was believed that palsy, epilepsy, deafness, insanity and many other diseases were caused by devils; that devils took possession of and lived in the bodies of men and women. Christ believed this, taught this belief to others, and pretended to cure diseases by casting devils out of the sick and insane. We know now, if we know anything, that diseases are not caused by the presence of devils. We know, if we know anything, that devils do not reside in the bodies of men.

If Christ said and did what the writers of the three gospels say he said and did, then Christ was mistaken. If he was mistaken, certainly he was not God. And if he was mistaken, certainly he was not inspired.

Is it a fact that the Devil tried to bribe Christ?

Is it a fact that the Devil carried Christ to the top of the temple and tried to induce him to leap to the ground?

How can these miracles be established?

The principals have written nothing, Christ has written nothing, and the Devil has remained silent.

How can we know that the Devil tried to bribe Christ? Who wrote the account? We do not know. How did the writer get his information? We do not know.

Somebody, some seventeen hundred years ago, said that the Devil tried to bribe God; that the Devil carried God to the top of the temple and tried to induce him to leap to the earth and that God was intellectually too keen for the Devil.

This is all the evidence we have.

Is there anything in the literature of the world more perfectly idiotic?

Intelligent people no longer believe in witches, wizards, spooks and devils, and they are perfectly satisfied that every word in the New Testament about casting out devils is utterly false.

Can we believe that Christ raised the dead?

A widow living in Nain is following the body of her son to the tomb. Christ halts the funeral procession and raises the young man from the dead and gives him back to the arms of his mother.

This young man disappears. He is never heard of again. No one takes the slightest interest in the man who returned from the realm of death. Luke is the only one who tells the story. Maybe Matthew, Mark and John never heard of it, or did not believe it and so failed to record it.

John says that Lazarus was raised from the dead; Matthew, Mark and Luke say nothing about it.

It was more wonderful than the raising of the widow's son. He had not been laid in the tomb for days. He was only on his way to the grave, but Lazarus was actually dead. He had begun to decay.

Lazarus did not excite the least interest. No one asked him about the other world. No one inquired of him about their dead friends.

When he died the second time no one said: "He is not afraid. He has traveled that road twice and knows just where he is going."

We do not believe in the miracles of Mohammed, and yet they are as well attested as this. We have no confidence in the miracles performed by Joseph Smith, and yet the evidence is far greater, far better.

If a man should go about now pretending to raise the dead, pretending to cast out devils, we would regard him as insane. What, then, can we say of Christ? If we wish to save his reputation we are compelled to say that he never pretended to raise the dead; that he never claimed to have cast out devils.

We must take the ground that these ignorant and impossible things were invented by zealous disciples, who sought to deify their leader.

In those ignorant days these falsehoods added to the fame of Christ. But now they put his character in peril and belittle the authors of the gospels.

Can we now believe that water was changed into wine? John tells of this childish miracle, and says that the other disciples were present, yet Matthew, Mark and Luke say nothing about it.

'Take the miracle of the man cured by the pool of Bethseda. John says that an angel troubled the waters of the pool of Bethseda, and that whoever got into the pool first after the waters were troubled was healed.

Does anybody now believe that an angel went into the pool and troubled the waters? Does anybody now think that the poor wretch who got in first was healed? Yet the author of the gospel according to John believed and asserted these absurdities. If he was mistaken about that he may have been about all the miracles he records.

John is the only one who tells about this pool of Bethseda. Possibly the other disciples did not believe the story.

How can we account for these pretended miracles?

In the days of the disciples, and for many centuries after, the world was filled with the supernatural. Nearly everything that happened was regarded as miraculous. God was the immediate governor of the world. If the people were good, God sent seed time and harvest; but if they were bad he sent flood and hail, frost and famine. If anything wonderful happened it was exaggerated until it became a miracle.

Of the order of events—of the unbroken and the unbreakable chain of causes and effects—the people had no knowledge and no thought.

A miracle is the badge and brand of fraud. No miracle ever was performed. No intelligent, honest man ever pretended to perform a miracle, and never will.

If Christ had wrought the miracles attributed to him; if he had cured the palsied and insane; if he had given hearing to the deaf, vision to the blind; if he had cleansed the leper with a word, and with a touch had given life and feeling to the withered limb; if he had given pulse and motion, warmth and thought, to cold and breathless clay; if he had conquered death and rescued from the grave its pallid prey—no word would have been uttered, no hand raised, except in praise and honor. In his presence all heads would have been uncovered—all knees upon the ground.

Is it not strange that at the trial of Christ no one was found to say a word in his favor? No man stood forth and said: "I was a leper, and this man cured me with a touch." No woman said: "I am the widow of Nain and this is my son whom this man raised from the dead."

No man said: "I was blind, and this man gave me sight."

All silent

VIII. THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHRIST

MILLIONS assert that the philosophy of Christ is perfect—that he was the wisest that ever littered speech.

Let us see:

Resist not evil. If smitten on one cheek turn the other.

Is there any philosophy, any wisdom in this? Christ takes from goodness, from virtue, from the truth, the right of self-defence. Vice becomes the master of the world, and the good become the victims of the infamous.

No man has the right to protect himself, his property, his wife and children. Government becomes impossible, and the world is at the mercy of criminals. Is there any absurdity beyond this?

Love your enemies.

Is this possible? Did any human being ever love his enemies? Did Christ love his, when he denounced them as whited sepulchers, hypocrites and vipers?

We cannot love those who hate us. Hatred in the hearts of others does not breed love in ours. Not to resist evil is absurd; to love your enemies is impossible.

Take no thought for the morrow.

The idea was that God would take care of us as he did of sparrows and lilies. Is there the least sense in that belief?

Does God take care of anybody?

Can we live without taking thought for the morrow? To plow, to sow, to cultivate, to harvest, is to take thought for the morrow. We plan and work for the future, for our children, for the unborn generations to come. Without this forethought there could be no progress, no civilization. The world would go back to the caves and dens of savagery.

If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out. If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off.

Why? Because it is better that one of our members should perish than that the whole body should be cast into hell.

Is there any wisdom in putting out your eyes or cutting off your hands? Is it possible to extract from these extravagant sayings the smallest grain of common sense?

Swear not at all; neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the Earth, for it is his footstool; nor by Jerusalem, for it is his holy city.

Here we find the astronomy and geology of Christ. Heaven is the throne of God, the monarch; the earth is his footstool. A footstool that turns over at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and sweeps through space at the rate of over a thousand miles a minute!

Where did Christ think heaven was? Why was Jerusalem a holy city? Was it because the inhabitants were ignorant, cruel and superstitious?

If any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also.

Is there any philosophy, any good sense, in that commandment? Would it not be just as sensible to say: "If a man obtains a judgment against you for one hundred dollars, give him two hundred."

Only the insane could give or follow this advice.

Think not I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother.

If this is true, how much better it would have been had he remained away.

Is it possible that he who said, "Resist not evil," came to bring a sword? That he who said, "Love your enemies," came to destroy the peace of the world?

To set father against son, and daughter against father—what a glorious mission!

He did bring a sword, and the sword was wet for a thousand years with innocent blood. In millions of hearts he sowed the seeds of hatred and revenge. He divided nations and families, put out the light of reason, and petrified the hearts of men.

And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, shall inherit everlasting life.

According to the writer of Matthew, Christ, the compassionate, the merciful, uttered these terrible words. Is it possible that Christ offered the bribe of eternal joy to those who would desert their fathers, their mothers, their wives and children? Are we to win the happiness of heaven by deserting the ones we love? Is a home to be ruined here for the sake of a mansion there?

And yet it is said that Christ is an example for all the world. Did he desert his father and mother? He said, speaking to his mother: "Woman, what have I to do with, thee?"

The Pharisees said unto Christ: "Is it lawful to pay tribute unto Cæsar?"

Christ said: "Show me the tribute money." They brought him a penny. And he saith unto them: "Whose is the image and the superscription?" They said: "Cæsar's." And Christ said: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

Did Christ think that the money belonged to Cæsar because his image and superscription were stamped upon it? Did the penny belong to Cæsar or to the man who had earned it? Had Cæsar the right to demand it because it was adorned with his image?

Does it appear from this conversation that Christ understood the real nature and use of money?

Can we now say that Christ was the greatest of philosophers?

IX. IS CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE?

HE never said a word in favor of education. He never even hinted at the existence of any science. He never uttered a word in favor of industry, economy or of any effort to better our condition in this world. He was the enemy of the successful, of the wealthy. Dives was sent to hell, not because he was bad, but because he was rich. Lazarus went to heaven, not because he was good, but because he was poor.

Christ cared nothing for painting, for sculpture, for music—nothing for any art. He said nothing about the duties of nation to nation, of king to subject; nothing about the rights of man; nothing about intellectual liberty or the freedom of speech. He said nothing about the sacredness of home; not one word for the fireside; not a word in favor of marriage, in honor of maternity.

He never married. He wandered homeless from place to place with a few disciples. None of them seem to have been engaged in any useful business, and they seem to have lived on alms. .

All human ties were held in contempt; this world was sacrificed for the next; all human effort was discouraged. God would support and protect.

At last, in the dusk of death, Christ, finding that he was mistaken, cried out: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"

We have found that man must depend on himself. He must clear the land; he must build the home; he must plow and plant; he must invent; he must work with hand and brain; he must overcome the difficulties and obstructions; he must conquer and enslave the forces of nature to the end that they may do the work of the world.

X. WHY SHOULD WE PLACE CHRIST AT THE TOP AND SUMMIT OF THE HUMAN RACE?

AS he kinder, more forgiving, more self-sacrificing than Buddha? Was he wiser, did he meet death with more perfect calmness, than Socrates? Was he more patient, more charitable, than Epictetus? Was he a greater philosopher, a deeper thinker, than Epicurus? In what respect was he the superior of Zoroaster? Was he gentler than Lao-tsze, more universal than Confucius? Were his ideas of human rights and duties superior to those of Zeno? Did he express grander truths than Cicero? Was his mind subtler than Spinoza's? Was his brain equal to Kepler's or Newton's? Was he grander in death—a sublimer martyr than Bruno? Was he in intelligence, in the force and beauty of expression, in breadth and scope of thought, in wealth of illustration, in aptness of comparison, in knowledge of the human brain and heart, of all passions, hopes and fears, the equal of Shakespeare, the greatest of the human race?

If Christ was in fact God, he knew all the future.

Before Him like a panorama moved the history yet to be. He knew how his words would be interpreted. He knew what crimes, what horrors, what infamies, would be committed in his name. He knew that the hungry flames of persecution would climb around the limbs of countless martyrs. He knew that thousands and thousands of brave men and women would languish in dungeons in darkness, filled with pain. He knew that his church would invent and use instruments of torture; that his followers would appeal to whip and fagot, to chain and rack. He saw the horizon of the future lurid with the flames of the auto da fe. He knew what creeds would spring like poisonous fungi from every text. He saw the ignorant sects waging war against each other. He saw thousands of men, under the orders of priests, building prisons for their fellow-men. He saw thousands of scaffolds dripping with the best and bravest blood. He saw his followers using the instruments of pain. He heard the groans—saw the faces white with agony. He heard the shrieks and sobs and cries of all the moaning, martyred multitudes. He knew that commentaries would be written on his words with swords, to be read by the light of fagots. He knew that the Inquisition would be born of the teachings attributed to him.

He saw the interpolations and falsehoods that hypocrisy would write and tell. He saw all wars that would be waged, and-he knew that above these fields of death, these dungeons, these rackings, these burnings, these executions, for a thousand years would float the dripping banner of the cross.

He knew that hypocrisy would be robed and crowned—that cruelty and credulity would rule the world; knew that liberty would perish from the earth; knew that popes and kings in his name would enslave the souls and bodies of men; knew that they would persecute and destroy the discoverers, thinkers and inventors; knew that his church would extinguish reason's holy light and leave the world without a star.

He saw his disciples extinguishing the eyes of men, flaying them alive, cutting out their tongues, searching for all the nerves of pain.

He knew that in his name his followers would trade in human flesh; that cradles would be robbed and women's breasts unbabed for gold.

And yet he died with voiceless lips.

Why did he fail to speak? Why did he not tell his disciples, and through them the world: “You shall not burn, imprison and torture in my name. You shall not persecute your fellow-men.”

Why did he not plainly say: “I am the Son of God,” or, “I am God”? Why did he not explain the Trinity? Why did he not tell the mode of baptism that was pleasing to him? Why did he not write a creed? Why did he not break the chains of slaves? Why did he not say that the Old Testament was or was not the inspired word of God? Why did he not write the New Testament himself? Why did he leave his words to ignorance, hypocrisy and chance? Why did he not say something positive, definite and satisfactory about another world? Why did he not turn the tear-stained hope of heaven into the glad knowledge of another life? Why did he not tell us something of the rights of man, of the liberty of hand and brain?

Why did he go dumbly to his death, leaving the world to misery and to doubt?

I will tell you why. He was a man, and did not know.

XI. INSPIRATION

NOT before about the third century was it claimed or believed that the books composing the New Testament were inspired.

It will be remembered that there were a great number of books of Gospels, Epistles and Acts, and that from these the “inspired” ones were selected by “uninspired” men.

Between the “Fathers” there were great differences of opinion as to which books were inspired; much discussion and plenty of hatred. Many of the books now deemed spurious were by many of the “Fathers” regarded as divine, and some now regarded as inspired were believed to be spurious. Many of the early Christians and some of the “Fathers” repudiated the Gospel of John, the Epistle to the Hebrews, Jude, James, Peter, and the Revelation of St. John. On the other hand, many of them regarded the Gospel of the Hebrews, of the Egyptians, the Preaching of Peter, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Epistle of Barnabas, the Pastor of Hermas, the Revelation of Peter, the Revelation of Paul, the Epistle of Clement, the Gospel of Nicodemus, inspired Books, equal to the very best.

From all these books, and many others, the Christians selected the inspired ones.

The men who did the selecting were ignorant and superstitious. They were firm believers in the miraculous. They thought that diseases had been cured by the aprons and handkerchiefs of the apostles, by the bones of the dead. They believed in the fable of the Phoenix, and that the hyenas changed their sex every year.

Were the men who through many centuries made the selections inspired? Were they—ignorant, credulous, stupid and malicious—as well qualified to judge of “inspiration” as the students of our time? How are we bound by their opinion? Have we not the right to judge for ourselves?

Erasmus, one of the leaders of the Reformation, declared that the Epistle to the Hebrews was not written by Paul, and he denied the inspiration of Second and Third John, and also of Revelation. Luther was of the same opinion. He declared James to be an epistle of straw, and denied the inspiration of Revelation. Zwinglius rejected the book of Revelation, and even Calvin denied that Paul was the author of Hebrews.

The truth is that the Protestants did not agree as to what books are inspired until 1647, by the Assembly of Westminster.

To prove that a book is inspired you must prove the existence of God. You must also prove that this God thinks, acts, has objects, ends and aims. This Is somewhat difficult.

It is impossible to conceive of an infinite being. Having no conception of an infinite being, it is impossible to tell whether all the facts we know tend to prove or disprove the existence of such a being.

God is a guess. If the existence of God is admitted, how are we to prove that he inspired the writers of the books of the Bible?

How can one man establish the inspiration of another? How can an inspired man prove that he is inspired? How can he know himself that he is inspired? There is no way to prove the fact of inspiration. The only evidence is the word of some man who could by no possibility know anything on the Subject.

What is inspiration? Did God use men as instruments? Did he cause them to write his thoughts? Did he take possession of their minds and destroy their wills?

Were these writers only partly controlled, so that their mistakes, their ignorance and their prejudices were mingled with the wisdom of God?

How are we to separate the mistakes of man from the thoughts of God? Can we do this without being inspired ourselves? If the original writers were inspired, then the translators should have been, and so should be the men who tell us what the Bible means.

How is it possible for a human being to know that he is inspired by an infinite being? But of one thing we may be certain: An inspired book should certainly excel all the books produced by uninspired men. It should, above all, be true, filled with wisdom, blossoming in beauty—perfect.

Ministers wonder how I can be wicked enough to attack the Bible.

I will tell them:

This book, the Bible, has persecuted, even unto death, the wisest and the best. This book stayed and stopped the onward movement of the human race. This book poisoned the fountains of learning and misdirected the energies of man.

This book is the enemy of freedom, the support of slavery. This book sowed the seeds of hatred in families and nations, fed the flames of war, and impoverished, the world. This book is the breastwork of kings and tyrants—the enslaver of women and children. This book has corrupted parliaments and courts. This book has made colleges and, universities the teachers of error and the haters of science. This book has filled Christendom with hateful, cruel, ignorant and warring sects. This book taught men to kill their fellows for religion's sake. This book founded the Inquisition, invented the instruments of torture, built the dungeons in which the good and loving languished, forged the chains that rusted in their flesh, erected the scaffolds whereon they died. This book piled fagots about the feet of the just. This book drove reason from the minds of millions and filled the asylums with the insane.

This book has caused fathers and mothers to shed the blood of their babes. This book was the auction block on which the slave-mother stood when she was sold from her child. This book filled the sails of the slave-trader and made merchandise of human

flesh. This book lighted the fires that, burned “witches” and “wizards.” This book filled the darkness with ghouls and ghosts, and the bodies of men and women with devils. This book polluted the souls of men with the infamous dogma of eternal pain. This book made credulity the greatest of virtues, and investigation the greatest of crimes. This book filled nations with hermits, monks and nuns—with the pious and the useless. This book placed the ignorant and unclean saint above the philosopher and philanthropist. This book taught man to despise the joys of this life, that he might be happy in another—to waste this world for the sake of the next.

I attack this book because it is the enemy of human liberty—the greatest obstruction across the highway of human progress.

Let me ask the ministers one question: How can you be wicked enough to defend this book?

XII. THE REAL BIBLE.

OR thousands of years men have been writing the real Bible, and it is being written from day to day, and it will never be finished while man has life. All the facts that we know, all the truly recorded events, all the discoveries and inventions, all the wonderful machines whose wheels and levers seem to think, all the poems, crystals from the brain, flowers from the heart, all the songs of love and joy, of smiles and tears, the great dramas of Imagination’s world, the wondrous paintings, miracles of form and color, of light and shade, the marvelous marbles that seem to live and breathe, the secrets told by rock and star, by dust and flower, by rain and snow, by frost and flame, by winding stream and desert sand, by mountain range and billowed sea.

All the wisdom that lengthens and ennobles life—all that avoids or cures disease, or conquers pain—all just and perfect laws and rules that guide and shape our lives, all thoughts that feed the flames of love, the music that transfigures, enraptures and enthralls, the victories of heart and brain, the miracles that hands have wrought, the deft and cunning hands of those who worked for wife and child, the histories of noble deeds, of brave and useful men, of faithful loving wives, of quenchless mother-love, of conflicts for the right, of sufferings for the truth, of all the best that all the men and women of the world have said, and thought and done through all the years.

These treasures of the heart and brain—these are the Sacred Scriptures of the human race.

Volume 4

Why I Am An Agnostic

I.

FOR the most part we inherit our opinions. We are the heirs of habits and mental customs. Our beliefs, like the fashion of our garments, depend on where we were born. We are moulded and fashioned by our surroundings.

Environment is a sculptor—a painter.

If we had been born in Constantinople, the most of us would have said: “There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.” If our parents had lived on the banks of the Ganges, we would have been worshipers of Siva, longing for the heaven of Nirvana.

As a rule, children love their parents, believe what they teach, and take great pride in saying that the religion of mother is good enough for them.

Most people love peace. They do not like to differ with their neighbors. They like company. They are social. They enjoy traveling on the highway with the multitude. They hate to walk alone.

The Scotch are Calvinists because their fathers were. The Irish are Catholics because their fathers were. The English are Episcopalians because their fathers were, and the Americans are divided in a hundred sects because their fathers were. This is the general rule, to which there are many exceptions. Children sometimes are superior to their parents, modify their ideas, change their customs, and arrive at different conclusions. But this is generally so gradual that the departure is scarcely noticed, and those who change usually insist that they are still following the fathers.

It is claimed by Christian historians that the religion of a nation was sometimes suddenly changed, and that millions of Pagans were made into Christians by the command of a king. Philosophers do not agree with these historians. Names have been changed, altars have been overthrown, but opinions, customs and beliefs remained the same. A Pagan, beneath the drawn sword of a Christian, would probably change his religious views, and a Christian, with a scimitar above his head, might suddenly become a Mohammedan, but as a matter of fact both would remain exactly as they were before—except in speech.

Belief is not subject to the will. Men think as they must. Children do not, and cannot, believe exactly as they were taught. They are not exactly like their parents. They differ in temperament, in experience, in capacity, in surroundings. And so there is a continual, though almost imperceptible change. There is development, conscious and unconscious growth, and by comparing long periods of time we find that the old has been almost abandoned, almost lost in the new. Men cannot remain stationary. The mind cannot be securely anchored. If we do not advance, we go backward. If we do not grow, we decay. If we do not develop, we shrink and shrivel.

Like the most of you, I was raised among people who knew—who were certain. They did not reason or investigate. They had no doubts. They knew that they had the truth. In their creed there was no guess—no perhaps. They had a revelation from God. They knew the beginning of things. They knew that God commenced to create one Monday morning, four thousand and four years before Christ. They knew that in the eternity—back of that morning, he had done nothing. They knew that it took him six

days to make the earth—all plants, all animals, all life, and all the globes that wheel in space. They knew exactly what he did each day and when he rested. They knew the origin, the cause of evil, of all crime, of all disease and death.

They not only knew the beginning, but they knew the end. They knew that life had one path and one road. They knew that the path, grass-grown and narrow, filled with thorns and nettles, infested with vipers, wet with tears, stained by bleeding feet, led to heaven, and that the road, broad and smooth, bordered with fruits and flowers, filled with laughter and song and all the happiness of human love, led straight to hell. They knew that God was doing his best to make you take the path and that the Devil used every art to keep you in the road.

They knew that there was a perpetual battle waged between the great Powers of good and evil for the possession of human souls. They knew that many centuries ago God had left his throne and had been born a babe into this poor world—that he had suffered death for the sake of man—for the sake of saving a few. They also knew that the human heart was utterly depraved, so that man by nature was in love with wrong and hated God with all his might.

At the same time they knew that God created man in his own image and was perfectly satisfied with his work. They also knew that he had been thwarted by the Devil, who with wiles and lies had deceived the first of human kind. They knew that in consequence of that, God cursed the man and woman; the man with toil, the woman with slavery and pain, and both with death; and that he cursed the earth itself with briers and thorns, brambles and thistles. All these blessed things they knew. They knew too all that God had done to purify and elevate the race. They knew all about the Flood—knew that God, with the exception of eight, drowned all his children—the old and young—the bowed patriarch and the dimpled babe—the young man and the merry maiden—the loving mother and the laughing child—because his mercy endureth forever. They knew too, that he drowned the beasts and birds—everything that walked or crawled or flew—because his loving kindness is over all his works. They knew that God, for the purpose of civilizing his children, had devoured some with earthquakes, destroyed some with storms of fire, killed some with his lightnings, millions with famine, with pestilence, and sacrificed countless thousands upon the fields of war. They knew that it was necessary to believe these things and to love God. They knew that there could be no salvation except by faith, and through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.

All who doubted or denied would be lost. To live a moral and honest life—to keep your contracts, to take care of wife and child—to make a happy home—to be a good citizen, a patriot, a just and thoughtful man, was simply a respectable way of going to hell.

God did not reward men for being honest, generous and brave, but for the act of faith. Without faith, all the so-called virtues were sins, and the men who practiced these virtues, without faith, deserved to suffer eternal pain.

All of these comforting and reasonable things were taught by the ministers in their pulpits—by teachers in Sunday schools and by parents at home. The children were victims. They were assaulted in the cradle—in their mother's arms. Then, the schoolmaster carried on the war against their natural sense, and all the books they read were filled with the same impossible truths. The poor children were helpless. The atmosphere they breathed was filled with lies—lies that mingled with their blood.

In those days ministers depended on revivals to save souls and reform the world.

In the winter, navigation having closed, business was mostly suspended. There were no railways and the only means of communication were wagons and boats. Generally the roads were so bad that the wagons were laid up with the boats. There were no operas, no theatres, no amusement except parties and balls. The parties were regarded as worldly and the balls as wicked. For real and virtuous enjoyment the good people depended on revivals.

The sermons were mostly about the pains and agonies of hell, the joys and ecstasies of heaven, salvation by faith, and the efficacy of the atonement. The little churches, in which the services were held, were generally small, badly ventilated, and exceedingly warm. The emotional sermons, the sad singing, the hysterical amens, the hope of heaven, the fear of hell, caused many to lose the little sense they had. They became substantially insane. In this condition they flocked to the "mourners bench"—asked for the prayers of the faithful—had strange feelings, prayed and wept and thought they had been "born again." Then they would tell their experience—how wicked they had been—how evil had been their thoughts, their desires, and how good they had suddenly become.

They used to tell the story of an old woman who, in telling her experience, said:—"Before I was converted, before I gave my heart to God, I used to lie and steal, but now, thanks to the grace and blood of Jesus Christ, I have quit 'em both, in a great measure."

Of course all the people were not exactly of one mind. There were some scoffers, and now and then some man had sense enough to laugh at the threats of priests and make a jest of hell. Some would tell of unbelievers who had lived and died in peace.

When I was a boy I heard them tell of an old farmer in Vermont. He was dying. The minister was at his bedside—asked him if he was a Christian —if he was prepared to die. The old man answered that he had made no preparation, that he was not a Christian—that he had never done anything but work. The preacher said that he could give him no hope unless he had faith in Christ, and that if he had no faith his soul would certainly be lost.

The old man was not frightened. He was perfectly calm. In a weak and broken voice he said: "Mr. Preacher, I suppose you noticed my farm. My wife and I came here more than fifty years ago. We were just married. It was a forest then and the land was covered with stones. I cut down the trees, burned the logs, picked up the stones and laid the walls. My wife spun and wove and worked every moment. We raised and educated our children—denied ourselves. During all these years my wife never had a good dress, or a decent bonnet. I never had a good suit of clothes. We lived on the plainest food. Our hands, our bodies are deformed by toil. We never had a vacation. We loved each other and the children. That is the only luxury we ever had. Now I am about to die and you ask me if I am prepared. Mr. Preacher, I have no fear of the future, no terror of any other world. There may be such a place as hell—but if there is, you never can make me believe that it's any worse than old Vermont."

So, they told of a man who compared himself with his dog. "My dog," he said, "just barks and plays—has all he wants to eat. He never works—has no trouble about business. In a little while he dies, and that is all. I work with all my strength. I have no time to play. I have trouble every day. In a little while I will die, and then I go to hell. I wish that I had been a dog."

Well, while the cold weather lasted, while the snows fell, the revival went on, but when the winter was over, when the steamboat's whistle was heard, when business started again, most of the converts "backslid" and fell again into their old ways. But the next winter they were on hand, ready to be "born again." They formed a kind of stock company, playing the same parts every winter and backsliding every spring.

The ministers, who preached at these revivals, were in earnest. They were zealous and sincere. They were not philosophers. To them science was the name of a vague dread—a dangerous enemy. They did not know much, but they believed a great deal. To them hell was a burning reality—they could see the smoke and flames. The Devil was no myth. He was an actual person, a rival of God, an enemy of mankind. They thought that the important business of this life was to save your soul—that all should resist and scorn the pleasures of sense, and keep their eyes steadily fixed on the golden gate of the New Jerusalem. They were unbalanced, emotional, hysterical, bigoted, hateful, loving, and insane. They really believed the Bible to be the actual word of God—a book without mistake or contradiction. They called its cruelties, justice—its absurdities, mysteries—its miracles, facts, and the idiotic passages were regarded as profoundly spiritual. They dwelt on the pangs, the regrets, the infinite agonies of the lost, and showed how easily they could be avoided, and how cheaply heaven could be obtained. They told their hearers to believe, to have faith, to give their hearts to God, their sins to Christ, who would bear their burdens and make their souls as white as snow.

All this the ministers really believed. They were absolutely certain. In their minds the Devil had tried in vain to sow the seeds of doubt.

I heard hundreds of these evangelical sermons—heard hundreds of the most fearful and vivid descriptions of the tortures inflicted in hell, of the horrible state of the lost. I supposed that what I heard was true and yet I did not believe it. I said: "It is," and then I thought: "It cannot be."

These sermons made but faint impressions on my mind. I was not convinced.

I had no desire to be "converted," did not want a "new heart" and had no wish to be "born again."

But I heard one sermon that touched my heart, that left its mark, like a scar, on my brain.

One Sunday I went with my brother to hear a Free Will Baptist preacher. He was a large man, dressed like a farmer, but he was an orator. He could paint a picture with words.

He took for his text the parable of "the rich man and Lazarus." He described Dives, the rich man—his manner of life, the excesses in which he indulged, his extravagance, his riotous nights, his purple and fine linen, his feasts, his wines, and his beautiful women.

Then he described Lazarus, his poverty, his rags and wretchedness, his poor body eaten by disease, the crusts and crumbs he devoured, the dogs that pitied him. He pictured his lonely life, his friendless death.

Then, changing his tone of pity to one of triumph—leaping from tears to the heights of exultation—from defeat to victory—he described the glorious company of angels, who with white and outspread wings carried the soul of the despised pauper to Paradise—to the bosom of Abraham.

Then, changing his voice to one of scorn and loathing, he told of the rich man's death. He was in his palace, on his costly couch, the air heavy with perfume, the room filled with servants and physicians. His gold was worthless then. He could not buy another breath. He died, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment.

Then, assuming a dramatic attitude, putting his right hand to his ear, he whispered, "Hark! I hear the rich man's voice. What does he say? Hark! 'Father Abraham! Father Abraham! I pray thee send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my parched tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.'"

"Oh, my hearers, he has been making that request for more than eighteen hundred years. And millions of ages hence that wail will cross the gulf that lies between the saved and lost and still will be heard the cry: 'Father Abraham! Father Abraham! I pray thee send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my parched tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.'"

For the first time I understood the dogma of eternal pain—appreciated "the glad tidings of great joy." For the first time my imagination grasped the height and depth of the Christian horror. Then I said: "It is a lie, and I hate your religion. If it is true, I hate your God."

From that day I have had no fear, no doubt. For me, on that day, the flames of hell were quenched. From that day I have passionately hated every orthodox creed. That Sermon did some good.

II.

FROM my childhood I had heard read and read the Bible. Morning and evening the sacred volume was opened and prayers were said. The Bible was my first history, the Jews were the first people, and the events narrated by Moses and the other inspired writers, and those predicted by prophets were the all important things. In other books were found the thoughts and dreams of men, but in the Bible were the sacred truths of God.

Yet in spite of my surroundings, of my education, I had no love for God. He was so saving of mercy, so extravagant in murder, so anxious to kill, so ready to assassinate, that I hated him with all my heart. At his command, babes were butchered, women violated, and the white hair of trembling age stained with blood. This God visited the people with pestilence—filled the houses and covered the streets with the dying and the dead—saw babes starving on the empty breasts of pallid mothers, heard the sobs, saw the tears, the sunken cheeks, the sightless eyes, the new made graves, and remained as pitiless as the pestilence.

This God withheld the rain—caused the famine—saw the fierce eyes of hunger—the wasted forms, the white lips, saw mothers eating babes, and remained ferocious as famine.

It seems to me impossible for a civilized man to love or worship, or respect the God of the Old Testament. A really civilized man, a really civilized woman, must hold such a God in abhorrence and contempt.

But in the old days the good people justified Jehovah in his treatment of the heathen. The wretches who were murdered were idolaters and therefore unfit to live.

According to the Bible, God had never revealed himself to these people and he knew that without a revelation they could not know that he was the true God. Whose fault was it then that they were heathen?

The Christians said that God had the right to destroy them because he created them. What did he create them for? He knew when he made them that they would be food for the sword. He knew that he would have the pleasure of seeing them murdered.

As a last answer, as a final excuse, the worshipers of Jehovah said that all these horrible things happened under the "old dispensation" of unyielding law, and absolute justice, but that now under the "new dispensation," all had been changed—the sword of justice had been sheathed and love enthroned. In the Old Testament, they said, God is the judge—but in the New, Christ is the merciful. As a matter of fact, the New Testament is infinitely worse than the Old. In the Old there is no threat of eternal pain. Jehovah had no eternal prison—no everlasting fire. His hatred ended at the grave. His revenge was satisfied when his enemy was dead.

In the New Testament, death is not the end, but the beginning of punishment that has no end. In the New Testament the malice of God is infinite and the hunger of his revenge eternal.

The orthodox God, when clothed in human flesh, told his disciples not to resist evil, to love their enemies, and when smitten on one cheek to turn the other, and yet we are told that this same God, with the same loving lips, uttered these heartless, these fiendish words: "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

These are the words of "eternal love."

No human being has imagination enough to conceive of this infinite horror.

All that the human race has suffered in war and want, in pestilence and famine, in fire and flood,—all the pangs and pains of every disease and every death—all this is as nothing compared with the agonies to be endured by one lost soul.

This is the consolation of the Christian religion. This is the justice of God—the mercy of Christ.

This frightful dogma, this infinite lie, made me the implacable enemy of Christianity. The truth is that this belief in eternal pain has been the real persecutor. It founded the Inquisition, forged the chains, and furnished the fagots. It has darkened the lives of many millions. It made the cradle as terrible as the coffin. It enslaved nations and shed the blood of countless thousands. It sacrificed the wisest, the bravest and the best. It subverted the idea of justice, drove mercy from the heart, changed men to fiends and banished reason from the brain.

Like a venomous serpent it crawls and coils and hisses in every orthodox creed.

It makes man an eternal victim and God an eternal fiend. It is the one infinite horror. Every church in which it is taught is a public curse. Every preacher who teaches it is an enemy of mankind. Below this Christian dogma, savagery cannot go. It is the infinite of malice, hatred, and revenge.

Nothing could add to the horror of hell, except the presence of its creator, God.

While I have life, as long as I draw breath, I shall deny with all my strength, and hate with every drop of my blood, this infinite lie.

Nothing gives me greater joy than to know that this belief in eternal pain is growing weaker every day—that thousands of ministers are ashamed of it. It gives me joy to know that Christians are becoming merciful, so merciful that the fires of hell are burning low—flickering, choked with ashes, destined in a few years to die out forever.

For centuries Christendom was a madhouse. Popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, monks and heretics were all insane.

Only a few—four or five in a century were sound in heart and brain. Only a few, in spite of the roar and din, in spite of the savage cries, heard reason's voice. Only a few in the wild rage of ignorance, fear and zeal preserved the perfect calm that wisdom gives.

We have advanced. In a few years the Christians will become—let us hope—humane and sensible enough to deny the dogma that fills the endless years with pain. They ought to know now that this dogma is utterly inconsistent with the wisdom, the justice, the goodness of their God. They ought to know that their belief in hell, gives to the Holy Ghost—the Dove—the beak of a vulture, and fills the mouth of the Lamb of God with the fangs of a viper.

III.

IN my youth I read religious books—books about God, about the atonement—about salvation by faith, and about the other worlds. I became familiar with the commentators—with Adam Clark, who thought that the serpent seduced our mother Eve, and was in fact the father of Cain. He also believed that the animals, while in the ark, had their natures' changed to that degree that they devoured straw together and enjoyed each other's society—thus prefiguring the blessed millennium. I read Scott, who was such a natural theologian that he really thought the story of Phaeton—of the wild steeds dashing across the sky—corroborated the story of Joshua having stopped the sun and moon. So, I read Henry and MacKnight and found that God so loved the world that he made up his mind to damn a large majority of the human race. I read Cruden, who made the great Concordance, and made the miracles as small and probable as he could.

I remember that he explained the miracle of feeding the wandering Jews with quails, by saying that even at this day immense numbers of quails crossed the Red Sea, and that sometimes when tired, they settled on ships that sank beneath their weight. The fact that the explanation was as hard to believe as the miracle made no difference to the devout Cruden.

To while away the time I read Calvin's Institutes, a book calculated to produce, in any natural mind, considerable respect for the Devil.

I read Paley's Evidences and found that the evidence of ingenuity in producing the evil, in contriving the hurtful, was at least equal to the evidence tending to show the use of intelligence in the creation of what we call good.

You know the watch argument was Paley's greatest effort. A man finds a watch and it is so wonderful that he concludes that it must have had a maker. He finds the maker and he is so much more wonderful than the watch that he says he must have had a maker. Then he finds God, the maker of the man, and he is so much more wonderful than the man that he could *not* have had a maker. This is what the lawyers call a departure in pleading.

According to Paley there can be no design without a designer—but there can be a designer without a design. The wonder of the watch suggested the watchmaker, and the wonder of the watchmaker, suggested the creator, and the wonder of the creator demonstrated that he was not created—but was uncaused and eternal.

We had Edwards on The Will, in which the reverend author shows that necessity has no effect on accountability—and that when God creates a human being, and at the same time determines and decrees exactly what that being shall do and be, the human being is responsible, and God in his justice and mercy has the right to torture the soul of that human being forever. Yet Edwards said that he loved God.

The fact is that if you believe in an infinite God, and also in eternal punishment, then you must admit that Edwards and Calvin were absolutely right. There is no escape from their conclusions if you admit their premises. They were infinitely cruel, their premises infinitely absurd, their God infinitely fiendish, and their logic perfect.

And yet I have kindness and candor enough to say that Calvin and Edwards were both insane.

We had plenty of theological literature. There was Jenkyn on the Atonement, who demonstrated the wisdom of God in devising a way in which the sufferings of innocence could justify the guilty. He tried to show that children could justly be punished for the sins of their ancestors, and that men could, if they had faith, be justly credited with the virtues of others. Nothing could be more devout, orthodox, and idiotic. But all of our theology was not in prose. We had Milton with his celestial militia—with his great and blundering God, his proud and cunning Devil—his wars between immortals, and all the sublime absurdities that religion wrought within the blind man's brain.

The theology taught by Milton was dear to the Puritan heart. It was accepted by New England, and it poisoned the souls and ruined the lives of thousands. The genius of Shakespeare could not make the theology of Milton poetic. In the literature of the world there is nothing, outside of the "sacred books," more perfectly absurd.

We had Young's Night Thoughts, and I supposed that the author was an exceedingly devout and loving follower of the Lord. Yet Young had a great desire to be a bishop, and to accomplish that end he electioneered with the king's mistress. In other words, he was a fine old hypocrite. In the "Night Thoughts" there is scarcely a genuinely honest, natural line. It is pretence from beginning to end. He did not write what he felt, but what he thought he ought to feel.

We had Pollok's Course of Time, with its worm that never dies, its quenchless flames, its endless pangs, its leering devils, and its gloating God. This frightful poem should have been written in a madhouse. In it you find all the cries and groans and shrieks of maniacs, when they tear and rend each other's flesh. It is as heartless, as hideous, as hellish as the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy.

We all know the beautiful hymn commencing with the cheerful line: "Hark from the tombs, a doleful sound." Nothing could have been more appropriate for children. It is well to put a coffin where it can be seen from the cradle. When a mother nurses her child, an open grave should be at her feet. This would tend to make the babe serious, reflective, religious and miserable.

God hates laughter and despises mirth. To feel free, untrammeled, irresponsible, joyous,—to forget care and death—to be flooded with sunshine without a fear of night—to forget the past, to have no thought of the future, no dream of God, or heaven, or hell—to be intoxicated with the present—to be conscious only of the clasp and kiss of the one you love—this is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

But we had Cowper's poems. Cowper was sincere. He was the opposite of Young. He had an observing eye, a gentle heart and a sense of the artistic. He sympathized with

all who suffered—with the imprisoned, the enslaved, the outcasts. He loved the beautiful. No wonder that the belief in eternal punishment made this loving soul insane. No wonder that the "tidings of great joy" quenched Hope's great star and left his broken heart in the darkness of despair.

We had many volumes of orthodox sermons, filled with wrath and the terrors of the judgment to come—sermons that had been delivered by savage saints.

We had the Book of Martyrs, showing that Christians had for many centuries imitated the God they worshiped.

We had the history of the Waldenses—of the Reformation of the Church. We had Pilgrim's Progress, Baxter's Call and Butler's Analogy.

To use a Western phrase or saying, I found that Bishop Butler dug up more snakes than he killed—suggested more difficulties than he explained—more doubts than he dispelled.

IV.

AMONG such books my youth was passed. All the seeds of Christianity—of superstition, were sown in my mind and cultivated with great diligence and care.

All that time I knew nothing of any science—nothing about the other side—nothing of the objections that had been urged against the blessed Scriptures, or against the perfect Congregational creed. Of course I had heard the ministers speak of blasphemers, of infidel wretches, of scoffers who laughed at holy things. They did not answer their arguments, but they tore their characters into shreds and demonstrated by the fury of assertion that they had done the Devil's work. And yet in spite of all I heard—of all I read, I could not quite believe. My brain and heart said No.

For a time I left the dreams, the insanities, the illusions and delusions, the nightmares of theology. I studied astronomy, just a little—I examined maps of the heavens—learned the names of some of the constellations—of some of the stars—found something of their size and the velocity with which they wheeled in their orbits—obtained a faint conception of astronomical spaces—found that some of the known stars were so far away in the depths of space that their light, traveling at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles a second, required many years to reach this little world—found that, compared with the great stars, our earth was but a grain of sand—an atom—found that the old belief that all the hosts of heaven had been created for the benefit of man, was infinitely absurd.

I compared what was really known about the stars with the account of creation as told in Genesis. I found that the writer of the inspired book had no knowledge of astronomy—that he was as ignorant as a Choctaw chief—as an Eskimo driver of dogs. Does any one imagine that the author of Genesis knew anything about the sun—its size? that he was acquainted with Sirius, the North Star, with Capella, or that he knew anything of the clusters of stars so far away that their light, now visiting our eyes, has been traveling for two million years?

If he had known these facts would he have said that Jehovah worked nearly six days to make this world, and only a part of the afternoon of the fourth day to make the sun and moon and all the stars?

Yet millions of people insist that the writer of Genesis was inspired by the Creator of all worlds.

Now, intelligent men, who are not frightened, whose brains have not been paralyzed by fear, know that the sacred story of creation was written by an ignorant savage. The story is inconsistent with all known facts, and every star shining in the heavens testifies that its author was an uninspired barbarian.

I admit that this unknown writer was sincere, that he wrote what he believed to be true—that he did the best he could. He did not claim to be inspired—did not pretend that the story had been told to him by Jehovah. He simply stated the "facts" as he understood them.

After I had learned a little about the stars I concluded that this writer, this "inspired" scribe, had been misled by myth and legend, and that he knew no more about creation than the average theologian of my day. In other words, that he knew absolutely nothing.

And here, allow me to say that the ministers who are answering me are turning their guns in the wrong direction. These reverend gentlemen should attack the astronomers. They should malign and vilify Kepler, Copernicus, Newton, Herschel and Laplace. These men were the real destroyers of the sacred story. Then, after having disposed of them, they can wage a war against the stars, and against Jehovah himself for having furnished evidence against the truthfulness of his book.

Then I studied geology—not much, just a little—just enough to find in a general way the principal facts that had been discovered, and some of the conclusions that had been reached. I learned something of the action of fire—of water—of the formation of islands and continents—of the sedimentary and igneous rocks—of the coal measures—of the chalk cliffs, something about coral reefs—about the deposits made by rivers, the effect of volcanoes, of glaciers, and of the all surrounding sea—just enough to know that the Laurentian rocks were millions of ages older than the grass beneath my feet—just enough to feel certain that this world had been pursuing its flight about the sun, wheeling in light and shade, for hundreds of millions of years—just enough to know that the "inspired" writer knew nothing of the history of the earth—nothing of the great forces of nature—of wind and wave and fire—forces that have destroyed and built, wrecked and wrought through all the countless years.

And let me tell the ministers again that they should not waste their time in answering me. They should attack the geologists. They should deny the facts that have been discovered. They should launch their curses at the blaspheming seas, and dash their heads against the infidel rocks.

Then I studied biology—not much—just enough to know something of animal forms, enough to know that life existed when the Laurentian rocks were made—just enough to know that implements of stone, implements that had been formed by human hands, had been found mingled with the bones of extinct animals, bones that had been split with these implements, and that these animals had ceased to exist hundreds of thousands of years before the manufacture of Adam and Eve.

Then I felt sure that the "inspired" record was false—that many millions of people had been deceived and that all I had been taught about the origin of worlds and men was utterly untrue. I felt that I knew that the Old Testament was the work of ignorant men—that it was a mingling of truth and mistake, of wisdom and foolishness, of cruelty and kindness, of philosophy and absurdity—that it contained some elevated thoughts, some poetry,—-a good deal of the solemn and commonplace,—some hysterical, some tender, some wicked prayers, some insane predictions, some delusions, and some chaotic dreams.

Of course the theologians fought the facts found by the geologists, the scientists, and sought to sustain the sacred Scriptures. They mistook the bones of the mastodon for those of human beings, and by them proudly proved that "there were giants in those days." They accounted for the fossils by saying that God had made them to try our faith, or that the Devil had imitated the works of the Creator.

They answered the geologists by saying that the "days" in Genesis were long periods of time, and that after all the flood might have been local. They told the astronomers that the sun and moon were not actually, but only apparently, stopped. And that the appearance was produced by the reflection and refraction of light.

They excused the slavery and polygamy, the robbery and murder upheld in the Old Testament by saying that the people were so degraded that Jehovah was compelled to pander to their ignorance and prejudice.

In every way the clergy sought to evade the facts, to dodge the truth, to preserve the creed.

At first they flatly denied the facts—then they belittled them—then they harmonized them—then they denied that they had denied them. Then they changed the meaning of the "inspired" book to fit the facts.

At first they said that if the facts, as claimed, were true, the Bible was false and Christianity itself a superstition. Afterward they said the facts, as claimed, were true and that they established beyond all doubt the inspiration of the Bible and the divine origin of orthodox religion.

Anything they could not dodge, they swallowed, and anything they could not swallow, they dodged.

I gave up the Old Testament on account of its mistakes, its absurdities, its ignorance and its cruelty. I gave up the New because it vouched for the truth of the Old. I gave it up on account of its miracles, its contradictions, because Christ and his disciples believed in the existence of devils—talked and made bargains with them, expelled them from people and animals.

This, of itself, is enough. We know, if we know anything, that devils do not exist—that Christ never cast them out, and that if he pretended to, he was either ignorant, dishonest or insane. These stories about devils demonstrate the human, the ignorant origin of the New Testament. I gave up the New Testament because it rewards credulity, and curses brave and honest men, and because it teaches the infinite horror of eternal pain.

V.

HAVING spent my youth in reading books about religion—about the "new birth"—the disobedience of our first parents, the atonement, salvation by faith, the wickedness of pleasure, the degrading consequences of love, and the impossibility of getting to heaven by being honest and generous, and having become somewhat weary of the frayed and raveled thoughts, you can imagine my surprise, my delight when I read the poems of Robert Burns.

I was familiar with the writings of the devout and insincere, the pious and petrified, the pure and heartless. Here was a natural honest man. I knew the works of those who regarded all nature as depraved, and looked upon love as the legacy and perpetual witness of original sin. Here was a man who plucked joy from the mire, made goddesses of peasant girls, and enthroned the honest man. One whose

sympathy, with loving arms, embraced all forms of suffering life, who hated slavery of every kind, who was as natural as heaven's blue, with humor kindly as an autumn day, with wit as sharp as Ithuriel's spear, and scorn that blasted like the simoon's breath. A man who loved this world, this life, the things of every day, and placed above all else the thrilling ecstasies of human love.

I read and read again with rapture, tears and smiles, feeling that a great heart was throbbing in the lines.

The religious, the lugubrious, the artificial, the spiritual poets were forgotten or remained only as the fragments, the half remembered horrors of monstrous and distorted dreams.

I had found at last a natural man, one who despised his country's cruel creed, and was brave and sensible enough to say: "All religions are auld wives' fables, but an honest man has nothing to fear, either in this world or the world to come."

One who had the genius to write Holy Willie's Prayer—a poem that crucified Calvinism and through its bloodless heart thrust the spear of common sense—a poem that made every orthodox creed the food of scorn—of inextinguishable laughter.

Burns had his faults, his frailties. He was intensely human. Still, I would rather appear at the "Judgment Seat" drunk, and be able to say that I was the author of "A man's a man for 'a that," than to be perfectly sober and admit that I had lived and died a Scotch Presbyterian.

I read Byron—read his Cain, in which, as in Paradise Lost, the Devil seems to be the better god—read his beautiful, sublime and bitter lines—read his Prisoner of Chillon—his best—a poem that filled my heart with tenderness, with pity, and with an eternal hatred of tyranny.

I read Shelley's Queen Mab—a poem filled with beauty, courage, thought, sympathy, tears and scorn, in which a brave soul tears down the prison walls and floods the cells with light. I read his Skylark—a winged flame—passionate as blood—tender as tears—pure as light.

I read Keats, "whose name was writ in water"—read St. Agnes Eve, a story told with such an artless art that this poor common world is changed to fairy land—the Grecian Urn, that fills the soul with ever eager love, with all the rapture of imagined song—the Nightingale—a melody in which there is the memory of morn—a melody that dies away in dusk and tears, paining the senses with its perfectness.

And then I read Shakespeare, the plays, the sonnets, the poems—read all. I beheld a new heaven and a new earth; Shakespeare, who knew the brain and heart of man—the hopes and fears, the loves and hatreds, the vices and the virtues of the human race; whose imagination read the tear-blurred records, the blood-stained pages of all the past, and saw falling athwart the outspread scroll the light of hope and love; Shakespeare, who sounded every depth—while on the loftiest peak there fell the shadow of his wings.

I compared the Plays with the "inspired" books—Romeo and Juliet with the Song of Solomon, Lear with Job, and the Sonnets with the Psalms, and I found that Jehovah did not understand the art of speech. I compared Shakespeare's women—his perfect women—with the women of the Bible. I found that Jehovah was not a sculptor, not a painter—not an artist—that he lacked the power that changes clay to flesh—the art,

the plastic touch, that moulds the perfect form—the breath that gives it free and joyous life—the genius that creates the faultless.

The sacred books of all the world are worthless dross and common stones compared with Shakespeare's glittering gold and gleaming gems.

VI.

UP to this time I had read nothing against our blessed religion except what I had found in Burns, Byron and Shelley. By some accident I read Volney, who shows that all religions are, and have been, established in the same way—that all had their Christs, their apostles, miracles and sacred books, and then asked how it is possible to decide which is the true one. A question that is still waiting for an answer.

I read Gibbon, the greatest of historians, who marshaled his facts as skillfully as Cæsar did his legions, and I learned that Christianity is only a name for Paganism—for the old religion, shorn of its beauty—that some absurdities had been exchanged for others—that some gods had been killed—a vast multitude of devils created, and that hell had been enlarged.

And then I read the Age of Reason, by Thomas Paine. Let me tell you something about this sublime and slandered man. He came to this country just before the Revolution. He brought a letter of introduction from Benjamin Franklin, at that time the greatest American.

In Philadelphia, Paine was employed to write for the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. We know that he wrote at least five articles. The first was against slavery, the second against duelling, the third on the treatment of prisoners—showing that the object should be to reform, not to punish and degrade—the fourth on the rights of woman, and the fifth in favor of forming societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals.

From this you see that he suggested the great reforms of our century.

The truth is that he labored all his life for the good of his fellow-men, and did as much to found the Great Republic as any man who ever stood beneath our flag.

He gave his thoughts about religion—about the blessed Scriptures, about the superstitions of his time. He was perfectly sincere and what he said was kind and fair.

The Age of Reason filled with hatred the hearts of those who loved their enemies, and the occupant of every orthodox pulpit became, and still is, a passionate maligner of Thomas Paine.

No one has answered—no one will answer, his argument against the dogma of inspiration—his objections to the Bible.

He did not rise above all the superstitions of his day. While he hated Jehovah, he praised the God of Nature, the creator and preserver of all. In this he was wrong, because, as Watson said in his Reply to Paine, the God of Nature is as heartless, as cruel as the God of the Bible.

But Paine was one of the pioneers—one of the Titans, one of the heroes, who gladly gave his life, his every thought and act, to free and civilize mankind.

I read Voltaire—Voltaire, the greatest man of his century, and who did more for liberty of thought and speech than any other being, human or "divine." Voltaire, who tore the mask from hypocrisy and found behind the painted smile the fangs of hate.

Voltaire, who attacked the savagery of the law, the cruel decisions of venal courts, and rescued victims from the wheel and rack. Voltaire, who waged war against the tyranny of thrones, the greed and heartlessness of power. Voltaire, who filled the flesh of priests with the barbed and poisoned arrows of his wit and made the pious jugglers, who cursed him in public, laugh at themselves in private. Voltaire, who sided with the oppressed, rescued the unfortunate, championed the obscure and weak, civilized judges, repealed laws and abolished torture in his native land.

In every direction this tireless man fought the absurd, the miraculous, the supernatural, the idiotic, the unjust. He had no reverence for the ancient. He was not awed by pageantry and pomp, by crowned Crime or mitered Pretence. Beneath the crown he saw the criminal, under the miter, the hypocrite.

To the bar of his conscience, his reason, he summoned the barbarism and the barbarians of his time. He pronounced judgment against them all, and that judgment has been affirmed by the intelligent world. Voltaire lighted a torch and gave to others the sacred flame. The light still shines and will as long as man loves liberty and seeks for truth.

I read Zeno, the man who said, centuries before our Christ was born, that man could not own his fellow-man.

“No matter whether you claim a slave by purchase or capture, the title is bad. They who claim to own their fellow-men, look down into the pit and forget the justice that should rule the world.”

I became acquainted with Epicurus, who taught the religion of usefulness, of temperance, of courage and wisdom, and who said: “Why should I fear death? If I am, death is not. If death is, I am not. Why should I fear that which cannot exist when I do?”

I read about Socrates, who when on trial for his life, said, among other things, to his judges, these wondrous words: “I have not sought during my life to amass wealth and to adorn my body, but I have sought to adorn my soul with the jewels of wisdom, patience, and above all with a love of liberty.”

So, I read about Diogenes, the philosopher who hated the superfluous—the enemy of waste and greed, and who one day entered the temple, reverently approached the altar, crushed a louse between the nails of his thumbs, and solemnly said: “The sacrifice of Diogenes to all the gods.” This parodied the worship of the world—satirized all creeds, and in one act put the essence of religion.

Diogenes must have know of this “inspired” passage—”Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.”

I compared Zeno, Epicurus and Socrates, three heathen wretches who had never heard of the Old Testament or the Ten Commandments, with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, three favorites of Jehovah, and I was depraved enough to think that the Pagans were superior to the Patriarchs—and to Jehovah himself.

VII.

MY attention was turned to other religions, to the sacred books, the creeds and ceremonies of other lands—of India, Egypt, Assyria, Persia, of the dead and dying nations.

I concluded that all religions had the same foundation—a belief in the supernatural—a power above nature that man could influence by worship—by sacrifice and prayer.

I found that all religions rested on a mistaken conception of nature—that the religion of a people was the science of that people, that is to say, their explanation of the world—of life and death—of origin and destiny.

I concluded that all religions had substantially the same origin, and that in fact there has never been but one religion in the world. The twigs and leaves may differ, but the trunk is the same.

The poor African that pours out his heart to his deity of stone is on an exact religious level with the robed priest who supplicates his God. The same mistake, the same superstition, bends the knees and shuts the eyes of both. Both ask for supernatural aid, and neither has the slightest thought of the absolute uniformity of nature.

It seems probable to me that the first organized ceremonial religion was the worship of the sun. The sun was the "Sky Father," the "All Seeing," the source of life—the fireside of the world. The sun was regarded as a god who fought the darkness, the power of evil, the enemy of man.

There have been many sun-gods, and they seem to have been the chief deities in the ancient religions. They have been worshiped in many lands—by many nations that have passed to death and dust.

Apollo was a sun-god and he fought and conquered the serpent of night. Baldur was a sun-god. He was in love with the Dawn—a maiden. Chrishna was a sun-god. At his birth the Ganges was thrilled from its source to the sea, and all the trees, the dead as well as the living, burst into leaf and bud and flower. Hercules was a sun-god and so was Samson, whose strength was in his hair—that is to say, in his beams. He was shorn of his strength by Delilah, the shadow—the darkness. Osiris, Bacchus, and Mithra, Hermes, Buddha, and Quetzalcoatl, Prometheus, Zoroaster, and Perseus, Cadom, Lao-tsze, Fo-hi, Horus and Rameses, were all sun-gods.

All of these gods had gods for fathers and their mothers were virgins. The births of nearly all were announced by stars, celebrated by celestial music, and voices declared that a blessing had come to the poor world. All of these gods were born in humble places—in caves, under trees, in common inns, and tyrants sought to kill them all when they were babes. All of these sun-gods were born at the winter solstice—on Christmas. Nearly all were worshiped by "wise men." All of them fasted for forty days—all of them taught in parables—all of them wrought miracles—all met with a violent death, and all rose from the dead.

The history of these gods is the exact history of our Christ.

This is not a coincidence—an accident. Christ was a sun-god. Christ was a new name for an old biography—a survival—the last of the sun-gods. Christ was not a man, but a myth—not a life, but a legend.

I found that we had not only borrowed our Christ—but that all our sacraments, symbols and ceremonies were legacies that we received from the buried past. There is nothing original in Christianity.

The cross was a symbol thousands of years before our era. It was a symbol of life, of immortality—of the god Agni, and it was chiseled upon tombs many ages before a line of our Bible was written.

Baptism is far older than Christianity—than Judaism. The Hindus, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans had Holy Water long before a Catholic lived. The eucharist was borrowed from the Pagans. Ceres was the goddess of the fields—Bacchus of the vine. At the harvest festival they made cakes of wheat and said: "This is the flesh of the goddess." They drank wine and cried: "This is the blood of our god."

The Egyptians had a Trinity. They worshiped Osiris, Isis and Horus, thousands of years before the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were known.

The Tree of Life grew in India, in China, and among the Aztecs, long before the Garden of Eden was planted.

Long before our Bible was known, other nations had their sacred books.

The dogmas of the Fall of Man, the Atonement and Salvation by Faith, are far older than our religion.

In our blessed gospel,—in our "divine scheme,"—there is nothing new—nothing original. All old—all borrowed, pieced and patched.

Then I concluded that all religions had been naturally produced, and that all were variations, modifications of one,—then I felt that I knew that all were the work of man.

VIII.

THE theologians had always insisted that their God was the creator of all living things—that the forms, parts, functions, colors and varieties of animals were the expressions of his fancy, taste and wisdom—that he made them all precisely as they are to-day—that he invented fins and legs and wings—that he furnished them with the weapons of attack, the shields of defence—that he formed them with reference to food and climate, taking into consideration all facts affecting life.

They insisted that man was a special creation, not related in any way to the animals below him. They also asserted that all the forms of vegetation, from mosses to forests, were just the same to-day as the moment they were made.

Men of genius, who were for the most part free from religious prejudice, were examining these things—were looking for facts. They were examining the fossils of animals and plants—studying the forms of animals—their bones and muscles—the effect of climate and food—the strange modifications through which they had passed.

Humboldt had published his lectures—filled with great thoughts—with splendid generalizations—with suggestions that stimulated the spirit of investigation, and with conclusions that satisfied the mind. He demonstrated the uniformity of Nature—the kinship of all that lives and grows—that breathes and thinks.

Darwin, with his Origin of Species, his theories about Natural Selection, the Survival of the Fittest, and the influence of environment, shed a flood of light upon the great problems of plant and animal life.

These things had been guessed, prophesied, asserted, hinted by many others, but Darwin, with infinite patience, with perfect care and candor, found the facts, fulfilled the prophecies, and demonstrated the truth of the guesses, hints and assertions. He was, in my judgment, the keenest observer, the best judge of the meaning and value of a fact, the greatest Naturalist the world has produced.

The theological view began to look small and mean.

Spencer gave his theory of evolution and sustained it by countless facts. He stood at a great height, and with the eyes of a philosopher, a profound thinker, surveyed the world. He has influenced the thought of the wisest.

Theology looked more absurd than ever.

Huxley entered the lists for Darwin. No man ever had a sharper sword—a better shield. He challenged the world. The great theologians and the small scientists—those who had more courage than sense, accepted the challenge. Their poor bodies were carried away by their friends.

Huxley had intelligence, industry, genius, and the courage to express his thought. He was absolutely loyal to what he thought was truth. Without prejudice and without fear, he followed the footsteps of life from the lowest to the highest forms.

Theology looked smaller still.

Haeckel began at the simplest cell, went from change to change—from form to form—followed the line of development, the path of life, until he reached the human race. It was all natural. There had been no interference from without.

I read the works of these great men—of many others—and became convinced that they were right, and that all the theologians—all the believers in "special creation" were absolutely wrong.

The Garden of Eden faded away, Adam and Eve fell back to dust, the snake crawled into the grass, and Jehovah became a miserable myth.

IX.

I TOOK another step. What is matter—substance? Can it be destroyed—annihilated? Is it possible to conceive of the destruction of the smallest atom of substance? It can be ground to powder—changed from a solid to a liquid—from a liquid to a gas—but it all remains. Nothing is lost—nothing destroyed.

Let an infinite God, if there be one, attack a grain of sand—attack it with infinite power. It cannot be destroyed. It cannot surrender. It defies all force. Substance cannot be destroyed.

Then I took another step.

If matter cannot be destroyed, cannot be annihilated, it could not have been created.

The indestructible must be uncreateable.

And then I asked myself: What is force?

We cannot conceive of the creation of force, or of its destruction. Force may be changed from one form to another—from motion to heat—but it cannot be destroyed—annihilated.

If force cannot be destroyed it could not have been created. It is eternal.

Another thing—matter cannot exist apart from force. Force cannot exist apart from matter. Matter could not have existed before force. Force could not have existed before matter. Matter and force can only be conceived of together. This has been shown by several scientists, but most clearly, most forcibly by Büchner.

Thought is a form of force, consequently it could not have caused or created matter. Intelligence is a form of force and could not have existed without or apart from

matter. Without substance there could have been no mind, no will, no force in any form, and there could have been no substance without force.

Matter and force were not created. They have existed from eternity. They cannot be destroyed.

There was, there is, no creator. Then came the question: Is there a God? Is there a being of infinite intelligence, power and goodness, who governs the world?

There can be goodness without much intelligence—but it seems to me that perfect intelligence and perfect goodness must go together.

In nature I see, or seem to see, good and evil—intelligence and ignorance—goodness and cruelty—care and carelessness—economy and waste. I see means that do not accomplish the ends—designs that seem to fail.

To me it seems infinitely cruel for life to feed on life—to create animals that devour others.

The teeth and beaks, the claws and fangs, that tear and rend, fill me with horror. What can be more frightful than a world at-war? Every leaf a battle-field—every flower a Golgotha—in every drop of water pursuit, capture and death. Under every piece of bark, life lying in wait for life. On every blade of grass, something that kills,—something that suffers. Everywhere the strong living on the weak—the superior on the inferior. Everywhere the weak, the insignificant, living on the strong—the inferior on the superior—the highest food for the lowest—man sacrificed for the sake of microbes. Murder universal. Everywhere pain, disease and death—death that does not wait for bent forms and gray hairs, but clutches babes and happy youths. Death that takes the mother from her helpless, dimpled child—death that fills the world with grief and tears.

How can the orthodox Christian explain these things?

I know that life is good. I remember the sunshine and rain. Then I think of the earthquake and flood. I do not forget health and harvest, home and love—but what of pestilence and famine? I cannot harmonize all these contradictions—these blessings and agonies—with the existence of an infinitely good, wise and powerful God.

The theologian says that what we call evil is for our benefit—that we are placed in this world of sin and sorrow to develop character. If this is true I ask why the infant dies? Millions and millions draw a few breaths and fade away in the arms of their mothers. They are not allowed to develop character.

The theologian says that serpents were given fangs to protect themselves from their enemies. Why did the God who made them, make enemies? Why is it that many species of serpents have no fangs?

The theologian says that God armored the hippopotamus, covered his body, except the under part, with scales and plates, that other animals could not pierce with tooth or tusk. But the same God made the rhinoceros and supplied him with a horn on his nose, with which he disembowels the hippopotamus.

The same God made the eagle, the vulture, the hawk, and their helpless prey.

On every hand there seems to be design to defeat design.

If God created man—if he is the father of us all, why did he make the criminals, the insane, the deformed and idiotic?

Should the inferior man thank God? Should the mother, who clasps to her breast an idiot child, thank God? Should the slave thank God?

The theologian says that God governs the wind, the rain, the lightning. How then can we account for the cyclone, the flood, the drought, the glittering bolt that kills?

Suppose we had a man in this country who could control the wind, the rain and lightning, and suppose we elected him to govern these things, and suppose that he allowed whole States to dry and wither, and at the same time wasted the rain in the sea. Suppose that he allowed the winds to destroy cities and to crush to shapelessness thousands of men and women, and allowed the lightnings to strike the life out of mothers and babes. What would we say? What would we think of such a savage?

And yet, according to the theologians, this is exactly the course pursued by God.

What do we think of a man, who will not, when he has the power, protect his friends? Yet the Christian's God allowed his enemies to torture and burn his friends, his worshipers.

Who has ingenuity enough to explain this?

What good man, having the power to prevent it, would allow the innocent to be imprisoned, chained in dungeons, and sigh against the dripping walls their weary lives away?

If God governs the world, why is innocence not a perfect shield? Why does injustice triumph?

Who can answer these questions?

In answer, the intelligent, honest man must say: I do not know.

X.

THIS God must be, if he exists, a person—a conscious being. Who can imagine an infinite personality? This God must have force, and we cannot conceive of force apart from matter. This God must be material. He must have the means by which he changes force to what we call thought. When he thinks he uses force, force that must be replaced. Yet we are told that he is infinitely wise. If he is, he does not think. Thought is a ladder—a process by which we reach a conclusion. He who knows all conclusions cannot think. He cannot hope or fear. When knowledge is perfect there can be no passion, no emotion. If God is infinite he does not want. He has all. He who does not want does not act. The infinite must dwell in eternal calm.

It is as impossible to conceive of such a being as to imagine a square triangle, or to think of a circle without a diameter.

Yet we are told that it is our duty to love this God. Can we love the unknown, the inconceivable? Can it be our duty to love anybody? It is our duty to act justly, honestly, but it cannot be our duty to love. We cannot be under obligation to admire a painting—to be charmed with a poem—or thrilled with music. Admiration cannot be controlled. Taste and love are not the servants of the will. Love is, and must be free. It rises from the heart like perfume from a flower.

For thousands of ages men and women have been trying to love the gods—trying to soften their hearts—trying to get their aid.

I see them all. The panorama passes before me. I see them with outstretched hands—with reverently closed eyes—worshiping the sun. I see them bowing, in their fear and

need, to meteoric stones—imploring serpents, beasts and sacred trees—praying to idols wrought of wood and stone. I see them building altars to the unseen powers, staining them with blood of child and beast. I see the countless priests and hear their solemn chants. I see the dying victims, the smoking altars, the swinging censers, and the rising clouds. I see the half-god men—the mournful Christs, in many lands. I see the common things of life change to miracles as they speed from mouth to mouth. I see the insane prophets reading the secret book of fate by signs and dreams. I see them all—the Assyrians chanting the praises of Asshur and Ishtar—the Hindus worshiping Brahma, Vishnu and Draupadi, the whitearmed—the Chaldeans sacrificing to Bel and Hea—the Egyptians bowing to Ptah and Ra, Osiris and Isis—the Medes placating the storm, worshiping the fire—the Babylonians supplicating Bel and Morodach—I see them all by the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Ganges and the Nile. I see the Greeks building temples for Zeus, Neptune and Venus. I see the Romans kneeling to a hundred gods. I see others spurning idols and pouring out their hopes and fears to a vague image in the mind. I see the multitudes, with open mouths, receive as truths the myths and fables of the vanished years. I see them give their toil, their wealth to robe the priests, to build the vaulted roofs, the spacious aisles, the glittering domes. I see them clad in rags, huddled in dens and huts, devouring crusts and scraps, that they may give the more to ghosts and gods. I see them make their cruel creeds and fill the world with hatred, war, and death. I see them with their faces in the dust in the dark days of plague and sudden death, when cheeks are wan and lips are white for lack of bread. I hear their prayers, their sighs, their sobs. I see them kiss the unconscious lips as their hot tears fall on the pallid faces of the dead. I see the nations as they fade and fail. I see them captured and enslaved. I see their altars mingle with the common earth, their temples crumble slowly back to dust. I see their gods grow old and weak, infirm and faint. I see them fall from vague and misty thrones, helpless and dead. The worshipers receive no help. Injustice triumphs. Toilers are paid with the lash,—babes are sold,—the innocent stand on scaffolds, and the heroic perish in flames. I see the earthquakes devour, the volcanoes overwhelm, the cyclones wreck, the floods destroy, and the lightnings kill.

The nations perished. The gods died. The toil and wealth were lost. The temples were built in vain, and all the prayers died unanswered in the heedless air.

Then I asked myself the question: Is there a supernatural power—an arbitrary mind—an enthroned God—a supreme will that sways the tides and currents of the world—to which all causes bow?

I do not deny. I do not know—but I do not believe. I believe that the natural is supreme—that from the infinite chain no link can be lost or broken—that there is no supernatural power that can answer prayer—no power that worship can persuade or change—no power that cares for man.

I believe that with infinite arms Nature embraces the all—that there is no interference—no chance—that behind every event are the necessary and countless causes, and that beyond every event will be and must be the necessary and countless effects.

Man must protect himself. He cannot depend upon the supernatural—upon an imaginary father in the skies. He must protect himself by finding the facts in Nature, by developing his brain, to the end that he may overcome the obstructions and take advantage of the forces of Nature.

Is there a God?

I do not know.

Is man immortal?

I do not know.

One thing I do know, and that is, that neither hope, nor fear, belief, nor denial, can change the fact. It is as it is, and it will be as it must be.

We wait and hope.

XI.

WHEN I became convinced that the Universe is natural—that all the ghosts and gods are myths, there entered into my brain, into my soul, into every drop of my blood, the sense, the feeling, the joy of freedom. The walls of my prison crumbled and fell, the dungeon was flooded with light and all the bolts, and bars, and manacles became dust. I was no longer a servant, a serf or a slave. There was for me no master in all the wide world—not even in infinite space. I was free—free to think, to express my thoughts—free to live to my own ideal—free to live for myself and those I loved—free to use all my faculties, all my senses—free to spread imagination's wings—free to investigate, to guess and dream and hope—free to judge and determine for myself—free to reject all ignorant and cruel creeds, all the "inspired" books that savages have produced, and all the barbarous legends of the past—free from popes and priests—free from all the "called" and "set apart"—free from sanctified mistakes and holy lies—free from the fear of eternal pain—free from the winged monsters of the night—free from devils, ghosts and gods. For the first time I was free. There were no prohibited places in all the realms of thought—no air, no space, where fancy could not spread her painted wings—no chains for my limbs—no lashes for my back—no fires for my flesh—no master's frown or threat—no following another's steps—no need to bow, or cringe, or crawl, or utter lying words. I was free. I stood erect and fearlessly, joyously, faced all worlds.

And then my heart was filled with gratitude, with thankfulness, and went out in love to all the heroes, the thinkers who gave their lives for the liberty of hand and brain—for the freedom of labor and thought—to those who fell on the fierce fields of war, to those who died in dungeons bound with chains—to those who proudly mounted scaffold's stairs—to those whose bones were crushed, whose flesh was scarred and torn—to those by fire consumed—to all the wise, the good, the brave of every land, whose thoughts and deeds have given freedom to the sons of men. And then I vowed to grasp the torch that they had held, and hold it high, that light might conquer darkness still.

Let us be true to ourselves—true to the facts we know, and let us, above all things, preserve the veracity of our souls.

If there be gods we cannot help them, but we can assist our fellow-men. We cannot love the inconceivable, but we can love wife and child and friend.

We can be as honest as we are ignorant. If we are, when asked what is beyond the horizon of the known, we must say that we do not know. We can tell the truth, and we can enjoy the blessed freedom that the brave have won. We can destroy the monsters of superstition, the hissing snakes of ignorance and fear. We can drive from our minds the frightful things that tear and wound with beak and fang. We can civilize our fellow-men. We can fill our lives with generous deeds, with loving words, with art and song, and all the ecstasies of love. We can flood our years with

sunshine—with the divine climate of kindness, and we can drain to the last drop the golden cup of joy.

The Truth

I.

THROUGH millions of ages, by countless efforts to satisfy his wants, to gratify his passions, his appetites, man slowly developed his brain, changed two of his feet into hands and forced into the darkness of his brain a few gleams and glimmerings of reason. He was hindered by ignorance, by fear, by mistakes, and he advanced only as he found the truth—the absolute facts. Through countless years he has groped and crawled and struggled and climbed and stumbled toward the light. He has been hindered and delayed and deceived by augurs and prophets—by popes and priests. He has been betrayed by saints, misled by apostles and Christs, frightened by devils and ghosts—enslaved by chiefs and kings—robbed by altars and thrones. In the name of education his mind has been filled with mistakes, with miracles, and lies, with the impossible, the absurd and infamous. In the name of religion he has been taught humility and arrogance, love and hatred, forgiveness and revenge.

But the world is changing. We are tired of barbarian bibles and savage creeds.

Nothing is greater, nothing is of more importance, than to find amid the errors and darkness of this life, a shining truth.

Truth is the intellectual wealth of the world.

The noblest of occupations is to search for truth.

Truth is the foundation, the superstructure, and the glittering dome of progress.

Truth is the mother of joy. Truth civilizes, ennobles, and purifies. The grandest ambition that can enter the soul is to know the truth.

Truth gives man the greatest power for good. Truth is sword and shield. It is the sacred light of the soul.

The man who finds a truth lights a torch.

How is Truth to be Found?

By investigation, experiment and reason.

Every human being should be allowed to investigate to the extent of his desire—his ability. The literature of the world should be open to him—nothing prohibited, sealed or hidden. No subject can be too sacred to be understood. Each person should be allowed to reach his own conclusions and to speak his honest thought.

He who threatens the investigator with punishment here, or hereafter, is an enemy of the human race. And he who tries to bribe the investigator with the promise of eternal joy is a traitor to his fellow-men.

There is no real investigation without freedom—freedom from the fear of gods and men.

So, all investigation—all experiment—should be pursued in the light of reason.

Every man should be true to himself—true to the inward light. Each man, in the laboratory of his own mind, and for himself alone, should test the so-called facts—the theories of all the world. Truth, *in accordance with his reason*, should be his guide and master.

To love the truth, thus perceived, is mental virtue—intellectual purity. This is true manhood. This is freedom.

To throw away your reason at the command of churches, popes, parties, kings or gods, is to be a serf, a slave.

It is not simply the right, but it is the duty of every man to think—to investigate for himself—and every man who tries to prevent this by force or fear, is doing all he can to degrade and enslave his fellow-men.

Every Man Should be Mentally Honest.

He should preserve as his most precious jewel the perfect veracity of his soul.

He should examine all questions presented to his mind, without prejudice,—unbiased by hatred or love—by desire or fear. His object and his only object should be to find the truth. He knows, if he listens to reason, that truth is not dangerous and that error is. He should weigh the evidence, the arguments, in honest scales—scales that passion or interest cannot change. He should care nothing for authority—nothing for names, customs or creeds—nothing for anything that his reason does not say is true.

Of his world he should be the sovereign, and his soul should wear the purple. From his dominions should be banished the hosts of force and fear.

He Should be Intellectually Hospitable.

Prejudice, egotism, hatred, contempt, disdain, are the enemies of truth and progress.

The real searcher after truth will not receive the old because it is old, or reject the new because it is new. He will not believe men because they are dead, or contradict them because they are alive. With him an utterance is worth the truth, the reason it contains, without the slightest regard to the author. He may have been a king or serf—a philosopher or servant,—but the utterance neither gains nor loses in truth or reason. Its value is absolutely independent of the fame or station of the man who gave it to the world.

Nothing but falsehood needs the assistance of fame and place, of robes and mitres, of tiaras and crowns.

The wise, the really honest and intelligent, are not swayed or governed by numbers—by majorities.

They accept what they really believe to be true. They care nothing for the opinions of ancestors, nothing for creeds, assertions and theories, unless they satisfy the reason.

In all directions they seek for truth, and when found, accept it with joy—accept it in spite of preconceived opinions—in spite of prejudice and hatred.

This is the course pursued by wise and honest men, and no other course is possible for them.

In every department of human endeavor men are seeking for the truth—for the facts. The statesman reads the history of the world, gathers the statistics of all nations to the end that his country may avoid the mistakes of the past. The geologist penetrates the rocks in search of facts—climbs mountains, visits the extinct craters, traverses islands and continents that he may know something of the history of the world. He wants the truth.

The chemist, with crucible and retort, with countless experiments, is trying to find the qualities of substances—to ravel what nature has woven.

The great mechanics dwell in the realm of the real. They seek by natural means to conquer and use the forces of nature. They want the truth—the actual facts.

The physicians, the surgeons, rely on observation, experiment and reason. They become acquainted with the human body—with muscle, blood and nerve—with the wonders of the brain. They want nothing but the truth.

And so it is with the students of every science. On every hand they look for facts, and it is of the utmost importance that they give to the world the facts they find.

Their courage should equal their intelligence. No matter what the dead have said, or the living believe, they should tell what they know. They should have intellectual courage.

If it be good for man to find the truth—good for him to be intellectually honest and hospitable, then it is good for others to know the truths thus found.

Every man should have the courage to give his honest thought. This makes the finder and publisher of truth a public benefactor.

Those who prevent, or try to prevent, the expression of honest thought, are the foes of civilization—the enemies of truth. Nothing can exceed the egotism and impudence of the man who claims the right to express his thought and denies the same right to others.

It will not do to say that certain ideas are sacred, and that man has not the right to investigate and test these ideas for himself.

Who knows that they are sacred? Can anything be sacred to us that we do not know to be true?

For many centuries free speech has been an insult to God. Nothing has been more blasphemous than the expression of honest thought. For many ages the lips of the wise were sealed. The torches that truth had lighted, that courage carried and held aloft, were extinguished with blood.

Truth has always been in favor of free speech—has always asked to be investigated—has always longed to be known and understood. Freedom, discussion, honesty, investigation and courage are the friends and allies of truth. Truth loves the light and the open field. It appeals to the senses—to the judgment, the reason, to all the higher and nobler faculties and powers of the mind. It seeks to calm the passions, to destroy prejudice and to increase the volume and intensity of reason's flame.

It does not ask man to cringe or crawl. It does not desire the worship of the ignorant or the prayers and praises of the frightened. It says to every human being, "Think for yourself. Enjoy the freedom of a god, and have the goodness and the courage to express your honest thought."

Why should we pursue the truth? and why should we investigate and reason? and why should we be mentally honest and hospitable? and why should we express our honest thoughts? To this there is but one answer: for the benefit of mankind.

The brain must be developed. The world must think. Speech must be free. The world must learn that credulity is not a virtue and that no question is settled until reason is fully satisfied.

By these means man will overcome many of the obstructions of nature. He will cure or avoid many diseases. He will lessen pain. He will lengthen, ennoble and enrich life. In every direction he will increase his power. He will satisfy his wants, gratify his tastes. He will put roof and raiment, food and fuel, home and happiness within the reach of all.

He will drive want and crime from the world. He will destroy the serpents of fear, the monsters of superstition. He will become intelligent and free, honest and serene.

The monarch of the skies will be dethroned—the flames of hell will be extinguished. Pious beggars will become honest and useful men. Hypocrisy will collect no tolls from fear, lies will not be regarded as sacred, this life will not be sacrificed for another, human beings will love each other instead of gods, men will do right, not for the sake of reward in some other world, but for the sake of happiness here. Man will find that Nature is the only revelation, and that he, by his own efforts, must learn to read the stories told by star and cloud, by rock and soil, by sea and stream, by rain and fire, by plant and flower, by life in all its curious forms, and all the things and forces of the world.

When he reads these stories, these records, he will know that man must rely on himself,—that the supernatural does not exist, and that man must be the providence of man.

It is impossible to conceive of an argument against the freedom of thought—against maintaining your self-respect and preserving the spotless and stainless veracity of the soul.

II.

ALL that I have said seems to be true—almost self-evident,—and you may ask who it is that says slavery is better than liberty. Let me tell you.

All the popes and priests, all the orthodox churches and clergymen, say that they have a revelation from God.

The Protestants say that it is the duty of every person to read, to understand, and to believe this revelation—that a man should use his reason; but if he honestly concludes that the Bible is not a revelation from God, and dies with that conclusion in his mind, he will be tormented forever. They say:—"Read," and then add: "Believe, or be damned."

"No matter how unreasonable the Bible may appear to you, you must believe. No matter how impossible the miracles may seem, you must believe. No matter how cruel the laws, your heart must approve them all!"

This is what the church calls the liberty of thought. We read the Bible under the scowl and threat of God. We read by the glare of hell. On one side is the devil, with the instruments of torture in his hands. On the other, God, ready to launch the infinite curse. And the church says to the readers: "You are free to decide. God is good, and he gives you the liberty to choose."

The popes and the priests say to the poor people: "You need not read the Bible. You cannot understand it. That is the reason it is called a revelation. We will read it for you, and you must believe what we say. We carry the key of hell. Contradict us and you will become eternal convicts in the prison of God."

This is the freedom of the Catholic Church.

And all these priests and clergymen insist that the Bible is superior to human reason—that it is the duty of man to accept it—to believe it, whether he really thinks it is true or not, and without the slightest regard to evidence or reason.

It is his duty to cast out from the temple of his soul the goddess Reason, and bow before the coiled serpent of Fear.

This is what the church calls virtue.

Under these conditions what can thought be worth? The brain, swept by the sirocco of God's curse, becomes a desert.

But this is not all. To compel man to desert the standard of Reason, the church does not entirely rely on the threat of eternal pain to be endured in another world, but holds out the reward of everlasting joy.

To those who believe, it promises the endless ecstasies of heaven. If it cannot frighten, it will bribe. It relies on fear and hope.

A religion, to command the respect of intelligent men, should rest on a foundation of established facts. It should appeal, not to passion, not to hope and fear, but to the judgment. It should ask that all the faculties of the mind, all the senses, should assemble and take counsel together, and that its claims be passed upon and tested without prejudice, without fear, in the calm of perfect candor.

But the church cries: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Without this belief there is no salvation. Salvation is the reward for belief.

Belief is, and forever must be, the result of evidence. A promised reward is not evidence. It sheds no intellectual light. It establishes no fact, answers no objection, and dissipates no doubt.

Is it honest to offer a reward for belief?

The man who gives money to a judge or juror for a decision or verdict is guilty of a crime. Why? Because he induces the judge, the juror, to decide, not according to the law, to the facts, the right, but according to the bribe.

The bribe is not evidence.

So, the promise of Christ to reward those who will believe is a bribe. It is an attempt to make a promise take the place of evidence. He who says that he believes, and does this for the sake of the reward, corrupts his soul.

Suppose I should say that at the center of the earth there is a diamond one hundred miles in diameter, and that I would give ten thousand dollars to any man who would believe my statement. Could such a promise be regarded as evidence?

Intelligent people would ask not for rewards, but reasons. Only hypocrites would ask for the money.

Yet, according to the New Testament, Christ offered a reward to those who would believe, and this promised reward was to take the place of evidence. When Christ made this promise he forgot, ignored, or held in contempt the rectitude of a brave, free and natural soul.

The declaration that salvation is the reward for belief is inconsistent with mental freedom, and could have been made by no man who thought that evidence sustained the slightest relation to belief.

Every sermon in which men have been told that they could save their souls by believing, has been an injury. Such sermons dull the moral sense and subvert the true conception of virtue and duty.

The true man, when asked to believe, asks for evidence. The true man, who asks another to believe, offers evidence.

But this is not all.

In spite of the threat of eternal pain—of the promise of everlasting joy, unbelievers increased, and the churches took another step.

The churches said to the unbelievers, the heretics: "Although our God will punish you forever in another world—in his prison—the doors of which open only to receive, we, unless you believe, will torment you now."

And then the members of these churches, led by priests, popes, and clergymen, sought out their unbelieving neighbors—chained them in dungeons, stretched them on racks, crushed their bones, cut out their tongues, extinguished their eyes, flayed them alive and consumed their poor bodies in flames.

All this was done because these Christian savages believed in the dogma of eternal pain. Because they believed that heaven was the reward for belief. So believing, they were the enemies of free thought and speech—they cared nothing for conscience, nothing for the veracity of a soul,—nothing for the manhood of a man. In all ages most priests have been heartless and relentless. They have calumniated and tortured. In defeat they have crawled and whined. In victory they have killed. The flower of pity never blossomed in their hearts and in their brain. Justice never held aloft the scales. Now they are not as cruel. They have lost their power, but they are still trying to accomplish the impossible. They fill their pockets with "fool's gold" and think they are rich. They stuff their minds with mistakes and think they are wise. They console themselves with legends and myths, have faith in fiction and forgery—give their hearts to ghosts and phantoms and seek the aid of the non-existent.

They put a monster—a master—a tyrant in the sky, and seek to enslave their fellow-men. They teach the cringing virtues of serfs. They abhor the courage of manly men. They hate the man who thinks. They long for revenge.

They warm their hands at the imaginary fires of hell.

I show them that hell does not exist and they denounce me for destroying their consolation.

Horace Greeley, as the story goes, one cold day went into a country store, took a seat by the stove, unbuttoned his coat and spread out his hands.

In a few minutes, a little boy who clerked in the store said: "Mr. Greeley, there aint no fire in that stove."

"You d——d little rascal," said Greeley, "What did you tell me for, I was getting real warm."

III.

"THE SCIENCE OF THEOLOGY."

ALL the sciences—except Theology—are eager for facts—hungry for the truth. On the brow of a finder of a fact the laurel is placed.

In a theological seminary, if a professor finds a fact inconsistent with the creed, he must keep it secret or deny it, or lose his place. Mental veracity is a crime, cowardice and hypocrisy are virtues.

A fact, inconsistent with the creed, is denounced as a lie, and the man who declares or announces the fact is a blasphemer. Every professor breathes the air of insincerity. Every one is mentally dishonest. Every one is a pious fraud. Theology is the only dishonest science—the only one that is based on belief—on credulity,—the only one that abhors investigation, that despises thought and denounces reason.

All the great theologians in the Catholic Church have denounced reason as the light furnished by the enemy of mankind—as the road that leads to perdition. All the great Protestant theologians, from Luther to the orthodox clergy of our time, have been the enemies of reason. All orthodox churches of all ages have been the enemies of science. They attacked the astronomers as though they were criminals—the geologists as though they were assassins. They regarded physicians as the enemies of God—as men who were trying to defeat the decrees of Providence. The biologists, the anthropologists, the archaeologists, the readers of ancient inscriptions, the delvers in buried cities, were all hated by the theologians. They were afraid that these men might find something inconsistent with the Bible.

The theologians attacked those who studied other religions. They insisted that Christianity was not a growth—not an evolution—but a revelation. They denied that it was in any way connected with any natural religion.

The facts now show beyond all doubt that all religions came from substantially the same source—but there is not an orthodox Christian theologian who will admit the facts. He must defend his creed—his revelation. He cannot afford to be honest. He was not educated in an honest school. He was not taught to be honest. He was taught to believe and to defend his belief, not only against argument but against facts.

There is not a theologian in the whole world who can produce the slightest, the least particle of evidence tending to show that the Bible is the inspired word of God.

Where is the evidence that the book of Ruth was written by an inspired man? Where is the evidence that God is the author of the Song of Solomon? Where is the evidence that any human being has been inspired? Where is the evidence that Christ was and is God? Where is the evidence that the places called heaven and hell exist? Where is the evidence that a miracle was ever wrought?

There is none.

Theology is entirely independent of evidence.

Where is the evidence that angels and ghosts—that devils and gods exist? Have these beings been seen or touched? Does one of our senses certify to their existence?

The theologians depend on assertions. They have no evidence. They claim that their inspired book is superior to reason and independent of evidence.

They talk about probability—analogy—inferences—but they present no evidence. They say that they know that Christ lived, in the same way that they know that Cæsar lived. They might add that they know Moses talked with Jehovah on Sinai the same way they know that Brigham Young talked with God in Utah. The evidence in both cases is the same,—none in either.

How do they prove that Christ rose from the dead? They find the account in a book. Who wrote the book? They do not know. What evidence is this? None, unless all things found in books are true.

It is impossible to establish one miracle except by another—and that would have to be established by another still, and so on without end. Human testimony is not sufficient to establish a miracle. Each human being, to be really convinced, must witness the miracle for himself.

They say that Christianity was established, proven to be true, by miracles wrought nearly two thousand years ago. Not one of these miracles can be established except by impudent and ignorant assertion—except by poisoning and deforming the minds of the ignorant and the young. To succeed, the theologians invade the cradle, the nursery. In the brain of innocence they plant the seeds of superstition. They pollute the minds and imaginations of children. They frighten the happy with threats of pain—they soothe the wretched with gilded lies.

This perpetual insincerity stamps itself on the face—affects every feature. We all know the theological countenance,—cold, unsympathetic, cruel, lighted with a pious smirk,—no line of laughter—no dimpled mirth—no touch of humor—nothing human.

This face is a rebuke, a reprimand to natural joy. It says to the happy: “Beware of the dog”—”Prepare for death.” This face, like the fabled Gorgon, turns cheerfulness to stone. It is a protest against pleasure—a warning and a threat.

You see every soul is a sculptor that fashions the features, and in this way reveals itself.

Every thought leaves its impress.

The student of this science of theology must be taught in youth,—in his mother’s arms. These lies must be sown and planted in his brain the first of all. He must be taught to believe, to accept without question. He must be told that it is wicked to doubt, that it is sinful to inquire—that Faith is a virtue and unbelief a crime.

In this way his mind is poisoned, paralyzed. On all other subjects he has liberty—and in all other directions he is urged to study and think. From his mother’s arms he goes to the Sunday school. His poor little mind is filled with miracles and wonders. He is told about a God who made the world and who rewards and punishes. He is told that this God is the author of the Bible—that Christ is his son. He is told about original sin and the atonement, and he believes what he hears. No reasons are given—no facts—no evidence is presented—nothing but assertion. If he asks questions, he is silenced by more solemn assertions and warned against the devices of the evil one. Every Sunday school is a kind of inquisition where they torture and deform the minds of children—where they force their souls into Catholic or Protestant moulds—and do all they can to destroy the originality, the individuality, and the veracity of the soul. In the theological seminary the destruction is complete.

When the minister leaves the seminary, he is not seeking the truth. He has it. He has a revelation from God, and he has a creed in exact accordance with that revelation. His business is to stand by that revelation and to defend that creed. Arguments against the revelation and the creed he will not read, he will not hear. All facts that are against his religion he will deny. It is impossible for him to be candid. The tremendous “verities” of eternal joy, of everlasting pain are in his creed, and they result from believing the false and denying the true.

Investigation is an infinite danger, unbelief is an infinite offence and deserves and will receive infinite punishment. In the shadow of this tremendous “fact” his courage dies, his manhood is lost, and in his fear he cries out that he believes, whether he does or not.

He says and teaches that credulity is safe and thought dangerous. Yet he pretends to be a teacher—a leader, one selected by God to educate his fellow-men.

These orthodox ministers have been the slanderers of the really great men of our century. They denounced Lyell, the great geologist, for giving facts to the world. They hated and belittled Humboldt, one of the greatest and most intellectual of the race. They ridiculed and derided Darwin, the greatest naturalist, the keenest observer, the best judge of the value of a fact, the most wonderful discoverer of truth that the world has produced.

In every orthodox pulpit stood a traducer of the greatest of scientists—of one who filled the world with intellectual light.

The church has been the enemy of every science, of every real thinker, and for many centuries has used her power to prevent intellectual progress.

Ministers ought to be free. They should be the heralds of the ever coming day, but they are the bats, the owls that inhabit ruins, that hate the light. They denounce honest men who express their thoughts, as blasphemers, and do what they can to close their mouths. For their Bible they ask the protection of law. They wish to be shielded from laughter by the Legislature. They ask that the arguments of their opponents be answered by the courts. This is the result of a due admixture of cowardice, hypocrisy and malice.

What valuable fact has been proclaimed from an orthodox pulpit? What ecclesiastical council has added to the intellectual wealth of the world?

Many centuries ago the church gave to Christendom a code of laws, stupid, unphilosophic and brutal to the last degree.

The church insists that it has made man merciful and just. Did it do this by torturing heretics—by extinguishing their eyes—by flaying them alive? Did it accomplish this result through the Inquisition—by the use of the thumb-screw, the rack and the fagot? Of what science has the church been the friend and champion? What orthodox church has opened its doors to a persecuted truth? Of what use has Christianity been to man?

They tell us that the church has been and is the friend of education. I deny it. The church founded colleges not to educate men, but to make proselytes, converts, defenders. This was in accordance with the instinct of self-preservation. No orthodox church ever was, or ever will be in favor of real education. A Catholic is in favor of enough education to make a Catholic out of a savage, and the Protestant is in favor of enough education to make a Protestant out of a Catholic, but both are opposed to the education that makes free and manly men.

So, ministers say that they teach charity. This is natural. They live on alms. All beggars teach that others should give.

So, they tell us that the church has built hospitals. This is not true. Men have not built hospitals because they were Christians, but because they were men. They have not built them for charity—but in self-defence.

If a man comes to your door with the smallpox, you cannot let him in, you cannot kill him. As a necessity, you provide a place for him. And you do this to protect yourself. With this Christianity has had nothing to do.

The church cannot give, because it does not produce. It is claimed that the church has made men and women forgiving. I admit that the church has preached forgiveness, but it has never forgiven an enemy—never. Against the great and brave thinkers it has coined and circulated countless lies. Never has the church told, or tried to tell, the truth about an honest foe.

The church teaches the existence of the supernatural. It believes in the divine sleight-of-hand—in the "presto" and "open sesame" of the Infinite; in some invisible Being who produces effects without causes and causes without effects; whose caprice governs the world and who can be persuaded by prayer, softened by ceremony, and who will, as a reward for faith, save men from the natural consequences of their actions.

The church denies the eternal, inexorable sequence of events.

What Good has the Church Accomplished?

It claims to have preached peace because its founder said, "I came not to bring peace but a sword."

It claims to have preserved the family because its founder offered a hundred-fold here and life everlasting to those who would desert wife and children.

So, it claims to have taught the brotherhood of man and that the gospel is for all the world, because Christ said to the woman of Samaria that he came only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and declared that it was not meet to take the bread of the children and cast it unto dogs.

In the name of Christ, who threatened eternal revenge, it has preached forgiveness.

Of what Use are the Orthodox Ministers?

They are the enemies of pleasure. They denounce dancing as one of the deadly sins. They are shocked at the wickedness of the waltz—the pollution of the polka. They are the enemies of the theatre. They slander actors and actresses. They hate them because they are rivals. They are trying to preserve the sacredness of the Sabbath. It fills them with malice to see the people happy on that day. They preach against excursions and picnics—against those who seek the woods and the sea, the shadows and the waves. They are filled with holy wrath against bicycles and bloomers. They are opposed to divorces. They insist that for the glory of God, husbands and wives who loathe each other should be compelled to live together. They abhor all works of fiction, and love the Bible. They declare that the literary master-pieces of the world are unfit to be read. They think that the people should be satisfied with sermons and poems about death and hell. They hate art—abhor the marbles of the Greeks, and all representations of the human form. They want nothing painted or sculptured but hands, faces and clothes. Most of the priests are prudes, and publicly denounce what they secretly admire and enjoy. In the presence of the nude they cover their faces with their holy hands, but keep their fingers apart. They pretend to believe in moral suasion, and want everything regulated by law. If they had the power, they would prohibit everything that men and women really enjoy. They want libraries, museums and art galleries closed on the Sabbath. They would abolish the Sunday paper—stop

the running of cars and all public conveyances on the holy day, and compel all the people to enjoy sermons, prayers and psalms.

These dear ministers, when they have poor congregations, thunder against trusts, syndicates, and corporations—against wealth, fashion and luxury. They tell about Dives and Lazarus, paint rich men in hell and beggars in heaven. If their congregations are rich they turn their guns in the other direction.

They have no confidence in education—in the development of the brain. They appeal to hopes and fears. They ask no one to think—to investigate. They insist that all shall believe. Credulity is the greatest of virtues, and doubt the deadliest of sins.

These men are the enemies of science—of intellectual progress. They ridicule and calumniate the great thinkers. They deny everything that conflicts with the "sacred Scriptures." They still believe in the astronomy of Joshua and the geology of Moses. They believe in the miracles of the past, and deny the demonstrations of the present. They are the foes of facts—the enemies of knowledge. A desire to be happy here, they regard as wicked and worldly—but a desire to be happy in another world, as virtuous and spiritual.

Every orthodox church is founded on mistake and falsehood. Every good orthodox minister asserts what he does not know, and denies what he does know.

What are the Orthodox Clergy Doing for the Good of Mankind?

Absolutely nothing.

What harm are they doing?

On every hand they sow the seeds of superstition. They paralyze the minds, and pollute the imaginations of children. They fill their hearts with fear. By their teachings, thousands become insane. With them, hypocrisy is respectable and candor infamous.

They enslave the minds of men. Under their teachings men waste and misdirect their energies, abandon the ends that can be accomplished, dedicate their lives to the impossible, worship the unknown, pray to the inconceivable, and become the trembling slaves of a monstrous myth born of ignorance and fashioned by the trembling hands of fear.

Superstition is the serpent that crawls and hisses in every Eden and fastens its poisonous fangs in the hearts of men.

It is the deadliest foe of the human race.

Superstition is a beggar—a robber, a tyrant.

Science is a benefactor.

Superstition sheds blood.

Science sheds light.

The dear preachers must give up the account of creation—the Garden of Eden, the mud-man, the rib-woman, and the walking, talking, snake. They must throw away the apple, the fall of man, the expulsion, and the gate guarded by angels armed with swords. They must give up the flood and the tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues. They must give up Abraham and the wrestling match between Jacob and the Lord. So, the story of Joseph, the enslavement of the Hebrews by the Egyptians, the story of Moses in the bullrushes, the burning bush, the turning of sticks into

serpents, of water into blood, the miraculous creation of frogs, the killing of cattle with hail and changing dust into lice, all must be given up. The sojourn of forty years in the desert, the opening of the Red Sea, the clothes and shoes that refused to wear out, the manna, the quails and the serpents, the water that ran up hill, the talking of Jehovah with Moses face to face, the giving of the Ten Commandments, the opening of the earth to swallow the enemies of Moses—all must be thrown away.

These good preachers must admit that blowing horns could not throw down the walls of a city, that it was horrible for Jephthah to sacrifice his daughter, that the day was not lengthened and the moon stopped for the sake of Joshua, that the dead Samuel was not raised by a witch, that a man was not carried to heaven in a chariot of fire, that the river Jordan was not divided by the stroke of a cloak, that the bears did not destroy children for laughing at a prophet, that a wandering soothsayer did not collect lightnings from heaven to destroy the lives of innocent men, that he did not cause rain and make iron float, that ravens did not keep a hotel where preachers got board and lodging free, that the shadow on a dial was not turned back ten degrees to show that a king was going to recover from a boil, that Ezekiel was not told by God how to prepare a dinner, that Jonah did not take cabin passage in a fish—and that all the miracles in the old Testament are not allegories, or poems, but just old-fashioned lies. And the dear preachers will be compelled to admit that there never was a miraculous babe without a natural father, that Christ, if he lived, was a man and nothing more. That he did not cast devils out of folks—that he did not cure blindness with spittle and clay, nor turn water into wine, nor make fishes and loaves of bread out of nothing—that he did not know where to catch fishes with money in their mouths—that he did not take a walk on the water—that he did not at will become invisible—that he did not pass through closed doors—that he did not raise the dead—that angels never rolled stones from a sepulchre—that Christ did not rise from the dead and did not ascend to heaven.

All these mistakes and illusions and delusions—all these miracles and myths must fade from the minds of intelligent men.

My dear preachers, I beg you to tell the truth. Tell your congregations that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch. Tell them that nobody knows who wrote the five books. Tell them that Deuteronomy was not written until about six hundred years before Christ. Tell them that nobody knows who wrote Joshua, or Judges, or Ruth, Samuel, Kings, or Chronicles, Job, or the Psalms, or the Song of Solomon. Be honest, tell the truth. Tell them that nobody knows who wrote Esther—that Ecclesiastes was written long after Christ—that many of the prophecies were written after the events pretended to be foretold had happened. Tell them that Ezekiel and Daniel were insane. Tell them that nobody knows who wrote the gospels, and tell them that no line about Christ written by a contemporary has been found. Tell them it is all guess—and may be, and perhaps. Be honest. Tell the truth, develop your brains, use all your senses and hold high the torch of Reason.

In a few years the pulpits will be filled with teachers instead of preachers—with thoughtful, brave, and honest men. The congregations will be civilized—intellectually honest and hospitable.

Now, most of the ministers insist that the old falsehoods shall be treated with reverence—that ancient lies with long white beards—wrinkled and bald-headed frauds—round-shouldered and toothless miracles, and palsied mistakes on crutches, shall be called allegories, parables, oriental imagery, inspired poems. In their

presence the ungodly should remove their hats. They should respect the mould and moss of antiquity. They should remember that these lies, these frauds, the miracles and mistakes, have for thousands of years ruled, enslaved, and corrupted the human race.

These ministers ought to know that their creeds are based on imagined facts and demonstrated by assertion.

They ought to know that they have no evidence,—nothing but promises and threats. They ought to know that it is impossible to conceive of force existing without and before matter—that it is equally impossible to conceive of matter without force—that it is impossible to conceive of the creation or destruction of matter or force,—that it is impossible to conceive of infinite intelligence dwelling from eternity in infinite space, and that it is impossible to conceive of the creator, or creation, of substance.

The God of the Christian is an enthroned guess—a perhaps—an inference.

No man, and no body of men, can answer the questions of the Whence and Whither. The mystery of existence cannot be explained by the intellect of man.

Back of life, of existence, we cannot go—beyond death we cannot see. All duties, all obligations, all knowledge, all experience, are for this life, for this world.

We know that men and women and children exist. We know that happiness, for the most part, depends on conduct.

We are satisfied that all the gods are phantoms and that the supernatural does not exist.

We know the difference between hope and knowledge, we hope for happiness here and we dream of joy hereafter, but we do not know. We cannot assert, we can only hope. We can have our dream. In the wide night our star can shine and shed its radiance on the graves of those we love. We can bend above our pallid dead and say that beyond this life there are no sighs—no tears—no breaking hearts.

CONCLUSION.

LET us be honest. Let us preserve the veracity of our souls. Let education commence in the cradle—in the lap of the loving mother. This is the first school. The teacher, the mother, should be absolutely honest.

The nursery should not be an asylum for lies.

Parents should be modest enough to be truthful—honest enough to admit their ignorance. Nothing should be taught as true that cannot be demonstrated.

Every child should be taught to doubt, to inquire, to demand reasons. Every soul should defend itself—should be on its guard against falsehood, deceit, and mistake, and should beware of all kinds of confidence men, including those in the pulpit.

Children should be taught to express their doubts—to demand reasons. The object of education should be to develop the brain, to quicken the senses. Every school should be a mental gymnasium. The child should be equipped for the battle of life. Credulity, implicit obedience, are the virtues of slaves and the enslavers of the free. All should be taught that there is nothing too sacred to be investigated—too holy to be understood.

Each mind has the right to lift all curtains, withdraw all veils, scale all walls, explore all recesses, all heights, all depths for itself, in spite of church or priest, or creed or book.

The great volume of Nature should be open to all. None but the intelligent and honest can really read this book. Prejudice clouds and darkens every page. Hypocrisy reads and misquotes, and credulity accepts the quotation. Superstition cannot read a line or spell the shortest word. And yet this volume holds all knowledge, all truth, and is the only source of thought. Mental liberty means the right of all to read this book. Here the Pope and Peasant are equal. Each must read for himself—and each ought honestly and fearlessly to give to his fellow-men what he learns.

There is no authority in churches or priests—no authority in numbers or majorities. The only authority is Nature—the facts we know. Facts are the masters, the enemies of the ignorant, the servants and friends of the intelligent.

Ignorance is the mother of mystery and misery, of superstition and sorrow, of waste and want.

Intelligence is the only light. It enables us to keep the highway, to avoid the obstructions, and to take advantage of the forces of nature. It is the only lever capable of raising mankind. To develop the brain is to civilize the world. Intelligence reaves the heavens of winged and frightful monsters—drives ghosts and leering fiends from the darkness, and floods with light the dungeons of fear.

All should be taught that there is no evidence of the existence of the supernatural—that the man who bows before an idol of wood or stone is just as foolish as the one who prays to an imagined God,—that all worship has for its foundation the same mistake—the same ignorance, the same fear—that it is just as foolish to believe in a personal god as in a personal devil—just as foolish to believe in great ghosts as little ones.

So, all should be taught that the forces, the facts in Nature, cannot be controlled or changed by prayer or praise, by supplication, ceremony, or sacrifice; that there is no magic, no miracle; that force can be overcome only by force, and that the whole world is natural.

All should be taught that man must protect himself—that there is no power superior to Nature that cares for man—that Nature has neither pity nor hatred—that her forces act without the slightest regard for man—that she produces without intention and destroys without regret.

All should be taught that usefulness is the bud and flower and fruit of real religion. The popes and cardinals, the bishops, priests and parsons are all useless. They produce nothing. They live on the labor of others. They are parasites that feed on the frightened. They are vampires that suck the blood of honest toil. Every church is an organized beggar. Every one lives on alms—on alms collected by force and fear. Every orthodox church promises heaven and threatens hell, and these promises and threats are made for the sake of alms, for revenue. Every church cries: “Believe and give.”

A new era is dawning on the world. We are beginning to believe in the religion of usefulness.

The men who felled the forests, cultivated the earth, spanned the rivers with bridges of steel, built the railways and canals, the great ships, invented the locomotives and engines, supplying the countless wants of man; the men who invented the telegraphs

and cables, and freighted the electric spark with thought and love; the men who invented the looms and spindles that clothe the world, the inventors of printing and the great presses that fill the earth with poetry, fiction and fact, that save and keep all knowledge for the children yet to be; the inventors of all the wonderful machines that deftly mould from wood and steel the things we use; the men who have explored the heavens and traced the orbits of the stars—who have read the story of the world in mountain range and billowed sea; the men who have lengthened life and conquered pain; the great philosophers and naturalists who have filled the world with light; the great poets whose thoughts have charmed the souls, the great painters and sculptors who have made the canvas speak, the marble live; the great orators who have swayed the world, the composers who have given their souls to sound, the captains of industry, the producers, the soldiers who have battled for the right, the vast host of useful men—these are our Christs, our apostles and our saints. The triumphs of science are our miracles. The books filled with the facts of Nature are our sacred scriptures, and the force that is in every atom and in every star—in everything that lives and grows and thinks, that hopes and suffers, is the only possible god.

The absolute we cannot know—beyond the horizon of the Natural we cannot go. All our duties are within our reach—all our obligations must be discharged here, in this world. Let us love and labor. Let us wait and work. Let us cultivate courage and cheerfulness—open our hearts to the good—our minds to the true. Let us live free lives. Let us hope that the future will bring peace and joy to all the children of men, and above all, let us preserve the veracity of our souls.

How To Reform Mankind

This address was delivered before the Militant Church at the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, Ills., April 12, 1896.

I.

"THERE is no darkness but ignorance." Every human being is a necessary product of conditions, and every one is born with defects for which he cannot be held responsible. Nature seems to care nothing for the individual, nothing for the species.

Life pursuing life and in its turn pursued by death, presses to the snow line of the possible, and every form of life, of instinct, thought and action is fixed and determined by conditions, by countless antecedent and co-existing facts. The present is the child, and the necessary child, of all the past, and the mother of all the future.

Every human being longs to be happy, to satisfy the wants of the body with food, with roof and raiment, and to feed the hunger of the mind, according to his capacity, with love, wisdom, philosophy, art and song.

The wants of the savage are few; but with civilization the wants of the body increase, the intellectual horizon widens and the brain demands more and more.

The savage feels, but scarcely thinks. The passion of the savage is uninfluenced by his thought, while the thought of the philosopher is uninfluenced by passion. Children have wants and passions before they are capable of reasoning. So, in the infancy of the race, wants and passions dominate.

The savage was controlled by appearances, by impressions; he was mentally weak, mentally indolent, and his mind pursued the path of least resistance. Things were to him as they appeared to be. He was a natural believer in the supernatural, and, finding himself beset by dangers and evils, he sought in many ways the aid of unseen powers. His children followed his example, and for many ages, in many lands, millions and millions of human beings, many of them the kindest and the best, asked for supernatural help. Countless altars and temples have been built, and the supernatural has been worshiped with sacrifice and song, with self-denial, ceremony, thankfulness and prayer.

During all these ages, the brain of man was being slowly and painfully developed. Gradually mind came to the assistance of muscle, and thought became the friend of labor. Man has advanced just in the proportion that he has mingled thought with his work, just in the proportion that he has succeeded in getting his head and hands into partnership. All this was the result of experience.

Nature, generous and heartless, extravagant and miserly as she is, is our mother and our only teacher, and she is also the deceiver of men. Above her we cannot rise, below her we cannot fall. In her we find the seed and soil of all that is good, of all that is evil. Nature originates, nourishes, preserves and destroys.

Good deeds bear fruit, and in the fruit are seeds that in their turn bear fruit and seeds. Great thoughts are never lost, and words of kindness do not perish from the earth.

Every brain is a field where nature sows the seeds of thought, and the crop depends upon the soil.

Every flower that gives its fragrance to the wandering air leaves its influence on the soul of man. The wheel and swoop of the winged creatures of the air suggest the flowing lines of subtle art. The roar and murmur of the restless sea, the cataract's solemn chant, the thunder's voice, the happy babble of the brook, the whispering leaves, the thrilling notes of mating birds, the sighing winds, taught man to pour his heart in song and gave a voice to grief and hope, to love and death.

In all that is, in mountain range and billowed plain, in winding stream and desert sand, in cloud and star, in snow and rain, in calm and storm, in night and day, in woods and vales, in all the colors of divided light, in all there is of growth and life, decay and death, in all that flies and floats and swims, in all that moves, in all the forms and qualities of things, man found the seeds and symbols of his thoughts; and all that man has wrought becomes a part of nature's self, forming the lives of those to be. The marbles of the Greeks, like strains of music, suggest the perfect, and teach the melody of life. The great poems, paintings, inventions, theories and philosophies, enlarge and mould the mind of man. All that is is natural. All is naturally produced. Beyond the horizon of the natural man cannot go.

Yet, for many ages, man in all directions has relied upon, and sincerely believed in, the existence of the supernatural. He did not believe in the uniformity of nature; he had no conception of cause and effect, of the indestructibility of force.

In medicine he believed in charms, magic, amulets, and incantations. It never occurred to the savage that diseases were natural.

In chemistry he sought for the elixir of life, for the philosopher's stone, and for some way of changing the baser metals into gold.

In mechanics he searched for perpetual motion, believing that he, by some curious combinations of levers, could produce, could create a force.

In government, he found the source of authority in the will of the supernatural.

For many centuries his only conception of morality was the idea of obedience, not to facts as they exist in nature, but to the supposed command of some being superior to nature. During all these years religion consisted in the praise and worship of the invisible and infinite, of some vast and incomprehensible power, that is to say, of the supernatural.

By experience, by experiment, possibly by accident, man found that some diseases could be cured by natural means; that he could be relieved in many instances of pain by certain kinds of leaves or bark.

This was the beginning. Gradually his confidence increased in the direction of the natural, and began to decrease in charms and amulets, The war was waged for many centuries, but the natural gained the victory. Now we know that all diseases are naturally produced, and that all remedies, all curatives, act in accordance with the facts in nature. Now we know that charms, magic, amulets and incantations are just as useless in the practice of medicine as they would be in solving a problem in mathematics. We now know that there are no supernatural remedies.

In chemistry the war was long and bitter; but we now no longer seek for the elixir of life, and no one is trying to find the philosopher's stone. We are satisfied that there is nothing supernatural in all the realm of chemistry. We know that substances are always true to their natures; we know that just so many atoms of one substance will unite with just so many of another. The miraculous has departed from chemistry; in

that science there is no magic, no caprice and no possible use for the supernatural. We are satisfied that there can be no change, that we can absolutely rely on the uniformity of nature; that the attraction of gravitation will always remain the same; and we feel that we know this as certainly as we know that the relation between the diameter and circumference of a circle can never change.

We now know that in mechanics the natural is supreme. We know that man can by no possibility create a force; that by no possibility can he destroy a force. No mechanic dreams of depending upon or asking for any supernatural aid. He knows that he works in accordance with certain facts that no power can change.

So we in the United States believe that the authority to govern, the authority to make and execute laws, comes from the consent of the governed and not from any supernatural source. We do not believe that the king occupied his throne because of the will of the supernatural. Neither do we believe that others are subjects or serfs or slaves by reason of any supernatural will.

So, our ideas of morality have changed, and millions now believe that whatever produces happiness and well-being is in the highest sense moral. Unreasoning obedience is not the foundation or the essence of morality. That is the result of mental slavery. To act in accordance with obligation perceived is to be free and noble. To simply obey is to practice what might be called a slave virtue; but real morality is the flower and fruit of liberty and wisdom.

There are very many who have reached the conclusion that the supernatural has nothing to do with real religion. Religion does not consist in believing without evidence or against evidence. It does not consist in worshiping the unknown or in trying to do something for the Infinite. Ceremonies, prayers and inspired books, miracles, special providence, and divine interference all belong to the supernatural and form no part of real religion.

Every science rests on the natural, on demonstrated facts. So, morality and religion must find their foundations in the necessary nature of things.

II. HOW CAN WE REFORM THE WORLD?

IGNORANCE being darkness, what we need is intellectual light. The most important things to teach, as the basis of all progress, are that the universe is natural; that man must be the providence of man; that, by the development of the brain, we can avoid some of the dangers, some of the evils, overcome some of the obstructions, and take advantage of some of the facts and forces of nature; that, by invention and industry, we can supply, to a reasonable degree, the wants of the body, and by thought, study and effort, we can in part satisfy the hunger of the mind.

Man should cease to expect any aid from any supernatural source. By this time he should be satisfied that worship has not created wealth, and that prosperity is not the child of prayer. He should know that the supernatural has not succored the oppressed, clothed the naked, fed the hungry, shielded the innocent, stayed the pestilence, or freed the slave.

Being satisfied that the supernatural does not exist, man should turn his entire attention to the affairs of this world, to the facts in nature.

And, first of all, he should avoid waste—waste of energy, waste of wealth. Every good man, every good woman, should try to do away with war, to stop the appeal to savage force. Man in a savage state relies upon his strength, and decides for himself what is

right and what is wrong. Civilized men do not settle their differences by a resort to arms. They submit the quarrel to arbitrators and courts. This is the great difference between the savage and the civilized. Nations, however, sustain the relations of savages to each other. There is no way of settling their disputes. Each nation decides for itself, and each nation endeavors to carry its decision into effect. This produces war. Thousands of men at this moment are trying to invent more deadly weapons to destroy their fellow-men. For eighteen hundred years peace has been preached, and yet the civilized nations are the most warlike of the world. There are in Europe to-day between eleven and twelve millions of soldiers, ready to take the field, and the frontiers of every civilized nation are protected by breastwork and fort. The sea is covered with steel clad ships, filled with missiles of death.

The civilized world has impoverished itself, and the debt of Christendom, mostly for war, is now nearly thirty thousand million dollars. The interest on this vast sum has to be paid; it has to be paid by labor, much of it by the poor, by those who are compelled to deny themselves almost the necessities of life. This debt is growing year by year. There must come a change, or Christendom will become bankrupt.

The interest on this debt amounts at least to nine hundred million dollars a year; and the cost of supporting armies and navies, of repairing ships, of manufacturing new engines of death, probably amounts, including the interest on the debt, to at least six million dollars a day. Allowing ten hours for a day, that is for a working day, the waste of war is at least six hundred thousand dollars an hour, that is to say, ten thousand dollars a minute.

Think of all this being paid for the purpose of killing and preparing to kill our fellow-men. Think of the good that could be done with this vast sum of money; the schools that could be built, the wants that could be supplied. Think of the homes it would build, the children it would clothe.

If we wish to do away with war, we must provide for the settlement of national differences by an international court. This court should be in perpetual session; its members should be selected by the various governments to be affected by its decisions, and, at the command and disposal of this court, the rest of Christendom being disarmed, there should be a military force sufficient to carry its judgments into effect. There should be no other excuse, no other business for an army or a navy in the civilized world.

No man has imagination enough to paint the agonies, the horrors and cruelties of war. Think of sending shot and shell crashing through the bodies of men! Think of the widows and orphans! Think of the maimed, the mutilated, the mangled!

III. ANOTHER WASTE.

LET us be perfectly candid with each other. We are seeking the truth, trying to find what ought to be done to increase the well-being of man. I must give you my honest thought. You have the right to demand it, and I must maintain the integrity of my soul.

There is another direction in which the wealth and energies of man are wasted. From the beginning of history until now man has been seeking the aid of the supernatural. For many centuries the wealth of the world was used to propitiate the unseen powers. In our own country, the property dedicated to this purpose is worth at least one thousand million dollars. The interest on this sum is fifty million dollars a year, and the cost of employing persons, whose business it is to seek the aid of the

supernatural and to maintain the property, is certainly as much more. So that the cost in our country is about two million dollars a week, and, counting ten hours as a working day, this amounts to about five hundred dollars a minute.

For this vast amount of money the returns are remarkably small. The good accomplished does not appear to be great. There is no great diminution in crime. The decrease of immorality and poverty is hardly perceptible. In spite, however, of the apparent failure here, a vast sum of money is expended every year to carry our ideas of the supernatural to other races. Our churches, for the most part, are closed during the week, being used only a part of one day in seven. No one wishes to destroy churches or church organizations. The only desire is that they shall accomplish substantial good for the world. In many of our small towns—towns of three or four thousand people—will be found four or five churches, sometimes more. These churches are founded upon immaterial differences; a difference as to the mode of baptism; a difference as to who shall be entitled to partake of the Lord's supper; a difference of ceremony; of government; a difference about fore-ordination; a difference about fate and free will. And it must be admitted that all the arguments on all sides of these differences have been presented countless millions of times. Upon these subjects nothing new is produced or anticipated, and yet the discussion is maintained by the repetition of the old arguments.

Now, it seems to me that it would be far better for the people of a town, having a population of four or five thousand, to have one church, and the edifice should be of use, not only on Sunday, but on every day of the week. In this building should be the library of the town. It should be the clubhouse of the people, where they could find the principal newspapers and periodicals of the world. Its auditorium should be like a theatre. Plays should be presented by home talent; an orchestra formed, music cultivated. The people should meet there at any time they desire. The women could carry their knitting and sewing; and connected with it should be rooms for the playing of games, billiards, cards, and chess. Everything should be made as agreeable as possible. The citizens should take pride in this building. They should adorn its niches with statues and its walls with pictures. It should be the intellectual centre. They could employ a gentleman of ability, possibly of genius, to address them on Sundays, on subjects that would be of real interest, of real importance. They could say to this minister:

"We are engaged in business during the week; while we are working at our trades and professions, we want you to study, and on Sunday tell us what you have found out."

Let such a minister take for a series of sermons the history, the philosophy, the art and the genius of the Greeks. Let him tell of the wondrous metaphysics, myths and religions of India and Egypt. Let him make his congregation conversant with the philosophies of the world, with the great thinkers, the great poets, the great artists, the great actors, the great orators, the great inventors, the captains of industry, the soldiers of progress. Let them have a Sunday school in which the children shall be made acquainted with the facts of nature; with botany, entomology, something of geology and astronomy.

Let them be made familiar with the greatest of poems, the finest paragraphs of literature, with stories of the heroic, the self-denying and generous.

Now, it seems to me that such a congregation in a few years would become the most intelligent people in the United States.

The truth is that people are tired of the old theories. They have lost confidence in the miraculous, in the supernatural, and they have ceased to take interest in “facts” that they do not quite believe.

“There is no darkness but ignorance.”
There is no light but intelligence,

As often as we can exchange a mistake for a fact, a falsehood for a truth, we advance. We add to the intellectual wealth of the world, and in this way, and in this way alone, can be laid the foundation for the future prosperity and civilization of the race.

I blame no one; I call in question the motives of no person; I admit that the world has acted as it must.

But hope for the future depends upon the intelligence of the present. Man must husband his resources. He must not waste his energies in endeavoring to accomplish the impossible.

He must take advantage of the forces of nature. He must depend on education, on what he can ascertain by the use of his senses, by observation, by experiment and reason. He must break the chains of prejudice and custom. He must be free to express his thoughts on all questions. He must find the conditions of happiness and become wise enough to live in accordance with them.

IV. HOW CAN WE LESSEN CRIME?

IN spite of all that has been done for the reformation of the world, in spite of all the inventions, in spite of all the forces of nature that are now the tireless slaves of man, in spite of all improvements in agriculture, in mechanics, in every department of human labor, the world is still cursed with poverty and with crime.

The prisons are full, the courts are crowded, the officers of the law are busy, and there seems to be no material decrease in crime.

For many thousands of years man has endeavored to reform his fellow-men by imprisonment, torture, mutilation and death, and yet the history of the world shows that there has been and is no reforming power in punishment. It is impossible to make the penalty great enough, horrible enough to lessen crime.

Only a few years ago, in civilized countries, larceny and many offences even below larceny, were punished by death; and yet the number of thieves and criminals of all grades increased. Traitors were hanged and quartered or drawn into fragments by horses; and yet treason flourished.

Most of these frightful laws have been repealed, and the repeal certainly did not increase crime. In our own country we rely upon the gallows, the penitentiary and the jail. When a murder is committed, the man is hanged, shocked to death by electricity, or lynched, and in a few minutes a new murderer is ready to suffer a like fate. Men steal; they are sent to the penitentiary for a certain number of years, treated like wild beasts, frequently tortured. At the end of the term they are discharged, having only enough money to return to the place from which they were sent. They are thrown upon the world without means—without friends—they are convicts. They are shunned, suspected and despised. If they obtain a place, they are discharged as soon as it is found that they were in prison. They do the best they can to retain the respect of their fellow-men by denying their imprisonment and their identity. In a little while, unable to gain a living by honest means, they resort to crime, they again appear in court, and again are taken within the dungeon walls. No

reformation, no chance to reform, nothing to give them bread while making new friends.

All this is infamous. Men should not be sent to the pentitentiary as a punishment, because we must remember that men do as they must. Nature does not frequently produce the perfect. In the human race there is a large percentage of failures. Under certain conditions, with certain appetites and passions and with a certain quality, quantity and shape of brain, men will become thieves, forgers and counterfeiters. The question is whether reformation is possible, whether a change can be produced in the person by producing a change in the conditions. The criminal is dangerous and society has the right to protect itself. The criminal should be confined, and, if possible, should be reformed. A pentitentiary should be a school; the convicts should be educated. So, prisoners should work, and they should be paid a reasonable sum for their labor. The best men should have charge of prisons. They should be philanthropists and philosophers; they should know something of human nature. The prisoner, having been taught, we will say, for five years—taught the underlying principles of conduct, of the naturalness and harmony of virtue, of the discord of crime; having been convinced that society has no hatred, that nobody wishes to punish, to degrade, or to rob him; and being at the time of his discharge paid a reasonable price for his labor; being allowed by law to change his name, so that his identity will not be preserved, he could go out of the prison a friend of the government. He would have the feeling that he had been made a better man; that he had been treated with justice, with mercy, and the money he carried with him would be a breastwork behind which he could defy temptation, a breastwork that would support and take care of him until he could find some means by which to support himself. And this man, instead of making crime a business, would become a good, honorable and useful-citizen.

As it is now, there is but little reform. The same faces appear again and again at the bar; the same men hear again and again the verdict of guilty and the sentence of the court, and the same men return again and again to the prison cell. Murderers, those belonging to the dangerous classes, those who are so formed by nature that they rush to the crimes of desperation, should be imprisoned for life; or they should be put upon some island, some place where they can be guarded, where it may be that by proper effort they could support themselves; the men on one island, the women on another. And to these islands should be sent professional criminals, those who have deliberately adopted a life of crime for the purpose of supporting themselves, the women upon one island, the men upon another. Such people should not populate the earth.

Neither the diseases nor the deformities of the mind or body should be perpetuated. Life at the fountain should not be polluted.

V. HOMES FOR ALL.

THE home is the unit of the nation. The more homes the broader the foundation of the nation and the more secure.

Everything that is possible should be done to keep this from being a nation of tenants. The men who cultivate the earth should own it. Something has already been done in our country in that direction, and probably in every State there is a homestead exemption. This exemption has thus far done no harm to the creditor class. When we imprisoned people for debt, debts were as insecure, to say the least, as now. By the homestead laws, a home of a certain value or of a certain extent, is

exempt from forced levy or sale; and these laws have done great good. Undoubtedly they have trebled the homes of the nation.

I wish to go a step further. I want, if possible, to get the people out of the tenements, out of the gutters of degradation, to homes where there can be privacy, where these people can feel that they are in partnership with nature; that they have an interest in good government. With the means we now have of transportation, there is no necessity for poor people being huddled in festering masses in the vile, filthy and loathsome parts of cities, where poverty breeds rags, and the rags breed diseases. I would exempt a homestead of a reasonable value, say of the value of two or three thousand dollars, not only from sale under execution, but from sale for taxes of every description. These homes should be absolutely exempt; they should belong to the family, so that every mother should feel that the roof above her head was hers; that her house was her castle, and that in its possession she could not be disturbed, even by the nation. Under certain conditions I would allow the sale of this homestead, and exempt the proceeds of the sale for a certain time, during which they might be invested in another home; and all this could be done to make a nation of householders, a nation of land-owners, a nation of home-builders.

I would invoke the same power to preserve these homes, and to acquire these homes, that I would invoke for acquiring lands for building railways. Every State should fix the amount of land that could be owned by an individual, not liable to be taken from him for the purpose of giving a home to another, and when any man owned more acres than the law allowed, and another should ask to purchase them, and he should refuse, I would have the law so that the person wishing to purchase could file his petition in court. The court would appoint commissioners, or a jury would be called, to determine the value of the land the petitioner wished for a home, and, upon the amount being paid, found by such commission, or jury, the land should vest absolutely in the petitioner.

This right of eminent domain should be used not only for the benefit of the person wishing a home, but for the benefit of all the people. Nothing is more important to America than that the babes of America should be born around the firesides of homes.

There is another question in which I take great interest, and it ought, in my judgment, to be answered by the intelligence and kindness of our century.

We all know that for many, many ages, men have been slaves, and we all know that during all these years, women have, to some extent been the slaves of slaves. It is of the utmost importance to the human race that women, that mothers, should be free. Without doubt, the contract of marriage is the most important and the most sacred that human beings can make. Marriage is the most important of all institutions. Of course, the ceremony of marriage is not the real marriage. It is only evidence of the mutual flames that burn within. There can be no real marriage without mutual love. So I believe in the ceremony of marriage, that it should be public; that records should be kept. Besides, the ceremony says to all the world that those who marry are in love with each other.

Then arises the question of divorce. Millions of people imagine that the married are joined together by some supernatural power, and that they should remain together, or at least married, during life. If all who have been married were joined together by the supernatural, we must admit that the supernatural is not infinitely wise.

After all, marriage is a contract, and the parties to the contract are bound to keep its provisions; and neither should be released from such a contract unless, in some way, the interests of society are involved. I would have the law so that any husband could obtain a divorce when the wife had persistently and flagrantly violated the contract; such divorce to be granted on equitable terms. I would give the wife a divorce if she requested it, if she wanted it.

And I would do this, not only for her sake, but for the sake of the community, of the nation. All children should be children of love. All that are born should be sincerely welcomed. The children of mothers who dislike, or hate, or loathe the fathers, will fill the world with insanity and crime. No woman should by law, or by public opinion, be forced to live with a man whom she abhors. There is no danger of demoralizing the world through divorce. Neither is there any danger of destroying in the human heart that divine thing called love. As long as the human race exists, men and women will love each other, and just so long there will be true and perfect marriage. Slavery is not the soil or rain of virtue.

I make a difference between granting divorce to a man and to a woman, and for this reason: A woman dowers her husband with her youth and beauty. He should not be allowed to desert her because she has grown wrinkled and old. Her capital is gone; her prospects in life lessened; while, on the contrary, he may be far better able to succeed than when he married her. As a rule, the man can take care of himself, and as a rule, the woman needs help. So, I would not allow him to cast her off unless she had flagrantly violated the contract. But, for the sake of the community, and especially for the sake of the babes, I would give her a divorce for the asking.

There will never be a generation of great men until there has been a generation of free women—of free mothers.

The tenderest word in our language is maternity. In this word is the divine mingling of ecstasy and agony—of love and self-sacrifice. This word is holy!

VI. THE LABOR QUESTION.

HERE has been for many years ceaseless discussion upon what is called the labor question; the conflict between the workingman and the capitalist. Many ways have been devised, some experiments have been tried for the purpose of solving this question. Profit-sharing would not work, because it is impossible to share profits with those who are incapable of sharing losses. Communities have been formed, the object being to pay the expenses and share the profits among all the persons belonging to the society. For the most part these have failed.

Others have advocated arbitration. And, while it may be that the employers could be bound by the decision of the arbitrators, there has been no way discovered by which the employees could be held by such decision. In other words, the question has not been solved.

For my own part, I see no final and satisfactory solution except through the civilization of employers and employed. The question is so complicated, the ramifications are so countless, that a solution by law, or by force, seems at least improbable. Employers are supposed to pay according to their profits. They may or may not. Profits may be destroyed by competition. The employer is at the mercy of other employers, and as much so as his employees are at his mercy. The employers cannot govern prices; they cannot fix demand; they cannot control supply; and at

present, in the world of trade, the laws of supply and demand, except when interfered with by conspiracy, are in absolute control.

Will the time arrive, and can it arrive, except by developing the brain, except by the aid of intellectual light, when the purchaser will wish to give what a thing is worth, when the employer will be satisfied with a reasonable profit, when the employer will be anxious to give the real value for raw material; when he will be really anxious to pay the laborer the full value of his labor? Will the employer ever become civilized enough to know that the law of supply and demand should not absolutely apply in the labor market of the world? Will he ever become civilized enough not to take advantage of the necessities of the poor, of the hunger and rags and want of poverty? Will he ever become civilized enough to say: “I will pay the man who labors for me enough to give him a reasonable support, enough for him to assist in taking care of wife and children, enough for him to do this, and lay aside something to feed and clothe him when old age comes; to lay aside something, enough to give him house and hearth during the December of his life, so that he can warm his worn and shriveled hands at the fire of home”?

Of course, capital can do nothing without the assistance of labor. All there is of value in the world is the product of labor. The laboring man pays all the expenses. No matter whether taxes are laid on luxuries or on the necessaries of life, labor pays every cent.

So we must remember that, day by day, labor is becoming intelligent. So, I believe the employer is gradually becoming civilized, gradually becoming kinder; and many men who have made large fortunes from the labor of their fellows have given of their millions to what they regarded as objects of charity, or for the interests of education. This is a kind of penance, because the men that have made this money from the brain and muscle of their fellow-men have ever felt that it was not quite their own. Many of these employers have sought to balance their accounts by leaving something for universities, for the establishment of libraries, drinking fountains, or to build monuments to departed greatness. It would have been, I think, far better had they used this money to better the condition of the men who really earned it.

So, I think that when we become civilized, great corporations will make provision for men who have given their lives to their service. I think the great railroads should pay pensions to their worn out employees. They should take care of them in old age. They should not maim and wear out their servants and then discharge them, and allow them to be supported in poorhouses. These great companies should take care of the men they maim; they should look out for the ones whose lives they have used and whose labor has been the foundation of their prosperity. Upon this question, public sentiment should be aroused to such a degree that these corporations would be ashamed to use a human life and then throw away the broken old man as they would cast aside a rotten tie.

It may be that the mechanics, the workingmen, will finally become intelligent enough to really unite, to act in absolute concert. Could this be accomplished, then a reasonable rate of compensation could be fixed and enforced. Now such efforts are local, and the result up to this time has been failure. But, if all could unite, they could obtain what is reasonable, what is just, and they would have the sympathy of a very large majority of their fellow-men, provided they were reasonable.

But, before they can act in this way, they must become really intelligent, intelligent enough to know what is reasonable and honest enough to ask for no more.

So much has already been accomplished for the workingman that I have hope, and great hope, of the future. The hours of labor have been shortened, and materially shortened, in many countries. There was a time when men worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day. Now, generally, a day's work is not longer than ten hours, and the tendency is to still further decrease the hours.

By comparing long periods of time, we more clearly perceive the advance that has been made. In 1860, the average amount earned by the laboring men, workmen, mechanics, per year, was about two hundred and eighty-five dollars. It is now about five hundred dollars, and a dollar to-day will purchase more of the necessaries of life, more food, clothing and fuel, than it would in 1860. These facts are full of hope for the future.

All our sympathies should be with the men who work, who toil; for the women who labor for themselves and children; because we know that labor is the foundation of all, and that those who labor are the Caryatides that support the structure and glittering dome of civilization and progress.

VII. EDUCATE THE CHILDREN.

EVERY child should be taught to be self-supporting, and every one should be taught to avoid being a burden on others, as they would shun death.

Every child should be taught that the useful are the honorable, and that they who live on the labor of others are the enemies of society. Every child should be taught that useful work is worship and that intelligent labor is the highest form of prayer.

Children should be taught to think, to investigate, to rely upon the light of reason, of observation and experience; should be taught to use all their senses; and they should be taught only that which in some sense is really useful. They should be taught the use of tools, to use their hands, to embody their thoughts in the construction of things. Their lives should not be wasted in the acquisition of the useless, or of the almost useless. Years should not be devoted to the acquisition of dead languages, or to the study of history which, for the most part, is a detailed account of things that never occurred. It is useless to fill the mind with dates of great battles, with the births and deaths of kings. They should be taught the philosophy of history, the growth of nations, of philosophies, theories, and, above all, of the sciences.

So, they should be taught the importance, not only of financial, but of mental honesty; to be absolutely sincere; to utter their real thoughts, and to give their actual opinions; and, if parents want honest children, they should be honest themselves. It may be that hypocrites transmit their failing to their offspring. Men and women who pretend to agree with the majority, who think one way and talk another, can hardly expect their children to be absolutely sincere.

Nothing should be taught in any school that the teacher does not know. Beliefs, superstitions, theories, should not be treated like demonstrated facts. The child should be taught to investigate, not to believe. Too much doubt is better than too much credulity. So, children should be taught that it is their duty to think for themselves, to understand, and, if possible, to know.

Real education is the hope of the future. The development of the brain, the civilization of the heart, will drive want and crime from the world. The schoolhouse is the real cathedral, and science the only possible savior of the human race. Education, real education, is the friend of honesty, of morality, of temperance.

We cannot rely upon legislative enactments to make people wise and good; neither can we expect to make human beings manly and womanly by keeping them out of temptation. Temptations are as thick as the leaves of the forest, and no one can be out of the reach of temptation unless he is dead. The great thing is to make people intelligent enough and strong enough, not to keep away from temptation, but to resist it. All the forces of civilization are in favor of morality and temperance. Little can be accomplished by law, because law, for the most part, about such things, is a destruction of personal liberty. Liberty cannot be sacrificed for the sake of temperance, for the sake of morality, or for the sake of anything. It is of more value than everything else. Yet some people would destroy the sun to prevent the growth of weeds. Liberty sustains the same relation to all the virtues that the sun does to life. The world had better go back to barbarism, to the dens, the caves and lairs of savagery; better lose all art, all inventions, than to lose liberty. Liberty is the breath of progress; it is the seed and soil, the heat and rain of love and joy.

So, all should be taught that the highest ambition is to be happy, and to add to the well-being of others; that place and power are not necessary to success; that the desire to acquire great wealth is a kind of insanity. They should be taught that it is a waste of energy, a waste of thought, a waste of life, to acquire what you do not need and what you do not really use for the benefit of yourself or others.

Neither mendicants nor millionaires are the happiest of mankind. The man at the bottom of the ladder hopes to rise; the man at the top fears to fall. The one asks; the other refuses; and, by frequent refusal, the heart becomes hard enough and the hand greedy enough to clutch and hold.

Few men have intelligence enough, real greatness enough, to own a great fortune. As a rule, the fortune owns them. Their fortune is their master, for whom they work and toil like slaves. The man who has a good business and who can make a reasonable living and lay aside something for the future, who can educate his children and can leave enough to keep the wolf of want from the door of those he loves, ought to be the happiest of men.

Now, society bows and kneels at the feet of wealth. Wealth gives power. Wealth commands flattery and adulation. And so, millions of men give all their energies, as well as their very souls, for the acquisition of gold. And this will continue as long as society is ignorant enough and hypocritical enough to hold in high esteem the man of wealth without the slightest regard to the character of the man.

In judging of the rich, two things should be considered: How did they get it, and what are they doing with it? Was it honestly acquired? Is it being used for the benefit of mankind? When people become really intelligent, when the brain is really developed, no human being will give his life to the acquisition of what he does not need or what he cannot intelligently use.

The time will come when the truly intelligent man cannot be happy, cannot be satisfied, when millions of his fellow-men are hungry and naked. The time will come when in every heart will be the perfume of pity's sacred flower. The time will come when the world will be anxious to ascertain the truth, to find out the conditions of happiness, and to live in accordance with such conditions; and the time will come when in the brain of every human being will be the climate of intellectual hospitality.

Man will be civilized when the passions are dominated by the intellect, when reason occupies the throne, and when the hot blood of passion no longer rises in successful revolt.

To civilize the world, to hasten the coming of the Golden Dawn of the Perfect Day, we must educate the children, we must commence at the cradle, at the lap of the loving mother.

VIII. WE MUST WORK AND WAIT.

THE reforms that I have mentioned cannot be accomplished in a day, possibly not for many centuries; and in the meantime there is much crime, much poverty, much want, and consequently something must be done now.

Let each human being, within the limits of the possible be self-supporting; let every one take intelligent thought for the morrow; and if a human being supports himself and acquires a surplus, let him use a part of that surplus for the unfortunate; and let each one to the extent of his ability help his fellow-men. Let him do what he can in the circle of his own acquaintance to rescue the fallen, to help those who are trying to help themselves, to give work to the idle. Let him distribute kind words, words of wisdom, of cheerfulness and hope. In other words, let every human being do all the good he can, and let him bind up the wounds of his fellow-creatures, and at the same time put forth every effort, to hasten the coming of a better day.

This, in my judgment, is real religion. To do all the good you can is to be a saint in the highest and in the noblest sense. To do all the good you can; this is to be really and truly spiritual. To relieve suffering, to put the star of hope in the midnight of despair, this is true holiness. This is the religion of science. The old creeds are too narrow, they are not for the world in which we live. The old dogmas lack breadth and tenderness; they are too cruel, too merciless, too savage. We are growing grander and nobler.

The firmament inlaid with suns is the dome of the real cathedral. The interpreters of nature are the true and only priests. In the great creed are all the truths that lips have uttered, and in the real litany will be found all the ecstasies and aspirations of the soul, all dreams of joy, all hopes for nobler, fuller life. The real church, the real edifice, is adorned and glorified with all that Art has done. In the real choir is all the thrilling music of the world, and in the star-lit aisles have been, and are, the grandest souls of every land and clime.

“There is no darkness but ignorance.”

Let us flood the world with intellectual light.

A Thanksgiving Sermon

MANY ages ago our fathers were living in dens and caves. Their bodies, their low foreheads, were covered with hair. They were eating berries, roots, bark and vermin. They were fond of snakes and raw fish. They discovered fire and, probably by accident, learned how to cause it by friction. They found how to warm themselves—to fight the frost and storm. They fashioned clubs and rude weapons of stone with which they killed the larger beasts and now and then each other. Slowly, painfully, almost imperceptibly they advanced. They crawled and stumbled, staggered and struggled toward the light. To them the world was unknown. On every hand was the mysterious, the sinister, the hurtful. The forests were filled with monsters, and the darkness was crowded with ghosts, devils, and fiendish gods.

These poor wretches were the slaves of fear, the sport of dreams.

Now and then, one rose a little above his fellows—used his senses—the little reason that he had—found something new—some better way. Then the people killed him and afterward knelt with reverence at his grave. Then another thinker gave his thought—was murdered—another tomb became sacred—another step was taken in advance. And so through countless years of ignorance and cruelty—of thought and crime—of murder and worship, of heroism, suffering, and self-denial, the race has reached the heights where now we stand.

Looking back over the long and devious roads that lie between the barbarism of the past and the civilization of to-day, thinking of the centuries that rolled like waves between these distant shores, we can form some idea of what our fathers suffered—of the mistakes they made—some idea of their ignorance, their stupidity—and some idea of their sense, their goodness, their heroism.

It is a long road from the savage to the scientist—from a den to a mansion—from leaves to clothes—from a flickering rush to the arc-light—from a hammer of stone to the modern mill—a long distance from the pipe of Pan to the violin—to the orchestra—from a floating log to the steamship—from a sickle to a reaper—from a flail to a threshing machine—-from a crooked stick to a plow—from a spinning wheel to a spinning jenny—from a hand loom to a Jacquard—a Jacquard that weaves fair forms and wondrous flowers beyond Arachne's utmost dream—from a few hieroglyphics on the skins of beasts—on bricks of clay—to a printing press, to a library—a long distance from the messenger, traveling on foot, to the electric spark—from knives and tools of stone to those of steel—a long distance from sand to telescopes—from echo to the phonograph, the phonograph that buries in indented lines and dots the sounds of living speech, and then gives back to life the very words and voices of the dead—a long way from the trumpet to the telephone, the telephone that transports speech as swift as thought and drops the words, perfect as minted coins, in listening ears—a long way from a fallen tree to the suspension bridge—from the dried sinews of beasts to the cables of steel—from the oar to the propeller—from the sling to the rifle—from the catapult to the cannon—a long distance from revenge to law—from the club to the Legislature—from slavery to freedom—from appearance to fact—from fear to reason.

And yet the distance has been traveled by the human race. Countless obstructions have been overcome—numberless enemies have been conquered—thousands and

thousands of victories have been won for the right, and millions have lived, labored and died for their fellow-men.

For the blessings we enjoy—for the happiness that is ours, we ought to be grateful. Our hearts should blossom with thankfulness.

Whom, what, should we thank?

Let us be honest—generous.

Should we thank the church?

Christianity has controlled Christendom for at least fifteen hundred years.

During these centuries what have the orthodox churches accomplished, for the good of man?

In this life man needs raiment and roof, food and fuel. He must be protected from heat and cold, from snow and storm. He must take thought for the morrow. In the summer of youth he must prepare for the winter of age. He must know something of the causes of disease—of the conditions of health. If possible he must conquer pain, increase happiness and lengthen life. He must supply the wants of the body—and feed the hunger of the mind.

What good has the church done?

Has it taught men to cultivate the earth? to build homes? to weave cloth to cure or prevent disease? to build ships, to navigate the seas? to conquer pain, or to lengthen life?

Did Christ or any of his apostles add to the sum of useful knowledge? Did they say one word in favor of any science, of any art? Did they teach their fellow-men how to make a living, how to overcome the obstructions of nature, how to prevent sickness—how to protect themselves from pain, from famine, from misery and rags?

Did they explain any of the phenomena of nature? any of the facts that affect the life of man? Did they say anything in favor of investigation—of study—of thought? Did they teach the gospel of self-reliance, of industry—of honest effort? Can any farmer, mechanic, or scientist find in the New Testament one useful fact? Is there anything in the sacred book that can help the geologist, the astronomer, the biologist, the physician, the inventor—the manufacturer of any useful thing?

What has the church done?

From the very first it taught the vanity—the worthlessness of all earthly things. It taught the wickedness of wealth, the blessedness of poverty. It taught that the business of this life was to prepare for death. It insisted that a certain belief was necessary to insure salvation, and that all who failed to believe, or doubted in the least would suffer eternal pain. According to the church the natural desires, ambitions and passions of man were all wicked and depraved.

To love God, to practice self-denial, to overcome desire, to despise wealth, to hate prosperity, to desert wife and children, to live on roots and berries, to repeat prayers, to wear rags, to live in filth, and drive love from the heart—these, for centuries, were the highest and most perfect virtues, and those who practiced them were saints.

The saints did not assist their fellow-men. Their fellow-men assisted them. They did not labor for others. They were beggars—parasites—vermin. They were insane. They followed the teachings of Christ. They took no thought for the morrow. They

mutilated their bodies—scarred their flesh and destroyed their minds for the sake of happiness in another world. During the journey of life they kept their eyes on the grave. They gathered no flowers by the way—they walked in the dust of the road—avoided the green fields. Their moans made all the music they wished to hear. The babble of brooks, the songs of birds, the laughter of children, were nothing to them. Pleasure was the child of sin, and the happy needed a change of heart. They were sinless and miserable—but they had faith—they were pious and wretched—but they were limping towards heaven.

What has the church done?

It has denounced pride and luxury—all things that adorn and enrich life—all the pleasures of sense—the ecstasies of love—the happiness of the hearth—the clasp and kiss of wife and child.

And the church has done this because it regarded this life as a period of probation—a time to prepare—to become spiritual—to overcome the natural—to fix the affections on the invisible—to become passionless—to subdue the flesh—to congeal the blood—to fold the wings of fancy—to become dead to the world—so that when you appeared before God you would be the exact opposite of what he made you.

What has the church done?

It pretended to have a revelation from God. It knew the road to eternal joy, the way to death. It preached salvation by faith, and declared that only orthodox believers could become angels, and all doubters would be damned. It knew this, and so knowing it became the enemy of discussion, of investigation, of thought. Why investigate, why discuss, why think when you know? It sought to enslave the world. It appealed to force. It unsheathed the sword, lighted the fagot, forged the chain, built the dungeon, erected the scaffold, invented and used the instruments of torture. It branded, maimed and mutilated—it imprisoned and tortured—it blinded and burned, hanged and crucified, and utterly destroyed millions and millions of human beings. It touched every nerve of the body—produced every pain that can be felt, every agony that can be endured.

And it did all this to preserve what it called the truth—to destroy heresy and doubt, and to save, if possible, the souls of a few. It was honest. It was necessary to prevent the development of the brain—to arrest all progress—and to do this the church used all its power. If men were allowed to think and express their thoughts they would fill their minds and the minds of others with doubts. If they were allowed to think they would investigate, and then they might contradict the creed, dispute the words of priests and defy the church. The priests cried to the people: “It is for us to talk. It is for you to hear. Our duty is to preach and yours is to believe.”

What has the church done?

There have been thousands of councils and synods—thousands and thousands of occasions when the clergy have met and discussed and quarreled—when pope and cardinals, bishops and priests have added to or explained their creeds—and denied the rights of others. What useful truth did they discover? What fact did they find? Did they add to the intellectual wealth of the world? Did they increase the sum of knowledge?

I admit that they looked over a number of Jewish books and picked out the ones that Jehovah wrote.

Did they find the medicinal virtue that dwells in any weed or flower?

I know that they decided that the Holy Ghost was not created—not begotten—but that he proceeded.

Did they teach us the mysteries of the metals and how to purify the ores in furnace flames?

They shouted: “Great is the mystery of Godliness.”

Did they show us how to improve our condition in this world?

They informed us that Christ had two natures and two wills.

Did they give us even a hint as to any useful thing?

They gave us predestination, foreordination and just enough “free will” to go to hell.

Did they discover or show us how to produce anything for food?

Did they produce anything to satisfy the hunger of man?

Instead of this they discovered that a peasant girl who lived in Palestine, was the mother of God. This they proved by a book, and to make the book evidence they called it inspired.

Did they tell us anything about chemistry—how to combine and separate substances—how to subtract the hurtful—how to produce the useful?

They told us that bread, by making certain motions and mumbling certain prayers, could be changed into the flesh of God, and that in the same way wine could be changed to his blood. And this, notwithstanding the fact that God never had any flesh or blood, but has always been a spirit without body, parts or passions.

What has the church done?

It gave us the history of the world—of the stars, and the beginning of all things. It taught the geology of Moses—the astronomy of Joshua and Elijah. It taught the fall of man and the atonement—proved that a Jewish peasant was God—established the existence of hell, purgatory and heaven.

It pretended to have a revelation from God—the Scriptures, in which could be found all knowledge—everything that man could need in the journey of life. Nothing outside of the inspired book—except legends and prayers—could be of any value. Books that contradicted the Bible were hurtful, those that agreed with it—useless. Nothing was of importance except faith, credulity—belief. The church said: “Let philosophy alone, count your beads. Ask no questions, fall upon your knees. Shut your eyes, and save your souls.”

What has the church done?

For centuries it kept the earth flat, for centuries it made all the hosts of heaven travel around this world—for centuries it clung to “sacred” knowledge, and fought facts with the ferocity of a fiend. For centuries it hated the useful. It was the deadly enemy of medicine. Disease was produced by devils and could be cured only by priests, decaying bones, and holy water. Doctors were the rivals of priests. They diverted the revenues.

The church opposed the study of anatomy—was against the dissection of the dead. Man had no right to cure disease—God would do that through his priests.

Man had no right to prevent disease—diseases were sent by God as judgments.

The church opposed inoculation—vaccination, and the use of chloroform and ether. It was declared to be a sin, a crime for a woman to lessen the pangs of motherhood. The church declared that woman must bear the curse of the merciful Jehovah.

What has the church done?

It taught that the insane were inhabited by devils. Insanity was not a disease. It was produced by demons. It could be cured by prayers—gifts, amulets and charms. All these had to be paid for. This enriched the church. These ideas were honestly entertained by Protestants as well as Catholics—by Luther, Calvin, Knox and Wesley.

What has the church done?

It taught the awful doctrine of witchcraft. It filled the darkness with demons—the air with devils, and the world with grief and shame. It charged men, women and children with being in league with Satan to injure their fellows. Old women were convicted for causing storms at sea—for preventing rain and for bringing frost. Girls were convicted for having changed themselves into wolves, snakes and toads. These witches were burned for causing diseases—for selling their souls and for souring beer. All these things were done with the aid of the Devil who sought to persecute the faithful, the lambs of God. Satan sought in many ways to scandalize the church. He sometimes assumed the appearance of a priest and committed crimes.

On one occasion he personated a bishop—a bishop renowned for his sanctity—allowed himself to be discovered and dragged from the room of a beautiful widow. So perfectly did he counterfeit the features and form of the bishop, that many who were well acquainted with the prelate, were actually deceived, and the widow herself thought her lover was the bishop. All this was done by the Devil to bring reproach upon holy men.

Hundreds of like instances could be given, as the war waged between demons and priests was long and bitter.

These popes and priests—these clergymen, were not hypocrites. They believed in the New Testament—in the teachings of Christ, and they knew that the principal business of the Savior was casting out devils.

What has the church done?

It made the wife a slave—the property of the husband, and it placed the husband as much above the wife as Christ was above the husband. It taught that a nun is purer, nobler than a mother. It induced millions of pure and conscientious girls to renounce the joys of life—to take the veil woven of night and death, to wear the habiliments of the dead—made them believe that they were the brides of Christ.

For my part, I would as soon be a widow as the bride of a man who had been dead for eighteen hundred years.

The poor deluded girls imagined that they, in some mysterious way, were in spiritual wedlock united with God. All worldly desires were driven from their hearts. They filled their lives with fastings—with prayers—with self-accusings. They forgot fathers and mothers and gave their love to the invisible. They were the victims, the convicts of superstition—prisoners in the penitentiaries of God. Conscientious, good, sincere—insane.

These loving women gave their hearts to a phantom, their lives to a dream.

A few years ago, at a revival, a fine buxom girl was “converted,” “born again.” In her excitement she cried, “I’m married to Christ—I’m married to Christ.” In her delirium she threw her arms around the neck of an old man and again cried, “I’m married to Christ.” The old man, who happened to be a kind of skeptic, gently removed her hands, saying at the same time: “I don’t know much about your husband, but I have great respect for your father-in-law.”

Priests, theologians, have taken advantage of women—of their gentleness—their love of approbation. They have lived upon their hopes and fears. Like vampires, they have sucked their blood. They have made them responsible for the sins of the world. They have taught them the slave virtues—meekness, humility—implicit obedience. They have fed their minds with mistakes, mysteries and absurdities. They have endeavored to weaken and shrivel their brains, until, to them, there would be no possible connection between evidence and belief—between fact and faith.

What has the church done?

It was the enemy of commerce—of business. It denounced the taking of interest for money. Without taking interest for money, progress is impossible. The steamships, the great factories, the railroads have all been built with borrowed money, money on which interest was promised and for the most part paid.

The church was opposed to fire insurance—to life insurance. It denounced insurance in any form as gambling, as immoral. To insure your life was to declare that you had no confidence in God—that you relied on a corporation instead of divine providence. It was declared that God would provide for your widow and your fatherless children.

To insure your life was to insult heaven.

What has the church done?

The church regarded epidemics as the messengers of the good God. The “Black Death” was sent by the eternal Father, whose mercy spared some and whose justice murdered the rest. To stop the scourge, they tried to soften the heart of God by kneelings and prostrations—by processions and prayers—by burning incense and by making vows. They did not try to remove the cause. The cause was God. They did not ask for pure water, but for holy water. Faith and filth lived or rather died together. Religion and rags, piety and pollution kept company. Sanctity kept its odor.

What has the church done?

It was the enemy of art and literature. It destroyed the marbles of Greece and Rome. Beauty was Pagan. It destroyed so far as it could the best literature of the world. It feared thought—but it preserved the Scriptures, the ravings of insane saints, the falsehoods of the Fathers, the bulls of popes, the accounts of miracles performed by shrines, by dried blood and faded hair, by pieces of bones and wood, by rusty nails and thorns, by handkerchiefs and rags, by water and beads and by a finger of the Holy Ghost.

This was the literature of the church.

I admit that the priests were honest—as honest as ignorant. More could not be said.

What has the church done?

Christianity claims, with great pride, that it established asylums for the insane. Yes, it did. But the insane were treated as criminals. They were regarded as the homes—as the tenement-houses of devils. They were persecuted and tormented. They were

chained and flogged, starved and killed. The asylums were prisons, dungeons, the insane were victims and the keepers were ignorant, conscientious, pious fiends. They were not trying to help men, they were fighting devils—destroying demons. They were not actuated by love—but by hate and fear.

What has the church done?

It founded schools where facts were denied, where science was denounced and philosophy despised. Schools, where priests were made—where they were taught to hate reason and to look upon doubts as the suggestions of the Devil. Schools where the heart was hardened and the brain shriveled. Schools in which lies were sacred and truths profane. Schools for the more general diffusion of ignorance—schools to prevent thought—to suppress knowledge. Schools for the purpose of enslaving the world. Schools in which teachers knew less than pupils.

What has the church done?

It has used its influence with God to get rain and sunshine—to stop flood and storm—to kill insects, rats, snakes and wild beasts—to stay pestilence and famine—to delay frost and snow—to lengthen the lives of kings and queens—to protect presidents—to give legislators wisdom—to increase collections and subscriptions. In marriages it has made God the party of the third part. It has sprinkled water on babes when they were named. It has put oil on the dying and repeated prayers for the dead. It has tried to protect the people from the malice of the Devil—from ghosts and spooks, from witches and wizards and all the leering fiends that seek to poison the souls of men. It has endeavored to protect the sheep of God from the wolves of science—from the wild beasts of doubt and investigation. It has tried to wean the lambs of the Lord from the delights, the pleasures, the joys, of life. According to the philosophy of the church, the virtuous weep and suffer, the vicious laugh and thrive, the good carry a cross, and the wicked fly. But in the next life this will be reversed. Then the good will be happy, and the bad will be damned.

The church filled the world with faith and crime.

It polluted the fountains of joy. It gave us an ignorant, jealous, revengeful and cruel God—sometimes merciful—sometimes ferocious. Now just, now infamous—sometimes wise—generally foolish. It gave us a Devil, cunning, malicious, almost the equal of God, not quite as strong—but quicker—not as profound—but sharper.

It gave us angels with wings—cherubim and seraphim and a heaven with harps and hallelujahs—with streets of gold and gates of pearl.

It gave us fiends and imps with wings like bats. It gave us ghosts and goblins, spooks and sprites, and little devils that swarmed in the bodies of men, and it gave us hell where the souls of men will roast in eternal flames. Shall we thank the church? Shall we thank the orthodox churches?

Shall we thank them for the hell they made here? Shall we thank them for the hell of the future?

II.

WE must remember that the church was founded and has been protected by God, that all the popes, and cardinals, all the bishops, priests and monks, all the ministers and exhorters were selected and set apart—all sanctified and enlightened by the infinite God—that the Holy Scriptures were inspired by the same Being, and that all the orthodox creeds were really made by him.

We know what these men—filled with the Holy Ghost—have done. We know the part they have played. We know the souls they have saved and the bodies they have destroyed. We know the consolation they have given and the pain they have inflicted—the lies they have defended—the truths they have denied. We know that they convinced millions that celibacy is the greatest of all virtues—that women are perpetual temptations, the enemies of true holiness—that monks and priests are nobler than fathers, that nuns are purer than mothers. We know that they taught the blessed absurdity of the Trinity—that God once worked at the trade of a carpenter in Palestine. We know that they divided knowledge into sacred and profane—taught that Revelation was sacred—that Reason was blasphemous—that faith was holy and facts false. That the sin of Adam and Eve brought disease and pain, vice and death into the world. We know that they have taught the dogma of special providence—that all events are ordered and regulated by God—that he crowns and uncrowns kings—preserves and destroys—guards and kills—that it is the duty of man to submit to the divine will, and that no matter how much evil there may be—no matter how much suffering—how much pain and death, man should pour out-his heart in thankfulness that it is no worse.

Let me be understood. I do not say and I do not think that the church was dishonest, that the clergy were insincere. I admit that all religions, all creeds, all priests, have been naturally produced. I admit, and cheerfully admit, that the believers in the supernatural have done some good—not because they believed in gods and devils—but in spite of it.

I know that thousands and thousands of clergymen are honest, self-denying and humane—that they are doing what they believe to be their duty—doing what they can to induce men and women to live pure and noble lives. This is not the result of their creeds—it is because they are human.

What I say is that every honest teacher of the supernatural has been and is an unconscious enemy of the human race.

What is the philosophy of the church—of those who believe in the supernatural?

Back of all that is—back of all events—Christians put an infinite Juggler who with a wish creates, preserves, destroys. The world is his stage and mankind his puppets. He fills them with wants and desires, with appetites and ambitions—with hopes and fears—with love and hate. He touches the springs. He pulls the strings—baits the hooks, sets the traps and digs the pits.

The play is a continuous performance.

He watches these puppets as they struggle and fail. Sees them outwit each other and themselves—leads them to every crime, watches the births and deaths—hears lullabies at cradles and the fall of clods on coffins. He has no pity. He enjoys the tragedies—the desperation—the despair—the suicides. He smiles at the murders, the assassinations,—the seductions, the desertions—the abandoned babes of shame. He sees the weak enslaved—mothers robbed of babes—the innocent in dungeons—on scaffolds. He sees crime crowned and hypocrisy robed.

He withholds the rain and his puppets starve. He opens the earth and they are devoured. He sends the flood and they are drowned. He empties the volcano and they perish in fire. He sends the cyclone and they are torn and mangled. With quick lightnings they are dashed to death. He fills the air and water with the invisible enemies of life—the messengers of pain, and watches the puppets as they breathe and

drink. He creates cancers to feed upon their flesh—their quivering nerves—serpents, to fill their veins with venom,—beasts to crunch their bones—to lap their blood.

Some of the poor puppets he makes insane—makes them struggle in the darkness with imagined monsters with glaring eyes and dripping jaws, and some are made without the flame of thought, to drool and drivel through the darkened days. He sees all the agony, the injustice, the rags of poverty, the withered hands of want—the motherless babes—the deformed—the maimed—the leprous, knows the tears that flow—hears the sobs and moans—sees the gleam of swords, hears the roar of the guns—sees the fields reddened with blood—the white faces of the dead. But he mocks when their fear cometh, and at their calamity he fills the heavens with laughter. And the poor puppets who are left alive, fall on their knees and thank the Juggler with all their hearts.

But after all, the gods have not supported the children of men, men have supported the gods. They have built the temples. They have sacrificed their babes, their lambs, their cattle. They have drenched the altars with blood. They have given their silver, their gold, their gems. They have fed and clothed their priests—but the gods have given nothing in return. Hidden in the shadows they have answered no prayer—heard no cry—given no sign—extended no hand—uttered no word. Unseen and unheard they have sat on their thrones, deaf and dumb—paralyzed and blind. In vain the steeples rise—in vain the prayers ascend.

And think what man has done to please the gods. He has renounced his reason—extinguished the torch of his brain, he has believed without evidence and against evidence. He has slandered and maligned himself. He has fasted and starved. He has mutilated his body—scarred his flesh—given his blood to vermin. He has persecuted, imprisoned and destroyed his fellows. He has deserted wife and child. He has lived alone in the desert. He has swung-censers and burned incense, counted beads and sprinkled himself with holy water—shut his eyes, clasped his hands—fallen upon his knees and groveled in the dust—but the gods have been silent—silent as stones.

Have these cringings and crawlings—these cruelties and absurdities—this faith and foolishness pleased the gods?

We do not know.

Has any disaster been averted—any blessing obtained? We do not know.

Shall we thank these gods?

Shall we thank the church's God?

Who and what is he?

They say that he is the creator and preserver of all that has been—of all that is—of all that will be—that he is the father of angels and devils, the architect of heaven and hell—that he made the earth—a man and woman—that he made the serpent who tempted them, made his own rival—gave victory to his enemy—that he repented of what he had done—that he sent a flood and destroyed all of the children of men with the exception of eight persons—that he tried to civilize the survivors and their children—tried to do this with earthquakes and fiery serpents —with pestilence and famine. But he failed. He intended to fail. Then he was born into the world, preached for three years, and allowed some savages to kill him. Then he rose from the dead and went back to heaven.

He knew that he would fail, knew that he would be killed. In fact he arranged everything himself and brought everything to pass just as he had predestined it an eternity before the world was. All who believe these things will be saved and they who doubt or deny will be lost.

Has this God good sense?

Not always. He creates his own enemies and plots against himself. Nothing lives, except in accordance with his will, and yet the devils do not die.

What is the matter with this God? Well, sometimes he is foolish—sometimes he is cruel and sometimes he is insane.

Does this God exist? Is there any intelligence back of Nature? Is there any being anywhere among the stars who pities the suffering children of men?

We do not know.

Shall we thank Nature?

Does Nature care for us more than for leaves, or grass, or flies?

Does Nature know that we exist? We do not know.

But we do know that Nature is going to murder us all.

Why should we thank Nature? If we thank God or Nature for the sunshine and rain, for health and happiness, whom shall we curse for famine and pestilence, for earthquake and cyclone—for disease and death?

III.

IF we cannot thank the orthodox churches—if we cannot thank the unknown, the incomprehensible, the supernatural—if we cannot thank Nature—if we can not kneel to a Guess, or prostrate ourselves before a Perhaps—whom shall we thank?

Let us see what the worldly have done—what has been accomplished by those not "called," not "set apart," not "inspired," not filled with the Holy Ghost—by those who were neglected by all the Gods.

Passing over the Hindus, the Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans, their poets, philosophers and metaphysicians—we will come to modern times.

In the 10th century after Christ the Saracens—governors of a vast empire—"established colleges in Mongolia, Tartary, Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Egypt, North Africa, Morocco, Fez and in Spain." The region owned by the Saracens was greater than the Roman Empire. They had not only colleges—but observatories. The sciences were taught. They introduced the ten numerals—taught algebra and trigonometry—understood cubic equations—knew the art of surveying—they made catalogues and maps of the stars—gave the great stars the names they still bear—they ascertained the size of the earth—determined the obliquity of the ecliptic and fixed the length of the year. They calculated eclipses, equinoxes, solstices, conjunctions of planets and occultations of stars. They constructed astronomical instruments. They made clocks of various kinds and were the inventors of the pendulum. They originated chemistry—discovered sulphuric and nitric acid and alcohol.

"They were the first to publish pharmacopoeias and dispensatories.

"In mechanics they determined the laws of falling bodies. They understood the mechanical powers, and the attraction of gravitation.

“They taught hydrostatics and determined the specific gravities of bodies.

“In optics they discovered that a ray of light did not proceed from the eye to an object—but from the object to the eye.”

“They were manufacturers of cotton, leather, paper and steel.

“They gave us the game of chess.

“They produced romances and novels and essays on many subjects.

“In their schools they taught the modern doctrines of evolution and development.” They anticipated Darwin and Spencer.

These people were not Christians. They were the followers, for the most part, of an impostor—of a pretended prophet of a false God. And yet while the true Christians, the men selected by the true God and filled with the Holy Ghost were tearing out the tongues of heretics, these wretches were irreverently tracing the orbits of the stars. While the true believers were flaying philosophers and extinguishing the eyes of thinkers, these godless followers of Mohammed were founding colleges, collecting manuscripts, investigating the facts of nature and giving their attention to science. Afterward the followers of Mohammed became the enemies of science and hated facts as intensely and honestly as Christians. Whoever has a revelation from God will defend it with all his strength—will abhor reason and deny facts.

But it is well to know that we are indebted to the Moors—to the followers of Mohammed—for having laid the foundations of modern science. It is well to know that we are not indebted to the church, to Christianity, for any useful fact.

It is well to know that the seeds of thought were sown in our minds by the Greeks and Romans, and that our literature came from those seeds. The great literature of our language is Pagan in its thought—Pagan in its beauty—Pagan in its perfection. It is well to know that when Mohammedans were the friends of science, Christians were its enemies. How consoling it is to think that the friends of science—the men who educated their fellows—are now in hell, and that the men who persecuted and killed philosophers are now in heaven! Such is the justice of God.

The Christians of the Middle Ages, the men who were filled with the Holy Ghost, knew all about the worlds beyond the grave, but nothing about the world in which they lived. They thought the earth was flat—a little dishing if anything—that it was about five thousand years old, and that the stars were little sparkles made to beautify the night.

The fact is that Christianity was in existence for fifteen hundred years before there was an astronomer in Christendom. No follower of Christ knew the shape of the earth.

The earth was demonstrated to be a globe, not by a pope or cardinal—not by a collection of clergymen—not by the “called” or the “set apart,” but by a sailor. Magellan left Seville, Spain, August 10th, 1519, sailed west and kept sailing west, and the ship reached Seville, the port it left, on Sept. 7th, 1522.

The world had been circumnavigated. The earth was known to be round. There had been a dispute between the Scriptures and a sailor. The fact took the sailor’s side.

In 1543 Copernicus published his book, “On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies.”

He had some idea of the vastness of the stars—of the astronomical spaces—of the insignificance of this world.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century, Bruno, one of the greatest men this world has produced, gave his thoughts to his fellow-men. He taught the plurality of worlds. He was a Pantheist, an Atheist, an honest man. He called the Catholic Church the "Triumphant Beast." He was imprisoned for many years, tried, convicted, and on the 16th day of February, 1600, burned in Rome by men filled with the Holy Ghost, burned on the spot where now his monument rises. Bruno, the noblest, the greatest of all the martyrs. The only one who suffered death for what he believed to be the truth. The only martyr who had no heaven to gain, no hell to shun, no God to please. He was nobler than inspired men, grander than prophets, greater and purer than apostles. Above all the theologians of the world, above the makers of creeds, above the founders of religions rose this serene, unselfish and intrepid man.

Yet Christians, followers of Christ, murdered this incomparable man. These Christians were true to their creed. They believed that faith would be rewarded with eternal joy, and doubt punished with eternal pain. They were logical. They were pious and pitiless—devout and devilish—meek and malicious—religious and revengeful—Christ-like and cruel—loving with their mouths and hating with their hearts. And yet, honest victims of ignorance and fear.

What have the wordly done?

In 1608, Lippersheim, a Hollander, so arranged lenses that objects were exaggerated.

He invented the telescope.

He gave countless worlds to our eyes, and made us citizens of the Universe.

In 1610, on the night of January 7th, Galileo demonstrated the truth of the Copernican system, and in 1632, published his work on "The System of the World."

What did the church do?

Galileo was arrested, imprisoned, forced to fall upon his knees, put his hand on the Bible, and recant. For ten years he was kept in prison—for ten years until released by the pity of death. Then the church—men filled with the Holy Ghost—denied his body burial in consecrated ground. It was feared that his dust might corrupt the bodies of those who had persecuted him.

In 1609, Kepler published his book "Motions of the Planet Mars." He, too, knew of the attraction of gravitation and that it acted in proportion to mass and distance. Kepler announced his Three Laws. He found and mathematically expressed the relation of distance, mass, and motion. Nothing greater has been accomplished by the human mind.

Astronomy became a science and Christianity a superstition.

Then came Newton, Herscheland Laplace. The astronomy of Joshua and Elijah faded from the minds of intelligent men, and Jehovah became an ignorant tribal god.

Men began to see that the operations of Nature were not subject to interference. That eclipses were not caused by the wrath of God—that comets had nothing to do with the destruction of empires or the death of kings, that the stars wheeled in their orbits without regard to the actions of men. In the sacred East the dawn appeared.

What have the wordly done?

A few years ago a few men became wicked enough to use their senses. They began to look and listen. They began to really see and then they began to reason. They forgot heaven and hell long enough to take some interest in this world. They began to

examine soils and rocks. They noticed what had been done by rivers and seas. They found out something about the crust of the earth. They found that most of the rocks had been deposited and stratified in the water—rocks 70,000 feet in thickness. They found that the coal was once vegetable matter. They made the best calculations they could of the time required to make the coal, and concluded that it must have taken at least six or seven millions of years. They examined the chalk cliffs, found that they were composed of the microscopic shells of minute organisms, that is to say, the dust of these shells. This dust settled over areas as large as Europe and in some places the chalk is a mile in depth. This must have required many millions of years.

Lyell, the highest authority on the subject, says that it must have required, to cause the changes that we know, at least two hundred million years. Think of these vast deposits caused by the slow falling of infinitesimal atoms of impalpable dust through the silent depths of ancient seas! Think of the microscopical forms of life, constructing their minute houses of lime, giving life to others, leaving their mansions beneath the waves, and so through countless generations building the foundations of continents and islands.

Go back of all life that we now know—back of all the flying lizards, the armored monsters, the hissing serpents, the winged and fanged horrors—back to the Laurentian rocks—to the eozoon, the first of living things that we have found—back of all mountains, seas and rivers—back to the first incrustation of the molten world—back of wave of fire and robe of flame—back to the time when all the substance of the earth blazed in the glowing sun with all the stars that wheel about the central fire.

Think of the days and nights that lie between!—think of the centuries, the withered leaves of time, that strew the desert of the past!

Nature does not hurry. Time cannot be wasted—cannot be lost. The future remains eternal and all the past is as though it had not been—as though it were to be. The infinite knows neither loss nor gain.

We know something of the history of the world—something of the human race; and we know that man has lived and struggled through want and war, through pestilence and famine, through ignorance and crime, through fear and hope, on the old earth for millions and millions of years.

At last we know that infallible popes, and countless priests and clergymen, who had been “called,” filled with the Holy Ghost, and presidents of colleges, kings, emperors and executives of nations had mistaken the blundering guesses of ignorant savages for the wisdom of an infinite God.

At last we know that the story of creation, of the beginning of things, as told in the “sacred book,” is not only untrue, but utterly absurd and idiotic. Now we know that the inspired writers did not know and that the God who inspired them did not know.

We are no longer misled by myths and legends. We rely upon facts. The world is our witness and the stars testify for us.

What have the worldly done?

They have investigated the religions of the world—have read the sacred books, the prophecies, the commandments, the rules of conduct. They have studied the symbols, the ceremonies, the prayers and sacrifices. And they have shown that all religions are substantially the same—produced by the same causes—that all rest on a

misconception of the facts in nature—that all are founded on ignorance and fear, on mistake and mystery.

They have found that Christianity is like the rest—that it was not a revelation, but a natural growth—that its gods and devils, its heavens and hells, were borrowed—that its ceremonies and sacraments were souvenirs of other religions—that no part of it came from heaven, but that it was all made by savage man. They found that Jehovah was a tribal god and that his ancestors had lived on the banks of the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Ganges and the Nile, and these ancestors were traced back to still more savage forms.

They found that all the sacred books were filled with inspired mistake and sacred absurdity.

But, say the Christians, we have the only inspired book. We have the Old Testament and the New. Where did you get the Old Testament? From the Jews?—Yes.

Let me tell you about it.

After the Jews returned from Babylon, about 400 years before Christ, Ezra commenced making the Bible. You will find an account of this in the Bible.

We know that Genesis was written after the Captivity—because it was from the Babylonians that the Jews got the story of the creation—of Adam and Eve, of the Garden—of the serpent, and the tree of life—of the flood—and from them they learned about the Sabbath.

You find nothing about that holy day in Judges, Joshua, Samuel, Kings or Chronicles—nothing in Job, the Psalms, in Esther, Solomon's Song or Ecclesiastes. Only in books written by Ezra after the return from Babylon.

When Ezra finished the inspired book, he placed it in the temple. It was written on the skins of beasts, and, so far as we know, there was but one.

What became of this Bible?

Jerusalem was taken by Titus about 70 years after Christ. The temple was destroyed and, at the request of Josephus, the Holy Bible was sent to Vespasian the Emperor, at Rome.

And this Holy Bible has never been seen or heard of since. So much for that.

Then there was a copy, or rather a translation, called the Septuagint.

How was that made?

It is said that Ptolemy Soter and his son Ptolemy Philadelphus obtained a translation of the Jewish Bible. This translation was made by seventy persons.

At that time the Jewish Bible did not contain Daniel, Ecclesiastes, but few of the Psalms and only a part of Isaiah.

What became of this translation known as the Septuagint?

It was burned in the Bruchium Library forty-seven years before Christ.

Then there was another so-called copy of part of the Bible, known as the Samaritan Roll of the Pentateuch.

But this is not considered of any value.

Have we a true copy of the Bible that was in the temple at Jerusalem—the one sent to Vespasian?

Nobody knows.

Have we a true copy of the Septuagint?

Nobody knows.

What is the oldest manuscript of the Bible we have in Hebrew?

The oldest manuscript we have in Hebrew was written in the 10th century after Christ. The oldest pretended copy we have of the Septuagint written in Greek was made in the 5th century after Christ.

If the Bible was divinely inspired, if it was the actual word of God, we have no authenticated copy. The original has been lost and we are left in the darkness of Nature.

It is impossible for us to show that our Bible is correct. We have no standard. Many of the books in our Bible contradict each other. Many chapters appear to be incomplete and parts of different books are written in the same words, showing that both could not have been original. The 19th and 20th chapters of 2nd Kings and the 37th and 38th chapters of Isaiah are exactly the same. So is the 36th chapter of Isaiah from the 2nd verse the same as the 18th chapter of 2nd Kings from the 2nd verse.

So, it is perfectly apparent that there could have been no possible propriety in inspiring the writers of Kings and the writers of Chronicles. The books are substantially the same, differing in a few mistakes—in a few falsehoods. The same is true of Leviticus and Numbers. The books do not agree either in facts or philosophy. They differ as the men differed who wrote them.

What have the worldly done?

They have investigated the phenomena of nature. They have invented ways to use the forces of the world, the weight of falling water—of moving air. They have changed water to steam, invented engines—the tireless giants that work for man. They have made lightning a messenger and slave. They invented movable type, taught us the art of printing and made it possible to save and transmit the intellectual wealth of the world. They connected continents with cables, cities and towns with the telegraph—brought the world into one family—made intelligence independent of distance. They taught us how to build homes, to obtain food, to weave cloth. They covered the seas with iron ships and the land with roads and steeds of steel. They gave us the tools of all the trades—the implements of labor. They chiseled statues, painted pictures and "witched the world" with form and color. They have found the cause of and the cure for many maladies that afflict the flesh and minds of men. They have given us the instruments of music and the great composers and performers have changed the common air to tones and harmonies that intoxicate, exalt and purify the soul.

They have rescued us from the prisons of fear, and snatched our souls from the fangs and claws of superstition's loathsome, crawling, flying beasts. They have given us the liberty to think and the courage to express our thoughts. They have changed the frightened, the enslaved, the kneeling, the prostrate into men and women—clothed them in their right minds and made them truly free. They have uncrowned the phantoms, wrested the scepters from the ghosts and given this world to the children of men. They have driven from the heart the fiends of fear and extinguished the flames of hell.

They have read a few leaves of the great volume—deciphered some of the records written on stone by the tireless hands of time in the dim past. They have told us something of what has been done by wind and wave, by fire and frost, by life and death, the ceaseless workers, the pauseless forces of the world.

They have enlarged the horizon of the known, changed the glittering specks that shine above us to wheeling worlds, and filled all space with countless suns.

They have found the qualities of substances, the nature of things—how to analyze, separate and combine, and have enabled us to use the good and avoid the hurtful.

They have given us mathematics in the higher forms, by means of which we measure the astronomical spaces, the distances to stars, the velocity at which the heavenly bodies move, their density and weight, and by which the mariner navigates the waste and trackless seas. They have given us all we have of knowledge, of literature and art. They have made life worth living. They have filled the world with conveniences, comforts and luxuries.

All this has been done by the worldly—by those, who were not "called" or "set apart" or filled with the Holy Ghost or had the slightest claim to "apostolic succession." The men who accomplished these things were not "inspired." They had no revelation—no supernatural aid. They were not clad in sacred vestments, and tiaras were not upon their brows. They were not even ordained. They used their senses, observed and recorded facts. They had confidence in reason. They were patient searchers for the truth. They turned their attention to the affairs of this world. They were not saints. They were sensible men. They worked for themselves, for wife and child and for the benefit of all.

To these men we are indebted for all we are, for all we know, for all we have. They were the creators of civilization—the founders of free states—the saviors of liberty—the destroyers of superstition and the great captains in the army of progress.

IV.

WHOM shall we thank? Standing here at the close of the 19th century—amid the trophies of thought—the triumphs of genius—here under the flag of the Great Republic—knowing something of the history of man—here on this day that has been set apart for thanksgiving, I most reverently thank the good men, the good women of the past, I thank the kind fathers, the loving mothers of the savage days. I thank the father who spoke the first gentle word, the mother who first smiled upon her babe. I thank the first true friend. I thank the savages who hunted and fished that they and their babes might live. I thank those who cultivated the ground and changed the forests into farms—those who built rude homes and watched the faces of their happy children in the glow of fireside flames—those who domesticated horses, cattle and sheep—those who invented wheels and looms and taught us to spin and weave—those who by cultivation changed wild grasses into wheat and corn, changed bitter things to fruit, and worthless weeds to flowers, that sowed within our souls the seeds of art. I thank the poets of the dawn—the tellers of legends—the makers of myths—the singers of joy and grief, of hope and love. I thank the artists who chiseled forms in stone and wrought with light and shade the face of man. I thank the philosophers, the thinkers, who taught us how to use our minds in the great search for truth. I thank the astronomers who explored the heavens, told us the secrets of the stars, the glories of the constellations—the geologists who found the story of the world in fossil forms, in memoranda kept in ancient rocks, in lines written by waves, by frost and fire—the anatomists who sought in muscle, nerve and bone for all the mysteries of

life—the chemists who unraveled Nature's work that they might learn her art—the physicians who have laid the hand of science on the brow of pain, the hand whose magic touch restores—the surgeons who have defeated Nature's self and forced her to preserve the lives of those she labored to destroy.

I thank the discoverers of chloroform and ether, the two angels who give to their beloved sleep, and wrap the throbbing brain in the soft robes of dreams. I thank the great inventors—those who gave us movable type and the press, by means of which great thoughts and all discovered facts are made immortal—the inventors of engines, of the great ships, of the railways, the cables and telegraphs. I thank the great mechanics, the workers in iron and steel, in wood and stone. I thank the inventors and makers of the numberless things of use and luxury.

I thank the industrious men, the loving mothers, the useful women. They are the benefactors of our race.

The inventor of pins did a thousand times more good than all the popes and cardinals, the bishops and priests—than all the clergymen and parsons, exhorters and theologians that ever lived.

The inventor of matches did more for the comfort and convenience of mankind than all the founders of religions and the makers of all creeds—than all malicious monks and selfish saints.

I thank the honest men and women who have expressed their sincere thoughts, who have been true to themselves and have preserved the veracity of their souls.

I thank the thinkers of Greece and Rome, Zeno and Epicurus, Cicero and Lucretius. I thank Bruno, the bravest, and Spinoza, the subtlest of men.

I thank Voltaire, whose thought lighted a flame in the brain of man, unlocked the doors of superstition's cells and gave liberty to many millions of his fellow-men. Voltaire—a name that sheds light. Voltaire—a star that superstition's darkness cannot quench.

I thank the great poets—the dramatists. I thank Homer and Aeschylus, and I thank Shakespeare above them all. I thank Burns for the heart-throbs he changed into songs, for his lyrics of flame. I thank Shelley for his Skylark, Keats for his Grecian Urn and Byron for his Prisoner of Chillon. I thank the great novelists. I thank the great sculptors. I thank the unknown man who moulded and chiseled the Venus de Milo. I thank the great painters. I thank Rembrandt and Corot. I thank all who have adorned, enriched and ennobled life—all who have created the great, the noble, the heroic and artistic ideals.

I thank the statesmen who have preserved the rights of man. I thank Paine whose genius sowed the seeds of independence in the hearts of '76. I thank Jefferson whose mighty words for liberty have made the circuit of the globe. I thank the founders, the defenders, the saviors of the Republic. I thank Ericsson, the greatest mechanic of his century, for the monitor. I thank Lincoln for the Proclamation. I thank Grant for his victories and the vast host that fought for the right,—for the freedom of man. I thank them all—the living and the dead.

I thank the great scientists—those who have reached the foundation, the bed-rock—who have built upon facts—the great scientists, in whose presence theologians look silly and feel malicious.

The scientists never persecuted, never imprisoned their fellow-men. They forged no chains, built no dungeons, erected no scaffolds—tore no flesh with red hot pincers—dislocated no joints on racks—crushed no bones in iron boots—extinguished no eyes—tore out no tongues and lighted no fagots. They did not pretend to be inspired—did not claim to be prophets or saints or to have been born again. They were only intelligent and honest men. They did not appeal to force or fear. They did not regard men as slaves to be ruled by torture, by lash and chain, nor as children to be cheated with illusions, rocked in the cradle of an idiot creed and soothed by a lullaby of lies.

They did not wound—they healed. They did not kill—they lengthened life. They did not enslave—they broke the chains and made men free. They sowed the seeds of knowledge, and many millions have reaped, are reaping, and will reap the harvest of joy.

I thank Humboldt and Helmholtz and Haeckel and Büchner. I thank Lamarck and Darwin—Darwin who revolutionized the thought of the intellectual world. I thank Huxley and Spencer. I thank the scientists one and all.

I thank the heroes, the destroyers of prejudice and fear—the dethroners of savage gods—the extinguishers of hate's eternal fire—the heroes, the breakers of chains—the founders of free states—the makers of just laws—the heroes who fought and fell on countless fields—the heroes whose dungeons became shrines—the heroes whose blood made scaffolds sacred—the heroes, the apostles of reason, the disciples of truth, the soldiers of freedom—the heroes who held high the holy torch and filled the world with light.

With all my heart I thank them all.

A Lay Sermon

Delivered before the Congress of the American Secular Union, at Chickering Hall, New York, Nov. 14, 1885.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In the greatest tragedy that has ever been written by man—in the fourth scene of the third act—is the best prayer that I have ever read; and when I say "the greatest tragedy," everybody familiar with Shakespeare will know that I refer to "King Lear." After he has been on the heath, touched with insanity, coming suddenly to the place of shelter, he says:

"I'll pray, and then I'll sleep."

And this prayer is my text:

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your unhoused heads, your unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?

Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this.
Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just."

That is one of the noblest prayers that ever fell from human lips. If nobody has too much, everybody will have enough!

I propose to say a few words upon subjects that are near to us all, and in which every human being ought to be interested—and if he is not, it may be that his wife will be, it may be that his orphans will be; and I would like to see this world, at last, so that a man could die and not feel that he left his wife and children a prey to the greed, the avarice, or the cruelties of mankind. There is something wrong in a government where they who do the most have the least. There is something wrong, when honesty wears a rag, and rascality a robe; when the loving, the tender, eat a crust, while the infamous sit at banquets. I cannot do much, but I can at least sympathize with those who suffer. There is one thing that we should remember at the start, and if I can only teach you that, to-night—unless you know it already—I shall consider the few words I may have to say a wonderful success.

I want you to remember that everybody is as he *must* be. I want you to get out of your minds the old nonsense of "free moral agency;" and then you will have charity for the whole human race. When you know that they are not responsible for their dispositions, any more than for their height; not responsible for their acts, any more than for their dreams; when you finally understand the philosophy that everything exists as the result of an efficient cause, and that the lightest fancy that ever fluttered its painted wings in the horizon of hope was as necessarily produced as the planet that in its orbit wheels about the sun—when you understand this, I believe you will have charity for all mankind—including even yourself.

Wealth is not a crime; poverty is not a virtue—although the virtuous have generally been poor. There is only one good, and that is human happiness; and he only is a wise man who makes himself and others happy.

I have heard all my life about self-denial. There never was anything more idiotic than that. No man who does right practices self-denial. To do right is the bud and blossom and fruit of wisdom. To do right should always be dictated by the highest possible selfishness and the most perfect generosity. No man practices self-denial unless he does wrong. To inflict an injury upon yourself is an act of self-denial. He who denies justice to another denies it to himself. To plant seeds that will forever bear the fruit of joy, is not an act of self-denial. So this idea of doing good to others only for their sake is absurd. You want to do it, not simply for their sake, but for your own; because a perfectly civilized man can never be perfectly happy while there is one unhappy being in this universe.

Let us take another step. The barbaric world was to be rewarded in some other world for acting sensibly in this. They were promised rewards in another world, if they would only have self-denial enough to be virtuous in this. If they would forego the pleasures of larceny and murder; if they would forego the thrill and bliss of meanness here, they would be rewarded hereafter for that self-denial. I have exactly the opposite idea. Do right, not to deny yourself, but because you love yourself and because you love others. Be generous, because it is better for you. Be just, because any other course is the suicide of the soul. Whoever does wrong plagues himself, and when he reaps that harvest, he will find that he was not practicing self-denial when he did right.

If you want to be happy yourself, if you are truly civilized, you want others to be happy. Every man ought, to the extent of his ability, to increase the happiness of mankind, for the reason that that will increase his own. No one can be really prosperous unless those with whom he lives share the sunshine and the joy.

The first thing a man wants to know and be sure of is when he has got enough. Most people imagine that the rich are in heaven, but, as a rule, it is only a gilded hell. There is not a man in the city of New York with genius enough, with brains enough, to own five millions of dollars. Why? The money will own him. He becomes the key to a safe. That money will get him up at daylight; that money will separate him from his friends; that money will fill his heart with fear; that money will rob his days of sunshine and his nights of pleasant dreams. He cannot own it. He becomes the property of that money. And he goes right on making more. What for? He does not know. It becomes a kind of insanity. No one is happier in a palace than in a cabin. I love to see a log house. It is associated in my mind always with pure, unalloyed happiness. It is the only house in the world that looks as though it had no mortgage on it. It looks as if you could spend there long, tranquil autumn days; the air filled with serenity; no trouble, no thoughts about notes, about interest—nothing of the kind; just breathing free air, watching the hollyhocks, listening to the birds and to the music of the spring that comes like a poem from the earth.

It is an insanity to get more than you want. Imagine a man in this city, an intelligent man, say with two or three millions of coats, eight or ten millions of hats, vast warehouses full of shoes, billions of neckties, and imagine that man getting up at four o'clock in the morning, in the rain and snow and sleet, working like a dog all day to get another necktie! Is not that exactly what the man of twenty or thirty millions, or of five millions, does to-day? Wearing his life out that somebody may say, "How rich

he is!" What can he do with the surplus? Nothing. Can he eat it? No. Make friends? No. Purchase flattery and lies? Yes. Make all his poor relations hate him? Yes. And then, what worry! Annoyed, nervous, tormented, until his poor little brain becomes inflamed, and you see in the morning paper, "Died of apoplexy." This man finally began to worry for fear he would not have enough neckties to last him through.

So we ought to teach our children that great wealth is a curse. Great wealth is the mother of crime. On the other hand are the abject poor. And let me ask, to-night: Is the world forever to remain as it was when Lear made his prayer? Is it ever to remain as it is now? I hope not. Are there always to be millions whose lips are white with famine? Is the withered palm to be always extended, imploring from the stony heart of respectable charity, alms? Must every man who sits down to a decent dinner always think of the starving? Must every one sitting by the fireside think of some poor mother, with a child strained to her breast, shivering in the storm? I hope not. Are the rich always to be divided from the poor,—not only in fact, but in feeling? And that division is growing more and more every day The gulf between Lazarus and Dives widens year by year, only their positions are changed—Lazarus is in hell, and he thinks Dives is in the bosom of Abraham.

And there is one thing that helps to widen this gulf. In nearly every city of the United States you will find the fashionable part, and the poor part. The poor know nothing of the fashionable part, except the outside splendor; and as they go by the palaces, that poison plant called envy, springs and grows in their poor hearts. The rich know nothing of the poor, except the squalor and rags and wretchedness, and what they read in the police records, and they say, "Thank God, we are not like those people!" Their hearts are filled with scorn and contempt, and the hearts of the others with envy and hatred. There must be some way devised for the rich and poor to get acquainted. The poor do not know how many well-dressed people sympathize with them, and the rich do not know how many noble hearts beat beneath the rags. If we can ever get the loving poor acquainted with the sympathizing rich, this question will be nearly solved.

In a hundred other ways they are divided. If anything should bring mankind together it ought to be a common belief. In Catholic countries, that does have a softening influence upon the rich and upon the poor. They believe the same. So in Mohammedan countries they can kneel in the same mosque, and pray to the same God. But how is it with us? The church is not free. There is no welcome in the velvet for the velveteen. Poverty does not feel at home there, and the consequence is, the rich and poor are kept apart, even by their religion. I am not saying anything against religion. I am not on that question; but I would think more of any religion, provided that even for one day in the week, or for one hour in the year, it allowed wealth to clasp the hand of poverty and to have, for one moment even, the thrill of genuine friendship.

In the olden times, in barbaric life, it was a simple' thing to get a living. A little hunting, a little fishing, pulling a little fruit, and digging for roots—all simple; and they were nearly all on an equality, and comparatively there were fewer failures. Living has at last become complex. All the avenues are filled with men struggling for the accomplishment of the same thing:

"For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,

Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear."

The struggle is so hard. And just exactly as we have risen in the scale of being, the per cent, of failures has increased. It is so that all men are not capable of getting a living. They have not cunning enough, intellect enough, muscle enough—they are not strong enough. They are too generous, or they are too negligent; and then some people seem to have what is called "bad luck"—that is to say, when anything falls, they are under it; when anything bad happens, it happens to them.

And now there is another trouble. Just as life becomes complex and as everyone is trying to accomplish certain objects, all the ingenuity of the brain is at work to get there by a shorter way, and, in consequence, this has become an age of invention. Myriads of machines have been invented—every one of them to save labor. If these machines helped the laborer, what a blessing they would be!

But the laborer does not own the machine; the machine owns him. That is the trouble. In the olden time, when I was a boy, even, you know how it was in the little towns. There was a shoemaker—two of them—a tailor or two, a blacksmith, a wheelwright. I remember just how the shops used to look. I used to go to the blacksmith shop at night, get up on the forge, and hear them talk about turning horse-shoes. Many a night have I seen the sparks fly and heard the stories that were told. There was a great deal of human nature in those days! Everybody was known. If times got hard, the poor little shoemakers made a living mending, half-soling, straightening up the heels. The same with the blacksmith; the same with the tailor. They could get credit—they did not have to pay till the next January, and if they could not pay then, they took another year, and they were happy enough. Now one man is not a shoemaker. There is a great building—several hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery, three or four thousand people—not a single mechanic in the whole building. One sews on straps, another greases the machines, cuts out soles, waxes threads. And what is the result? When the machines stop, three thousand men are out of employment. Credit goes. Then come want and famine, and if they happen to have a little child die, it would take them years to save enough of their earnings to pay the expense of putting away that little sacred piece of flesh. And yet, by this machinery we can produce enough to flood the world. By the inventions in agricultural machinery the United States can feed all the mouths upon the earth. There is not a thing that man uses that can not instantly be over-produced to such an extent as to become almost worthless; and yet, with all this production, with all this power to create, there are millions and millions in abject want. Granaries bursting, and famine looking into the doors of the poor! Millions of everything, and yet millions wanting everything and having substantially nothing!

Now, there is something wrong there. We have got into that contest between machines-and men, and if extravagance does not keep pace with ingenuity, it is going to be the most terrible question that man has ever settled. I tell you, to-night, that these things are worth thinking about. Nothing that touches the future of our race, nothing that touches the happiness of ourselves or our children, should be beneath our notice. We should think of these things—must think of them—and we should endeavor to see that justice is finally done between man and man.

My sympathies are with the poor. My sympathies are with the workingmen of the United States. Understand me distinctly. I am not an Anarchist. Anarchy is the reaction from tyranny. I am not a Socialist. I am not a Communist. I am an Individualist. I do not believe in tyranny of government, but I do believe in justice as between man and man.

What is the remedy? Or, what can we think of—for do not imagine that I think I know. It is an immense, an almost infinite, question, and all we can do is to guess. You have heard a great deal lately upon the land subject. Let me say a word or two upon that. In the first place I do not want to take, and I would not take, an inch of land from any human being that belonged to him. If we ever take it, we must pay for it—condemn it and take it—do not rob anybody. Whenever any man advocates justice, and robbery as the means, I suspect him.

No man should be allowed to own any land that he does not use. Everybody knows that—I do not care whether he has thousands or millions. I have owned a great deal of land, but I know just as well as I know I am living that I should not be allowed to have it unless I use it. And why? Don't you know that if people could bottle the air, they would? Don't you know that there would be an American Air-bottling Association? And don't you know that they would allow thousands and millions to die for want of breath, if they could not pay for air? I am not blaming anybody. I am just telling how it is. Now, the land belongs to the children of Nature. Nature invites into this world every babe that is born. And what would you think of me, for instance, to-night, if I had invited you here—nobody had charged you anything, but you had been invited—and when you got here you had found one man pretending to occupy a hundred seats, another fifty, and another seventy-five, and thereupon you were compelled to stand up—what would you think of the invitation? It seems to me that every child of Nature is entitled to his share of the land, and that he should not be compelled to beg the privilege to work the soil, of a babe that happened to be born before him. And why do I say this? Because it is not to our interest to have a few landlords and millions of tenants.

The tenement house is the enemy of modesty, the enemy of virtue, the enemy of patriotism.

Home is where the virtues grow. I would like to see the law so that every home, to a small amount, should be free not only from sale for debts, but should be absolutely free from taxation, so that every man could have a home. Then we will have a nation of patriots.

Now, suppose that every man were to have all the land he is able to buy. The Vanderbilts could buy to-day all the land that is in farms in the State of Ohio—every foot of it. Would it be for the best interest of that State to have a few landlords and four or five millions of serfs? So, I am in favor of a law finally to be carried out—not by robbery, but by compensation, under the right, as the lawyers call it, of eminent domain—so that no person would be allowed to own more land than he uses. I am not blaming these rich men for being rich. I pity the most of them. I had rather be poor, with a little sympathy in my heart, than to be rich as all the mines of earth and not have that little flower of pity in my breast. I do not see how a man can have hundreds of millions and pass every day people that have not enough to eat. I do not understand it. I might be just the same way myself. There is something in money that dries up the sources of affection, and the probability is, it is this: the moment a man gets money, so many men are trying to get it away from him that in a little while he

regards the whole human race as his enemy, and he generally thinks that they could be rich, too, if they would only attend to business as he has. Understand, I am not blaming these people. There is a good deal of human nature in us all. You remember the story of the man who made a speech at a Socialist meeting, and closed it by saying, “Thank God, I am no monopolist,” but as he sank to his seat said, “But I wish to the Lord I was!” We must remember that these rich men are naturally produced. Do not blame them. Blame the system!

Certain privileges have been granted to the few by the Government, ostensibly for the benefit of the many; and whenever that grant is not for the good of the many, it should be taken from the few—not by force, not by robbery, but by estimating fairly the value of that property, and paying to them its value; because everything should be done according to law and order.

What remedy, then, is there? First, the great weapon in this country is the ballot. Each voter is a sovereign. There the poorest is the equal of the richest. His vote will count just as many as though the hand that cast it controlled millions. The poor are in the majority in this country. If there is any law that oppresses them, it is their fault. They have followed the fife and drum of some party. They have been misled by others. No man should go an inch with a party—no matter if that party is half the world and has in it the greatest intellects of the earth—unless that party is going his way. No honest man should ever turn round to join anything. If it overtakes him, good. If he has to hurry up a little to get to it, good. But do not go with anything that is not going your way; no matter whether they call it Republican, or Democrat, or Progressive Democracy—do not go with it unless it goes your way.

The ballot is the power. The law should settle many of these questions between capital and labor. But I expect the greatest good to come from civilization, from the growth of a sense of justice; for I tell you to-night, a civilized man will never want anything for less than it is worth—a civilized man, when he sells a thing, will never want more than it is worth—a really and truly civilized man, would rather be cheated than to cheat. And yet, in the United States, good as we are, nearly everybody wants to get everything for a little less than it is worth, and the man that sells it to him wants to get a little more than it is worth? and this breeds rascality on both sides. That ought to be done away with. There is one step toward it that we will take: we will finally say that human flesh, human labor, shall not depend entirely on “supply and demand.” That is infinitely cruel. Every man should give to another according to his ability to give—and enough that he may make his living and lay something by for the winter of old age.

Go to England. Civilized country they call it. It is not. It never was. I am afraid it never will be. Go to London, the greatest city of this world, where there is the most wealth—the greatest glittering piles of gold. And yet, one out of every six in that city dies in a hospital, a workhouse or a prison. Is that the best that we are ever to know? Is that the last word that civilization has to say? Look at the women in this town sewing for a living, making cloaks for less than forty-five cents, that sell for $45! Right here—here, amid all the palaces, amid the thousands of millions of property—here! Is that all that civilization can do? Must a poor woman support herself, or her child, or her children, by that kind of labor, and with such pay—and do we call ourselves civilized?

Did you ever read that wonderful poem about the sewing woman? Let me tell you the last verse:

"Winds that have sainted her, tell ye the story
Of the young life by the needle that bled,
Making a bridge over death's soundless waters
Out of a swaying, and soul-cutting thread—
Over it going, all the world knowing
That thousands have trod it, foot-bleeding, before:
God protect all of us! God pity all of us,
Should she look back from the opposite shore!"

I cannot call this civilization. There must be something nearer a fairer division in this world.

You can never get it by strikes. Never. The first strike that is a great success will be the last, because the people who believe in law and order will put the strikers down. The strike is no remedy. Boycotting is no remedy. Brute force is no remedy. These questions have to be settled by reason, by candor, by intelligence, by kindness; and nothing is permanently settled in this world that has not for its corner-stone justice, and is not protected by the profound conviction of the human mind.

This is no country for Anarchy, no country for Communism, no country for the Socialist. Why? Because the political power is equally divided. What other reason? Speech is free. What other? The press is untrammeled. And that is all that the right should ever ask—a free press, free speech, and the protection of person. That is enough. That is all I ask. In a country like Russia, where every mouth is a bastile and every tongue a convict, there may be some excuse. Where the noblest and the best are driven to Siberia, there may be a reason for the Nihilist. In a country where no man is allowed to petition for redress, there is a reason, but not here. This—say what you will against it—this is the best Government ever founded by the human race! Say what you will of parties, say what you will of dishonesty, the holiest flag that ever kissed the air is ours!

Only a few years ago morally we were a low people—before we abolished slavery—but now, when there is no chain except that of custom, when every man has an opportunity, this is the grandest Government of the earth. There is hardly a man in the United States to-day, of any importance, whose voice anybody cares to hear, who was not nursed at the loving breast of poverty. Look at the children of the rich. My God, what a punishment for being rich! So, whatever happens, let every man say that this Government, and this form of government, shall stand.

"But," say some, "these workingmen are dangerous." I deny it. We are all in their power. They run all the cars. Our lives are in their hands almost every day. They are working in all our homes. They do the labor of this world. We are all at their mercy, and yet they do not commit more crimes, according to number, than the rich. Remember that. I am not afraid of them. Neither am I afraid of the monopolists, because, under our institutions, when they become hurtful to the general good, the people will stand it just to a certain point, and then comes the end—not in anger, not in hate, but from a love of liberty and justice.

Now, we have in this country another class. We call them "criminals." Let me take another step:

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after."

Recollect what I said in the first place—that every man is as he must be. Every crime is a necessary product. The seeds were all sown, the land thoroughly plowed, the crop well attended to, and carefully harvested. Every crime is born of necessity. If you want less crime, you must change the conditions. Poverty makes crime. Want, rags, crusts, failure, misfortune—all these awake the wild beast in man, and finally he takes, and takes contrary to law, and becomes a criminal. And what do you do with him? You punish him. Why not punish a man for having the consumption? The time will come when you will see that that is just as logical. What do you do with the criminal? You send him to the penitentiary. Is he made better? Worse. The first thing you do is to try to trample out his manhood, by putting an indignity upon him. You mark him. You put him in stripes. At night you put him in darkness. His feeling for revenge grows. You make a wild beast of him, and he comes out of that place branded in body and soul, and then you won't let him reform if he wants to. You put on airs above him, because he has been in the penitentiary. The next time you look with scorn upon a convict, let me beg of you to do one thing. Maybe you are not as bad as I am, but do one thing: think of all the crimes you have wanted to commit; think of all the crimes you would have committed if you had had the opportunity; think of all the temptations to which you would have yielded had nobody been looking; and then put your hand on your heart and say whether you can justly look with contempt even upon a convict.

None but the noblest should inflict punishment, even on the basest.

Society has no right to punish any man in revenge—no right to punish any man except for two objects—one, the prevention of crime; the other, the reformation of the criminal. How can you reform him? Kindness is the sunshine in which virtue grows. Let it be understood by these men that there is no revenge; let it be understood, too, that they can reform. Only a little while ago I read of a case of a young man who had been in a penitentiary and came out. He kept it a secret, and went to work for a farmer. He got in love with the daughter, and wanted to marry her. He had nobility enough to tell the truth—he told the father that he had been in the penitentiary. The father said, "You cannot have my daughter, because it would stain her life." The young man said, "Yes, it would stain her life, therefore I will not marry her." He went out. In a few moments afterward they heard the report of a pistol, and he was dead. He left just a little note saying: "I am through. There is no need of my living longer, when I stain with my life the one I love." And yet we call our society civilized. There is a mistake.

I want that question thought of. I want all my fellow-citizens to think of it. I want you to do what you can to do away with all cruelty. There are, of course, some cases that have to be treated with what might be called almost cruelty; but if there is the smallest seed of good in any human heart, let kindness fall upon it until it grows, and in that way I know, and so do you, that the world will get better and better day by day.

Let us, above all things, get acquainted with each other. Let every man teach his son, teach his daughter, that labor is honorable. Let us say to our children: It is your business to see that you never become a burden on others. Your first duty is to take care of yourselves, and if there is a surplus, with that surplus help your fellow-man. You owe it to yourself above all things not to be a burden upon others. Teach your son that it is his duty not only, but his highest joy, to become a home-builder, a home-owner. Teach your children that the fireside is the happiest place in this world. Teach them that whoever is an idler, whoever lives upon the labor of others, whether

he is a pirate or a king, is a dishonorable person. Teach them that no civilized man wants anything for nothing, or for less than it is worth; that he wants to go through this world paying his way as he goes, and if he gets a little ahead, an extra joy, it should be divided with another, if that other is doing something for himself. Help others help themselves.

And let us teach that great wealth is not great happiness; that money will not purchase love; it never did and never can purchase respect; it never did and never can purchase the highest happiness. I believe with Robert Burns:

"If happiness have not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

We must teach this, and let our fellow-citizens know that we give them every right that we claim for ourselves. We must discuss these questions and have charity—and we will have it whenever we have the philosophy that all men are as they must be, and that intelligence and kindness are the only levers capable of raising mankind.

Then there is another thing. Let each one be true to himself. No matter what his class, no matter what his circumstances, let him tell his thought. Don't let his class bribe him. Don't let him talk like a banker because he is a banker. Don't let him talk like the rest of the merchants because he is a merchant. Let him be true to the human race instead of to his little business—be true to the ideal in his heart and brain, instead of to his little present and apparent selfishness—let him have a larger and more intelligent selfishness—a generous philosophy, that includes not only others but himself.

So far as I am concerned, I have made up my mind that no organization, secular or religious, shall be my master. I have made up my mind that no necessity of bread, or roof, or raiment shall ever put a padlock on my lips. I have made up my mind that no hope of preferment, no honor, no wealth, shall ever make me for one moment swerve from what I really believe, no matter whether it is to my immediate interest, as one would think, or not. And while I live, I am going to do what little I can to help my fellow-men who have not been as fortunate as I have been. I shall talk on their side, I shall vote on their side, and do what little I can to convince men that happiness does not lie in the direction of great wealth, but in the direction of achievement for the good of themselves and for the good of their fellow-men. I shall do what little I can to hasten the day when this earth shall be covered with homes, and when by countless firesides shall sit the happy and the loving families of the world.

The Foundations Of Faith

I. THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ONE of the foundation stones of our faith is the Old Testament. If that book is not true, if its authors were unaided men, if it contains blunders and falsehoods, then that stone crumbles to dust.

The geologists demonstrated that the author of Genesis was mistaken as to the age of the world, and that the story of the universe having been created in six days, about six thousand years ago could not be true.

The theologians then took the ground that the “days” spoken of in Genesis were periods of time, epochs, six “long whiles,” and that the work of creation might have been commenced millions of years ago.

The change of days into epochs was considered by the believers of the Bible as a great triumph over the hosts of infidelity. The fact that Jehovah had ordered the Jews to keep the Sabbath, giving as a reason that he had made the world in six days and rested on the seventh, did not interfere with the acceptance of the “epoch” theory.

But there is still another question. How long has man been upon the earth?

According to the Bible, Adam was certainly the first man, and in his case the epoch theory cannot change the account. The Bible gives the age at which Adam died, and gives the generations to the flood—then to Abraham and so on, and shows that from the creation of Adam to the birth of Christ it was about four thousand and four years.

According to the sacred Scriptures man has been on this earth five thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine years and no more.

Is this true?

Geologists have divided a few years of the worlds history into periods, reaching from the azoic rocks to the soil of our time. With most of these periods they associate certain forms of life, so that it is known that the lowest forms of life belonged with the earliest periods, and the higher with the more recent. It is also known that certain forms of life existed in Europe many ages ago, and that many thousands of years ago these forms disappeared.

For instance, it is well established that at one time there lived in Europe, and in the British Islands some of the most gigantic mammals, the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the Irish elk, elephants and other forms that have in those countries become extinct. Geologists say that many thousands of years have passed since these animals ceased to inhabit those countries.

It was during the Drift Period that these forms of life existed in Europe and England, and that must have been hundreds of thousands of years ago.

In caves, once inhabited by men, have been found implements of flint and the bones of these extinct animals. With the flint tools man had split the bones of these beasts that he might secure the marrow for food.

Many such caves and hundreds of such tools, and of such bones have been found. And we now know that in the Drift Period man was the companion of these extinct monsters.

It is therefore certain that many, many thousands of years before Adam lived, men, women and children inhabited the earth.

It is certain that the account in the Bible of the creation of the first man is a mistake. It is certain that the inspired writers knew nothing about the origin of man.

Let me give you another fact:

The Egyptians were astronomers. A few years ago representations of the stars were found on the walls of an old temple, and it was discovered by calculating backward that the stars did occupy the exact positions as represented about seven hundred and fifty years before Christ. Afterward another representation of the stars was found, and by calculating in the same way, it was found that the stars did occupy the exact positions represented about three thousand eight hundred years before Christ.

According to the Bible the first man was created four thousand and four years before Christ If this is true then Egypt was founded, its language formed, its arts cultivated, its astronomical discoveries made and recorded about two hundred years after the creation of the first man.

In other words, Adam was two or three hundred years old when the Egyptian astronomers made these representations.

Nothing can be more absurd.

Again I say that the writers of the Bible were mistaken.

How do I know?

According to that same Bible there was a flood some fifteen or sixteen hundred years after Adam was created that destroyed the entire human race with the exception of eight persons, and according to the Bible the Egyptians descended from one of the sons of Noah. How then did the Egyptians represent the stars in the position they occupied twelve hundred years before the flood?

No one pretends that Egypt existed as a nation before the flood. Yet the astronomical representations found, must have been made more than a thousand years before the world was drowned.

There is another mistake in the Bible.

According to that book the sun was made after the earth was created.

Is this true?

Did the earth exist before the sun?

The men of science are believers in the exact opposite. They believe that the earth is a child of the sun—that the earth, as well as the other planets belonging to our constellation, came from the sun.

The writers of the Bible were mistaken.

There is another point:

According to the Bible, Jehovah made the world in six days, and the work done each day is described. What did Jehovah do on the second day?

This is the record:

“And God said: Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament and divided the waters

which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. And it was so, and God called the firmament heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day."

The writer of this believed in a solid firmament—the floor of Jehovah's house. He believed that the waters had been divided, and that the rain came from above the firmament. He did not understand the fact of evaporation—did not know that the rain came from the water on the earth.

Now we know that there is no firmament, and we know that the waters are not divided by a firmament. Consequently we know that, according to the Bible, Jehovah did nothing on the second day. He must have rested on Tuesday. This being so, we ought to have two Sundays a week.

Can we rely on the historical parts of the Bible?

Seventy souls went down into Egypt, and in two hundred and fifteen years increased to three millions. They could not have doubled more than four times a century. Say nine times in two hundred and fifteen years.

This makes thirty-five thousand eight hundred and forty, (35,840.) instead of three millions.

Can we believe the accounts of the battles?

Take one instance:

Jereboam had an army of eight hundred thousand men, Abijah of four hundred thousand. They fought. The Lord was on Abijah's side, and he killed five hundred thousand of Jereboam's men.

All these soldiers were Jews—all lived in Palestine, a poor miserable little country about one-quarter as large as the State of New York. Yet one million two hundred thousand soldiers were put in the field. This required a population in the country of ten or twelve millions. Of course this is absurd. Palestine in its palmiest days could not have supported two millions of people.

The soil is poor.

If the Bible is inspired, is it true?

We are told by this inspired book of the gold and silver collected by King David for the temple—the temple afterward completed by the virtuous Solomon.

According to the blessed Bible, David collected about two thousand million dollars in silver, and five thousand million dollars in gold, making a total of seven thousand million dollars.

Is this true?

There is in the bank of France at the present time (1895) nearly six hundred million dollars, and so far as we know, it is the greatest amount that was ever gathered together. All the gold now known, coined and in bullion, does not amount to much more than the sum collected by David.

Seven thousand millions. Where did David get this gold? The Jews had no commerce. They owned no ships. They had no great factories, they produced nothing for other countries. There were no gold or silver mines in Palestine. Where then was this gold, this silver found? I will tell you: In the imagination of a writer who had

more patriotism than intelligence, and who wrote, not for the sake of truth, but for the glory of the Jews.

Is it possible that David collected nearly eight thousand tons of gold—that he by economy got together about sixty thousand tons of silver, making a total of gold and silver of sixty-eight thousand tons?

The average freight car carries about fifteen tons—David's gold and silver would load about four thousand five hundred and thirty-three cars, making a train about thirty-two miles in length. And all this for the temple at Jerusalem, a building ninety feet long and forty-five feet high and thirty wide, to which was attached a porch thirty feet wide, ninety feet long and one hundred and eighty feet high.

Probably the architect was inspired.

Is there a sensible man in the world who believes that David collected seven thousand million dollars worth of gold or silver?

There is hardly five thousand million dollars of gold now used as money in the whole world. Think of the millions taken from the mines of California, Australia and Africa during the present century and yet the total scarcely exceeds the amount collected by King David more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Evidently the inspired historian made a mistake.

It required a little imagination and a few ciphers to change seven million dollars or seven hundred thousand dollars into seven thousand million dollars. Drop four ciphers and the story becomes fairly reasonable.

The Old Testament must be thrown aside. It is no longer a foundation. It has crumbled.

II. THE NEW TESTAMENT

BUT we have the New Testament, the sequel of the Old, in which Christians find the fulfillment of prophecies made by inspired Jews.

The New Testament vouches for the truth, the inspiration, of the Old, and if the old is false, the New cannot be true.

In the New Testament we find all that we know about the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

It is claimed that the writers were divinely inspired, and that all they wrote is true.

Let us see if these writers agree.

Certainly there should be no difference about the birth of Christ. From the Christian's point of view, nothing could have been of greater importance than that event.

Matthew says: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

"Saying, where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him."

Matthew does not tell us who these wise men were, from what country they came, to what race they belonged. He did not even know their names.

We are also informed that when Herod heard these things he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him; that he gathered the chief priests and asked of them where Christ should be born and they told him that he was to be born in Bethlehem.

Then Herod called the wise men and asked them when the star appeared, and told them to go to Bethlehem and report to him.

When they left Herod, the star again appeared and went before them until it stood over the place where the child was.

When they came to the child they worshiped him,—gave him gifts, and being warned by God in a dream, they went back to their own country without calling on Herod.

Then the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream and told him to take Mary and the child into Egypt for fear of Herod.

So Joseph took Mary and the child to Egypt and remained there until the death of Herod.

Then Herod, finding that he was mocked by the wise men, "sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof from two years old and under."

After the death of Herod an angel again appeared in a dream to Joseph and told him to take mother and child and go back to Palestine.

So he went back and dwelt in Nazareth.

Is this story true? Must we believe in the star and the wise men? Who were these wise men? From what country did they come? What interest had they in the birth of the King of the Jews? What became of them and their star?

Of course I know that the Holy Catholic Church has in her keeping the three skulls that belonged to these wise men, but I do not know where the church obtained these relics, nor exactly how their genuineness has been established.

Must we believe that Herod murdered the babes of Bethlehem?

Is it not wonderful that the enemies of Herod did not charge him with this horror? Is it not marvelous that Mark and Luke and John forgot to mention this most heartless of massacres?

Luke also gives an account of the birth of Christ. He says that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed; that this was when Cyrenius was governor of Syria; that in accordance with this decree, Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem to be taxed; that at that place Christ was born and laid in a manger. He also says that shepherds, in the neighborhood, were told of the birth by an angel, with whom was a multitude of the heavenly host; that these shepherds visited Mary and the child, and told others what they had seen and heard.

He tells us that after eight days the child was named, Jesus; that forty days after his birth he was taken by Joseph and Mary to Jerusalem, and that after they had performed all things according to the law they returned to Nazareth. Luke also says that the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and that his parents went every year to Jerusalem.

Do the accounts in Matthew and Luke agree? Can both accounts be true?

Luke never heard of the star, and Matthew knew nothing of the heavenly host. Luke never heard of the wise men, nor Matthew of the shepherds. Luke knew nothing of

the hatred of Herod, the murder of the babes or the flight into Egypt. According to Matthew, Joseph, warned by an angel, took Mary and the child and fled into Egypt. According to Luke they all went to Jerusalem, and from there back to Nazareth.

Both of these accounts cannot be true. Will some Christian scholar tell us which to believe?

When was Christ born?

Luke says that it took place when Cyrenius was governor. Here is another mistake. Cyrenius was not appointed governor until after the death of Herod, and the taxing could not have taken place until ten years after the alleged birth of Christ.

According to Luke, Joseph and Mary lived in Nazareth, and for the purpose of getting them to Bethlehem, so that the child could be born in the right place, the taxing under Cyrenius was used, but the writer, being "inspired" made a mistake of about ten years as to the time of the taxing and of the birth.

Matthew says nothing about the date of the birth, except that he was born when Herod was king. It is now known that Herod had been dead ten years before the taxing under Cyrenius. So, if Luke tells the truth, Joseph, being warned by an angel, fled from the hatred of Herod ten years after Herod was dead. If Matthew and Luke are both right Christ was taken to Egypt ten years before he was born, and Herod killed the babes ten years after he was dead.

Will some Christian scholar have the goodness to harmonize these "inspired" accounts?

There is another thing.

Matthew and Luke both try to show that Christ was of the blood of David, that he was a descendant of that virtuous king.

As both of these writers were inspired and as both received their information from God, they ought to agree.

According to Matthew there was between David and Jesus twenty-seven generations, and he gives all the names.

According to Luke there were between David and Jesus forty-two generations, and he gives all the names.

In these genealogies—both inspired—there is a difference between David and Jesus, a difference of some fourteen or fifteen generations.

Besides, the names of all the ancestors are different, with two exceptions.

Matthew says that Joseph's father was Jacob. Luke says that Heli was Joseph's father.

Both of these genealogies cannot be true, and the probability is that both are false.

There is not in all the pulpits ingenuity enough to harmonize these ignorant and stupid contradictions.

There are many curious mistakes in the words attributed to Christ.

We are told in Matthew, chapter xxiii, verse 35, that Christ said:

"That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar."

It is certain that these words were not spoken by Christ. He could not by any possibility have known that the blood of Zacharias had been shed. As a matter of fact, Zacharias was killed by the Jews, during the seige of Jerusalem by Titus, and this seige took place seventy-one years after the birth of Christ, thirty-eight years after he was dead.

There is still another mistake.

Zacharias was not the son of Barachias—no such

Zacharias was killed. The Zacharias that was slain was the son of Baruch.

But we must not expect the "inspired" to be accurate.

Matthew says that at the time of the crucifixion—"the graves were opened and that many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of their graves *after* his resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many."

According to this the graves were opened at the time of the crucifixion, but the dead did not arise and come out until after the resurrection of Christ.

They were polite enough to sit in their open graves and wait for Christ to rise first.

To whom did these saints appear? What became of them? Did they slip back into their graves and commit suicide?

Is it not wonderful that Mark, Luke and John never heard of these saints?

What kind of saints were they? Certainly they were not Christian saints.

So, the inspired writers do not agree in regard to Judas.

Certainly the inspired writers ought to have known what happened to Judas, the betrayer. Matthew being duly "inspired" says that when Judas saw that Jesus had been condemned, he repented and took back the money to the chief priests and elders, saying that he had sinned in betraying the innocent blood. They said to him: "What is that to us? See thou to that." Then Judas threw down the pieces of silver and went and hanged himself.

The chief priests then took the pieces of silver and bought the potter's field to bury strangers in, and it is called the field of blood.

We are told in Acts of the apostles that Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples and said: "Now this man, (Judas) purchased a field with the reward of iniquity—and falling headlong he burst asunder and all his bowels gushed out—that field is called the field of blood."

Matthew says Judas repented and gave back the money.

Peter says that he bought a field with the money.

Matthew says that Judas hanged himself. Peter says that he fell down and burst asunder. Which of these accounts is true?

Besides, it is hard to see why Christians hate, loathe and despise Judas. According to their scheme of salvation, it was absolutely necessary that Christ should be killed—necessary that he should be betrayed, and had it not been for Judas, all the world,

including Christ's mother, and the part of Christ that was human, would have gone to hell.

Yet, according to the New Testament, Christ did not know that one of his disciples was to betray him.

Jesus, when on his way to Jerusalem, for the last time, said, speaking to the twelve disciples, Judas being present, that they, the disciples should thereafter sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

Yet, more than a year before this journey, John says that Christ said, speaking to the twelve disciples: "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil." And John adds: "He spake of Judas Iscariot, for it was he that should betray him."

Why did Christ a year afterward, tell Judas that he should sit on a throne and judge one of the tribes of Israel?

There is still another trouble.

Paul says that Jesus after his resurrection appeared to the twelve disciples. According to Paul, Jesus appeared to Judas with the rest.

Certainly Paul had not heard the story of the betrayal.

Why did Christ select Judas as one of his disciples, knowing that he would betray him? Did he desire to be betrayed? Was it his intention to be put to death?

Why did he fail to defend himself before Pilate?

According to the accounts, Pilate wanted to save him. Did Christ wish to be convicted?

The Christians are compelled to say that Christ intended to be sacrificed—that he selected Judas with that end in view, and that he refused to defend himself because he desired to be crucified. All this is in accordance with the horrible idea that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin.

III. JEHOVAH.

GOD the Father.

The Jehovah of the Old Testament is the God of the Christians.

He it was who created the Universe, who made all substance, all force, all life, from nothing. He it is who has governed and still governs the world. He has established and destroyed empires and kingdoms, despotisms and republics. He has enslaved and liberated the sons of men. He has caused the sun to rise on the good and on the evil, and his rain to fall on the just and the unjust.

This shows his goodness.

He has caused his volcanoes to devour the good and the bad, his cyclones to wreck and rend the generous and the cruel, his floods to drown the loving and the hateful, his lightning to kill the virtuous and the vicious, his famines to starve the innocent and criminal and his plagues to destroy the wise and good, the ignorant and wicked. He has allowed his enemies to imprison, to torture and to kill his friends. He has permitted blasphemers to flay his worshipers alive, to dislocate their joints upon racks, and to burn them at the stake. He has allowed men to enslave their brothers and to sell babes from the breasts of mothers.

This shows his impartiality.

The pious negro who commenced his prayer: “O thou great and unscrupulous God,” was nearer right than he knew.

Ministers ask: Is it possible for God to forgive man?

And when I think of what has been suffered—of the centuries of agony and tears, I ask: Is it possible for man to forgive God?

How do Christians prove the existence of their God? Is it possible to think of an infinite being? Does the word God correspond with any image in the mind? Does the word God stand for what we know or for what we do not know?

Is not this unthinkable God a guess, an inference?

Can we think of a being without form, without body, without parts, without passions? Why should we speak of a being without body as of the masculine gender?

Why should the Bible speak of this God as a man?—of his walking in the garden in the cool of the evening—of his talking, hearing and smelling? If he has no passions why is he spoken of as jealous, revengeful, angry, pleased and loving?

In the Bible God is spoken of as a person in the form of man, journeying from place to place, as having a home and occupying a throne. These ideas have been abandoned, and now the Christian’s God is the infinite, the incomprehensible, the formless, bodiless and passionless.

Of the existence of such a being there can be, in the nature of things, no evidence.

Confronted with the universe, with fields of space sown thick with stars, with all there is of life, the wise man, being asked the origin and destiny of all, replies: “I do not know. These questions are beyond the powers of my mind.” The wise man is thoughtful and modest. He clings to facts. Beyond his intellectual horizon he does not pretend to see. He does not mistake hope for evidence or desire for demonstration. He is honest. He neither deceives himself nor others.

The theologian arrives at the unthinkable, the inconceivable, and he calls this God. The scientist arrives at the unthinkable, the inconceivable, and calls it the Unknown.

The theologian insists that his inconceivable governs the world, that it, or he, or they, can be influenced by prayers and ceremonies, that it, or he, or they, punishes and rewards, that it, or he, or they, has priests and temples.

The scientist insist that the Unknown is not changed so far as he knows by prayers of people or priests. He admits that he does not know whether the Unknown is good or bad—whether he, or it, wants or whether he, or it, is worthy of worship. He does not say that the Unknown is God, that it created substance and force, life and thought. He simply says that of the Unknown he knows nothing.

Why should Christians insist that a God of infinite wisdom, goodness and power governs the world?

Why did he allow millions of his children to be enslaved? Why did he allow millions of mothers to be robbed of their babes? Why has he allowed injustice to triumph? Why has he permitted the innocent to be imprisoned and the good to be burned? Why has he withheld his rain and starved millions of the children of men? Why has he allowed the volcanoes to destroy, the earthquakes to devour, and the tempest to wreck and rend?

IV. THE TRINITY

THE New Testament informs us that Christ was the son of Joseph and the son of God, and that Mary was his mother.

How is it established that Christ was the son of God?

It is said that Joseph was told so in a dream by an angel.

But Joseph wrote nothing on that subject—said nothing so far as we know. Mary wrote nothing, said nothing. The angel that appeared to Joseph or that informed Joseph said nothing to anybody else. Neither has the Holy Ghost, the supposed father, ever said or written one word. We have received no information from the parties who could have known anything on the subject. We get all our facts from those who could not have known.

How is it possible to prove that the Holy Ghost was the father of Christ?

Who knows that such a being as the Holy Ghost ever existed?

How was it possible for Mary to know anything about the Holy Ghost?

How could Joseph know that he had been visited by an angel in a dream?

Could he know that the visitor was an angel? It all occurred in a dream and poor Joseph was asleep. What is the testimony of one who was asleep worth?

All the evidence we have is that somebody who wrote part of the New Testament says that the Holy Ghost was the father of Christ, and that somebody who wrote another part of the New Testament says that Joseph was the father of Christ.

Matthew and Luke give the genealogy and both show that Christ was the son of Joseph.

The “Incarnation” has to be believed without evidence. There is no way in which it can be established. It is beyond the reach and realm of reason. It defies observation and is independent of experience.

It is claimed not only that Christ was the Son of God, but that he was, and is, God.

Was he God before he was born? Was the body of Mary the dwelling place of God?

What evidence have we that Christ was God?

Somebody has said that Christ claimed that God was his father and that he and his father were one. We do not know who this somebody was and do not know from whom he received his information.

Somebody who was “inspired” has said that Christ was of the blood of David through his father Joseph.

This is all the evidence we have.

Can we believe that God, the creator of the Universe, learned the trade of a carpenter in Palestine, that he gathered a few disciples about him, and after teaching for about three years, suffered himself to be crucified by a few ignorant and pious Jews?

Christ, according to the faith, is the second person in the Trinity, the Father being the first and the Holy Ghost the third. Each of these three persons is God. Christ is his own father and his own son. The Holy Ghost is neither father nor son, but both. The son was begotten by the father, but existed before he was begotten—just the same before as after. Christ is just as old as his father, and the father is just as young as his son. The Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and Son, but was equal to the Father

and Son before he proceeded, that is to say, before he existed, but he is of the same age of the other two.

So, it is declared that the Father is God, and the Son God and the Holy Ghost God, and that these three Gods make one God.

According to the celestial multiplication table, once one is three, and three times one is one, and according to heavenly subtraction if we take two from three, three are left. The addition is equally peculiar, if we add two to one we have but one. Each one is equal to himself and the other two. Nothing ever was, nothing ever can be more perfectly idiotic and absurd than the dogma of the Trinity.

How is it possible to prove the existence of the Trinity?

Is it possible for a human being, who has been born but once, to comprehend, or to imagine the existence of three beings, each of whom is equal to the three?

Think of one of these beings as the father of one, and think of that one as half human and all God, and think of the third as having proceeded from the other two, and then think of all three as one. Think that after the father begot the son, the father was still alone, and after the Holy Ghost proceeded from the father and the son, the father was still alone—because there never was and never will be but one God.

At this point, absurdity having reached its limit, nothing more can be said except: "Let us pray."

V. THE THEOLOGICAL CHRIST

IN the New Testament we find the teachings and sayings of Christ. If we say that the book is inspired, then we must admit that Christ really said all the things attributed to him by the various writers. If the book is inspired we must accept it all. We have no right to reject the contradictory and absurd and accept the reasonable and good. We must take it all just as it is.

My own observation has led me to believe that men are generally consistent in their theories and inconsistent in their lives.

So, I think that Christ in his utterances was true to his theory, to his philosophy.

If I find in the Testament sayings of a contradictory character, I conclude that some of those sayings were never uttered by him. The sayings that are, in my judgment, in accordance with what I believe to have been his philosophy, I accept, and the others I throw away.

There are some of his sayings which show him to have been a devout Jew, others that he wished to destroy Judaism, others showing that he held all people except the Jews in contempt and that he wished to save no others, others showing that he wished to convert the world, still others showing that he was forgiving, self-denying and loving, others that he was revengeful and malicious, others, that he was an ascetic, holding all human ties in utter contempt.

The following passages show that Christ was a devout Jew.

"Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth for it is his footstool, neither by Jerusalem for it is his holy city."

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets, I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." "For after all these things, (clothing, food and drink) do the Gentiles seek."

So, when he cured a leper, he said: “Go thy way, show thyself unto the priest and offer the gift that Moses commanded.”

Jesus sent his disciples forth saying: “Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not, but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.”

A woman came out of Canaan and cried to Jesus: “Have mercy on me, my daughter is sorely vexed with a devil”—but he would not answer. Then the disciples asked him to send her away, and he said: “I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.”

Then the woman worshiped him and said: “Lord help me.” But he answered and said: “It is not meet to take the children’s bread and cast it unto dogs.” Yet for her faith he cured her child.

So, when the young man asked him what he must do to be saved, he said: “Keep the commandments.”

Christ said: “The scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses’ seat, all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do.”

“And it is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail.”

Christ went into the temple and cast out them that sold and bought there, and said: “It is written, my house is the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves.”

“We know what we worship for salvation is of the Jews.”

Certainly all these passages were written by persons who regarded Christ as the Messiah.

Many of the sayings attributed to Christ show that he was an ascetic, that he cared nothing for kindred, nothing for father and mother, nothing for brothers or sisters, and nothing for the pleasures of life.

Christ said to a man: “Follow me.” The man said: “Suffer me first to go and bury my father.” Christ answered: “Let the dead bury their dead.” Another said: “I will follow thee, but first let me go bid them farewell which are at home.”

Jesus said: “No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God. If thine right eye offend thee pluck it out. If thy right hand offend thee cut it off.”

One said unto him: “Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee.” And he answered: “Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?” Then he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said: “Behold my mother and my brethren.”

“And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands for my name’s sake shall receive an hundred fold and shall inherit everlasting life.”

“He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.”

Christ it seems had a philosophy.

He believed that God was a loving father, that he would take care of his children, that they need do nothing except to rely implicitly on God.

“Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.”

“Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.”

“Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.... For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.”

“Ask and it shall be given you. Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. If ye forgive men their trespasses your heavenly Father will also forgive you. The very hairs of your head are all numbered.”

Christ seemed to rely absolutely on the protection of God until the darkness of death gathered about him, and then he cried: “My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?”

While there are many passages in the New Testament showing Christ to have been forgiving and tender, there are many others, showing that he was exactly the opposite.

What must have been the spirit of one who said: “I am come to send fire on the earth? Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, nay, but rather division. For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter and the daughter against the mother, the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.”

“If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.”

“But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me.”

This passage built dungeons and lighted fagots.

“Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.”

“I came not to bring peace but a sword.”

All these sayings could not have been uttered by the same person. They are inconsistent with each other. Love does not speak the words of hatred. The real philanthropist does not despise all nations but his own. The teacher of universal forgiveness cannot believe in eternal torture.

From the interpolations, legends, accretions, mistakes and falsehoods in the New Testament is it possible to free the actual man? Clad in mist and myth, hidden by the draperies of gods, deformed, indistinct as faces in clouds, is it possible to find and recognize the features, the natural face of the actual Christ?

For many centuries our fathers closed their eyes to the contradictions and inconsistencies of the Testament and in spite of their reason harmonized the interpolations and mistakes.

This is no longer possible. The contradictions are too many, too glaring. There are contradictions of fact not only, but of philosophy, of theory.

The accounts of the trial, the crucifixion, and ascension of Christ do not agree. They are full of mistakes and contradictions.

According to one account Christ ascended the day of, or the day after his resurrection. According to another he remained forty days after rising from the dead. According to one account, he was seen after his resurrection only by a few women and his disciples. According to another he was seen by the women, by his disciples on several occasions and by hundreds of others.

According to Matthew, Luke and Mark, Christ remained for the most part in the country, seldom going to Jerusalem. According to John he remained mostly in Jerusalem, going occasionally into the country, and then generally to avoid his enemies.

According to Matthew, Mark and Luke, Christ taught that if you would forgive others God would forgive you. According to John, Christ said that the only way to get to heaven was to believe on him and be born again.

These contradictions are gross and palpable and demonstrate that the New Testament is not inspired, and that many of its statements must be false.

If we wish to save the character of Christ, many of the passages must be thrown away.

We must discard the miracles or admit that he was insane or an impostor. We must discard the passages that breathe the spirit of hatred and revenge, or admit that he was malevolent.

If Matthew was mistaken about the genealogy of Christ, about the wise men, the star, the flight into Egypt and the massacre of the babes by Herod,—then he may have been mistaken in many passages that he put in the mouth of Christ.

The same may be said in regard to Mark, Luke and John.

The church must admit that the writers of the New Testament were uninspired men—that they made many mistakes, that they accepted impossible legends as historical facts, that they were ignorant and superstitious, that they put malevolent, stupid, insane and unworthy words in the mouth of Christ, described him as the worker of impossible miracles and in many ways stained and belittled his character.

The best that can be said about Christ is that nearly nineteen centuries ago he was born in the land of Palestine in a country without wealth, without commerce, in the midst of a people who knew nothing of the greater world—a people enslaved, crushed by the mighty power of Rome. That this babe, this child of poverty and want grew to manhood without education, knowing nothing of art, or science, and at about the age of thirty began wandering about the hills and hamlets of his native land, discussing with priests, talking with the poor and sorrowful, writing nothing, but leaving his words in the memory or forgetfulness of those to whom he spoke.

That he attacked the religion of his time because it was cruel. That this excited the hatred of those in power, and that Christ was arrested, tried and crucified.

For many centuries this great Peasant of Palestine has been worshiped as God.

Millions and millions have given their lives to his service. The wealth of the world was lavished on his shrines. His name carried consolation to the diseased and dying. His name dispelled the darkness of death, and filled the dungeon with light. His name gave courage to the martyr, and in the midst of fire, with shriveling lips the sufferer uttered it again, and again. The outcasts, the deserted, the fallen, felt that Christ was their friend, felt that he knew their sorrows and pitied their sufferings.

The poor mother, holding her dead babe in her arms, lovingly whispered his name. His gospel has been carried by millions to all parts of the globe, and his story has been told by the self-denying and faithful to countless thousands of the sons of men. In his name have been preached charity,—forgiveness and love.

He it was, who according to the faith, brought immortality to light, and many millions have entered the valley of the shadow with their hands in his.

All this is true, and if it were all, how beautiful, how touching, how glorious it would be. But it is not all. There is another side.

In his name millions and millions of men and women have been imprisoned, tortured and killed. In his name millions and millions have been enslaved. In his name the thinkers, the investigators, have been branded as criminals, and his followers have shed the blood of the wisest and best. In his name the progress of many nations was stayed for a thousand years. In his gospel was found the dogma of eternal pain, and his words added an infinite horror to death. His gospel filled the world with hatred and revenge; made intellectual honesty a crime; made happiness here the road to hell, denounced love as base and bestial, canonized credulity, crowned bigotry and destroyed the liberty of man.

It would have been far better had the New Testament never been written—far better had the theological Christ never lived. Had the writers of the Testament been regarded as uninspired, had Christ been thought of only as a man, had the good been accepted and the absurd, the impossible, and the revengeful thrown away, mankind would have escaped the wars, the tortures, the scaffolds, the dungeons, the agony and tears, the crimes and sorrows of a thousand years.

VI. THE “SCHEME”

WE have also the scheme of redemption.

According to this “scheme,” by the sin of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, human nature became evil, corrupt and depraved. It became impossible for human beings to keep, in all things, the law of God. In spite of this, God allowed the people to live and multiply for some fifteen hundred years, and then on account of their wickedness drowned them all with the exception of eight persons.

The nature of these eight persons was evil, corrupt and depraved, and in the nature of things their children would be cursed with the same nature. Yet God gave them another trial, knowing exactly what the result would be. A few of these wretches he selected and made them objects of his love and care, the rest of the world he gave to indifference and neglect. To civilize the people he had chosen, he assisted them in conquering and killing their neighbors, and gave them the assistance of priests and inspired prophets. For their preservation and punishment he wrought countless miracles, gave them many laws and a great deal of advice. He taught them to sacrifice oxen, sheep, and doves, to the end that their sins might be forgiven. The idea was inculcated that there was a certain relation between the sin and the sacrifice,—the greater the sin, the greater the sacrifice. He also taught the savagery that without the shedding of blood there was no remission of sin.

In spite of all his efforts, the people grew gradually worse. They would not, they could not keep his laws.

A sacrifice had to be made for the sins of the people. The sins were too great to be washed out by the blood of animals or men. It became necessary for. God himself to

be sacrificed. All mankind were under the curse of the law. Either all the world must be lost or God must die.

In only one way could the guilty be justified, and that was by the death, the sacrifice of the innocent. And the innocent being sacrificed must be great enough to atone for the world; There was but one such being—God.

Thereupon God took upon himself flesh, was born into the world—was known as Christ—was murdered, sacrificed by the Jews, and became an atonement for the sins of the human race.

This is the scheme of Redemption,—the atonement.

It is impossible to conceive of anything more utterly absurd.

A man steals, and then sacrifices a dove, or gives a lamb to a priest. His crime remains the same. He need not kill something. Let him give back the thing stolen, and in future live an honest life.

A man slanders his neighbor and then kills an ox. What has that to do with the slander. Let him take back his slander, make all the reparation that he can, and let the ox alone.

There is no sense in sacrifice, never was and never will be.

Make restitution, reparation, undo the wrong and you need shed no blood.

A good law, one springing from the nature of things, cannot demand, and cannot accept, and cannot be satisfied with the punishment, or the agony of the innocent. A god could not accept his own sufferings in justification of the guilty.—This is a complete subversion of all ideas of justice and morality. A god could not make a law for man, then suffer in the place of the man who had violated it, and say that the law had been carried out, and the penalty duly enforced. A man has committed murder, has been tried, convicted and condemned to death. Another man goes to the governor and says that he is willing to die in place of the murderer. The governor says: “All right, I accept your offer, a murder has been committed, somebody must be hung and your death will satisfy the law.”

But that is not the law. The law says, not that somebody shall be hanged, but that the murderer shall suffer death.

Even if the governor should die in the place of the criminal, it would be no better. There would be two murders instead of one, two innocent men killed, one by the first murderer and one by the State, and the real murderer free.

This, Christians call, “satisfying the law.”

VII. BELIEF.

WE are told that all who believe in this scheme of redemption and have faith in the redeemer will be rewarded with eternal joy. Some think that men can be saved by faith without works, and some think that faith and works are both essential, but all agree that without faith there is no salvation. If you repent and believe on Jesus Christ, then his goodness will be imputed to you and the penalty of the law, so far as you are concerned, will be satisfied by the sufferings of Christ.

You may repent and reform, you may make restitution, you may practice all the virtues, but without this belief in Christ, the gates of heaven will be shut against you forever.

Where is this heaven? The Christians do not know.

Does the Christian go there at death, or must he wait for the general resurrection?

They do not know.

The Testament teaches that the bodies of the dead are to be raised? Where are their souls in the meantime? They do not know.

Can the dead be raised? The atoms composing their bodies enter into new combinations, into new forms, into wheat and corn, into the flesh of animals and into the bodies of other men. Where one man dies, and some of his atoms pass into the body of another man and he dies, to whom will these atoms belong in the day of resurrection?

If Christianity were only stupid and unscientific, if its God was ignorant and kind, if it promised eternal joy to believers and if the believers practiced the forgiveness they teach, for one I should let the faith alone.

But there is another side to Christianity. It is not only stupid, but malicious. It is not only unscientific, but it is heartless. Its god is not only ignorant, but infinitely cruel. It not only promises the faithful an eternal reward, but declares that nearly all of the children of men, imprisoned in the dungeons of God will suffer eternal pain. This is the savagery of Christianity. This is why I hate its unthinkable God, its impossible Christ, its inspired lies, and its selfish, heartless heaven.

Christians believe in infinite torture, in eternal pain.

Eternal Pain!

All the meanness of which the heart of man is capable is in that one word—Hell.

That word is a den, a cave, in which crawl the slimy reptiles of revenge.

That word certifies to the savagery of primitive man.

That word is the depth, the dungeon, the abyss, from which civilized man has emerged.

That word is the disgrace, the shame, the infamy, of our revealed religion.

That word fills all the future with the shrieks of the damned.

That word brutalizes the New Testament, changes the Sermon on the Mount to hypocrisy and cant, and pollutes and hardens the very heart of Christ.

That word adds an infinite horror to death, and makes the cradle as terrible as the coffin.

That word is the assassin of joy, the mocking murderer of hope. That word extinguishes the light of life and wraps the world in gloom. That word drives reason from his throne, and gives the crown to madness.

That word drove pity from the hearts of men, stained countless swords with blood, lighted fagots, forged chains, built dungeons, erected scaffolds, and filled the world with poverty and pain.

That word is a coiled serpent in the mother's breast, that lifts its fanged head and hisses in her ear:—"Your child will be the fuel of eternal fire."

That word blots from the firmament the star of hope and leaves the heavens black.

That word makes the Christian's God an eternal torturer, an everlasting inquisitor—an infinite wild beast.

This is the Christian prophecy of the eternal future:

No hope in hell.

No pity in heaven.

No mercy in the heart of God.

VIII. CONCLUSION

THE Old Testament is absurd, ignorant and cruel,—the New Testament is a mingling of the false and true—it is good and bad.

The Jehovah of the Jews is an impossible monster. The Trinity absurd and idiotic, Christ is a myth or a man.

The fall of man is contradicted by every fact concerning human history that we know. The scheme of redemption—through the atonement—is immoral and senseless. Hell was imagined by revenge, and the orthodox heaven is the selfish dream of heartless serfs and slaves. The foundations of the faith have crumbled and faded away. They were miracles, mistakes, and myths, ignorant and untrue, absurd, impossible, immoral, unnatural, cruel, childish, savage. Beneath the gaze of the scientist they vanished, confronted by facts they disappeared. The orthodox religion of our day has no foundation in truth. Beneath the superstructure can be found no fact.

Some may ask, "Are you trying to take our religion away?"

I answer, No—superstition is not religion. Belief without evidence is not religion. Faith without facts is not religion.

To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits—to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art, in nature, to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of all the world, to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy, to fill life with the splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving words, to discard error, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night, to do the best that can be done and then to be resigned this is the religion of reason, the creed of science. This satisfies the brain and heart.

But, says the prejudiced priest, the malicious minister, "You take away a future life."

I am not trying to destroy another world, but I am endeavoring to prevent the theologians from destroying this.

If we are immortal it is a fact in nature, and that fact does not depend on bibles, or Christs, or priests or creeds.

The hope of another life was in the heart, long before the "sacred books" were written, and will remain there long after all the "sacred books" are known to be the work of savage and superstitious men. Hope is the consolation of the world.

The wanderers hope for home.—Hope builds the house and plants the flowers and fills the air with song.

The sick and suffering hope for health.—Hope gives them health and paints the roses in their cheeks.

The lonely, the forsaken, hope for love.—Hope brings the lover to their arms. They feel the kisses on their eager lips.

The poor in tenements and huts, in spite of rags and hunger hope for wealth.—Hope fills their thin and trembling hands with gold.

The dying hopes that death is but another birth, and Love leans above the pallid face and whispers, “We shall meet again.”

Hope is the consolation of the world.

Let us hope, if there be a God that he is wise and good.

Let us hope that if there be another life it will bring peace and joy to all the children of men.

And let us hope that this poor earth on which we live, may be a perfect world—a world without a crime—without a tear.

Superstition

I. WHAT IS SUPERSTITION?

To believe in spite of evidence or without evidence. To account for one mystery by another.

To believe that the world is governed by chance or caprice.

To disregard the true relation between cause and effect.

To put thought, intention and design back of nature.

To believe that mind created and controls matter. To believe in force apart from substance, or in substance apart from force.

To believe in miracles, spells and charms, in dreams and prophecies.

To believe in the supernatural.

The foundation of superstition is ignorance, the superstructure is faith and the dome is a vain hope.

Superstition is the child of ignorance and the mother of misery.

In nearly every brain is found some cloud of superstition.

A woman drops a cloth with which she is washing dishes, and she exclaims: “That means company.”

Most people will admit that there is no possible connection between dropping the cloth and the coming of visitors. The falling cloth could not have put the visit desire in the minds of people not present, and how could the cloth produce the desire to visit the particular person who dropped it? There is no possible connection between the dropping of the cloth and the anticipated effects.

A man catches a glimpse of the new moon over his left shoulder, and he says: “This is bad luck.”

To see the moon over the right or left shoulder, or not to see it, could not by any possibility affect the moon, neither could it change the effect or influence of the moon on any earthly thing. Certainly the left-shoulder glance could in no way affect the nature of things. All the facts in nature would remain the same as though the glance had been over the right shoulder. We see no connection between the left-shoulder glance and any possible evil effects upon the one who saw the moon in this way.

A girl counts the leaves of a flower, and she says: “One, he comes; two, he tarries; three, he courts; four, he marries; five, he goes away.”

Of course the flower did not grow, and the number of its leaves was not determined with reference to the courtship or marriage of this girl, neither could there have been any intelligence that guided her hand when she selected that particular flower. So, counting the seeds in an apple cannot in any way determine whether the future of an individual is to be happy or miserable.

Thousands of persons believe in lucky and unlucky days, numbers, signs and jewels.

Many people regard Friday as an unlucky day—as a bad day to commence a journey, to marry, to make any investment. The only reason given is that Friday is an unlucky day.

Starting across the sea on Friday could have no possible effect upon the winds, or waves, or tides, any more than starting on any other day, and the only possible reason for thinking Friday unlucky is the assertion that it is so.

So it is thought by many that it is dangerous for thirteen people to dine together. Now, if thirteen is a dangerous number, twenty-six ought to be twice as dangerous, and fifty-two four times as terrible.

It is said that one of the thirteen will die in a year. Now, there is no possible relation between the number and the digestion of each, between the number and the individual diseases. If fourteen dine together there is greater probability, if we take into account only the number, of a death within the year, than there would be if only thirteen were at the table.

Overturning the salt is very unlucky, but spilling the vinegar makes no difference.

Why salt should be revengeful and vinegar forgiving has never been told.

If the first person who enters a theatre is crosseyed, the audience will be small and the “run” a failure.

How the peculiarity of the eyes of the first one who enters, changes the intention of a community, or how the intentions of a community cause the cross-eyed man to go early, has never been satisfactorily explained. Between this so-called cause and the so-called effect there is, so far as we can see, no possible relation.

To wear an opal is bad luck, but rubies bring health. How these stones affect the future, how they destroy causes and defeat effects, no one pretends to know.

So, there are thousands of lucky and unlucky tilings, warnings, omens and prophecies, but all sensible, sane and reasoning human beings know that every one is an absurd and idiotic superstition.

Let us take another step:

For many centuries it was believed that eclipses of the sun and moon were prophetic of pestilence or famine, and that comets foretold the death of kings, or the destruction of nations, the coming of war or plague. All strange appearances in the heavens—the Northern Lights, circles about the moon, sun dogs, falling stars—filled our intelligent ancestors with terror. They fell upon their knees—did their best with sacrifice and prayer to avoid the threatened disaster. Their faces were ashen with fear as they closed their eyes and cried to the heavens for help. The clergy, who were as familiar with God then as the orthodox preachers are now, knew exactly the meaning of eclipses and sun dogs and Northern Lights; knew that God’s patience was nearly exhausted; that he was then whetting the sword of his wrath, and that the people could save themselves only by obeying the priests, by counting their beads and doubling their subscriptions.

Earthquakes and cyclones filled the coffers of the church. In the midst of disasters the miser, with trembling hands, opened his purse. In the gloom of eclipses thieves and robbers divided their booty with God, and poor, honest, ignorant girls, remembering that they had forgotten to say a prayer, gave their little earnings to soften the heart of God.

Now we know that all these signs and wonders in the heavens have nothing to do with the fate of kings, nations or individuals; that they had no more reference to human beings than to colonies of ants, hives of bees or the eggs of insects. We now know that the signs and eclipses, the comets, and the falling stars, would have been just the same if not a human being had been upon the earth. We know now that eclipses come at certain times and that their coming can be exactly foretold.

A little while ago the belief was general that there were certain healing virtues in inanimate things, in the bones of holy men and women, in the rags that had been tom from the foul clothing of still fouler saints, in hairs from martyrs, in bits of wood and rusty nails from the true cross, in the teeth and finger nails of pious men, and in a thousand other sacred things.

The diseased were cured by kissing a box in which was kept some bone, or rag, or bit of wood, some holy hairs, provided the kiss was preceded or followed by a gift—a something for the church.

In some mysterious way the virtue in the bone, or rag, or piece of wood, crept or flowed from the box, took possession of the sick who had the necessary faith, and in the name of God drove out the devils who were the real disease.

This belief in the efficacy of bones or rags and holy hair was born of another belief—the belief that all diseases were produced by evil spirits. The insane were supposed to be possessed by devils. Epilepsy and hysteria were produced by the imps of Satan. In short, every human affliction was the work of the malicious emissaries of the god of hell. This belief was almost universal, and even in our time the sacred bones are believed in by millions of people.

But to-day no intelligent man believes in the existence of devils—no intelligent man believes that evil spirits cause disease—consequently, no intelligent person believes that holy bones or rags, sacred hairs or pieces of wood, can drive disease out, or in any way bring back to the pallid cheek the rose of health.

Intelligent people now know that the bone of a saint has in it no greater virtue than the bone of any animal. That a rag from a wandering beggar is just as good as one from a saint, and that the hair of a horse will cure disease just as quickly and surely as the hair of a martyr. We now know that all the sacred relics are religious rubbish; that those who use them are for the most part dishonest, and that those who rely on them are almost idiotic.

This belief in amulets and charms, in ghosts and devils, is superstition, pure and simple.

Our ancestors did not regard these relics as medicine, having a curative power, but the idea was that evil spirits stood in dread of holy things—that they fled from the bone of a saint, that they feared a piece of the true cross, and that when holy water was sprinkled on a man they immediately left the premises. So, these devils hated and dreaded the sound of holy bells, the light of sacred tapers, and, above all, the ever-blessed cross.

In those days the priests were fishers for money, and they used these relics for bait.

II.

Let us take another step:

This belief in the Devil and evil spirits laid the foundation for another belief: Witchcraft.

It was believed that the devil had certain things to give in exchange for a soul. The old man, bowed and broken, could get back his youth—the rounded form, the brown hair, the leaping heart of life's morning—if he would sign and seal away his soul. So, it was thought that the malicious could by charm and spell obtain revenge, that the poor could be enriched, and that the ambitious could rise to place and power. All the good things of this life were at the disposal of the Devil. For those who resisted the temptations of the Evil One, rewards were waiting in another world, but the Devil rewarded here in this life. No one has imagination enough to paint the agonies that were endured by reason of this belief in witchcraft. Think of the families destroyed, of the fathers and mothers cast in prison, tortured and burned, of the firesides darkened, of the children murdered, of the old, the poor and helpless that were stretched on racks mangled and flayed!

Think of the days when superstition and fear were in every house, in every mind, when accusation was conviction, when assertion of innocence was regarded as a confession of guilt, and when Christendom was insane!

Now we know that all of these horrors were the result of superstition. Now we know that ignorance was the mother of all the agonies endured. Now we know that witches never lived, that human beings never bargained with any devil, and that our pious savage ancestors were mistaken.

Let us take another step:

Our fathers believed in miracles, in signs and wonders, eclipses and comets, in the virtues of bones, and in the powers attributed to evil spirits. All these belonged to the miraculous. The world was supposed to be full of magic; the spirits were sleight-of-hand performers—necromancers. There were no natural causes behind events. A devil wished, and it happened. One who had sold his soul to Satan made a few motions, uttered some strange words, and the event was present. Natural causes were not believed in. Delusion and illusion, the monstrous and miraculous, ruled the world. The foundation was gone—reason had abdicated. Credulity gave tongues and wings to lies, while the dumb and limping facts were left behind—were disregarded and remained untold.

WHAT IS A MIRACLE?

An act performed by a master of nature without reference to the facts in nature. This is the only honest definition of a miracle.

If a man could make a perfect circle, the diameter of which was exactly one-half the circumference, that would be a miracle in geometry. If a man could make twice four, nine, that would be a miracle in mathematics. If a man could make a stone, falling in the air, pass through a space of ten feet the first second, twenty-five feet the second second, and five feet the third second, that would be a miracle in physics. If a man could put together hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen and produce pure gold, that would be a miracle in chemistry. If a minister were to prove his creed, that would be a theological miracle. If Congress by law would make fifty cents worth of silver worth a dollar, that would be a financial miracle. To make a square triangle would be a most wonderful miracle. To cause a mirror to reflect the faces of persons who stand behind it, instead of those who stand in front, would be a miracle. To make echo answer a

question would be a miracle. In other words, to do anything contrary to or without regard to the facts in nature is to perform a miracle.

Now we are convinced of what is called the "uniformity of nature." We believe that all things act and are acted upon in accordance with their nature; that under like conditions the results will always be substantially the same; that like ever has and ever will produce like. We now believe that events have natural parents and that none die childless.

Miracles are not simply impossible, but they are unthinkable by any man capable of thinking.

Now an intelligent man cannot believe that a miracle ever was, or ever will be, performed.

Ignorance is the soil in which belief in miracles grows.

III.

Let us take another step:

While our ancestors filled the darkness with evil spirits, enemies of mankind, they also believed in the existence of good spirits. These good spirits sustained the same relation to God that the evil ones did to the Devil. These good spirits protected the faithful from the temptations and snares of the Evil One. They took care of those who carried amulets and charms, of those who repeated prayers and counted beads, of those who fasted and performed ceremonies. These good spirits would turn aside the sword and arrow from the breast of the faithful. They made poison harmless, they protected the credulous, and in a thousand ways defended and rescued the true believer. They drove doubts from the minds of the pious, sowed the seeds of credulity and faith, saved saints from the wiles of women, painted the glories of heaven for those who fasted and prayed, made it possible for the really good to dispense with the pleasures of sense and to hate the Devil.

These angels watched over infants who had been baptized, over persons who had made holy vows, over priests and nuns and wandering beggars who believed.

These spirits were of various kinds: Some had once been men or women, some had never lived in this world, and some had been angels from the commencement. Nobody pretended to know exactly what they were, or exactly how they looked, or in what way they went from place to place, or how they affected or controlled the minds of men.

It was believed that the king of all these evil spirits was the Devil, and that the king of all the good spirits was God. It was also believed that God was in fact the king of all, and that the Devil himself was one of the children of this God. This God and this Devil were at war, each trying to secure the souls of men. God offered the rewards of eternal joy and threatened eternal pain. The Devil baited his traps with present pleasure, with the gratification of the senses, with the ecstasies of love, and laughed at the joys of heaven and the pangs of hell. With malicious hand he sowed the seeds of doubt—induced men to investigate, to reason, to call for evidence, to rely upon themselves; planted in their hearts the love of liberty, assisted them to break their chains, to escape from their prisons and besought them to think. In this way he corrupted the children of men.

Our fathers believed that they could by prayer, by sacrifice, by fasting, by performing certain ceremonies, gain the assistance of this God and of these good spirits. They

were not quite logical. They did not believe that the Devil was the author of all evil. They thought that flood and famine, plague and cyclone, earthquake and war, were sometimes sent by God as punishment for unbelief. They fell upon their knees and with white lips, prayed the good God to stay his hand. They humbled themselves, confessed their sins, and filled the heavens with their vows and cries. With priests and prayers they tried to stay the plague. They kissed the relics, fell at shrines, besought the Virgin and the saints, but the prayers all died in the heartless air, and the plague swept on to its natural end. Our poor fathers knew nothing of any science. Back of all events they put spirits, good or bad, angels or demons, gods or devils. To them nothing had what we call a natural cause. Everything was the work of spirits. All was done by the supernatural, and everything was done by evil spirits that they could do to ruin, punish, mislead and damn the children of men. This world was a field of battle, and here the hosts of heaven and hell waged war.

IV.

Now no man in whose brain the torch of reason bums, no man who investigates, who really thinks, who is capable of weighing evidence, believes in signs, in lucky or unlucky days, in lucky or unlucky numbers. He knows that Fridays and Thursdays are alike; that thirteen is no more deadly than twelve. He knows that opals affect the wearer the same as rubies, diamonds or common glass. He knows that the matrimonial chances of a maiden are not increased or decreased by the number of leaves of a flower or seeds in an apple. He knows that a glance at the moon over the left shoulder is as healthful and lucky as one over the right. He does not care whether the first comer to a theatre is crosseyed or hump-backed, bow-legged, or as well-proportioned as Apollo. He knows that a strange cat could be denied asylum without bringing any misfortune to the family. He knows that an owl does not hoot in the full of the moon because a distinguished man is about to die. He knows that comets and eclipses would come if all the folks were dead. He is not frightened by sun dogs, or the Morning of the North when the glittering lances pierce the shield of night.

He knows that all these things occur without the slightest reference to the human race. He feels certain that floods would destroy and cyclones rend and earthquakes devour; that the stars would shine; that day and night would still pursue each other around the world; that flowers would give their perfume to the air, and light would paint the seven-hued arch upon the dusky bosom of the cloud if every human being was unconscious dust.

A man of thought and sense does not believe in the existence of the Devil. He feels certain that imps, goblins, demons and evil spirits exist only in the imagination of the ignorant and frightened. He knows how these malevolent myths were made. He knows the part they have played in all religions. He knows that for many centuries a belief in these devils, these evil spirits, was substantially universal. He knows that the priest believed as firmly as the peasant. In those days the best educated and the most ignorant were equal dupes. Kings and courtiers, ladies and clowns, soldiers and artists, slaves and convicts, believed as firmly in the Devil as they did in God.

Back of this belief there is no evidence, and there never has been. This belief did not rest on any fact. It was supported by mistakes, exaggerations and lies. The mistakes were natural, the exaggerations were mostly unconscious and the lies were generally honest. Back of these mistakes, these exaggerations, these lies, was the love of the marvelous. Wonder listened with greedy ears, with wide eyes, and ignorance with open mouth.

The man of sense knows the history of this belief, and he knows, also, that for many centuries its truth was established by the Holy Bible. He knows that the Old Testament is filled with allusions to the Devil, to evil spirits, and that the New Testament is the same. He knows that Christ himself was a believer in the Devil, in evil spirits, and that his principal business was casting out devils from the bodies of men and women. He knows that Christ himself, according to the New Testament, was not only tempted by the Devil, but was carried by his Satanic Highness to the top of the temple. If the New Testament is the inspired word of God, then I admit that these devils, these imps, do actually exist and that they do take possession of human beings.

To deny the existence of these evil spirits, to deny the existence of the Devil, is to deny the truth of the New Testament. To deny the existence of these imps of darkness is to contradict the words of Jesus Christ. If these devils do not exist, if they do not cause disease, if they do not tempt and mislead their victims, then Christ was an ignorant, superstitious man, insane, an impostor, or the New Testament is not a true record of what he said and what he pretended to do. If we give up the belief in devils, we must give up the inspiration of the Old and New Testament. We must give up the divinity of Christ. To deny the existence of evil spirits is to utterly destroy the foundation of Christianity. There is no half-way ground. Compromise is impossible. If all the accounts in the New Testament of casting out devils are false, what part of the Blessed Book is true?

As a matter of fact, the success of the Devil in the Garden of Eden made the coming of Christ a necessity, laid the foundation for the atonement, crucified the Savior and gave us the Trinity.

If the Devil does not exist, the Christian creeds all crumble, and the superstructure known as “Christianity,” built by the fathers, by popes, by priests and theologians—built with mistakes and falsehoods, with miracles and wonders, with blood and flame, with lies and legends borrowed from the savage world, becomes a shapeless ruin.

If we give up the belief in devils and evil spirits, we are compelled to say that a witch never lived. No sensible human being now believes in witchcraft. We know that it was a delusion. We now know that thousands and thousands of innocent men, women and children were tortured and burned for having been found guilty of an impossible crime, and we also know, if our minds have not been deformed by faith, that all the books in which the existence of witches is taught were written by ignorant and superstitious men. We also know that the Old Testament asserted the existence of witches. According to that Holy Book, Jehovah was a believer in witchcraft, and said to his chosen people: “Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.”

This one commandment—this simple line—demonstrates that Jehovah was not only not God, but that he was a poor, ignorant, superstitious savage. This one line proves beyond all possible doubt that the Old Testament was written by men, by barbarians.

John Wesley was right when he said that to give up a belief in witchcraft was to give up the Bible.

Give up the Devil, and what can you do with the Book of Job? How will you account for the lying spirits that Jehovah sent to mislead Ahab?

Ministers who admit that witchcraft is a superstition will read the story of the Witch of Endor—will read it in a solemn, reverential voice—with a theological voice—and will have the impudence to say that they believe it.

It would be delightful to know that angels hover in the air; that they guard the innocent, protect the good; that they bend over the cradles and give health and happy dreams to pallid babes; that they fill dungeons with the light of their presence and give hope to the imprisoned; that they follow the fallen, the erring, the outcasts, the friendless, and win them back to virtue, love and joy. But we have no more evidence of the existence of good spirits than of bad. The angels that visited Abraham and the mother of Samson are as unreal as the ghosts and goblins of the Middle Ages. The angel that stopped the donkey of Balaam, the one who walked in the furnace flames with Meshech, Shadrack and Abed-nego, the one who slew the Assyrians and the one who in a dream removed the suspicions of Joseph, were all created by the imagination of the credulous, by the lovers of the marvelous, and they have been handed down from dotage to infancy, from ignorance to ignorance, through all the years. Except in Catholic countries, no winged citizen of the celestial realm has visited the world for hundreds of years. Only those who are blind to facts can see these beautiful creatures, and only those who reach conclusions without the assistance of evidence can believe in their existence. It is told that the great Angelo, in decorating a church, painted some angels wearing sandals. A cardinal looking at the picture said to the artist: “Whoever saw angels with sandals?” Angelo answered with another question: “Whoever saw an angel barefooted?”

The existence of angels has never been established. Of course, we know that millions and millions have believed in seraphim and cherubim; have believed that the angel Gabriel contended with the Devil for the body of Moses; that angels shut the mouths of the lions for the protection of Daniel; that angels ministered unto Christ, and that countless angels will accompany the Savior when he comes to take possession of the world. And we know that all these millions believe through blind, unreasoning faith, holding all evidence and all facts in theological contempt.

But the angels come no more. They bring no balm to any wounded heart. Long ago they folded their pinions and faded from the earth and air. These winged guardians no longer protect the innocent; no longer cheer the suffering; no longer whisper words of comfort to the helpless. They have become dreams—vanished visions.

V.

In the dear old religious days the earth was flat—a little dishing, if anything—and just above it was Jehovah’s house, and just below it was where the Devil lived. God and his angels inhabited the third story, the Devil and his imps the basement, and the human race the second floor.

Then they knew where heaven was. They could almost hear the harps and hallelujahs. They knew where hell was, and they could almost hear the groans and smell the sulphurous fumes. They regarded the volcanoes as chimneys. They were perfectly acquainted with the celestial, the terrestrial and the infernal. They were quite familiar with the New Jerusalem, with its golden streets and gates of pearl. Then the translation of Enoch seemed reasonable enough, and no one doubted that before the flood the sons of God came down and made love to the daughters of men. The theologians thought that the builders of Babel would have succeeded if God had not come down and caused them to forget the meaning of words.

In those blessed days the priests knew all about heaven and hell. They knew that God governed the world by hope and fear, by promise and threat, by reward and punishment. The reward was to be eternal and so was the punishment. It was not God's plan to develop the human brain, so that man would perceive and comprehend the right and avoid the wrong. He taught ignorance nothing but obedience, and for obedience he offered eternal joy. He loved the submissive—the kneelers and crawlers. He hated the doubters, the investigators, the thinkers, the philosophers. For them he created the eternal prison where he could feed forever the hunger of his hate. He loved the credulous—those who believed without evidence—and for them he prepared a home in the realm of fadeless light. He delighted in the company of the questionless.

But where is this heaven, and where is this hell? We now know that heaven is not just above the clouds and that hell is not just below the earth. The telescope has done away with the ancient heaven, and the revolving world has quenched the flames of the ancient hell. These theological countries, these imagined worlds, have disappeared. No one knows, and no one pretends to know, where heaven is; and no one knows, and no one pretends to know, the locality of hell. Now the theologians say that hell and heaven are not places, but states of mind—conditions.

The belief in gods and devils has been substantially universal. Back of the good, man placed a god; back of the evil, a devil; back of health, sunshine and harvest was a good deity; back of disease, misfortune and death he placed a malicious fiend.

Is there any evidence that gods and devils exist? The evidence of the existence of a god and of a devil is substantially the same. Both of these deities are inferences; each one is a perhaps. They have not been seen—they are invisible—and they have not ventured within the horizon of the senses. The old lady who said there must be a devil, else how could they make pictures that looked exactly like him, reasoned like a trained theologian—like a doctor of divinity.

Now no intelligent man believes in the existence of a devil—no longer fears the leering fiend. Most people who think have given up a personal God, a creative deity. They now talk about the "Unknown," the "Infinite Energy," but they put Jehovah with Jupiter. They regard them both as broken dolls from the nursery of the past.

The men or women who ask for evidence—who desire to know the truth—care nothing for signs; nothing for what are called wonders; nothing for lucky or unlucky jewels, days or numbers; nothing for charms or amulets; nothing for comets or eclipses, and have no belief in good or evil spirits, in gods or devils. They place no reliance on general or special providence—on any power that rescues, protects and saves the good or punishes the vile and vicious. They do not believe that in the whole history of mankind a prayer has been answered. They think that all the sacrifices have been wasted, and that all the incense has ascended in vain. They do not believe that the world was created and prepared for man any more than it was created and prepared for insects. They do not think it probable that whales were invented to supply the Eskimo with blubber, or that flames were created to attract and destroy moths. On every hand there seems to be evidence of design—design for the accomplishment of good, design for the accomplishment of evil. On every side are the benevolent and malicious—something toiling to preserve, something laboring to destroy. Everything surrounded by friends and enemies—by the love that protects, by the hate that kills. Design is as apparent in decay, as in growth; in failure, as in success; in grief, as in joy. Nature with one hand building, with one hand tearing

down, armed with sword and shield—slaying and protecting, and protecting but to slay. All life journeying toward death, and all death hastening back to life. Everywhere waste and economy, care and negligence.

We watch the flow and ebb of life and death—the great drama that forever holds the stage, where players act their parts and disappear; the great drama in which all must act—ignorant and learned, idiotic and insane—without rehearsal and without the slightest knowledge of a part, or of any plot or purpose in the play. The scene shifts; some actors disappear and others come, and again the scene shifts; mystery everywhere. We try to explain, and the explanation of one fact contradicts another. Behind each veil removed, another. All things equal in wonder. One drop of water as wonderful as all the seas; one grain of sand as all the world; one moth with painted wings as all the things that live; one egg from which warmth, in darkness, woos to life an organized and breathing form—a form with sinews, bones and nerves, with blood and brain, with instincts, passions, thoughts and wants—as all the stars that wheel in space.

The smallest seed that, wrapped in soil, has dreams of April rains and days of June, withholds its secret from the wisest men. The wisdom of the world cannot explain one blade of grass, the faintest motion of the smallest leaf. And yet theologians, popes, priests, parsons, who speechless stand before the wonder of the smallest thing that is, know all about the origin of worlds, know when the beginning was, when the end will be, know all about the God who with a wish created all, know what his plan and purpose was, the means he uses and the end he seeks. To them all mysteries have been revealed, except the mystery of things that touch the senses of a living man.

But honest men do not pretend to know; they are candid and sincere; they love the truth; they admit their ignorance, and they say, “We do not know.”

After all, why should we worship our ignorance, why should we kneel to the Unknown, why should we prostrate ourselves before a guess?

If God exists, how do we know that he is good, that he cares for us? The Christians say that their God has existed from eternity; that he forever has been, and forever will be, infinite, wise and good. Could this God have avoided being God? Could he have avoided being good? Was he wise and good without his wish or will?

Being from eternity, he was not produced. He was back of all cause. What he is, he was, and will be, unchanged, unchangeable. He had nothing to do with the making or developing of his character.

Nothing to do with the development of his mind. What he was, he is. He has made no progress. What he is, he will be, there can be no change. Why then, I ask, should we praise him? He could not have been different from what he was and is. Why should we pray to him? He cannot change.

And yet Christians implore their God not to do wrong.

The meanest thing charged against the Devil is that he leads the children of men into temptation, and yet, in the Lord’s Prayer, God is insultingly asked not to imitate the king of fiends.

“Lead us not into temptation.”

Why should God demand praise? He is as lie was. He has never learned anything; has never practiced any self-denial; was never tempted, never touched by fear or hope, and never had a want. Why should he demand our praise?

Does anyone know that this God exists; that he ever heard or answered any prayer? Is it known that he governs the world; that he interferes in the affairs of men; that he protects the good or punishes the wicked? Can evidence of this be found in the history of mankind? If God governs the world, why should we credit him for the good and not charge him with the evil? To justify this God we must say that good is good and that evil is also good. If all is done by this God we should make no distinction between his actions—between the actions of the infinitely wise, powerful and good. If we thank him for sunshine and harvest we should also thank him for plague and famine. If we thank him for liberty, the slave should raise his chained hands in worship and thank God that he toils unpaid with the lash upon his naked back. If we thank him for victory we should thank him for defeat.

Only a few days ago our President, by proclamation, thanked God for giving us the victory at Santiago. He did not thank him for sending the yellow fever. To be consistent the President should have thanked him equally for both.

The truth is that good and evil spirits—gods and devils—are beyond the realm of experience; beyond the horizon of our senses; beyond the limits of our thoughts; beyond imagination's utmost flight.

Man should think; he should use all his senses; he should examine; he should reason. The man who cannot think is less than man; the man who will not think is traitor to himself; the man who fears to think is superstition's slave.

VI.

What harm does superstition do? What harm in believing in fables, in legends?

To believe in signs and wonders, in amulets, charms and miracles, in gods and devils, in heavens and hells, makes the brain an insane ward, the world a madhouse, takes all certainty from the mind, makes experience a snare, destroys the kinship of effect and cause—the unity of nature—and makes man a trembling serf and slave. With this belief a knowledge of nature sheds no light upon the path to be pursued. Nature becomes a puppet of the unseen powers. The fairy, called the supernatural, touches with her wand a fact, it disappears. Causes are barren of effects, and effects are independent of all natural causes. Caprice is king. The foundation is gone. The great dome rests on air. There is no constancy in qualities, relations or results. Reason abdicates and superstition wears her crown.

The heart hardens and the brain softens.

The energies of man are wasted in a vain effort to secure the protection of the supernatural. Credulity, ceremony, worship, sacrifice and prayer take the place of honest work, of investigation, of intellectual effort, of observation, of experience. Progress becomes impossible.

Superstition is, always has been, and forever will be, the enemy of liberty.

Superstition created all the gods and angels, all the devils and ghosts, all the witches, demons and goblins, gave us all the augurs, soothsayers and prophets, filled the heavens with signs and wonders, broke the chain of cause and effect, and wrote the history of man in miracles and lies. Superstition made all the popes, cardinals, bishops and priests, all the monks and nuns, the begging friars and the filthy saints,

all the preachers and exhorters, all the "called" and "set apart." Superstition made men fall upon their knees before beasts and stones, caused them to worship snakes and trees and insane phantoms of the air, beguiled them of their gold and toil, and made them shed their children's blood and give their babes to flames. Superstition built the cathedrals and temples, all the altars, mosques and churches, filled the world with amulets and charms, with images and idols, with sacred bones and holy hairs, with martyrs' blood and rags, with bits, of wood that frighten devils from the breasts of men. Superstition invented and used the instruments of torture, flayed men and women alive, loaded millions, with chains and destroyed hundreds of thousands with fire. Superstition mistook insanity for inspiration and the ravings of maniacs for prophesy, for the wisdom of God. Superstition imprisoned the virtuous, tortured the thoughtful, killed the heroic, put chains on the body, manacles on the brain, and utterly destroyed the liberty of speech. Superstition gave us all the prayers and ceremonies; taught all the kneelings, genuflections and prostrations; taught men to hate themselves, to despise pleasure, to scar their flesh, to grovel in the dust, to desert their wives and children, to shun their fellow-men, and to spend their lives in useless pain and prayer. Superstition taught that human love is degrading, low and vile; taught that monks are purer than fathers, that nuns are holier than mothers, that faith is superior to fact, that credulity leads to heaven, that doubt is the road to hell, that belief is better than knowledge, and that to ask for evidence is to insult God. Superstition is, always has been, and forever will be, the foe of progress, the enemy of education and the assassin of freedom. It sacrifices the known to the unknown, the present to the future, this actual world to the shadowy next. It has given us a selfish heaven, and a hell of infinite revenge; it has filled the world with hatred, war and crime, with the malice of meekness and the arrogance of humility. Superstition is the only enemy of science in all the world.

Nations, races, have been destroyed by this monster. For nearly two thousand years the infallible agent of God has lived in Italy. That country has been covered with nunneries, monasteries, cathedrals and temples—filled with all varieties of priests and holy men. For centuries Italy was enriched with the gold of the faithful. All roads led to Rome, and these roads were filled with pilgrims bearing gifts, and yet Italy, in spite of all the prayers, steadily pursued the downward path, died and was buried, and would at this moment be in her grave had it not been for Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi. For her poverty, her misery, she is indebted to the holy Catholic Church, to the infallible agents of God. For the life she has she is indebted to the enemies of superstition. A few years ago Italy was great enough to build a monument to Giordano Bruno—Bruno, the victim of the "Triumphant Beast;"—Bruno, the sublimest of her sons.

Spain was at one time owner of half the earth, and held within her greedy hands the gold and silver of the world. At that time all nations were in the darkness of superstition. At that time the world was governed by priests. Spain clung to her creed. Some nations began to think, but Spain continued to believe. In some countries, priests lost power, but not in Spain. The power behind her throne was the cowled monk. In some countries men began to interest themselves in science, but not in Spain. Spain told her beads and continued to pray to the Virgin. Spain was busy-saving her soul. In her zeal she destroyed herself. She relied on the supernatural; not on knowledge, but superstition. Her prayers were never answered. The saints were dead. They could not help, and the Blessed Virgin did not hear. Some countries were in the dawn of a new day, but Spain gladly remained in the night. With fire and sword she exterminated the men who thought. Her greatest festival was the *Auto da*

Fe. Other nations grew great while Spain grew small. Day by day her power waned, but her faith increased. One by one her colonies were lost, but she kept her creed. She gave her gold to superstition, her brain to priests, but she faithfully counted her beads. Only a few days ago, relying on her God and his priests, on charms and amulets, on holy water and pieces of the true cross, she waged war against the great Republic. Bishops blessed her armies and sprinkled holy water on her ships, and yet her armies were defeated and captured, her ships battered, beached and burned, and in her helplessness she sued for peace. But she has her creed; her superstition is not lost. Poor Spain, wrecked by faith, the victim of religion!

Portugal, slowly dying, growing poorer every day, still clings to the faith. Her prayers are never answered, but she makes them still. Austria is nearly gone, a victim of superstition. Germany is traveling toward the night. God placed her Kaiser on the throne. The people must obey. Philosophers and scientists fall upon, their knees and become the puppets of the divinely crowned.

VII.

The believers in the supernatural, in a power superior to nature, in God, have what they call “inspired books.” These books contain the absolute truth. They must be believed. He who denies them will be punished with eternal pain. These books are not addressed to human reason. They are above reason. They care nothing for what a man calls “facts.” Facts that do not agree with these books are mistakes. These books are independent of human experience, of human reason.

Our inspired books constitute what we call the “Bible.” The man who reads this inspired book, looking for contradictions, mistakes and interpolations, imperils the salvation of his soul. While he reads he has no right to think, no right to reason. To believe is his only duty.

Millions of men have wasted their lives in the study of this book—in trying to harmonize contradictions and to explain the obscure and seemingly absurd. In doing this they have justified nearly every crime and every cruelty. In its follies they have found the profoundest wisdom. Hundreds of creeds have been constructed from its inspired passages.

Probably no two of its readers have agreed as to its meaning. Thousands have studied Hebrew and Greek that they might read the Old and New Testament in the languages in which they were written. The more they studied, the more they differed. By the same book they proved that nearly everybody is to be lost, and that all are to be saved; that slavery is a divine institution, and that all men should be free; that polygamy is right, and that no man should have more than one wife; that the powers that be are ordained of God, and that the people have a right to overturn and destroy the powers that be; that all the actions of men were predestined—preordained from eternity, and yet that man is free; that all the heathen will be lost; that all the heathen will be saved; that all men who live according to the light of nature will be damned for their pains; that you must be baptized by sprinkling; that you must be baptized by immersion; that there is no salvation without baptism; that baptism is useless; that you must believe in the Trinity; that it is sufficient to believe in God; that you must believe that a Hebrew peasant was God; that at the same time he was half man, that he was of the blood of David through his supposed father Joseph, who was not his father, and that it is not necessary to believe that Christ was God; that you must believe that the Holy Ghost proceeded; that it makes no difference whether you do or not; that you must keep the Sabbath holy; that Christ taught nothing of the kind; that

Christ established a church; that he established no church; that the dead are to be raised; that there is to be no resurrection; that Christ is coming again; that he has made his last visit; that Christ went to hell and preached to the spirits in prison; that he did nothing of the kind; that all the Jews are going to perdition; that they are all going to heaven; that all the miracles described in the Bible were performed; that some of them were not, because they are foolish, childish and idiotic; that all the Bible is inspired; that some of the books are not inspired; that there is to be a general judgment, when the sheep and goats are to be divided; that there never will be any general judgment; that the sacramental bread and wine are changed into the flesh and blood of God and the Trinity; that they are not changed; that God has no flesh or blood; that there is a place called "purgatory;" that there is no such place; that unbaptized infants will be lost; that they will be saved; that we must believe the Apostles' Creed; that the apostles made no creed; that the Holy Ghost was the father of Christ; that Joseph was his father; that the Holy Ghost had the form of a dove; that there is no Holy Ghost; that heretics should be killed; that you must not resist evil; that you should murder unbelievers; that you must love your enemies; that you should take no thought for the morrow, but should be diligent in business; that you should lend to all who ask, and that One who does not provide for his own household is worse than an infidel.

In defence of all these creeds, all these contradictions, thousands of volumes have been written, millions of sermons have been preached, countless swords reddened with blood, and thousands and thousands of nights made lurid with the faggot's flames.

Hundreds and hundreds of commentators have obscured and darkened the meaning of the plainest texts, spiritualized dates, names, numbers and even genealogies. They have degraded the poetic, changed parables to history, and imagery to stupid and impossible facts. They have wrestled with rhapsody and prophecy, with visions and dreams, with illusions and delusions, with myths and miracles, with the blunders of ignorance, the ravings of insanity and the ecstasy of hysterics. Millions of priests and preachers have added to the mysteries of the inspired book by explanation, by showing the wisdom of foolishness, the foolishness of wisdom, the mercy of cruelty and the probability of the impossible.

The theologians made the Bible a master and the people its slaves. With this book they destroyed intellectual veracity, the natural manliness of man. With this book they banished pity from the heart, subverted all ideas of justice and fairness, imprisoned the soul in the dungeon of fear and made honest doubt a crime.

Think of what the world has suffered from fear. Think of the millions who were driven to insanity. Think of the fearful nights—nights filled with phantoms, with flying, crawling monsters, with hissing serpents that slowly uncoiled, with vague and formless horrors, with burning and malicious eyes.

Think of the fear of death, of infinite wrath, of everlasting revenge in the prisons of fire, of an eternity, of thirst, of endless regret, of the sobs and sighs, the shrieks and groans of eternal pain!

Think of the hearts hardened, of the hearts broken, of the cruelties inflicted, of the agonies endured, of the lives darkened.

The inspired Bible has been and is the greatest curse of Christendom, and will so remain as long as it is held to be inspired.

VIII.

Our God was made by men, sculptured by savages who did the best they could. They made our God somewhat like themselves, and gave to him their passions, their ideas of right and wrong.

As man advanced he slowly changed his God—took a little ferocity from his heart, and put the light of kindness in his eyes. As man progressed he obtained a wider view, extended the intellectual horizon, and again he changed his God, making him as nearly perfect as he could, and yet this God was patterned after those who made him. As man became civilized, as he became merciful, he began to love justice, and as his mind expanded his ideal became purer, nobler, and so his God became more merciful, more loving.

In our day Jehovah has been outgrown. He is no longer the perfect. Now theologians talk, not about Jehovah, but about a God of love, call him the Eternal Father and the perpetual friend and providence of man. But, while they talk about this God of love, cyclones wreck and rend, the earthquake devours, the flood destroys, the red bolt leaping from the cloud still crashes the life out of men, and plague and fever still are tireless reapers in the harvest fields of death.

They tell us now that all is good; that evil is but blessing in disguise, that pain makes strong and virtuous men—makes character—while pleasure enfeebles and degrades. If this be so, the souls in hell should grow to greatness, while those in heaven should shrink and shrivel.

But we know that good is good. We know that good is not evil, and that evil is not good. We know that light is not darkness, and that darkness is not light. But we do not feel that good and evil were planned and caused by a supernatural God. We regard them both as necessities. We neither thank nor curse. We know that some evil can be avoided and that the good can be increased. We know that this can be done by increasing knowledge, by developing the brain.

As Christians have changed their God, so they have accordingly changed their Bible. The impossible and absurd, the cruel and the infamous, have been mostly thrown aside, and thousands are now engaged in trying to save the inspired word. Of course, the orthodox still cling to every word, and still insist that every line is true. They are literalists.

To them the Bible means exactly what it says.

They want no explanation. They care nothing for commentators. Contradictions cannot disturb their faith. They deny that any contradictions exist. They loyally stand by the sacred text, and they give it the narrowest possible interpretation. They are like the janitor of an apartment house who refused to rent a flat to a gentleman because he said he had children. “But,” said the gentleman, “my children are both married and live in Iowa.” “That makes no difference,” said the janitor, “I am not allowed to rent a flat to any man who has children.”

All the orthodox churches are obstructions on the highway of progress. Every orthodox creed is a chain, a dungeon. Every believer in the “inspired book” is a slave who drives reason from her throne, and in her stead crowns fear.

Reason is the light, the sun, of the brain. It is the compass of the mind, the ever-constant Northern Star, the mountain peak that lifts itself above all clouds.

IX.

There were centuries of darkness when religion had control of Christendom. Superstition was almost universal. Not one in twenty thousand could read or write. During these centuries the people lived with their back to the sunrise, and pursued their way toward the dens of ignorance and faith. There was no progress, no invention, no discovery. On every hand cruelty and worship, persecution and prayer. The priests were the enemies of thought, of investigation. They were the shepherds, and the people were their sheep and it was their business to guard the flock from the wolves of thought and doubt. This world was of no importance compared with the next. This life was to be spent in preparing for the life to come. The gold and labor of men were wasted in building cathedrals and in supporting the pious and the useless. During these Dark Ages of Christianity, as I said before, nothing was invented, nothing was discovered, calculated to increase the well-being of men. The energies of Christendom were wasted in the vain effort to obtain assistance from the supernatural.

For centuries the business of Christians was to wrest from the followers of Mohammed the empty sepulcher of Christ. Upon the altar of this folly millions of lives were sacrificed, and yet the soldiers of the impostor were victorious, and the wretches who carried the banner of Christ were scattered like leaves before the storm.

There was, I believe, one invention during these ages. It is said that, in the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon, a Franciscan monk, invented gunpowder, but this invention was without a fellow. Yet we cannot give Christianity the credit, because Bacon was an infidel, and was great enough to say that in all things reason must be the standard. He was persecuted and imprisoned, as most sensible men were in those blessed days. The church was triumphant. The sceptre and mitre were in her hands, and yet her success was the result of force and fraud, and it carried within itself the seeds of its defeat. The church attempted the impossible. It endeavored to make the world of one belief; to force all minds to a common form, and utterly destroy the individuality of man. To accomplish this it employed every art and artifice that cunning could suggest It inflicted every cruelty by every means that malice could invent.

But, in spite of all, a few men began to think.

They became interested in the affairs of this world—in the great panorama of nature. They began to seek for causes, for the explanations of phenomena. They were not satisfied with the assertions of the church. These thinkers withdrew their gaze from the skies and looked at their own surroundings. They were unspiritual enough to desire comfort here. They became sensible and secular, worldly and wise.

What was the result? They began to invent, to discover, to find the relation between facts, the conditions of happiness and the means that would increase the well-being of their fellow-men.

Movable types were invented, paper was borrowed from the Moors, books appeared, and it became possible to save the intellectual wealth so that each generation could hand it to the next. History began to take the place of legend and rumor. The telescope was invented. The orbits of the stars were traced, and men became citizens of the universe. The steam engine was constructed, and now steam, the great slave, does the work of hundreds of millions of men. The Black Art, the impossible, was abandoned, and chemistry, the useful, took its place. Astrology became astronomy. Kepler discovered the three great laws, one of the greatest triumphs of human genius, and our constellation became a poem, a symphony. Newton gave us the

mathematical expression of the attraction of gravitation. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. He gave us the fact, and Draper gave us the reason. Steamships conquered the seas and railways covered the land. Houses and streets were lighted with gas. Through the invention of matches fire became the companion of man. The art of photography became known; the sun became an artist. Telegraphs and cables were invented. The lightning became a carrier of thought, and the nations became neighbors. Anaesthetics were discovered and pain was lost in sleep. Surgery became a science. The telephone was invented—the telephone that carries and deposits in listening ears the waves of words. The phonograph, that catches and retains in marks and dots and gives again the echoes of our speech.

Then came electric light that fills the night with day, and all the wonderful machines that use the subtle force—the same force that leaps from the summer cloud to ravage and destroy.

The Spectrum Analysis that tells us of the substance of the sun; the Röntgen rays that change the opaque to the transparent. The great thinkers demonstrated the indestructibility of force and matter—demonstrated that the indestructible could not have been created. The geologist, in rocks and deposits and mountains and continents, read a little of the story of the world—of its changes, of the glacial epoch—the story of vegetable and animal life.

The biologists, through the fossil forms of life, established the antiquity of man and demonstrated the worthlessness of Holy Writ. Then came evolution, the survival of the fittest and natural selection. Thousands of mysteries were explained and science wrested the sceptre from superstition. The cell theory was advanced, and embryology was studied; the microscope discovered germs of disease and taught us how to stay the plague. These great theories and discoveries, together with countless inventions, are the children of intellectual liberty.

X.

After all we know but little. In the darkness of life there are a few gleams of light. Possibly the dropping of a dishcloth prophesies the coming of company, but we have no evidence. Possibly it is dangerous for thirteen to dine together, but we have no evidence. Possibly a maiden's matrimonial chances are determined by the number of seeds in an apple, or by the number of leaves on a flower, but we have no evidence. Possibly certain stones give good luck to the wearer, while the wearing of others brings loss and death. Possibly a glimpse of the new moon over the left shoulder brings misfortune. Possibly there are curative virtues in old bones, in sacred rags and holy hairs, in images and bits of wood, in rusty nails and dried blood, but the trouble is we have no evidence. Possibly comets, eclipses and shooting stars foretell the death of kings, the destruction of nations or the coming of plague. Possibly devils take possession of the bodies and minds of men. Possibly witches, with the Devil's help, control the winds, breed storms on sea and land, fill summer's lap with frosts and snow, and work with charm and spell against the public weal, but of this we have no evidence. It may be that all the miracles described in the Old and New Testament were performed; that the pallid flesh of the dead felt once more the thrill of life; that the corpse arose and felt upon his smiling lips the kiss of wife and child. Possibly water was turned into wine, loaves and fishes increased, and possibly devils were expelled from men and women; possibly fishes were found with money in their mouths; possibly clay and spittle brought back the light to sightless eyes, and

possibly words cured disease and made the leper clean, but of this we have no evidence.

Possibly iron floated, rivers divided, waters burst from dry bones, birds carried food to prophets and angels flourished drawn swords, but of this we have no evidence.

Possibly Jehovah employed lying spirits to deceive a king, and all the wonders of the savage world may have happened, but the trouble is there is no proof.

So there may be a Devil, almost infinite in cunning and power, and he may have a countless number of imps whose only business is to sow the seeds of evil and to vex, mislead, capture and imprison in eternal flames the souls of men. All this, so far as we know, is possible. All we know is that we have no evidence except the assertions of ignorant priests.

Possibly there is a place called "hell," where all the devils live—a hell whose flames are waiting for, all the men who think and have the courage to express their thoughts, for all who fail to credit priests and sacred books, for all who walk the path that reason lights, for all the good and brave who lack credulity and faith—but of this, I am happy to say, there is no proof.

And so there may be a place called "heaven," the home of God, where angels float and fly and play on harps and hear with joy the groans and shrieks of the lost in hell, but of this there is no evidence.

It all rests on dreams and visions of the insane.

There may be a power superior to nature, a power that governs and directs all things, but the existence of this power has not been established.

In the presence of the mysteries of life and thought, of force and substance, of growth and decay, of birth and death, of joy and pain, of the sufferings of the good, the triumphs of wrong, the intelligent honest man is compelled to say: "I do not know."

But we do know how gods and devils, heavens and hells, have been made. We know the history of inspired books—the origin of religions. We know how the seeds of superstition were planted and what made them grow. We know that all superstitions, all creeds, all follies and mistakes, all crimes and cruelties, all virtues, vices, hopes and fears, all discoveries and inventions, have been naturally produced. By the light of reason we divide the useful from the hurtful, the false from the true.

We know the past—the paths that man has traveled—his mistakes, his triumphs. We know a few facts, a few fragments, and the imagination, the artist of the mind, with these facts, these fragments, rebuilds the past, and on the canvas of the future deftly paints the things to be.

We believe in the natural, in the unbroken and unbreakable succession of causes and effects. We deny the existence of the supernatural. We do not believe in any God who can be pleased with incense, with kneeling, with bell-ringing, psalm-singing, bead-counting, fasting or prayer—in any God who can be flattered by words of faith or fear.

We believe in the natural. We have no fear of devils, ghosts or hells. We believe that Mahatmas, astral bodies, materializations of spirits, crystal gazing, seeing the future, telepathy, mind reading and Christian Science are only cunning frauds, the genuineness of which is established by the testimony of incompetent, honest witnesses. We believe that Cunning plates fraud with the gold of honesty, and veneers vice with virtue.

We know that millions are seeking the impossible—trying to secure the aid of the supernatural—to solve the problem of life—to guess the riddle of destiny, and to pluck from the future its secret. We know that all their efforts are in vain.

We believe in the natural. We believe in home and fireside—in wife and child and friend—in the realities of this world. We have faith in facts—in knowledge—in the development of the brain. We throw away superstition and welcome science. We banish the phantoms, the mistakes and lies and cling to the truth. We do not enthrone the unknown and crown our ignorance. We do not stand with our backs to the sun and mistake our shadow for God.

We do not create a master and thankfully wear his chains. We do not enslave ourselves. We want no leaders—no followers. Our desire is that every human being shall be true to himself, to his ideal, unbribed by promises, careless of threats. We want no tyrant on the earth or in the air.

We know that superstition has given us delusions and illusions, dreams and visions, ceremonies and cruelties, faith and fanaticism, beggars and bigots, persecutions and prayers, theology and torture, piety and poverty, saints and slaves, miracles and mummeries, disease and death.

We know that science has given us all we have of value. Science is the only civilizer. It has freed the slave, clothed the naked, fed the hungry, lengthened life, given us homes and hearths, pictures and books, ships and railways, telegraphs and cables, engines that tirelessly turn the countless wheels, and it has destroyed the monsters, the phantoms, the winged horrors that filled the savage brain.

Science is the real redeemer. It will put honesty above hypocrisy; mental veracity above all belief. It will teach the religion of usefulness. It will destroy bigotry in all its forms. It will put thoughtful doubt above thoughtless faith. It will give us philosophers, thinkers and savants, instead of priests, theologians and saints. It will abolish poverty and crime, and greater, grander, nobler than all else, it will make the whole world free.

The Devil

IF THE DEVIL SHOULD DIE WOULD GOD MAKE ANOTHER?

A little while ago I delivered a lecture on “Superstition,” in which, among other things, I said that the Christian world could not deny the existence of the Devil; that the Devil was really the keystone of the arch, and that to take him away was to destroy the entire system.

A great many clergymen answered or criticised this statement. Some of these ministers avowed their belief in the existence of his Satanic Majesty, while others actually denied his existence; but some, without stating their own position, said that others believed, not in the existence of a personal devil, but in the personification of evil, and that all references to the Devil in the Scriptures could be explained on the hypothesis that the Devil thus alluded to was simply a personification of evil.

When I read these answers I thought of this line from Heine: “Christ rode on an ass, but now asses ride on Christ.”

Now, the questions are, first, whether the Devil does really exist; second, whether the sacred Scriptures teach the existence of the Devil and of unclean spirits, and third, whether this belief in devils is a necessary part of what is known as “orthodox Christianity.”

Now, where did the idea that a Devil exists come from? How was it produced?

Fear is an artist—a sculptor—a painter. All tribes and nations, having suffered, having been the sport and prey of natural phenomena, having been struck by lightning, poisoned by weeds, overwhelmed by volcanoes, destroyed by earthquakes, believed in the existence of a Devil, who was the king—the ruler—of innumerable smaller devils, and all these devils have been from time immemorial regarded as the enemies of men.

Along the banks of the Ganges wandered the Asuras, the most powerful of evil spirits. Their business was to war against the Devas—that is to say, the gods—and at the same time against human beings. There, too, were the ogres, the Jakshas and many others who killed and devoured human beings.

The Persians turned this around, and with them the Asuras were good and the Devas bad. Ormuzd was the good—the god—Ahriman the evil—the devil —and between the god and the devil was waged a perpetual war. Some of the Persians thought that the evil would finally triumph, but others insisted that the good would be the victor.

In Egypt the devil was Set—or, as usually called, Typhon—and the good god was Osiris. Set and his legions fought against Osiris and against the human race.

Among the Greeks, the Titans were the enemies of the gods. Ate was the spirit that tempted, and such was her power that at one time she tempted and misled the god of gods, even Zeus himself.

These ideas about gods and devils often changed, because in the days of Socrates a demon was not a devil, but a guardian angel.

We obtain our Devil from the Jews, and they got him from Babylon. The Jews cultivated the science of Demonology, and at one time it was believed that there were nine kinds of demons: Beelzebub, prince of the false gods of the other nations; the

Pythian Apollo, prince of liars; Belial, prince of mischief-makers; Asmodeus, prince of revengeful devils; Satan, prince of witches and magicians; Meresin, prince of aerial devils, who caused thunderstorms and plagues; Abaddon, who caused wars, tumults and combustions; Diabolus, who drives to despair, and Mammon, prince of the tempters.

It was believed that demons and sorcerers frequently came together and held what were called “Sabbats;” that is to say, orgies. It was also known that sorcerers and witches had marks on their bodies that had been imprinted by the Devil.

Of course these devils were all made by the people, and in these devils we find the prejudices of their makers. The Europeans always represent their devils as black, while the Africans believed that theirs were white.

So, it was believed that people by the aid of the Devil could assume any shape that they wished. Witches and wizards were changed into wolves, dogs, cats and serpents. This change to animal form was exceedingly common.

Within two years, between 1598 and 1600, in one district of France, the district of Jura, more than six hundred men and women were tried and convicted before one judge of having changed themselves into wolves, and all were put to death.

This is only one instance. There are thousands.

There is no time to give the history of this belief in devils. It has been universal. The consequences have been terrible beyond the imagination. Millions and millions of men, women and children, of fathers and mothers, have been sacrificed upon the altar of this ignorant and idiotic belief.

Of course, the Christians of to-day do not believe that the devils of the Hindus, Egyptians, Persians or Babylonians existed. They think that those nations created their own devils, precisely the same as they did their own gods. But the Christians of to-day admit that for many centuries Christians did believe in the existence of countless devils; that the Fathers of the church believed as sincerely in the Devil and his demons as in God and his angels; that they were just as sure about hell as heaven.

I admit that people did the best they could to account for what they saw, for what they experienced. I admit that the devils as well as the gods were naturally produced—the effect of nature upon the human brain. The cause of phenomena filled our ancestors not only with wonder, but with terror. The miraculous, the supernatural, was not only believed in, but was always expected.

A man walking in the woods at night—just a glimmering of the moon—everything uncertain and shadowy—sees a monstrous form. One arm is raised. His blood grows cold, his hair lifts. In the gloom he sees the eyes of an ogre—eyes that flame with malice. He feels that the something is approaching. He turns, and with a cry of horror takes to his heels. He is afraid to look back. Spent, out of breath, shaking with fear, he reaches his hut and falls at the door. When he regains consciousness, he tells his story and, of course, the children believe. When they become men and women they tell father’s story of having seen the Devil to their children, and so the children and grandchildren not only believe, but think they know, that their father—their grandfather—actually saw a devil.

An old woman sitting by the fire at night—a storm raging without—hears the mournful sough of the wind. To her it becomes a voice. Her imagination is touched, and the voice seems to utter words. Out of these words she constructs a message or a

warning from the unseen world. If the words are good, she has heard an angel; if they are threatening and malicious, she has heard a devil. She tells this to her children and they believe. They say that mother's religion is good enough for them. A girl suffering from hysteria falls into a trance—has visions of the infernal world. The priest sprinkles holy water on her pallid face, saying: "She hath a devil." A man utters a terrible cry; falls to the ground; foam and blood issue from his mouth; his limbs are convulsed. The spectators say: "This is the Devil's work."

Through all the ages people have mistaken dreams and visions of fear for realities. To them the insane were inspired; epileptics were possessed by devils; apoplexy was the work of an unclean spirit. For many centuries people believed that they had actually seen the malicious phantoms of the night, and so thorough was this belief—so vivid—that they made pictures of them. They knew how they looked. They drew and chiseled their hoofs, their horns—all their malicious deformities.

Now, I admit that all these monsters were naturally produced. The people believed that hell was their native land; that the Devil was a king, and that lie and his imps waged war against the children of men. Curiously enough some of these devils were made out of degraded gods, and, naturally enough, many devils were made out of the gods of other nations. So that frequently the gods of one people were the devils of another.

In nature there are opposing forces. Some of the forces work for what man calls good; some for what he calls evil. Back of these forces our ancestors put will, intelligence and design. They could not believe that the good and evil came from the same being. So back of the good they put God; back of the evil, the Devil.

II. THE ATLAS OF CHRISTIANITY IS THE DEVIL.

The religion known as "Christianity" was invented by God himself to repair in part the wreck and ruin that had resulted from the Devil's work.

Take the Devil from the scheme of salvation—from the atonement—from the dogma of eternal pain—and the foundation is gone.

The Devil is the keystone of the arch.

He inflicted the wounds that Christ came to heal. He corrupted the human race.

The question now is: Does the Old Testament teach the existence of the Devil?

If the Old Testament teaches anything, it does teach the existence of the Devil, of Satan, of the Serpent, of the enemy of God and man, the deceiver of men and women.

Those who believe the Scriptures are compelled to say that this Devil was created by God, and that God knew when he created him just what he would do—the exact measure of his success; knew that he would be a successful rival; knew that he would deceive and corrupt the children of men; knew that, by reason of this Devil, countless millions of human beings would suffer eternal torment in the prison of pain. And this God also knew when he created the Devil, that he, God, would be compelled to leave his throne, to be born a babe in Palestine, and to suffer a cruel death. All this he knew when he created the Devil. Why did he create him?

It is no answer to say that this Devil was once an angel of light and fell from his high estate because he was free. God knew what he would do with his freedom when he made him and gave him liberty of action, and as a matter of fact must have made him with the intention that he should rebel; that he should fall; that he should become a

devil; that he should tempt and corrupt the father and mother of the human race; that he should make hell a necessity, and that, in consequence of his creation, countless millions of the children of men would suffer eternal pain. Why did he create him?

Admit that God is infinitely wise. Has he ingenuity enough to frame an excuse for the creation of the Devil?

Does the Old Testament teach the existence of a real, living Devil?

The first account of this being is found in Genesis, and in that account he is called the "Serpent." He is declared to have been more subtle than any beast of the field. According to the account, this Serpent had a conversation with Eve, the first woman. We are not told in what language they conversed, or how they understood each other, as this was the first time they had met. Where did Eve get her language? Where did the Serpent get his? Of course, such questions are impudent, but at the same time they are natural.

The result of this conversation was that Eve ate the forbidden fruit and induced Adam to do the same. This is what is called the "Fall," and for this they were expelled from the Garden of Eden.

On account of this, God cursed the earth with weeds and thorns and brambles, cursed man with toil, made woman a slave, and cursed maternity with pain and sorrow.

How men—good men—can worship this God; how women—good women—can love this Jehovah, is beyond my imagination.

In addition to the other curses the Serpent was cursed—condemned to crawl on his belly and to eat dust. We do not know by what means, before that time, he moved from place to place—whether he walked or flew; neither do we know on what food he lived; all we know is that after that time he crawled and lived on dust. Jehovah told him that this he should do all the days of his life. It would seem from this that the Serpent was not at that time immortal—that there was somewhere in the future a milepost at which the life of this Serpent stopped. Whether he is living yet or not, I am not certain.

It will not do to say that this is allegory, or a poem, because this proves too much. If the Serpent did not in fact exist, how do we know that Adam and Eve existed? Is all that is said about God allegory, and poetic, or mythical? Is the whole account, after all, an ignorant dream?

Neither will it do to say that the Devil—the Serpent—was a personification of evil. Do personifications of evil talk? Can a personification of evil crawl on its belly? Can a personification of evil eat dust? If we say that the Devil was a personification of evil, are we not at the same time compelled to say that Jehovah was a personification of good; that the Garden of Eden was the personification of a place, and that the whole story is a personification of something that did not happen? Maybe that Adam and Eve were not driven out of the Garden; they may have suffered only the personification of exile. And maybe the cherubim placed at the gate of Eden, with flaming swords, were only personifications of policemen.

There is no escape. If the Old Testament is true, the Devil does exist, and it is impossible to explain him away without at the same time explaining God away.

So there are many references to devils, and spirits of divination and of evil which I have not the time to call attention to; but, in the Book of Job, Satan, the Devil has a conversation with God. It is this Devil that brings the sorrows and losses on the upright man. It is this Devil that raises the storm that wrecks the homes of Job's children. It is this Devil that kills the children of Job. Take this Devil from that book, and all meaning, plot and purpose fade away.

Is it possible to say that the Devil in Job was only a personification of evil?

In Chronicles we are told that Satan provoked David to number Israel. For this act of David, caused by the Devil, God did not smite the Devil, did not punish David, but he killed 70,000 poor innocent Jews who had done nothing but stand up and be counted.

Was this Devil who tempted David a personification of evil, or was Jehovah a personification of the devilish?

In Zachariah we are told that Joshua stood before the angel of the Lord, and that Satan stood at his right hand to resist him, and that the Lord rebuked Satan.

If words convey any meaning, the Old Testament teaches the existence of the Devil.

All the passages about witches and those having familiar spirits were born of a belief in the Devil.

When a man who loved Jehovah wanted revenge on his enemy he fell on his holy knees, and from a heart full of religion he cried: "Let Satan stand at his right hand."

III. TAKE THE DEVIL FROM THE DRAMA OF CHRISTIANITY AND THE PLOT IS GONE.

The next question is: Does the New Testament teach the existence of the Devil?

As a matter of fact, the New Testament is far more explicit than the Old. The Jews, believing that Jehovah was God, had very little business for a devil. Jehovah was wicked enough and malicious enough to take the Devil's place.

The first reference in the New Testament to the Devil is in the fourth chapter of Matthew. We are told that Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil.

It seems that he was not led by the Devil into the wilderness, but by the Spirit; that the Spirit and the Devil were acting together in a kind of pious conspiracy.

In the wilderness Jesus fasted forty days, and then the Devil asked him to turn stones into bread. The Devil also took him to Jerusalem and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and tried to induce him to leap to the earth. The Devil also took him to the top of a mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and offered them all to him in exchange for his worship. Jesus refused. The Devil went away and angels came and ministered to Christ.

Now, the question is: Did the author of this account believe in the existence of the Devil, or did he regard this Devil as a personification of evil, and did he intend that his account should be understood as an allegory, or as a poem, or as a myth.

Was Jesus tempted? If he was tempted, who tempted him? Did anybody offer him the kingdoms of the world?

Did the writer of the account try to convey to the reader the thought that Christ was tempted by the Devil?

If Christ was not tempted by the Devil, then the temptation was born in his own heart. If that be true, can it be said that he was divine? If these adders, these vipers, were coiled in his bosom, was he the son of God? Was he pure?

In the same chapter we are told that Christ healed "those which were possessed of devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy." From this it is evident that a distinction was made between those possessed with devils and those whose minds were affected and those who were afflicted with diseases.

In the eighth chapter we are told that people brought unto Christ many that were possessed with devils, and that he cast out the spirits with his word. Now, can we say that these people were possessed with personifications of evil, and that these personifications of evil were cast out? Are these personifications entities? Have they form and shape? Do they occupy space?

Then comes the story of the two men possessed with devils who came from the tombs, and were exceeding fierce. It is said that when they saw Jesus they cried out: "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?"

If these were simply personifications of evil, how did they know that Jesus was the Son of God, and how can a personification of evil be tormented?

We are told that at the same time, a good way off, many swine were feeding, and that the devils besought Christ, saying: "If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine." And he said unto them: "Go."

Is it possible that personifications of evil would desire to enter the bodies of swine, and is it possible that it was necessary for them to have the consent of Christ before they could enter the swine? The question naturally arises: How did they enter into the body of the man? Did they do that without Christ's consent, and is it a fact that Christ protects swine and neglects human beings? Can personifications have desires?

In the ninth chapter of Matthew there was a dumb man brought to Jesus, possessed with a devil. Jesus cast out the devil and the dumb man spake.

Did a personification of evil prevent the dumb man from talking? Did it in some way paralyze his organs of speech? Could it have done this had it only been a personification of evil?

In the tenth chapter Jesus gives his twelve disciples power to cast out unclean spirits. What were unclean spirits supposed to be? Did they really exist? Were they shadows, impersonations, allegories?

When Jesus sent his disciples forth on the great mission to convert the world, among other things he told them to heal the sick, to raise the dead and to cast out devils. Here a distinction is made between the sick and those who were possessed by evil spirits.

Now, what did Christ mean by devils?

In the twelfth chapter we are told of a very remarkable case. There was brought unto Jesus one possessed with a devil, blind and dumb, and Jesus healed him. The blind and dumb both spake and saw. Thereupon the Pharisees said: "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub, the prince of devils."

Jesus answered by saying: "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation. If Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself."

Why did not Christ tell the Pharisees that he did not cast out devils—only personifications of evil; and that with these personifications Beelzebub had nothing to do?

Another question: Did the Pharisees believe in the existence of devils, or had they the personification idea?

At the same time Christ said: "If I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you."

If he meant anything by these words he certainly intended to convey the idea that what he did demonstrated the superiority of God over the Devil.

Did Christ believe in the existence of the Devil?

In the fifteenth chapter is the account of the woman of Canaan who cried unto Jesus, saying: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David. My daughter is sorely vexed with a devil." On account of her faith Christ made the daughter whole.

In the sixteenth chapter a man brought his son to Jesus. The boy was a lunatic, sore vexed, oftentimes falling in the fire and water. The disciples had tried to cure him and had failed. Jesus rebuked the devil, and the devil departed out of him and the boy was cured. Was the devil in this case a personification of evil?

The disciples then asked Jesus why they could not cast that devil out. Jesus told them that it was because of their unbelief, and then added: "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." From this it would seem that some personifications were easier to expel than others.

The first chapter of Mark throws a little light on the story of the temptation of Christ. Matthew tells us that Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil. In Mark we are told who this Spirit was:

"And straightway coming up out of the water he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him.

"And there came a voice from heaven, saying: 'Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'

"And immediately the Spirit driveth him into the wilderness."

Why the Holy Ghost should hand Christ over to the tender mercies of the Devil is not explained. And it is all the more wonderful when we remember that the Holy Ghost was the third person in the Trinity and Christ the second, and that this Holy Ghost was, in fact, God, and that Christ also was, in fact, God, so that God led God into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil.

We are told that Christ was in the wilderness forty days tempted of Satan, and was with the wild beasts, and that the angels ministered unto him.

Were these angels real angels, or were they personifications of good, of comfort?

So we see that the same Spirit that came out of heaven, the same Spirit that said "This is my beloved son," drove Christ into the wilderness to be tempted of Satan.

Was this Devil a real being? Was this Spirit who claimed to be the father of Christ a real being, or was he a personification? Are the heavens a real place? Are they a personification? Did the wild beasts live and did the angels minister unto Christ? In other words, is the story true, or is it poetry, or metaphor, or mistake, or falsehood?

It might be asked: Why did God wish to be tempted by the Devil? Was God ambitious to obtain a victory over Satan? Was Satan foolish enough to think that he could mislead God, and is it possible that the Devil offered to give the world as a bribe to its creator and owner, knowing at the same time that Christ was the creator and owner, and also knowing that he (Christ) knew that he (the Devil) knew that he (Christ) was the creator and owner?

Is not the whole story absurdly idiotic? The Devil knew that Christ was God, and knew that Christ knew that the tempter was the Devil.

It may be asked how I know that the Devil knew that Christ was God. My answer is found in the same chapter. There is an account of what a devil said to Christ:

"Let us alone. What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee. Thou art the holy one of God." Certainly, if the little devils knew this, the Devil himself must have had like information. Jesus rebuked this devil and said to him: "Hold thy peace, and come out of him." And when the unclean spirit had torn him and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.

So we are told that Jesus cast out many devils, and suffered not the devils to speak because they knew him. So it is said in the third chapter that "unclean spirits, when they saw him, fell down before him and cried, saying, 'Thou art the son of God.'"

In the fifth chapter is an account of casting out the devils that went into the swine, and we are told that "all the devils besought him saying, 'Send us into the swine.' And Jesus gave them leave."

Again I ask: Was it necessary for the devils to get the permission of Christ before they could enter swine? Again I ask: By whose permission did they enter into the man?

Could personifications of evil enter a herd of swine, or could personifications of evil make a bargain with Christ?

In the sixth chapter we are told that the disciples "cast out many devils and anointed with oil many that were sick." Here again the distinction is made between those possessed by devils and those afflicted by disease. It will not do to say that the devils were diseases or personifications.

In the seventh chapter a Greek woman whose daughter was possessed by a devil besought Christ to cast this devil out. At last Christ said: "The devil is gone out of thy daughter."

In the ninth chapter one of the multitude said unto Christ: "I have brought unto thee my son which hath a dumb spirit. I spoke unto thy disciples that they should cast him out, and they could not."

So they brought this boy before Christ, and when the boy saw him, the spirit tare him, and he fell on the ground and "wallowed, foaming."

Christ asked the father: "How long is it ago since this came unto him?" And he answered: "Of a child, and ofttimes it hath cast him into the fire and into the waters to destroy him."

Then Christ said: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him."

"And the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him; and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, 'He is dead.'"

Then the disciples asked Jesus why they could not cast them out, and Jesus said: "This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

Is there any doubt about the belief of the man who wrote this account? Is there any allegory, or poetry, or myth in this story? The devil, in this case, was not an ordinary, every-day devil. He was dumb and deaf; it was no use to order him out, because he could not hear. The only way was to pray and fast.

Is there such a thing as a dumb and deaf devil? If so, the devils must be organized. They must have ears and organs of speech, and they must be dumb because there is something the matter with the apparatus of speaking, and they must be deaf because something is the matter with their ears. It would seem from this that they are not simply spiritual beings, but organized on a physical basis. Now, we know that the ears do not hear. It is the brain that hears. So these devils must have brains; that is to say, they must have been what we call "organized beings."

Now, it is hardly possible that personifications of evil are dumb or deaf. That is to say, that they have physical imperfections.

In the same chapter John tells Christ that he saw one casting out devils in Christ's name who did not follow with them, and Jesus said: "Forbid him not."

By this he seemed to admit that some one, not a follower of his, was casting out devils in his name, and he was willing that he should go on, because, as he said: "For there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me." In the fourth chapter of Luke the story of the temptation of Christ by the Devil is again told with a few additions. All the writers, having been inspired, did not remember exactly the same things.

Luke tells us that the Devil said unto Christ, having shown him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time: "All this power will I give thee and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou wilt worship me, all shall be thine."

We are also told that when the Devil had ended all the temptation he departed from him for a season. The date of his return is not given.

In the same chapter we are told that a man in the synagogue had a "spirit of an unclean devil." This devil recognized Jesus and admitted that he was the Holy One of God.

As a matter of fact, the apostles seemed to have relied upon the evidence of devils to substantiate the divinity of their Lord.

Jesus said to this devil: "Hold thy peace and come out of him." And the devil, after throwing the man down, came out.

In the forty-first verse of the same chapter it is said: "And devils also came out of many, crying out and saying, 'Thou art Christ, the Son of God.'"

It is also said that Christ rebuked them and suffered them not to speak, for they knew that he was Christ.

Now, it will not do to say that these devils were diseases, because diseases could not talk, and diseases would not recognize Christ as the Son of God. After all, epilepsy is not a theologian. I admit that lunacy comes nearer.

In the eighth chapter is told again the story of the devils and the swine. In this account, Jesus asked the devil his name, and the devil replied "Legion." In the ninth

chapter is told the story of the devil that the disciples could not cast out, but was cast out by Christ, and in the thirteenth chapter it is said that the Pharisees came to Jesus, telling him to go away, because Herod would kill him, and Jesus said unto these Pharisees; “Go ye, and tell that fox, behold, I cast out devils.”

What did he mean by this? Did he mean that he cured diseases? No. Because in the same sentence he says, “And I do cures to-day,” making a distinction between devils and diseases.

In the twenty-second chapter an account of the betrayal of Christ by Judas is given in these words:

“Then entered Satan into Judas Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve.”

“And he went his way and communed with the chief priests and captains how he might betray him unto them.

“And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money.”

According to Christ the little devils knew that he was the Son of God. Certainly, then, Satan, king of all the fiends, knew that Christ was divine. And he not only knew that, but he knew all about the scheme of salvation. He knew that Christ wished to make an atonement of blood by the sacrifice of himself.

According to Christian theologians, the Devil has always done his utmost to gain possession of the souls of men. At the time he entered into Judas, persuading him to betray Christ, he knew that if Christ was betrayed he would be crucified, and that he would make an atonement for all believers, and that, as a result, he, the Devil, would lose all the souls that Christ gained.

What interest had the Devil in defeating himself? If he could have prevented the betrayal, then Christ would not have been crucified. No atonement would have been made, and the whole world would have gone to hell. The success of the Devil would have been complete. But, according to this story, the Devil outwitted himself.

How thankful we should be to his Satanic Majesty. He opened for us the gates of Paradise and made it possible for us to obtain eternal life. Without Satan, without Judas, not a single human being could have become an angel of light. All would have been wingless devils in the prison of flame. In Jerusalem, to the extent of his power, Satan repaired the wreck and ruin he had wrought in the Garden of Eden.

Certainly the writers of the New Testament believed in the existence of the Devil.

In the eighth chapter it is said that out of Mary Magdalene were cast seven devils. To me Mary Magdalene is the most beautiful character in the New Testament. She is the one true disciple. In the darkness of the crucifixion she lingered near. She was the first at the sepulcher. Defeat, disaster, disgrace, could not conquer her love. And yet, according to the account, when she met the risen Christ, he said: “Touch me not.” This was the reward of her infinite devotion.

In the Gospel of John we are told that John the Baptist said that he saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and that it abode upon Christ. But in the Gospel of John nothing is said about the Spirit driving Christ into the wilderness to be tempted by the Devil. Possibly John never heard of that, or forgot it, or did not believe it. But in the thirteenth chapter I find this:

“And supper being ended, the Devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon’s son, to betray him.”...

In John there are no accounts of the casting out of devils by Christ or his apostles. On that subject there is no word. Possibly John had his doubts.

In the fifth chapter of Acts we are told that the people brought the sick and those which were vexed with unclean spirits to the apostles, and the apostles healed them. Here again there is made a clear distinction between the sick and those possessed by devils. And in the eighth chapter we are told that "unclean spirits, crying with a loud voice, came out of them."

In the thirteen chapter Paul calls Elymas the child of the Devil, and in the sixteenth chapter an account is given of "a damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, who brought her masters much gain by soothsaying."

Paul and Silas, it would seem, cast out this spirit, and by reason of that suffered great persecution.

In the nineteenth chapter certain vagabond Jews pronounced over those who had evil spirits the name of Jesus, and the evil spirits answered: "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?"

"And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them so that they fled naked and wounded."

Paul, writing to the Corinthians, in the eighth chapter says; "I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils. Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils. Ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table and the table of devils. Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy?"

In the eleventh chapter he says that long hair is the glory of woman, but that she ought to keep her head covered because of the angels.

In those intellectual days people believed in what were called the Incubi and the Succubi. The Incubi were male angels and the Succubi were female angels, and according to the belief of that time nothing so attracted the Incubi as the beautiful hair of women, and for this reason Paul said that women should keep their heads covered. Paul calls the Devil the "prince of the power of the air."

So in Jude we are told "that Michael, the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, 'The Lord rebuke thee.'" Was this devil with whom Michael contended a personification of evil, or a poem, or a myth?

In First Peter we are told to be sober, vigilant, "because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

Are people devoured by personifications or myths? Has an allegory an appetite, or is a poem a cannibal?

So in Ephesians we are warned not to give place to the Devil, and in the same book we are told: "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the Devil."

And in Hebrews it is said that "him that had the power of death—that is, the Devil;" showing that the Devil has the power of death.

And in James it is said that if we resist the Devil he will flee from us; and in First John we are told that he that committeth sin is of the Devil, for the reason that the Devil sinneth from the beginning; and we are also told that "for this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he may destroy the works of the Devil."

No Devil—no Christ.

In Revelation, the insanest of all books, I find the following: “And there was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels.

“And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven.

“And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

“Therefore, rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea; for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.”

From this it would appear that the Devil once lived in heaven, raised a rebellion, was defeated and cast out, and the inspired writer congratulates the angels that they are rid of him and commiserates us that we have him.

In the twentieth chapter of Revelation is the following:

“And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand.

“And he laid Hold on the dragon—that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan—and bound him a thousand years.

“And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled; and after he must be loosed a little season.”

It is hard to understand how one could be confined in a pit without a bottom, and how a chain of iron could hold one in eternal fire, or what use there would be to lock a bottomless pit; but these are questions probably suggested by the Devil.

We are further told that “when the thousand years are expired Satan shall be loosed out of his prison.”

“And the Devil was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night forever.”

In the light of the passages that I have read we can clearly see what the writers of the New Testament believed. About this there can be no honest difference. If the gospels teach the existence of God—of Christ—they teach the existence of the Devil. If the Devil does not exist—if little devils do not enter the bodies of men—the New Testament may be inspired, but it is not true.

The early Christians proved that Christ was divine because he cast out devils. The evidence they offered was more absurd than the statement they sought to prove. They were like the old man who said that he saw a grindstone floating down the river. Some one said that a grindstone would not float. “Ah,” said the old man, “but the one I saw had an iron crank in it.”

Of course, I do not blame the authors of the gospels. They lived in’ a superstitious age, at a time when Rumor was the historian, when Gossip corrected the “proof,” and when everything was believed except the facts.

The apostles, like their fellows, believed in miracles and magic. Credulity was regarded as a virtue.

The Rev. Mr. Parkhurst denounces the apostles as worthless cravens. Certainly I do not agree with him. I think that they were good men. I do not believe that any one of them ever tried to reform Jerusalem on the Parkhurst plan. I admit that they honestly believed in devils—that they were credulous and superstitious.

There is one story in the New Testament that illustrates my meaning.

In the fifth chapter of John is the following:

"Now, there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep market, a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue 'Bethesda,' having five porches.

"In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk—of blind, halt, withered—waiting for the moving of the water.

"For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

"And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

"When Jesus saw him he and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him: 'Wilt thou be made whole??'

"The impotent man answered him: 'Sir, I have no man when the water is troubled to put me into the pool; but while I am coming another steppeth down before me.'

"Jesus saith unto him: 'Rise, take up thy bed and walk.'

"And immediately the man was made whole and took up his bed and walked."

Does any sensible human being now believe this story? Was the water of Bethesda troubled by an angel? Where did the angel come from? Where do angels live? Did the angel put medicine in the water—just enough to cure one? Did he put in different medicines for different diseases, or did he have a medicine, like those that are patented now, that cured all diseases just the same?

Was the water troubled by an angel? Possibly, what apostles and theologians call an angel a scientist knows as carbonic acid gas.

John does not say that the people thought the water was troubled by an angel, but he states it as a fact. And he tells us, also, as a fact, that the first invalid that got in the water after it had been troubled was cured of what disease he had.

What is the evidence of John worth?

Again I say that if the Devil does not exist the gospels are not inspired. If devils do not exist Christ was either honestly mistaken, insane or an impostor.

If devils do not exist the fall of man is a mistake and the atonement an absurdity. If devils do not exist hell becomes only a dream of revenge.

Beneath the structure called "Christianity" are four corner-stones—the Father, Son, Holy Ghost and Devil.

IV. THE EVIDENCE OF THE CHURCH.

The Devil, was Forced to Father the Failures of God.

All the fathers of the church believed in devils. All the saints won their crowns by overcoming devils. All the popes and cardinals, bishops and priests, believed in devils. Most of their time was occupied in fighting devils. The whole Catholic world,

from the lowest layman to the highest priest, believed in devils. They proved the existence of devils by the New Testament. They knew that these devils were citizens of hell. They knew that Satan was their king. They knew that hell was made for the Devil and his angels.

The founders of all the Protestant churches—the makers of all the orthodox creeds—all the leading Protestant theologians, from Luther to the president of Princeton College—were, and are, firm believers in the Devil. All the great commentators believed in the Devil as firmly as they did in God.

Under the "Scheme of Salvation" the Devil was a necessity. Somebody had to be responsible for the thorns and thistles, for the cruelties and crimes. Somebody had to father the mistakes of God. The Devil was the scapegoat of Jehovah.

For hundreds of years, good, honest, zealous Christians contended against the Devil. They fought him day and night, and the thought that they had beaten him gave to their dying lips the smile of victory.

For centuries the church taught that the natural man was totally depraved; that he was by nature a child of the Devil, and that new-born babes were tenanted by unclean spirits.

As late as the middle of the sixteenth century, every infant that was baptized was, by that ceremony, freed from a devil. When the holy water was applied the priest said: "I command thee, thou unclean spirit, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that thou come out and depart from this infant, whom our Lord Jesus Christ has vouchsafed to call to his holy baptism, to be made a member of his body, and of his holy congregation."

At that time the fathers—the theologians, the commentators—agreed that unbaptized children, including those that were born dead, went to hell.

And these same fathers—theologians and commentators—said: "God is love."

These babes were pure as Pity's tears, innocent as their mother's loving smiles, and yet the makers of our creeds believed and taught that leering, unclean fiends inhabited their dimpled flesh. O, the unsearchable riches of Christianity!

For many centuries the church filled the world with devils—with malicious spirits that caused storm and tempest, disease, accident and death—that filled the night with visions of despair; with prophecies that drove the dreamers mad. These devils assumed a thousand forms—countless disguises in their efforts to capture souls and destroy the church. They deceived sometimes the wisest and the best; made priests forget their vows. They melted virtue's snow in passion's fire, and in cunning ways entrapped and smirched the innocent and good. These devils gave witches and wizards their supernatural powers, and told them the secrets of the future.

Millions of men and women were destroyed because they had sold themselves to the Devil.

At that time Christians really believed the New Testament. They knew it was the inspired word of God, and so believing, so knowing—as they thought—they became insane.

No man has genius enough to describe the agonies that have been inflicted on innocent men and women because of this absurd belief. How it darkened the mind,

hardened the heart, and poisoned life! It made the Universe a madhouse presided over by an insane God.

Think! Why would a merciful God allow his children to be the victims of devils? Why would a decent God allow his worshipers to believe in devils, and by reason of that belief to persecute, torture and burn their fellow-men?

Christians did not ask these questions. They believed the Bible; they had confidence in the words of Christ.

V. PERSONIFICATIONS OF EVIL.

The Orthodox Ostrich Thrusts His Head into the Sand.

Many of the clergy are now ashamed to say that they believe in devils. The belief has become ignorant and vulgar. They are ashamed of the lake of fire and brimstone. It is too savage.

At the same time they do not wish to give up the inspiration of the Bible. They give new meanings to the inspired words. Now they say that devils were only personifications of evil. If the devils were only personifications of evil, what were the angels? Was the angel who told Joseph who the father of Christ was, a personification? Was the Holy Ghost only the personification of a father? Was the angel who told Joseph that Herod was dead a personification of news?

Were the angels who rolled away the stone and sat clothed in shining garments in the empty sepulcher of Christ a couple of personifications? Were all the angels described in the Old Testament imaginary shadows—bodiless personifications? If the angels of the Bible are real angels, the devils are real devils.

Let us be honest with ourselves and each other and give to the Bible its natural, obvious meaning. Let us admit that the writers believed what they wrote. If we believe that they were mistaken, let us have the honesty and courage to say so. Certainly we have no right to change or avoid their meaning, or to dishonestly correct their mistakes. Timid preachers sully their own souls when they change what the writers of the Bible believed to be facts to allegories, parables, poems and myths.

It is impossible for any man who believes in the inspiration of the Bible to explain away the Devil.

If the Bible is true the Devil exists. There is no escape from this.

If the Devil does not exist the Bible is not true. There is no escape from this.

I admit that the Devil of the Bible is an impossible contradiction; an impossible being.

This Devil is the enemy of God and God is his. Now, why should this Devil, in another world, torment sinners, who are his friends, to please God, his enemy?

If the Devil is a personification, so is hell and the lake of fire and brimstone. All these horrors fade into allegories; into ignorant lies.

Any clergyman who can read the Bible and then say that devils are personifications of evil is himself a personification of stupidity or hypocrisy.

VI.

Does any intelligent man now, whose brain has not been deformed by superstition, believe in the existence of the Devil? What evidence have we that he exists? Where

does this Devil live? What does he do for a livelihood? What does he eat? If he does not eat, he cannot think. He cannot think without the expenditure of force. He cannot create force; he must borrow it—that is to say, he must eat. How does lie move from place to place? Does he walk or does he fly, or has he invented some machine? What object has he in life? What idea of success? This Devil, according to the Bible, knows that he is to be defeated; knows that the end is absolute and eternal failure; knows that every step he takes leads to the infinite catastrophe. Why does he act as he does?

Our fathers thought that everything in this world came from some other realm; that all ideas of right and wrong came from above; that conscience dropped from the clouds; that the darkness was filled with imps from perdition, and the day with angels from heaven; that souls had been breathed into man by Jehovah.

What there is in this world that lives and breathes was produced here. Life was not imported. Mind is not an exotic. Of this planet man is a native. This world is his mother. The maker did not descend from the heavens. The maker was and is here. Matter and force in their countless forms, affinities and repulsions produced the living, breathing world.

How can we account for devils? Is it possible that they creep into the bodies of men and swine? Do they stay in the stomach or brain, in the heart or liver?

Are these devils immortal or do they multiply and die? Were they all created at the same time or did they spring from a single pair? If they are subject to death what becomes of them after death? Do they go to some other world, are they annihilated, or can they get to heaven by believing on Christ?

In the brain of science the devils have never lived. There you will find no goblins, ghosts, wraiths or imps—no witches, spooks or sorcerers. There the supernatural does not exist. No man of sense in the whole world believes in devils any more than he does in mermaids, vampires, gorgons, hydras, naiads, dryads, nymphs, fairies or the anthropophagi—any more than he does in the Fountain of Youth, the Philosopher's Stone, Perpetual Motion or Fiat Money.

There is the same difference between religion and science that there is between a madhouse and a university—between a fortune teller and a mathematician—between emotion and philosophy—between guess and demonstration.

The devils have gone, and with them they have taken the miracles of Christ. They have carried away our Lord. They have taken away the inspiration of the Bible, and we are left in the darkness of nature without the consolation of hell.

But let me ask the clergy a few questions:

How did your Devil, who was at one time an angel of light, come to sin? There was no other devil to tempt him. He was in perfectly good society—in the company of God—of the Trinity. All of his associates were perfect. How did he fall? He knew that God was infinite, and yet he waged war against him and induced about a third of the angels to volunteer. He knew that he could not succeed; knew that he would be defeated and cast out; knew that he was fighting for failure.

Why was God so unpopular? Why were the angels so bad?

According to the Christians, these angels were spirits. They had never been corrupted by flesh—by the passion of love. Why were they so wicked?

Why did God create those angels, knowing that they would rebel? Why did he deliberately sow the seeds of discord in heaven, knowing that he would cast them into the lake of eternal fire—knowing that for them he would create the eternal prison, whose dungeons would echo forever the sobs and shrieks of endless pain?

How foolish is infinite wisdom!

How malicious is mercy!

How revengeful is boundless love!

Again, I say that no sensible man in all the world believes in devils.

Why does God allow these devils to enjoy themselves at the expense of his ignorant children? Why does he allow them to leave their prison? Does he give them furloughs or tickets-of-leave?

Does he want his children misled and corrupted so that he can have the pleasure of damning their souls?

VII. THE MAN OF STRAW.

Some of the preachers who have answered me say that I am fighting a man of straw.

I am fighting the supernatural—the dogma of inspiration—the belief in devils—the atonement, salvation by faith—the forgiveness of sins and the savagery of eternal pain. I am fighting the absurd,-the monstrous, the cruel.

The ministers pretend that they have advanced—that they do not believe the things that I attack. In this they are not honest.

Who is the “man of straw”?

The man of straw is their master. In every orthodox pulpit stands this man of straw—stands beside the preacher—stands with a club, called a “creed,” in his upraised hand. The shadow of this club falls athwart the open Bible—falls upon the preacher’s brain, darkens the light of his reason and compels him to betray himself.

The man of straw rules every sectarian school and college—every orthodox church. He is the censor who passes on every sermon. Now and then some minister puts a little sense in his discourse—tries to take a forward step. Down comes the club, and the man of straw demands an explanation—a retraction. If the minister takes it back—good. If he does not, he is brought to book. The man of straw put the plaster of silence on the lips of Prof. Briggs, and he was forced to leave the church or remain dumb.

The man of straw closed the mouth of Prof. Smith, and he has not opened it since.

The man of straw would not allow the Presbyterian creed to be changed.

The man of straw took Father McGlynn by the collar, forced him to his knees, made him take back his words and ask forgiveness for having been abused.

The man of straw pitched Prof. Swing out of the pulpit and drove the Rev. Mr. Thomas from the Methodist Church.

Let me tell the orthodox ministers that they are trying to cover their retreat.

You have given up the geology and astronomy of the Bible. You have admitted that its history is untrue. You are retreating still. You are giving up the dogma of inspiration; you have your doubts about the flood and Babel; you have given up the witches and

wizards; you are beginning to throw away the miraculous; you have killed the little devils, and in a little while you will murder the Devil himself.

In a few years you will take the Bible for what it is worth. The good and true will be treasured in the heart; the foolish, the infamous, will be thrown away.

The man of straw will then be dead.

Of course, the real old petrified, orthodox Christian will cling to the Devil. He expects to have all of his sins charged to the Devil, and at the same time he will be credited with all the virtues of Christ. Upon this showing on the books, upon this balance, he will be entitled to his halo and harp. What a glorious, what an equitable, transaction! The sorcerer Superstition changes debt to credit. He waves his wand, and he who deserves the tortures of hell receives an eternal reward.

But if a man lacks faith the scheme is exactly reversed. While in one case a soul is rewarded for the virtues of another, in the other case a soul is damned for the sins of another. This is justice when it blossoms in mercy.

Beyond this idiocy cannot go.

VIII. KEEP THE DEVILS OUT OF CHILDREN.

William Kingdon Clifford, one of the greatest men of this century, said: “If there is one lesson that history forces upon us in every page, it is this: Keep your children away from the priest, or he will make them the enemies of mankind.”

In every orthodox Sunday school children are taught to believe in devils. Every little brain becomes a menagerie, filled with wild beasts from hell. The imagination is polluted with the deformed, the monstrous and malicious. To fill the minds of children with leering fiends—with mocking devils—is one of the meanest and basest of crimes. In these pious prisons—these divine dungeons—these Protestant and Catholic inquisitions—children are tortured with these cruel lies. Here they are taught that to really think is wicked; that to express your honest thought is blasphemy; and that to live a free and joyous life, depending on fact instead of faith, is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Children thus taught—thus corrupted and deformed—become the enemies of investigation—of progress. They are no longer true to themselves. They have lost the veracity of the soul. In the language of Prof. Clifford, “they are the enemies of the human race.”

So I say to all fathers and mothers, keep your children away from priests; away from orthodox Sunday schools; away from the slaves of superstition.

They will teach them to believe in the Devil; in hell; in the prison of God; in the eternal dungeon, where the souls of men are to suffer forever. These frightful things are a part of Christianity. Take these lies from the creed and the whole scheme falls into shapeless ruin. This dogma of hell is the infinite of savagery—the dream of insane revenge. It makes God a wild beast—an infinite hyena. It makes Christ as merciless as the fangs of a viper. Save poor children from the pollution of this horror. Protect them from this infinite lie.

IX. CONCLUSION.

I admit that there are many good and beautiful passages in the Old and New Testament; that from the lips of Christ dropped many pearls of kindness—of love. Every verse that is true and tender I treasure in my heart. Every thought, behind

which is the tear of pity, I appreciate and love. But I cannot accept it all. Many utterances attributed to Christ shock my brain and heart. They are absurd and cruel.

Take from the New Testament the infinite savagery, the shoreless malevolence of eternal pain, the absurdity of salvation by faith, the ignorant belief in the existence of devils, the immorality and cruelty of the atonement, the doctrine of non-resistance that denies to virtue the right of self-defence, and how glorious it would be to know that the remainder is true! Compared with this knowledge, how everything else in nature would shrink and shrivel! What ecstasy it would be to know that God exists; that he is our father and that he loves and cares for the children of men! To know that all the paths that human beings travel, turn and wind as they may, lead to the gates of stainless peace! How the heart would thrill and throb to know that Christ was the conqueror of Death; that at his grave the all-devouring monster was baffled and beaten forever; that from that moment the tomb became the door that opens on eternal life! To know this would change all sorrow into gladness. Poverty, failure, disaster, defeat, power, place and wealth would become meaningless sounds. To take your babe upon your knee and say: “Mine and mine forever!” What joy! To clasp the woman you love in your arms and to know that she is yours and forever—yours though suns darken and constellations vanish! This is enough: To know that the loved and dead are not lost; that they still live and love and wait for you. To know that Christ dispelled the darkness of death and filled the grave with eternal light. To know this would be all that the heart could bear. Beyond this joy cannot go. Beyond this there is no place for hope.

How beautiful, how enchanting, Death would be! How we would long to see his fleshless skull! What rays of glory would stream from his sightless sockets, and how the heart would long for the touch of his stilling hand! The shroud would become a robe of glory, the funeral procession a harvest home, and the grave would mark the end of sorrow, the beginning of eternal joy.

And yet it were better far that all this should be false than that all of the New Testament should be true.

It is far better to have no heaven than to have heaven and hell; better to have no God than God and Devil; better to rest iii eternal sleep than to be an angel and know that the ones you love are suffering eternal pain; better to live a free and loving life—a life that ends forever at the grave—than to be an immortal slave.

The master cannot be great enough to make slavery sweet. I have no ambition to become a winged servant, a winged slave. Better eternal sleep. But they say, “If you give up these superstitions, what have you left?”

Let me now give you the declaration of a creed.

DECLARATION OF THE FREE

We have no falsehoods to defend—
We want the facts;
Our force, our thought, we do not spend
In vain attacks.
And we will never meanly try
To save some fair and pleasing lie.

The simple truth is what we ask,
Not the ideal;
We’ve set ourselves the noble task

To find the real.
If all there is is naught but dross,
We want to know and bear our loss.

We will not willingly be fooled,
By fables nursed;
Our hearts, by earnest thought, are schooled
To bear the worst;
And we can stand erect and dare
All things, all facts that really are.

We have no God to serve or fear,
No hell to shun,
No devil with malicious leer.
When life is done
An endless sleep may close our eyes,
A sleep with neither dreams nor sighs.

We have no master on the land—
No king in air—
Without a manacle we stand,
Without a prayer,
Without a fear of coming night,
We seek the truth, we love the light.

We do not bow before a guess,
A vague unknown;
A senseless force we do not bless
In solemn tone.
When evil comes we do not curse,
Or thank because it is no worse.

When cyclones rend—when lightning blights,
'Tis naught but fate;
There is no God of wrath who smites
In heartless hate.
Behind the things that injure man
There is no purpose, thought, or plan.

We waste no time in useless dread,
In trembling fear;
The present lives, the past is dead,
And we are here,
All welcome guests at life's great feast—
We need no help from ghost or priest.

Our life is joyous, jocund, free—
Not one a slave
Who bends in fear the trembling knee,
And seeks to save
A coward soul from future pain;
Not one will cringe or crawl for gain.

The jeweled cup of love we drain,
And friendship's wine

Now swiftly flows in every vein
With warmth divine.
And so we love and hope and dream
That in death's sky there is a gleam.

We walk according to our light,
Pursue the path
That leads to honor's stainless height,
Careless of wrath
Or curse of God, or priestly spite,
Longing to know and do the right.

We love our fellow-man, our kind,
Wife, child, and friend.
To phantoms we are deaf and blind,
But we extend
The helping hand to the distressed;
By lifting others we are blessed.

Love's sacred flame within the heart
And friendship's glow;
While all the miracles of art
Their wealth bestow
Upon the thrilled and joyous brain,
And present raptures banish pain.

We love no phantoms of the skies,
But living flesh,
With passion's soft and soulful eyes,
Lips warm and fresh,
And cheeks with health's red flag unfurled,
The breathing angels of this world.

The hands that help are better far
Than lips that pray.
Love is the ever gleaming star
That leads the way,
That shines, not on vague worlds of bliss,
But on a paradise in this.

We do not pray, or weep, or wail;
We have no dread,
No fear to pass beyond the veil
That hides the dead.
And yet we question, dream, and guess,
But knowledge we do not possess.

We ask, yet nothing seems to know;
We cry in vain.
There is no "master of the show"
Who will explain,
Or from the future tear the mask;
And yet we dream, and still we ask

Is there beyond the silent night
An endless day?
Is death a door that leads to light?
We cannot say.
The tongueless secret locked in fate
We do not know.—

We hope and wait.

Progress

This is the first lecture ever delivered by Mr. Ingersoll. The stars indicate the words missing in the manuscript. It was delivered in Pekin, 111., in 1860, and again in Bloomington, 111., in 1804.

IT is admitted by all that happiness is the only good, happiness in its highest and grandest sense and the most * * springs * * of * * refined * * generous * *

Conscience * * tends * * indirectly * * truly we * * physically * * to develop the wonderful powers of the mind is progress.

It is impossible for men to become educated and refined without leisure and there can be no leisure without wealth and all wealth is produced by labor, nothing else. Nothing can * * the hands * * and * * fabrics *

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America labor is not honored as it deserves.

We should remember that the prosperity of the world depends upon the men who walk in the fresh furrows and through the rustling corn, upon those whose faces are radiant with the glare of furnaces, upon the delvers in dark mines, the workers in shops, upon those who give to the wintry air the ringing music of the axe, and upon those who wrestle with the wild waves of the raging sea.

And it is from the surplus produced by labor that schools are built, that colleges and universities are founded and endowed. From this surplus the painter is paid for the immortal productions of the pencil. This pays the sculptor for chiseling the shapeless rock into forms of beauty almost divine, and the poet for singing the hopes, the loves and aspirations of the world.

This surplus has erected all the palaces and temples, all the galleries of art, has given to us all the books in which we converse, as it were, with the dead kings of the human race, and has supplied us with all there is of elegance, of beauty and of refined happiness in the world.

I am aware that the subject chosen by me is almost infinite and that in its broadest sense it is absolutely beyond the present comprehension of man.

I am also aware that there are many opinions as to what progress really is, that what one calls progress, another denominates barbarism; that many have a wonderful veneration for all that is ancient, merely because it is ancient, and they see no beauty in anything from which they do not have to blow the dust of ages with the breath of praise.

They say, no masters like the old, no governments like the ancient, no orators, no poets, no statesmen like those who have been dust for two thousand years. Others despise antiquity and admire only the modern, merely because it is modern. They find so much to condemn in the past, that they condemn all. I hope, however, that I have gratitude enough to acknowledge the obligations I am under to the great and heroic minds of antiquity, and that I have manliness and independence enough not to believe what they said merely because they said it, and that I have moral courage enough to advocate ideas, however modern they may be, if I believe that they are right. Truth is neither young nor old, is neither ancient nor modern, but is the same

for all times and places and should be sought for with ceaseless activity, eagerly acknowledged, loved more than life, and abandoned—never. In accordance with the idea that labor is the basis of all prosperity and happiness, is another idea or truth, and that is, that labor in order to make the laborer and the world at large happy, must be free. That the laborer must be a free man, the thinker must be free. I do not intend in what I may say upon this subject to carry you back to the remotest antiquity,—back to Asia, the cradle of the world, where we could stand in the ashes and ruins of a civilization so old that history has not recorded even its decay. It will answer my present purpose to commence with the Middle Ages. In those times there was no freedom of either mind or body in Europe. Labor was despised, and a laborer was considered as scarcely above the beasts. Ignorance like a mantle covered the world, and superstition ran riot with the human imagination. The air was filled with angels, demons and monsters. Everything assumed the air of the miraculous. Credulity occupied the throne of reason and faith put out the eyes of the soul. A man to be distinguished had either to be a soldier or a monk. He could take his choice between killing and lying. You must remember that in those days nations carried on war as an end, not as a means. War and theology were the business of mankind. No man could win more than a bare existence by industry, much less fame and glory. Comparatively speaking, there was no commerce. Nations instead of buying and selling from and to each other, took what they wanted by brute force. And every Christian country maintained that it was no robbery to take the property of Mohammedans, and no murder to kill the owners with or without just cause of quarrel. Lord Bacon was the first man of note who maintained that a Christian country was bound to keep its plighted faith with an Infidel one. In those days reading and writing were considered very dangerous arts, and any layman who had acquired the art of reading was suspected of being a heretic or a wizard.

It is almost impossible for us to conceive of the ignorance, the cruelty, the superstition and the mental blindness of that period. In reading the history of those dark and bloody years, I am amazed at the wickedness, the folly and presumption of mankind. And yet, the solution of the whole matter is, they despised liberty; they hated freedom of mind and of body. They forged chains of superstition for the one and of iron for the other. They were ruled by that terrible trinity, the cowl, the sword and chain.

You cannot form a correct opinion of those ages without reading the standard authors, so to speak, of that time, the laws then in force, and by ascertaining the habits and customs of the people, their mode of administering the laws, and the ideas that were commonly received as correct. No one believed that honest error could be innocent; no one dreamed of such a thing as religious freedom. In the fifteenth century the following law was in force in England: “That whatsoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit land, cattle, body, life, and goods from their heirs forever, and so be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most arrant traitors to the land.” The next year after this law was in force, in one day thirty-nine were hanged for its violation and their bodies afterward burned.

Laws equally unjust, bloody and cruel were in force in all parts of Europe. In the sixteenth century a man was burned in France because he refused to kneel to a procession of dirty monks. I could enumerate thousands of instances of the most horrid cruelty perpetrated upon men, women and even little children, for no other reason in the world than for a difference of opinion upon a subject that neither party

knew anything about. But you are all, no doubt, perfectly familiar with the history of religious persecution.

There is one thing, however, that is strange indeed, and that is that the reformers of those days, the men who rose against the horrid tyranny of the times, the moment they attained power, persecuted with a zeal and bitterness never excelled. Luther, one of the grand men of the world, cast in the heroic mould, although he gave utterance to the following sublime sentiment: “Every one has the right to read for himself that he may prepare himself to live and to die,” still had no idea of what we call religious freedom. He considered universal toleration an error, so did Melancthon, and Erasmus, and yet, strange as it may appear, they were exercising the very right they denied to others, and maintaining their right with a courage and energy absolutely sublime.

John Knox was only in favor of religious freedom when he was in the minority, and Baxter entertained the same sentiment. Castalio, a professor at Geneva, in Switzerland, was the first clergyman in Europe who declared the innocence of honest error, and who proclaimed himself in favor of universal toleration. The name of this man should never be forgotten. He had the goodness, the courage, although surrounded with prisons and inquisitions, and in the midst of millions of fierce bigots, to declare the innocence of honest error, and that every man had a right to worship the good God in his own way.

For the utterance of this sublime sentiment his professorship was taken from him, he was driven from Geneva by John Calvin and his adherents, although he had belonged to their sect.

He was denounced as a child of the Devil, a dog of Satan, as a murderer of souls, as a corrupter of the faith, and as one who by his doctrines crucified the Savior afresh. Not content with merely driving him from his home, they pursued him absolutely to the grave, with a malignity that increased rather than diminished. You must not think that Calvin was alone in this; on the contrary he was fully sustained by public opinion, and would have been sustained even though he had procured the burning of the noble Castalio at the stake. I cite this instance not merely for the purpose of casting odium upon Calvin, but to show you what public opinion was at that time, when such things were ordinary transactions. Bodi-nus, a lawyer in France, about the same time advocated something like religious liberty, but public opinion was overwhelmingly against him and the people were at all times ready with torch and brand, chain, and fagot to get the abominable heresy out of the human mind, that a man had a right to think for himself. And yet Luther, Calvin, Knox and Baxter, in spite, as it were, of themselves, conferred a great and lasting benefit upon mankind; for what they did was at least in favor of individual judgment, and one successful stand against the church produced others, all of which tended to establish universal toleration. In those times you will remember that failing to convert a man or woman by the ordinary means, they resorted to every engine of torture that the ingenuity of bigotry could devise; they crushed their feet in what they called iron boots; they roasted them upon slow fires; they plucked out their nails, and then into the bleeding quick thrust needles; and all this to convince them of the truth. I suppose that we should love our neighbor as ourselves.

Montaigne was the first man who raised his voice against torture in France; a man blessed with so much common sense, that he was the most uncommon man of the age in which he lived. But what was one voice against the terrible cry of ignorant

millions?—a drowning man in the wild roar of the infinite sea. It is impossible to read the history of the long and seemingly hopeless war waged for religious freedom, without being filled with horror and disgust. Millions of men, women and children, at least one hundred millions of human beings with hopes and loves and aspirations like ourselves, have been sacrificed upon the altar of bigotry. They have perished at the stake, in prisons, by famine and by sword; they have died wandering, homeless, in deserts, groping in caves, until their blood cried from the earth for vengeance. But the principle, gathering strength from their weakness, nourished by blood and flame, rendered holier still by their sufferings—grander by their heroism, and immortal by their death, triumphed at last, and is now acknowledged by the whole civilized world. Enormous as the cost has been the principle is worth a thousand times as much. There must be freedom in religion, for without freedom there can be no real religion. And as for myself I glory in the fact that upon American soil that principle was first firmly established, and that the Constitution of the United States was the first of any great nation in which religious toleration was made one of the fundamental laws of the land. And it is not only the law of our country but the law is sustained by an enlightened public opinion. Without liberty there is no religion—no worship. What light is to the eyes—what air is to the lungs—what love is to the heart, liberty is to the soul of man. Without liberty, the brain is a dungeon, where the chained thoughts die with their pinions pressed against the hingeless doors.

WITCHCRAFT

THE next fact to which I call your attention is, that during the Middle Ages the people, the whole people, the learned and the ignorant, the masters and the slaves, the clergy, the lawyers, doctors and statesmen, all believed in witchcraft—in the evil eye, and that the devil entered into people, into animals and even into insects to accomplish his dark designs. And all the people believed it their solemn duty to thwart the devil by all means in their power, and they accordingly set themselves at work hanging and burning everybody suspected of being in league with the Enemy of mankind. If you grant their premises, you justify their actions. If these persons had actually entered into partnership with the devil for the purpose of injuring their neighbors, the people would have been justified in exterminating them all. And the crime of witchcraft was proven over and over again in court after court in every town of Europe. Thousands of people who were charged with being in league with the devil confessed the crime, gave all the particulars of the bargain, told just what the devil said and what they replied, and exactly how the bargain was consummated, admitted in the presence of death, on the very edge of the grave, when they knew that the confession would confiscate all their property and leave their children homeless wanderers, and render their own names infamous after death.

We can account for a man suffering death for what he believes to be right. He knows that he has the sympathy of all the truly good, and he hopes that his name will be gratefully remembered in the far future, and above all, he hopes to win the approval of a just God. But the man who confessed himself guilty of being a wizard, knew that his memory would be execrated and expected that his soul would be eternally lost. What motive could then have induced so many to confess? Strange as it is, I believe that they actually believed themselves guilty. They considered their case hopeless; they confessed and died without a prayer. These things are enough to make one think that sometimes the world becomes insane and that the earth is a vast asylum without a keeper. I repeat that I am convinced that the people that confessed themselves guilty believed that they were so. In the first place, they believed in witchcraft and

that people often were possessed of Satan, and when they were accused the fright and consternation produced by the accusation, in connection with their belief, often produced insanity or something akin to it, and the poor creatures charged with a crime that it was impossible to disprove, deserted and abhorred by their friends, left alone with their superstitions and fears, driven to despair, looked upon death as a blessed relief from a torture that you and I cannot at this day understand. People were charged with the most impossible crimes. In the time of James the First, a man was burned in Scotland for having produced a storm at sea for the purpose of drowning one of the royal family. A woman was tried before Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most learned and celebrated lawyers of England, for having caused children to vomit-crooked pins. She was also charged with nursing demons. Of course she was found guilty, and the learned Judge charged the jury that there was no doubt as to the existence of witches, that all history, sacred and profane, and that the experience of every country proved it beyond any manner of doubt. And the woman was either hanged or burned for a crime for which it was impossible for her to be guilty. In those times they also believed in Lycanthropy—that is, that persons of whom the devil had taken possession could assume the appearance of wolves.

One instance is related where a man was attacked by what appeared to be a wolf. He defended himself and succeeded in cutting off one of the wolf's paws, whereupon the wolf ran and the man picked up the paw and putting it in his pocket went home. When he took the paw out of his pocket it had changed to a human hand, and his wife sat in the house with one of her hands gone and the stump of her arm bleeding. He denounced his wife as a witch, she confessed the crime and was burned at the stake. People were burned for causing frosts in the summer, for destroying crops with hail, for causing cows to become dry, and even for souring beer. The life of no one was secure, malicious enemies had only to charge one with witchcraft, prove a few odd sayings and queer actions to secure the death of their victim. And this belief in witchcraft was so intense that to express a doubt upon the subject was to be suspected and probably executed. Believing that animals were also taken possession of by evil spirits and also believing that if they killed an animal containing one of the evil spirits that they caused the death of the spirit, they absolutely tried animals, convicted and executed them. At Basle, in 1474, a rooster was tried, charged with having laid an egg, and as rooster eggs were used only in making witch ointment it was a serious charge, and everyone of course admitted that the devil must have been the cause, as roosters could not very well lay eggs without some help. And the egg having been produced in court, the rooster was duly convicted and he together with his miraculous egg were publicly and with all due solemnity burned in the public square. So a hog and six pigs were tried for having killed, and partially eaten a child, the hog was convicted and executed, but the pigs were acquitted on the ground of their extreme youth. Asiate as 1740 a cow was absolutely tried on a charge of being possessed of the devil. Our forefathers used to rid themselves of rats, leeches, locusts and vermin by pronouncing what they called a public exorcism.

On some occasions animals were received as witnesses in judicial proceedings.

The law was in some of the countries of Europe, that if a man's house was broken into between sunset and sunrise and the owner killed the intruder, it should be considered justifiable homicide.

But it was also considered that it was just possible that a man living alone might entice another to his house in the night-time, kill him and then pretend that his victim was a robber. In order to prevent this, it was enacted that when a person was

killed by a man living alone and under such circumstances, the solitary householder should not be held innocent unless he produced in court some animal, a dog or a cat, that had been an inmate of the house and had witnessed the death of the person killed. The prisoner was then compelled in the presence of such animal to make a solemn declaration of his innocence, and if the animal failed to contradict him, he was declared guiltless,—the law taking it for granted that the Deity would cause a miraculous manifestation by a dumb animal, rather than allow a murderer to escape. It was the law in England that any one convicted of a crime, could appeal to what was called corsned or morsel of execration. This was a piece of cheese or bread of about an ounce in weight, which was first consecrated with a form of exorcism desiring that the Almighty, if the man were guilty, would cause convulsions and paleness, and that it might stick in his throat, but that it might if the man were innocent, turn to health and nourishment. Godwin, the Earl of Kent, during the reign of Edward the Confessor, appealed to the corsned, which sticking in his throat, produced death. There were also trials by water and by fire. Persons were made to handle red hot iron, and if it burned them their guilt was established; so their hands and feet were tied, and they were thrown into the water, and if they sank they were pronounced guilty and allowed to drown. I give these instances to show you what has happened, and what always will happen, in countries where ignorance prevails, and people abandon the great standard of reason. And also to show to you that scarcely any man, however great, can free himself of the superstitions of his time. Kepler, one of the greatest men of the world, and an astronomer second to none, although he plucked from the stars the secrets of the universe, was an astrologer and thought he could predict the career of any man by finding what star was in the ascendant at his birth. This infinitely foolish stuff was religiously believed by him, merely because he had been raised in an atmosphere of boundless credulity. Tycho Brahe, another astronomer who has been, and is called the prince of astronomers—not only believed in astrology, but actually kept an idiot in his service, whose disconnected and meaningless words he carefully wrote down and then put them together in such a manner as to make prophecies, and then he patiently and confidently awaited their fulfillment.

Luther believed that he had actually seen the devil not only, but that he had had discussions with him upon points of theology. On one occasion getting excited, he threw an inkstand at his majesty's head, and the ink stain is still to be seen on the wall where the stand was broken. The devil I believe, was untouched, he probably having an inkling of Luther's intention, made a successful dodge.

In the time of Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, Stoefflerer, a noted mathematician and astronomer, a man of great learning, made an astronomical calculation according to the great science of astrology and ascertained that the world was to be visited by another deluge. This prediction was absolutely believed by the leading men of the empire not only, but of all Europe. The commissioner general of the army of Charles the Fifth recommended that a survey be made of the country by competent men in order to find out the highest land. But as it was uncertain how high the water would rise this idea was abandoned.

Thousands of people left their homes in low lands, by the rivers and near the sea and sought the more elevated ground. Immense suffering was produced. People in some instances abandoned the aged, the sick and the infirm to the tender mercies of the expected flood, so anxious were they to reach some place of security.

At Toulouse, in France, the people actually built an ark and stocked it with provisions, and it was not till long after the day upon which the flood was to have come, had passed, that the people recovered from their fright and returned to their homes. About the same time it was currently reported and believed that a child had been born in Silesia with a golden tooth. The people were again filled with wonder and consternation. They were satisfied that some great evil was coming upon mankind. At last it was solved by some chapter in Daniel wherein is predicted somebody with a golden head. Such stories would never have gained credence only for the reason that the supernatural was expected. Anything in the ordinary course of nature was not worth telling. The human mind was in chains; it had been deformed by slavery. Reason was a trembling coward, and every production of the mind was deformed, every idea was a monster. Almost every law was unjust. Their religion was nothing more or less than monsters worshiping an imaginary monster. Science could not, properly speaking, exist. Their histories were the grossest and most palpable falsehoods, and they filled all Europe with the most shocking absurdities. The histories were all written by the monks and bishops, all of whom were intensely superstitious, and equally dishonest. Everything they did was a pious fraud. They wrote as if they had been eye-witnesses of every occurrence that they related. They entertained, and consequently expressed, no doubt as to any particular, and in case of any difficulty they always had a few miracles ready just suited for the occasion, and the people never for an instant doubted the absolute truth of every statement that they made. They wrote the history of every country of any importance. They related all the past and present, and predicted nearly all the future, with an ignorant impudence actually sublime. They traced the order of St. Michael in France back to the Archangel himself, and alleged that he was the founder of a chivalric order in heaven itself. They also said that the Tartars originally came from hell, and that they were called Tartars because Tartarus was one of the names of perdition. They declared that Scotland was so called after Scota, a daughter of Pharaoh, who landed in Ireland and afterward invaded Scotland and took it by force of arms. This statement was made in a letter addressed to the Pope in the 14th century and was alluded to as a well-known fact. The letter was written by some of the highest dignitaries of the church and by direction of the king himself. Matthew, of Paris, an eminent historian of the 13th century, gave the world the following piece of valuable information: “It is well known that Mohammed originally was a Cardinal and became a heretic because he failed in his design of being elected Pope.”

The same gentleman informs us that Mohammed having drank to excess fell drunk by the roadside, and in that condition was killed by pigs. And this is the reason, says he, that his followers abhor pork even unto this day. Another historian of about the same period, tells us that one of the popes cut off his hand because it had been kissed by an improper person, and that the hand was still in the Lateran at Rome, where it had been miraculously preserved from corruption for over five hundred years. After that occurrence, says he, the Pope’s toe was substituted, which accounts for this practice. He also has the goodness to inform his readers that Nero was in the habit of vomiting frogs. Some of the croakers of the present day against progress would, I think, be the better of such a vomit. The history of Charlemagne was written by Turpin the Archbishop of Rheims, and received the formal approbation of the Pope. In this it is asserted that the walls of a city fell down in answer to prayer; that Charlemagne was opposed by a giant called Fenacute who was a descendant of the ancient Goliath; that forty men were sent to attack this giant, and that he took them under his arms and quietly carried them away. At last Orlando engaged him singly;

not meeting with the success that he anticipated, he changed his tactics and commenced a theological discussion; warming with his subject he pressed forward and suddenly stabbed his opponent, inflicting a mortal wound. After the death of the giant, Charlemagne easily conquered the whole country and divided it among his sons.

The history of the Britons, written by the Archdeacons of Monmouth and Oxford, was immensely popular. According to their account, Brutus, a Roman, conquered England, built London, called the country Britain after himself. During his time it rained blood for three days. At another time a monster came from the sea, and after having devoured a great many common people, finally swallowed the king himself. They say that King Arthur was not born like ordinary mortals, but was formed by a magical contrivance made by a wizard. That he was particularly lucky in killing giants, that he killed one in France who used to eat several people every day, and that this giant was clothed with garments made entirely of the beards of kings that he had killed and eaten. To cap the climax, one of the authors of this book was promoted for having written an authentic history of his country. Another writer of the 15th century says that after Ignatius was dead they found impressed upon his heart the Greek word Theos. In all historical compositions there was an incredible want of common honesty. The great historian Eusebius ingenuously remarks that in his history he omitted whatever tended to discredit the church and magnified whatever conduced to her glory. The same glorious principle was adhered to by most, if not all, of the writers of those days. They wrote and the people believed that the tracks of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, were still impressed upon the sands of the Red Sea and could not be obliterated either by the winds or waves.

The next subject to which I call your attention is the wonderful progress in the mechanical arts. Animals use the weapons nature has furnished, and those only—the beak, the claw, the tusk, the teeth. The barbarian uses a club, a stone. As man advances he makes tools with which to fashion his weapons; he discovers the best material to be used in their construction. The next thing was to find some power to assist him—that is to say, the weight of falling water, or the force of the wind. He then creates a force, so to speak, by changing water to steam, and with that he impels machines that can do almost everything but think. You will observe that the ingenuity of man is first exercised in the construction of weapons. There were splendid Damascus blades when plowing was done with a crooked stick. There were complete suits of armor on backs that had never felt a shirt. The world was full of inventions to destroy life before there were any to prolong it or make it endurable. Murder was always a science—medicine is not one yet. Scalping was known and practiced long before Barret discovered the Hair Regenerator. The destroyers have always been honored. The useful have always been despised. In ancient times agriculture was known only to slaves. The low, the ignorant, the contemptible, cultivated the soil. To work was to be nobody. Mechanics were only one degree above the farmer. In short, labor was disgraceful. Idleness was the badge of gentle blood. The fields being poorly cultivated produced but little at the best. Only a few kinds of crops were raised. The result was frequent famine and constant suffering. One country could not be supplied from another as now; the roads were always horrible, and besides all this, every country was at war with nearly every other. This state of things lasted until a few years ago.

Let me show you the condition of England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. At that time London was the most populous capital in Europe, yet it was dirty, ill

built, without any sanitary provisions whatever. The deaths were one in 23 each year. Now in a much more crowded population they are not one in forty. Much of the country was then heath and swamp. Almost within sight of London there was a tract, twenty-five miles round, almost in a state of nature; there were but three houses upon it. In the rainy season the roads were almost impassable. Through gullies filled with mud, carriages were dragged by oxen. Between places of great importance the roads were little known, and a principal mode of transport was by pack horses, of which passengers took advantage by stowing themselves away between the packs. The usual charge for freight was 30 cents per ton a mile. After a while, what they were pleased to call flying coaches were established. They could move from thirty to fifty miles a day. Many persons thought the risk so great that it was tempting Providence to get into one of them. The mail bag was carried on horseback at five miles an hour. A penny post had been established in the city, but many long-headed men, who knew what they were saying, denounced it as a popish contrivance. Only a few years before, Parliament had resolved that all pictures in the royal collection which contained representations of Jesus or the Virgin Mary should be burned. Greek statues were handed over to Puritan stone masons to be made decent. Lewis Meggleton had given himself out as the last and the greatest of the prophets, having power to save or damn. He had also discovered that God was only six feet high and the sun four miles off. There were people in England as savage as our Indians. The women, half naked, would chant some wild measure, while the men would brandish their dirks and dance. There were thirty-four counties without a printer. Social discipline was wretched. The master flogged his apprentice, the pedagogue his scholar, the husband his wife; and I am ashamed to say that whipping has not been abolished in our schools. It is a relic of barbarism and should not be tolerated one moment. It is brutal, low and contemptible. The teacher that administers such punishment is no more to blame than the parents that allow it. Every gentleman and lady should use his or her influence to do away with this vile and infamous practice. In those days public punishments were all brutal. Men and women were put in the pillory and then pelted with brick-bats, rotten eggs and dead cats, by the rabble. The whipping-post was then an institution in England as it is now in the enlightened State of Delaware. Criminals were drawn and quartered; others were disemboweled and hung and their bodies suspended in chains to rot in the air. The houses of the people in the country were huts, thatched with straw. Anybody who could get fresh meat once a week was considered rich. Children six years old had to labor. In London the houses were of wood or plaster, the streets filthy beyond expression, even muddier than Bloomington is now. After nightfall a passenger went about at his peril, for chamber windows were opened and slop pails unceremoniously emptied. There were no lamps in the streets, but plenty of highwaymen and robbers.

The morals of the people corresponded, as they generally do, to their physical condition. It is said that the clergy did what they could to make the people pious, but they could not accomplish much. You cannot convert a man when he is hungry. He will not accept better doctrines until he gets better clothes, and he won't have more faith till he gets more food. Besides this, the clergy were a little below par, so much so that Queen Elizabeth issued an order that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl without the consent of her master or mistress. During the same time the condition of France and indeed of all Europe was even worse than England. What has changed the condition of Great Britain? More than any and everything else, the inventions of her mechanics. The old moral method was and always will be a failure. If you wish to better the condition of a people morally, better them physically. About

the close of the 18th Century, Watt, Arkwright, Hargreave, Crompton, Cartwright, invented the steam engine, the spring frame, the jenny, the mule, the power loom, the carding machine and a hundred other minor inventions, and put it in the power of England to monopolize the markets of the world. Her machinery soon became equal to 30,000,000 of men. In a few years the population was doubled and the wealth quadrupled; and England became the first nation of the world through her inventors, her merchants, her mechanics, and in spite of her statesmen, her priests and her nobles. England began to spin for the world, cotton began to be universally worn, clean shirts began to be seen. The most cunning spinners of India could make a thread over 100 miles long from one pound of cotton. The machines of England have produced one over 1000 miles in length from the same quantity. In a short time Stephenson invented the locomotive. Railroads began to be built. Fulton gave to the world the steamboat, and commerce became independent of the winds. There are already railroads enough in the United States to make a double track around the world. Man has lengthened his arms. He reaches to every country and takes what he wants; the world is before him; he helps himself. There can be no more famine. If there is no food in this country, the boat and the car will bring it from another.

We can have the luxuries of every climate. A majority of the people now live better than the king used to do. Poor Solomon with his thousand wives, and no carpets, his great temple, and no gas light! A thousand women, and not a pin in the house; no stoves, no cooking range, no baking powder, no potatoes—think of it! Breakfast without potatoes! Plenty of wisdom and old saws—but no green corn; never heard of succotash in his whole life. No clean clothes, no music, if you except a jew's-harp, no ice water, no skates, no carriages, because there was not a decent road in all his dominions. Plenty of theology but no tobacco, no books, no pictures, not a picture in all Palestine, not a piece of statuary, not a plough that would scour. No tea, no coffee; he never heard of any place of amusement, never was at a theatre, or a circus. "Seven up" was then unknown to the world. He couldn't even play billiards, with all his knowledge, never had an idea of woman's rights, or universal suffrage; never went to school a day in his life, and cared no more about the will of the people than Andy Johnson.

The inventors have helped more than any other class to make the world what it is; the workers and the thinkers, the poor and the grand; labor and learning, industry and intelligence; Watt and Descartes, Fulton and Montaigne, Stephenson and Kepler, Crompton and Comte, Franklin and Voltaire, Morse and Buckle, Draper and Spencer, and hundreds more that I could mention. The inventors, the workers, the thinkers, the mechanics, the surgeons, the philosophers—these are the Atlases upon whose shoulders rests the great fabric of modern civilization.

LANGUAGE.

IN order to show you that the most abject superstition pervaded every department of human knowledge, or of ignorance rather, allow me to give you a few of their ideas upon language. It was universally believed that all languages could be traced back to the Hebrew; that the Hebrew was the original language, and every fact inconsistent with that idea was discarded. In consequence of this belief all efforts to investigate the science of language were utterly fruitless. After a time, the Hebrew idea falling into disrepute, other languages claimed the honor of being the original ones.

André Kempe published a work in 1569, on the language of Paradise, in which he maintained that God spoke to Adam in Swedish; that Adam answered in Danish and

that the serpent (which appears quite probable) spoke to Eve in French. Erro, in a book published at Madrid, took the ground that Basque was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden. But in 1580, Goropius published his celebrated work at Antwerp, in which he put the whole matter at rest by proving that the language spoken in Paradise was nothing more or less than plain Holland Dutch. The real founder of the present science of language was a German, Leibnitz—a contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton. He discarded the idea that all language could be traced to an original one. That language was, so to speak, a natural growth. Actual experience teaches us that this must be true. The ancient sages of Egypt had a vocabulary, according to Bunsen, of only about six hundred and eighty-five words, exclusive of proper names. The English language has at least one hundred thousand.

GEOGRAPHY.

IN the 6th century a monk by the name of Cosmas wrote a kind of orthodox geography and astronomy combined. He pretended that it was all in accordance with the Bible. According to him, the world was composed, first, of a flat piece of land and circular; this piece of land was entirely surrounded by water which was the ocean, and beyond the strip of water was another circle of land; this outside circle was the land inhabited by the old world before the flood; Noah crossed the strip of water and landed on the central piece where we now are; on the outside land was a high mountain around which the sun and moon revolved; when the sun was behind the mountain it was night, and when on the side next us it was day. He also taught that on the outer edge of the outside circle of land the firmament or sky was fastened, that it was made of some solid material and turned over the world like an immense kettle. And it was declared at that time that anyone who believed either more or less on that subject than that book contained was a heretic and deserved to be exterminated from the face of the earth. This was authority until the discovery of America by Columbus. Cosmas said the earth was flat; if it was round how could men on the other side at the day of judgment see the coming of the Lord? At the risk of being tiresome, I have said what I have, to show you the productions of the mind when enslaved—the consequences of abandoning judgment and reason—the effects of wide spread ignorance and universal bigotry.

I want to convince you that every wrong is a viper that will sooner or later strike with poisoned fangs the bosom that nourishes it. You will ask what has produced this wonderful change in only three hundred years. You will remember that in those days it was said that all ghosts vanished at the dawn of day; that the sprites, the spooks, the hobgoblins and all the monsters of the imagination fled from the approaching sun. In 1441, printing was invented. In the next century it became a power, and it has been flooding the world with light from that time to this. The Press has been the true Prometheus.

It has been, so to speak, the trumpet blown by the Gabriel of Progress, until, from the graves of ignorance and superstition, the people have leaped to grand and glorious life, spurning with swift feet the dust of an infamous past.

When people read, they reason, when they reason they progress. You must not think that the enemies of progress allowed books to be published or read when they had the power to prevent it. The whole power of the church, of the government, was arrayed upon the side of ignorance. People found in the possession of books were often executed. Printing, reading and writing were crimes. Anathemas were hurled from the Vatican against all who dared to publish a word in favor of liberty or the

sacred rights of man. The Inquisition was founded on purpose to crush out every noble aspiration of the heart. It was a war of darkness against light, of slavery against liberty, of superstition against reason. I shall not attempt to recount the horrors and tortures of the Inquisition. Suffice it to say that they were equal to the most terrible and vivid pictures even of Hell, and the Inquisitors were even more horrid fiends than even a real Perdition could boast. But in spite of priests, in spite of kings, in spite of mitres, in spite of crowns, in spite of Cardinals and Popes, books were published and books were read. Beam after beam of light penetrated the darkness. Star after star arose in the firmament of ignorance. The morning of Freedom began to dawn. Driven to madness by the prospect of ultimate defeat, the enemies of light persecuted with redoubled fury.

People were burned for saying that the earth was round, for saying that the sun was the center of a system. A woman was executed because she endeavored to allay the pains of a fever by singing. The very name of Philosopher became a title of proscription, and the slightest offences were punished by death. About the beginning of the sixteenth century Luther and Jerome, of Prague, inaugurated the great Reformation in Germany, Ziska was at work in Hungary, Zwinglius in Switzerland. The grand work went forward in Denmark, in Sweden and in England. All this was accomplished as early as 1534. They unmasked the corruption and withstood the tyranny of the church.

With a zeal amounting to enthusiasm, with a courage that was heroic, with an energy that never flagged, a determination that brooked no opposition, with a firmness that defied torture and death, this sublime band of reformers sprang to the attack. Stronghold after stronghold was carried, and in a few short but terrible years, the banner of the Reformation waved in triumph over the bloody ensign of Saint Peter. The soul roused from the slumbers of a thousand years began to think. When slaves begin to reason, slavery begins to die. The invention of powder had released millions from the army, and left them to prosecute the arts of peace. Industry began to be remunerative and respectable.

Science began to unfold the wings that will finally fill the heavens. Descartes announced to the world the sublime truth that the Universe is governed by law.

Commerce began to unfold her wings. People of different countries began to get acquainted. Christians found that Mohammedan gold was not the less valuable on account of the doctrines of its owners. Telescopes began to be pointed toward the stars. The Universe was getting immense. The Earth was growing small. It was discovered that a man could be healthy without being a Catholic. Innumerable agencies were at work dispelling darkness and creating light. The supernatural began to be abandoned, and mankind endeavored to account for all physical phenomena by physical laws. The light of reason was irradiating the world, and from that light, as from the approach of the sun, the ghosts and spectres of superstition wrapped their sheets around their attenuated bodies and vanished into thin air. Other inventions rapidly followed. The wonderful power of steam was made known to the world by Watts and by Fulton. Neptune was frightened from the sea. The locomotive was given to mankind by Stephenson; the telegraph by Franklin and Morse. The rush of the ship, the scream of the locomotive, and the electric flash have frightened the monsters of ignorance from the world, and have left nothing above us but the heaven's eternal blue, filled with glittering planets wheeling through immensity in accordance with *Law*. True religion is a subordination of the passions and interests to the perceptions of the intellect. But when religion was considered the end of life

instead of a means of happiness, it overshadowed all other interests and became the destroyer of mankind. It became a hydra-headed monster—a serpent reaching in terrible coils from the heavens and thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men.

SLAVERY.

I HAVE endeavored thus far to show you some of the results produced by enslaving the human mind. I now call your attention to another terrible phase of this subject; the enslavement of the body. Slavery is a very ancient institution, yes, about as ancient as robbery, theft and murder, and is based upon them all.

Springing from the same fountain, that a man is not the owner of his soul, is the doctrine that he is not the owner of his body. The two are always found together, supported by precisely the same arguments, and attended by the same infamous acts of cruelty. From the earliest time, slavery has existed in all countries, and among all people until recently. Pufendorf said that slavery was originally established by contract. Voltaire replied, “Show me the original contract, and if it is signed by the party that was to be a slave I will believe you.” You will bear in mind that the slavery of which I am now speaking is white slavery.

Greeks enslaved one another as well as those captured in war. Coriolanus scrupled not to make slaves of his own countrymen captured in civil war.

Julius Cæsar sold to the highest bidder at onetime fifty-three thousand prisoners of war all of whom were white. Hannibal exposed to sale thirty thousand captives at one time, all of whom were Roman citizens. In Rome, men were sold into bondage in order to pay their debts. In Germany, men often hazarded their freedom on the throwing of dice. The Barbary States held white Christians in slavery in this, the 19th century. There were white slaves in England as late as 1574. There were white slaves in Scotland until the end of the 18th century.

These Scotch slaves were colliers and salters. They were treated as real estate and passed with a deed to the mines in which they worked.

It was also the law that no collier could work in any mine except the one to which he belonged. It was also the law that their children could follow no other occupation than that of their fathers. This slavery absolutely existed in Scotland until the beginning of the glorious 19th century.

Some of the Roman nobles were the owners of as many as twenty thousand slaves.

The common people of France were in slavery for fourteen hundred years. They were transferred with land, and women were often seen assisting cattle to pull the plough, and yet people have the impudence to say that black slavery is right, because the blacks have always been slaves in their own country. I answer, so have the whites until very recently. In the good old days when might was right and when kings and popes stood by the people, and protected the people, and talked about “holy oil and divine right,” the world was filled with slaves. The traveler standing amid the ruins of ancient cities and empires, seeing on every side the fallen pillar and the prostrate wall, asks why did these cities fall, why did these empires crumble? And the Ghost of the Past, the wisdom of ages, answers: These temples, these palaces, these cities, the ruins of which you stand upon were built by tyranny and injustice. The hands that built them were unpaid. The backs that bore the burdens also bore the marks of the lash. They were built by slaves to satisfy the vanity and ambition of thieves and robbers. For these reasons they are dust.

Their civilization was a lie. Their laws merely regulated robbery and established theft. They bought and sold the bodies and souls of men, and the mournful winds of desolation, sighing amid their crumbling ruins, is a voice of prophetic warning to those who would repeat the infamous experiment. From the ruins of Babylon, of Carthage, of Athens, of Palmyra, of Thebes, of Rome, and across the great desert, over that sad and solemn sea of sand, from the land of the pyramids, over the fallen Sphinx and from the lips of Memnon the same voice, the same warning and uttering the great truth, that no nation founded upon slavery, either of body or mind, can stand.

And yet, to-day, there are thousands upon thousands endeavoring to build the temples and cities and to administer our Government upon the old plan. They are makers of brick without straw. They are bowing themselves beneath hods of untempered mortar. They are the babbling builders of another Babel, a Babel of mud upon a foundation of sand.

Nothwithstanding the experience of antiquity as to the terrible effects of slavery, bondage was the rule, and liberty the exception, during the Middle Ages not only, but for ages afterward.

The same causes that led to the liberation of mind also liberated the body. Free the mind, allow men to write and publish and read, and one by one the shackles will drop, broken, in the dust. This truth was always known, and for that reason slaves have never been allowed to read. It has always been a crime to teach a slave. The intelligent prefer death to slavery. Education is the most radical abolitionist in the world. To teach the alphabet is to inaugurate revolution. To build a schoolhouse is to construct a fort. Every library is an arsenal, and every truth is a monitor, iron-clad and steel-plated.

Do not think that white slavery was abolished without a struggle. The men who opposed white slavery were ridiculed, were persecuted, driven from their homes, mobbed, hanged, tortured and burned. They were denounced as having only one idea, by men who had none. They were called fanatics by men who were so insane as to suppose that the laws of a petty prince were greater than those of the Universe. Crime made faces at virtue, and honesty was an outcast beggar. In short, I cannot better describe to you the manner in which the friends of slavery acted at that time, than by saying that they acted precisely as they used to do in the United States. White slavery, established by kidnapping and piracy, sustained by torture and infinite cruelty, was defended to the very last.

Let me now call your attention to one of the most immediate causes of the abolition of white slavery in Europe. There were during the Middle Ages three great classes of people: the common people, the clergy and the nobility. All these people could, however, be divided into two classes, namely, the robbed and the robbers. The feudal lords were jealous of the king, the king afraid of the lords, the clergy always siding with the stronger party. The common people had only to do the work, the fighting, and to pay the taxes, as by the law the property of the nobles was exempt from taxation. The consequence was, in every war between the nobles and the king, each party endeavored by conciliation to get the peasants upon their side. When the clergy were on the side of the king they created dissension between the people and the nobles by telling them that the nobles were tyrants. When they were on the side of the nobles they told the people that the king was a tyrant. At last the people believed

both, and the old adage was verified, that when thieves fall out honest men get their dues.

By virtue of the civil and religious wars of Europe, slavery was abolished, and the French Revolution, one of the grandest pages in all history, was, so to speak, the exterminator of white slavery. In that terrible period the people who had borne the yoke for fourteen hundred years, rising from the dust, casting their shackles from them, fiercely avenged their wrongs. A mob of twenty millions driven to desperation, in the sublimity of despair, in the sacred name of Liberty cried for vengeance. They reddened the earth with the blood of their masters. They trampled beneath their feet the great army of human vermin that had lived upon their labor. They filled the air with the ruins of temples and thrones, and with bloody hands tore in pieces the altar upon which their rights had been offered by an impious church. They scorned the superstitions of the past not only, but they scorned the past; for the past to them was only wrong, imposition and outrage. The French Revolution was the inauguration of a new era. The lava of freedom long buried beneath a mountain of wrong and injustice at last burst forth, overwhelming the Pompeii and Herculaneum of priestcraft and tyranny. As soon as white slavery began to decay in Europe, and while the condition of the white slaves was improving about the middle of the 16th century in 1541, Alonzo Gonzales, of Portugal, pointed out to his countrymen a new field of operations, a new market for human flesh, and in a short time the African slave-trade with all its unspeakable horrors was inaugurated.

This trade has been the great crime of modern times. It is almost impossible to conceive that nations who professed to be Christian, or even in any degree civilized, should have engaged in this infamous traffic. Yet nearly all of the nations of Europe engaged in the slave-trade, legalized it, protected it, fostered the practice, and vied with each other in acts, the bare recital of which is enough to make the heart stand still.

It has been calculated that for years, at least 400,000 Africans were either killed or enslaved annually. They crammed their ships so full of these unfortunate wretches, that, as a general thing, about ten per cent, died of suffocation on the voyage. They were treated like wild beasts. In times of danger they were thrown into the sea. Remember that this horrible traffic commenced in the middle of the 16th century, was carried on by nations pretending to Christian civilization, and when do you think it was abolished by some of the principal countries? In England, Wilberforce and Clarkson dedicated their lives to the abolition of the slave-trade. They were hated and despised. They persevered for twenty years, and it was not until the 25th of March, 1808, that England pronounced the infamous traffic in human flesh illegal, and the rejoicing in England was redoubled on receiving the news that the United States had done the same thing. After a time, those engaged in the slave-trade were declared pirates.

On the 28th day of August, 1833, England abolished slavery throughout the British Colonies, thus giving liberty to nearly one million slaves.

The United States was then the greatest slave-holding power in the civilized world.

We are all acquainted with the history of slavery in this country. We know that it corrupted our people, that it has drenched our land in fraternal blood, that it has clad our country in mourning for the loss of 300,000 of her bravest sons; that it carried us back to the darkest ages of the world, that it led us to the very brink of destruction,

forced us to the shattered gates of eternal ruin, death and annihilation. But Liberty rising above party prejudice, Freedom lifting itself above all other considerations,

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

And on the 1st day of January, 1863, the grandest New Year that ever dawned upon this continent, in accordance with the will of the heroic North, by the sublime act of one whose name will be sacred through all the coming years, the justice so long delayed was accomplished, and four millions of slaves became chainless.

LIBERTY TRIUMPHED.

LIBERTY, that most sacred word, without which all other words are vain, without which, life is worse than death, and men are beasts! I never see the word Liberty without seeing a halo of glory around it. It is a word worthy of the lips of a God. Can you realize the fact that only a few years ago, the most shocking system of slavery—the most barbarous—existed in our country, and that you and I were bound by the laws of the United States to stand between a human being and his liberty? That we were absolutely compelled by law to hand back that human being to the lash and chain? That by our laws children were sold from the arms of mothers, wives sold from their husbands? That we executed our laws with the assistance of bloodhounds, owned and trained by human bloodhounds fiercer still, and that all this was not only upheld by politicians, but by the pretended ministers of Christ? That the pulpit was in partnership with the auction block—that the bloodhound's bark was only an echo from many of the churches? And that this was all done under the sacred name of Liberty, by a republican government that was founded upon the sublime declaration that all men are equal? This all seems to me like a horrible dream, a nightmare of terror, a hellish impossibility. And yet, with cheeks glowing and burning with shame, before the bar of history, we are forced to plead guilty to this terrible charge. We made a whip-ping-post of the cross of Christ. It is true that in a great degree we have atoned for this national crime. Our bravest and our best have been sacrificed. We have borne the bloody burden of war. The good and the true have been with us, and the women of the North have won glory imperishable. They robbed war of half its terrors. Not content with binding the wreath of victory upon the leader's brow, they bandaged the soldiers' wounds, they nerved the living, comforted the dying, and smiled upon the great victory through their tears.

They have consoled the hero's widow and are educating his orphans. They have erected a monument to enlightened charity to which time can add only grandeur. There is much, however, to be accomplished still. Slavery has been abolished, but Progress requires more. We are called upon to make this a free government in the broadest sense, to give liberty to all. Standing in the presence of all history, knowing the experience of mankind, knowing that the earth is covered with countless wrecks of cruel failures; appealed to by the great army of martyrs and heroes who have gone before; by the sacred dust filling innumerable graves; by the memory of our own noble dead; by all the suffering of the past; by all the hopes for the future; by all the glorious dead and the countless millions yet to be, I pray, I beseech, I implore the American people to lay the foundation of the Government upon the principles of eternal justice. I pray, I beseech, I implore them to take for the corner-stone, Universal Human Liberty—the stone which has been heretofore rejected by all the

builders of nations. The Government will then stand, and the swelling dome of the temple will touch the stars.

CONCLUSION

I HAVE thus endeavored to show you some of the effects of slavery, and to prove to you that a step in order to be in the direction of progress must be in the direction of freedom; that slavery either of body or mind is barbarism and is practiced and defended only by infamous tyrants or their dupes. I have endeavored to point out some of the causes of the abolition of slavery, both of body and mind. There is one truth, however, that you must not forget, and that is, that every evil tends to correct and abolish itself. I believe, however, that the diffusion of knowledge, more than everything else combined, has ameliorated the condition of mankind. When there was no freedom of speech and no press, then every idea perished in the brain that gave it birth. One man could not profit by the thought of another. The experience of the past was in a great degree unknown. And this state of things produced the same effect in the mental world, that confining all the water to the springs would in the physical. Confine the water to the springs, the rivulets would cease to murmur, the rivers to flow, and the ocean itself would become a desert of sand. But with the invention of printing, ideas began to circulate, born of the busy brain of the million—little rivulets of facts running into rivers of information, and they all flowing into the great ocean of human knowledge.

This exchange of ideas, this comparison of thought, has given to each generation the advantage of all the past. This, more than all else, has enabled man to improve his condition. It is by this that from the log or piece of bark on which a naked savage floated, we have by successive improvements created a man-of-war carrying a hundred guns and miles of canvas. By these means we have changed a handful of sand into a telescope. In the hands of science a drop of water has become a giant, turning with swift and tireless arm the countless wheels. The sun has become an artist painting with shining beams the very thoughts within our eyes. The elements have been taught to do our bidding, and the electric spark, freighted with human thought and love, defies distance, and devours time as it sweeps under all the waves of the sea.

These are some of the results of free thought and free labor. I have barely alluded to a few—where is improvement to stop? Science is only in its infancy. It has accomplished all this and is in its cradle still.

We are standing on the shore of an infinite ocean whose countless waves, freighted with blessings, are welcoming our adventurous feet. Progress has been written on every soul. The human race is advancing.

Forward, oh sublime army of progress, forward until law is justice, forward until ignorance is unknown, forward while there is a spiritual or temporal throne, forward until superstition is a forgotten dream, forward until the world is free, forward until human reason, clothed in the purple of authority, is king of kings.

What Is Religion?

** This was Col. Ingersoll's last public address, delivered before the American Free Religious Association, in the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, June 2, 1899.*

IT is asserted that an infinite God created all things, governs all things, and that the creature should be obedient and thankful to the creator; that the creator demands certain things, and that the person who complies with these demands is religious. This kind of religion has been substantially universal.

For many centuries and by many peoples it was believed that this God demanded sacrifices; that he was pleased when parents shed the blood of their babes. Afterward it was supposed that he was satisfied with the blood of oxen, lambs and doves, and that in exchange for or on account of these sacrifices, this God gave rain, sunshine and harvest. It was also believed that if the sacrifices were not made, this God sent pestilence, famine, flood and earthquake.

The last phase of this belief in sacrifice was, according to the Christian doctrine, that God accepted the blood of his son, and that after his son had been murdered, he, God, was satisfied, and wanted no more blood.

During all these years and by all these peoples it was believed that this God heard and answered prayer, that he forgave sins and saved the souls of true believers. This, in a general way, is the definition of religion.

Now, the questions are, Whether religion was founded on any known fact? Whether such a being as God exists? Whether he was the creator of yourself and myself? Whether any prayer was ever answered? Whether any sacrifice of babe or ox secured the favor of this unseen God?

First.—Did an infinite God create the children of men?

Why did he create the intellectually inferior?

Why did he create the deformed and helpless?

Why did he create the criminal, the idiotic, the insane?

Can infinite wisdom and power make any excuse for the creation of failures?

Are the failures under obligation to their creator?

Second.—Is an infinite God the governor of this world?

Is he responsible for all the chiefs, kings, emperors, and queens?

Is he responsible for all the wars that have been waged, for all the innocent blood that has been shed?

Is he responsible for the centuries of slavery, for the backs that have been scarred with the lash, for the babes that have been sold from the breasts of mothers, for the families that have been separated and destroyed?

Is this God responsible for religious persecution, for the Inquisition, for the thumb-screw and rack, and for all the instruments of torture?

Did this God allow the cruel and vile to destroy the brave and virtuous? Did he allow tyrants to shed the blood of patriots?

Did he allow his enemies to torture and burn his friends?

What is such a God worth?

Would a decent man, having the power to prevent it, allow his enemies to torture and burn his friends?

Can we conceive of a devil base enough to prefer his enemies to his friends?

If a good and infinitely powerful God governs this world, how can we account for cyclones, earthquakes, pestilence and famine?

How can we account for cancers, for microbes, for diphtheria and the thousand diseases that prey on infancy?

How can we account for the wild beasts that devour human beings, for the fanged serpents whose bite is death?

How can we account for a world where life feeds on life?

Were beak and claw, tooth and fang, invented and produced by infinite mercy?

Did infinite goodness fashion the wings of the eagles so that their fleeing prey could be overtaken?

Did infinite goodness create the beasts of prey with the intention that they should devour the weak and helpless?

Did infinite goodness create the countless worthless living things that breed within and feed upon the flesh of higher forms?

Did infinite wisdom intentionally produce the microscopic beasts that feed upon the optic nerve?

Think of blinding a man to satisfy the appetite of a microbe!

Think of life feeding on life! Think of the victims! Think of the Niagara of blood pouring over the precipice of cruelty!

In view of these facts, what, after all, is religion?

It is fear.

Fear builds the altar and offers the sacrifice.

Fear erects the cathedral and bows the head of man in worship.

Fear bends the knees and utters the prayer.

Fear pretends to love.

Religion teaches the slave-virtues—obedience, humility, self-denial, forgiveness, non-resistance.

Lips, religious and fearful, tremblingly repeat this passage: “Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.” This is the abyss of degradation.

Religion does not teach self-reliance, independence, manliness, courage, self-defence. Religion makes God a master and man his serf. The master cannot be great enough to make slavery sweet.

II.

IF this God exists, how do we know that he is-I good? How can we prove that he is merciful, that he cares for the children of men? If this God exists, he has on many

occasions seen millions of his poor children plowing the fields, sowing and planting the grain, and when he saw them he knew that they depended on the expected crop for life, and yet this good God, this merciful being, withheld the rain. He caused the sun to rise, to steal all moisture from the land, but gave no rain. He saw the seeds that man had planted wither and perish, but he sent no rain. He saw the people look with sad eyes upon the barren earth, and he sent no rain. He saw them slowly devour the little that they had, and saw them when the days of hunger came—saw them slowly waste away, saw their hungry, sunken eyes, heard their prayers, saw them devour the miserable animals that they had, saw fathers and mothers, insane with hunger, kill and eat their shriveled babes, and yet the heaven above them was as brass and the earth beneath as iron, and he sent no rain. Can we say that in the heart of this God there blossomed the flower of pity? Can we say that he cared for the children of men? Can we say that his mercy endureth forever?

Do we prove that this God is good because he sends the cyclone that wrecks villages and covers the fields with the mangled bodies of fathers, mothers and babes? Do we prove his goodness by showing that he has opened the earth and swallowed thousands of his helpless children, or that with the volcanoes he has overwhelmed them with rivers of fire? Can we infer the goodness of God from the facts we know?

If these calamities did not happen, would we suspect that God cared nothing for human beings? If there were no famine, no pestilence, no cyclone, no earthquake, would we think that God is not good?

According to the theologians, God did not make all men alike. He made races differing in intelligence, stature and color. Was there goodness, was there wisdom in this?

Ought the superior races to thank God that they are not the inferior? If we say yes, then I ask another question: Should the inferior races thank God that they are not superior, or should they thank God that they are not beasts?

When God made these different races he knew that the superior would enslave the inferior, knew that the inferior would be conquered, and finally destroyed.

If God did this, and knew the blood that would be shed, the agonies that would be endured, saw the countless fields covered with the corpses of the slain, saw all the bleeding backs of slaves, all the broken hearts of mothers bereft of babes, if he saw and knew all this, can we conceive of a more malicious fiend?

Why, then, should we say that God is good?

The dungeons against whose dripping walls the brave and generous have sighed their souls away, the scaffolds stained and glorified with noble blood, the hopeless slaves with scarred and bleeding backs, the writhing martyrs clothed in flame, the virtuous stretched on racks, their joints and muscles torn apart, the flayed and bleeding bodies of the just, the extinguished eyes of those who sought for truth, the countless patriots who fought and died in vain, the burdened, beaten, weeping wives, the shriveled faces of neglected babes, the murdered millions of the vanished years, the victims of the winds and waves, of flood and flame, of imprisoned forces in the earth, of lightning's stroke, of lava's molten stream, of famine, plague and lingering pain, the mouths that drip with blood, the fangs that poison, the beaks that wound and tear, the triumphs of the base, the rule and sway of wrong, the crowns that cruelty has worn and the robed hypocrites, with clasped and bloody hands, who thanked their God—a phantom fiend—that liberty had been banished from the world, these

souvenirs of the dreadful past, these horrors that still exist, these frightful facts deny that any God exists who has the will and power to guard and bless the human race.

III. THE POWER THAT WORKS FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

MOST people cling to the supernatural. If they give up one God, they imagine another. Having outgrown Jehovah, they talk about the power that works for righteousness.

What is this power?

Man advances, and necessarily advances through experience. A man wishing to go to a certain place comes to where the road divides. He takes the left hand, believing it to be the right road, and travels until he finds that it is the wrong one. He retraces his steps and takes the right hand road and reaches the place desired. The next time he goes to the same place, he does not take the left hand road. He has tried that road, and knows that it is the wrong road. He takes the right road, and thereupon these theologians say, “There is a power that works for righteousness.”

A child, charmed by the beauty of the flame, grasps it with its dimpled hand. The hand is burned, and after that the child keeps its hand out of the fire. The power that works for righteousness has taught the child a lesson.

The accumulated experience of the world is a power and force that works for righteousness. This force is not conscious, not intelligent. It has no will, no purpose. It is a result.

So thousands have endeavored to establish the existence of God by the fact that we have what is called the moral sense; that is to say, a conscience.

It is insisted by these theologians, and by many of the so-called philosophers, that this moral sense, this sense of duty, of obligation, was imported, and that conscience is an exotic. Taking the ground that it was not produced here, was not produced by man, they then imagine a God from whom it came.

Man is a social being. We live together in families, tribes and nations.

The members of a family, of a tribe, of a nation, who increase the happiness of the family, of the tribe or of the nation, are considered good members. They are praised, admired and respected. They are regarded as good; that is to say, as moral.

The members who add to the misery of the family, the tribe or the nation, are considered bad members.

They are blamed, despised, punished. They are regarded as immoral.

The family, the tribe, the nation, creates a standard of conduct, of morality. There is nothing supernatural in this.

The greatest of human beings has said, “Conscience is born of love.”

The sense of obligation, of duty, was naturally produced.

Among savages, the immediate consequences of actions are taken into consideration. As people advance, the remote consequences are perceived. The standard of conduct becomes higher. The imagination is cultivated. A man puts himself in the place of another. The sense of duty becomes stronger, more imperative. Man judges himself.

He loves, and love is the commencement, the foundation of the highest virtues. He injures one that he loves. Then comes regret, repentance, sorrow, conscience. In all this there is nothing supernatural.

Man has deceived himself. Nature is a mirror in which man sees his own image, and all supernatural religions rest on the pretence that the image, which appears to be behind this mirror, has been caught.

All the metaphysicians of the spiritual type, from Plato to Swedenborg, have manufactured their facts, and all founders of religion have done the same.

Suppose that an infinite God exists, what can we do for him? Being infinite, he is conditionless; being conditionless, he cannot be benefited or injured. He cannot want. He has.

Think of the egotism of a man who believes that an infinite being wants his praise!

IV.

WHAT has our religion done? Of course, it is admitted by Christians that all other religions are false, and consequently we need examine only our own.

Has Christianity done good? Has it made men nobler, more merciful, nearer honest? When the church had control, were men made better and happier?

What has been the effect of Christianity in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, in Ireland?

What has religion done for Hungary or Austria? What was the effect of Christianity in Switzerland, in Holland, in Scotland, in England, in America? Let us be honest. Could these countries have been worse without religion? Could they have been worse had they had any other religion than Christianity?

Would Torquemada have been worse had he been a follower of Zoroaster? Would Calvin have been more bloodthirsty if he had believed in the religion of the South Sea Islanders? Would the Dutch have been more idiotic if they had denied the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and worshiped the blessed trinity of sausage, beer and cheese? Would John Knox have been any worse had he deserted Christ and become a follower of Confucius?

Take our own dear, merciful Puritan Fathers? What did Christianity do for them? They hated pleasure. On the door of life they hung the crape of death. They muffled all the bells of gladness. They made cradles by putting rockers on coffins. In the Puritan year there were twelve Decembers. They tried to do away with infancy and youth, with prattle of babes and the song of the morning.

The religion of the Puritan was an unadulterated curse. The Puritan believed the Bible to be the word of God, and this belief has always made those who held it cruel and wretched. Would the Puritan have been worse if he had adopted the religion of the North American Indians?

Let me refer to just one fact showing the influence of a belief in the Bible on human beings.

“On the day of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth she was presented with a Geneva Bible by an old man representing Time, with Truth standing by his side as a child. The Queen received the Bible, kissed it, and pledged herself to diligently read therein. In the dedication of this blessed Bible the Queen was piously exhorted to put all Papists to the sword.”

In this incident we see the real spirit of Protestant lovers of the Bible. In other words, it was just as fiendish, just as infamous as the Catholic spirit.

Has the Bible made the people of Georgia kind and merciful? Would the lynchers be more ferocious if they worshiped gods of wood and stone?

VII. HOW CAN MANKIND BE REFORMED WITHOUT RELIGION?

RELIGION has been tried, and in all countries, in all times, has failed.

Religion has never made man merciful.

Remember the Inquisition.

What effect did religion have on slavery?

What effect upon Libby, Saulsbury and Andersonville?

Religion has always been the enemy of science, of investigation and thought.

Religion has never made man free.

It has never made man moral, temperate, industrious and honest.

Are Christians more temperate, nearer virtuous, nearer honest than savages?

Among savages do we not find that their vices and cruelties are the fruits of their superstitions?

To those who believe in the Uniformity of Nature, religion is impossible.

Can we affect the nature and qualities of substance by prayer? Can we hasten or delay the tides by worship? Can we change winds by sacrifice? Will kneelings give us wealth? Can we cure disease by supplication? Can we add to our knowledge by ceremony? Can we receive virtue or honor as alms?

Are not the facts in the mental world just as stubborn—just as necessarily produced—as the facts in the material world? Is not what we call mind just as natural as what we call body?

Religion rests on the idea that Nature has a master and that this master will listen to prayer; that this master punishes and rewards; that he loves praise and flattery and hates the brave and free.

Has man obtained any help from heaven?

VI.

IF we have a theory, we must have facts for the foundation. We must have corner-stones. We must not build on guesses, fancies, analogies or inferences. The structure must have a basement. If we build, we must begin at the bottom.

I have a theory and I have four corner-stones.

The first stone is that matter—substance—cannot be destroyed, cannot be annihilated.

The second stone is that force cannot be destroyed, cannot be annihilated.

The third stone is that matter and force cannot exist apart—no matter without force—no force without matter.

The fourth stone is that that which cannot be destroyed could not have been created; that the indestructible is the uncreatable.

If these corner-stones are facts, it follows as a necessity that matter and force are from and to eternity; that they can neither be increased nor diminished.

It follows that nothing has been or can be created; that there never has been or can be a creator.

It follows that there could not have been any intelligence, any design back of matter and force.

There is no intelligence without force. There is no force without matter. Consequently there could not by any possibility have been any intelligence, any force, back of matter.

It therefore follows that the supernatural does not and cannot exist. If these four corner-stones are facts, Nature has no master. If matter and force are from and to eternity, it follows as a necessity that no God exists; that no God created or governs the universe; that no God exists who answers prayer; no God who succors the oppressed; no God who pities the sufferings of innocence; no God who cares for the slaves with scarred flesh, the mothers robbed of their babes; no God who rescues the tortured, and no God that saves a martyr from the flames. In other words, it proves that man has never received any help from heaven; that all sacrifices have been in vain, and that all prayers have died unanswered in the heedless air. I do not pretend to know. I say what I think.

If matter and force have existed from eternity, it then follows that all that has been possible has happened, all that is possible is happening, and all that will be possible will happen.

In the universe there is no chance, no caprice. Every event has parents.

That which has not happened, could not. The present is the necessary product of all the past, the necessary cause of all the future.

In the infinite chain there is, and there can be, no broken, no missing link. The form and motion of every star, the climate of every world, all forms of vegetable and animal life, all instinct, intelligence and conscience, all assertions and denials, all vices and virtues, all thoughts and dreams, all hopes and fears, are necessities. Not one of the countless things and relations in the universe could have been different.

VII.

IF matter and force are from eternity, then we can say that man had no intelligent creator—that man was not a special creation.

We now know, if we know anything, that Jehovah, the divine potter, did not mix and mould clay into the forms of men and women, and then breathe the breath of life into these forms.

We now know that our first parents were not foreigners. We know that they were natives of this world, produced here, and that their life did not come from the breath of any god. We now know, if we know anything, that the universe is natural, and that men and women have been naturally produced. We now know our ancestors, our pedigree. We have the family tree.

We have all the links of the chain, twenty-six links inclusive from moner to man.

We did not get our information from inspired books. We have fossil facts and living forms.

From the simplest creatures, from blind sensation, from organism from one vague want, to a single cell with a nucleus, to a hollow ball filled with fluid, to a cup with double walls, to a flat worm, to a something that begins to breathe, to an organism that has a spinal chord, to a link between the invertebrate to the vertebrate, to one that has a cranium—a house for a brain—to one with fins, still onward to one with fore and hinder fins, to the reptile mammalia, to the marsupials, to the lemures, dwellers in trees, to the simiæ, to the pithecanthropi, and lastly, to man.

We know the paths that life has traveled. We know the footsteps of advance. They have been traced. The last link has been found. For this we are indebted, more than to all others, to the greatest of biologists, Ernst Haeckel.

We now believe that the universe is natural and we deny the existence of the supernatural.

VIII. Reform.

FOR thousands of years men and women have been trying to reform the world. They have created gods and devils, heavens and hells; they have written sacred books, performed miracles, built cathedrals and dungeons; they have crowned and uncrowned kings and queens; they have tortured and imprisoned, flayed alive and burned; they have preached and prayed; they have tried promises and threats; they have coaxed and persuaded; they have preached and taught, and in countless ways have endeavored to make people honest, temperate, industrious and virtuous; they have built hospitals and asylums, universities and schools, and seem to have done their very best to make mankind better and happier, and yet they have not succeeded.

Why have the reformers failed? I will tell them why.

Ignorance, poverty and vice are populating the world. The gutter is a nursery. People unable even to support themselves fill the tenements, the huts and hovels with children. They depend on the Lord, on luck and charity. They are not intelligent enough to think about consequences or to feel responsibility. At the same time they do not want children, because a child is a curse, a curse to them and to itself. The babe is not welcome, because it is a burden. These unwelcome children fill the jails and prisons, the asylums and hospitals, and they crowd the scaffolds. A few are rescued by chance or charity, but the great majority are failures, They become vicious, ferocious. They live by fraud and violence, and bequeath their vices to their children.

Against this inundation of vice the forces of reform are helpless, and charity itself becomes an unconscious promoter of crime.

Failure seems to be the trademark of Nature. Why? Nature has no design, no intelligence. Nature produces without purpose, sustains without intention and destroys without thought. Man has a little intelligence, and he should use it. Intelligence is the only lever capable of raising mankind.

The real question is, can we prevent the ignorant, the poor, the vicious, from filling the world with their children?

Can we prevent this Missouri of ignorance and vice from emptying into the Mississippi of civilization?

Must the world forever remain the victim of ignorant passion? Can the world be civilized to that degree that consequences will be taken into consideration by all?

Why should men and women have children that they cannot take care of, children that are burdens and curses? Why? Because they have more passion than intelligence, more passion than conscience, more passion than reason.

You cannot reform these people with tracts and talk. You cannot reform these people with preach and creed. Passion is, and always has been, deaf. These weapons of reform are substantially useless. Criminals, tramps, beggars and failures are increasing every day. The prisons, jails, poorhouses and asylums are crowded. Religion is helpless. Law can punish, but it can neither reform criminals nor prevent crime. The tide of vice is rising. The war that is now being waged against the forces of evil is as hopeless as the battle of the fireflies against the darkness of night.

There is but one hope. Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by moral suasion. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or by law, by priest or by hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral.

To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself. Science, the only possible savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother.

This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are then born will be welcome. They will be clasped with glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy.

Men and women who believe that slaves are purer, truer, than the free, who believe that fear is a safer guide than knowledge, that only those are really good who obey the commands of others, and that ignorance is the soil in which the perfect, perfumed flower of virtue grows, will with protesting hands hide their shocked faces.

Men and women who think that light is the enemy of virtue, that purity dwells in darkness, that it is dangerous for human beings to know themselves and the facts in Nature that affect their well being, will be horrified at the thought of making intelligence the master of passion.

But I look forward to the time when men and women by reason of their knowledge of consequences, of the morality born of intelligence, will refuse to perpetuate disease and pain, will refuse to fill the world with failures.

When that time comes the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth. Poverty and crime will be childless. The withered hands of want will not be stretched for alms. They will be dust. The whole world will be intelligent, virtuous and free.

IX.

RELIGION can never reform mankind because religion is slavery.

It is far better to be free, to leave the forts and barricades of fear, to stand erect and face the future with a smile.

It is far better to give yourself sometimes to negligence, to drift with wave and tide, with the blind force of the world, to think and dream, to forget the chains and limitations of the breathing life, to forget purpose and object, to lounge in the picture gallery of the brain, to feel once more the clasps and kisses of the past, to bring life's morning back, to see again the forms and faces of the dead, to paint fair pictures for the coming years, to forget all Gods, their promises and threats, to feel within your

veins life's joyous stream and hear the martial music, the rhythmic beating of your fearless heart.

And then to rouse yourself to do all useful things, to reach with thought and deed the ideal in your brain, to give your fancies wing, that they, like chemist bees, may find art's nectar in the weeds of common things, to look with trained and steady eyes for facts, to find the subtle threads that join the distant with the now, to increase knowledge, to take burdens from the weak, to develop the brain, to defend the right, to make a palace for the soul.

This is real religion. This is real worship.

Volume 5

Preface

SEVERAL people, having read the sermons of Mr. Talmage in which he reviews some of my lectures, have advised me not to pay the slightest attention to the Brooklyn divine. They think that no new arguments have been brought forward, and they have even gone so far as to say that some of the best of the old ones have been left out.

After thinking the matter over, I became satisfied that my friends were mistaken, that they had been carried away by the general current of modern thought, and were not in a frame of mind to feel the force of the arguments of Mr. Talmage, or to clearly see the candor that characterizes his utterances.

At the first reading, the logic of these sermons does not impress you. The style is of a character calculated to throw the searcher after facts and arguments off his guard. The imagination of the preacher is so lurid; he is so free from the ordinary forms of expression; his statements are so much stranger than truth, and his conclusions so utterly independent of his premises, that the reader is too astonished to be convinced. Not until I had read with great care the six discourses delivered for my benefit had I any clear and well-defined idea of the logical force of Mr. Talmage. I had but little conception of his candor, was almost totally ignorant of his power to render the simple complex and the plain obscure by the mutilation of metaphor and the incoherence of inspired declamation. Neither did I know the generous accuracy with which he states the position of an opponent, and the fairness he exhibits in a religious discussion.

He has without doubt studied the Bible as closely and critically as he has the works of Buckle and Darwin, and he seems to have paid as much attention to scientific subjects as most theologians. His theory of light and his views upon geology are strikingly original, and his astronomical theories are certainly as profound as practical. If his statements can be relied upon, he has successfully refuted the teachings of Humboldt and Haeckel, and exploded the blunders of Spencer and Tyndall. Besides all this, he has the courage of his convictions—he does not quail before a fact, and he does not strike his colors even to a demonstration. He cares nothing for human experience. He cannot be put down with statistics, nor driven from his position by the certainties of science. He cares neither for the persistence of force, nor the indestructibility of matter.

He believes in the Bible, and he has the bravery to defend his belief. In this, he proudly stands almost alone. He knows that the salvation of the world depends upon a belief in his creed. He knows that what are called “the sciences” are of no importance in the other world. He clearly sees that it is better to live and die ignorant here, if you can wear a crown of glory hereafter. He knows it is useless to be perfectly familiar with all the sciences in this world, and then in the next “lift up your eyes, being in torment.” He knows, too, that God will not punish any man for denying a fact in science. A man can deny the rotundity of the earth, the attraction of gravitation, the form of the earths orbit, or the nebular hypothesis, with perfect impunity. He is not bound to be correct upon any philosophical subject. He is at liberty to deny and ridicule the rule of three, conic sections, and even the multiplication table. God permits every human being to be mistaken upon every subject but one. No man can lose his soul by denying physical facts. Jehovah does not take the slightest pride in his geology,

or in his astronomy, or in mathematics, or in any school of philosophy—he is jealous only of his reputation as the author of the Bible. You may deny everything else in the universe except that book. This being so, Mr. Talmage takes the safe side, and insists that the Bible is inspired. He knows that at the day of judgment, not a scientific question will be asked. He knows that the Hæckels and Huxleys will, on that terrible day, regret that they ever learned to read. He knows that there is no "saving grace" in any department of human knowledge; that mathematics and all the exact sciences and all the philosophies will be worse than useless. He knows that inventors, discoverers, thinkers and investigators, have no claim upon the mercy of Jehovah; that the educated will envy the ignorant, and that the writers and thinkers will curse their books.

He knows that man cannot be saved through what he knows—but only by means of what he believes. Theology is not a science. If it were, God would forgive his children for being mistaken about it. If it could be proved like geology, or astronomy, there would be no merit in believing it. From a belief in the Bible, Mr. Talmage is not to be driven by uninspired evidence. He knows that his logic is liable to lead him astray, and that his reason cannot be depended upon. He believes that scientific men are no authority in matters concerning which nothing can be known, and he does not wish to put his soul in peril, by examining by the light of reason, the evidences of the supernatural.

He is perfectly consistent with his creed. What happens to us here is of no consequence compared with eternal joy or pain. The ambitions, honors, glories and triumphs of this world, compared with eternal things, are less than naught.

Better a cross here and a crown there, than a feast here and a fire there.

Lazarus was far more fortunate than Dives. The purple and fine linen of this short life are as nothing compared with the robes of the redeemed.

Mr. Talmage knows that philosophy is unsafe— that the sciences are sirens luring souls to eternal wreck. He knows that the deluded searchers after facts are planting thorns in their own pillows—that the geologists are digging pits for themselves, and that the astronomers are robbing their souls of the heaven they explore. He knows that thought, capacity, and intellectual courage are dangerous, and this belief gives him a feeling of personal security.

The Bible is adapted to the world as it is. Most people are ignorant, and but few have the capacity to comprehend philosophical and scientific subjects, and if salvation depended upon understanding even one of the sciences, nearly everybody would be lost. Mr. Talmage sees that it was exceedingly merciful in God to base salvation on belief instead of on brain. Millions can believe, while only a few can understand. Even the effort to understand is a kind of treason born of pride and ingratitude. This being so, it is far safer, far better, to be credulous than critical. You are offered an infinite reward for believing the Bible. If you examine it you may find it impossible for you to believe it. Consequently, examination is dangerous. Mr. Talmage knows that it is not necessary to understand the Bible in order to believe it. You must believe it first. Then, if on reading it you find anything that appears false, absurd, or impossible, you may be sure that it is only an appearance, and that the real fault is in yourself. It is certain that persons wholly incapable of reasoning are absolutely safe, and that to be born brainless is to be saved in advance.

Mr. Talmage takes the ground,—and certainly from his point of view nothing can be more reasonable —that thought should be avoided, after one has "experienced

religion” and has been the subject of “regeneration.” Every sinner should listen to sermons, read religious books, and keep thinking, until he becomes a Christian. Then he should stop. After that, thinking is not the road to heaven. The real point and the real difficulty is to stop thinking just at the right time. Young Christians, who have no idea of what they are doing, often go on thinking after joining the church, and in this way heresy is born, and heresy is often the father of infidelity. If Christians would follow the advice and example of Mr. Talmage all disagreements about doctrine would be avoided. In this way the church could secure absolute intellectual peace and all the disputes, heartburnings, jealousies and hatreds born of thought, discussion and reasoning, would be impossible.

In the estimation of Mr. Talmage, the man who doubts and examines is not fit for the society of angels. There are no disputes, no discussions in heaven. The angels do not think; they believe, they enjoy. The highest form of religion is repression. We should conquer the passions and destroy desire. We should control the mind and stop thinking. In this way we “offer ourselves a “living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.” When desire dies, when thought ceases, we shall be pure. —This is heaven.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Washington, D. C,

April; 1882.

Ingersoll's Interviews On Talmage

FIRST INTERVIEW.

Polonius. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet. God's bodikins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.

Question. Have you read the sermon of

Mr. Talmage, in which he exposes your misrepresentations?

Answer. I have read such reports as appeared in some of the New York papers.

Question. What do you think of what he has to say?

Answer. Some time ago I gave it as my opinion of Mr. Talmage that, while he was a man of most excellent judgment, he was somewhat deficient in imagination. I find that he has the disease that seems to afflict most theologians, and that is, a kind of intellectual toadyism, that uses the names of supposed great men instead of arguments. It is perfectly astonishing to the average preacher that any one should have the temerity to differ, on the subject of theology, with Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, and other gentlemen eminent for piety during their lives, but who, as a rule, expressed their theological opinions a few minutes before dissolution. These ministers are perfectly delighted to have some great politician, some judge, soldier, or president, certify to the truth of the Bible and to the moral character of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Talmage insists that if a witness is false in one particular, his entire testimony must be thrown away. Daniel Webster was in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law, and thought it the duty of the North to capture the poor slave-mother. He was willing to stand between a human being and his freedom. He was willing to assist in compelling persons to work without any pay except such marks of the lash as they might receive. Yet this man is brought forward as a witness for the truth of the gospel. If he was false in his testimony as to liberty, what is his affidavit worth as to the value of Christianity? Andrew Jackson was a brave man, a good general, a patriot second to none, an excellent judge of horses, and a brave duelist. I admit that in his old age he relied considerably upon the atonement. I think Jackson was really a very great man, and probably no President impressed himself more deeply upon the American people than the hero of New Orleans, but as a theologian he was, in my judgment, a most decided failure, and his opinion as to the authenticity of the Scriptures is of no earthly value. It was a subject upon which he knew probably as little as Mr. Talmage does about modern infidelity. Thousands of people will quote Jackson in favor of religion, about which he knew nothing, and yet have no confidence in his political opinions, although he devoted the best part of his life to politics.

No man should quote the words of another, in place of an argument, unless he is willing to accept all the opinions of that man. Lord Bacon denied the Copernican

system of astronomy, and, according to Mr. Talmage, having made that mistake, his opinions upon other subjects are equally worthless. Mr. Wesley believed in ghosts, witches, and personal devils, yet upon many subjects I have no doubt his opinions

were correct. The truth is, that nearly everybody is right about some things and wrong about most things; and if a man's testimony is not to be taken until he is right on every subject, witnesses will be extremely scarce.

Personally, I care nothing about names. It makes no difference to me what the supposed great men of the past have said, except as what they have said contains an argument; and that argument is worth to me the force it naturally has upon my mind. Christians forget that in the realm of reason there are no serfs and no monarchs. When you submit to an argument, you do not submit to the man who made it. Christianity demands a certain obedience, a certain blind, unreasoning faith, and parades before the eyes of the ignorant, with great pomp and pride, the names of kings, soldiers, and statesmen who have admitted the truth of the Bible. Mr. Talmage introduces as a witness the Rev. Theodore Parker. This same Theodore Parker denounced the Presbyterian creed as the most infamous of all creeds, and said that the worst heathen god, wearing a necklace of live snakes, was a representation of mercy when compared with the God of John Calvin. Now, if this witness is false in any particular, of course he cannot be believed, according to Mr. Talmage, upon any subject, and yet Mr. Talmage introduces him upon the stand as a good witness.

Although I care but little for names, still I will suggest that, in all probability, Humboldt knew more upon this subject than all the pastors in the world. I certainly would have as much confidence in the opinion of Goethe as in that of William H. Seward; and as between Seward and Lincoln, I should take Lincoln; and when you come to Presidents, for my part, if I were compelled to pin my faith on the sleeve of anybody, I should take Jefferson's coat in preference to Jackson's. I believe that Haeckel is, to say the least, the equal of any theologian we have in this country, and the late John W. Draper certainly knew as much upon these great questions as the average parson. I believe that Darwin has investigated some of these things, that Tyndall and Huxley have turned their minds somewhat in the same direction, that Helmholtz has a few opinions, and that, in fact, thousands of able, intelligent and honest men differ almost entirely with Webster and Jackson.

So far as I am concerned, I think more of reasons than of reputations, more of principles than of persons, more of nature than of names, more of facts, than of faiths.

It is the same with books as with persons. Probably there is not a book in the world entirely destitute of truth, and not one entirely exempt from error. The Bible is like other books. There are mistakes in it, side by side with truths,—passages inculcating murder, and others exalting mercy; laws devilish and tyrannical, and others filled with wisdom and justice. It is foolish to say that if you accept a part, you must accept the whole. You must accept that which commends itself to your heart and brain. There never was a doctrine that a witness, or a book, should be thrown entirely away, because false in one particular. If in any particular the book, or the man, tells the truth, to that extent the truth should be accepted.

Truth is made no worse by the one who tells it, and a lie gets no real benefit from the reputation of its author.

Question. What do you think of the statement that a general belief in your teachings would fill all the penitentiaries, and that in twenty years there would be a hell in this world worse than the one expected in the other?

Answer. My creed is this:

1. Happiness is the only good.

2. The way to be happy, is to make others happy.

Other things being equal, that man is happiest who is nearest just—who is truthful, merciful and intelligent— in other words, the one who lives in accordance with the conditions of life.

3. The time to be happy is now, and the place to be happy, is here.

4. Reason is the lamp of the mind—the only torch of progress; and instead of blowing that out and depending upon darkness and dogma, it is far better to increase that sacred light.

5. Every man should be the intellectual proprietor of himself, honest with himself, and intellectually hospitable; and upon every brain reason should be enthroned as king.

6. Every man must bear the consequences, at least of his own actions. If he puts his hands in the fire, his hands must smart, and not the hands of another. In other words: each man must eat the fruit of the tree he plants.

I can not conceive that the teaching of these doctrines would fill penitentiaries, or crowd the gallows. The doctrine of forgiveness—the idea that somebody else can suffer in place of the guilty—the notion that just at the last the whole account can be settled— these ideas, doctrines, and notions are calculated to fill penitentiaries. Nothing breeds extravagance like the credit system.

Most criminals of the present day are orthodox believers, and the gallows seems to be the last round of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven. The Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of this city, in his sermon on the assassination of Garfield, takes the ground that God permitted the murder for the purpose of opening the eyes of the people to the evil effects of infidelity. According to this minister, God, in order to show his hatred of infidelity, “inspired,” or allowed, one Christian to assassinate another.

Religion and morality do not necessarily go together. Mr. Talmage will insist to-day that morality is not sufficient to save any man from eternal punishment. As a matter of fact, religion has often been the enemy of morality. The moralist has been denounced by the theologians. He sustains the same relation to Christianity that the moderate drinker does to the totalabstinence society. The total-abstinence people say that the example of the moderate drinker is far worse upon the young than that of the drunkard—that the drunkard is a warning, while the moderate drinker is a perpetual temptation. So Christians say of moralists. According to them, the moralist sets a worse example than the criminal. The moralist not only insists that a man can be a good citizen, a kind husband, an affectionate father, without religion, but demonstrates the truth of his doctrine by his own life; whereas the criminal admits that in and of himself he is nothing, and can do nothing, but that he needs assistance from the church and its ministers.

The worst criminals of the modern world have been Christians—I mean by that, believers in Christianity— and the most monstrous crimes of the modern world have been committed by the most zealous believers. There is nothing in orthodox religion, apart from the morality it teaches, to prevent the commission oF crime. On the other hand, the perpetual proffer of forgiveness is a direct premium upon what Christians are pleased to call the commission of sin.

Christianity has produced no greater character than Epictetus, no greater sovereign than Marcus Aurelius. The wickedness of the past was a good deal like that of the present. As a rule, kings have been wicked in direct proportion to their power—their power having been lessened, their crimes have decreased. As a matter of fact, paganism, of itself, did not produce any great men; neither has Christianity. Millions of influences determine individual character, and the religion of the country in which a man happens to be born may determine many of his opinions, without influencing, to any great extent, his real character.

There have been brave, honest, and intelligent men in and out of every church.

Question. Mr. Talmage says that you insist that, according to the Bible, the universe was made out of nothing, and he denounces your statement as a gross misrepresentation. What have you stated upon that subject?

Answer. What I said was substantially this: "We "are told in the first chapter of Genesis, that in the "beginning God created the heaven and the earth. "If this means anything, it means that God produced—caused to exist, called into being—the "heaven and the earth. It will not do to say that "God formed the heaven and the earth of previously "existing matter. Moses conveys, and intended to "convey, the idea that the matter of which the "universe is composed was created."

This has always been my position. I did not suppose that nothing was used as the raw material; but

if the Mosaic account means anything, it means that whereas there was nothing, God caused something to exist—created what we know as matter. I can not conceive of something being made, created, without anything to make anything with. I have no more confidence in fiat worlds than I have in fiat money. Mr. Talmage tells us that God did not make the universe out of *nothing*, but out of "omnipotence." Exactly how God changed "omnipotence" into matter is not stated. If there was *nothing* in the universe, *omnipotence* could do you no good. The weakest man in the world can lift as much *nothing* as God.

Mr. Talmage seems to think that to create something from nothing is simply a question of strength—that it requires infinite muscle—that it is only a question of biceps. Of course, omnipotence is an attribute, not an entity, not a raw material; and the idea that something can be made out of omnipotence—using that as the raw material—is infinitely absurd. It would have been equally logical to say that God made the universe out of his omniscience, or his omnipresence, or his unchangeableness, or out of his honesty, his holiness, or his incapacity to do evil. I confess my utter inability to understand, or even to suspect, what the reverend gentleman means, when he says that God created the universe out of his "omnipotence."

I admit that the Bible does not tell when God created the universe. It is simply said that he did this "in the beginning." We are left, however, to infer that "the beginning" was Monday morning, and that on the first Monday God created the matter in an exceedingly chaotic state; that on Tuesday he made a firmament to divide the waters from the waters; that on Wednesday he gathered the waters together in seas and allowed the dry land to appear. We are also told that on that day "the earth brought forth grass and herb "yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding "fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind." This was before the creation of the sun, but Mr. Talmage takes the ground that there are many other sources of light; that "there may have been volcanoes in active operation on other planets." I have my doubts,

however, about the light of volcanoes being sufficient to produce or sustain vegetable life, and think it a little doubtful about trees growing only by "volcanic glare." Neither do I think one could depend upon "three thousand miles of liquid granite" for the production of grass and trees, nor upon "light that rocks might emit in the process of crystallization." I doubt whether trees would succeed simply with the assistance of the "Aurora Borealis or the Aurora Australis." There are other sources of light, not mentioned by Mr. Talmage—lightning-bugs, phosphorescent beetles, and fox-fire. I should think that it would be humiliating, in this age, for an orthodox preacher to insist that vegetation could exist upon this planet without the light of the sun—that trees could grow, blossom and bear fruit, having no light but the flames of volcanoes, or that emitted by liquid granite, or thrown off by the crystallization of rocks.

There is another thing, also, that should not be forgotten, and that is, that there is an even balance forever kept between the totals of animal and vegetable life—that certain forms of animal life go with certain forms of vegetable life. Mr. Haeckel has shown that "in the first epoch, algæ and skull-less vertebrates were found together; in the second, ferns and fishes; in the third, pines and reptiles; in the fourth, foliaceous forests and mammals." Vegetable and animal life sustain a necessary relation; they exist together; they act and interact, and each depends upon the other. The real point of difference between Mr. Talmage and myself is this: He says that God made the universe out of his "omnipotence," and I say that, although I know nothing whatever upon the subject, my opinion is, that the universe has existed from eternity—that it continually changes in form, but that it never was created or called into being by any power. I think that all that is, is all the God there is.

Question. Mr. Talmage charges you with having misrepresented the Bible story of the deluge. Has he correctly stated your position?

Answer. Mr. Talmage takes the ground that the flood was only partial, and was, after all, not much of a flood. The Bible tells us that God said he would "destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life from "under heaven, and that everything that is in the "earth shall die;" that God also said: "I will destroy "man, whom I have created, from the face of the "earth; both man and beast and the creeping thing "and the fowls of the air, and every living substance "that I have made will I destroy from off the face of "the earth."

I did not suppose that there was any miracle in the Bible larger than the credulity of Mr. Talmage. The flood story, however, seems to be a little more than he can bear. He is like the witness who stated that he had read *Gullivers Travels*, the *Stories of Munchausen*, and the *Flying Wife*, including *Robinson Crusoe*, and believed them all; but that Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry* was a little more than he could stand.

It is strange that a man who believes that God created the universe out of "omnipotence" should believe that he had not enough omnipotence left to drown a world the size of this. Mr. Talmage seeks to make the story of the flood reasonable. The moment it is reasonable, it ceases to be miraculous. Certainly God cannot afford to reward a man with eternal joy for believing a reasonable story. Faith is only necessary when the story is unreasonable, and if the flood only gets small enough, I can believe it myself. I ask for evidence, and Mr. Talmage seeks to make the story so little that it can be believed without evidence. He tells us that it was a kind of "local option" flood—a little wet for that part of the country.

Why was it necessary to save the birds? They certainly could have gotten out of the way of a real small flood. Of the birds, Noah took fourteen of each species. He was

commanded to take of the fowls of the air by sevens—seven of each sex—and, as there are at least 12,500 species, Noah collected an aviary of about 175,000 birds, provided the flood was general. If it was local, there are no means of determining the number. But why, if the flood was local, should he have taken any of the fowls of the air into his ark?

All they had to do was to fly away, or "roost high;" and it would have been just as easy for God to have implanted in them, for the moment, the instinct of getting out of the way as the instinct of hunting the ark. It would have been quite a saving of room and provisions, and would have materially lessened the labor and anxiety of Noah and his sons.

Besides, if it had been a partial flood, and great enough to cover the highest mountains in that country, the highest mountain being about seventeen thousand feet, the flood would have been covered with a sheet of ice several thousand feet in thickness. If a column of water could have been thrown seventeen thousand feet high and kept stationary, several thousand feet of the upper end would have frozen. If, however, the deluge was general, then the atmosphere would have been forced out the same on all sides, and the climate remained substantially normal.

Nothing can be more absurd than to attempt to explain the flood by calling it partial.

Mr. Talmage also says that the window ran clear round the ark, and that if I had only known as much Hebrew as a man could put on his little finger, I would have known that the window went clear round. To this I reply that, if his position is correct, then the original translators of King James' edition did not know as much Hebrew as they could have put on their little fingers; and yet I am obliged to believe their translation or be eternally damned. If the window went clear round, the inspired writer should have said so, and the learned translators should have given us the truth. No one pretends that there was more than one door, and yet the same language is used about the door, except this—that the exact size of the window is given, and the only peculiarity mentioned as to the door is that it shut from the outside. For any one to see that Mr. Talmage is wrong on the window question, it is only necessary to read the story of the deluge.

Mr. Talmage also endeavors to decrease the depth of the flood. If the flood did not cover the highest hills, many people might have been saved. He also insists that all the water did not come from the rains, but that "the fountains of the great deep were broken "up." What are "the fountains of the great deep"? How would their being "broken up" increase the depth of the water? He seems to imagine that these "fountains" were in some way imprisoned—anxious to get to the surface, and that, at that time, an opportunity was given for water to run up hill, or in some mysterious way to rise above its level. According to the account, the ark was at the mercy of the waves for at least seven months. If this flood was only partial, it seems a little curious that the water did not seek its level in less than seven months. With anything like a fair chance, by that time most of it would have found its way to the sea again.

There is in the literature of ignorance no more perfectly absurd and cruel story than that of the deluge.

I am very sorry that Mr. Talmage should disagree with some of the great commentators. Dr. Scott tells us that, in all probability, the angels assisted in getting the animals into the ark. Dr. Henry insists that the waters in the bowels of the earth, at God's command, sprung up and flooded the earth. Dr. Clark tells us that it would have been much easier for God to have destroyed all the people and made some new

ones, but that he did not want to waste anything. Dr. Henry also tells us that the lions, while in the ark, ate straw like oxen. Nothing could be more amusing than to see a few lions eating good, dry straw. This commentator assures us that the waters rose so high that the loftiest mountains were overflowed fifteen cubits, so that salvation was not hoped for from any hills or mountains. He tells us that some of the people got on top of the ark, and hoped to shift for themselves, but that, in all probability, they were washed off by the rain. When we consider that the rain must have fallen at the rate of about eight hundred feet a day, I am inclined to think that they were washed off.

Mr. Talmage has clearly misrepresented the Bible. He is not prepared to believe the story as it is told. The seeds of infidelity seem to be germinating in his mind. His position no doubt will be a great relief to most of his hearers. After this, their credulity will not be strained. They can say that there was probably quite a storm, some rain, to an extent that rendered it necessary for Noah and his family—his dogs, cats, and chickens—to get in a boat. This would not be unreasonable. The same thing happens almost every year on the shores of great rivers, and consequently the story of the flood is an exceedingly reasonable one.

Mr. Talmage also endeavors to account for the miraculous collection of the animals in the ark by the universal instinct to get out of the rain. There are at least two objections to this: 1. The animals went into the ark before the rain commenced; 2. I have never noticed any great desire on the part of ducks, geese, and loons to get out of the water. Mr. Talmage must have been misled by a line from an old nursery book that says: “And the little fishes got “under the bridge to keep out of the rain.” He tells us that Noah described what he saw. He is the first theologian who claims that Genesis was written by Noah, or that Noah wrote any account of the flood. Most Christians insist that the account of the flood was written by Moses, and that he was inspired to write it. Of course, it will not do for me to say that Mr. Talmage has misrepresented the facts.

Question. You are also charged with misrepresentation in your statement as to where the ark at last rested. It is claimed by Mr. Talmage that there is nothing in the Bible to show that the ark rested on the highest mountains.

Answer. Of course I have no knowledge as to where the ark really came to anchor, but after it struck bottom, we are told that a dove was sent out, and that the dove found no place whereon to rest her foot. If the ark touched ground in the low country, surely the mountains were out of water, and an ordinary mountain furnishes, as a rule, space enough for a dove’s foot. We must infer that the ark rested on the only land then above water, or near enough above water to strike the keel of Noah’s boat. Mount Ararat is about seventeen thousand feet high; so I take it that the top of that mountain was where Noah ran aground—otherwise, the account means nothing.

Here Mr. Talmage again shows his tendency to belittle the miracles of the Bible. I am astonished that he should doubt the power of God to keep an ark on a mountain seventeen thousand feet high. He could have changed the climate for that occasion. He could have made all the rocks and glaciers produce wheat and corn in abundance. Certainly God, who could overwhelm a world with a flood, had the power to change every law and fact in nature.

I am surprised that Mr. Talmage is not willing to believe the story as it is told. What right has he to question the statements of an inspired writer? Why should he set up

his judgment against the Websters and Jacksons? Is it not infinitely impudent in him to contrast his penny-dip with the sun of inspiration? What right has he to any opinion upon the subject? He must take the Bible as it reads. He should remember that the greater the miracle the greater should be his faith.

Question. You do not seem to have any great opinion of the chemical, geological, and agricultural views expressed by Mr. Talmage?

Answer. You must remember that Mr. Talmage has a certain thing to defend. He takes the Bible as actually true, and with the Bible as his standard, he compares and measures all sciences. He does not study geology to find whether the Mosaic account is true, but he reads the Mosaic account for the purpose of showing that geology can not be depended upon. His idea that "one day is as a thousand years with "God," and that therefore the "days" mentioned in the Mosaic account are not days of twenty-four hours, but long periods, is contradicted by the Bible itself. The great reason given for keeping the Sabbath day is, that "God rested on the seventh day and was refreshed." Now, it does not say that he rested on the "seventh "period," or the "seventh good—while," or the "seventh long-time," but on the "seventh day." In imitation of this example we are also to rest—not on the seventh good-while, but on the seventh day. Nothing delights the average minister more than to find that a passage of Scripture is capable of several interpretations. Nothing in the inspired book is so dangerous as accuracy. If the holy writer uses general terms, an ingenious theologian can harmonize a seemingly preposterous statement with the most obdurate fact. An "inspired" book should contain neither statistics nor dates—as few names as possible, and not one word about geology or astronomy. Mr. Talmage is doing the best he can to uphold the fables of the Jews. They are the foundation of his faith. He believes in the water of the past and the fire of the future—in the God of flood and flame—the eternal torturer of his helpless children.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that Mr. Talmage does not appreciate the importance of good manners, that he does not rightly estimate the convincing power of kindness and good nature. It is unfortunate that a Christian, believing in universal forgiveness, should exhibit so much of the spirit of detraction, that he should run so easily and naturally into epithets, and that he should mistake vituperation for logic. Thousands of people, knowing but little of the mysteries of Christianity—never having studied theology,—may become prejudiced against the church, and doubt the divine origin of a religion whose defenders seem to rely, at least to a great degree, upon malignant personalities. Mr. Talmage should remember that in a discussion of this kind, he is supposed to represent a being of infinite wisdom and goodness. Surely, the representative of the infinite can afford to be candid, can afford to be kind. When he contemplates the condition of a fellow-being destitute of religion, a fellow-being now travelling the thorny path to eternal fire, he should be filled with pity instead of hate. Instead of deforming his mouth with scorn, his eyes should be filled with tears. He should take into consideration the vast difference between an infidel and a minister of the gospel,—knowing, as he does, that a crown of glory has been prepared for the minister, and that flames are waiting for the soul of the unbeliever. He should bear with philosophic fortitude the apparent success of the skeptic, for a few days in this brief life, since he knows that in a little while the question will be eternally settled in his favor, and that the humiliation of a day is as nothing compared with the victory of eternity. In this world, the skeptic appears to have the best of the argument; logic seems to be on the side of blasphemy; common sense apparently goes hand in hand

with infidelity, and the few things we are absolutely certain of, seem inconsistent with the Christian creeds.

This, however, as Mr. Talmage well knows, is but apparent. God has arranged the world in this way for the purpose of testing the Christian's faith. Beyond all these facts, beyond logic, beyond reason, Mr. Talmage, by the light of faith, clearly sees the eternal truth. This clearness of vision should give him the serenity of candor and the kindness born of absolute knowledge. He, being a child of the light, should not expect the perfect from the children of darkness. He should not judge Humboldt and Wesley by the same standard. He should remember that Wesley was especially set apart and illuminated by divine wisdom, while Humboldt was left to grope in the shadows of nature. He should also remember that ministers are not like other people. They have been "called." They have been "chosen" by infinite wisdom. They have been "set apart," and they have bread to eat that we know not of. While other people are forced to pursue the difficult paths of investigation, they fly with the wings of faith.

Mr. Talmage is perfectly aware of the advantages he enjoys, and yet he deems it dangerous to be fair. This, in my judgment, is his mistake. If he cannot easily point out the absurdities and contradictions in infidel lectures, surely God would never have selected him for that task. We cannot believe that imperfect instruments would be chosen by infinite wisdom. Certain lambs have been entrusted to the care of Mr. Talmage, the shepherd. Certainly God would not select a shepherd unable to cope with an average wolf. Such a shepherd is only the appearance of protection. When the wolf is not there, he is a useless expense, and when the wolf comes, he goes. I cannot believe that God would select a shepherd of that kind. Neither can the shepherd justify his selection by abusing the wolf when out of sight. The fear ought to be on the other side. A divinely appointed shepherd ought to be able to convince his sheep that a wolf is a dangerous animal, and ought to be able to give his reasons. It may be that the shepherd has a certain interest in exaggerating the cruelty and ferocity of the wolf, and even the number of the wolves. Should it turn out that the wolves exist only in the imagination of the shepherd, the sheep might refuse to pay the salary of their protector. It will, however, be hard to calculate the extent to which the sheep will lose confidence in a shepherd who has not even the courage to state the facts about the wolf. But what must be the result when the sheep find that the supposed wolf is, in fact, their friend, and that he is endeavoring to rescue them from the exactions of the pretended shepherd, who creates, by falsehood, the fear on which he lives?

SECOND INTERVIEW.

Por. Why, man, what's the matter? Don't tear your hair.

Sir Hugh. I have been beaten in a discussion, overwhelmed and humiliated.

Por. Why didn't you call your adversary a fool?

Sir Hugh. My God! I forgot it!

Question. I want to ask you a few questions about the second sermon of Mr. Talmage; have you read it, and what do you think of it?

Answer. The text taken by the reverend gentleman is an insult, and was probably intended as such: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Mr. Talmage seeks to apply this text to any one who denies that the Jehovah of the Jews was and is the infinite and eternal Creator of all. He is perfectly satisfied that any man who differs with him on this question is a "fool," and he has the Christian forbearance and

kindness to say so. I presume he is honest in this opinion, and no doubt regards Bruno, Spinoza and Humboldt as driveling imbeciles. He entertains the same opinion of some of the greatest, wisest and best of Greece and Rome.

No man is fitted to reason upon this question who has not the intelligence to see the difficulties in all theories. No man has yet evolved a theory that satisfactorily accounts for all that is. No matter what his opinion may be, he is beset by a thousand difficulties, and innumerable things insist upon an explanation. The best that any man can do is to take that theory which to his mind presents the fewest difficulties. Mr. Talmage has been educated in a certain way—has a brain of a certain quantity, quality and form—and accepts, in spite it may be, of himself, a certain theory. Others, formed differently, having lived under different circumstances, cannot accept the Talmagian view, and thereupon he denounces them as fools. In this he follows the example of David the murderer; of David, who advised one of his children to assassinate another; of David, whose last words were those of hate and crime. Mr. Talmage insists that it takes no especial brain to reason out a "design" in Nature, and in a moment afterward says that "when the world slew "Jesus, it showed what it would do with the eternal "God, if once it could get its hands on Him." Why should a God of infinite wisdom create people who would gladly murder their Creator? Was there any particular "design" in that? Does the existence of such people conclusively prove the existence of a good Designer? It seems to me—and I take it that my thought is natural, as I have only been born once—that an infinitely wise and good God would naturally create good people, and if he has not, certainly the fault is his. The God of Mr. Talmage knew, when he created Guiteau, that he would assassinate Garfield. Why did he create him? Did he want Garfield assassinated? Will somebody be kind enough to show the "design" in this transaction? Is it possible to see "design" in earthquakes, in volcanoes, in pestilence, in famine, in ruthless and relentless war? Can we find "design" in the fact that every animal lives upon some other— that every drop of every sea is a battlefield where the strong devour the weak? Over the precipice of cruelty rolls a perpetual Niagara of blood. Is there "design" in this? Why should a good God people a world with men capable of burning their fellow-men—and capable of burning the greatest and best? Why does a good God permit these things? It is said of Christ that he was infinitely kind and generous, infinitely merciful, because when on earth he cured the sick, the lame and blind. Has he not as much power now as he had then? If he was and is the God of all worlds, why does he not now give back to the widow her son? Why does he withhold light from the eyes of the blind? And why does one who had the power miraculously to feed thousands, allow millions to die for want of food? Did Christ only have pity when he was part human? Are we indebted for his kindness to the flesh that clothed his spirit? Where is he now? Where has he been through all the centuries of slavery and crime? If this universe was "designed," then all that happens was "designed." If a man constructs an engine, the boiler of which explodes, we say either that he did not know the strength of his materials, or that he was reckless of human life. If an infinite being should construct a weak or imperfect machine, he must be held accountable for all that happens. He cannot be permitted to say that he did not know the strength of the materials. He is directly and absolutely responsible. So, if this world was designed by a being of infinite power and wisdom, he is responsible for the result of that design. My position is this: I do not know. But there are so many objections to the personal-God theory, that it is impossible for me to accept it. I prefer to say that the universe is all the God there is. I prefer to make no being responsible. I prefer to say: If the naked are clothed, man must clothe them; if the hungry are fed, man must feed

them. I prefer to rely upon human endeavor, upon human intelligence, upon the heart and brain of man. There is no evidence that God has ever interfered in the affairs of man. The hand of earth is stretched uselessly toward heaven. From the clouds there comes no help. In vain the shipwrecked cry to God. In vain the imprisoned ask for liberty and light—the world moves on, and the heavens are deaf and dumb and blind. The frost freezes, the fire burns, slander smites, the wrong triumphs, the good suffer, and prayer dies upon the lips of faith.

Question. Mr. Talmage charges you with being "the champion blasphemer of America"—what do you understand blasphemy to be?

Answer. Blasphemy is an epithet bestowed by superstition upon common sense. Whoever investigates a religion as he would any department of science, is called a blasphemer. Whoever contradicts a priest, whoever has the impudence to use his own reason, whoever is brave enough to express his honest thought, is a blasphemer in the eyes of the religionist. When a missionary speaks slightingly of the wooden god of a savage, the savage regards him as a blasphemer. To laugh at the pretensions of Mohammed in Constantinople is blasphemy. To say in St. Petersburg that Mohammed was a prophet of God is also blasphemy. There was a time when to acknowledge the divinity of Christ in Jerusalem was blasphemy. To deny his divinity is now blasphemy in New York. Blasphemy is to a considerable extent a geographical question. It depends not only on what you say, but where you are when you say it. Blasphemy is what the old calls the new,—what last year's leaf says to this year's bud. The founder of every religion was a blasphemer. The Jews so regarded Christ, and the Athenians had the same opinion of Socrates. Catholics have always looked upon Protestants as blasphemers, and Protestants have always held the same generous opinion of Catholics. To deny that Mary is the Mother of God is blasphemy. To say that she is the Mother of God is blasphemy. Some savages think that a dried snake skin stuffed with leaves is sacred, and he who thinks otherwise is a blasphemer. It was once blasphemy to laugh at Diana, of the Ephesians. Many people think that it is blasphemous to tell your real opinion of the Jewish Jehovah. Others imagine that words can be printed upon paper, and the paper bound into a book covered with sheepskin, and that the book is sacred, and that to question its sacredness is blasphemy. Blasphemy is also a crime against God, but nothing can be more absurd than a crime against God. If God is infinite, you cannot injure him. You cannot commit a crime against any being that you cannot injure. Of course, the infinite cannot be injured. Man is a conditioned being. By changing his conditions, his surroundings, you can injure him; but if God is infinite, he is conditionless. If he is conditionless, he cannot by any possibility be injured. You can neither increase, nor decrease, the well-being of the infinite. Consequently, a crime against God is a demonstrated impossibility. The cry of blasphemy means only that the argument of the blasphemer cannot be answered. The sleight-of-hand performer, when some one tries to raise the curtain behind which he operates, cries "blasphemer!" The priest, finding that he has been attacked by common sense,— by a fact,—resorts to the same cry. Blasphemy is the black flag of theology, and it means: No argument and no quarter! It is an appeal to prejudice, to passions, to ignorance. It is the last resort of a defeated priest. Blasphemy marks the point where argument stops and slander begins. In old times, it was the signal for throwing stones, for gathering fagots and for tearing flesh; now it means falsehood and calumny.

Question. Then you think that there is no such thing as the crime of blasphemy, and that no such offence can be committed?

Answer. Any one who knowingly speaks in favor of injustice is a blasphemer. Whoever wishes to destroy liberty of thought,—the honest expression of ideas,—is a blasphemer. Whoever is willing to malign his neighbor, simply because he differs with him upon a subject about which neither of them knows anything for certain, is a blasphemer. If a crime can be committed against God, he commits it who imputes to God the commission of crime. The man who says that God ordered the assassination of women and babes, that he gave maidens to satisfy the lust of soldiers, that he enslaved his own children,—that man is a blasphemer. In my judgment, it would be far better to deny the existence of God entirely. It seems to me that every man ought to give his honest opinion. No man should suppose that any infinite God requires him to tell as truth that which he knows nothing about.

Mr. Talmage, in order to make a point against infidelity, states from his pulpit that I am in favor of poisoning the minds of children by the circulation of immoral books. The statement is entirely false. He ought to have known that I withdrew from the Liberal League upon the very question whether the law should be repealed or modified. I favored a modification of that law, so that books and papers could not be thrown from the mails simply because they were "infidel."

I was and am in favor of the destruction of every immoral book in the world. I was and am in favor, not only of the law against the circulation of such filth, but want it executed to the letter in every State of this Union. Long before he made that statement, I had introduced a resolution to that effect, and supported the resolution in a speech. Notwithstanding these facts, hundreds of clergymen have made haste to tell the exact opposite of the truth. This they have done in the name of Christianity, under the pretence of pleasing their God. In my judgment, it is far better to tell your honest opinions, even upon the subject of theology, than to knowingly tell a falsehood about a fellow-man. Mr. Talmage may have been ignorant of the truth. He may have been misled by other ministers, and for his benefit I make this explanation. I wanted the laws modified so that bigotry could not interfere with the literature of intelligence; but I did not want, in any way, to shield the writers or publishers of immoral books. Upon this subject I used, at the last meeting of the Liberal League that I attended, the following language:

"But there is a distinction wide as the Mississippi, "yes, wider than the Atlantic, wider than all oceans, "between the literature of immorality and the litera"ture of free thought. One is a crawling, slimy lizard, "and the other an angel with wings of light. Let us "draw this distinction. Let us understand ourselves. "Do not make the wholesale statement that all these "laws ought to be repealed. They ought not to be "repealed. Some of them are good, and the law "against sending instruments of vice through the "mails is good. The law against sending obscene "pictures and books is good. The law against sending bogus diplomas through the mails, to allow a "lot of ignorant hyenas to prey upon the sick people "of the world, is a good law. The law against rascals "who are getting up bogus lotteries, and sending their "circulars in the mails is a good law. You know, as "well as I, that there are certain books not fit to go "through the mails. You know that. You know there "are certain pictures not fit to be transmitted, not fit "to be delivered to any human being. When these "books and pictures come into the control of the "United States, I say, burn them up! And when any "man has been indicted who has been trying to make "money by pandering to the lowest passions in the "human breast, then I say, prosecute him! let the "law take its course."

I can hardly convince myself that when Mr. Talmage made the charge, he was acquainted with the facts. It seems incredible that any man, pretending to be governed by the law of common honesty, could make a charge like this knowing it to be untrue. Under no circumstances, would I charge Mr. Talmage with being an infamous man, unless the evidence was complete and overwhelming. Even then, I should hesitate long before making the charge. The side I take on theological questions does not render a resort to slander or calumny a necessity. If Mr. Talmage is an honorable man, he will take back the statement he has made. Even if there is a God, I hardly think that he will reward one of his children for maligning another; and to one who has told falsehoods about "infidels," that having been his only virtue, I doubt whether he will say: "Well done good and faithful "servant."

Question. What have you to say to the charge that you are endeavoring to "assassinate God," and that you are "far worse than the man who attempts to kill his father, or his mother, or his sister, "or his brother"?

Answer. Well, I think that is about as reasonable as anything he says. No one wishes, so far as I know, to assassinate God. The idea of assassinating an infinite being is of course infinitely absurd. One would think Mr. Talmage had lost his reason! And yet this man stands at the head of the Presbyterian clergy. It is for this reason that I answer him. He is the only Presbyterian minister in the United States, so far as I know, able to draw an audience. He is, without doubt, the leader of that denomination.

He is orthodox and conservative. He believes implicitly in the "Five Points" of Calvin, and says nothing simply for the purpose of attracting attention. He believes that God damns a man for his own glory; that he sends babes to hell to establish his mercy, and that he filled the world with disease and crime simply to demonstrate his wisdom. He believes that billions of years before the earth was, God had made up his mind as to the exact number that he would eternally damn, and had counted his saints. This doctrine he calls "glad tidings of great joy." He really believes that every man who is true to himself is waging war against God; that every infidel is a rebel; that every Freethinker is a traitor, and that only those are good subjects who have joined the Presbyterian Church, know the Shorter Catechism by heart, and subscribe liberally toward lifting the mortgage on the Brooklyn Tabernacle. All the rest are endeavoring to assassinate God, plotting the murder of the Holy Ghost, and applauding the Jews for the crucifixion of Christ. If Mr. Talmage is correct in his views as to the power and wisdom of God, I imagine that his enemies at last will be overthrown, that the assassins and murderers will not succeed, and that the Infinite, with Mr. Talmage s assistance, will finally triumph. If there is an infinite God, certainly he ought to have made man grand enough to have and express an opinion of his own. Is it possible that God can be gratified with the applause of moral cowards? Does he seek to enhance his glory by receiving the adulation of cringing slaves? Is God satisfied with the adoration of the frightened?

Question. You notice that Mr. Talmage finds nearly all the inventions of modern times mentioned in the Bible?

Answer: Yes; Mr. Talmage has made an exceedingly important discovery. I admit that I am somewhat amazed at the wisdom of the ancients. This discovery has been made just in the nick of time. Millions of people were losing their respect for the Old Testament. They were beginning to think that there was some discrepancy between the prophecies of Ezekiel and Daniel and the latest developments in physical science.

Thousands of preachers were telling their flocks that the Bible is not a scientific book; that Joshua was not an inspired astronomer, that God never enlightened Moses about geology, and that Ezekiel did not understand the entire art of cookery. These admissions caused some young people to suspect that the Bible, after all, was not inspired; that the prophets of antiquity did not know as much as the discoverers of to-day. The Bible was falling into disrepute. Mr. Talmage has rushed to the rescue. He shows, and shows conclusively as anything can be shown from the Bible, that Job understood all the laws of light thousands of years before Newton lived; that he anticipated the discoveries of Descartes, Huxley and Tyndall; that he was familiar with the telegraph and telephone; that Morse, Bell and Edison simply put his discoveries in successful operation; that Nahum was, in fact, a master-mechanic; that he understood perfectly the modern railway and described it so accurately that Trevethick, Foster and Stephenson had no difficulty in constructing a locomotive. He also has discovered that Job was well acquainted with the trade winds, and understood the mysterious currents, tides and pulses of the sea; that Lieutenant Maury was a plagiarist; that Humboldt was simply a biblical student. He finds that Isaiah and Solomon were far in advance of Galileo, Morse, Meyer and Watt. This is a discovery wholly unexpected to me. If Mr. Talmage is right, I am satisfied the Bible is an inspired book. If it shall turn out that Joshua was superior to Laplace, that Moses knew more about geology than Humboldt, that Job as a scientist was the superior of Kepler, that Isaiah knew more than Copernicus, and that even the minor prophets excelled the inventors and discoverers of our time— then I will admit that infidelity must become speechless forever. Until I read this sermon, I had never even suspected that the inventions of modern times were known to the ancient Jews. I never supposed that Nahum knew the least thing about railroads, or that Job would have known a telegraph if he had seen it. I never supposed that Joshua comprehended the three laws of Kepler. Of course I have not read the Old Testament with as much care as some other people have, and when I did read it, I was not looking for inventions and discoveries. I had been told so often that the Bible was no authority upon scientific questions, that I was lulled into a state of lethargy. What is amazing to me is, that so many men did read it without getting the slightest hint of the smallest invention. To think that the Jews read that book for hundreds and hundreds of years, and yet went to their graves without the slightest notion of astronomy, or geology, of railroads, telegraphs, or steamboats! And then to think that the early fathers made it the study of their lives and died without inventing anything! I am astonished that Mr. Talmage himself does not figure in the records of the Patent Office. I cannot account for this, except upon the supposition that he is too honest to infringe on the patents of the patriarchs. After this, I shall read the Old Testament with more care.

Question. Do you see that Mr. Talmage endeavors to convict you of great ignorance in not knowing that the word translated “rib” should have been translated “side,” and that Eve, after all, was not made out of a rib, but out of Adam’s side?

Answer. I may have been misled by taking the Bible as it is translated. The Bible account is simply this: “And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall “upon Adam, and he slept. And he took one of “his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof; “and the rib which the Lord God had taken from “man made he a woman, and brought her unto the “man. And Adam said: This is now bone of my “bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called “woman, because she was taken out of man.” If Mr. Talmage is right, then the account should be as follows: “And the Lord God caused a deep sleep “to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one “of his sides, and closed

up the flesh instead thereof; “and the side which the Lord God had taken from “man made he a woman, and brought her unto the “man. And Adam said: This is now side of my “side, and flesh of my flesh.” I do not see that the story is made any better by using the word “side” instead of “rib.” It would be just as hard for God to make a woman out of a man’s side as out of a rib. Mr. Talmage ought not to question the power of God to make a woman out of a bone, and he must recollect that the less the material the greater the miracle.

There are two accounts of the creation of man, in Genesis, the first being in the twenty-first verse of the first chapter and the second being in the twenty-first and twenty-second verses of the second chapter.

According to the second account, “God formed “man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into “his nostrils the breath of life.” And after this, “God planted a garden eastward in Eden and put “the man” in this garden. After this, “He made “every tree to grow that was good for food and “pleasant to the sight,” and, in addition, “the tree “of life in the midst of the garden,” beside “the tree “of the knowledge of good and evil.” And he “put “the man in the garden to dress it and keep it,” telling him that he might eat of everything he saw except of “the tree of the knowledge of good and “evil.”

After this, God having noticed that it “was not “good for man to be alone, formed out of the ground “every beast of the field, every fowl of the air, and “brought them to Adam to see what he would call “them, and Adam gave names to all cattle, and to “the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field. “But for Adam there was not found an helpmeet for “him.”

We are not told how Adam learned the language, or how he understood what God said. I can hardly believe that any man can be created with the knowledge of a language. Education cannot be ready made and stuffed into a brain. Each person must learn a language for himself. Yet in this account we find a language ready made for man’s use. And not only man was enabled to speak, but a serpent also has the power of speech, and the woman holds a conversation with this animal and with her husband; and yet no account is given of how any language was learned. God is described as walking in the garden in the cool of the day, speaking like a man—holding conversations with the man and woman, and occasionally addressing the serpent.

In the nursery rhymes of the world there is nothing more childish than this “inspired” account of the creation of man and woman.

The early fathers of the church held that woman was inferior to man, because man was not made for woman, but woman for man; because Adam was made first and Eve afterward. They had not the gallantry of Robert Burns, who accounted for the beauty of woman from the fact that God practiced on man first, and then gave woman the benefit of his experience. Think, in this age of the world, of a well-educated, intelligent gentleman telling his little child that about six thousand years ago a mysterious being called God made the world out of his “omnipotence;” then made a man out of some dust which he is supposed to have moulded into form; that he put this man in a garden for the purpose of keeping the trees trimmed; that after a little while he noticed that the man seemed lonesome, not particularly happy, almost homesick; that then it occurred to this God, that it would be a good thing for the man to have some company, somebody to help him trim the trees, to talk to him and cheer him up on rainy days; that, thereupon, this God caused a deep sleep to fall on the

man, took a knife, or a long, sharp piece of "omnipotence," and took out one of the man's sides, or a rib, and of that made a woman; that then this man and woman got along real well till a snake got into the garden and induced the woman to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; that the woman got the man to take a bite; that afterwards both of them were detected by God, who was walking around in the cool of the evening, and thereupon they were turned out of the garden, lest they should put forth their hands and eat of the tree of life, and live forever.

This foolish story has been regarded as the sacred, inspired truth; as an account substantially written by God himself; and thousands and millions of people have supposed it necessary to believe this childish falsehood, in order to save their souls. Nothing more laughable can be found in the fairy tales and folk-lore of savages. Yet this is defended by the leading Presbyterian divine, and those who fail to believe in the truth of this story are called "brazen "faced fools," "deicides," and "blasphemers."

By this story woman in all Christian countries was degraded. She was considered too impure to preach the gospel, too impure to distribute the sacramental bread, too impure to hand about the sacred wine, too impure to step within the "holy of holies," in the Catholic Churches, too impure to be touched by a priest. Unmarried men were considered purer than husbands and fathers. Nuns were regarded as superior to mothers, a monastery holier than a home, a nunnery nearer sacred than the cradle. And through all these years it has been thought better to love God than to love man, better to love God than to love your wife and children, better to worship an imaginary deity than to help your fellow-men.

I regard the rights of men and women equal. In Love's fair realm, husband and wife are king and queen, sceptered and crowned alike, and seated on the self-same throne.

Question. Do you still insist that the Old Testament upholds polygamy? Mr. Talmage denies this charge, and shows how terribly God punished those who were not satisfied with one wife.

Answer. I see nothing in what Mr. Talmage has said calculated to change my opinion. It has been admitted by thousands of theologians that the Old Testament upholds polygamy. Mr. Talmage is among the first to deny it. It will not do to say that David was punished for the crime of polygamy or concubinage. He was "a man after God's own "heart." He was made a king. He was a successful general, and his blood is said to have flowed in the veins of God. Solomon was, according to the account, enriched with wisdom above all human beings. Was that a punishment for having had so many wives? Was Abraham pursued by the justice of God because of the crime against Hagar, or for the crime against his own wife? The verse quoted by Mr. Talmage to show that God was opposed to polygamy, namely, the eighteenth verse of the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus, cannot by any ingenuity be tortured into a command against polygamy. The most that can be possibly said of it is, that you shall not marry the sister of your wife, while your wife is living. Yet this passage is quoted by Mr. Talmage as "a thunder of prohibition against having more "than one wife." In the twentieth chapter of Leviticus it is enacted: "That if a man take a wife "and her mother they shall be burned with fire." A commandment like this shows that he might take his wife and somebody else's mother. These passages have nothing to do with polygamy. They show whom you may marry, not how many; and there is not in Leviticus a solitary word against polygamy— not one. Nor is there such a word in Genesis, nor Exodus, nor in the entire Pentateuch—not one word. These books are

filled with the most minute directions about killing sheep, and goats and doves; about making clothes for priests, about fashioning tongs and snuffers; and yet, they contain not one word against polygamy. It never occurred to the inspired writers that polygamy was a crime. Polygamy was accepted as a matter of course. Women were simple property.

Mr. Talmage, however, insists that, although God was against polygamy, he permitted it, and at the same time threw his moral influence against it. Upon this subject he says: “No doubt God permitted polygamy to continue for sometime, just “as he permits murder and arson, theft and gambling to-day to continue, although he is against “them.” If God is the author of the Ten Commandments, he prohibited murder and theft, but he said nothing about polygamy. If he was so terribly against that crime, why did he forget to mention it? Was there not room enough on the tables of stone for just one word on this subject? Had he no time to give a commandment against slavery? Mr. Talmage of course insists that God had to deal with these things gradually, his idea being that if God had made a commandment against them all at once, the Jews would have had nothing more to do with him.

For instance: if we wanted to break cannibals of eating missionaries, we should not tell them all at once that it was wrong, that it was wicked, to eat missionaries raw; we should induce them first to cook the missionaries, and gradually wean them from raw flesh. This would be the first great step. We would stew the missionaries, and after a time put a little mutton in the stew, not enough to excite the suspicion of the cannibal, but just enough to get him in the habit of eating mutton without knowing it. Day after day we would put in more mutton and less missionary, until finally, the cannibal would be perfectly satisfied with clear mutton. Then we would tell him that it was wrong to eat missionary. After the cannibal got so that he liked mutton, and cared nothing for missionary, then it would be safe to have a law upon the subject.

Mr. Talmage insists that polygamy cannot exist among people who believe the Bible. In this he is mistaken. The Mormons all believe the Bible. There is not a single polygamist in Utah who does not insist upon the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments.

The Rev. Mr. Newman, a kind of peripatetic consular theologian, once had a discussion, I believe, with Elder Orson Pratt, at Salt Lake City, upon the question of polygamy. It is sufficient to say of this discussion that it is now circulated by the Mormons as a campaign document. The elder overwhelmed the parson. Passages of Scripture in favor of polygamy were quoted by the hundred. The lives of all the patriarchs were brought forward, and poor parson Newman was driven from the field. The truth is, the Jews at that time were much like our forefathers. They were barbarians, and many of their laws were unjust and cruel. Polygamy was the right of all; practiced, as a matter of fact, by the rich and powerful, and the rich and powerful were envied by the poor. In such esteem did the ancient Jews hold polygamy, that the number of Solomons wives was given, simply to enhance his glory. My own opinion is, that Solomon had very few wives, and that polygamy was not general in Palestine. The country was too poor, and Solomon, in all his glory was hardly able to support one wife. He was a poor barbarian king with a limited revenue, with a poor soil, with a sparse population, without art, without science and without power. He sustained about the same relation to other kings that Delaware does to other States. Mr. Talmage says that God persecuted Solomon, and yet, if he will turn to the twenty-second chapter of First Chronicles, he will find what God promised to Solomon. God, speaking to David, says: “Behold a son shall be born “to thee, who shall be a man of

rest, and I will give him “rest from his enemies around about; for his name shall “be Solomon, and I will give peace and quietness “unto Israel in his days. He shall build a house in my “name, and he shall be my son and I will be his father, “and I will establish the throne of his kingdom over “Israel forever.” Did God keep his promise?

So he tells us that David was persecuted by God, on account of his offences, and yet I find in the twenty-eighth verse of the twenty-ninth chapter of First Chronicles, the following account of the death of David: “And he died in a good old age, full of “days, riches and honor.” Is this true?

Question. What have you to say to the charge that you were mistaken in the number of years that the Hebrews were in Egypt? Mr. Talmage says that they were there 430 years, instead of 215 years.

Answer. If you will read the third chapter of Galatians, sixteenth and seventeenth verses, you will find that it was 430 years from the time God made the promise to Abraham to the giving of the law from Mount Sinai. The Hebrews did not go to Egypt for 215 years after the promise was made to Abraham, and consequently did not remain in Egypt more than 215 years. If Galatians is true, I am right.

Strange that Mr. Talmage should belittle the miracles. The trouble with this defender of the faith is that he cares nothing for facts. He makes the strangest statements, and cares the least for proof, of any man I know. I can account for what he says of me only upon the supposition that he has not read my lectures. He may have been misled by the pirated editions; Persons have stolen my lectures, printed the same ones under various names, and filled them with mistakes and things I never said. Mr. C. P. Farrell, of Washington, is my only authorized publisher. Yet Mr. Talmage prefers to answer the mistakes of literary thieves, and charge their ignorance to me.

Question. Did you ever attack the character of Queen Victoria, or did you draw any parallel between her and George Eliot, calculated to depreciate the reputation of the Queen?

Answer. I never said a word against Victoria. The fact is, I am not acquainted with her—never met her in my life, and know but little of her. I never happened to see her “in plain clothes, reading the “Bible to the poor in the lane,”—neither did I ever hear her sing. I most cheerfully admit that her reputation is good in the neighborhood where she resides. In one of my lectures I drew a parallel between George Eliot and Victoria. I was showing the difference between a woman who had won her position in the world of thought, and one who was queen by chance. This is what I said:

“It no longer satisfies the ambition of a great man “to be a king or emperor. The last Napoleon was “not satisfied with being the Emperor of the French. “He was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold “about his head—he wanted some evidence that he “had something of value in his head. So he wrote “the life of Julius Cæsar that he might become a “member of the French Academy. The emperors, “the kings, the popes, no longer tower above their “fellows. Compare King William with the philosopher Hæckel. The king is one of the ‘anointed “‘of the Most High’—as they claim—one upon “whose head has been poured the divine petroleum “of authority. Compare this king with Hæckel, who “towers an intellectual Colossus above the crowned “mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen “Victoria. The queen is clothed in garments given “her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while “George Eliot wears robes of glory, woven in the “loom of her own genius. The world is beginning “to pay homage to intellect, to genius, to heart.” I said not one word against Queen Victoria, and did not intend to even intimate that she was not an

excellent woman, wife and mother. I was simply trying to show that the world was getting great enough to place a genius above an accidental queen. Mr. Talmage, true to the fawning, cringing spirit of orthodoxy, lauds the living queen and cruelly maligns the genius dead. He digs open the grave of George Eliot, and tries to stain the sacred dust of one who was the greatest woman England has produced. He calls her "an adultress." He attacks her because she was an atheist—because she abhorred Jehovah, denied the inspiration of the Bible, denied the dogma of eternal pain, and with all her heart despised the Presbyterian creed. He hates her because she was great and brave and free—because she lived without "faith" and died without fear—because she dared to give her honest thought, and grandly bore the taunts and slanders of the Christian world.

George Eliot tenderly carried in her heart the burdens of our race. She looked through pity's tears upon the faults and frailties of mankind. She knew the springs and seeds of thought and deed, and saw, with cloudless eyes, through all the winding ways of greed, ambition and deceit, where folly vainly plucks with thorn-pierced hands the fading flowers of selfish joy—the highway of eternal right. Whatever her relations may have been—no matter what I think, or others say, or how much all regret the one mistake in all her self-denying, loving life—I feel and know that in the court where her own conscience sat as judge, she stood acquitted—pure as light and stainless as a star.

How appropriate here, with some slight change, the wondrously poetic and pathetic words of Laertes at Ophelia's grave:

Leave her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!
I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall this woman be,
When thou liest howling!

I have no words with which to tell my loathing for a man who violates a noble woman's grave.

Question. Do you think that the spirit in which Mr. Talmage reviews your lectures is in accordance with the teachings of Christianity?

Answer. I think that he talks like a true Presbyterian. If you will read the arguments of Calvin against the doctrines of Castalio and Servetus, you will see that Mr. Talmage follows closely in the footsteps of the founder of his church. Castalio was such a wicked and abandoned wretch, that he taught the innocence of honest error. He insisted that God would not eternally damn a man for being honestly mistaken. For the utterance of such blasphemous sentiments, abhorrent to every Christian mind, Calvin called him "a dog of Satan, and a child of hell." In short, he used the usual arguments. Castalio was banished, and died in exile. In the case of Servetus, after all the epithets had been exhausted, an appeal was made to the stake, and the blasphemous wretch was burned to ashes.

If you will read the life of John Knox, you will find that Mr. Talmage is as orthodox in his methods of dealing with infidels, as he is in his creed. In my opinion, he would gladly treat unbelievers now, as the Puritans did the Quakers, as the Episcopalians did the Presbyterians, as the Presbyterians did the Baptists, and as the Catholics have treated all heretics. Of course, all these sects will settle their differences in heaven. In the next world, they will laugh at the crimes they committed in this.

The course pursued by Mr. Talmage is consistent. The pulpit cannot afford to abandon the weapons of falsehood and defamation. Candor sows the seeds of doubt. Fairness is weakness. The only way to successfully uphold the religion of universal love, is to denounce all Freethinkers as blasphemers, adulterers, and criminals. No matter how generous they may appear to be, no matter how fairly they may deal with their fellow-men, rest assured that they are actuated by the lowest and basest motives. Infidels who outwardly live honest and virtuous lives, are inwardly vicious, virulent and vile. After all, morality is only a veneering. God is not deceived with the varnish of good works. We know that the natural man is totally depraved, and that until he has been regenerated by the spirit of God, he is utterly incapable of a good action. The generosity of the unbeliever is, in fact, avarice. His honesty is only a form of larceny. His love is only hatred. No matter how sincerely he may love his wife,—how devoted he may be to his children,—no matter how ready he may be 'to sacrifice even his life for the good of mankind, God, looking into his very heart, finds it only a den of hissing snakes, a lair of wild, ferocious beasts, a cage of unclean birds.

The idea that God will save a man simply because he is honest and generous, is almost too preposterous for serious refutation. No man should rely upon his own goodness. He should plead the virtue of another. God, in his infinite justice, damns a good man on his own merits, and saves a bad man on the merits of another. The repentant murderer will be an angel of light, while his honest and unoffending victim will be a fiend in hell.

A little while ago, a ship, disabled, was blown about the Atlantic for eighty days. Everything had been eaten. Nothing remained but bare decks and hunger. The crew consisted of Captain Kruger and nine others. For nine days, nothing had been eaten. The captain, taking a revolver in his hand, said: "Mates, some "one must die for the rest. I am willing to sacrifice "myself for you." One of his comrades grasped his hand, and implored him to wait one more day. The next morning, a sail was seen upon the horizon, and the dying men were rescued.

To an ordinary man,—to one guided by the light of reason,—it is perfectly clear that Captain Kruger was about to do an infinitely generous action. Yet Mr. Talmage will tell us that if that captain was not a Christian, and if he had sent the bullet crashing through his brain in order that his comrades might eat his body, and live to reach their wives and homes,— his soul, from that ship, would have gone, by dark and tortuous ways, down to the prison of eternal pain.

Is it possible that Christ would eternally damn a man for doing exactly what Christ would have done, had he been infinitely generous, under the same circumstances? Is not self-denial in a man as praiseworthy as in a God? Should a God be worshiped, and a man be damned, for the same action?

According to Mr. Talmage, every soldier who fought for our country in the Revolutionary war, who was not a Christian, is now in hell. Every soldier, not a Christian, who carried the flag of his country to victory—either upon the land or sea, in the war of 1812, is now in hell. Every soldier, not a Christian, who fought for the preservation of this Union,—to break the chains of slavery—to free four millions of people —to keep the whip from the naked back—every man who did this—every one who died at Andersonville and Libby, dreaming that his death would help make the lives of others worth living, is now a lost and wretched soul. These men are now in the prison of God,—a prison in which the cruelties of Libby and Andersonville would be regarded as mercies,—in which famine would be a joy.

THIRD INTERVIEW.

Sinner. Is God infinite in wisdom and power?

Parson. He is.

Sinner. Does he at all times know just what ought to be done t

Parson. He does.

Sinner. Does he always do just what ought to be done?

Parson. He does.

Sinner. Why do you pray to him?

Parson. Because he is unchangeable.

Question. I want to ask you a few questions about Mr. Talmage's third sermon. What do you think of it?

Answer. I often ask myself the questions: Is there anything in the occupation of a minister,—anything in his surroundings, that makes him incapable of treating an opponent fairly, or decently? Is there anything in the doctrine of universal forgiveness that compels a man to speak of one who differs with him only in terms of disrespect and hatred? Is it necessary for those who profess to love the whole world, to hate the few they come in actual contact with?

Mr. Talmage, no doubt, professes to love all mankind,—Jew and Gentile, Christian and Pagan. No doubt, he believes in the missionary effort, and thinks we should do all in our power to save the soul of the most benighted savage; and yet he shows anything but affection for the "heathen" at home. He loves the ones he never saw,—is real anxious for their welfare,—but for the ones he knows, he exhibits only scorn and hatred. In one breath, he tells us that Christ loves us, and in the next, that we are "wolves "and dogs." We are informed that Christ forgave even his murderers, but that now he hates an honest unbeliever with all his heart. He can forgive the ones who drove the nails into his hands and feet,— the one who thrust the spear through his quivering flesh,—but he cannot forgive the man who entertains an honest doubt about the "scheme of salvation." He regards the man who thinks, as a "mouth-maker "at heaven." Is it possible that Christ is less forgiving in heaven than he was in Jerusalem? Did he excuse murderers then, and does he damn thinkers now? Once he pitied even thieves; does he now abhor an intellectually honest man?

Question. Mr. Talmage seems to think that you have no right to give your opinion about the Bible.

Do you think that laymen have the same right as ministers to examine the Scriptures?

Answer. If God only made a revelation for preachers, of course we will have to depend on the preachers for information. But the preachers have made the mistake of showing the revelation. They ask us, the laymen, to read it, and certainly there is no use of reading it, unless we are permitted to think for ourselves while we read. If after reading the Bible we believe it to be true, we will say so, if we are honest. If we do not believe it, we will say so, if we are honest.

But why should God be so particular about our believing the stories in his book? Why should God object to having his book examined? We do not have to call upon legislators, or courts, to protect Shakespeare from the derision of mankind. Was not

God able to write a book that would command the love and admiration of the world? If the God of Mr. Talmage is infinite, he knew exactly how the stories of the Old Testament would strike a gentleman of the nineteenth century. He knew that many would have their doubts,—that thousands of them— and I may say most of them,— would refuse to believe that a miracle had ever been performed.

Now, it seems to me that he should either have left the stories out, or furnished evidence enough to convince the world. According to Mr. Talmage, thousands of people are pouring over the Niagara of unbelief into the gulf of eternal pain. Why does not God furnish more evidence? Just in proportion as man has developed intellectually, he has demanded additional testimony. That which satisfies a barbarian, excites only the laughter of a civilized man. Certainly God should furnish evidence in harmony with the spirit of the age. If God wrote his Bible for the average man, he should have written it in such a way that it would have carried conviction to the brain and heart of the average man; and he should have made no man in such a way that he could not, by any possibility, believe it. There certainly should be a harmony between the Bible and the human brain. If I do not believe the Bible, whose fault is it? Mr. Talmage insists that his God wrote the Bible for me. and made me. If this is true, the book and the man should agree. There is no sense in God writing a book for me and then making me in such a way that I cannot believe his book.

Question. But Mr. Talmage says the reason why you hate the Bible is, that your soul is poisoned; that the Bible "throws you into a rage precisely as pure "water brings on a paroxysm of hydrophobia."

Answer. Is it because the mind of the infidel is poisoned, that he refuses to believe that an infinite God commanded the murder of mothers, maidens and babes? Is it because their minds are impure, that they refuse to believe that a good God established the institution of human slavery, or that he protected it when established? Is it because their minds are vile, that they refuse to believe that an infinite God established or protected polygamy? Is it a sure sign of an impure mind, when a man insists that God never waged wars of extermination against his helpless children? Does it show that a man has been entirely given over to the devil, because he refuses to believe that God ordered a father to sacrifice his son? Does it show that a heart is entirely without mercy, simply because a man denies the justice of eternal pain?

I denounce many parts of the Old Testament because they are infinitely repugnant to my sense of justice,—because they are bloody, brutal and infamous,—because they uphold crime and destroy human liberty. It is impossible for me to imagine a greater monster than the God of the Old Testament. He is unworthy of my worship. He commands only my detestation, my execration, and my passionate hatred. The God who commanded the murder of children is an infamous fiend. The God who believed in polygamy, is worthy only of contempt. The God who established slavery should be hated by every free man. The Jehovah of the Jews was simply a barbarian, and the Old Testament is mostly the barbarous record of a barbarous people.

If the Jehovah of the Jews is the real God, I do not wish to be his friend. From him I neither ask, nor expect, nor would I be willing to receive, even an eternity of joy. According to the Old Testament, he established a government,—a political state,— and yet, no civilized country to-day would re-enact these laws of God.

Question. What do you think of the explanation given by Mr. Talmage of the stopping of the sun and moon in the time of Joshua, in order that a battle might be completed?

Answer. Of course, if there is an infinite God, he could have stopped the sun and moon. No one pretends to prescribe limits to the power of the infinite. Even admitting that such a being existed, the question whether he did stop the sun and moon, or not, still remains. According to the account, these planets were stopped, in order that Joshua might continue the pursuit of a routed enemy. I take it for granted that a being of infinite wisdom would not waste any force,—that he would not throw away any "omnipotence," and that, under ordinary circumstances, he would husband his resources. I find that this spirit exists, at least in embryo, in Mr. Talmage. He proceeds to explain this miracle. He does not assert that the earth was stopped on its axis, but suggests "refraction" as a way out of the difficulty. Now, while the stopping of the earth on its axis accounts for the sun remaining in the same relative position, it does not account for the stoppage of the moon. The moon has a motion of its own, and even if the earth had been stopped in its rotary motion, the moon would have gone on. The Bible tells us that the moon was stopped. One would suppose that the sun would have given sufficient light for all practical purposes. Will Mr. Talmage be kind enough to explain the stoppage of the moon? Every one knows that the moon is somewhat obscure when the sun is in the midst of the heavens. The moon when compared with the sun at such a time, is much like one of the discourses of Mr. Talmage side by side with a chapter from Humboldt;—it is useless.

In the same chapter in which the account of the stoppage of the sun and moon is given, we find that God cast down from heaven great hailstones on Joshua's enemies. Did he get out of hailstones? Had he no "omnipotence" left? Was it necessary for him to stop the sun and moon and depend entirely upon the efforts of Joshua? Would not the force employed in stopping the rotary motion of the earth have been sufficient to destroy the enemy? Would not a millionth part of the force necessary to stop the moon, have pierced the enemy's centre, and rolled up both his flanks? A resort to lightning would have been, in my judgment, much more economical and rather more effective. If he had simply opened the earth, and swallowed them, as he did Korah and his company, it would have been a vast saving of "omnipotent" muscle. Yet, the foremost orthodox minister of the Presbyterian Church,—the one who calls all unbelievers "wolves and dogs," and "brazen "fools," in his effort to account for this miracle, is driven to the subterfuge of an "optical illusion." We are seriously informed that "God probably "changed the nature of the air," and performed this feat of ledgerdemain through the instrumentality of "refraction." It seems to me it would have been fully as easy to have changed the nature of the air breathed by the enemy, so that it would not have supported life. He could have accomplished this by changing only a little air, in that vicinity; whereas, according to the Talmagian view, he changed the atmosphere of the world. Or, a small "local flood" might have done the work. The optical illusion and refraction view, ingenious as it may appear, was not original with Mr. Talmage. The Rev. Henry M. Morey, of South Bend, Indiana, used, upon this subject, the following language; "The phenomenon was simply "optical. The rotary motion of the earth was not "disturbed, but the light of the sun was prolonged by "the same laws of refraction and reflection by which "the sun now appears to be above the horizon when "it is really below. The medium through which the "sun's rays passed, might have been miraculously "influenced so as to have caused the sun to linger "above the horizon long after its usual time for disappearance."

I pronounce the opinion of Mr. Morey to be the ripest product of Christian scholarship. According to the Morey-Talmage view, the sun lingered somewhat above the horizon. But this is inconsistent with the Bible account. We are not told in the Scriptures that the sun "lingered above the horizon," but that it "stood "still in the midst of heaven for about a whole day." The trouble about the optical-illusion view is, that it makes the day too long. If the air was miraculously changed, so that it refracted the rays of the sun, while the earth turned over as usual for about a whole day, then, at the end of that time, the sun must have been again visible in the east. It would then naturally shine twelve hours more, so that this miraculous day must have been at least thirty-six hours in length. There were first twelve hours of natural light, then twelve hours of refracted and reflected light, and then twelve hours more of natural light. This makes the day too long. So, I say to Mr. Talmage, as I said to Mr. Morey: If you will depend a little less on refraction, and a little more on reflection, you will see that the whole story is a barbaric myth and foolish fable.

For my part, I do not see why God should be pleased to have me believe a story of this character. I can hardly think that there is great joy in heaven over another falsehood swallowed. I can imagine that a man may deny this story, and still be an excellent citizen, a good father, an obliging neighbor, and in all respects a just and truthful man. I can also imagine that a man may believe this story, and yet assassinate a President of the United States.

I am afraid that Mr. Talmage is beginning to be touched, in spite of himself, with some new ideas. He tells us that worlds are born and that worlds die. This is not exactly the Bible view. You would think that he imagined that a world was naturally produced,—that the aggregation of atoms was natural, and that disintegration came to worlds, as to men, through old age. Yet this is not the Bible view. According to the Bible, these worlds were not born,— they were created out of "nothing," or out of "omnipotence," which is much the same. According to the Bible, it took this infinite God six days to make this atom called earth; and according to the account, he did not work nights,—he worked from the mornings to the evenings,—and I suppose rested nights, as he has since that time on Sundays.

Admitting that the battle which Joshua fought was exceedingly important—which I do not think— is it not a little strange that this God, in all subsequent battles of the world's history, of which we know anything, has maintained the strictest neutrality? The earth turned as usual at Yorktown, and at Gettysburg the moon pursued her usual course; and so far as I know, neither at Waterloo nor at Sedan were there any peculiar freaks of "refraction" or "reflection."

Question. Mr. Talmage tells us that there was in the early part of this century a dark day, when workmen went home from their fields, and legislatures and courts adjourned, and that the darkness of that day has not yet been explained. What is your opinion about that?

Answer. My opinion is, that if at that time we had been at war with England, and a battle had been commenced in the morning, and in the afternoon the American forces had been driven from their position and were hard pressed by the enemy, and if the day had become suddenly dark, and so dark that the Americans were thereby enabled to escape, thousands of theologians of the calibre of Mr. Talmage would have honestly believed that there had been an interposition of divine Providence. No battle was fought that day, and consequently, even the ministers are looking for natural causes. In olden times, when the heavens were visited by comets, war,

pestilence and famine were predicted. If wars came, the prediction was remembered; if nothing happened, it was forgotten. When eclipses visited the sun and moon, the barbarian fell upon his knees, and accounted for the phenomena by the wickedness of his neighbor. Mr. Talmage tells us that his father was terrified by the meteoric shower that visited our earth in 1833. The terror of the father may account for the credulity of the son. Astronomers will be surprised to read the declaration of Mr. Talmage that the meteoric shower has never been explained. Meteors visit the earth every year of its life, and in a certain portion of the orbit they are always expected, and they always come. Mr. Newcomb has written a work on astronomy that all ministers ought to read.

Question. Mr. Talmage also charges you with "making light of holy things," and seems to be astonished that you should ridicule the anointing oil of Aaron?

Answer. I find that the God who had no time to say anything on the subject of slavery, and who found no room upon the tables of stone to say a word against polygamy, and in favor of the rights of woman, wife and mother, took time to give a recipe for making hair oil. And in order that the priests might have the exclusive right to manufacture this oil, decreed the penalty of death on all who should infringe. I admit that I am incapable of seeing the beauty of this symbol. Neither could I ever see the necessity of Masons putting oil on the corner-stone of a building. Of course, I do not know the exact chemical effect that oil has on stone, and I see no harm in laughing at such a ceremony. If the oil does good, the laughter will do no harm; and if the oil will do no harm, the laughter will do no good. Personally, I am willing that Masons should put oil on all stones; but, if Masons should insist that I must believe in the efficacy of the ceremony, or be eternally damned, I would have about the same feeling toward the Masons that I now have toward Mr. Talmage. I presume that at one time the putting of oil on a corner-stone had some meaning; but that it ever did any good, no sensible man will insist. It is a custom to break a bottle of champagne over the bow of a newly-launched ship, but I have never considered this ceremony important to the commercial interests of the world.

I have the same opinion about putting oil on stones, as about putting water on heads. For my part, I see no good in the rite of baptism. Still, it may do no harm, unless people are immersed during cold weather. Neither have I the slightest objection to the baptism of anybody; but if people tell me that I must be baptized or suffer eternal agony, then I deny it. If they say that baptism does any earthly good, I deny it. No one objects to any harmless ceremony; but the moment it is insisted that a ceremony is necessary, the reason of which no man can see, then the practice of the ceremony becomes hurtful, for the reason that it is maintained only at the expense of intelligence and manhood.

It is hurtful for people to imagine that they can please God by any ceremony whatever. If there is any God, there is only one way to please him, and that is, by a conscientious discharge of your obligations to your fellow-men. Millions of people imagine that they can please God by wearing certain kinds of cloth. Think of a God who can be pleased with a coat of a certain cut! Others, to earn a smile of heaven, shave their heads, or trim their beards, or perforate their ears or lips or noses. Others maim and mutilate their bodies. Others think to please God by simply shutting their eyes, by swinging censers, by lighting candles, by repeating poor Latin, by making a sign of the cross with holy water, by ringing bells, by going without meat, by eating fish, by getting hungry, by counting beads, by making themselves miserable Sundays,

by looking solemn, by refusing to marry, by hearing sermons; and others imagine that they can please God by calumniating unbelievers.

There is an old story of an Irishman who, when dying, sent for a priest. The reputation of the dying man was so perfectly miserable, that the priest refused to administer the rite of extreme unction. The priest therefore asked him if he could recollect any decent action that he had ever done. The dying man said that he could not. “Very well,” said the priest, “then you will have to be damned.” In a moment, the pinched and pale face brightened, and he said to the priest: “I have thought of one good “action.” “What is it?” asked the priest. And the dying man said, “Once I killed a gauger.”

I suppose that in the next world some ministers, driven to extremes, may reply: “Once I told a lie “about an infidel.”

Question. You see that Mr. Talmage still sticks to the whale and Jonah story. What do you think of his argument, or of his explanation, rather, of that miracle?

Answer. The edge of his orthodoxy seems to be crumbling. He tells us that “there is in the mouth “of the common whale a cavity large enough for a “man to live in without descent into his stomach,”— and yet Christ says, that Jonah was in the whale’s belly, not in his mouth. But why should Mr. Talmage say that? We are told in the sacred account that “God prepared a great fish” for the sole purpose of having Jonah swallowed. The size of the present whale has nothing to do with the story. No matter whether the throat of the whale of to-day is large or small,—that has nothing to do with it. The simple story is, that God prepared a fish and had Jonah swallowed. And yet Mr. Talmage throws out the suggestion that probably this whale held Jonah in his mouth for three days and nights. I admit that Jonah’s chance for air would have been a little better in his mouth, and his chance for water a little worse. Probably the whale that swallowed Jonah was the same fish spoken of by Procopius,—both accounts being entitled, in my judgment, to equal credence. I am a little surprised that Mr. Talmage forgot to mention the fish spoken of by Munchausen—an equally reliable author,—and who has given, not simply the bald fact that a fish swallowed a ship, but was good enough to furnish the details. Mr. Talmage should remember that out of Jonah’s biography grew the habit of calling any remarkable lie, “a fish “story.” There is one thing that Mr. Talmage should not forget; and that is, that miracles should not be explained. Miracles are told simply to be believed, not to be understood.

Somebody suggested to Mr. Talmage that, in all probability, a person in the stomach of a whale would be digested in less than three days. Mr. Talmage, again showing his lack of confidence in God, refusing to believe that God could change the nature of gastric juice,—having no opportunity to rely upon “refraction or reflection,” frankly admits that Jonah had to save himself by keeping on the constant go and jump. This gastric-juice theory of Mr. Talmage is an abandonment of his mouth hypothesis. I do not wonder that Mr. Talmage thought of the mouth theory. Possibly, the two theories had better be united—so that we may say that Jonah, when he got tired of the activity necessary to avoid the gastric juice, could have strolled into the mouth for a rest. What a picture! Jonah sitting on the edge of the lower jaw, wiping the perspiration and the gastric juice from his anxious face, and vainly looking through the open mouth for signs of land!

In this story of Jonah, we are told that “the Lord “spake unto the fish.” In what language? It must be remembered that this fish was only a few hours old. He had

been prepared during the storm, for the sole purpose of swallowing Jonah. He was a fish of exceedingly limited experience. He had no hereditary knowledge, because he did not spring from ancestors; consequently, he had no instincts. Would such a fish understand any language? It may be contended that the fish, having been made for the occasion, was given a sufficient knowledge of language to understand an ordinary commandment; but, if Mr. Talmage is right, I think an order to the fish would have been entirely unnecessary. When we take into consideration that a thing the size of a man had been promenading up and down the stomach of this fish for three days and three nights, successfully baffling the efforts of gastric juice, we can readily believe that the fish was as anxious to have Jonah go, as Jonah was to leave.

But the whale part is, after all, not the most wonderful portion of the book of Jonah. According to this wonderful account, "the word of the Lord came "to Jonah," telling him to "go and cry against the "city of Nineveh;" but Jonah, instead of going, endeavored to evade the Lord by taking ship for Tarshish. As soon as the Lord heard of this, he "sent out a great wind into the sea," and frightened the sailors to that extent that after assuring themselves, by casting lots, that Jonah was the man, they threw him into the sea. After escaping from the whale, he went to Nineveh, and delivered his pretended message from God. In consequence of his message, Jonah having no credentials from God,— nothing certifying to his official character, the King of Nineveh covered himself with sack-cloth and sat down in some ashes. He then caused a decree to be issued that every man and beast should abstain from food and water; and further, that every man and beast should be covered with sack-cloth. This was done in the hope that Jonah's God would repent, and turn away his fierce anger. When we take into consideration the fact that the people of Nineveh were not Hebrews, and had not the slightest confidence in the God of the Jews—knew no more of, and cared no more for, Jehovah than we now care for Jupiter, or Neptune; the effect produced by the proclamation of Jonah is, to say the least of it, almost incredible.

We are also informed, in this book, that the moment God saw all the people sitting in the ashes, and all the animals covered with sack-cloth, he repented. This failure on the part of God to destroy the unbelievers displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry. Jonah was much like the modern minister, who seems always to be personally aggrieved if the pestilence and famine prophesied by him do not come. Jonah was displeased to that degree, that he asked God to kill him. Jonah then went out of the city, even after God had repented, made him a booth and sat under it, in the shade, waiting to see what would become of the city. God then "prepared a gourd, and made it to come up "over Jonah that it might be a shadow over his "head to deliver him from his grief." And then we have this pathetic line: "So Jonah was exceedingly "glad of the gourd."

God having prepared a fish, and also prepared a gourd, proposed next morning to prepare a worm. And when the sun rose next day, the worm that God had prepared, "smote the gourd, so that "it withered." I can hardly believe that an infinite being prepared a worm to smite a gourd so that it withered, in order to keep the sun from the bald head of a prophet. According to the account, after sunrise, and after the worm had smitten the gourd, "God prepared a vehement east "wind." This was not an ordinary wind, but one prepared expressly for that occasion. After the wind had been prepared, "the sun beat upon the head of "Jonah, and he fainted, and wished in himself to "die." All this was done in order to convince Jonah that a man who would deplore the loss of a gourd, ought not to wish for the destruction of a city.

Is it possible for any intelligent man now to believe that the history of Jonah is literally true? For my part, I cannot see the necessity either of believing it, or of preaching it. It has nothing to do with honesty, with mercy, or with morality. The bad may believe it, and the good may hold it in contempt. I do not see that civilization has the slightest interest in the fish, the gourd, the worm, or the vehement east wind.

Does Mr. Talmage think that it is absolutely necessary to believe *all* the story? Does he not think it probable that a God of infinite mercy, rather than damn the soul of an honest man to hell forever, would waive, for instance, the worm,—provided he believed in the vehement east wind, the gourd and the fish?

Mr. Talmage, by insisting on the literal truth of the Bible stories, is doing Christianity great harm. Thousands of young men will say: "I can't become "a Christian if it is necessary to believe the adventures of Jonah." Mr. Talmage will put into the paths of multitudes of people willing to do right, anxious to make the world a little better than it is,— this stumbling block. He could have explained it, called it an allegory, poetical license, a child of the oriental imagination, a symbol, a parable, a poem, a dream, a legend, a myth, a divine figure, or a great truth wrapped in the rags and shreds and patches of seeming falsehood. His efforts to belittle the miracle, to suggest the mouth instead of the stomach,—to suggest that Jonah took deck passage, or lodged in the forecastle instead of in the cabin or steerage,— to suggest motion as a means of avoiding digestion, is a serious theological blunder, and may cause the loss of many souls.

If Mr. Talmage will consult with other ministers, they will tell him to let this story alone—that he will simply "provoke investigation and discussion"—two things to be avoided. They will tell him that they are not willing their salary should hang on so slender a thread, and will advise him not to bother his gourd about Jonah's. They will also tell him that in this age of the world, arguments cannot be answered by "a vehement east wind."

Some people will think that it would have been just as easy for God to have pulled the gourd up, as to have prepared a worm to bite it.

Question. Mr. Talmage charges that you have said there are indecencies in the Bible. Are you still of that opinion?

Answer. Mr. Talmage endeavors to evade the charge, by saying that "there are things in the Bible "not intended to be read, either in the family circle, "or in the pulpit, but nevertheless they are to be "read." My own judgment is, that an infinite being should not inspire the writing of indecent things. It will not do to say, that the Bible description of sin "warns and saves." There is nothing in the history of Tamar calculated to "warn and save and the same may be said of many other passages in the Old Testament. Most Christians would be glad to know that all such passages are interpolations. I regret that Shakespeare ever wrote a line that could not be read any where, and by any person. But Shakespeare, great as he was, did not rise entirely above his time. So of most poets. Nearly all have stained their pages with some vulgarity; and I am sorry for it, and hope the time will come when we shall have an edition of all the great writers and poets from which every such passage is eliminated.

It is with the Bible as with most other books. It is a mingling of good and bad. There are many exquisite passages in the Bible,—many good laws,— many wise sayings,— and there are many passages that should never have been written. I do not propose to throw away the good on account of the bad, neither do I propose to accept the bad

on account of the good. The Bible need not be taken as an entirety. It is the business of every man who reads it, to discriminate between that which is good and that which is bad. There are also many passages neither good nor bad,—wholly and totally indifferent —conveying 110 information—utterly destitute of ideas,—and as to these passages, my only objection to them is that they waste time and paper.

I am in favor of every passage in the Bible that conveys information. I am in favor of every wise proverb, of every verse coming from human experience and that appeals to the heart of man. I am in favor of every passage that inculcates justice, generosity, purity, and mercy. I am satisfied that much of the historical part is false. Some of it is probably true. Let us have the courage to take the true, and throw the false away. I am satisfied that many of the passages are barbaric, and many of them are good. Let us have the wisdom to accept the good and to reject the barbaric.

No system of religion should go in partnership with barbarism. Neither should any Christian feel it his duty to defend the savagery of the past. The philosophy of Christ must stand independently of the mistakes of the Old Testament. We should do justice whether a woman was made from a rib or from "omnipotence." We should be merciful whether the flood was general, or local. We should be kind and obliging whether Jonah was swallowed by a fish or not. The miraculous has nothing to do with the moral. Intelligence is of more value than inspiration. Brain is better than Bible. Reason is above all religion. I do not believe that any civilized human being clings to the Bible on account of its barbaric passages. I am candid enough to believe that every Christian in the world would think more of the Bible, if it had not upheld slavery, if it had denounced polygamy, if it had cried out against wars of extermination, if it had spared women and babes, if it had upheld everywhere, and at all times, the standard of justice and mercy. But when it is claimed that the book is perfect, that it is inspired, that it is, in fact, the work of an infinitely wise and good God,—then it should be without a defect. There should not be within its lids an impure word; it should not express an impure thought. There should not be one word in favor of injustice, not one word in favor of slavery, not one word in favor of wars of extermination. There must be another revision of the Scriptures. The chaff must be thrown away. The dross must be rejected; and only that be retained which is in exact harmony with the brain and heart of the greatest and the best.

Question. Mr. Talmage charges you with unfairness, because you account for the death of art in Palestine, by the commandment which forbids the making of graven images.

Answer. I have said that that commandment was the death of art, and I say so still. I insist that by reason of that commandment, Palestine produced no painter and no sculptor until after the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Talmage, in order to answer that statement, goes on to show that hundreds and thousands of pictures were produced in the Middle Ages. That is a departure in pleading. Will he give us the names of the painters that existed in Palestine from Mount Sinai to the destruction of the temple? Will he give us the names of the sculptors between those times? Mohammed prohibited his followers from making any representation of human or animal life, and as a result, Mohammedans have never produced a painter nor a sculptor, except in the portrayal and chiseling of vegetable forms. They were confined to trees and vines, and flowers. No Mohammedan has portrayed the human face or form. But the commandment of Jehovah went farther than that of Momammed, and prevented portraying the image of anything. The assassination of art was complete.

There is another thing that should not be forgotten.

We are indebted for the encouragement of art, not to the Protestant Church; if indebted to any, it is to the Catholic. The Catholic adorned the cathedral

with painting and statue—not the Protestant. The Protestants opposed music and painting, and refused to decorate their temples. But if Mr. Talmage wishes to know to whom we are indebted for art, let him read the mythology of Greece and Rome. The early Christians destroyed paintings and statues. They were the enemies of all beauty. They hated and detested every expression of art. They looked upon the love of statues as a form of idolatry. They looked upon every painting as a remnant of Paganism. They destroyed all upon which they could lay their ignorant hands. Hundred of years afterwards, the world was compelled to search for the fragments that Christian fury had left. The Greeks filled the world with beauty. For every stream and mountain and cataract they had a god or goddess. Their sculptors impersonated every dream and hope, and their mythology feeds, to-day, the imagination of mankind. The Venus de Milo is the impersonation of beauty, in ruin—the sublimest fragment of the ancient world. Our mythology is infinitely unpoetic and barren—our deity an old bachelor from eternity, who once believed in indiscriminate massacre. Upon the throne of our heaven, woman finds no place. Our mythology is destitute of the maternal.

Question. Mr. Talmage denies your statement that the Old Testament humiliates woman. He also denies that the New Testament says anything against woman. How is it?

Answer. Of course, I never considered a book upholding polygamy to be the friend of woman. Eve, according to that book, is the mother of us all, and yet the inspired writer does not tell us how long she lived,—does not even mention her death,—makes not the slightest reference as to what finally became of her. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty nine years, and yet, there is not the slightest mention made of Mrs. Methuselah. Enoch was translated, and his widow is not mentioned. There is not a word about Mrs. Seth, or Mrs. Enos, or Mrs. Cainan, or Mrs. Mahalaleel, or Mrs. Jared. We do not know the name of Mrs. Noah, and I believe not the name of a solitary woman is given from the creation of Eve—with the exception of two of Lamech's wives—until Sarai is mentioned as being the wife of Abram.

If you wish really to know the Bible estimation of woman, turn to the fourth and fifth verses of the twelfth chapter of Leviticus, in which a woman, for the crime of having borne a son, is unfit to touch a hallowed thing, or to come in the holy sanctuary for thirty-three days; but if a woman was the mother of a girl, then she became totally unfit to enter the sanctuary, or pollute with her touch a hallowed thing, for sixty-six days. The pollution was twice as great when she had borne a daughter.

It is a little difficult to see why it is a greater crime to give birth to a daughter than to a son. Surely, a law like that did not tend to the elevation of woman. You will also find in the same chapter that a woman had to offer a pigeon, or a turtle-dove, as a sin offering, in order to expiate the crime of having become a mother. By the Levitical law, a mother was unclean. The priest had to make an atonement for her.

If there is, beneath the stars, a figure of complete and perfect purity, it is a mother holding in her arms her child. The laws respecting women, given by commandment of Jehovah to the Jews, were born of barbarism, and in this day and age should be regarded only with detestation and contempt. The twentieth and twenty-first verses

of the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus show that the same punishment was not meted to men and women guilty of the same crime.

The real explanation of what we find in the Old Testament degrading to woman, lies in the fact, that the overflow of Love's mysterious Nile—the sacred source of life—was, by its savage authors, deemed unclean.

Question. But what have you to say about the women of the Bible, mentioned by Mr. Talmage, and held up as examples for all time of all that is sweet and womanly?

Answer. I believe that Esther is his principal heroine. Let us see who she was.

According to the book of Esther, Ahasuerus who was king of Persia, or some such place, ordered Vashti his queen to show herself to the people and the princes, because she was "exceedingly fair "to look upon." For some reason—modesty perhaps—she refused to appear. And thereupon the king "sent letters into all his provinces and to every "people after their language, that every man should "bear rule in his own house;" it being feared that if it should become public that Vashti had disobeyed, all other wives might follow her example. The king also, for the purpose of impressing upon all women the necessity of obeying their husbands, issued a decree that "Vashti should come no more before "him," and that he would "give her royal estate "unto another." This was done that "all the "wives should give to their husbands honor, both to "great and small."

After this, "the king appointed officers in all the "provinces of his kingdom that they might gather "together all the fair young virgins," and bring them to his palace, put them in the custody of his chamberlain, and have them thoroughly washed. Then the king was to look over the lot and take each day the one that pleased him best until he found the one to put in the place of Vashti. A fellow by the name of Mordecai, living in that part of the country, hearing of the opportunity to sell a girl, brought Esther, his uncle's daughter,—she being an orphan, and very beautiful—to see whether she might not be the lucky one.

The remainder of the second chapter of this book, I do not care to repeat. It is sufficient to say that Esther at last was chosen.

The king at this time did not know that Esther was a Jewess. Mordecai her kinsman, however, discovered a plot to assassinate the king, and Esther told the king, and the two plotting gentlemen were hanged on a tree.

After a while, a man by the name of Haman was made Secretary of State, and everybody coming in his presence bowed except Mordecai. Mordecai was probably depending on the influence of Esther. Haman finally became so vexed, that he made up his mind to have all the Jews in the kingdom destroyed. (The number of Jews at that time in Persia must have been immense.) Haman thereupon requested the king to have an order issued to destroy all the Jews, and in consideration of the order, proposed to pay ten thousand talents of silver. And thereupon, letters were written to the governors of the various provinces, sealed with the king's ring, sent by post in all directions, with instructions to kill all the Jews, both young and old—little children and women,—in one day. (One would think that the king copied this order from another part of the Old Testament, or had found an original by Jehovah.) The people immediately made preparations for the killing. Mordecai clothed himself with sack-cloth, and Esther called upon one of the king's chamberlains, and she finally got the history of the affair, as well as a copy of the writing, and thereupon made up her mind to go in and ask the king to save her people.

At that time, Bismarck's idea of government being in full force, any one entering the king's presence without an invitation, was liable to be put to death. And in case any one did go in to see the king, if the king failed to hold out his golden sceptre, his life was not spared. Notwithstanding this order, Esther put on her best clothes, and stood in the inner court of the king's house, while the king sat on his royal throne. When the king saw her standing in the court, he held out his sceptre, and Esther drew near, and he asked her what she wished; and thereupon she asked that the king and Haman might take dinner with her that day, and it was done. While they were feasting, the king again asked Esther what she wanted; and her second request was, that they would come and dine with her once more. When Haman left the palace that day, he saw Mordecai again at the gate, standing as stiffly as usual, and it filled Haman with indignation. So Haman, taking the advice of his wife, made a gallows fifty cubits high, for the special benefit of Mordecai. The next day, when Haman went to see the king, the king, having the night before refreshed his memory in respect to the service done him by Mordecai, asked Haman what ought to be done for the man whom the king wished to honor. Haman, supposing of course that the king referred to him, said that royal purple ought to be brought forth, such as the king wore, and the horse that the king rode on, and the crown-royal should be set on the man's head;—that one of the most noble princes should lead the horse, and as he went through the streets, proclaim: "Thus "shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor."

Thereupon the king told Haman that Mordecai was the man that the king wished to honor. And Haman was forced to lead this horse, backed by Mordecai, through the streets, shouting: "This shall "be done to the man whom the king delighteth to "honor." Immediately afterward, he went to the banquet that Esther had prepared, and the king again asked Esther her petition. She then asked for the salvation of her people; stating at the same time, that if her people had been sold into slavery, she would have held her tongue; but since they were about to be killed, she could not keep silent. The king asked her who had done this thing; and Esther replied that it was the wicked Haman.

Thereupon one of the chamberlains, remembering the gallows that had been made for Mordecai, mentioned it, and the king immediately ordered that Haman be hanged thereon; which was done. And Mordecai immediately became Secretary of State. The order against the Jews was then rescinded; and Ahasuerus, willing to do anything that Esther desired, hanged all of Haman's folks. He not only did this, but he immediately issued an order to all the Jews allowing them to kill the other folks. And the Jews got together throughout one hundred and twenty-seven provinces, "and such was their power, "that no man could stand against them; and there upon the Jews smote all their enemies with the "stroke of the sword, and with slaughter and destruction, and did whatever they pleased to those "who hated them." And in the palace of the king, the Jews slew and destroyed five hundred men, besides ten sons of Haman; and in the rest of the provinces, they slew seventy-five thousand people. And after this work of slaughter, the Jews had a day of gladness and feasting.

One can see from this, what a beautiful Bible character Esther was—how filled with all that is womanly, gentle, kind and tender!

This story is one of the most unreasonable, as well as one of the most heartless and revengeful, in the whole Bible. Ahasuerus was a monster, and Esther equally infamous; and yet, this woman is held up for the admiration of mankind by a Brooklyn pastor. There is this peculiarity about the book of Esther: the name of God

is not mentioned in it, and the deity is not referred to, directly or indirectly;—yet it is claimed to be an inspired book. If Jehovah wrote it, he certainly cannot be charged with egotism.

I most cheerfully admit that the book of Ruth is quite a pleasant story, and the affection of Ruth for her mother-in-law exceedingly touching, but I am of opinion that Ruth did many things that would be regarded as somewhat indiscreet, even in the city of Brooklyn.

All I can find about Hannah is, that she made a little coat for her boy Samuel, and brought it to him from year to year. Where he got his vest and pantaloons we are not told. But this fact seems hardly enough to make her name immortal.

So also Mr. Talmage refers us to the wonderful woman Abigail. The story about Abigail, told in plain English, is this: David sent some of his followers to Nabal, Abigail's husband, and demanded food. Nabal, who knew nothing about David, and cared less, refused. Abigail heard about it, and took food to David and his servants. She was very much struck, apparently, with David and David with her. A few days afterward Nabal died—supposed to have been killed by the Lord—but probably poisoned; and thereupon David took Abigail to wife. The whole matter should have been investigated by the grand jury.

We are also referred to Dorcas, who no doubt was a good woman—made clothes for the poor and gave alms, as millions have done since then. It seems that this woman died. Peter was sent for, and thereupon raised her from the dead, and she is never mentioned any more. Is it not a little strange that a woman who had been actually raised from the dead, should have so completely passed out of the memory of her time, that when she died the second time, she was entirely unnoticed?

Is it not astonishing that so little is in the New Testament concerning the mother of Christ? My own opinion is, that she was an excellent woman, and the wife of Joseph; and that Joseph was the actual father of Christ. I think there can be no reasonable doubt that such was the opinion of the authors of the original gospels. Upon any other hypothesis, it is impossible to account for their having given the genealogy of Joseph to prove that Christ was of the blood of David. The idea that he was the Son of God, or in any way miraculously produced, was an afterthought, and is hardly entitled now to serious consideration. The gospels were written so long after the death of Christ, that very little was known of him, and substantially nothing of his parents. How is it that not one word is said about the death of Mary— not one word about the death of Joseph? How did it happen that Christ did not visit his mother after his resurrection? The first time he speaks to his mother is when he was twelve years old. His mother having told him that she and his father had been seeking him, he replied: "How is it that ye sought me: wist "ye not that I must be about my Father s business?"

The second time was at the marriage feast in Cana, when he said to her: "Woman, what have I to do "with thee?" And the third time was at the cross, when "Jesus, seeing his mother standing by the "disciple whom he loved, said to her: Woman, behold thy son;" and to the disciple: "Behold thy "mother." And this is all.

The best thing about the Catholic Church is the deification of Mary,—and yet this is denounced by Protestantism as idolatry. There is something in the human heart that prompts man to tell his faults more freely to the mother than to the father. The cruelty of Jehovah is softened by the mercy of Mary.

Is it not strange that none of the disciples of Christ said anything about their parents,—that we know absolutely nothing of them? Is there any evidence that they showed any particular respect even for the mother of Christ?

Mary Magdalen is, in many respects, the tenderest and most loving character in the New Testament. According to the account, her love for Christ knew no abatement,—no change—true even in the hopeless shadow of the cross. Neither did it die with his death. She waited at the sepulchre; she hasted in the early morning to his tomb, and yet the only comfort Christ gave to this true and loving soul lies in these strangely cold and heartless words: "Touch "me not."

There is nothing tending to show that the women spoken of in the Bible were superior to the ones we know. There are to-day millions of women making coats for their sons,—hundreds of thousands of women, true not simply to innocent people, falsely accused, but to criminals. Many a loving heart is as true to the gallows as Mary was to the cross. There are hundreds of thousands of women accepting poverty and want and dishonor, for the love they bear unworthy men; hundreds and thousands, hundreds and thousands, working day and night, with strained eyes and tired hands, for husbands and children,—clothed in rags, housed in huts and hovels, hoping day after day for the angel of death. There are thousands of women in Christian England, working in iron, laboring in the fields and toiling in mines. There are hundreds and thousands in Europe, everywhere, doing the work of men—deformed by toil, and who would become simply wild and ferocious beasts, except for the love they bear for home and child.

You need not go back four thousand years for heroines. The world is filled with them to-day. They do not belong to any nation, nor to any religion, nor exclusively to any race. Wherever woman is found, they are found.

There is no description of any women in the Bible that equal thousands and thousands of women known to-day. The women mentioned by Mr. Talmage fall almost infinitely below, not simply those in real life, but the creations of the imagination found in the world of fiction. They will not compare with the women born of Shakespeare's brain. You will find none like Isabella, in whose spotless life, love and reason blended into perfect truth; nor Juliet, within whose heart passion and purity met, like white and red within the bosom of a rose; nor Cordelia, who chose to suffer loss rather than show her wealth of love with those who gilded dross with golden words in hope of gain; nor Miranda, who told her love as freely as a flower gives its bosom to the kisses of the sun; nor Imogene, who asked: "What is it to be false?" nor Hermione, who bore with perfect faith and hope the cross of shame, and who at last forgave with all her heart; nor Desdemona, her innocence so perfect and her love so pure, that she was incapable of suspecting that another could suspect, and sought with dying words to hide her lover's crime.

If we wish to find what the Bible thinks of woman, all that is necessary to do is to read it. We will find that everywhere she is spoken of simply as property,—as belonging absolutely to the man. We will find that whenever a man got tired of his wife, all he had to do was to give her a writing of divorcement, and that then the mother of his children became a houseless and a homeless wanderer. We will find that men were allowed to have as many wives as they could get, either by courtship, purchase, or conquest. The Jewish people in the olden time were in many respects like their barbarian neighbors.

If we read the New Testament, we will find in the epistle of Paul to Timothy, the following gallant passages:

“Let the woman learn in silence, with all “subjection.”

“But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp “authority over the man, but to be in silence.”

And for these kind, gentle and civilized remarks, the apostle Paul gives the following reasons:

“For Adam was first formed, then Eve.”

“And Adam was not deceived, but the woman “being deceived was in the transgression.”

Certainly women ought to feel under great obligation to the apostle Paul.

In the fifth chapter of the same epistle, Paul, advising Timothy as to what kind of people he should admit into his society or church, uses the following language:

“Let not a widow be taken into the number under “threescore years old, having been the wife of one “man.”

“But the younger widows refuse, for when they “have begun to wax wanton against Christ, they will “marry.”

This same Paul did not seem to think polygamy wrong, except in a bishop. He tells Timothy that:

“A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one “wife.”

He also lays down the rule that a deacon should be the husband of one wife, leaving us to infer that the other members might have as many as they could get.

In the second epistle to Timothy, Paul speaks of “grandmother Lois,” who was referred to in such extravagant language by Mr. Talmage, and nothing is said touching her character in the least. All her virtues live in the imagination, and in the imagination alone.

Paul, also, in his epistle to the Ephesians, says:

“Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the “head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the “church.”

“Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, “so let the wives be to their own husbands, in “everything.”

You will find, too, that in the seventh chapter of First Corinthians, Paul laments that all men are not bachelors like himself, and in the second verse of that chapter he gives the only reason for which he was willing that men and women should marry. He advised all the unmarried, and all widows, to remain as he was. In the ninth verse of this same chapter is a slander too vulgar for repetition,—an estimate of woman and of woman’s love so low and vile, that every woman should hold the inspired author in infinite abhorrence.

Paul sums up the whole matter, however, by telling those who have wives or husbands, to stay with them—as necessary evils only to be tolerated—but sincerely regrets that anybody was ever married; and finally says that:

“They that have wives should be as though they “had none;” because, in his opinion:

“He that is unmarried careth for the things that “belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord; “but he that is married careth for the things that are “of the world, how he may please his wife.”

“There is this difference also,” he tells us, “between a wife and a virgin. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband.”

Of course, it is contended that these things have tended to the elevation of woman.

The idea that it is better to love the Lord than to love your wife, or your husband, is infinitely absurd. Nobody ever did love the Lord,—nobody can—until he becomes acquainted with him.

Saint Paul also tells us that “Man is the image “and glory of God; but woman is the glory of “man;” and for the purpose of sustaining this position, says:

“For the man is not of the woman, but the woman “of the man; neither was the man created for the “woman, but the woman for the man.”

Of course, we can all see that man could have gotten along well enough without woman, but woman, by no possibility, could have gotten along without man. And yet, this is called “inspired;” and this apostle Paul is supposed to have known more than all the people now upon the earth. No wonder Paul at last was constrained to say: “We are fools for “Christ’s sake.”

Question. How do you account for the present condition of woman in what is known as “the civilized “world,” unless the Bible has bettered her condition?

Answer. We must remember that thousands of things enter into the problem of civilization. Soil, climate, and geographical position, united with count less other influences, have resulted in the civilization of our time. If we want to find what the influence of the Bible has been, we must ascertain the condition of Europe when the Bible was considered as absolutely true, and when it wielded its greatest influence.

Christianity as a form of religion had actual possession of Europe during the Middle Ages. At that time, it exerted its greatest power. Then it had the opportunity of breaking the shackles from the limbs of woman. Christianity found the Roman matron a free woman. Polygamy was never known in Rome; and although divorces were allowed by law, the Roman state had been founded for more than five hundred years before either a husband or a wife asked for a divorce. From the foundation of Christianity,—I mean from the time it became the force in the Roman state,—woman, as such, went down in the scale of civilization. The sceptre was taken from her hands, and she became once more the slave and serf of man. The men also were made slaves, and woman has regained her liberty by the same means that man has regained his,—by wresting authority from the hands of the church. While the church had power, the wife and mother was not considered as good as the begging nun; the husband and father was far below the vermin-covered monk; homes were of no value compared with the cathedral; for God had to have a house, no matter how many of his children were wanderers. During all the years in which woman has struggled for equal liberty with man, she has been met with the Bible doctrine that she is the inferior of the man; that Adam was made first, and Eve afterwards; that man was not made for woman, but that woman was made for man.

I find that in this day and generation, the meanest men have the lowest estimate of woman; that the greater the man is, the grander he is, the more he thinks of mother, wife and daughter. I also find that just in the proportion that he has lost confidence in the polygamy of Jehovah and in the advice and philosophy of Saint Paul, he believes in the rights and liberties of woman. As a matter of fact, men have risen from a perusal of the Bible, and murdered their wives. They have risen from reading its pages, and inflicted cruel and even mortal blows upon their children. Men have risen from reading the Bible and torn the flesh of others with red-hot pincers. They have laid down the sacred volume long enough to pour molten lead into the ears of others. They have stopped reading the sacred Scriptures for a sufficient time to incarcerate their fellow-men, to load them with chains, and then they have gone back to their reading, allowing their victims to die in darkness and despair. Men have stopped reading the Old Testament long enough to drive a stake into the ground and collect a few fagots and burn an honest man. Even ministers have denied themselves the privilege of reading the sacred book long enough to tell falsehoods about their fellow-men. There is no crime that Bible readers and Bible believers and Bible worshipers and Bible defenders have not committed. There is no meanness of which some Bible reader, believer, and defender, has not been guilty. Bible believers and Bible defenders have filled the world with calumnies and slanders. Bible believers and Bible defenders have not only whipped their wives, but they have murdered them; they have murdered their children. I do not say that reading the Bible will necessarily make men dishonest, but I do say, that reading the Bible will not prevent their committing crimes. I do not say that believing the Bible will necessarily make men commit burglary, but I do say that a belief in the Bible has caused men to persecute each other, to imprison each other, and to burn each other.

Only a little while ago, a British clergyman murdered his wife. Only a little while ago, an American Protestant clergyman whipped his boy to death because the boy refused to say a prayer.

The Rev. Mr. Crowley not only believed the Bible, but was licensed to expound it. He had been “called” to the ministry, and upon his head had been laid the holy hands; and yet, he deliberately starved orphans, and while looking upon their sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, sung pious hymns and quoted with great unction: “Suffer little children to come unto me.”

As a matter of fact, in the last twenty years, more money has been stolen by Christian cashiers, Christian presidents, Christian directors, Christian trustees and Christian statesmen, than by all other convicts in all the penitentiaries in all the Christian world.

The assassin of Henry the Fourth was a Bible reader and a Bible believer. The instigators of the massacre of St. Bartholomew were believers in your sacred Scriptures. The men who invested their money in the slave-trade believed themselves filled with the Holy Ghost, and read with rapture the Psalms of David and the Sermon on the Mount. The murderers of Scotch Presbyterians were believers in Revelation, and the Presbyterians, when they murdered others, were also believers. Nearly every man who expiates a crime upon the gallows is a believer in the Bible. For a thousand years, the daggers of assassination and the swords of war were blest by priests—by the believers in the sacred Scriptures. The assassin of President Garfield is a believer in the Bible, a hater of infidelity, a believer in personal inspiration, and he expects in a few weeks to join the winged and redeemed in heaven.

If a man would follow, to-day, the teachings of the Old Testament, he would be a criminal. If he would follow strictly the teachings of the New, he would be insane.

FOURTH INTERVIEW.

Son. There is no devil.

Mother. I know there is.

Son. How do you know?

Mother. Because they make pictures that look just like him.

Son. But, mother—

Mother. Don't "mother" me! You are trying to disgrace your parents.

Question. I want to ask you a few questions about Mr. Talmage's fourth sermon against you, entitled: "The Meanness of Infidelity," in which he compares you to Jehoiakim, who had the temerity to throw some of the writings of the weeping Jeremiah into the fire?

Answer. So far as I am concerned, I really regret that a second edition of Jeremiah's roll was gotten out. It would have been far better for us all, if it had been left in ashes. There was nothing but curses and prophecies of evil, in the sacred roll that Jehoiakim burned. The Bible tells us that Jehovah became exceedingly wroth because of the destruction of this roll, and pronounced a curse upon Jehoiakim and upon Palestine. I presume it was on account of the burning of that roll that the king of Babylon destroyed the chosen people of God. It was on account of that sacrilege that the Lord said of Jehoiakim: "He shall have none to sit upon the "throne of David; and his dead body shall be cast "out in the day to the heat, and in the night to the "frost." Any one can see how much a dead body would suffer under such circumstances. Imagine an infinitely wise, good and powerful God taking vengeance on the corpse of a barbarian king! What joy there must have been in heaven as the angels watched the alternate melting and freezing of the dead body of Jehoiakim!

Jeremiah was probably the most accomplished croaker of all time. Nothing satisfied him. He was a prophetic pessimist,—an ancient Bourbon. He was only happy when predicting war, pestilence and famine. No wonder Jehoiakim despised him, and hated all he wrote.

One can easily see the character of Jeremiah from the following occurrence: When the Babylonians had succeeded in taking Jerusalem, and in sacking the city, Jeremiah was unfortunately taken prisoner; but Captain Nebuzaradan came to Jeremiah, and told him that he would let him go, because he had prophesied against his own country. He was regarded as a friend by the enemy.

There was, at that time, as now, the old fight between the church and the civil power. Whenever a king failed to do what the priests wanted, they immediately prophesied overthrow, disaster, and defeat. Whenever the kings would hearken to their voice, and would see to it that the priests had plenty to eat and drink and wear, then they all declared that Jehovah would love that king, would let him live out all his days, and allow his son to reign in his stead. It was simply the old conflict that is still being waged, and it will be carried on until universal civilization does away with priestcraft and superstition.

The priests in the days of Jeremiah were the same as now. They sought to rule the State. They pretended that, at their request, Jehovah would withhold or send the

rain; that the seasons were within their power; that they with bitter words could blight the fields and curse the land with want and death. They gloried then, as now, in the exhibition of God's wrath.

In prosperity, the priests were forgotten. Success scorned them; Famine flattered them; Health laughed at them; Pestilence prayed to them; Disaster was their only friend.

These old prophets prophesied nothing but evil, and consequently, when anything bad happened, they claimed it as a fulfillment, and pointed with pride to the fact that they had, weeks or months, or years before, foretold something of that kind. They were really the originators of the phrase, "I told you so!"

There was a good old Methodist class-leader that lived down near a place called Liverpool, on the Illinois river. In the spring of 1861 the old man, telling his experience, among other things said, that he had lived there by the river for more than thirty years, and he did not believe that a year had passed that there were not hundreds of people during the hunting season shooting ducks on Sunday; that he had told his wife thousands of times that no good would come of it; that evil would come of it; "And "now, said the old man, raising his voice with the importance of the announcement, "war is upon us!"

Question. Do you wish, as Mr. Talmage says, to destroy the Bible—to have all the copies burned to ashes? What do you wish to have done with the Bible?

Answer. I want the Bible treated exactly as we treat other books—preserve the good and throw away the foolish and the hurtful. I am fighting the doctrine of inspiration. As long as it is believed that the Bible is inspired, that book is the master—no mind is free. With that belief, intellectual liberty is impossible. With that belief, you can investigate only at the risk of losing your soul. The Catholics have a pope. Protestants laugh at them, and yet the pope is capable of intellectual advancement. In addition to this, the pope is mortal, and the church cannot be afflicted with the same idiot forever. The Protestants have a book for their pope. The book cannot advance. Year after year, and century after century, the book remains as ignorant as ever. It is only made better by those who believe in its inspiration giving better meanings to the words than their ancestors did. In this way it may be said that the Bible grows a little better.

Why should we have a book for a master? That which otherwise might be a blessing, remains a curse. If every copy of the Bible were destroyed, all that is good in that book would be reproduced in a single day. Leave every copy of the Bible as it is, and have every human being believe in its inspiration, and intellectual liberty would cease to exist. The whole race, from that moment, would go back toward the night of intellectual death.

The Bible would do more harm if more people really believed it, and acted in accordance with its teachings. Now and then a Freeman puts the knife to the heart of his child. Now and then an assassin relies upon some sacred passage; but, as a rule, few men believe the Bible to be absolutely true.

There are about fifteen hundred million people in the world. There are not two million who have read the Bible through. There are not two hundred million who ever saw the Bible. There are not five hundred million who ever heard that such a book exists.

Christianity is claimed to be a religion for all mankind. It was founded more than eighteen centuries ago; and yet, not one human being in three has ever heard of it. As a matter of fact, for more than fourteen centuries and-a-half after the crucifixion of Christ, this hemisphere was absolutely unknown. There was not a Christian in the world who knew there was such a continent as ours, and all the inhabitants of this, the New World, were deprived of the gospel for fourteen centuries and-a-half, and knew nothing of its blessings until they were informed by Spanish murderers and marauders. Even in the United States, Christianity is not keeping pace with the increase of population. When we take into consideration that it is aided by the momentum of eighteen centuries, is it not wonderful that it is not to-day holding its own? The reason of this is, that we are beginning to understand the Scriptures. We are beginning to see, and to see clearly, that they are simply of human origin, and that the Bible bears the marks of the barbarians who wrote it. The best educated among the clergy admit that we know but little as to the origin of the gospels; that we do not positively know the author of one of them; that it is really a matter of doubt as to who wrote the five books attributed to Moses. They admit now, that Isaiah was written by more than one person; that Solomon's Song was not written by that king; that Job is, in all probability, not a Jewish book; that Ecclesiastes must have been written by a Freethinker, and by one who had his doubts about the immortality of the soul. The best biblical students of the so-called orthodox world now admit that several stories were united to make the gospel of Saint Luke; that Hebrews is a selection from many fragments, and that no human being, not afflicted with delirium tremens, can understand the book of Revelation.

I am not the only one engaged in the work of destruction. Every Protestant who expresses a doubt as to the genuineness of a passage, is destroying the Bible. The gentlemen who have endeavored to treat hell as a question of syntax, and to prove that eternal punishment depends upon grammar, are helping to bring the Scriptures into contempt. Hundreds of years ago, the Catholics told the Protestant world that it was dangerous to give the Bible to the people. The Catholics were right; the Protestants were wrong. To read is to think. To think is to investigate. To investigate is, finally, to deny. That book should have been read only by priests. Every copy should have been under the lock and key of bishop, cardinal and pope. The common people should have received the Bible from the lips of the ministers. The world should have been kept in ignorance. In that way, and in that way only, could the pulpit have maintained its power. He who teaches a child the alphabet sows the seeds of heresy. I have lived to see the schoolhouse in many a village larger than the church. Every man who finds a fact, is the enemy of theology. Every man who expresses an honest thought is a soldier in the army of intellectual liberty.

Question. Mr. Talmage thinks that you laugh too much,—that you exhibit too much mirth, and that no one should smile at sacred things?

Answer. The church has always feared ridicule. The minister despises laughter. He who builds upon ignorance and awe, fears intelligence and mirth. The theologians always begin by saying: "Let us be "solemn." They know that credulity and awe are twins. They also know that while Reason is the pilot of the soul, Humor carries the lamp. Whoever has the sense of humor fully developed, cannot, by any possibility, be an orthodox theologian. He would be his own laughing stock. The most absurd stories, the most laughable miracles, read in a solemn, stately way, sound to the ears of ignorance and awe like truth. It has been the object of the church for eighteen hundred years to prevent laughter.

A smile is the dawn of a doubt.

Ministers are always talking about death, and coffins, and dust, and worms,—the cross in this life, and the fires of another. They have been the enemies of human happiness. They hate to hear even the laughter of children. There seems to have been a bond of sympathy between divinity and dyspepsia, between theology and indigestion. There is a certain pious hatred of pleasure, and those who have been "born again" are expected to despise "the transitory joys of this fleeting life." In this, they follow the example of their prophets, of whom they proudly say: "They never smiled."

Whoever laughs at a holy falsehood, is called a "scoffer." Whoever gives vent to his natural feelings is regarded as a "blasphemer," and whoever examines the Bible as he examines other books, and relies upon his reason to interpret it, is denounced as a "reprobate."

Let us respect the truth, let us laugh at miracles, and above all, let us be candid with each other.

'Question. Mr. Talmage charges that you have, in your lectures, satirized your early home; that you have described with bitterness the Sundays that were forced upon you in your youth; and that in various ways you have denounced your father as a "tyrant," or a "bigot," or a "fool"?

Answer. I have described the manner in which Sunday was kept when I was a boy. My father for many years regarded the Sabbath as a sacred day. We kept Sunday as most other Christians did. I think that my father made a mistake about that day. I have no doubt he was honest about it, and really believed that it was pleasing to God for him to keep the Sabbath as he did.

I think that Sunday should not be a day of gloom, of silence and despair, or a day in which to hear that the chances are largely in favor of your being eternally damned. That day, in my opinion, should be one of joy; a day to get acquainted with your wife and children; a day to visit the woods, or the sea, or the murmuring stream; a day to gather flowers, to visit the graves of your dead, to read old poems, old letters, old books; a day to rekindle the fires of friendship and love.

Mr. Talmage says that my father was a Christian, and he then proceeds to malign his memory. It seems to me that a living Christian should at least tell the truth about one who sleeps the silent sleep of death.

I have said nothing, in any of my lectures, about my father, or about my mother, or about any of my relatives. I have not the egotism to bring them forward. They have nothing to do with the subject in hand. That my father was mistaken upon the subject of religion, I have no doubt. He was a good, a brave and honest man. I loved him living, and I love him dead. I never said to him an unkind word, and in my heart there never was of him an unkind thought. He was grand enough to say to me, that I had the same right to my opinion that he had to his. He was great enough to tell me to read the Bible for myself, to be honest with myself, and if after reading it I concluded it was not the word of God, that it was my duty to say so.

My mother died when I was but a child; and from that day—the darkest of my life—her memory has been within my heart a sacred thing, and I have felt, through all these years, her kisses on my lips.

I know that my parents—if they are conscious now —do not wish me to honor them at the expense of my manhood. I know that neither my father nor my mother would have me sacrifice upon their graves my honest thought. I know that I can only please them by being true to myself, by defending what I believe is good, by attacking what I believe is bad. Yet this minister of Christ is cruel enough, and malicious enough, to attack the reputation of the dead. What he says about my father is utterly and unqualifiedly false.

Right here, it may be well enough for me to say, that long before my father died, he threw aside, as unworthy of a place in the mind of an intelligent man, the infamous dogma of eternal fire; that he regarded with abhorrence many passages in the Old Testament; that he believed man, in another world, would have the eternal opportunity of doing right, and that the pity of God would last as long as the suffering of man. My father and my mother were good, in spite of the Old Testament. They were merciful, in spite of the one frightful doctrine in the New. They did not need the religion of Presbyterianism. Presbyterianism never made a human being better. If there is anything that will freeze the generous current of the soul, it is Calvinism. If there is any creed that will destroy charity, that will keep the tears of pity from the cheeks of men and women, it is Presbyterianism. If there is any doctrine calculated to make man bigoted, unsympathetic, and cruel, it is the doctrine of predestination. Neither my father, nor my mother, believed in the damnation of babes, nor in the inspiration of John Calvin.

Mr. Talmage professes to be a Christian. What effect has the religion of Jesus Christ had upon him? Is he the product—the natural product—of Christianity? Does the real Christian violate the sanctity of death? Does the real Christian malign the memory of the dead? Does the good Christian defame unanswering and unresisting dust?

But why should I expect kindness from a Christian? Can a minister be expected to treat with fairness a man whom his God intends to damn? If a good God is going to burn an infidel forever, in the world to come, surely a Christian should have the right to persecute him a little here.

What right has a Christian to ask anybody to love his father, or mother, or wife, or child? According to the gospels, Christ offered a reward to any one who would desert his father or his mother. He offered a premium to gentlemen for leaving their wives, and tried to bribe people to abandon their little children. He offered them happiness in this world, and a hundred fold in the next, if they would turn a deaf ear to the supplications of a father, the beseeching cry of a wife, and would leave the outstretched arms of babes. They were not even allowed to bury their fathers and their mothers. At that time they were expected to prefer Jesus to their wives and children. And now an orthodox minister says that a man ought not to express his honest thoughts, because they do not happen to be in accord with the belief of his father or mother.

Suppose Mr. Talmage should read the Bible carefully and without fear, and should come to the honest conclusion that it is not inspired, what course would he pursue for the purpose of honoring his parents? Would he say, “I cannot tell the truth, I must lie, “for the purpose of shedding a halo of glory around “the memory of my mother”? Would he say: “Of “course, my father and mother would a thousand “times rather have their son a hypocritical Christian “than an honest, manly unbeliever”? This might please Mr. Talmage, and accord perfectly with his view, but I prefer to say, that my father wished me to be an honest man. If he is in “heaven” now, I am

sure that he would rather hear me attack the “inspired” word of God, honestly and bravely, than to hear me, in the solemn accents of hypocrisy, defend what I believe to be untrue.

I may be mistaken in the estimate angels put upon human beings. It may be that God likes a pretended follower better than an honest, outspoken man—one who is an infidel simply because he does not understand this God. But it seems to me, in my unregenerate condition, touched and tainted as I am by original sin, that a God of infinite power and wisdom ought to be able to make a man brave enough to have an opinion of his own. I cannot conceive of God taking any particular pride in any hypocrite he has ever made. Whatever he may say through his ministers, or whatever the angels may repeat, a manly devil stands higher in my estimation than an unmanly angel. I do not mean by this, that there are any unmanly angels, neither do I pretend that there are any manly devils. My meaning is this: If I have a Creator, I can only honor him by being true to myself, and kind and just to my fellow-men. If I wish to shed lustre upon my father and mother, I can only do so by being absolutely true to myself. Never will I lay the wreath of hypocrisy upon the tombs of those I love.

Mr. Talmage takes the ground that we must defend the religious belief of our parents. He seems to forget that all parents do not believe exactly alike, and that everybody has at least two parents. Now, suppose that the father is an infidel, and the mother a Christian, what must the son do? Must he “drive “the ploughshare of contempt through the grave of “the father,” for the purpose of honoring the mother; or must he drive the ploughshare through the grave of the mother to honor the father; or must he compromise, and talk one way and believe another? If Mr. Talmage’s doctrine is correct, only persons who have no knowledge of their parents can have liberty of opinion. Foundlings would be the only free people. I do not suppose that Mr. Talmage would go so far as to say that a child would be bound by the religion of the person upon whose door-steps he was found. If he does not, then over every foundling hospital should be these words: “Home of Intellectual Liberty.”

Question. Do you suppose that we will care nothing in the next world for those we loved in this? Is it worse in a man than in an angel, to care nothing for his mother?

Answer. According to Mr. Talmage, a man can be perfectly happy in heaven, with his mother in hell. He will be so entranced with the society of Christ, that he will not even inquire what has become of his wife. The Holy Ghost will keep him in such a state of happy wonder, of ecstatic joy, that the names, even, of his children will never invade his memory. It may be that I am lacking in filial affection, but I would much rather be in hell, with my parents in heaven, than be in heaven with my parents in hell. I think a thousand times more of my parents than I do of Christ. They knew me, they worked for me, they loved me, and I can imagine no heaven, no state of perfect bliss for me, in which they have no share. If God hates me, because I love them, I cannot love him.

I cannot truthfully say that I look forward with any great degree of joy, to meeting with Haggai and Habakkuk; with Jeremiah, Nehemiah, Obadiah, Zechariah or Zephaniah; with Ezekiel, Micah, or Malachi; or even with Jonah. From what little I have read of their writings, I have not formed a very high opinion of the social qualities of these gentlemen.

I want to meet the persons I have known; and if there is another life, I want to meet the really and the truly great—men who have been broad enough to be tender, and great enough to be kind.

Because I differ with my parents, because I am convinced that my father was wrong in some of his religious opinions, Mr. Talmage insists that I disgrace my parents. How did the Christian religion commence? Did not the first disciples advocate theories that their parents denied? Were they not false,—in his sense of the word,—to their fathers and mothers? How could there have been any progress in this world, if children had not gone beyond their parents? Do you consider that the inventor of a steel plow cast a slur upon his father who scratched the ground with a wooden one? I do not consider that an invention by the son is a slander upon the father; I regard each invention simply as an improvement; and every father should be exceedingly proud of an ingenious son. If Mr. Talmage has a son, it will be impossible for him to honor his father except by differing with him.

It is very strange that Mr. Talmage, a believer in Christ, should object to any man for not loving his mother and his father, when his Master, according to the gospel of Saint Luke, says: "If any man "come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, "and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my "disciple."

According to this, I have to make my choice between my wife, my children, and Jesus Christ. I have concluded to stand by my folks—both in this world, and in "the world to come."

Question. Mr. Talmage asks you whether, in your judgment, the Bible was a good, or an evil, to your parents?

Answer. I think it was an evil. The worst thing about my father was his religion. He would have been far happier, in my judgment, without it. I think I get more real joy out of life than he did. He was a man of a very great and tender heart. He was continually thinking—for many years of his life—of the thousands and thousands going down to eternal fire. That doctrine filled his days with gloom, and his eyes with tears. I think that my father and mother would have been far happier had they believed as I do. How any one can get any joy out of the Christian religion is past my comprehension. If that religion is true, hundreds of millions are now in hell, and thousands of millions yet unborn will be. How such a fact can form any part of the "glad tidings of great joy," is amazing to me. It is impossible for me to love a being who would create countless millions for eternal pain. It is impossible for me to worship the God of the Bible, or the God of Calvin, or the God of the Westminster Catechism.

Question. I see that Mr. Talmage challenges you to read the fourteenth chapter of Saint John. Are you willing to accept the challenge; or have you ever read that chapter?

Answer. I do not claim to be very courageous, but I have read that chapter, and am very glad that Mr. Talmage has called attention to it. According to the gospels, Christ did many miracles. He healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, made the lame walk, and raised the dead. In the fourteenth chapter of Saint John, twelfth verse, I find the following:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you: He that believeth "on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and "greater works than these shall he do, because I go "unto my Father."

I am willing to accept that as a true test of a believer. If Mr. Talmage really believes in Jesus Christ, he ought to be able to do at least as great miracles as Christ is said to have done. Will Mr. Talmage have the kindness to read the fourteenth chapter of

John, and then give me some proof, in accordance with that chapter, that he is a believer in Jesus Christ? Will he have the kindness to perform a miracle?—for instance, produce a "local flood," make a worm to smite a gourd, or "prepare a fish"?

Can he do anything of that nature? Can he even cause a "vehement east wind"? What evidence, according to the Bible, can Mr. Talmage give of his belief? How does he prove that he is a Christian? By hating infidels and maligning Christians? Let Mr. Talmage furnish the evidence, according to the fourteenth chapter of Saint John, or forever after hold his peace.

He has my thanks for calling my attention to the fourteenth chapter of Saint John.

Question. Mr. Talmage charges that you are attempting to destroy the "chief solace of the world," without offering any substitute. How do you answer this?

Answer. If he calls Christianity the "chief solace "of the world," and if by Christianity he means that all who do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and have no faith in Jesus Christ, are to be eternally damned, then I admit that I am doing the best I can to take that "solace" from the human heart. I do not believe that the Bible, when properly understood, is, or ever has been, a comfort to any human being. Surely, no good man can be comforted by reading a book in which he finds that a large majority of mankind have been sentenced to eternal fire. In the doctrine of total depravity there is no "solace." In the doctrine of "election" there can be no joy until the returns are in, and a majority found for you.

Question. Mr. Talmage says that you are taking away the world's medicines, and in place of anaesthetics, in place of laudanum drops, you read an essay to the man in pain, on the absurdities of morphine and nervines in general.

Answer. It is exactly the other way. I say, let us depend upon morphine, not upon prayer. Do not send for the minister—take a little laudanum. Do not read your Bible,—chloroform is better. Do not waste your time listening to meaningless sermons, but take real, genuine soporifics.

I regard the discoverer of ether as a benefactor. I look upon every great surgeon as a blessing to mankind. I regard one doctor, skilled in his profession, of more importance to the world than all the orthodox ministers.

Mr. Talmage should remember that for hundreds of years, the church fought, with all its power, the science of medicine. Priests used to cure diseases by selling little pieces of paper covered with cabalistic marks. They filled their treasuries by the sale of holy water. They healed the sick by relics—the teeth and ribs of saints, the finger-nails of departed worthies, and the hair of glorified virgins. Infidelity said: "Send for the doctor." Theology said: "Stick "to the priest." Infidelity,—that is to say, science,—said: "Vaccinate him." The priest said: "Pray;— "I will sell you a charm." The doctor was regarded as a man who was endeavoring to take from God his means of punishment. He was supposed to spike the artillery of Jehovah, to wet the powder of the Almighty, and to steal the flint from the musket of heavenly retribution.

Infidelity has never relied upon essays, it has never relied upon words, it has never relied upon prayers, it has never relied upon angels or gods; it has relied upon the honest efforts of men and women. It has relied upon investigation, observation, experience, and above all, upon human reason.

We, in America, know how much prayers are worth. We have lately seen millions of people upon their knees. What was the result?

In the olden times, when a plague made its appearance, the people fell upon their knees and died.

When pestilence came, they rushed to their cathedrals, they implored their priests—and died. God had no pity upon his ignorant children. At last, Science came to the rescue. Science,—not in the attitude of prayer, with closed eyes, but in the attitude of investigation, with open eyes,—looked for and discovered some of the laws of health. Science found that cleanliness was far better than godliness. It said: Do not spend your time in praying;—clean your houses, clean your streets, clean yourselves. This pestilence is not a punishment. Health is not simply a favor of the gods. Health depends upon conditions, and when the conditions are violated, disease is inevitable, and no God can save you. Health depends upon your surroundings, and when these are favorable, the roses are in your cheeks.

We find in the Old Testament that God gave to Moses a thousand directions for ascertaining the presence of leprosy. Yet it never occurred to this God to tell Moses how to cure the disease. Within the lids of the Old Testament, we have no information upon a subject of such vital importance to mankind.

It may, however, be claimed by Mr. Talmage, that this statement is a little too broad, and I will therefore give one recipe that I find in the fourteenth chapter of Leviticus:

“Then shall the priest command to take for him “ that is to be cleansed two birds alive and clean, and “cedar wood, and scarlet, and hyssop; and the priest “shall command that one of the birds be killed in an “earthen vessel over running water. As for the “living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar wood, “and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them “and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was “killed over the running water. And he shall “sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the “leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, “and shall let the living bird loose into the open “field.”

Prophets were predicting evil—filling the country with their wails and cries, and yet it never occurred to them to tell one solitary thing of the slightest importance to mankind. Why did not these inspired men tell us how to cure some of the diseases that have decimated the world? Instead of spending forty days and forty nights with Moses, telling him how to build a large tent, and how to cut the garments of priests, why did God not give him a little useful information in respect to the laws of health?

Mr. Talmage must remember that the church has invented no anodynes, no anaesthetics, no medicines, and has affected no cures. The doctors have not been inspired. All these useful things men have discovered for themselves, aided by no prophet and by no divine Savior. Just to the extent that man has depended upon the other world, he has failed to make the best of this. Just in the proportion that he has depended on his own efforts, he has advanced. The church has always said:

“Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, “neither do they spin.” “Take no thought for the “morrow.” Whereas, the real common sense of this world has said: “No matter whether lilies toil and spin, or not, if you would succeed, you must work; you must take thought for the morrow, you must look beyond the present day, you must provide for your wife and your children.”

What can I be expected to give as a substitute for perdition? It is enough to show that it does not exist. What does a man want in place of a disease? Health. And what is better calculated to increase the happiness of mankind than to know that the doctrine of eternal pain is infinitely and absurdly false?

Take theology from the world, and natural Love remains, Science is still here, Music will not be lost, the page of History will still be open, the walls of the world will still be adorned with Art, and the niches rich with Sculpture.

Take theology from the world, and we all shall have a common hope,—and the fear of hell will be removed from every human heart.

Take theology from the world, and millions of men will be compelled to earn an honest living. Impudence will not tax credulity. The vampire of hypocrisy will not suck the blood of honest toil.

Take theology from the world, and the churches can be schools, and the cathedrals universities.

Take theology from the world, and the money wasted on superstition will do away with want.

Take theology from the world, and every brain will find itself without a chain.

There is a vast difference between what is called infidelity and theology.

Infidelity is honest. When it reaches the confines of reason, it says: “I know no further.”

Infidelity does not palm its guess upon an ignorant world as a demonstration.

Infidelity proves nothing by slander—establishes nothing by abuse.

Infidelity has nothing to hide. It has no “holy “of holies,” except the abode of truth. It has no curtain that the hand of investigation has not the right to draw aside. It lives in the cloudless light, in the very noon, of human eyes.

Infidelity has no bible to be blasphemed. It does not cringe before an angry God.

Infidelity says to every man: Investigate for yourself. There is no punishment for unbelief.

Infidelity asks no protection from legislatures. It wants no man fined because he contradicts its doctrines.

Infidelity relies simply upon evidence—not evidence of the dead, but of the living.

Infidelity has no infallible pope. It relies only upon infallible fact. It has no priest except the interpreter of Nature. The universe is its church. Its bible is everything that is true. It implores every man to verify every word for himself, and it implores him to say, if he does not believe it, that he does not.

Infidelity does not fear contradiction. It is not afraid of being laughed at. It invites the scrutiny of all doubters, of all unbelievers. It does not rely upon awe, but upon reason. It says to the whole world: It is dangerous not to think. It is dangerous not to be honest. It is dangerous not to investigate. It is dangerous not to follow where your reason leads.

Infidelity requires every man to judge for himself. Infidelity preserves the manhood of man.

Question. Mr. Talmage also says that you are trying to put out the light-houses on the coast of the next world; that you are “about to leave everybody “in darkness at the narrows of death”?

Answer. There can be no necessity for these light-houses, unless the God of Mr. Talmage has planted rocks and reefs within that unknown sea. If there is no hell, there is no need of any lighthouse on the shores of the next world; and only those are interested in keeping up these pretended light-houses who are paid for trimming invisible wicks and supplying the lamps with allegorical oil. Mr. Talmage is one of these light-house keepers, and he knows that if it is ascertained that the coast is not dangerous, the light-house will be abandoned, and the keeper will have to find employment else where. As a matter of fact, every church is a useless light-house. It warns us only against breakers that do not exist. Whenever a mariner tells one of the keepers that there is no danger, then all the keepers combine to destroy the reputation of that mariner.

No one has returned from the other world to tell us whether they have light-houses on that shore or not; or whether the light-houses on this shore—one of which Mr. Talmage is tending—have ever sent a cheering ray across the sea.

Nature has furnished every human being with a light more or less brilliant, more or less powerful. That light is Reason; and he who blows that light out, is in utter darkness. It has been the business of the church for centuries to extinguish the lamp of the mind, and to convince the people that their own reason is utterly unreliable. The church has asked all men to rely only upon the light of the church.

Every priest has been not only a light-house but a guide-board. He has threatened eternal damnation to all who travel on some other road. These guide-boards have been toll-gates, and the principal reason why the churches have wanted people to go their road is, that tolls might be collected. They have regarded unbelievers as the owners of turnpikes do people who go ‘cross lots. The toll-gate man always tells you that other roads are dangerous— filled with quagmires and quicksands.

Every church is a kind of insurance society, and proposes, for a small premium, to keep you from eternal fire. Of course, the man who tells you that there is to be no fire, interferes with the business, and is denounced as a malicious meddler and blasphemer. The fires of this world sustain the same relation to insurance companies that the fires of the next do to the churches.

Mr. Talmage also insists that I am breaking up the “life-boats.” Why should a ship built by infinite wisdom, by an infinite shipbuilder, carry life-boats? The reason we have life-boats now is, that we are not entirely sure of the ship. We know that man has not yet found out how to make a ship that can certainly brave all the dangers of the deep. For this reason we carry life-boats. But infinite wisdom must surely build ships that do not need life-boats. Is there to be a wreck at last? Is God’s ship to go down in storm and darkness? Will it be necessary at last to forsake his ship and depend upon life-boats?

For my part, I do not wish to be rescued by a life boat. When the ship, bearing the whole world, goes down, I am willing to go down with it—with my wife, with my children, and with those I have loved. I will not slip ashore in an orthodox canoe with somebody else’s folks,—I will stay with my own.

What a picture is presented by the church! A few in life’s last storm are to be saved; and the saved, when they reach shore, are to look back with joy upon the great ship going down to the eternal depths! This is what I call the unutterable meanness of orthodox Christianity.

Mr. Talmage speaks of the “meanness of infidelity.”

The meanness of orthodox Christianity permits the husband to be saved, and to be ineffably happy, while the wife of his bosom is suffering the tortures of hell.

The meanness of orthodox Christianity tells the boy that he can go to heaven and have an eternity of bliss, and that this bliss will not even be clouded by the fact that the mother who bore him writhes in eternal pain.

The meanness of orthodox Christianity allows a soul to be so captivated with the companionship of angels as to forget all the old loves and friendships of this world.

The meanness of orthodox Christianity, its unspeakable selfishness, allows a soul in heaven to exult in the fact of its own salvation, and at the same time to care nothing for the damnation of all the rest.

The orthodox Christian says that if he can only save his little soul, if he can barely squeeze into heaven, if he can only get past Saint Peter's gate, if he can by hook or crook climb up the opposite bank of Jordan, if he can get a harp in his hand, it matters not to him what becomes of brother or sister, father or mother, wife or child. He is willing that they should burn if he can sing.

Oh, the unutterable meanness of orthodox Christianity, the infinite heartlessness of the orthodox angels, who with tearless eyes will forever gaze upon the agonies of those who were once blood of their blood and flesh of their flesh!

Mr. Talmage describes a picture of the scourging of Christ, painted by Rubens, and he tells us that he was so appalled by this picture—by the sight of the naked back, swollen and bleeding—that he could not have lived had he continued to look; yet this same man, who could not bear to gaze upon a painted pain, expects to be perfectly happy in heaven, while countless billions of actual—not painted—men, women, and children writhe—not in a pictured flame, but in the real and quenchless fires of hell.

Question. Mr. Talmage also claims that we are indebted to Christianity for schools, colleges, universities, hospitals and asylums?

Answer. This shows that Mr. Talmage has not read the history of the world. Long before Christianity had a place, there were vast libraries. There were thousands of schools before a Christian existed on the earth. There were hundreds of hospitals before a line of the New Testament was written. Hundreds of years before Christ, there were hospitals in India,—not only for men, women and children, but even for beasts. There were hospitals in Egypt long before Moses was born. They knew enough then to cure insanity with music. They surrounded the insane with flowers, and treated them with kindness.

The great libraries at Alexandria were not Christian. The most intellectual nation of the Middle Ages was not Christian. While Christians were imprisoning people for saying that the earth is round, the Moors in Spain were teaching geography with globes. They had even calculated the circumference of the earth by the tides of the Red Sea.

Where did education come from? For a thousand years Christianity destroyed books and paintings and statues. For a thousand years Christianity was filled with hatred toward every effort of the human mind. We got paper from the Moors. Printing had been known thousands of years before, in China. A few manuscripts, containing a portion of the literature of Greece, a few enriched with the best thoughts of the Roman world, had been preserved from the general wreck and ruin wrought by Christian hate. These became the seeds of intellectual progress. For a thousand years

Christianity controlled Europe. The Mohammedans were far in advance of the Christians with hospitals and asylums and institutions of learning.

Just in proportion that we have done away with what is known as orthodox Christianity, humanity has taken its place. Humanity has built all the asylums, all the hospitals. Humanity, not Christianity, has done these things. The people of this country are all willing to be taxed that the insane may be cared for, that the sick, the helpless, and the destitute may be provided for, not because they are Christians, but because they are humane; and they are not humane because they are Christians.

The colleges of this country have been poisoned by theology, and their usefulness almost destroyed. Just in proportion that they have gotten from ecclesiastical control, they have become a good. That college, today, which has the most religion has the least true learning; and that college which is the nearest free, does the most good. Colleges that pit Moses against modern geology, that undertake to overthrow the Copernican system by appealing to Joshua, have done, and are doing, very little good in this world.

Suppose that in the first century Pagans had said to Christians: Where are your hospitals, where are your asylums, where are your works of charity, where are your colleges and universities?

The Christians undoubtedly would have replied: We have not been in power. There are but few of us. We have been persecuted to that degree that it has been about as much as we could do to maintain ourselves.

Reasonable Pagans would have regarded such an answer as perfectly satisfactory. Yet that question could have been asked of Christianity after it had held the reins of power for a thousand years, and Christians would have been compelled to say: We have no universities, we have no colleges, we have no real asylums.

The Christian now asks of the atheist: Where is your asylum, where is your hospital, where is your university? And the atheist answers: There have been but few atheists. The world is not yet sufficiently advanced to produce them. For hundreds and hundreds of years, the minds of men have been darkened by the superstitions of Christianity. Priests have thundered against human knowledge, have denounced human reason, and have done all within their power to prevent the real progress of mankind.

You must also remember that Christianity has made more lunatics than it ever provided asylums for. Christianity has driven more men and women crazy than all other religions combined. Hundreds and thousands and millions have lost their reason in contemplating the monstrous falsehoods of Christianity. Thousands of mothers, thinking of their sons in hell—thousands of fathers, believing their boys and girls in perdition, have lost their reason.

So, let it be distinctly understood, that Christianity has made ten lunatics—twenty—one hundred— where it has provided an asylum for one.

Mr. Talmage also speaks of the hospitals. When we take into consideration the wars that have been waged on account of religion, the countless thousands who have been maimed and wounded, through all the years, by wars produced by theology—then I say that Christianity has not built hospitals enough to take care of her own wounded—not enough to take care of one in a hundred. Where Christianity has bound up the wounds of one, it has pierced the bodies of a hundred others with

sword and spear, with bayonet and ball. Where she has provided one bed in a hospital, she has laid away a hundred bodies in bloody graves.

Of course I do not expect the church to do anything but beg. Churches produce nothing. They are like the lilies of the field. “They toil not, neither “do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not “arrayed like most of them.”

The churches raise no corn nor wheat. They simply collect tithes. They carry the alms’ dish. They pass the plate. They take toll. Of course a mendicant is not expected to produce anything. He does not support,—he is supported. The church does not help. She receives, she devours, she consumes, and she produces only discord. She exchanges mistakes for provisions, faith for food, prayers for pence. The church is a beggar. But we have this consolation: In this age of the world, this beggar is not on horseback, and even the walking is not good.

Question. Mr. Talmage says that infidels have done no good?

Answer. Well, let us see. In the first place, what is an “infidel”? He is simply a man in advance of his time. He is an intellectual pioneer. He is the dawn of a new day. He is a gentleman with an idea of his own, for which he gave no receipt to the church. He is a man who has not been branded as the property of some one else. An “infidel” is one who has made a declaration of independence. In other words, he is a man who has had a doubt. To have a doubt means that you have thought upon the subject—that you have investigated the question; and he who investigates any religion will doubt.

All the advance that has been made in the religious world has been made by “infidels,” by “heretics,” by “skeptics,” by doubters,—that is to say, by thoughtful men. The doubt does not come from the ignorant members of your congregations. Heresy is not born of stupidity,—it is not the child of the brainless. He who is so afraid of hurting the reputation of his father and mother that he refuses to advance, is not a “heretic.” The “heretic” is not true to falsehood. Orthodoxy is. He who stands faithfully by a mistake is “orthodox.” He who, discovering that it is a mistake, has the courage to say so, is an “infidel.”

An infidel is an intellectual discoverer—one who finds new isles, new continents, in the vast realm of thought. The dwellers on the orthodox shore denounce this brave sailor of the seas as a buccaneer.

And yet we are told that the thinkers of new thoughts have never been of value to the world. Voltaire did more for human liberty than all the orthodox ministers living and dead. He broke a thousand times more chains than Luther. Luther simply substituted his chain for that of the Catholics. Voltaire had none. The Encyclopaedists of France did more for liberty than all the writers upon theology. Bruno did more for mankind than millions of “believers.” Spinoza contributed more to the growth of the human intellect than all the orthodox theologians.

Men have not done good simply because they have believed this or that doctrine. They have done good in the intellectual world as they have thought and secured for others the liberty to think and to express their thoughts. They have done good in the physical world by teaching their fellows how to triumph over the obstructions of nature. Every man who has taught his fellow-man to think, has been a benefactor. Every one who has supplied his fellow-men with facts, and insisted upon their right to think, has been a blessing to his kind.

Mr. Talmage, in order to show what Christians have done, points us to Whitefield, Luther, Oberlin, Judson, Martyn, Bishop Mcllvaine and Hannah More. I would not

for one moment compare George Whitefield with the inventor of movable type, and there is no parallel between Frederick Oberlin and the inventor of paper; not the slightest between Martin Luther and the discoverer of the New World; not the least between Adoniram Judson and the inventor of the reaper, nor between Henry Martyn and the discoverer of photography. Of what use to the world was Bishop Mcllvaine, compared with the inventor of needles? Of what use were a hundred such priests compared with the inventor of matches, or even of clothes-pins? Suppose that Hannah More had never lived? about the same number would read her writings now. It is hardly fair to compare her with the inventor of the steamship?

The progress of the world—its present improved condition—can be accounted for only by the discoveries of genius, only by men who have had the courage to express their honest thoughts.

After all, the man who invented the telescope found out more about heaven than the closed eyes of prayer had ever discovered. I feel absolutely certain that the inventor of the steam engine was a greater benefactor to mankind than the writer of the Presbyterian creed. I may be mistaken, but I think that railways have done more to civilize mankind, than any system of theology. I believe that the printing press has done more for the world than the pulpit. It is my opinion that the discoveries of Kepler did a thousand times more to enlarge the minds of men than the prophecies of Daniel. I feel under far greater obligation to Humboldt than to Haggai. The inventor of the plow did more good than the maker of the first rosary—because, say what you will, plowing is better than praying; we can live by plowing without praying, but we can not live by praying without plowing. So I put my faith in the plow.

As Jehovah has ceased to make garments for his children,—as he has stopped making coats of skins,

I have great respect for the inventors of the spinning-jenny and the sewing machine. As no more laws are given from Sinai, I have admiration for the real statesmen. As miracles have ceased, I rely on medicine, and on a reasonable compliance with the conditions of health.

I have infinite respect for the inventors, the thinkers, the discoverers, and above all, for the unknown millions who have, without the hope of fame, lived and labored for the ones they loved.

FIFTH INTERVIEW,

Parson. You had belter join the church; it is the safer way.

Sinner. I can't live up to your doctrines, and you know it.

Parson. Well, you can come as near it in the church as out; and forgiveness

will be easier if you join us.

Sinner. What do you mean by that?

Parson. I will tell you. If you join the church, and happen to back-slide now and then, Christ will say to his Father: "That man is a "friend of mine, and you may charge his account to me."

Question. What have you to say about the fifth sermon of the Rev. Mr. Talmage in reply to you?

Answer. The text from which he preached is: "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" I am compelled to answer these questions in the negative. That is one

reason why I am an infidel. I do not believe that anybody can gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. That is exactly my doctrine. But the doctrine of the church is, that you can. The church says, that just at the last, no matter if you have spent your whole life in raising thorns and thistles, in planting and watering and hoeing and plowing thorns and thistles—that just at the last, if you will repent, between hoeing the last thistle and taking the last breath, you can reach out the white and palsied hand of death and gather from every thorn a cluster of grapes and from every thistle an abundance of figs. The church insists that in this way you can gather enough grapes and figs to last you through all eternity.

My doctrine is, that he who raises thorns must harvest thorns. If you sow thorns, you must reap thorns; and there is no way by which an innocent being can have the thorns you raise thrust into his brow, while you gather his grapes.

But Christianity goes even further than this. It insists that a man can plant grapes and gather thorns. Mr. Talmage insists that, no matter how good you are, no matter how kind, no matter how much you love your wife and children, no matter how many self-denying acts you do, you will not be allowed to eat of the grapes you raise; that God will step between you and the natural consequences of your goodness, and not allow you to reap what you sow.

Mr. Talmage insists, that if you have no faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, although you have been good here, you will reap eternal pain as your harvest; that the effect of honesty and kindness will not be peace and joy, but agony and pain. So that the church does insist not only that you can gather grapes from thorns, but thorns from grapes.

I believe exactly the other way. If a man is a good man here, dying will not change him, and he will land on the shore of another world—if there is one—the same good man that he was when he left this; and I do not believe there is any God in this universe who can afford to damn a good man. This God will say to this man: You loved your wife, your children, and your friends, and I love you. You treated others with kindness; I will treat you in the same way. But Mr. Talmage steps up to his God, nudges his elbow, and says: Although he was a very good man, he belonged to no church; he was a blasphemer; he denied the whale story, and after I explained that Jonah was only in the whale's mouth, he still denied it; and thereupon Mr. Talmage expects that his infinite God will fly in a passion, and in a perfect rage will say: What! did he deny that story? Let him be eternally damned!

Not only this, but Mr. Talmage insists that a man may have treated his wife like a wild beast; may have trampled his child beneath the feet of his rage; may have lived a life of dishonesty, of infamy, and yet, having repented on his dying bed, having made his peace with God through the intercession of his Son, he will be welcomed in heaven with shouts of joy. I deny it. I do not believe that angels can be so quickly made from rascals. I have but little confidence in repentance without restitution, and a husband who has driven a wife to insanity and death by his cruelty—afterward repenting and finding himself in heaven, and missing his wife,—were he worthy to be an angel, would wander through all the gulfs of hell until he clasped her once again..

Now, the next question is, What must be done with those who are sometimes good and sometimes bad? That is my condition. If there is another world, I expect to have the same opportunity of behaving myself that I have here. If, when I get there, I fail to act as I should, I expect to reap what I sow. If, when I arrive at the New Jerusalem, I go into the thorn business, I expect to harvest what I plant. If I am wise enough to

start a vineyard, I expect to have grapes in the early fall. But if I do there as I have done here—plant some grapes and some thorns, and harvest them together—I expect to fare very much as I have fared here. But I expect year by year to grow wiser, to plant fewer thorns every spring, and more grapes.

Question. Mr. Talmage charges that you have taken the ground that the Bible is a cruel book, and has produced cruel people?

Answer. Yes, I have taken that ground, and I maintain it. The Bible was produced by cruel people, and in its turn it has produced people like its authors. The extermination of the Canaanites was cruel. Most of the laws of Moses were bloodthirsty and cruel. Hundreds of offences were punishable by death, while now, in civilized countries, there are only two crimes for which the punishment is capital. I charge that Moses and Joshua and David and Samuel and Solomon were cruel. I believe that to read and believe the Old Testament naturally makes a man careless of human life. That book has produced hundreds of religious wars, and it has furnished the battle-cries of bigotry for fifteen hundred years.

The Old Testament is filled with cruelty, but its cruelty stops with this world, its malice ends with death; whenever its victim has reached the grave, revenge is satisfied. Not so with the New Testament. It pursues its victim forever. After death, comes hell; after the grave, the worm that never dies. So that, as a matter of fact, the New Testament is infinitely more cruel than the Old.

Nothing has so tended to harden the human heart as the doctrine of eternal punishment, and that passage: “He that believeth and is baptized shall be “saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,” has shed more blood than all the other so-called “sacred books” of all this world.

I insist that the Bible is cruel. The Bible invented instruments of torture. The Bible laid the foundations of the Inquisition. The Bible furnished the fagots and the martyrs. The Bible forged chains not only for the hands, but for the brains of men. The Bible was at the bottom of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Every man who has been persecuted for religion’s sake has been persecuted by the Bible. That sacred book has been a beast of prey.

The truth is, Christians have been good in spite of the Bible. The Bible has lived upon the reputations of good men and good women,—men and women who were good notwithstanding the brutality they found upon the inspired page. Men have said: “My mother “believed in the Bible; my mother was good; therefore, the Bible is good,” when probably the mother never read a chapter in it.

The Bible produced the Church of Rome, and Torquemada was a product of the Bible. Philip of Spain and the Duke of Alva were produced by the Bible. For thirty years Europe was one vast battlefield, and the war was produced by the Bible. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was produced by the sacred Scriptures. The instruments of torture—the pincers, the thumb-screws, the racks, were produced by the word of God. The Quakers of New England were whipped and burned by the Bible—their children were stolen by the Bible. The slave-ship had for its sails the leaves of the Bible. Slavery was upheld in the United States by the Bible. The Bible was the auction-block. More than this, worse than this, infinitely beyond the computation of imagination, the despotisms of the old world all rested and still rest upon the Bible. “The powers that be” were supposed to have been “ordained of God;” and he who rose against his king periled his soul.

In this connection, and in order to show the state of society when the church had entire control of civil and ecclesiastical affairs, it may be well enough to read the following, taken from the *New York Sun* of March 21, 1882. From this little extract, it will be easy in the imagination to re-organize the government that then existed, and to see clearly the state of society at that time. This can be done upon the same principle that one scale tells of the entire fish, or one bone of the complete animal:

"From records in the State archives of HesseDarmstadt, dating back to the thirteenth century, "it appears that the public executioner's fee for boiling "a criminal in oil was twenty-four florins; for decapitating with the sword, fifteen florins and-a-half; for "quartering, the same; for breaking on the wheel, "five florins, thirty kreuzers; for tearing a man to "pieces, eighteen florins. Ten florins per head was "his charge for hanging, and he burned delinquents "alive at the rate of fourteen florins apiece. For applying the 'Spanish boot' his fee was only two "florins. Five florins were paid to him every time he "subjected a refractory witness to the torture of the "rack. The same amount was his due for 'branding "'the sign of the gallows with a red-hot iron upon "'the back, forehead, or cheek of a thief,' as well as "for 'cutting off the nose and ears of a slanderer or "'blasphemer.' Flogging with rods was a cheap "punishment, its remuneration being fixed at three "florins, thirty kreuzers."

The Bible has made men cruel. It is a cruel book. And yet, amidst its thorns, amidst its thistles, amidst its nettles and its swords and pikes, there are some flowers, and these I wish, in common with all good men, to save.

I do not believe that men have ever been made merciful in war by reading the Old Testament. I do not believe that men have ever been prompted to break the chain of a slave by reading the Pentateuch. The question is not whether Florence Nightingale and Miss Dix were cruel. I have said nothing about John Howard, nothing about Abbott Lawrence. I say nothing about people in this connection. The question is: Is the Bible a cruel book? not: Was Miss Nightingale a cruel woman? There have been thousands and thousands of loving, tender and charitable Mohammedans. Mohammedan mothers love their children as well as Christian mothers can. Mohammedans have died in defence of the Koran— died for the honor of an impostor. There were millions of charitable people in India—millions in Egypt—and I am not sure that the world has ever produced people who loved one another better than the Egyptians.

I think there are many things in the Old Testament calculated to make man cruel. Mr. Talmage asks: "What has been the effect upon your children? As "they have become more and more fond of the "Scriptures have they become more and more fond "of tearing off the wings of flies and pinning grasshoppers and robbing birds' nests?"

I do not believe that reading the bible would make them tender toward flies or grasshoppers. According to that book, God used to punish animals for the crimes of their owners. He drowned the animals in a flood. He visited cattle with disease. He bruised them to death with hailstones—killed them by the thousand. Will the reading of these things make children kind to animals? So, the whole system of sacrifices in the Old Testament is calculated to harden the heart. The butchery of oxen and lambs, the killing of doves, the perpetual destruction of life, the continual shedding of blood—these things, if they have any tendency, tend only to harden the heart of childhood.

The Bible does not stop simply with the killing of animals. The Jews were commanded to kill their neighbors—not only the men, but the women; not only the women, but the babes. In accordance with the command of God, the Jews killed not only their neighbors, but their own brothers; and according to this book, which is the foundation, as Mr. Talmage believes, of all mercy, men were commanded to kill their wives because they differed with them on the subject of religion.

Nowhere in the world can be found laws more unjust and cruel than in the Old Testament.

Question. Mr. Talmage wants you to tell where the cruelty of the Bible crops out in the lives of Christians?

Answer. In the first place, millions of Christians have been persecutors. Did they get the idea of persecution from the Bible? Will not every honest man admit that the early Christians, by reading the Old Testament, became convinced that it was not only their privilege, but their duty, to destroy heathen nations? Did they not, by reading the same book, come to the conclusion that it was their solemn duty to extirpate heresy and heretics? According to the New Testament, nobody could be saved unless he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. The early Christians believed this dogma. They also believed that they had a right to defend themselves and their children from "heretics."

We all admit that a man has a right to defend his children against the assaults of a would-be murderer, and he has the right to carry this defence to the extent of killing the assailant. If we have the right to kill people who are simply trying to kill the bodies of our children, of course we have the right to kill them when they are endeavoring to assassinate, not simply their bodies, but their souls. It was in this way Christians reasoned. If the Testament is right, their reasoning was correct. Whoever believes the New Testament literally—whoever is satisfied that it is absolutely the word of God, will become a persecutor. All religious persecution has been, and is, in exact harmony with the teachings of the Old and New Testaments. Of course I mean with some of the teachings. I admit that there are passages in both the Old and New Testaments against persecution. These are passages quoted only in time of peace. Others are repeated to feed the flames of war.

I find, too, that reading the Bible and believing the Bible do not prevent even ministers from telling falsehoods about their opponents. I find that the Rev. Mr. Talmage is willing even to slander the dead,— that he is willing to stain the memory of a Christian, and that he does not hesitate to give circulation to what he knows to be untrue. Mr. Talmage has himself, I believe, been the subject of a church trial. How many of the Christian witnesses against him, in his judgment, told the truth? Yet they were all Bible readers and Bible believers. What effect, in his judgment, did the reading of the Bible have upon his enemies? Is he willing to admit that the testimony of a Bible, reader and believer is true? Is he willing to accept the testimony even of ministers? —of his brother ministers? Did reading the Bible make them bad people? Was it a belief in the Bible that colored their testimony? Or, was it a belief in the Bible that made Mr. Talmage deny the truth of their statements?

Question. Mr. Talmage charges you with having said that the Scriptures are a collection of polluted writings?

Answer. I have never said such a thing. I have said, and I still say, that there are passages in the Bible unfit to be read—passages that never should have been written—passages, whether inspired or uninspired, that can by no possibility do any

human being any good. I have always admitted that there are good passages in the Bible—many good, wise and just laws—many things calculated to make men better—many things calculated to make men worse. I admit that the Bible is a mixture of good and bad, of truth and falsehood, of history and fiction, of sense and nonsense, of virtue and vice, of aspiration and revenge, of liberty and tyranny.

I have never said anything against Solomon's Song. I like it better than I do any book that precedes it, because it touches upon the human. In the desert of murder, wars of extermination, polygamy, concubinage and slavery, it is an oasis where the trees grow, where the birds sing, and where human love blossoms and fills the air with perfume. I do not regard that book as obscene. There are many things in it that are beautiful and tender, and it is calculated to do good rather than harm.

Neither have I any objection to the book of Ecclesiastes—except a few interpolations in it. That book was written by a Freethinker, by a philosopher. There is not the slightest mention of God in it, nor of another state of existence. All portions in which God is mentioned are interpolations. With some of this book I agree heartily. I believe in the doctrine of enjoying yourself, if you can, to-day. I think it foolish to spend all your years in heaping up treasures, not knowing but he who will spend them is to be an idiot. I believe it is far better to be happy with your wife and child now, than to be miserable here, with angelic expectations in some other world.

Mr. Talmage is mistaken when he supposes that all Bible believers have good homes, that all Bible readers are kind in their families. As a matter of fact, nearly all the wife-whippers of the United States are orthodox. Nine-tenths of the people in the penitentiaries are believers. Scotland is one of the most orthodox countries in the world, and one of the most intemperate. Hundreds and hundreds of women are arrested every year in Glasgow for drunkenness. Visit the Christian homes in the manufacturing districts of England. Talk with the beaters of children and whippers of wives, and you will find them believers. Go into what is known as the "Black "Country," and you will have an idea of the Christian civilization of England.

Let me tell you something about the "Black "Country." There women work in iron; there women do the work of men. Let me give you an instance: A commission was appointed by Parliament to examine into the condition of the women in the "Black "Country," and a report was made. In that report I read the following:

"A superintendent of a brickyard where women "were engaged in carrying bricks from the yard to "the kiln, said to one of the women:

"'Eliza, you don't appear to be very uppish this "morning.'"

"'Neither would you be very uppish, sir,' she replied, 'if you had had a child last night.'"

This gives you an idea of the Christian civilization of England.

England and Ireland produce most of the prizefighters. The scientific burglar is a product of Great Britain. There is not the great difference that Mr. Talmage supposes, between the morality of Pekin and of New York. I doubt if there is a city in the world with more crime according to the population than New York, unless it be London, or it may be Dublin, or Brooklyn, or possibly Glasgow, where a man too pious to read a newspaper published on Sunday, stole millions from the poor.

I do not believe there is a country in the world where there is more robbery than in Christian lands— no country where more cashiers are defaulters, where more

presidents of banks take the money of depositors, where there is more adulteration of food, where fewer ounces make a pound, where fewer inches make a yard, where there is more breach of trust, more respectable larceny under the name of embezzlement, or more slander circulated as gospel.

Question. Mr. Talmage insists that there are no contradictions in the Bible—that it is a perfect harmony from Genesis to Revelation—a harmony as perfect as any piece of music ever written by Beethoven or Handel?

Answer. Of course, if God wrote it, the Bible ought to be perfect. I do not see why a minister should be so perfectly astonished to find that an inspired book is consistent with itself throughout. Yet the truth is, the Bible is infinitely inconsistent.

Compare the two systems—the system of Jehovah and that of Jesus. In the Old Testament the doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was taught. In the New Testament, "forgive your "enemies," and "pray for those who despitefully "use you and persecute you." In the Old Testament it is kill, burn, massacre, destroy; in the New forgive. The two systems are inconsistent, and one is just about as far wrong as the other. To live for and thirst for revenge, to gloat over the agony of an enemy, is one extreme; to "resist not evil" is the other extreme; and both these extremes are equally distant from the golden mean of justice.

The four gospels do not even agree as to the terms of salvation. And yet, Mr. Talmage tells us that there are four cardinal doctrines taught in the Bible— the goodness of God, the fall of man, the sympathetic and forgiving nature of the Savior, and two destinies—one for believers and the other for unbelievers. That is to say:

1. That God is good, holy and forgiving.

2. That man is a lost sinner.

3. That Christ is "all sympathetic," and ready to take the whole world to his heart.

4. Heaven for believers and hell for unbelievers.

First. I admit that the Bible says that God is

good and holy. But this Bible also tells what God did, and if God did what the Bible says he did, then I insist that God is not good, and that he is not holy, or forgiving. According to the Bible, this good God believed in religious persecution; this good God believed in extermination, in polygamy, in concubinage, in human slavery; this good God commanded murder and massacre, and this good God could only be mollified by the shedding of blood. This good God wanted a butcher for a priest. This good God wanted husbands to kill their wives— wanted fathers and mothers to kill their children. This good God persecuted animals on account of the crimes of their owners. This good God killed the common people because the king had displeased him. This good God killed the babe even of the maid behind the mill, in order that he might get even with a king. This good God committed every possible crime.

Second. The statement that man is a lost sinner is not true. There are thousands and thousands of magnificent Pagans—men ready to die for wife, or child, or even for friend, and the history of Pagan countries is filled with self-denying and heroic acts. If man is a failure, the infinite God, if there be one, is to blame. Is it possible that the God of Mr. Talmage could not have made man a success? According to the Bible, his God made man knowing that in about fifteen hundred years he would have to drown all his descendants.

Why would a good God create a man that he knew would be a sinner all his life, make hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men unhappy, and who at last would be doomed to an eternity of suffering? Can such a God be good? How could a devil have done worse?

Third. If God is infinitely good, is he not fully as sympathetic as Christ? Do you have to employ Christ to mollify a being of infinite mercy? Is Christ any more willing to take to his heart the whole world than his Father is? Personally, I have not the slightest objection in the world to anybody believing in an infinitely good and kind God—not the slightest objection to any human being worshiping an infinitely tender and merciful Christ—not the slightest objection to people preaching about heaven, or about the glories of the future state—not the slightest.

Fourth. I object to the doctrine of two destinies for the human race. I object to the infamous falsehood of eternal fire. And yet, Mr. Talmage is endeavoring to poison the imagination of men, women and children with the doctrine of an eternal hell. Here is what he preaches, taken from the "Constitution of the Presbyterian Church of the United "States:"

"By the decrees of God, for the manifestation of "his glory, some men and angels are predestinated "to everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death."

That is the doctrine of Mr. Talmage. He worships a God who damns people "for the manifestation of his glory,"—a God who made men, knowing that they would be damned—a God who damns babes simply to increase his reputation with the angels. This is the God of Mr. Talmage. Such a God I abhor, despise and execrate.

Question. What does Mr. Talmage think of mankind? What is his opinion of the "unconverted"? How does he regard the great and glorious of the earth, who have not been the victims of his particular superstition? What does he think of some of the best the earth has produced?

Answer. I will tell you how he looks upon all such. Read this from his "Confession of Faith:"

"Our first parents, being seduced by the subtlety "of the tempter, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit. "By this sin, they fell from their original righteousness and communion with God, and so became "dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties "and parts of soul and body; and they being the "root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was "imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted "nature conveyed to all their posterity. From this "original corruption—whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, "and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual "transgressions."

This is Mr. Talmage's view of humanity.

Why did his God make a devil? Why did he allow the devil to tempt Adam and Eve? Why did he leave innocence and ignorance at the mercy of subtlety and wickedness? Why did he put "the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" in the garden? For what reason did he place temptation in the way of his children? Was it kind, was it just, was it noble, was it worthy of a good God? No wonder Christ put into his prayer: "Lead us not "into temptation."

At the time God told Adam and Eve not to eat, why did he not tell them of the existence of Satan? Why were they not put upon their guard against the serpent? Why did not God make his appearance just before the sin, instead of just after. Why

did he not play the role of a Savior instead of that of a detective? After he found that Adam and Eve had sinned—knowing as he did that they were then totally corrupt—knowing that all their children would be corrupt, knowing that in fifteen hundred years he would have to drown millions of them, why did he not allow Adam and Eve to perish in accordance with natural law, then kill the devil, and make a new pair?

When the flood came, why did he not drown all? Why did he save for seed that which was "perfectly "and thoroughly corrupt in all its parts and faculties"? If God had drowned Noah and his sons and their families, he could have then made a new pair, and peopled the world with men not "wholly "defiled in all their faculties and parts of soul and "body."

Jehovah learned nothing by experience. He persisted in his original mistake. What would we think of a man who finding that a field of wheat was worthless, and that such wheat never could be raised with profit, should burn all of the field with the exception of a few sheaves, which he saved for seed? Why save such seed? Why should God have preserved Noah, knowing that he was totally corrupt, and that he would again fill the world with infamous people—people incapable of a good action? He must have known at that time, that by preserving Noah, the Canaanites would be produced, that these same Canaanites would have to be murdered, that the babes in the cradles would have to be strangled. Why did he produce them? He knew at that time, that Egypt would result from the salvation of Noah, that the Egyptians would have to be nearly destroyed, that he would have to kill their first-born, that he would have to visit even their cattle with disease and hailstones. He knew also that the Egyptians would oppress his chosen people for two hundred and fifteen years, that they would upon the back of toil inflict the lash. Why did he preserve Noah? He should have drowned all, and started with a new pair. He should have warned them against the devil, and he might have succeeded, in that way, in covering the world with gentlemen and ladies, with real men and real women.

We know that most of the people now in the world are not Christians. Most who have heard the gospel of Christ have rejected it, and the Presbyterian Church tells us what is to become of all these people. This is the "glad tidings of great joy." Let us see:

"All mankind, by their fall, lost communion with "God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made "liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, "and to the pains of hell forever."

According to this good Presbyterian doctrine, all that we suffer in this world, is the result of Adam's fall. The babes of to-day suffer for the crime of the first parents. Not only so; but God is angry at us for what Adam did. We are under the wrath of an infinite God, whose brows are corrugated with eternal hatred.

Why should God hate us for being what we are and necessarily must have been? A being that God made—the devil—for whose work God is responsible, according to the Bible wrought this woe. God of his own free will must have made the devil. What did he make him for? Was it necessary to have a devil in heaven? God, having infinite power, can of course destroy this devil to-day. Why does he permit him to live? Why did he allow him to thwart his plans? Why did he permit him to pollute the innocence of Eden? Why does he allow him now to wrest souls by the million from the redeeming hand of Christ?

According to the Scriptures, the devil has always been successful. He enjoys himself. He is called "the prince of the power of the air." He has no conscientious scruples. He has miraculous power. All miraculous power must come of God, otherwise it is

simply in accordance with nature. If the devil can work a miracle, it is only with the consent and by the assistance of the Almighty. Is the God of Mr. Talmage in partnership with the devil? Do they divide profits?

We are also told by the Presbyterian Church— I quote from their Confession of Faith—that "there "is no sin so small but it deserves damnation." Yet Mr. Talmage tells us that God is good, that he is filled with mercy and loving-kindness. A child nine or ten years of age commits a sin, and thereupon it deserves eternal damnation. That is what Mr. Talmage calls, not simply justice, but mercy; and the sympathetic heart of Christ is not touched. The same being who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me," tells us that a child, for the smallest sin, deserves to be eternally damned. The Presbyterian Church tells us that infants, as well as adults, in order to be saved, need redemption by the blood of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost.

I am charged with trying to take the consolation of this doctrine from the world. I am a criminal because I am endeavoring to convince the mother that her child does not deserve eternal punishment. I stand by the graves of those who "died in their "sins," by the tombs of the "unregenerate," over the ashes of men who have spent their lives working for their wives and children, and over the sacred dust of soldiers who died in defence of flag and country, and I say to their friends—I say to the living who loved them, I say to the men and women for whom they worked, I say to the children whom they educated, I say to the country for which they died: These fathers, these mothers, these wives, these husbands, these soldiers are not in hell.

Question. Mr. Talmage insists that the Bible is scientific, and that the real scientific man sees no contradiction between revelation and science; that, on the contrary, they are in harmony. What is your understanding of this matter?

Answer. I do not believe the Bible to be a scientific book. In fact, most of the ministers now admit that it was not written to teach any science. They admit that the first chapter of Genesis is not geologically true. They admit that Joshua knew nothing of science. They admit that four-footed birds did not exist in the days of Moses. In fact, the only way they can avoid the unscientific statements of the Bible, is to assert that the writers simply used the common language of their day, and used it, not with the intention of teaching any scientific truth, but for the purpose of teaching some moral truth. As a matter of fact, we find that moral truths have been taught in all parts of this world. They were taught in India long before Moses lived; in Egypt long before Abraham was born; in China thousands of years before the flood. They were taught by hundreds and thousands and millions before the Garden of Eden was planted.

It would be impossible to prove the truth of a revelation simply because it contained moral truths. If it taught immorality, it would be absolutely certain that it was not a revelation from an infinitely good being. If it taught morality, it would be no reason for even suspecting that it had a divine origin. But if the Bible had given us scientific truths; if the ignorant Jews had given us the true theory of our solar system; if from Moses we had learned the nature of light and heat; if from Joshua we had learned something of electricity; if the minor prophets had given us the distances to other planets; if the orbits of the stars had been marked by the barbarians of that day, we might have admitted that they must have been inspired. If they had said anything in advance of their day; if they had plucked from the night of ignorance one star of truth, we might have admitted the claim of inspiration; but the Scriptures did not

rise above their source, did not rise above their ignorant authors—above the people who believed in wars of extermination, in polygamy, in concubinage, in slavery, and who taught these things in their “sacred Scriptures.”

The greatest men in the scientific world have not been, and are not, believers in the inspiration of the Scriptures. There has been no greater astronomer than Laplace. There is no greater name than Humboldt. There is no living scientist who stands higher than Charles Darwin. All the professors in all the religious colleges in this country rolled into one, would not equal Charles Darwin. All the cowardly apologists for the cosmogony of Moses do not amount to as much in the world of thought as Ernst Haeckel. There is no orthodox scientist the equal of Tyndall or Huxley. There is not one in this country the equal of John Fiske. I insist, that the foremost men to-day in the scientific world reject the dogma of inspiration. They reject the science of the Bible, and hold in utter contempt the astronomy of Joshua, and the geology of Moses.

Mr. Talmage tells us “that Science is a boy and “Revelation is a man.” Of course, like the most he says, it is substantially the other way. Revelation, so-called, was the boy. Religion was the lullaby of the cradle, the ghost-story told by the old woman, Superstition. Science is the man. Science asks for demonstration. Science impels us to investigation, and to verify everything for ourselves. Most professors of American colleges, if they were not afraid of losing their places, if they did not know that Christians were bad enough now to take the bread from their mouths, would tell their students that the Bible is not a scientific book.

I admit that I have said:

1. That the Bible is cruel.

2. That in many passages it is impure.

3. That it is contradictory.

4. That it is unscientific.

Let me now prove these propositions one by one.

First. The Bible is cruel.

I have opened it at random, and the very first chapter that has struck my eye is the sixth of First Samuel. In the nineteenth verse of that chapter, I find the following:

“And he smote the men of Bethshemesh, because “they had looked into the ark of the Lord; even he “smote of the people fifty thousand and three-score “and ten men.”

All this slaughter was because some people had looked into a box that was carried upon a cart. Was that cruel?

I find, also, in the twenty-fourth chapter of Second Samuel, that David was moved by God to number Israel and Judah. God put it into his heart to take a census of his people, and thereupon David said to Joab, the captain of his host:

“Go now through all the tribes of Israel, from “Dan even to Beersheba, and number ye the people, “that I may know the number of the people.”

At the end of nine months and twenty days, Joab gave the number of the people to the king, and there were at that time, according to that census, “eight hundred thousand valiant men that drew the “sword,” in Israel, and in Judah, “five hundred “thousand men,” making a total of thirteen hundred thousand men of war. The

moment this census was taken, the wrath of the Lord waxed hot against David, and thereupon he sent a seer, by the name of Gad, to David, and asked him to choose whether he would have seven years of famine, or fly three months before his enemies, or have three days of pestilence. David concluded that as God was so merciful as to give him a choice, he would be more merciful than man, and he chose the pestilence.

Now, it must be remembered that the sin of taking the census had not been committed by the people, but by David himself, inspired by God, yet the people were to be punished for David's sin. So,, when David chose the pestilence, God immediately killed "seventy thousand men, from Dan even to "Beersheba."

"And when the angel stretched out his hand upon "Jerusalem to destroy it, the Lord repented him of "the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed the "people, It is enough; stay now thine hand."

Was this cruel?

Why did a God of infinite mercy destroy seventy thousand men? Why did he fill his land with widows and orphans, because King David had taken the census? If he wanted to kill anybody, why did he not kill David? I will tell you why. Because at that time, the people were considered as the property of the king. He killed the people precisely as he killed the cattle. And yet, I am told that the Bible is not a cruel book.

In the twenty-first chapter of Second Samuel, I find that there were three years of famine in the days of David, and that David inquired of the Lord the reason of the famine; and the Lord told him that it was because Saul had slain the Gibeonites. Why did not God punish Saul instead of the people? And David asked the Gibeonites how he should make atonement, and the Gibeonites replied that they wanted no silver nor gold, but they asked that seven of the sons of Saul might be delivered unto them, so that they could hang them before the Lord, in Gibeah. And David agreed to the proposition, and thereupon he delivered to the Gibeonites the two sons of Rizpah, Saul's concubine, and the five sons of Michal, the daughter of Saul, and the Gibeonites hanged all seven of them together. And Rizpah, more tender than them all, with a woman's heart of love kept lonely vigil by the dead, "from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, "and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon "them by day, nor the beast of the field by night."

I want to know if the following, from the fifteenth chapter of First Samuel, is inspired:

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts; I remember that "which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for "him in the way when he came up from Egypt. Now "go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that "they have, and spare them not, but slay both man "and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, "camel and ass."

We must remember that those he was commanded to slay had done nothing to Israel. It was something done by their forefathers, hundreds of years before; and yet they are commanded to slay the women and children and even the animals, and to spare none.

It seems that Saul only partially carried into execution this merciful command of Jehovah. He spared the life of the king. He "utterly destroyed all the "people with the edge of the sword," but he kept alive the best of the sheep and oxen and of the fatlings and lambs. Then God spake unto Samuel and told him that he was very sorry he had made Saul king, because he had not killed all the animals, and because he had

spared Agag; and Samuel asked Saul: “What meaneth this bleating of sheep in mine “ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?”

Are stories like this calculated to make soldiers merciful?

So I read in the sixth chapter of Joshua, the fate of the city of Jericho: “And they utterly destroyed “all that was in the city, both man and woman, “young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with the “edge of the sword. And they burnt the city with “fire, and all that was therein.” But we are told that one family was saved by Joshua, out of the general destruction: “And Joshua saved Rahab, the harlot, “alive, and her father’s household, and all that she “had.” Was this fearful destruction an act of mercy?

It seems that they saved the money of their victims: “the silver and gold and the vessels of brass “and of iron they put into the treasury of the house “of the Lord.”

After all this pillage and carnage, it appears that there was a suspicion in Joshua’s mind that somebody was keeping back a part of the treasure. Search was made, and a man by the name of Achan admitted that he had sinned against the Lord, that he had seen a Babylonish garment among the spoils, and two hundred shekels of silver and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels’ weight, and that he took them and hid them in his tent. For this atrocious crime it seems that the Lord denied any victories to the Jews until they found out the wicked criminal. When they discovered poor Achan, “they took him and his sons “and his daughters, and his oxen and his asses and “his sheep, and all that he had, and brought them unto “the valley of Achor; and all Israel stoned him with “stones and burned them with fire after they had “stoned them with stones.”

After Achan and his sons and his daughters and his herds had been stoned and burned to death, we are told that “the Lord turned from the fierceness of “his anger.”

And yet it is insisted that this God “is merciful, “and that his loving-kindness is over all his works.” In the eighth chapter of this same book, the infinite God, “creator of heaven and earth and all that is “therein,” told his general, Joshua, to lay an ambush for a city—to “lie in wait against the city, even behind the city; go not very far from the city, but be “ye all ready.” He told him to make an attack and then to run, as though he had been beaten, in order that the inhabitants of the city might follow, and thereupon his reserves that he had ambushed might rush into the city and set it on fire. God Almighty planned the battle. God himself laid the snare. The whole programme was carried out. Joshua made believe that he was beaten, and fled, and then the soldiers in ambush rose out of their places, entered the city, and set it on fire. Then came the slaughter. They “utterly destroyed all the inhabitants of Ai,” men and maidens, women and babes, sparing only their king till evening, when they hanged him on a tree, then “took his carcase down “from the tree and cast it at the entering of the “gate, and raised thereon a great heap of stones “which remaineth unto this day.” After having done all this, “Joshua built an altar unto the Lord “God of Israel, and offered burnt offerings unto the “Lord.” I ask again, was this cruel?

Again I ask, was the treatment of the Gibeonites cruel when they sought to make peace but were denied, and cursed instead; and although permitted to live, were yet made slaves? Read the mandate consigning them to bondage: “Now therefore ye “are cursed, and there shall none of you be freed “from being bondmen and hewers of wood and “drawers of water for the house of my God.”

Is it possible, as recorded in the tenth chapter of Joshua, that the Lord took part in these battles, and cast down great hail-stones from the battlements of heaven upon

the enemies of the Israelites, so that “they were more who died with hail-stones, than “they whom the children of Israel slew with the “sword”?

Is it possible that a being of infinite power would exercise it in that way instead of in the interest of kindness and peace?

I find, also, in this same chapter, that Joshua took Makkedah and smote it with the edge of the sword, that he utterly destroyed all the souls that were therein, that he allowed none to remain.

I find that he fought against Libnah, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and utterly destroyed all the souls that were therein, and allowed none to remain, and did unto the king as he did unto the king of Jericho.

I find that he also encamped against Lachish, and that God gave him that city, and that he “smote it “with the edge of the sword, and all the souls that “were therein,” sparing neither old nor young, helpless women nor prattling babes.

He also vanquished Horam, King of Gezer, “and “smote him and his people until he left him none “remaining.”

He encamped against the city of Eglon, and killed every soul that was in it, at the edge of the sword, just as he had done to Lachish and all the others.

He fought against Hebron, “and took it and “smote it with the edge of the sword, and the king “thereof,”—and it appears that several cities, their number not named, were included in this slaughter, for Hebron “and all the cities thereof and all the “souls that were therein,” were utterly destroyed.

He then waged war against Debir and took it, and more unnumbered cities with it, and all the souls that were therein shared the same horrible fate—he did not leave a soul alive.

And this chapter of horrors concludes with this song of victory:

“So Joshua smote all the country of the hills, and “of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, “and all their kings: he left none remaining, but “utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord “God of Israel commanded. And Joshua smote “them from Kadeshbarnea even unto Gaza, and all the “country of Goshen, even unto Gibeon. And all these “kings and their land did Joshua take at one time, “because the Lord God of Israel fought for Israel.” Was God, at that time, merciful?

I find, also, in the twenty-first chapter that many Icings met, with their armies, for the purpose of overwhelming Israel, and the Lord said unto Joshua: “Be not afraid because of them, for to-morrow about “this time I will deliver them all slain before Israel. “I will hough their horses and burn their chariots “with fire.” Were animals so treated by the command of a merciful God?

Joshua captured Razor, and smote all the souls that were therein with the edge of the sword, there was not one left to breathe; and he took all the cities of all the kings that took up arms against him, and utterly destroyed all the inhabitants thereof. He took the cattle and spoils as prey unto himself, and smote every man with the edge of the sword; and not only so, but left not a human being to breathe.

I find the following directions given to the Israelites who were waging a war of conquest. They are in the twentieth chapter of Deuteronomy, from the tenth to the eighteenth verses:

“When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight “against it, then proclaim peace unto it. And it “shall be, if it make thee an answer of peace, and “open unto thee, then it shall be that all the people “that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, “and they shall serve thee. And if it will make no “peace with thee, but will war against thee, then “thou shalt besiege it. And when the Lord thy “God hath delivered it into thine hands, thou shalt “smite every male thereof with the edge of the “sword; but the women, and the little ones, and “the cattle, and all that is in the city, even the spoil “thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself; and thou “shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies, which the “Lord thy God hath given thee. Thus shalt thou “do unto all the cities which are very far off from “thee, which are not of the cities of these nations.” It will be seen from this that people could take their choice between death and slavery, provided these people lived a good ways from the Israelites. Now, let us see how they were to treat the inhabitants of the cities near to them:

“But of the cities of these people which the Lord “thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou “shalt save alive nothing that breatheth. But thou “shalt utterly destroy them; namely, the Hittites, “and the Amorites, the Canaanites, and the Perizzites, “the Hivites and the Jebusites, as the Lord thy God “hath commanded thee.”

It never occurred to this merciful God to send missionaries to these people. He built them no schoolhouses, taught them no alphabet, gave them no book; they were not supplied even with a copy of the Ten Commandments. He did not say “Reform,” but “Kill;” not “Educate,” but “Destroy.” He gave them no Bible, built them no church, sent them no preachers. He knew when he made them that he would have to have them murdered. When he created them he knew that they were not fit to live; and yet, this is the infinite God who is infinitely merciful and loves his children better than an earthly mother loves her babe.

In order to find just how merciful God is, read the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, and see what he promises to do with people who do not keep all of his commandments and all of his statutes. He curses them in their basket and store, in the fruit of their body, in the fruit of their land, in the increase of their cattle and sheep. He curses them in the city and in the field, in their coming in and their going out. He curses them with pestilence, with consumption, with fever, with inflammation, with extreme burning, with sword, with blasting, with mildew. He tells them that the heavens shall be as brass over their heads and the earth as iron under their feet; that the rain shall be powder and dust and shall come down on them and destroy them; that they shall flee seven ways before their enemies; that their carcasses shall be meat for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the earth; that he will smite them with the botch of Egypt, and with the scab, and with the itch, and with madness and blindness and astonishment; that he will make them grope at noonday; that they shall be oppressed and spoiled evermore; that one shall betroth a wife and another shall have her; that they shall build a house and not dwell in it; plant a vineyard and others shall eat the grapes; that their sons and daughters shall be given to their enemies; that he will make them mad for the sight of their eyes; that he will smite them in the knees and in the legs with a sore botch that cannot be healed, and from the sole of the foot to the top of the head; that they shall be a by-word among all nations; that they shall sow much seed and gather but little; that the locusts shall consume their crops; that they shall plant vineyards and drink no wine,—that they shall gather grapes, but worms shall eat them; that they shall raise olives but have no oil; beget sons and daughters, but they shall go into captivity; that

all the trees and fruit of the land shall be devoured by locusts, and that all these curses shall pursue them and overtake them, until they be destroyed; that they shall be slaves to their enemies, and be constantly in hunger and thirst and nakedness, and in want of all things. And as though this were not enough, the Lord tells them that he will bring a nation against them swift as eagles, a nation fierce and savage, that will show no mercy and no favor to old or young, and leave them neither corn, nor wine, nor oil, nor flocks, nor herds; and this nation shall besiege them in their cities until they are reduced to the necessity of eating the flesh of their own sons and daughters; so that the men would eat their wives and their children, and women eat their husbands and their own sons and daughters, and their own babes.

All these curses God pronounced upon them if they did not observe to do all the words of the law that were written in his book.

This same merciful God threatened that he would bring upon them all the diseases of Egypt—every sickness and every plague; that he would scatter them from one end of the earth to the other; that they should find no rest; that their lives should hang in perpetual doubt; that in the morning they would say: Would God it were evening! and in the evening, Would God it were morning! and that he would finally take them back to Egypt where they should be again sold for bondmen and bondwomen.

This curse, the foundation of the *Anathema maranatha*; this curse, used by the pope of Rome to prevent the spread of thought; this curse used even by the Protestant Church; this curse born of barbarism and of infinite cruelty, is now said to have issued from the lips of an infinitely merciful God. One would suppose that Jehovah had gone insane; that he had divided his kingdom like Lear, and from the darkness of insanity had launched his curses upon a world.

In order that there may be no doubt as to the mercy of Jehovah, read the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy:

“If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy “son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or “thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee “secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, “which thou hast not known, thou nor thy fathers; “ * * * thou shalt not consent unto him, nor “hearken unto him; neither shall thine eyes pity him, “neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal “him; but thou shalt surely kill him: thine hand “shall be first upon him to put him to death, and “afterwards the hand of all the people; and thou “shalt stone him with stones that he die, because he “hath sought to entice thee away from the Lord thy “God.”

This, according to Mr. Talmage, is a commandment of the infinite God. According to him, God ordered a man to murder his own son, his own wife, his own brother, his own daughter, if they dared even to suggest the worship of some other God than Jehovah. For my part, it is impossible not to despise such a God—a God not willing that one should worship what he must. No one can control his admiration, and if a savage at sunrise falls upon his knees and offers homage to the great light of the East, he cannot help it. If he worships the moon, he cannot help it. If he worships fire, it is because he cannot control his own spirit. A picture is beautiful to me in spite of myself. A statue compels the applause of my brain. The worship of the sun was an exceedingly natural religion, and why should a man or woman be destroyed for kneeling at the fireside of the world?

No wonder that this same God, in the very next chapter of Deuteronomy to that quoted, says to his chosen people: “Ye shall not eat of anything that “dieth of itself:

thou shalt give it unto the stranger “that is within thy gates, that he may eat it; or thou “mayest sell it unto an alien: for thou art a holy “people unto the Lord thy God.”

What a mingling of heartlessness and thrift—the religion of sword and trade!

In the seventh chapter of Deuteronomy, Jehovah gives his own character. He tells the Israelites that there are seven nations greater and mightier than themselves, but that he will deliver them to his chosen people, and that they shall smite them and utterly destroy them; and having some fear that a drop of pity might remain in the Jewish heart, he says:

“Thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor “show mercy unto them. * * * Know therefore “that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, “which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that “love him and keep his commandments to a thousand “generations, and repayeth them that hate him to “their face, to destroy them: he will not be slack to “him that hateth him, he will repay him to his face.” This is the description which the merciful, long-suffering Jehovah gives of himself.

So, he promises great prosperity to the Jews if they will only obey his commandments, and says: “And the Lord will take away from thee all sickness, “and will put none of the evil diseases of Egypt “upon thee, but will lay them upon all them that “hate thee. And thou shalt consume all the people “which the Lord thy God shall deliver thee; thine “eye shall have no pity upon them.”

Under the immediate government of Jehovah, mercy was a crime. According to the law of God, pity was weakness, tenderness was treason, kindness was blasphemy, while hatred and massacre were virtues.

In the second chapter of Deuteronomy we find another account tending to prove that Jehovah is a merciful God. We find that Sihon, king of Heshbon, would not let the Hebrews pass by him, and the reason given is, that “the Lord God hardened his “spirit and made his heart obstinate, that he might “deliver him into the hand” of the Hebrews. Sihon, his heart having been hardened by God, came out against the chosen people, and God delivered him to them, and “they smote him, and his sons, and all his “people, and took all his cities, and utterly destroyed “the men and the women, and the little ones of “every city: they left none to remain.” And in this same chapter this same God promises that the dread and fear of his chosen people should be “upon all the “nations that are under the whole heaven,” and that “they should “tremble and be in anguish because of” the Hebrews.

Read the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, and see how the Midianites were slain. You will find that “the children of Israel took all the women of Midian “captives, and their little ones,” that they took “all “their cattle, and all their flocks, and all their goods,” that they slew all the males, and burnt all their cities and castles with fire, that they brought the captives and the prey and the spoil unto Moses and Eleazar the priest; that Moses was wroth with the officers of his host because they had saved all the women alive, and thereupon this order was given: “Kill “every male among the little ones, and kill every “woman, * * * but all the women children “keep alive for yourselves.”

After this, God himself spake unto Moses, and said: “Take the sum of the prey that was taken, “both of man and of beast, thou and Eleazar the “priest * * * and divide the prey into two “parts, between those who went to war, and between “all the congregation, and levy a tribute unto the “Lord, one soul of five hundred of the persons, “and the cattle; take it of their half and give it to “the priest for an offering *

* * and of the “children of Israel’s half, take one portion of fifty of “the persons and the animals and give them unto “the Levites. * * * And Moses and the priest “did as the Lord had commanded.” It seems that they had taken six hundred and seventy-five thousand sheep, seventy-two thousand beeves, sixty-one thousand asses, and thirty-two thousand women children and maidens. And it seems, by the fortieth verse, *that the Lord’s tribute of the maidens was thirtytwo*,—the rest were given to the soldiers and to the congregation of the Lord.

Was anything more infamous ever recorded in the annals of barbarism? And yet we are told that the Bible is an inspired book, that it is not a cruel book, and that Jehovah is a being of infinite mercy.

In the twenty-fifth chapter of Numbers we find that the Israelites had joined themselves unto BaalPeor, and thereupon the anger of the Lord was kindled against them, as usual. No being ever lost his temper more frequently than this Jehovah. Upon this particular occasion, “the Lord said unto Moses, “Take all the heads of the people, and hang them “up before the Lord against the sun, that the fierce “anger of the Lord may be turned away from Israel.” And thereupon “Moses said unto the judges of Israel, “Slay ye every one his men that were joined unto “Baal-peor.”

Just as soon as these people were killed, and their heads hung up before the Lord against the sun, and a horrible double murder of a too merciful Israelite and a Midianitish woman, had been committed by Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, “the plague was stayed “from the children of Israel.” Twenty-four thousand had died. Thereupon, “the Lord spake unto Moses “and said”—and it is a very merciful commandment —”Vex the Midianites and smite them.”

In the twenty-first chapter of Numbers is more evidence that God is merciful and compassionate.

The children of Israel had become discouraged. They had wandered so long in the desert that they finally cried out: “Wherefore have ye brought us “up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? There “is no bread, there is no water, and our soul loatheth “this light bread.” Of course they were hungry and thirsty. Who would not complain under similar circumstances? And yet, on account of this complaint, the God of infinite tenderness and compassion sent serpents among them, and these serpents bit them— bit the cheeks of children, the breasts of maidens, and the withered faces of age. Why would a God do such an infamous thing? Why did he not, as the leader of this people, his chosen children, feed them better? Certainly an infinite God had the power to satisfy their hunger and to quench their thirst. He who overwhelmed a world with water, certainly could have made a few brooks, cool and babbling, to follow his chosen people through all their journeying. He could have supplied them with miraculous food.

How fortunate for the Jews that Jehovah was not revengeful, that he was so slow to anger, so patient, so easily pleased. What would they have done had he been exacting, easily incensed, revengeful, cruel, or blood-thirsty?

In the sixteenth chapter of Numbers, an account is given of a rebellion. It seems that Korah, Dathan and Abiram got tired of Moses and Aaron. They thought the priests were taking a little too much upon themselves. So Moses told them to have two hundred and fifty of their men bring their censers and put incense in them before the Lord, and stand in the door of the tabernacle of the congregation with Moses and Aaron. That being done, the Lord appeared, and told Moses and Aaron to separate themselves from the people, that he might consume them all in a moment. Moses

and Aaron, having a little compassion, begged God not to kill everybody. The people were then divided, and Dathan and Abiram came out and stood in the door of their tents with their wives and their sons and their little children. And Moses said:

"Hereby ye shall know that the Lord hath sent "me to do all these works; for I have not done them "of my mine own mind. If these men die the "common death of all men, or if they be visited "after the common visitation of all men, then the "Lord hath not sent me. But if the Lord make a "new thing, and the earth open her mouth and "swallow them up, with all that appertain unto them, "and they go down quick into the pit, then ye shall "understand that these men have provoked the "Lord." The moment he ceased speaking, "the "ground clave asunder that was under them; and "the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, "and their houses, and all the men that appertained "unto Korah, and all their goods. They, and all that "appertained to them went down alive into the pit, "and the earth closed upon them, and they perished "from among the congregation."

This, according to Mr. Talmage, was the act of an exceedingly merciful God, prompted by infinite kindness, and moved by eternal pity. What would he have done had he acted from motives of revenge? What would he have done had he been remorselessly cruel and wicked?

In addition to those swallowed by the earth, the two hundred and fifty men that offered the incense were consumed by "a fire that came out from the "Lord." And not only this, but the same merciful Jehovah wished to consume all the people, and he would have consumed them all, only that Moses prevailed upon Aaron to take a censer and put fire therein from off the altar of incense and go quickly to the congregation and make an atonement for them. He was not quick enough. The plague had already begun; and before he could possibly get the censers and incense among the people, fourteen thousand and seven hundred had died of the plague. How many more might have died, if Jehovah had not been so slow to anger and so merciful and tender to his children, we have no means of knowing.

In the thirteenth chapter of the same book of Numbers, we find that some spies were sent over into the promised land, and that they brought back grapes and figs and pomegranates, and reported that the whole land was flowing with milk and honey, but that the people were strong, that the cities were walled, and that the nations in the promised land were mightier than the Hebrews. They reported that all the people they met were men of a great stature, that they had seen "the giants, the sons of Anak "which come of giants," compared with whom the Israelites were "in their own sight as grasshoppers, "and so were we in their sight." Entirely discouraged by these reports, "all the congregation lifted up "their voice and cried, and the people wept that "night * * * and murmured against Moses and "against Aaron, and said unto them: Would God "that we had died in the land of Egypt! or would "God we had died in this wilderness!" Some of them thought that it would be better to go back,— that they might as well be slaves in Egypt as to be food for giants in the promised land. They did not want their bones crunched between the teeth of the sons of Anak.

Jehovah got angry again, and said to Moses: "How long will these people provoke me?"

"I will smite them with pestilence, and disinherit "them." But Moses said: Lord, if you do this, the Egyptians will hear of it, and they will say that you were not able to bring your people into the promised land. Then he proceeded to flatter him by telling him how merciful and long-suffering he had been. Finally, Jehovah concluded to

pardon the people this time, but his pardon depended upon the violation of his promise, for he said: “They shall “not see the land which I sware unto their fathers, “neither shall any of them that provoked me see it; “but my servant Caleb, * * * him will I bring “into the land.” And Jehovah said to the people: “Your carcasses shall fall in this wilderness, and all “that were numbered of you according to your “whole number, from twenty years old and upward, “which have murmured against me, ye shall not “come into the land concerning which I sware to “make you dwell therein, save Caleb the son of “Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun. But your “little ones, which ye said should be a prey, them “will I bring in, and they shall know the land “which ye have despised. But as for you, your carcasses shall fall in this wilderness. And your children shall wander in the wilderness forty years until your carcasses be wasted in the wilderness.

And all this because the people were afraid of giants, compared with whom they were but as grasshoppers.

So we find that at one time the people became exceedingly hungry. They had no flesh to eat. There were six hundred thousand men of war, and they had nothing to feed on but manna. They naturally murmured and complained, and thereupon a wind from the Lord went forth and brought quails from the sea, (quails are generally found in the sea,) “and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day’s “journey on this side, and as it were a day’s journey “on the other side, round about the camp, and as it “were two cubits high upon the face of the earth. “And the people stood up all that day, and all that “night, and all the next day, and they gathered the “quails. * * * And while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of “the Lord was kindled against the people, and the “Lord smote the people with a very great plague.”

Yet he is slow to anger, long-suffering, merciful and just.

In the thirty-second chapter of Exodus, is the account of the golden calf. It must be borne in mind that the worship of this calf by the people was before the Ten Commandments had been given to them. Christians now insist that these commandments must have been inspired, because no human being could have constructed them,—could have conceived of them.

It seems, according to this account, that Moses had been up in the mount with God, getting the Ten Commandments, and that while he was there the people had made the golden calf. When he came down and saw them, and found what they had done, having in his hands the two tables, the work of God, he cast the tables out of his hands, and broke them beneath the mount. He then took the calf which they had made, ground it to powder, strewed it in the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it. And in the twenty-seventh verse we are told what the Lord did: “Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Put every man “his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate “to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man “his brother, and every man his companion, and “every man his neighbor. And the children of Levi “did according to the word of Moses; and there fell “of the people that day about three thousand men.”

The reason for this slaughter is thus given: “For “Moses had said: Consecrate yourselves to-day to “the Lord, even every man upon his son, and upon “ his brother, that he may bestow upon you a blessing “this day.”

Now, it must be remembered that there had not been as yet a promulgation of the commandment u Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” This was a punishment

for the infraction of a law before the law was known—before the commandment had been given. Was it cruel, or unjust?

Does the following sound as though spoken by a God of mercy: “I will make mine arrows drunk “with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh”? And yet this is but a small part of the vengeance and destruction which God threatens to his enemies, as recorded in the thirty-second chapter of the book of Deuteronomy.

In the sixty-eighth Psalm is found this merciful passage: “That thy foot may be dipped in the blood “of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the “same.

So we find in the eleventh chapter of Joshua the reason why the Canaanites and other nations made war upon the Jews. It is as follows: “For it was of “the Lord to harden their hearts that they should “come against Israel in battle, that he might destroy “them utterly, and that they might have no favor, but “that he might destroy them.”

Read the thirtieth chapter of Exodus and you will find that God gave to Moses a recipe for making the oil of holy anointment, and in the thirty-second verse we find that no one was to make any oil like it and in the next verse it is declared that whoever compounded any like it, or whoever put any of it on a stranger, should be cut off from the Lord’s people.

In the same chapter, a recipe is given for perfumery, and it is declared that whoever shall make any like it, or that smells like it, shall suffer death.

In the next chapter, it is decreed that if any one fails to keep the Sabbath “he shall be surely put to death.”

There are in the Pentateuch hundreds and hundreds of passages showing the cruelty of Jehovah. What could have been more cruel than the flood? What more heartless than to overwhelm a world? What more merciless than to cover a shoreless sea with the corpses of men, women and children?

The Pentateuch is filled with anathemas, with curses, with words of vengeance, of jealousy, of hatred, and brutality. By reason of these passages, millions of people have plucked from their hearts the flowers of pity and justified the murder of women and the assassination of babes.

In the second chapter of Second Kings we find that the prophet Elisha was on his way to a place called Bethel, and as he was going, there came forth little children out of the city and mocked him and said: “Go up thou bald head; Go up thou bald “head! And he turned back and looked on them “and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And “there came forth two she bears out of the wood and “tare forty and two children of them.”

Of course he obtained his miraculous power from Jehovah; and there must have been some communication between Jehovah and the bears. Why did the bears come? How did they happen to be there? Here is a prophet of God cursing children in the name of the Lord, and thereupon these children are torn in fragments by wild beasts.

This is the mercy of Jehovah; and yet I am told that the Bible has nothing cruel in it; that it preaches only mercy, justice, charity, peace; that all hearts are softened by reading it; that the savage nature of man is melted into tenderness and pity by it, and that only the totally depraved can find evil in it.

And so I might go on, page after page, book after book, in the Old Testament, and describe the cruelties committed in accordance with the commands of Jehovah.

But all the cruelties in the Old Testament are absolute mercies compared with the hell of the New Testament. In the Old Testament God stops with the grave. He seems to have been satisfied when he saw his enemies dead, when he saw their flesh rotting in the open air, or in the beaks of birds, or in the teeth of wild beasts. But in the New Testament, vengeance does not stop with the grave. It begins there, and stops never. The enemies of Jehovah are to be pursued through all the ages of eternity. There is to be no forgiveness—no cessation, no mercy, nothing but everlasting pain.

And yet we are told that the author of hell is a being of infinite mercy.

Second; All intelligent Christians will admit that there are many passages in the Bible that, if found in the Koran, they would regard as impure and immoral.

It is not necessary for me to specify the passages, nor to call the attention of the public to such things. I am willing to trust the judgment of every honest reader, and the memory of every biblical student.

The Old Testament upholds polygamy. That is infinitely impure. It sanctions concubinage. That is impure; nothing could or can be worse. Hundreds of things are publicly told that should have remained unsaid. No one is made better by reading the history of Tamar, or the biography of Lot, or the memoirs of Noah, of Dinah, of Sarah and Abraham, or of Jacob and Leah and Rachel and others that I do not care to mention. No one is improved in his morals by reading these things.

All I mean to say is, that the Bible is like other books produced by other nations in the same stage of civilization. What one age considers pure, the next considers impure. What one age may consider just, the next may look upon as infamous. Civilization is a growth. It is continually dying, and continually being born. Old branches rot and fall, new buds appear. It is a perpetual twilight, and a perpetual dawn—the death of the old, and the birth of the new.

I do not say, throw away the Bible because there are some foolish passages in it, but I say, throw away the foolish passages. Don't throw away wisdom because it is found in company with folly; but do not say that folly is wisdom, because it is found in its company. All that is true in the Bible is true whether it is inspired or not. All that is true did not need to be inspired. Only that which is not true needs the assistance of miracles and wonders. I read the Bible as I read other books. What I believe to be good, I admit is good; what I think is bad, I say is bad; what I believe to be true, I say is true, and what I believe to be false, I denounce as false.

Third. Let us see whether there are any contradictions in the Bible.

A little book has been published, called "Self "Contradictions of the Bible," by J. P. Mendum, of The Boston Investigator. I find many of the apparent contradictions of the Bible noted in this book.

We all know that the Pentateuch is filled with the commandments of God upon the subject of sacrificing animals. We know that God declared, again and again, that the smell of burning flesh was a sweet savor to him. Chapter after chapter is filled with directions how to kill the beasts that were set apart for sacrifices; what to do with their blood, their flesh and their fat. And yet, in the seventh chapter of Jeremiah, all this is expressly denied, in the following language: "For I spake not unto your fathers,

nor commanded “them in the day that I brought them out of the land “of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices.”

And in the sixth chapter of Jeremiah, the same Jehovah says; “Your burnt offerings are not acceptable, nor your sacrifices sweet unto me.”

In the Psalms, Jehovah derides the idea of sacrifices, and says: “Will I eat of the flesh of “bulls, or drink the blood of goats? Offer unto God “thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most “High.”

So I find in Isaiah the following: “Bring no more “vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; “the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even “the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your “appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble “to me; I am weary to bear them.” “To what “purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? “saith the Lord. I am full of the burnt offerings of “rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not “in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. “When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand?”

So I find in James: “Let no man say when he is “tempted: I am tempted of God; for God cannot be “tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man;” and yet in the twenty-second chapter of Genesis I find this: “And it came to pass after these things, “that God did tempt Abraham.”

In Second Samuel we see that he tempted David. He also tempted Job, and Jeremiah says: “O Lord, “thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived.” To such an extent was Jeremiah deceived, that in the fourteenth chapter and eighteenth verse we find him crying out to the Lord: “Wilt thou be altogether “unto me as a liar?”

So in Second Thessalonians: “For these things “God shall send them strong delusions, that they “should believe a lie.”

So in First Kings, twenty-second chapter: “Behold, “the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all “these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil “concerning thee.”

So in Ezekiel: “And if the prophet be deceived “when he hath spoken a thing, I, the Lord, have deceived that prophet.”

So I find: “Thou shalt not bear false witness;” and in the book of Revelation: “All liars shall have “their part in the lake which burneth with fire and “brimstone;” yet in First Kings, twenty-second chapter, I find the following: “And the Lord said: “Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and “fall at Ramoth-Gilead? And one said on this “manner, and another said on that manner. And “there came forth a spirit and stood before the Lord, “and said: I will persuade him. And the Lord said “unto him: Wherewith? And he said: I will go “forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all “his prophets. And he said: Thou shalt persuade “him, and prevail also. Go forth, and do so.”

In the Old Testament we find contradictory laws about the same thing, and contradictory accounts of the same occurrences.

In the twentieth chapter of Exodus we find the first account of the giving of the Ten Commandments. In the thirty-fourth chapter another account of the same transaction is given. These two accounts could not have been written by the same person. Read them, and you will be forced to admit that both of them cannot by any

possibility be true. They differ in so many particulars, and the commandments themselves are so different, that it is impossible that both can be true.

So there are two histories of the creation. If you will read the first and second chapters of Genesis, you will find two accounts inconsistent with each other, both of which cannot be true. The first account ends with the third verse of the second chapter of Genesis. By the first account, man and woman were made at the same time, and made last of all. In the second account, not to be too critical, all the beasts of the field were made before Eve was, and Adam was made before the beasts of the field; whereas in the first account, God made all the animals before he made Adam. In the first account there is nothing about the rib or the bone or the side,—that is only found in the second account. In the first account, there is nothing about the Garden of Eden, nothing about the four rivers, nothing about the mist that went up from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground; nothing said about making man from dust; nothing about God breathing into his nostrils the breath of life; yet according to the second account, the Garden of Eden was planted, and all the animals were made before Eve was formed. It is impossible to harmonize the two accounts.

So, in the first account, only the word God is used—"God said so and so,—God did so and so." In the second account he is called Lord God,—"the "Lord God formed man,"—"the Lord God caused "it to rain,"—"the Lord God planted a garden." It is now admitted that the book of Genesis is made up of two stories, and it is very easy to take them apart and show exactly how they were put together.

So there are two stories of the flood, differing almost entirely from each other—that is to say, so contradictory that both cannot be true.

There are two accounts of the manner in which Saul was made king, and the accounts are inconsistent with each other.

Scholars now everywhere admit that the copyists made many changes, pieced out fragments, and made additions, interpolations, and meaningless repetitions. It is now generally conceded that the speeches of Elihu, in Job, were interpolated, and most of the prophecies were made by persons whose names even are not known.

The manuscripts of the Old Testament were not alike. The Greek version differed from the Hebrew, and there was no generally received text of the Old Testament until after the beginning of the Christian era. Marks and points to denote vowels were invented probably in the seventh century after Christ; and whether these marks and points were put in the proper places, is still an open question. The Alexandrian version, or what is known as the Septuagint, translated by seventy-two learned Jews assisted by miraculous power, about two hundred years before Christ, could not, it is now said, have been translated from the Hebrew text that we now have. This can only be accounted for by supposing that we have a different Hebrew text. The early Christians adopted the Septuagint and were satisfied for a time; but so many errors were found, and so many were scanning every word in search of something to assist their peculiar views, that new versions were produced, and the new versions all differed somewhat from the Septuagint as well as from each other. These versions were mostly in Greek. The first Latin Bible was produced in Africa, and no one has ever found out which Latin manuscript was original. Many were produced, and all differed from each other. These Latin versions were compared with each other and with the Hebrew, and a new Latin version was made in the fifth century, and the old ones held their own for about four hundred years, and no one knows which version

was right. Besides, there were Ethiopie, Egyptian, Armenian and several other versions, all differing from each other as well as from all others. It was not until the fourteenth century that the Bible was translated into German, and not until the fifteenth that Bibles were printed in the principal languages of Europe; and most of these Bibles differed from each other, and gave rise to endless disputes and to almost numberless crimes.

No man in the world is learned enough, nor has he time enough, even if he could live a thousand years, to find what books belonged to and constituted the Old Testament. He could not ascertain the authors of the books, nor when they were written, nor what they mean. Until a man has sufficient time to do all this, no one can tell whether he believes the Bible or not. It is sufficient, however, to say that the Old Testament is filled with contradictions as to the number of men slain in battle, as to the number of years certain kings reigned, as to the number of a woman's children, as to dates of events, and as to locations of towns and cities.

Besides all this, many of its laws are contradictory, often commanding and prohibiting the same thing.

The New Testament also is filled with contradictions. The gospels do not even agree upon the terms of salvation. They do not even agree as to the gospel of Christ, as to the mission of Christ. They do not tell the same story regarding the betrayal, the crucifixion, the resurrection or the ascension of Christ. John is the only one that ever heard of being "born again." The evangelists do not give the same account of the same miracles, and the miracles are not given in the same order. They do not agree even in the genealogy of Christ.

Fourth. Is the Bible scientific? In my judgment it is not

It is unscientific to say that this world was "created that the universe was produced by an infinite being, who had existed an eternity prior to such "creation." My mind is such that I cannot possibly conceive of a "creation." Neither can I conceive of an infinite being who dwelt in infinite space an infinite length of time.

I do not think it is scientific to say that the universe was made in six days, or that this world is only about six thousand years old, or that man has only been upon the earth for about six thousand years.

If the Bible is true, Adam was the first man. The age of Adam is given, the age of his children, and the time, according to the Bible, was kept and known from Adam, so that if the Bible is true, man has only been in this world about six thousand years. In my judgment, and in the judgment of every scientific man whose judgment is worth having or quoting, man inhabited this earth for thousands of ages prior to the creation of Adam. On one point the Bible is at least certain, and that is, as to the life of Adam. The genealogy is given, the pedigree is there, and it is impossible to escape the conclusion that, according to the Bible, man has only been upon this earth about six thousand years. There is no chance there to say "long periods of time," or "geological ages." There we have the years. And as to the time of the creation of man, the Bible does not tell the truth.

What is generally called "The Fall of Man" is unscientific. God could not have made a moral character for Adam. Even admitting the rest of the story to be true, Adam certainly had to make character for himself.

The idea that there never would have been any disease or death in this world had it not been for the eating of the forbidden fruit is preposterously unscientific.

Admitting that Adam was made only six thousand years ago, death was in the world millions of years before that time. The old rocks are filled with remains of what were once living and breathing animals. Continents were built up with the petrified corpses of animals. We know, therefore, that death did not enter the world because of Adam's sin. We know that life and death are but successive links in an eternal chain.

So it is unscientific to say that thorns and brambles were produced by Adam's sin.

It is also unscientific to say that labor was pronounced as a curse upon man. Labor is not a curse. Labor is a blessing. Idleness is a curse.

It is unscientific to say that the sons of God, living, we suppose, in heaven, fell in love with the daughters of men, and that on account of this a flood was sent upon the earth that covered the highest mountains.

The whole story of the flood is unscientific, and no scientific man worthy of the name, believes it.

Neither is the story of the tower of Babel a scientific thing. Does any scientific man believe that God confounded the language of men for fear they would succeed in building a tower high enough to reach to heaven?

It is not scientific to say that angels were in the habit of walking about the earth, eating veal dressed with butter and milk, and making bargains about the destruction of cities.

The story of Lot's wife having been turned into a pillar of salt is extremely unscientific.

It is unscientific to say that people at one time lived to be nearly a thousand years of age. The history of the world shows that human life is lengthening instead of shortening.

It is unscientific to say that the infinite God wrestled with Jacob and got the better of him, putting his thigh out of joint.

It is unscientific to say that God, in the likeness of a flame of fire, inhabited a bush.

It is unscientific to say that a stick could be changed into a living snake. Living snakes can not be made out of sticks. There are not the necessary elements in a stick to make a snake.

It is not scientific to say that God changed water into blood. All the elements of blood are not in water.

It is unscientific to declare that dust was changed into lice.

It is not scientific to say that God caused a thick darkness over the land of Egypt, and yet allowed it to be light in the houses of the Jews.

It is not scientific to say that about seventy people could, in two hundred and fifteen years increase to three millions.

It is not scientific to say that an infinitely good God would destroy innocent people to get revenge upon a king.

It is not scientific to say that slavery was once right, that polygamy was once a virtue, and that extermination was mercy.

It is not scientific to assert that a being of infinite power and goodness went into partnership with insects,—granted letters of marque and reprisal to hornets.

It is unscientific to insist that bread was really rained from heaven.

It is not scientific to suppose that an infinite being spent forty days and nights furnishing Moses with plans and specifications for a tabernacle, an ark, a mercy seat, cherubs of gold, a table, four rings, some dishes, some spoons, one candlestick, several bowls, a few knobs, seven lamps, some snuffers, a pair of tongs, some curtains, a roof for a tent of rams' skins dyed red, a few boards, an altar with horns, ash pans, basins and flesh hooks, shovels and pots and sockets of silver and ouches of gold and pins of brass—for all of which this God brought with him patterns from heaven.

It is not scientific to say that when a man commits a sin, he can settle with God by killing a sheep.

It is not scientific to say that a priest, by laying his hands on the head of a goat, can transfer the sins of a people to the animal.

Was it scientific to endeavor to ascertain whether a woman was virtuous or not, by compelling her to drink water mixed with dirt from the floor of the sanctuary?

Is it scientific to say that a dry stick budded, blossomed, and bore almonds; or that the ashes of a red heifer mixed with water can cleanse us of sin; or that a good being gave cities into the hands of the Jews in consideration of their murdering all the inhabitants?

Is it scientific to say that an animal saw an angel, and conversed with a man?

Is it scientific to imagine that thrusting a spear through the body of a woman ever stayed a plague?

Is it scientific to say that a river cut itself in two and allowed the lower end to run off?

Is it scientific to assert that seven priests blew seven rams' horns loud enough to blow down the walls of a city?

Is it scientific to say that the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down for about a whole day, and that the moon also stayed?

Is it scientifically probable that an angel of the Lord devoured unleavened cakes and broth with fire that came out of the end of a stick, as he sat under an oak tree; or that God made known his will by letting dew fall on wool without wetting the ground around it; or that an angel of God appeared to Manoah in the absence of her husband, and that this angel afterwards went up in a flame of fire, and as the result of this visit a child was born whose strength was in his hair?

Is it scientific to say that the muscle of a man depended upon the length of his locks?

Is it unscientific to deny that water gushed from a hollow place in a dry bone?

Is it evidence of a thoroughly scientific mind to believe that one man turned over a house so large that three thousand people were on its roof?

Is it purely scientific to say that a man was once fed by the birds of the air, who brought him bread and meat every morning and evening, and that afterward an angel turned cook and prepared two suppers in one night, for the same prophet, who ate enough to last him forty days and forty nights?

Is it scientific to say that a river divided because the water had been struck with a cloak; or that a man actually went to heaven in a chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire; or that a being of infinite mercy would destroy children for laughing at a bald

headed prophet; or curse children and childrens children with leprosy for a father's fault; or that he made iron float in water; or that when one corpse touched another it came to life; or that the sun went backward in heaven so that the shadow on a sundial went back ten degrees, as a sign that a miserable barbarian king would get well?

Is it scientific to say that the earth not only stopped in its rotary motion, but absolutely turned the other way,—that its motion was reversed simply as a sign to a petty king?

Is it scientific to say that Solomon made gold and silver at Jerusalem as plentiful as stones, when we know that there were kings in his day who could have thrown away the value of the whole of Palestine without missing the amount?

Is it scientific to say that Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth in glory, when his country was barren, without roads, when his people were few, without commerce, without the arts, without the sciences, without education, without luxuries?

According to the Bible, as long as Jehovah attended to the affairs of the Jews, they had nothing but war, pestilence and famine; after Jehovah abandoned them, and the Christians ceased, in a measure, to persecute them, the Jews became the most prosperous of people. Since Jehovah in his anger cast them away, they have produced painters, sculptors, scientists, statesmen, composers, soldiers and philosophers.

It is not scientific to believe that God ever prevented rain, that he ever caused famine, that he ever sent locusts to devour the wheat and corn, that he ever relied on pestilence for the government of mankind; or that he ever killed children to get even with their parents.

It is not scientific to believe that the king of Egypt invaded Palestine with seventy thousand horsemen and twelve hundred chariots of war. There was not, at that time, a road in Palestine over which a chariot could be driven.

It is not scientific to believe that in a battle between Jeroboam and Abijah, the army of Abijah slew in one day five hundred thousand chosen men.

It is not scientific to believe that Zerah, the Ethiopian, invaded Palestine with a million of men who were overthrown and destroyed; or that Jehoshaphat had a standing army of nine hundred and sixty thousand men.

It is unscientific to believe that Jehovah advertised for a liar, as is related in Second Chronicles.

It is not scientific to believe that fire refused to burn, or that water refused to wet.

It is not scientific to believe in dreams, in visions, and in miracles.

It is not scientific to believe that children have been born without fathers, that the dead have ever been raised to life, or that people have bodily ascended to heaven taking their clothes with them.

It is not scientific to believe in the supernatural. Science dwells in the realm of fact, in the realm of demonstration. Science depends upon human experience, upon observation, upon reason.

It is unscientific to say that an innocent man can be punished in place of a criminal, and for a criminal, and that the criminal, on account of such punishment, can be justified.

It is unscientific to say that a finite sin deserves infinite punishment.

It is unscientific to believe that devils can inhabit human beings, or that they can take possession of swine, or that the devil could bodily take a man, or the Son of God, and carry him to the pinnacle of a temple.

In short, the foolish, the unreasonable, the false, the miraculous and the supernatural are unscientific.

Question. Mr. Talmage gives his reason for accepting the New Testament, and says: "You "can trace it right out. Jerome and Eusebius in the "first century, and Origen in the second century, "gave lists of the writers of the New Testament. "These lists correspond with our list of the writers "of the New Testament, showing that precisely as "we have it, they had it in the third and fourth centuries. Where did they get it? From Irenæus. "Where did he get it? From Polycarp. Where did "Polycarp get it? From Saint John, who was a personal associate of Jesus. The line is just as clear "as anything ever was clear." How do you understand this matter, and has Mr. Talmage stated the facts?

Answer. Let us examine first the witnesses produced by Mr. Talmage. We will also call attention to the great principle laid down by Mr. Talmage for the examination of evidence,—that where a witness is found false in one particular, his entire testimony must be thrown away.

Eusebius was born somewhere about two hundred and seventy years after Christ. After many vicissitudes he became, it is said, the friend of Constantine. He made an oration in which he extolled the virtues of this murderer, and had the honor of sitting at the right hand of the man who had shed the blood of his wife and son. In the great controversy with regard to the position that Christ should occupy in the Trinity, he sided with Arius, "and lent himself to the persecution of the orthodox with Athanasius." He insisted that Jesus Christ was not the same as God, and that he was not of equal power and glory. Will Mr. Talmage admit that his witness told the truth in this? "He would not even call the Son co-eternal "with God."

Eusebius must have been an exceedingly truthful man. He declared that the tracks of Pharaoh's chariots were in his day visible upon the shores of the Red Sea; that these tracks had been through all the years miraculously preserved from the action of wind and wave, as a supernatural testimony to the fact that God miraculously overwhelmed Pharaoh and his hosts.

Eusebius also relates that when Joseph and Mary arrived in Eygpt they took up their abode in Hermopolis,

a city of Thebæus, in which was the superb temple of Serapis. When Joseph and Mary entered the temple, not only the great idol, but all the lesser idols fell down before him.

"It is believed by the learned Dr. Lardner, that "Eusebius was the one guilty of the forgery in the "passage found in Josephus concerning Christ. Unblushing falsehoods and literary forgeries of the "vilest character darkened the pages of his historical "writings." (Waites History.)

From the same authority I learn that Eusebius invented an eclipse, and some earthquakes, to agree with the account of the crucifixion. It is also believed that Eusebius quoted from works that never existed, and that he pretended a work had

been written by Porphyry, entitled: “The Philosophy of “Oracles,” and then quoted from it for the purpose of proving the truth of the Christian religion.

The fact is, Eusebius was utterly destitute of truth. He believed, as many still believe, that he could please God by the fabrication of lies.

Irenæus lived somewhere about the end of the second century. “Very little is known of his early “history, and the accounts given in various biographies are for the most part conjectural.” The writings of Irenæus are known to us principally through Eusebius, and we know the value of his testimony.

Now, if we are to take the testimony of Irenæus, why not take it? He says that the ministry of Christ lasted for twenty years, and that Christ was fifty years old at the time of his crucifixion. He also insisted that the “Gospel of Paul” was written by Luke, “a “statement made to give sanction to the gospel of “Luke.”

Irenæus insisted that there were four gospels, that there must be, and “he speaks frequently of these “gospels, and argues that they should be four in “number, neither more nor less, because there are “four universal winds, and four quarters of the “world;” and he might have added: because donkeys have four legs.

These facts can be found in “The History of the “Christian Religion to A. D. 200,” by Charles B. Waite,—a book that Mr. Talmage ought to read.

According to Mr. Waite, Irenæus, in the thirtythird chapter of his fifth book, *Adversus Hæreses*, cites from Papias the following sayings of Christ: “The days will come in which vines shall grow “which shall have ten thousand branches, and on “each branch ten thousand twigs, and in each twig “ten thousand shoots, and in each shoot ten thousand “clusters, and in every one of the clusters ten “thousand grapes, and every grape when pressed “will give five and twenty metrets of wine.” Also that “one thousand million pounds of clear, pure, fine “flour will be produced from one grain of wheat.” Irenæus adds that “these things were borne witness “to by Papias the hearer of John and the companion “of Polycarp.”

Is it possible that the eternal welfare of a human being depends upon believing the testimony of Polycarp and Irenæus? Are people to be saved or lost on the reputation of Eusebius? Suppose a man is firmly convinced that Polycarp knew nothing about Saint John, and that Saint John knew nothing about Christ,—what then? Suppose he is convinced that Eusebius is utterly unworthy of credit,—what then? Must a man believe statements that he has every reason to think are false?

The question arises as to the witnesses named by Mr. Talmage, whether they were competent to decide as to the truth or falsehood of the gospels. We have the right to inquire into their mental traits for the purpose of giving only due weight to what they have said.

Mr. Bronson C. Keeler is the author of a book called: “A Short History of the Bible.” I avail myself of a few of the facts he has there collected. I find in this book, that Irenæus, Clement and Origen believed in the fable of the Phoenix, and insisted that God produced the bird on purpose to prove the probability of the resurrection of the body. Some of the early fathers believed that the hyena changed its sex every year. Others of them gave as a reason why good people should eat only animals with a cloven foot, the fact that righteous people lived not only in this world, but had expectations in the next. They also believed that insane people were possessed by devils; that angels ate manna; that some angels loved the daughters of men and fell; that the pains of women in childbirth, and the fact that serpents crawl on their

bellies, were proofs that the account of the fall, as given in Genesis, is true; that the stag renewed its youth by eating poisonous snakes; that eclipses and comets were signs of God's anger; that volcanoes were openings into hell; that demons blighted apples; that a corpse in a cemetery moved to make room for another corpse to be placed beside it. Clement of Alexandria believed that hail storms, tempests and plagues were caused by demons. He also believed, with Mr. Talmage, that the events in the life of Abraham were typical and prophetical of arithmetic and astronomy.

Origen, another of the witnesses of Mr. Talmage, said that the sun, moon and stars were living creatures, endowed with reason and free will, and occasionally inclined to sin. That they had free will, he proved by quoting from Job; that they were rational creatures, he inferred from the fact that they moved. The sun, moon and stars, according to him, were "subject to vanity," and he believed that they prayed to God through his only begotten son.

These intelligent witnesses believed that the blighting of vines and fruit trees, and the disease and destruction that came upon animals and men, were all the work of demons; but that when they had entered into men, the sign of the cross would drive them out. They derided the idea that the earth is round, and one of them said: "About the antipodes also, one "can neither hear nor speak without laughter. It is "asserted as something serious that we should believe that there are men who have their feet opposite to ours. The ravings of Anaxagoras are more "tolerable, who said that snow was black."

Concerning these early fathers, Professor Davidson, as quoted by Mr. Keeler, uses the following language: "Of the three fathers who contributed "most to the growth of the canon, Irenæus was "credulous and blundering; Tertullian passionate "and one-sided; and Clement of Alexandria, imbued with the treasures of Greek wisdom, was "mainly occupied with ecclesiastical ethics. Their "assertions show both ignorance and exaggeration." These early fathers relied upon by Mr. Talmage, quoted from books now regarded as apocryphal— books that have been thrown away by the church and are no longer considered as of the slightest authority. Upon this subject I again quote Mr. Keeler: "Clement quoted the 'Gospel according to "'the Hebrews,' which is now thrown away by the "church; he also quoted from the Sibylline books "and the Pentateuch in the same sentence. Origen "frequently cited the Gospel of the Hebrews. Jerome "did the same, and Clement believed in the 'Gospel "'according to the Egyptians.' The Shepherd of "Hermas, a book in high repute in the early church, "and one which distinctly claims to have been "inspired, was quoted by Irenæus as Scripture. "Clement of Alexandria said it was a divine revelation. Origen said it was divinely inspired, and "quoted it as Holy Scripture at the same time that "he cited the Psalms and Epistles of Paul. Jerome "quoted the 'Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach,' "as divine Scripture. Origen quotes the 'Wisdom "of Solomon' as the 'Word of God' and 'the "'words of Christ himself.' Eusebius of Cæsarea "cites it as a 'Divine Oracle,' and St. Chrysostom "used it as Scripture. So Eusebius quotes the "thirteenth chapter of Daniel as Scripture, but as a "matter of fact, Daniel has not a thirteenth chapter,— "the church has taken it away. Clement spoke of "the writer of the fourth book of Esdras as a prophet; "he thought Baruch as much the word of God as "any other book, and he quotes it as divine Scripture. "Clement cites Barnabas as an apostle. Origen "quotes from the Epistle of Barnabas, calls it 'Holy " 'Scripture,' and places it on a level with the Psalms "and the Epistles of Paul; and Clement of Alexandria believed in the 'Epistle of Barnabas,' and the "'Revelation, of Peter,' and wrote comments upon "these holy books."

Nothing can exceed the credulity of the early fathers, unless it may be their ignorance. They believed everything that was miraculous. They believed everything except the truth. Anything that really happened was considered of no importance by them. They looked for wonders, miracles, and monstrous things, and—generally found them. They revelled in the misshapen and the repulsive. They did not think it wrong to swear falsely in a good cause. They interpolated, forged, and changed the records to suit themselves, for the sake of Christ. They quoted from persons who never wrote. They misrepresented those who had written, and their evidence is absolutely worthless. They were ignorant, credulous, mendacious, fanatical, pious, unreasonable, bigoted, hypocritical, and for the most part, insane. Read the book of Revelation, and you will agree with me that nothing that ever emanated from a madhouse can more than equal it for incoherence. Most of the writings of the early fathers are of the same kind.

As to Saint John, the real truth is, that we know nothing certainly of him. We do not know that he ever lived.

We know nothing certainly of Jesus Christ. We know nothing of his infancy, nothing of his youth, and we are not sure that such a person ever existed.

We know nothing of Polycarp. We do not know where he was born, or where, or how he died. We know nothing for certain about Irenæus. All the names quoted by Mr. Talmage as his witnesses are surrounded by clouds and doubts, by mist and darkness. We only know that many of their statements are false, and do not know that any of them are true.

Question. What do you think of the following statement by Mr. Talmage: "Oh, I have to tell you that no "man ever died for a lie cheerfully and triumphantly"?

Answer. There was a time when men "cheerfully "and triumphantly died" in defence of the doctrine of the "real presence" of God in the wafer and wine. Does Mr. Talmage believe in the doctrine of "transubstantiation"? Yet hundreds have died "cheerfully and triumphantly" for it. Men have died for the idea that baptism by immersion is the only scriptural baptism. Did they die for a lie? If not, is Mr. Talmage a Baptist?

Giordano Bruno was an atheist, yet he perished at the stake rather than retract his opinions. He did not expect to be welcomed by angels and by God. He did not look for a crown of glory. He expected simply death and eternal extinction. Does the fact that he died for that belief prove its truth?

Thousands upon thousands have died in defence of the religion of Mohammed. Was Mohammed an impostor? Thousands have welcomed death in defence of the doctrines of Buddha. Is Buddhism true?

So I might make a tour of the world, and of all ages of human history, and find that millions and millions have died "cheerfully and triumphantly" in defence of their opinions. There is not the slightest truth in Mr. Talmage's statement.

A little while ago, a man shot at the Czar of Russia. On the day of his execution he was asked if he wished religious consolation. He replied that he believed in no religion. What did that prove? It proved only the man's honesty of opinion. All the martyrs in the world cannot change, never did change, a falsehood into a truth, nor a truth into a falsehood. Martyrdom proves nothing but the sincerity of the martyr and the cruelty and meanness of his murderers. Thousands and thousands of people have imagined that they knew things, that they were certain, and have died rather than retract their honest beliefs.

Mr. Talmage now says that he knows all about the Old Testament, that the prophecies were fulfilled, and yet he does not know when the prophecies were made—whether they were made before or after the fact. He does not know whether the destruction of Babylon was told before it happened, or after. He knows nothing upon the subject. He does not know who made the pretended prophecies. He does not know that Isaiah, or Jeremiah, or Habakkuk, or Hosea ever lived in this world. He does not know who wrote a single book of the Old Testament. He knows nothing on the subject. He believes in the inspiration of the Old Testament because ancient cities finally fell into decay—were overrun and destroyed by enemies, and he accounts for the fact that the Jew does not lose his nationality by saying that the Old Testament is true.

The Jews have been persecuted by the Christians, and they are still persecuted by them; and Mr. Talmage seems to think that this persecution was a part of Gods plan, that the Jews might, by persecution, be prevented from mingling with other nationalities, and so might stand, through the instrumentality of perpetual hate and cruelty, the suffering witnesses of the divine truth of the Bible.

The Jews do not testify to the truth of the Bible, but to the barbarism and inhumanity of Christians— to the meanness and hatred of what we are pleased to call the "civilized world." They testify to the fact that nothing so hardens the human heart as religion.

There is no prophecy in the Old Testament foretelling the coming of Jesus Christ. There is not one word in the Old Testament referring to him in any way—not one word. The only way to prove this is to take your Bible, and wherever you find these words: "That it might be fulfilled," and "which "was spoken," turn to the Old Testament and find what was written, and you will see that it had not the slightest possible reference to the thing recounted in the New Testament—not the slightest.

Let us take some of the prophecies of the Bible, and see how plain they are, and how beautiful they are. Let us see whether any human being can tell whether they have ever been fulfilled or not.

Here is a vision of Ezekiel: "I looked, and behold a whirlwind came out of the north, a great "cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness "was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the "color of amber, out of the midst of the fire. Also "out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four "living creatures. And this was their appearance; "they had the likeness of a man. And every one "had four faces, and every one had four wings. "And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of "their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot: and they "sparkled like the color of burnished brass. And "they had the hands of a man under their wings on "their four sides; and they four had their faces and "their wings. Their wings were joined one to "another; they turned not when-they went; they "went every one straight forward. As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, "and the face of a lion, on the right side: and they "four had the face of an ox on the left side; they "four also had the face of an eagle.

"Thus were their faces: and their wings were "stretched upward; two wings of every one were "joined one to another, and two covered their bodies. "And they went every one straight forward: whither "the spirit was to go, they went; and they turned not "when they went.

"As for the likeness of the living creatures, their "appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like "the appearance of lamps: it went up and down "among the living

creatures; and the fire was bright, “and out of the fire went forth lightning. And the “living creatures ran and returned as the appearance “of a flash of lightning.

“Now as I beheld the living creatures, behold one “wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with “his four faces. The appearance of the wheels and “their work was like unto the color of a beryl: and “they four had one likeness: and their appearance “and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle “of a wheel. When they went, they went upon “their four sides: and they turned not when they “went. As for their rings, they were so high that “they were dreadful; and their rings were full of “eyes round about them four. And when the living “creatures went, the wheels went by them: and “when the living creatures were lifted up from the “earth, the wheels were lifted up. Whithersoever “the spirit was to go, they went, thither was their “spirit to go; and the wheels were lifted up over “against them: for the spirit of the living creature “was in the wheels. When those went, these went; “and when those stood, these stood; and when those “were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were “lifted up over against them: for the spirit of the “living creature was in the wheels. And the likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living “creature was as the color of the terrible crystal, “stretched forth over their heads above. And under “the firmament were their wings straight, the one “toward the other; every one had two, which “covered on this side, and every one had two, “which covered on that side, their bodies.”

Is such a vision a prophecy? Is it calculated to convey the slightest information? If so, what?

So, the following vision of the prophet Daniel is exceedingly important and instructive:

“Daniel spake and said: I saw in my vision by “night, and behold, the four winds of the heaven “strove upon the great sea. And four great beasts “came up from the sea, diverse one from another. “The first was like a lion, and had eagle’s wings: “I beheld till the wings thereof were plucked, and it “was lifted up from the earth, and made stand upon “the feet as a man, and a man’s heart was given to “it. And behold another beast, a second, like to a “bear, and it raised up itself on one side, and it had “three ribs in the mouth of it between the teeth of “it: and they said thus unto it, Arise, devour much “flesh.

“After this I beheld, and lo another, like a leopard, “which had upon the back of it four wings of a fowl; “the beast had also four heads, and dominion was “given to it.

“After this I saw in the night visions, and behold “a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth; it devoured “and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with “the feet of it; and it was diverse from all the beasts “that were before it, and it had ten horns. I considered the horns, and, behold, there came up “among them another little horn, before whom “there were three of the first horns plucked up by “the roots: and behold, in this horn were eyes like “the eyes of man, and a mouth speaking great “things.”

I have no doubt that this prophecy has been literally fulfilled, but I am not at present in condition to give the time, place, or circumstances.

A few moments ago, my attention was called to the following extract from *The New York Herald* of the thirteenth of March, instant:

“At the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, Dr. Armitage took as his text, ‘A wheel in the middle of a “‘wheel’—Ezekiel, i., 16. Here, said the preacher, “are three distinct visions in one—the living creatures, the moving wheels and the fiery throne. We

“have time only to stop the wheels of this mystic “chariot of Jehovah, that we may hold holy converse “with Him who rides upon the wings of the wind. “In this vision of the prophet we have a minute and “amplified account of these magnificent symbols or “hieroglyphics, this wondrous machinery which de “notes immense attributes and agencies and volitions, passing their awful and mysterious course of “power and intelligence in revolution after revolution of the emblematical mechanism, in steady and “harmonious advancement to the object after which “they are reaching. We are compelled to look “upon the whole as symbolical of that tender and “endearing providence of which Jesus spoke when “He said, ‘The very hairs of your head are numbered.’“

Certainly, an ordinary person, not having been illuminated by the spirit of prophecy, would never have even dreamed that there was the slightest reference in Ezekiel’s vision to anything like counting hairs. As a commentator, the Rev. Dr. Armitage has no equal; and, in my judgment, no rival. He has placed himself beyond the reach of ridicule. It is impossible to say anything about his sermon as laughable as his sermon.

Question. Have you no confidence in any prophecies? Do you take the ground that there never has been a human being who could predict the future?

Answer. I admit that a man of average intelligence knows that a certain course, when pursued long enough, will bring national disaster, and it is perfectly safe to predict the downfall of any and every country in the world. In my judgment, nations, like individuals, have an average life. Every nation is mortal. An immortal nation cannot be constructed of mortal individuals. A nation has a reason for existing, and that reason sustains the same relation to the nation that the acorn does to the oak. The nation will attain its growth—other things being equal. It will reach its manhood and its prime, but it will sink into old age, and at last must die. Probably, in a few thousand years, men will be able to calculate the average life of nations, as they now calculate the average life of persons. There has been no period since the morning of history until now, that men did not know of dead and dying nations. There has always been a national cemetery. Poland is dead, Turkey is dying. In every nation are the seeds of dissolution. Not only nations die, but races of men. A nation is born, becomes powerful, luxurious, at last grows weak, is overcome, dies, and another takes its place, In this way civilization and barbarism, like day and night, alternate through all of history’s years.

In every nation there are at least two classes of men: First, the enthusiastic, the patriotic, who believe that the nation will live forever,—that its flag will float while the earth has air; Second, the owls and ravens and croakers, who are always predicting disaster, defeat, and death. To the last class belong the Jeremiahs, Ezekiels, and Isaiahs of the Jews. They were always predicting the downfall of Jerusalem. They revelled in defeat and captivity. They loved to paint the horrors of famine and war. For the most part, they were envious, hateful, misanthropic and unjust.

There seems to have been a war between church and state. The prophets were endeavoring to preserve the ecclesiastical power. Every king who would listen to them, was chosen of God. He instantly became the model of virtue, and the prophets assured him that he was in the keeping of Jehovah. But if the king had a mind of his own, the prophets immediately called down upon him all the curses of heaven, and predicted the speedy destruction of his kingdom.

If our own country should be divided, if an empire should rise upon the ruins of the Republic, it would be very easy to find that hundreds and thousands of people had foretold that very thing. If you will read the political speeches of the last twenty-two years, you will find prophecies to fit any possible future state of affairs in our country. No matter what happens, you will find that somebody predicted it. If the city of London should lose her trade, if the Parliament house should become the abode of moles and bats, if "the New Zealander should sit upon the "ruins of London Bridge," all these things would be simply the fulfillment of prophecy. The fall of every nation under the sun has been predicted by hundreds and thousands of people.

The prophecies of the Old Testament can be made to fit anything that may happen, or that may not happen. They will apply to the death of a king, or to the destruction of a people,—to the loss of commerce, or the discovery of a continent. Each prophecy is a jugglery of words, of figures, of symbols, so put together, so used, so interpreted, that they can mean anything, everything, or nothing.

Question. Do you see anything "prophetic" in the fate of the Jewish people themselves? Do you think that God made the Jewish people wanderers, so that they might be perpetual witnesses to the truth of the Scriptures?

Answer. I cannot believe that an infinitely good God would make anybody a wanderer. Neither can I believe that he would keep millions of people without country and without home, and allow them to be persecuted for thousands of years, simply that they might be used as witnesses. Nothing could be more absurdly cruel than this.

The Christians justify their treatment of the Jews on the ground that they are simply fulfilling prophecy. The Jews have suffered because of the horrid story that their ancestors crucified the Son of God. Christianity, coming into power, looked with horror upon the Jews, who denied the truth of the gospel. Each Jew was regarded as a dangerous witness against Christianity. The early Christians saw how necessary it was that the people who lived in Jerusalem at the time of Christ should be convinced that he was God, and should testify to the miracles he wrought. Whenever a Jew denied it, the Christian was filled with malignity and hatred, and immediately excited the prejudice of other Christians against the man simply because he was a Jew. They forgot, in their general hatred, that Mary, the mother of Christ, was a Jewess; that Christ himself was of Jewish blood; and with an inconsistency of which, of all religions, Christianity alone could have been guilty, the Jew became an object of especial hatred and aversion.

When we remember that Christianity pretends to be a religion of love and kindness, of charity and forgiveness, must not every intelligent man be shocked by the persecution of the Jews? Even now, in learned and cultivated Germany, the Jew is treated as though he were a wild beast. The reputation of this great people has been stained by a persecution springing only from ignorance and barbarian prejudice. So in Russia, the Christians are anxious to shed every drop of Jewish blood, and thousands are to-day fleeing from their homes to seek a refuge from Christian hate. And Mr. Talmage believes that all these persecutions are kept up by the perpetual intervention of God, in order that the homeless wanderers of the seed of Abraham may testify to the truth of the Old and New Testaments. He thinks that every burning Jewish home sheds light upon the gospel,—that every gash in Jewish flesh cries out in favor of the Bible,—that every violated Jewish maiden shows the interest that God still takes in the preservation of his Holy Word.

I am endeavoring to do away with religious prejudice. I wish to substitute humanity for superstition, the love of our fellow-men, for the fear of God. In the place of ignorant worship, let us put good deeds. We should be great enough and grand enough to know that the rights of the Jew are precisely the same as our own. We cannot trample upon their rights, without endangering our own; and no man who will take liberty from another, is great enough to enjoy liberty himself.

Day by day Christians are laying the foundation of future persecution. In every Sunday school little children are taught that Jews killed the God of this universe. Their little hearts are filled with hatred against the Jewish people. They are taught as a part of the creed to despise the descendants of the only people with whom God is ever said to have had any conversation whatever.

When we take into consideration what the Jewish people have suffered, it is amazing that every one of them does not hate with all his heart and soul and strength the entire Christian world. But in spite of the persecutions they have endured, they are to-day, where they are permitted to enjoy reasonable liberty, the most prosperous people on the globe. The idea that their condition shows, or tends to show, that upon them abides the wrath of Jehovah, cannot be substantiated by the facts.

The Jews to-day control the commerce of the world. They control the money of the world. It is for them to say whether nations shall or shall not go to war. They are the people of whom nations borrow money. To their offices kings come with their hats in their hands. Emperors beg them to discount their notes. Is all this a consequence of the wrath of God?

We find upon our streets no Jewish beggars. It is a rare sight to find one of these people standing as a criminal before a court. They do not fill our almshouses, nor our penitentiaries, nor our jails. Intellectually and morally they are the equal of any people. They have become illustrious in every department of art and science. The old cry against them is at last perceived to be ignorant. Only a few years ago, Christians would rob a Jew, strip him of his possessions, steal his money, declare him an outcast, and drive him forth. Then they would point to him as a fulfillment of prophecy.

If you wish to see the difference between some Jews and some Christians, compare the addresses of Felix Adler with the sermons of Mr. Talmage.

I cannot convince myself that an infinitely good and wise God holds a Jewish babe in the cradle of to-day responsible for the crimes of Caiaphas the high priest. I hardly think that an infinitely good being would pursue this little babe through all its life simply to get revenge on those who died two thousand years ago. An infinite being ought certainly to know that the child is not to blame; and an infinite being who does not know this, is not entitled to the love or adoration of any honest man.

There is a strange inconsistency in what Mr. Talmage says. For instance, he finds great fault with me because I do not agree with the religious ideas of my father; and he finds fault equally with the Jews who do. The Jews who were true to the religion of their fathers, according to Mr. Talmage, have been made a by-word and a hissing and a reproach among all nations, and only those Jews were fortunate and blest who abandoned the religion of their fathers. The real reason for this inconsistency is this: Mr. Talmage really thinks that a man can believe as he wishes. He imagines that evidence depends simply upon volition; consequently, he holds every one responsible for his belief. Being satisfied that he has the exact truth in this matter, he measures all other people by his standard, and if they fail by that measurement, he holds them

personally responsible, and believes that his God does the same. If Mr. Talmage had been born in Turkey, he would in all probability have been a Mohammedan, and would now be denouncing some man who had denied the inspiration of the Koran, as the "champion blasphemer" of Constantinople. Certainly he would have been, had his parents been Mohammedans; because, according to his doctrine, he would have been utterly lacking in respect and love for his father and mother had he failed to perpetuate their errors. So, had he been born in Utah, of Mormon parents, he would now have been a defender of polygamy. He would not "run the ploughshare of contempt "through the graves of his parents," by taking the ground that polygamy is wrong.

I presume that all of Mr. Talmage's forefathers were not Presbyterians. There must have been a time when one of his progenitors left the faith of his father, and joined the Presbyterian Church. According to the reasoning of Mr. Talmage, that particular progenitor was an exceedingly bad man; but had it not been for the crime of that bad man, Mr. Talmage might not now have been on the road to heaven.

I hardly think that all the inventors, the thinkers, the philosophers, the discoverers, dishonored their parents. Fathers and mothers have been made immortal by such sons. And yet these sons demonstrated the errors of their parents. A good father wishes to be excelled by his children.

SIXTH INTERVIEW.

It is a contradiction in terms and ideas to call anything a revelation that comes to us at secondhand, either verbally or in writing. Revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication— after this, it is only an account of something which that person says was a revelation made to him; and though he may find himself obliged to believe it, it cannot be incumbent on me to believe it in the same manner; for it was not a revelation made to me, and I have only his word for it that it was made to him.—Thomas Paine.

Question. What do you think of the arguments presented by Mr. Talmage in favor of the inspiration of the Bible?

Answer. Mr. Talmage takes the ground that there are more copies of the Bible than of any other book, and that consequently it must be inspired.

It seems to me that this kind of reasoning proves entirely too much. If the Bible is the inspired word of God, it was certainly just as true when there was only one copy, as it is to-day; and the facts contained in it were just as true before they were written, as afterwards. We all know that it is a fact in human nature, that a man can tell a falsehood so often that he finally believes it himself; but I never suspected, until now, that a mistake could be printed enough times to make it true.

There may have been a time, and probably there was, when there were more copies of the Koran than of the Bible. When most Christians were utterly ignorant, thousands of Moors were educated; and it is well known that the arts and sciences flourished in Mohammedan countries in a far greater degree than in Christian. Now, at that time, it may be that there were more copies of the Koran than of the Bible. If some enterprising Mohammedan had only seen the force of such a fact, he might have established the inspiration of the Koran beyond a doubt; or, if it had been found by actual count that the Koran was a little behind, a few years of industry spent in the multiplication of copies, might have furnished the evidence of its inspiration.

Is it not simply amazing that a doctor of divinity, a Presbyterian clergyman, in this day and age, should seriously rely upon the number of copies of the Bible to substantiate the inspiration of that book? Is it possible to conceive of anything more fig-leaflessly absurd? If there is anything at all in this argument, it is, that all books are true in proportion to the number of copies that exist. Of course, the same rule will work with newspapers; so that the newspaper having the largest circulation can consistently claim infallibility. Suppose that an exceedingly absurd statement should appear in *The New York Herald*, and some one should denounce it as utterly without any foundation in fact or probability; what would Mr. Talmage think if the editor of the Herald, as an evidence of the truth of the statement, should rely on the fact that his paper had the largest circulation of any in the city? One would think that the whole church had acted upon the theory that a falsehood repeated often enough was as good as the truth.

Another evidence brought forward by the reverend gentleman to prove the inspiration of the Scriptures, is the assertion that if Congress should undertake to pass a law to take the Bible from the people, thirty, millions would rise in defence of that book.

This argument also seems to me to prove too much, and as a consequence, to prove nothing. If Congress should pass a law prohibiting the reading of Shakespeare, every American would rise in defence of his right to read the works of the greatest man this world has known. Still, that would not even tend to show that Shakespeare was inspired. The fact is, the American people would not allow Congress to pass a law preventing them from reading any good book. Such action would not prove the book to be inspired; it would prove that the American people believe in liberty.

There are millions of people in Turkey who would peril their lives in defence of the Koran. A fact like this does not prove the truth of the Koran; it simply proves what Mohammedans think of that book, and what they are willing to do for its preservation.

It can not be too often repeated, that martyrdom does not prove the truth of the thing for which the martyr dies; it only proves the sincerity of the martyr and the cruelty of his murderers. No matter how many people regard the Bible as inspired,—that fact furnishes no evidence that it is inspired. Just as many people have regarded other books as inspired; just as many millions have been deluded about the inspiration of books ages and ages before Christianity was born.

The simple belief of one man, or of millions of men, is no evidence to another. Evidence must be based, not upon the belief of other people, but upon facts. A believer may state the facts upon which his belief is founded, and the person to whom he states them gives them the weight that according to the construction and constitution of his mind he must. But simple, bare belief is not testimony. We should build upon facts, not upon beliefs of others, nor upon the shifting sands of public opinion. So much for this argument.

The next point made by the reverend gentleman is, that an infidel cannot be elected to any office in the United States, in any county, precinct, or ward.

For the sake of the argument, let us admit that this is true. What does it prove? There was a time when no Protestant could have been elected to any office. What did that prove? There was a time when no Presbyterian could have been chosen to fill any public station. What did that prove? The same may be said of the members of each religious denomination. What does that prove?

Mr. Talmage says that Christianity must be true, because an infidel cannot be elected to office. Now, suppose that enough infidels should happen to settle in one precinct to elect one of their own number to office; would that prove that Christianity was not true in that precinct? There was a time when no man could have been elected to any office, who insisted on the rotundity of the earth; what did that prove? There was a time when no man who denied the existence of witches, wizards, spooks and devils, could hold any position of honor; what did that prove? There was a time when an abolitionist could not be elected to office in any State in this Union; what did that prove? There was a time when they were not allowed to express their honest thoughts; what does that prove? There was a time when a Quaker could not have been elected to any office; there was a time in the history of this country when but few of them were allowed to live; what does that prove? Is it necessary, in order to ascertain the truth of Christianity, to look over the election returns? Is "inspiration" a question to be settled by the ballot? I admit that it was once, in the first place, settled that way. I admit that books were voted in and voted out, and that the Bible was finally formed in accordance with a vote; but does Mr. Talmage insist that the question is not still open? Does he not know, that a fact cannot by any possibility be affected by opinion? We make laws for the whole people, by the whole people. We agree that a majority shall rule, but nobody ever pretended that a question of taste could be settled by an appeal to majorities, or that a question of logic could be affected by numbers. In the world of thought, each man is an absolute monarch, each brain is a kingdom, that cannot be invaded even by the tyranny of majorities.

No man can avoid the intellectual responsibility of deciding for himself.

Suppose that the Christian religion had been put to vote in Jerusalem? Suppose that the doctrine of the "fall" had been settled in Athens, by an appeal to the people, would Mr. Talmage have been willing to abide by their decision? If he settles the inspiration of the Bible by a popular vote, he must settle the meaning of the Bible by the same means. There are more Methodists than Presbyterians—why does the gentleman remain a Presbyterian? There are more Buddhists than Christians—why does he vote against majorities? He will remember that Christianity was once settled by a popular vote—that the divinity of Christ was submitted to the people, and the people said: "Crucify him!"

The next, and about the strongest, argument Mr. Talmage makes is, that I am an infidel because I was defeated for Governor of Illinois.

When put in plain English, his statement is this: that I was defeated because I was an infidel, and that I am an infidel because I was defeated. This, I believe, is called reasoning in a circle. The truth is, that a good many people did object to me because I was an infidel, and the probability is, that if I had denied being an infidel, I might have obtained an office. The wonderful part is, that any Christian should deride me because I preferred honor to political success. He who dishonors himself for the sake of being honored by others, will find that two mistakes have been made—one by himself, and the other, by the people.

I presume that Mr.Talmage really thinks that I was extremely foolish to avow my real opinions. After all, men are apt to judge others somewhat by themselves. According to him, I made the mistake of preserving my manhood and losing an office. Now, if I had in fact been an infidel, and had denied it, for the sake of position, then I admit that every Christian might have pointed at me the finger of contempt. But I was an infidel, and admitted it. Surely, I should not be held in contempt by Christians for

having made the admission. I was not a believer in the Bible, and I said so. I was not a Christian, and I said so. I was not willing to receive the support of any man under a false impression. I thought it better to be honestly beaten, than to dishonestly succeed. According to the ethics of Mr. Talmage I made a mistake, and this mistake is brought forward as another evidence of the inspiration of the Scriptures. If I had only been elected Governor of Illinois,—that is to say, if I had been a successful hypocrite, I might now be basking in the sunshine of this gentleman's respect. I preferred to tell the truth—to be an honest man,—and I have never regretted the course I pursued.

There are many men now in office who, had they pursued a nobler course, would be private citizens. Nominally, they are Christians; actually, they are nothing; and this is the combination that generally insures political success.

Mr. Talmage is exceedingly proud of the fact that Christians will not vote for infidels. In other words, he does not believe that in our Government the church has been absolutely divorced from the state. He believes that it is still the Christian's duty to make the religious test. Probably he wishes to get his God into the Constitution. My position is this:

Religion is an individual matter—a something for each individual to settle for himself, and with which no other human being has any concern, provided the religion of each human being allows liberty to every other. When called upon to vote for men to fill the offices of this country, I do not inquire as to the religion of the candidates. It is none of my business. I ask the questions asked by Jefferson: "Is he "honest; is he capable?" It makes no difference to me, if he is willing that others should be free, what creed he may profess. The moment I inquire into his religious belief, I found a little inquisition of my own; I repeat, in a small way, the errors of the past, and reproduce, in so far as I am capable, the infamy of the ignorant orthodox years.

Mr. Talmage will accept my thanks for his frankness. I now know what controls a Presbyterian when he casts his vote. He cares nothing for the capacity, nothing for the fitness, of the candidate to discharge the duties of the office to which he aspires; he simply asks: Is he a Presbyterian, is he a Protestant, does he believe our creed? and then, no matter how ignorant he may be, how utterly unfit, he receives the Presbyterian vote. According to Mr. Talmage, he would vote for a Catholic who, if he had the power, would destroy all liberty of conscience, rather than vote for an infidel who, had he the power, would destroy all the religious tyranny of the world, and allow every human being to think for himself, and to worship God, or not, as and how he pleased.

Mr. Talmage makes the serious mistake of placing the Bible above the laws and Constitution of his country. He places Jehovah above humanity. Such men are not entirely safe citizens of any republic. And yet, I am in favor of giving to such men all the liberty I ask for myself, trusting to education and the spirit of progress to overcome any injury they may do, or seek to do.

When this country was founded, when the Constitution was adopted, the churches agreed to let the State alone. They agreed that all citizens should have equal civil rights. Nothing could be more dangerous to the existence of this Republic than to introduce religion into politics. The American theory is, that governments are founded, not by gods, but by men, and that the right to govern does not come from God, but "from the consent of the governed." Our fathers concluded that the people were sufficiently intelligent to take care of themselves—to make good laws and to

execute them. Prior to that time, all authority was supposed to come from the clouds. Kings were set upon thrones by God, and it was the business of the people simply to submit. In all really civilized countries, that doctrine has been abandoned. The source of political power is here, not in heaven. We are willing that those in heaven should control affairs there; we are willing that the angels should have a government to suit themselves; but while we live here, and while our interests are upon this earth, we propose to make and execute our own laws.

If the doctrine of Mr. Talmage is the true doctrine, if no man should be voted for unless he is a Christian, then no man should vote unless he is a Christian. It will not do to say that sinners may vote, that an infidel may be the repository of political power, but must not be voted for. A decent Christian who is not willing that an infidel should be elected to an office, would not be willing to be elected to an office by infidel votes. If infidels are too bad to be voted for, they are certainly not good enough to vote, and no Christian should be willing to represent such an infamous constituency.

If the political theory of Mr. Talmage is carried out, of course the question will arise in a little while, What is a Christian? It will then be necessary to write a creed to be subscribed by every person before he is fit to vote or to be voted for. This of course must be done by the State, and must be settled, under our form of government, by a majority vote. Is Mr. Talmage willing that the question, What is Christianity? should be so settled? Will he pledge himself in advance to subscribe to such a creed? Of course he will not. He will insist that he has the right to read the Bible for himself, and that he must be bound by his own conscience. In this he would be right. If he has the right to read the Bible for himself, so have I. If he is to be bound by his conscience, so am I. If he honestly believes the Bible to be true, he must say so, in order to preserve his manhood; and if I honestly believe it to be uninspired,— filled with mistakes,—I must say so, or lose my manhood. How infamous I would be should I endeavor to deprive him of his vote, or of his right to be voted for, because he had been true to his conscience! And how infamous he is to try to deprive me of the right to vote, or to be voted for, because I am true to my conscience!

When we were engaged in civil war, did Mr. Talmage object to any man's enlisting in the ranks who was not a Christian? Was he willing, at that time, that sinners should vote to keep our flag in heaven? Was he willing that the "unconverted" should cover the fields of victory with their corpses, that this nation might not die? At the same time, Mr. Talmage knew that every "unconverted" soldier killed, went down to eternal fire. Does Mr. Talmage believe that it is the duty of a man to fight for a government in which he has no rights? Is the man who shoulders his musket in the defence of human freedom good enough to cast a ballot? There is in the heart of this priest the sane hatred of real liberty that drew the sword of persecution, that built dungeons, that forged chains and made instruments of torture.

Nobody, with the exception of priests, would be willing to trust the liberties of this country in the hands of any church. In order to show the political estimation in which the clergy are held, in order to show the confidence the people at large have in the sincerity and wisdom of the clergy, it is sufficient to state, that no priest, no bishop, could by any possibility be elected President of the United States. No party could carry that load. A fear would fall upon the mind and heart of every honest man that this country was about to drift back to the Middle Ages, and that the old battles were to be refought. If the bishop running for President was of the Methodist Church, every other church would oppose him. If he was a Catholic, the Protestants would as

a body combine against him. Why? The churches have no confidence in each other. Why? Because they are acquainted with each other.

As a matter of fact, the infidel has a thousand times more reason to vote against the Christian, than the Christian has to vote against the infidel. The Christian believes in a book superior to the Constitution—superior to all Constitutions and all laws. The infidel believes that the Constitution and laws are superior to any book. He is not controlled by any power beyond the seas or above the clouds. He does not receive his orders from Rome, or Sinai. He receives them from his fellow-citizens, legally and constitutionally expressed. The Christian believes in a power greater than man, to which, upon the peril of eternal pain, he must bow. His allegiance, to say the best of it, is divided. The Christian puts the fortune of his own soul over and above the temporal welfare of the entire world; the infidel puts the good of mankind here and now, beyond and over all.

There was a time in New England when only church members were allowed to vote, and it may be instructive to state the fact that during that time Quakers were hanged, women were stripped, tied to carts, and whipped from town to town, and their babes sold into slavery, or exchanged for rum. Now in that same country, thousands and thousands of infidels vote, and yet the laws are nearer just, women are not whipped and children are not sold.

If all the convicts in all the penitentiaries of the United States could be transported to some island in the sea, and there allowed to make a government for themselves, they would pass better laws than John Calvin did in Geneva. They would have clearer and better views of the rights of men, than unconvicted Christians used to have. I do not say that these convicts are better people, but I do say that, in my judgment, they would make better laws. They certainly could not make worse.

If these convicts were taken from the prisons of the United States, they would not dream of uniting church and state. They would have no religious test. They would allow every man to vote and to be voted for, no matter what his religious views might be. They would not dream of whipping Quakers, of burning Unitarians, of imprisoning or burning Universalists or infidels. They would allow all the people to guess for themselves. Some of these convicts, of course, would believe in the old ideas, and would insist upon the suppression of free thought. Those coming from Delaware would probably repeat with great gusto the opinions of Justice Comegys, and insist that the whipping-post was the handmaid of Christianity.

It would be hard to conceive of a much worse government than that founded by the Puritans. They took the Bible for the foundation of their political structure. They copied the laws given to Moses from Sinai, and the result was one of the worst governments that ever disgraced this world. They believed the Old Testament to be inspired. They believed that Jehovah made laws for all people and for all time. They had not learned the hypocrisy that believes and avoids. They did not say: This law was once just, but is now unjust; it was once good, but now it is infamous; it was given by God once, but now it can only be obeyed by the devil. They had not reached the height of biblical exegesis on which we find the modern theologian perched, and who tells us that Jehovah has reformed. The Puritans were consistent. They did what people must do who honestly believe in the inspiration of the Old Testament. If God gave laws from Sinai what right have we to repeal them?

As people have gained confidence in each other, they have lost confidence in the sacred Scriptures. We know now that the Bible can not be used as the foundation of

government. It is capable of too many meanings. Nobody can find out exactly what it upholds, what it permits, what it denounces, what it denies. These things depend upon what part you read. If it is all true, it upholds everything bad and denounces everything good, and it also denounces the bad and upholds the good. Then there are passages where the good is denounced and the bad commanded; so that any one can go to the Bible and find some text, some passage, to uphold anything he may desire. If he wishes to enslave his fellowmen, he will find hundreds of passages in his favor. If he wishes to be a polygamist, he can find his authority there. If he wishes to make war, to exterminate his neighbors, there his warrant can be found. If, on the other hand, he is oppressed himself, and wishes to make war upon his king, he can find a battle-cry. And if the king wishes to put him down, he can find text for text on the other side. So, too, upon all questions of reform. The teetotaler goes there to get his verse, and the moderate drinker finds within the sacred lids his best excuse.

Most intelligent people are now convinced that the bible is not a guide; that in reading it you must exercise your reason; that you can neither safely reject nor accept all; that he who takes one passage for a staff, trips upon another; that while one text is a light, another blows it out; that it is such a mingling of rocks and quicksands, such a labyrinth of clews and snares—so few flowers among so many nettles and thorns, that it misleads rather than directs, and taken altogether, is a hindrance and not a help.

Another important point made by Mr. Talmage is, that if the Bible is thrown away, we will have nothing left to swear witnesses on, and that consequently the administration of justice will become impossible.

There was a time when the Bible did not exist, and if Mr. Talmage is correct, of course justice was impossible then, and truth must have been a stranger to human lips. How can we depend upon the testimony of those who wrote the Bible, as there was no Bible in existence while they were writing, and consequently there was no way to take their testimony, and we have no account of their having been sworn on the Bible after they got it finished. It is extremely sad to think that all the nations of antiquity were left entirely without the means of eliciting truth. No wonder that Justice was painted blindfolded.

What perfect fetichism it is, to imagine that a man will tell the truth simply because he has kissed an old piece of sheepskin stained with the saliva of all classes. A farce of this kind adds nothing to the testimony of an honest man; it simply allows a rogue to give weight to his false testimony. This is really the only result that can be accomplished by kissing the Bible. A desperate villain, for the purpose of getting revenge, or making money, will gladly go through the ceremony, and ignorant juries and superstitious judges will be imposed upon. The whole system of oaths is false, and does harm instead of good. Let every man walk into court and tell his story, and let the truth of the story be judged by its reasonableness, taking into consideration the character of the witness, the interest he has, and the position he occupies in the controversy, and then let it be the business of the jury to ascertain the real truth —to throw away the unreasonable and the impossible, and make up their verdict only upon what they believe to be reasonable and true. An honest man does not need the oath, and a rascal uses it simply to accomplish his purpose. If the history of courts proved that every man, after kissing the Bible, told the truth, and that those who failed to kiss it sometimes lied, I should be in favor of swearing all people on the Bible; but the experience of every lawyer is, that kissing the Bible is not always the preface of a true story. It is often the ceremonial embroidery of a falsehood.

If there is an infinite God who attends to the affairs of men, it seems to me almost a sacrilege to publicly appeal to him in every petty trial. If one will go into any court, and notice the manner in which oaths are administered,—the utter lack of solemnity—the matter-of-course air with which the whole thing is done, he will be convinced that it is a form of no importance. Mr. Talmage would probably agree with the judge of whom the following story is told:

A witness was being sworn. The judge noticed that he was not holding up his hand. He said to the clerk: “Let the witness hold up his right hand.” “His right arm was shot off,” replied the clerk. “Let “him hold up his left, then.” “That was shot off, too, “your honor.” “Well, then, let him raise one foot; “no man can be sworn in this court without holding “something up.”

My own opinion is, that if every copy of the Bible in the world were destroyed, there would be some way to ascertain the truth in judicial proceedings; and any other book would do just as well to swear witnesses upon, or a block in the shape of a book covered with some kind of calfskin could do equally well, or just the calfskin would do. Nothing is more laughable than the performance of this ceremony, and I have never seen in court one calf kissing the skin of another, that I did not feel humiliated that such things were done in the name of Justice.

Mr. Talmage has still another argument in favor of the preservation of the Bible. He wants to know what book could take its place on the centretable.

I admit that there is much force in this. Suppose we all admitted the Bible to be an uninspired book, it could still be kept on the centre-table. It would be just as true then as it is now. Inspiration can not add anything to a fact; neither can inspiration make the immoral moral, the unjust just, or the cruel merciful. If it is a fact that God established human slavery, that does not prove slavery to be right; it simply shows that God was wrong. If I have the right to use my reason in determining whether the Bible is inspired or not, and if in accordance with my reason I conclude that it is inspired, I have still the right to use my reason in determining whether the commandments of God are good or bad. Now, suppose we take from the Bible every word upholding slavery, every passage in favor of polygamy, every verse commanding soldiers to kill women and children, it would be just as fit for the centre-table as now. Suppose every impure word was taken from it; suppose that the history of Tamar was left out, the biography of Lot, and all other barbarous accounts of a barbarous people, it would look just as well upon the centretable as now.

Suppose that we should become convinced that the writers of the New Testament were mistaken as to the eternity of punishment, or that all the passages now relied upon to prove the existence of perdition were shown to be interpolations, and were thereupon expunged, would not the book be dearer still to every human being with a heart? I would like to see every good passage in the Bible preserved. I would like to see, with all these passages from the Bible, the loftiest sentiments from all other books that have ever been uttered by men in all ages and of all races, bound in one volume, and to see that volume, filled with the greatest, the purest and the best, become the household book.

The average Bible, on the average centre-table, is about as much used as though it were a solid block. It is scarcely ever opened, and people who see its covers every day are unfamiliar with its every page.

I admit that some things have happened somewhat hard to explain, and tending to show that the Bible is no ordinary book. I heard a story, not long ago, bearing upon this very subject.

A man was a member of the church, but after a time, having had bad luck in business affairs, became somewhat discouraged. Not feeling able to contribute his share to the support of the church, he ceased going to meeting, and finally became an average sinner. His bad luck pursued him until he found himself and his family without even a crust to eat. At this point, his wife told him that she believed they were suffering from a visitation of God, and begged him to restore family worship, and see if God would not do something for them. Feeling that he could not possibly make matters worse, he took the Bible from its resting place on a shelf where it had quietly slumbered and collected the dust of many months, and gathered his family about him.

He opened the sacred volume, and to his utter astonishment, there, between the divine leaves, was a ten-dollar bill. He immediately dropped on his knees. His wife dropped on hers, and the children on theirs, and with streaming eyes they returned thanks to God. He rushed to the butcher's and bought some steak, to the baker's and bought some bread, to the grocer's and got some eggs and butter and tea, and joyfully hastened home. The supper was cooked, it was on the table, grace was said, and every face was radiant with joy. Just at that happy moment a knock was heard, the door was opened, and a policeman entered and arrested the father for passing counterfeit money.

Mr. Talmage is also convinced that the Bible is inspired and should be preserved because there is no other book that à mother could give her son as he leaves the old home to make his way in the world.

Thousands and thousands of mothers have presented their sons with Bibles without knowing really what the book contains. They simply followed the custom, and the sons as a rule honored the Bible, not because they knew anything of it, but because it was a gift from mother. But surely, if all the passages upholding polygamy were out, the mother would give the book to her son just as readily, and he would receive it just as joyfully. If there were not one word in it tending to degrade the mother, the gift would certainly be as appropriate. The fact that mothers have presented Bibles to their sons does not prove that the book is inspired. The most that can be proved by this fact is that the mothers believed it to be inspired. It does not even tend to show what the book is, neither does it tend to establish the truth of one miracle recorded upon its pages. We cannot believe that fire refused to burn, simply because the statement happens to be in a book presented to a son by his mother, and if all the mothers of the entire world should give Bibles to all their children, this would not prove that it was once right to murder mothers, or to enslave mothers, or to sell their babes.

The inspiration of the Bible is not a question of natural affection. It can not be decided by the love a mother bears her son. It is a question of fact, to be substantiated like other facts. If the Turkish mother should give a copy of the Koran to her son, I would still have my doubts about the inspiration of that book; and if some Turkish soldier saved his life by having in his pocket a copy of the Koran that accidentally stopped a bullet just opposite his heart, I should still deny that Mohammed was a prophet of God.

Nothing can be more childish than to ascribe mysterious powers to inanimate objects. To imagine that old rags made into pulp, manufactured into paper, covered with words, and bound with the skin of a calf or a sheep, can have any virtues when thus put together that did not belong to the articles out of which the book was constructed, is of course infinitely absurd.

In the days of slavery, negroes used to buy dried roots of other negroes, and put these roots in their pockets, so that a whipping would not give them pain. Kings have bought diamonds to give them luck. Crosses and scapularies are still worn for the purpose of affecting the inevitable march of events. People still imagine that a verse in the Bible can step in between a cause and its effect; really believe that an amulet, a charm, the bone of some saint, a piece of a cross, a little image of the Virgin, a picture of a priest, will affect the weather, will delay frost, will prevent disease, will insure safety at sea, and in some cases prevent hanging. The banditti of Italy have great confidence in these things, and whenever they start upon an expedition of theft and plunder, they take images and pictures of saints with them, such as have been blest by a priest or pope. They pray sincerely to the Virgin, to give them luck, and see not the slightest inconsistency in appealing to all the saints in the calendar to assist them in robbing honest people.

Edmund About tells a story that illustrates the belief of the modern Italian. A young man was gambling. Fortune was against him. In the room was a little picture representing the Virgin and her child. Before this picture he crossed himself, and asked the assistance of the child. Again he put down his money and again lost. Returning to the picture, he told the child that he had lost all but one piece, that he was about to hazard that, and made a very urgent request that he would favor him with divine assistance. He put down the last piece. He lost. Going to the picture and shaking his fist at the child, he cried out: “Miserable bambino, I am glad they crucified you!”

The confidence that one has in an image, in a relic, in a book, comes from the same source,—fetichism. To ascribe supernatural virtues to the skin of a snake, to a picture, or to a bound volume, is intellectually the same.

Mr. Talmage has still another argument in favor of the inspiration of the Scriptures. He takes the ground that the Bible must be inspired, because so many people believe it.

Mr. Talmage should remember that a scientific fact does not depend upon the vote of numbers;— it depends simply upon demonstration; it depends upon intelligence and investigation, not upon an ignorant multitude; it appeals to the highest, instead of to the lowest. Nothing can be settled by popular prejudice.

According to Mr. Talmage, there are about three hundred million Christians in the world. Is this true? In all countries claiming to be Christian—including all of civilized Europe, Russia in Asia, and every country on the Western hemisphere, we have nearly four hundred millions of people. Mr. Talmage claims that three hundred millions are Christians. I suppose he means by this, that if all should perish tonight, about three hundred millions would wake up in heaven—having lived and died good and consistent Christians.

There are in Russia about eighty millions of people —how many Christians? I admit that they have recently given more evidence of orthodox Christianity than formerly. They have been murdering old men; they have thrust daggers into the breasts of women; they have violated maidens—because they were Jews. Thousands and

thousands are sent each year to the mines of Siberia, by the Christian government of Russia. Girls eighteen years of age, for having expressed a word in favor of human liberty, are to-day working like beasts of burden, with chains upon their limbs and with the marks of whips upon their backs. Russia, of course, is considered by Mr. Talmage as a Christian country—a country utterly destitute of liberty—without freedom of the press, without freedom of speech, where every mouth is locked and every tongue a prisoner—a country filled with victims, soldiers, spies, thieves and executioners. What would Russia be, in the opinion of Mr. Talmage, but for Christianity? How could it be worse, when assassins are among the best people in it? The truth is, that the people in Russia, to-day, who are in favor of human liberty, are not Christians. The men willing to sacrifice their lives for the good of others, are not believers in the Christian religion. The men who wish to break chains are infidels; the men who make chains are Christians. Every good and sincere Catholic of the Greek Church is a bad citizen, an enemy of progress, a foe of human liberty. Yet Mr. Talmage regards Russia as a Christian country.

The sixteen millions of people in Spain are claimed as Christians. Spain, that for centuries was the assassin of human rights; Spain, that endeavored to spread Christianity by flame and fagot; Spain, the soil where the Inquisition flourished, where bigotry grew, and where cruelty was worship,—where murder was prayer. I admit that Spain is a Christian nation. I admit that infidelity has gained no foothold beyond the Pyrenees. The Spaniards are orthodox. They believe in the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments. They have no doubts about miracles—no doubts about heaven, no doubts about hell. I admit that the priests, the highwaymen, the bishops and thieves, are equally true believers. The man who takes your purse on the highway, and the priest who forgives the robber, are alike orthodox.

It gives me pleasure, however, to say that even in Spain there is a dawn. Some great men, some men of genius, are protesting against the tyranny of Catholicism. Some men have lost confidence in the cathedral, and are beginning to ask the State to erect the schoolhouse. They are beginning to suspect that priests are for the most part impostors and plunderers.

According to Mr. Talmage, the twenty-eight millions in Italy are Christians. There the Christian Church was early established, and the popes are today the successors of St. Peter. For hundreds and hundreds of years, Italy was the beggar of the world, and to her, from every land, flowed streams of gold and silver. The country was covered with convents, and monasteries, and churches, and cathedrals filled with monks and nuns. Its roads were crowded with pilgrims, and its dust was on the feet of the world. What has Christianity done for Italy—Italy, its soil a blessing, its sky a smile—Italy, with memories great enough to kindle the fires of enthusiasm in any human breast?

Had it not been for a few Freethinkers, for a few infidels, for such men as Garibaldi and Mazzini, the heaven of Italy would still have been without a star.

I admit that Italy, with its popes and bandits, with its superstition and ignorance, with its sanctified beggars, is a Christian nation; but in a little while,— in a few days,—when according to the prophecy of Garibaldi priests, with spades in their hands, will dig ditches to drain the Pontine marshes; in a little while, when the pope leaves the Vatican, and seeks the protection of a nation he has denounced,—asking alms of intended victims; when the nuns shall marry, and the monasteries shall become factories, and the whirl of wheels shall take the place of drowsy prayers —

then, and not until then, will Italy be,—not a Christian nation, but great, prosperous, and free.

In Italy, Giordano Bruno was burned. Some day, his monument will rise above the cross of Rome.

We have in our day one example,—and so far as I know, history records no other,—of the resurrection of a nation. Italy has been called from the grave of superstition. She is "the first fruits of them that "slept."

I admit with Mr. Talmage that Portugal is a Christian country—that she engaged for hundreds of years in the slave trade, and that she justified the infamous traffic by passages in the Old Testament. I admit, also, that she persecuted the Jews in accordance with the same divine volume. I admit that all the crime, ignorance, destitution, and superstition in that country were produced by the Catholic Church. I also admit that Portugal would be better if it were Protestant.

Every Catholic is in favor of education enough to change a barbarian into a Catholic; every Protestant is in favor of education enough to change a Catholic into a Protestant; but Protestants and Catholics alike are opposed to education that will lead to any real philosophy and science. I admit that Portugal is what it is, on account of the preaching of the gospel. I admit that Portugal can point with pride to the triumphs of what she calls civilization within her borders, and truthfully ascribe the glory to the church. But in a little while, when more railroads are built, when telegraphs connect her people with the civilized world, a spirit of doubt, of investigation, will manifest itself in Portugal.

When the people stop counting beads, and go to the study of mathematics; when they think more of plows than of prayers for agricultural purposes; when they find that one fact gives more light to the mind than a thousand tapers, and that nothing can by any possibility be more useless than a priest,—then Portugal will begin to cease to be what is called a Christian nation.

I admit that Austria, with her thirty-seven millions, is a Christian nation—including her Croats, Hungarians, Servians, and Gypsies. Austria was one of the assassins of Poland. When we remember that John Sobieski drove the Mohammedans from the gates of Vienna, and rescued from the hand of the "infidel" the beleagured city, the propriety of calling Austria a Christian nation becomes still more apparent. If one wishes to know exactly how "Christian" Austria is, let him read the history of Hungary, let him read the speeches of Kossuth. There is one good thing about Austria: slowly but surely she is undermining the church by education. Education is the enemy of superstition. Universal education does away with the classes born of the tyranny of ecclesiasticism— classes founded upon cunning, greed, and brute strength. Education also tends to do away with intellectual cowardice. The educated man is his own priest, his own pope, his own church.

When cunning collects tolls from fear, the church prospers.

Germany is another Christian nation. Bismarck is celebrated for his Christian virtues.

Only a little while ago, Bismarck, when a bill was under consideration for ameliorating the condition of the Jews, stated publicly that Germany was a Christian nation, that her business was to extend and protect the religion of Jesus Christ, and that being a Christian nation, no laws should be passed ameliorating the condition of the Jews. Certainly a remark like this could not have been made in any other than a Christian nation. There is no freedom of the press, there is no freedom of speech, in

Germany. The Chancellor has gone so far as to declare that the king is not responsible to the people. Germany must be a Christian nation. The king gets his right to govern, not from his subjects, but from God. He relies upon the New Testament. He is satisfied that "the powers that be in Germany are ordained "of God." He is satisfied that treason against the German throne is treason against Jehovah. There are millions of Freethinkers in Germany. They are not in the majority, otherwise there would be more liberty in that country. Germany is not an infidel nation, or speech would be free, and every man would be allowed to express his honest thoughts.

Wherever I see Liberty in chains, wherever the expression of opinion is a crime, I know that that country is not infidel; I know that the people are not ruled by reason. I also know that the greatest men of Germany—her Freethinkers, her scientists, her writers, her philosophers, are, for the most part, infidel. Yet Germany is called a Christian nation, and ought to be so called until her citizens are free.

France is also claimed as a Christian country. This is not entirely true. France once was thoroughly Catholic, completely Christian. At the time of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the French were Christians. Christian France made exiles of the Huguenots. Christian France for years and years was the property of the Jesuits. Christian France was ignorant, cruel, orthodox and infamous. When France was Christian, witnesses were cross-examined with instruments of torture.

Now France is not entirely under Catholic control, and yet she is by far the most prosperous nation in Europe. I saw, only the other day, a letter from a Protestant bishop, in which he states that there are only about a million Protestants in France, and only four or five millions of Catholics, and admits, in a very melancholy way, that thirty-four or thirty-five millions are Freethinkers. The bishop is probably mistaken in his figures, but France is the best housed, the best fed, the best clad country in Europe.

Only a little while ago, France was overrun, trampled into the very earth, by the victorious hosts of Germany, and France purchased her peace with the savings of centuries. And yet France is now rich and prosperous and free, and Germany poor, discontented and enslaved. Hundreds and thousands of Germans, unable to find liberty at home, are coming to the United States.

I admit that England is a Christian country. Any doubts upon this point can be dispelled by reading her history—her career in India, what she has done in China, her treatment of Ireland, of the American Colonies, her attitude during our Civil war; all these things show conclusively that England is a Christian nation.

Religion has filled Great Britain with war. The history of the Catholics, of the Episcopalians, of Cromwell—all the burnings, the maimings, the brandings, the imprisonments, the confiscations, the civil wars, the bigotry, the crime—show conclusively that Great Britain has enjoyed to the full the blessings of "our most holy religion."

Of course, Mr. Talmage claims the United States as a Christian country. The truth is, our country is not as Christian as it once was. When heretics were hanged in New England, when the laws of Virginia and Maryland provided that the tongue of any man who denied the doctrine of the Trinity should be bored with hot iron,, and that for the second offence he should suffer death, I admit that this country was Christian. When we engaged in the slave trade, when our flag protected piracy and murder in every sea, there is not the slightest doubt that the United States was a Christian

country. When we believed in slavery, and when we deliberately stole the labor of four millions of people; when we sold women and babes, and when the people of the North enacted a law by virtue of which every Northern man was bound to turn hound and pursue a human being who was endeavoring to regain his liberty, I admit that the United States was a Christian nation. I admit that all these things were upheld by the Bible —that the slave trader was justified by the Old Testament, that the bloodhound was a kind of missionary in disguise, that the auction block was an altar, the slave pen a kind of church, and that the whippingpost was considered almost as sacred as the cross. At that time, our country was a Christian nation.

I heard Frederick Douglass say that he lectured against slavery for twenty years before the doors of a single church were opened to him. In New England, hundreds of ministers were driven from their pulpits because they preached against the crime of human slavery. At that time, this country was a Christian nation.

Only a few years ago, any man speaking in favor of the rights of man, endeavoring to break a chain from a human limb, was in danger of being mobbed by the Christians of this country. I admit that Delaware is still a Christian State. I heard a story about that State the other day.

About fifty years ago, an old Revolutionary soldier applied for a pension. He was asked his age, and he replied that he was fifty years old. He was told that if that was his age, he could not have been in the Revolutionary War, and consequently was not entitled to any pension. He insisted, however, that he was only fifty years old. Again they told him that there must be some mistake. He was so wrinkled, so bowed, had so many marks of age, that he must certainly be more than fifty years old. “Well,” said the old man, “if I must explain, I will: I lived forty “years in Delaware; but I never counted that time, “and I hope God won’t.”

The fact is, we have grown less and less Christian every year from 1620 until now, and the fact is that we have grown more and more civilized, more and more charitable, nearer and nearer just.

Mr. Talmage speaks as though all the people in what he calls the civilized world were Christians. Ad mitting this to be true, I find that in these countries millions of men are educated, trained and drilled to kill their fellow Christians. I find Europe covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and the seas filled with men-of-war for the purpose of ravaging the coasts and destroying the cities of Christian nations. These countries are filled with prisons, with workhouses, with jails and with toiling, ignorant and suffering millions. I find that Christians have invented most of the instruments of death, that Christians are the greatest soldiers, fighters, destroyers. I find that every Christian country is taxed to its utmost to support these soldiers; that every Christian nation is now groaning beneath the grievous burden of monstrous debt, and that nearly all these debts were contracted in waging war. These bonds, these millions, these almost incalculable amounts, were given to pay for shot and shell, for rifle and torpedo, for men-of-war, for forts and arsenals, and all the devilish enginery of death. I find that each of these nations prays to God to assist it as against all others; and when one nation has overrun, ravaged and pillaged another, it immediately returns thanks to the Almighty, and the ravaged and pillaged kneel and thank God that it is no worse.

Mr. Talmage is welcome to all the evidence he can find in the history of what he is pleased to call the civilized nations of the world, tending to show the inspiration of the Bible.

And right here it may be well enough to say again, that the question of inspiration can not be settled by the votes of the superstitious millions. It can not be affected by numbers. It must be decided by each human being for himself. If every man in this world, with one exception, believed the Bible to be the inspired word of God, the man who was the exception could not lose his right to think, to investigate, and to judge for himself.

Question. You do not think, then, that any of the arguments brought forward by Mr. Talmage for the purpose of establishing the inspiration of the Bible, are of any weight whatever?

Answer. I do not. I do not see how it is possible to make poorer, weaker or better arguments than he has made.

Of course, there can be no "evidence" of the inspiration of the Scriptures. What is "inspiration"? Did God use the prophets simply as instruments? Did he put his thoughts in their minds, and use their hands to make a record? Probably few Christians will agree as to what they mean by "inspiration." The general idea is, that the minds of the writers of the books of the Bible were controlled by the divine will in such a way that they expressed, independently of their own opinions, the thought of God. I believe it is admitted that God did not choose the exact words, and is not responsible for the punctuation or syntax. It is hard to give any reason for claiming more for the Bible than is claimed by those who wrote it. There is no claim of "inspiration" made by the writer of First and Second Kings. Not one word about the author having been "inspired" is found in the book of Job, or in Ruth, or in Chronicles, or in the Psalms, or Ecclesiastes, or in Solomon's Song, and nothing is said about the author of the book of Esther having been "inspired." Christians now say that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were "inspired" to write the four gospels, and yet neither Mark, nor Luke, nor John, nor Matthew claims to have been "inspired." If they were "inspired," certainly they should have stated that fact. The very first thing stated in each of the gospels should have been a declaration by the writer that he had been "inspired," and that he was about to write the book under the guidance of God, and at the conclusion of each gospel there should have been a solemn statement that the writer had put down nothing of himself, but had in all things followed the direction and guidance of the divine will. The church now endeavors to establish the inspiration of the Bible by force, by social ostracism, and by attacking the reputation of every man who denies or doubts. In all Christian countries, they begin with the child in the cradle. Each infant is told by its mother, by its father, or by some of its relatives, that "the Bible is an inspired book." This pretended fact, by repetition "in season and out of "season," is finally burned and branded into the brain to such a degree that the child of average intelligence never outgrows the conviction that the Bible is, in some peculiar sense, an "inspired" book. The question has to be settled for each generation. The evidence is not sufficient, and the foundation of Christianity is perpetually insecure. Beneath this great religious fabric there is no rock. For eighteen centuries, hundreds and thousands and millions of people have been endeavoring to establish the fact that the Scriptures are inspired, and since the dawn of science, since the first star appeared in the night of the Middle Ages, until this moment, the number of people who have doubted the fact of inspiration has steadily increased. These doubts have not been born of ignorance, they have not been suggested by the unthinking. They have forced themselves upon the thoughtful, upon the educated, and now the verdict of the intellectual world is, that the Bible is not inspired. Notwithstanding the fact that the church has taken

advantage of infancy, has endeavored to control education, has filled all primers and spellingbooks and readers and text books with superstition— feeding all minds with the miraculous and supernatural, the growth toward a belief in the natural and toward the rejection of the miraculous has been steady and sturdy since the sixteenth century. There has been, too, a moral growth, until many passages in the Bible have become barbarous, inhuman and infamous. The Bible has remained the same, while the world has changed. In the light of physical and moral discovery, "the inspired volume" seems in many respects absurd. If the same progress is made in the next, as in the last, century, it is very easy to predict the place that will then be occupied by the Bible. By comparing long periods of time, it is easy to measure the advance of the human race. Compare the average sermon of to-day with the average sermon of one hundred years ago. Compare what ministers teach to-day with the creeds they profess to believe, and you will see the immense distance that even the church has traveled in the last century.

The Christians tell us that scientific men have made mistakes, and that there is very little certainty in the domain of human knowledge. This I admit. The man who thought the world was flat, and who had a way of accounting for the movement of the heavenly bodies, had what he was pleased to call a philosophy. He was, in his way, a geologist and an astronomer. We admit that he was mistaken; but if we claimed that the first geologist and the first astronomer were inspired, it would not do for us to admit that any advance had been made, or that any errors of theirs had been corrected. We do not claim that the first scientists were inspired. We do not claim that the last are inspired. We admit that all scientific men are fallible. We admit that they do not know everything. We insist that they know but little, and that even in that little which they are supposed to know, there is the possibility of error. The first geologist said: "The earth is flat." Suppose that the geologists of to-day should insist that that man was inspired, and then endeavor to show that the word "flat," in the "Hebrew," did not mean quite flat, but just a little rounded; what would we think of their honesty? The first astronomer insisted that the sun and moon and stars revolved around this earth—that this little earth was the centre of the entire system. Suppose that the astronomers of to-day should insist that that astronomer was inspired, and should try to explain, and say that he simply used the language of the common people, and when he stated that the sun and moon and stars revolved around the earth, he merely meant that they "apparently revolved," and that the earth, in fact, turned over, would we consider them honest men? You might as well say that the first painter was inspired, or that the first sculptor had the assistance of God, as to say that the first writer, or the first bookmaker, was divinely inspired. It is more probable that the modern geologist is inspired than that the ancient one was, because the modern geologist is nearer right. It is more probable that William Lloyd Garrison was inspired upon the question of slavery than that Moses was. It is more probable that the author of the Declaration of Independence spoke by divine authority than that the author of the Pentateuch did. In other words, if there can be any evidence of "inspiration," it must lie in the fact of doing or saying the best possible thing that could have been done or said at that time or upon that subject.

To make myself clear: The only possible evidence of "inspiration" would be perfection—a perfection excelling anything that man unaided had ever attained. An "inspired" book should excel all other books; an inspired statue should be the best in this world; an inspired painting should be beyond all others. If the Bible has been improved in any particular, it was not, in that particular, "inspired." If slavery is wrong, the Bible is not inspired. If polygamy is vile and loathsome, the Bible is not

inspired. If wars of extermination are cruel and heartless, the Bible is not "inspired." If there is within that book a contradiction of any natural fact; if there is one ignorant falsehood, if there is one mistake, then it is not "inspired." I do not mean mistakes that have grown out of translations; but if there was in the original manuscript one mistake, then it is not "inspired." I do not demand a miracle; I do not demand a knowledge of the future; I simply demand an absolute knowledge of the past. I demand an absolute knowledge of the then present; I demand a knowledge of the constitution of the human mind— of the facts in nature, and that is all I demand.

Question. If I understand you, you think that all political power should come from the people; do you not believe in any "special providence," and do you take the ground that God does not interest himself in the affairs of nations and individuals?

Answer. The Christian idea is that God made the world, and made certain laws for the government of matter and mind, and that he never interferes except upon special occasions, when the ordinary laws fail to work out the desired end. Their notion is, that the Lord now and then stops the horses simply to show that he is driving. It seems to me that if an infinitely wise being made the world, he must have made it the best possible; and that if he made laws for the government of matter and mind, he must have made the best possible laws. If this is true, not one of these laws can be violated without producing a positive injury. It does not seem probable that infinite wisdom would violate a law that infinite wisdom had made.

Most ministers insist that God now and then interferes in the affairs of this world; that he has not interfered as much lately as he did formerly. When the world was comparatively new, it required altogether more tinkering and fixing than at present.

Things are at last in a reasonably good condition, and consequently a great amount of interference is not necessary. In old times it was found necessary frequently to raise the dead, to change the nature of fire and water, to punish people with plagues and famine, to destroy cities by storms of fire and brimstone, to change women into salt, to cast hailstones upon heathen, to interfere with the movements of our planetary system, to stop the earth not only, but sometimes to make it turn the other way, to arrest the moon, and to make water stand up like a wall. Now and then, rivers were divided by striking them with a coat, and people were taken to heaven in chariots of fire. These miracles, in addition to curing the sick, the halt, the deaf and blind, were in former times found necessary, but since the "apostolic age," nothing of the kind has been resorted to except in Catholic countries. Since the death of the last apostle, God has appeared only to members of the Catholic Church, and all modern miracles have been performed for the benefit of Catholicism. There is no authentic account of the Virgin Mary having ever appeared to a Protestant. The bones of Protestant saints have never cured a solitary disease. Protestants now say that the testimony of the Catholics can not be relied upon, and yet, the authenticity of every book in the New Testament was established by Catholic testimony. Some few miracles were performed in Scotland, and in fact in England and the United States, but they were so small that they are hardly worth mentioning. Now and then, a man was struck dead for taking the name of the Lord in vain. Now and then, people were drowned who were found in boats on Sunday. Whenever anybody was about to commit murder, God has not interfered—the reason being that he gave man free-will, and expects to hold him accountable in another world, and there is no exception to this free-will doctrine, but in cases where men swear or violate the Sabbath. They are allowed to commit all other crimes without any interference on the part of the Lord.

My own opinion is, that the clergy found it necessary to preserve the Sabbath for their own uses, and for that reason endeavored to impress the people with the enormity of its violation, and for that purpose gave instances of people being drowned and suddenly struck dead for working or amusing themselves on that day. The clergy have objected to any other places of amusement except their own, being opened on that day. They wished to compel people either to go to church or stay at home. They have also known that profanity tended to do away with the feelings of awe they wished to cultivate, and for that reason they have insisted that swearing was one of the most terrible of crimes, exciting above all others the wrath of God.

There was a time when people fell dead for having spoken disrespectfully to a priest. The priest at that time pretended to be the visible representative of God, and as such, entitled to a degree of reverence amounting almost to worship. Several cases are given in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland where men were deprived of speech for having spoken rudely to a parson.

These stories were calculated to increase the importance of the clergy and to convince people that they were under the special care of the Deity. The story about the bears devouring the little children was told in the first place, and has been repeated since, simply to protect ministers from the laughter of children. There ought to be carved on each side of every pulpit a bear with fragments of children in its mouth, as this animal has done so much to protect the dignity of the clergy.

Besides the protection of ministers, the drowning of breakers of the Sabbath, and striking a few people dead for using profane language, I think there is no evidence of any providential interference in the affairs of this world in what may be called modern times. Ministers have endeavored to show that great calamities have been brought upon nations and cities as a punishment for the wickedness of the people. They have insisted that some countries have been visited with earthquakes because the people had failed to discharge their religious duties; but as earthquakes happened in uninhabited countries, and often at sea, where no one is hurt, most people have concluded that they are not sent as punishments. They have insisted that cities have been burned as a punishment, and to show the indignation of the Lord, but at the same time they have admitted that if the streets had been wider, the fire departments better organized, and wooden buildings fewer, the design of the Lord would have been frustrated.

After reading the history of the world, it is somewhat difficult to find which side the Lord is really on. He has allowed Catholics to overwhelm and destroy Protestants, and then he has allowed Protestants to overwhelm and destroy Catholics. He has allowed Christianity to triumph over Paganism, and he allowed Mohammedans to drive back the hosts of the cross from the sepulchre of his son. It is curious that this God would allow the slave trade to go on, and yet punish the violators of the Sabbath. It is simply wonderful that he would allow kings to wage cruel and remorseless war, to sacrifice millions upon the altar of heartless ambition, and at the same time strike a man dead for taking his name in vain. It is wonderful that he allowed slavery to exist for centuries in the United States; that he allows polygamy now in Utah; that he cares nothing for liberty in Russia, nothing for free speech in Germany, nothing for the sorrows of the overworked, underpaid millions of the world; that he cares nothing for the innocent languishing in prisons, nothing for the patriots condemned to death, nothing for the heart-broken widows and orphans, nothing for the starving, and yet has ample time to note a sparrow's fall. If he would only strike dead the would-be murderers; if he would only palsy the hands of husbands' uplifted to strike

their wives; if he would render speechless the cursers of children, he could afford to overlook the swearers and breakers of his Sabbath.

For one, I am not satisfied with the government of this world, and I am going to do what little I can to make it better. I want more thought and less fear, more manhood and less superstition, less prayer and more help, more education, more reason, more intellectual hospitality, and above all, and over all, more liberty and kindness.

Question. Do you think that God, if there be one, when he saves or damns a man, will take into consideration all the circumstances of the man's life?

Answer. Suppose that two orphan boys, James and John, are given homes. James is taken into a Christian family and John into an infidel. James becomes a Christian, and dies in the faith. John becomes an infidel, and dies without faith in Christ. According to the Christian religion, as commonly preached, James will go to heaven, and John to hell.

Now, suppose that God knew that if James had been raised by the infidel family, he would have died an infidel, and that if John had been raised by the Christian family, he would have died a Christian. What then? Recollect that the boys did not choose the families in which they were placed.

Suppose that a child, cast away upon an island in which he found plenty of food, grew to manhood; and suppose that after he had reached mature years, the island was visited by a missionary who taught a false religion; and suppose that this islander was convinced that he ought to worship a wooden idol; and suppose, further, that the worship consisted in sacrificing animals; and suppose the islander, actuated only by what he conceived to be his duty and by thankfulness, sacrificed a toad every night and every morning upon the altar of his wooden god; that when the sky looked black and threatening he sacrificed two toads; that when feeling unwell he sacrificed three; and suppose that in all this he was honest, that he really believed that the shedding of toad-blood would soften the heart of his god toward him? And suppose that after he had become fully-convinced of the truth of his religion, a missionary of the "true religion" should visit the island, and tell the history of the Jews—unfold the whole scheme of salvation? And suppose that the islander should honestly reject the true religion? Suppose he should say that he had "internal evidence" not only, but that many miracles had been performed by his god, in his behalf; that often when the sky was black with storm, he had sacrificed a toad, and in a few moments the sun was again visible, the heavens blue, and without a cloud; that on several occasions, having forgotten at evening to sacrifice his toad, he found himself unable to sleep—that his conscience smote him, he had risen, made the sacrifice, returned to his bed, and in a few moments sunk into a serene and happy slumber? And suppose, further, that the man honestly believed that the efficacy of the sacrifice depended largely on the size of the toad? Now suppose that in this belief the man had died,—what then?

It must be remembered that God knew when the missionary of the false religion went to the island; and knew that the islander would be convinced of the truth of the false religion; and he also knew that the missionary of the true religion could not, by any possibility, convince the islander of the error of his way; what then?

If God is infinite, we cannot speak of him as making efforts, as being tired. We cannot consistently say that one thing is easy to him, and another thing is hard, providing both are possible. This being so, why did not God reveal himself to every human being? Instead of having an inspired book, why did he not make inspired

folks? Instead of having his commandments put on tables of stone, why did he not write them on each human brain?

Why was not the mind of each man so made that every religious truth necessary to his salvation was an axiom?

Do we not know absolutely that man is greatly influenced by his surroundings? If Mr. Talmage had been born in Turkey, is it not probable that he would now be a whirling Dervish? If he had first seen the light in Central Africa, he might now have been prostrate before some enormous serpent; if in India, he might have been a Brahmin, running a prayer-machine; if in Spain, he would probably have been a priest, with his beads and holy water. Had he been born among the North American Indians, he would speak of the "Great Spirit," and solemnly smoke the the pipe of peace.

Mr. Talmage teaches that it is the duty of children to perpetuate the errors of their parents; consequently, the religion of his parents determined his theology. It is with him not a question of reason, but of parents; not a question of argument, but of filial affection. He does not wish to be a philosopher, but an obedient son. Suppose his father had been a Catholic, and his mother a Protestant,—what then? Would he show contempt for his mother by following the path of his father; or would he show disrespect for his father, by accepting the religion of his mother; or would he have become a Protestant with Catholic proclivities, or a Catholic with Protestant leanings? Suppose his parents had both been infidels—what then?

Is it not better for each one to decide honestly for himself? Admitting that your parents were good and kind; admitting that they were honest in their views, why not have the courage to say, that in your opinion, father and mother were both mistaken? No one can honor his parents by being a hypocrite, or an intellectual coward. Whoever is absolutely true to himself, is true to his parents, and true to the whole world. Whoever is untrue to himself, is false to all mankind. Religion must be an individual matter. If there is a God, and if there is a day of judgment, the church that a man belongs to will not be tried, but the man will be tried.

It is a fact that the religion of most people was made for them by others; that they have accepted certain dogmas, not because they have examined them, but because they were told that they were true. Most of the people in the United States, had they been born in Turkey, would now be Mohammedans, and most of the Turks, had they been born in Spain, would now be Catholics.

It is almost, if not quite, impossible for a man to rise entirely above the ideas, views, doctrines and religions of his tribe or country. No one expects to find philosophers in Central Africa, or scientists among the Fejees. No one expects to find philosophers or scientists in any country where the church has absolute control.

If there is an infinitely good and wise God, of course he will take into consideration the surroundings of every human being. He understands the philosophy of environment, and of heredity. He knows exactly the influence of the mother, of all associates, of all associations. He will also take into consideration the amount, quality and form of each brain, and whether the brain was healthy or diseased. He will take into consideration the strength of the passions, the weakness of the judgment. He will know exactly the force of all temptation—what was resisted. He will take an account of every effort made in the right direction, and will understand all the winds and waves and quicksands and shores and shallows in, upon and around the sea of every life.

My own opinion is, that if such a being exists, and all these things are taken into consideration, we will be absolutely amazed to see how small the difference is between the “good” and the “bad.” Certainly there is no such difference as would justify a being of infinite wisdom and benevolence in rewarding one with eternal joy and punishing the other with eternal pain.

Question. What are the principal reasons that have satisfied you that the Bible is not an inspired book?

Answer. The great evils that have afflicted this world are:

First. Human slavery—where men have bought and sold their fellow-men—sold babes from mothers, and have practiced) every conceivable cruelty upon the helpless.

Second. Polygamy—an institution that destroys the home, that treats woman as a simple chattel, that does away with the sanctity of marriage, and with all that is sacred in love.

Third. Wars of conquest and extermination— by which nations have been made the food of the sword.

Fourth. The idea entertained by each nation that all other nations are destitute of rights—in other words, patriotism founded upon egotism, prejudice, and love of plunder.

Fifth. Religious persecution.

Sixth. The divine right of kings—an idea that rests upon the inequality of human rights, and insists that people should be governed without their consent; that the right of one man to govern another comes from God, and not from the consent of the governed. This is caste—one of the most odious forms of slavery.

Seventh. A belief in malicious supernatural beings—devils, witches, and wizards.

Eighth. A belief in an infinite being who ordered, commanded, established and approved all these evils.

Ninth. The idea that one man can be good for another, or bad for another—that is to say, that one can be rewarded for the goodness of another, or justly punished for the sins of another.

Tenth. The dogma that a finite being can commit an infinite sin, and thereby incur the eternal displeasure of an infinitely good being, and be justly subjected to eternal torment.

My principal objection to the Bible is that it sustains all of these ten evils—that it is the advocate of human slavery, the friend of polygamy; that within its pages I find the command to wage wars of extermination; that I find also that the Jews were taught to hate foreigners—to consider all human beings as inferior to themselves; I also find persecution commanded as a religious duty; that kings were seated upon their thrones by the direct act of God, and that to rebel against a king was rebellion against God. I object to the Bible also because I find within its pages the infamous spirit of caste—I see the sons of Levi set apart as the perpetual beggars and governors of a people; because I find the air filled with demons seeking to injure and betray the sons of men; because this book is the fountain of modern superstition, the bulwark of tyranny and the fortress of caste. This book also subverts the idea of justice by threatening infinite punishment for the sins of a finite being.

At the same time, I admit—as I always have admitted—that there are good passages in the Bible— good laws, good teachings, with now and then a true line of history. But when it is asserted that every word was written by inspiration—that a being of infinite wisdom and goodness is its author,—then I raise the standard of revolt.

Question. What do you think of the declaration of Mr. Talmage that the Bible will be read in heaven throughout all the endless ages of eternity?

Answer. Of course I know but very little as to what is or will be done in heaven. My knowledge of that country is somewhat limited, and it may be possible that the angels will spend most of their time in turning over the sacred leaves of the Old Testament. I can not positively deny the statement of the Reverend Mr. Talmage as I have but very little idea as to how the angels manage to kill time.

The Reverend Mr. Spurgeon stated in a sermon that some people wondered what they would do through all eternity in heaven. He said that, as for himself, for the first hundred thousand years he would look at the wound in one of the Savior's feet, and for the next hundred thousand years he would look at the wound in his other foot, and for the next hundred thousand years he would look at the wound in one of his hands, and for the next hundred thousand years he would look at the wound in the other hand, and for the next hundred thousand years he would look at the wound in his side.

Surely, nothing could be more delightful than this.

A man capable of being happy in such employment, could of course take great delight in reading even the genealogies of the Old Testament. It is very easy to see what a glow of joy would naturally overspread the face of an angel while reading the history of the Jewish wars, how the seraphim and cherubim would clasp their rosy palms in ecstasy over the fate of Korah and his company, and what laughter would wake the echoes of the New Jerusalem as some one told again the story of the children and the bears; and what happy groups, with folded pinions, would smilingly listen to the 109th Psalm.

An orthodox "state of mind"

The Talmagian Catechism

As Mr. Talmage delivered the series of sermons referred to in these interviews, for the purpose of furnishing arguments to the young, so that they might not be misled by the sophistry of modern infidelity, I have thought it best to set forth, for use in Sunday schools, the pith and marrow of what he has been pleased to say, in the form of

A SHORTER CATECHISM.

Question. Who made you?

Answer. Jehovah, the original Presbyterian.

Question. What else did he make?

Answer. He made the world and all things.

Question. Did he make the world out of nothing?

Answer. No.

Question. What did he make it out of?

Answer. Out of his "omnipotence." Many infidels have pretended that if God made the universe, and if there was nothing until he did make it, he had nothing to make it out of. Of course this is perfectly absurd when we remember that he always had his "omnipotence and that is, undoubtedly, the material used.

Question. Did he create his own "omnipotence"?

Answer. Certainly not, he was always omnipotent.

Question. Then if he always had "omnipotence," he did not "create" the material of which the universe is made; he simply took a portion of his "omnipotence" and changed it to "universe"?

Answer. Certainly, that is the way I understand it.

Question. Is he still omnipotent, and has he as much "omnipotence" now as he ever had?

Answer. Well, I suppose he has.

Question. How long did it take God to make the universe?

Answer. Six "good-whiles."

Question. How long is a "good-while"?

Answer. That will depend upon the future discoveries of geologists. "Good-whiles" are of such a nature that they can be pulled out, or pushed up; and it is utterly impossible for any infidel, or scientific geologist, to make any period that a "good-while" won't fit.

Question. What do you understand by "the "morning and evening" of a "good-while"?

Answer. Of course the words "morning and "evening" are used figuratively, and mean simply the beginning and the ending, of each "good-while."

Question. On what day did God make vegetation?

Answer. On the third day.

Question. Was that before the sun was made?

Answer. Yes; a "good-while" before.

Question. How did vegetation grow without sunlight?

Answer. My own opinion is, that it was either "nourished by the glare of volcanoes in the moon or "it may have gotten sufficient light from rivers "of molten granite;" or, "sufficient light might have "been emitted by the crystallization of rocks." It has been suggested that light might have been furnished by fire-flies and phosphorescent bugs and worms, but this I regard as going too far.

Question. Do you think that light emitted by rocks would be sufficient to produce trees?

Answer. Yes, with the assistance of the "Aurora "Borealis, or even the Aurora Australis;" but with both, most assuredly.

Question. If the light of which you speak was sufficient, why was the sun made?

Answer. To keep time with.

Question. What did God make man of?

Answer. He made man of dust and "omnipotence."

Question. Did he make a woman at the same time that he made a man?

Answer. No; he thought at one time to avoid the necessity of making a woman, and he caused all the animals to pass before Adam, to see what he would call them, and to see whether a fit companion could be found for him. Among them all, not one suited Adam, and Jehovah immediately saw that he would have to make an help-meet on purpose.

Question. What was woman made of?

Answer. She was made out of "man's side, out of his right side," and some more "omnipotence." Infidels say that she was made out of a rib, or a bone, but that is because they do not understand Hebrew.

Question. What was the object of making woman out of man's side?

Answer. So that a young man would think more of a neighbor's girl than of his own uncle or grandfather.

Question. What did God do with Adam and Eve after he got them done?

Answer. He put them into a garden to see what they would do.

Question. Do we know where the Garden of Eden was, and have we ever found any place where a "river parted and became into four heads"?

Answer. We are not certain where this garden was, and the river that parted into four heads cannot at present be found. Infidels have had a great deal to say about these four rivers, but they will wish they had even one, one of these days.

Question. What happened to Adam and Eve in the garden?

Answer. They were tempted by a snake who was an exceedingly good talker, and who probably came in walking on the end of his tail. This supposition is based upon the

fact that, as a punishment, he was condemned to crawl on his belly. Before that time, of course, he walked upright.

Question. What happened then?

Answer. Our first parents gave way, ate of the forbidden fruit, and in consequence, disease and death entered the world. Had it not been for this, there would have been no death and no disease. Suicide would have been impossible, and a man could have been blown into a thousand atoms by dynamite, and the pieces would immediately have come together again. Fire would have refused to burn and water to drown; there could have been no hunger, no thirst; all things would have been equally healthy.

Question. Do you mean to say that there would have been no death in the world, either of animals, insects, or persons?

Answer. Of course.

Question. Do you also think that all briers and thorns sprang from the same source, and that had the apple not been eaten, no bush in the world would have had a thorn, and brambles and thistles would have been unknown?

Answer. Certainly.

Question. Would there have been no poisonous plants, no poisonous reptiles?

Answer. No, sir; there would have been none; there would have been no evil in the world if Adam and Eve had not partaken of the forbidden fruit.

Question. Was the snake who tempted them to eat, evil?

Answer. Certainly. ‘

Question. Was he in the world before the forbidden fruit was eaten?

Answer. Of course he was; he tempted them to eat it

Question. How, then, do you account for the fact that, before the forbidden fruit was eaten, an evil serpent was in the world?

Answer. Perhaps apples had been eaten in other worlds.

Question. Is it not wonderful that such awful consequences flowed from so small an act?

Answer. It is not for you to reason about it; you should simply remember that God is omnipotent. There is but one way to answer these things, and that is to admit their truth. Nothing so puts the Infinite out of temper as to see a human being impudent enough to rely upon his reason. The moment we rely upon our reason, we abandon God, and try to take care of ourselves. Whoever relies entirely upon God, has no need of reason, and reason has no need of him.

Question. Were our first parents under the immediate protection of an infinite God?

Answer. They were.

Question. Why did he not protect them? Why did he not warn them of this snake? Why did he not put them on their guard? Why did he not make them so sharp, intellectually, that they could not be deceived? Why did he not destroy that snake; or how did he come to make him; what did he make him for?

Answer. You must remember that, although God made Adam and Eve perfectly good, still he was very anxious to test them. He also gave them the power of choice,

knowing at the same time exactly what they would choose, and knowing that he had made them so that they must choose in a certain way. A being of infinite wisdom tries experiments. Knowing exactly what will happen, he wishes to see if it will.

Question. What punishment did God inflict upon Adam and Eve for the sin of having eaten the forbidden fruit?

Answer. He pronounced a curse upon the woman, saying that in sorrow she should bring forth children, and that her husband should rule over her; that she, having tempted her husband, was made his slave; and through her, all married women have been deprived of their natural liberty. On account of the sin of Adam and Eve, God cursed the ground, saying that it should bring forth thorns and thistles, and that man should eat his bread in sorrow, and that he should eat the herb of the field.

Question. Did he turn them out of the garden because of their sin?

Answer. No. The reason God gave for turning them out of the garden was: "Behold the man is "become as one of us, to know good and evil; and "now, lest he put forth his hand and take of the "tree of life and eat and live forever, therefore, the "Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden "to till the ground from whence he was taken."

Question. If the man had eaten of the tree of life, would he have lived forever?

Answer. Certainly.

Question. Was he turned out to prevent his eating?

Answer. He was.

Question. Then the Old Testament tells us how we lost immortality, not that we are immortal, does it?

Answer. Yes; it tells us how we lost it.

Question. Was God afraid that Adam and Eve might get back into the garden, and eat of the fruit of the tree of life?

Answer. I suppose he was, as he placed "cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every "way to guard the tree of life."

Question. Has any one ever seen any of these cherubim?

Answer. Not that I know of.

Question. Where is the flaming sword now?

Answer. Some angel has it in heaven.

Question. Do you understand that God made coats of skins, and clothed Adam and Eve when he turned them out of the garden?

Answer. Yes, sir.

Question. Do you really believe that the infinite God killed some animals, took their skins from them, cut out and sewed up clothes for Adam and Eve?

Answer. The Bible says so; we know that he had patterns for clothes, because he showed some to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Question. About how long did God continue to pay particular attention to his children in this world?

Answer. For about fifteen hundred years; and some of the people lived to be nearly a thousand years of age.

Question. Did this God establish any schools or institutions of learning? Did he establish any church? Did he ordain any ministers, or did he have any revivals?

Answer. No; he allowed the world to go on pretty much in its own way. He did not even keep his own boys at home. They came down and made love to the daughters of men, and finally the world got exceedingly bad.

Question. What did God do then?

Answer. He made up his mind that he would drown them. You see they were all totally depraved,—in every joint and sinew of their bodies, in every drop of their blood, and in every thought of their brains.

Question. Did he drown them all?

Answer. No, he saved eight, to start with again.

Question. Were these eight persons totally depraved?

Answer. Yes.

Question. Why did he not kill them, and start over again with a perfect pair? Would it not have been better to have had his flood at first, before he made anybody, and drowned the snake?

Answer. "God's way are not our ways;" and besides, you must remember that "a thousand years "are as one day" with God.

Question. How did God destroy the people?

Answer. By water; it rained forty days and forty nights, and "the fountains of the great deep were "broken up."

Question. How deep was the water?

Answer. About five miles.

Question. How much did it rain each day?

Answer. About eight hundred feet; though the better opinion now is, that it was a local flood. Infidels have raised objections and pressed them to that degree that most orthodox people admit that the flood was rather local.

Question. If it was a local flood, why did they put birds of the air into the ark? Certainly, birds could have avoided a local flood?

Answer. If you take this away from us, what do you propose to give us in its place? Some of the best people of the world have believed this story. Kind husbands, loving mothers, and earnest patriots have believed it, and that is sufficient.

Question. At the time God made these people, did he know that he would have to drown them all?

Answer. Of course he did.

Question. Did he know when he made them that they would all be failures?

Answer. Of course.

Question. Why, then, did he make them?

Answer. He made them for his own glory, and no man should disgrace his parents by denying it.

Question. Were the people after the flood just as bad as they were before?

Answer. About the same.

Question. Did they try to circumvent God?

Answer. They did.

Question. How?

Answer. They got together for the purpose of building a tower, the top of which should reach to heaven, so that they could laugh at any future floods, and go to heaven at any time they desired.

Question. Did God hear about this?

Answer. He did.

Question. What did he say?

Answer. He said: "Go to; let us go down," and see what the people are doing; I am satisfied they will succeed.

Question. How were the people prevented from succeeding?

Answer. God confounded their language, so that the mason on top could not cry "mort'!" to the hod-carrier below; he could not think of the word to use, to save his life, and the building stopped.

Question. If it had not been for the confusion of tongues at Babel, do you really think that all the people in the world would have spoken just the same language, and would have pronounced every word precisely the same?

Answer. Of course.

Question. If it had not been, then, for the confusion of languages, spelling books, grammars and dictionaries would have been useless?

Answer. I suppose so.

Question. Do any two people in the whole world speak the same language, now?

Answer. Of course they don't, and this is one of the great evidences that God introduced confusion into the languages. Every error in grammar, every mistake in spelling, every blunder in pronunciation, proves the truth of the Babel story.

Question. This being so, this miracle is the best attested of all?

Answer. I suppose it is.

Question. Do you not think that a confusion of tongues would bring men together instead of separating them? Would not a man unable to converse with his fellow feel weak instead of strong; and would not people whose language had been confounded cling together for mutual support?

Answer. According to nature, yes; according to theology, no; and these questions must be answered according to theology. And right here, it may be well enough to state, that in theology the unnatural is the probable, and the impossible is what has always happened. If theology were simply natural, anybody could be a theologian.

Question. Did God ever make any other special efforts to convert the people, or to reform the world?

Answer. Yes, he destroyed the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah with a storm of fire and brimstone.

Question. Do you suppose it was really brimstone?

Answer. Undoubtedly.

Question. Do you think this brimstone came from the clouds?

Answer. Let me tell you that you have no right to examine the Bible in the light of what people are pleased to call "science." The natural has nothing to do with the supernatural. Naturally there would be no brimstone in the clouds, but supernaturally there might be. God could make brimstone out of his "omnipotence." We do not know really what brimstone is, and nobody knows exactly how brimstone is made. As a matter of fact, all the brimstone in the world might have fallen at that time.

Question. Do you think that Lot's wife was changed into salt?

Answer. Of course she was. A miracle was per formed. A few centuries ago, the statue of salt made by changing Lot's wife into that article, was standing. Christian travelers have seen it.

Question. Why do you think she was changed into salt?

Answer. For the purpose of keeping the event fresh in the minds of men.

Question. God having failed to keep people innocent in a garden; having failed to govern them outside of a garden; having failed to reform them by water; having failed to produce any good result by a confusion of tongues; having failed to reform them with fire and brimstone, what did he then do?

Answer. He concluded that he had no time to waste on them all, but that he would have to select one tribe, and turn his entire attention to just a few folks.

Question. Whom did he select?

Answer. A man by the name of Abram.

Question. What kind of man was Abram?

Answer. If you wish to know, read the twelfth chapter of Genesis; and if you still have any doubts as to his character, read the twentieth chapter of the same book, and you will see that he was a man who made merchandise of his wife's body. He had had such good fortune in Egypt, that he tried the experiment again on Abimelech.

Question. Did Abraham show any gratitude?

Answer. Yes; he offered to sacrifice his son, to show his confidence in Jehovah.

Question. What became of Abraham and his people?

Answer. God took such care of them, that in about two hundred and fifteen years they were all slaves in the land of Egypt.

Question. How long did they remain in slavery?

Answer. Two hundred and fifteen years.

Question. Were they the same people that God had promised to take care of?

Answer. They were.

Question. Was God at that time, in favor of slavery?

Answer. Not at that time. He was angry at the Egyptians for enslaving the Jews, but he afterwards authorized the Jews to enslave other people.

Question. What means did he take to liberate the Jews?

Answer. He sent his agents to Pharaoh, and demanded their freedom; and upon Pharaoh s refusing, he afflicted the people, who had nothing to do with it, with various plagues,—killed children, and tormented and tortured beasts.

Question. Was such conduct Godlike?

Answer. Certainly. If you have anything against your neighbor, it is perfectly proper to torture his horse, or torment his dog. Nothing can be nobler than this. You see it is much better to injure his animals than to injure him. To punish animals for the sins of their owners must be just, or God would not have done it. Pharaoh insisted on keeping the people in slavery, and therefore God covered the bodies of oxen and cows with boils. He also bruised them to death with hailstones. From this we infer, that "the loving kindness of God is over all his works."

Question. Do you consider such treatment of animals consistent with divine mercy?

Answer. Certainly. You know that under the Mosaic dispensation, when a man did a wrong, he could settle with God by killing an ox, or a sheep, or some doves. If the man failed to kill them, of course God would kill them. It was upon this principle that he destroyed the animals of the Egyptians. They had sinned, and he merely took his pay.

Question. How was it possible, under the old dispensation, to please a being of infinite kindness?

Answer. All you had to do was to take an innocent animal, bring it to the altar, cut its throat, and sprinkle the altar with its blood. Certain parts of it were to be given to the butcher as his share, and the rest was to be burnt on the altar. When God saw an animal thus butchered, and smelt the warm blood mingled with the odor of burning flesh, he was pacified, and the smile of forgiveness shed its light upon his face. Of course, infidels laugh at these things; but what can you expect of men who have not been "born "again"? "The carnal mind is enmity with God." *Question*. What else did God do in order to induce Pharaoh to liberate the Jews?

Answer. He had his agents throw down a cane in the presence of Pharaoh and thereupon Jehovah changed this cane into a serpent.

Question. Did this convince Pharaoh?

Answer. No; he sent for his own magicians. *Question*. What did they do?

Answer. They threw down some canes and they also were changed into serpents.

Question. Did Jehovah change the canes of the Egyptian magicians into snakes?

Answer. I suppose he did, as he is the only one capable of performing such a miracle.

Question. If the rod of Aaron was changed into a serpent in order to convince Pharaoh that God had sent Aaron and Moses, why did God change the sticks of the Egyptian magicians into serpents—why did he discredit his own agents, and render worthless their only credentials?

Answer. Well, we cannot explain the conduct of Jehovah; we are perfectly satisfied that it was for the best. Even in this age of the world God allows infidels to overwhelm his chosen people with arguments; he allows them to discover facts that his ministers can not answer, and yet we are satisfied that in the end God will give the victory to us. All these things are tests of faith. It is upon this principle that God allows geology to laugh at Genesis, that he permits astronomy apparently to contradict his holy word.

Question. What did God do with these people after Pharaoh allowed them to go?

Answer. Finding that they were not fit to settle a new country, owing to the fact that when hungry they longed for food, and sometimes when their lips were cracked with thirst insisted on having water, God in his infinite mercy had them marched round and round, back and forth, through a barren wilderness, until all, with the exception of two persons, died.

Question. Why did he do this?

Answer. Because he had promised these people that he would take them "to a land flowing with "milk and honey."

Question. Was God always patient and kind and merciful toward his children while they were in the wilderness?

Answer. Yes, he always was merciful and kind and patient. Infidels have taken the ground that he visited them with plagues and disease and famine; that he had them bitten by serpents, and now and then allowed the ground to swallow a few thousands of them, and in other ways saw to it that they were kept as comfortable and happy as was consistent with good government; but all these things were for their good; and the fact is, infidels have no real sense of justice.

Question. How did God happen to treat the Israelites in this way, when he had promised Abraham that he would take care of his progeny, and when he had promised the same to the poor wretches while they were slaves in Egypt?

Answer. Because God is unchangeable in his nature, and wished to convince them that every being should be perfectly faithful to his promise.

Question. Was God driven to madness by the conduct of his chosen people?

Answer. Almost.

Question. Did he know exactly what they would do when he chose them?

Answer. Exactly.

Question. Were the Jews guilty of idolatry?

Answer. They were. They worshiped other gods —gods made of wood and stone.

Question. Is it not wonderful that they were not convinced of the power of God, by the many miracles wrought in Egypt and in the wilderness?

Answer. Yes, it is very wonderful; but the Jews, who must have seen bread rained from heaven; who saw water gush from the rocks and follow them up hill and down; who noticed that their clothes did not wear out, and did not even get shiny at the knees, while the elbows defied the ravages of time, and their shoes remained perfect for forty years; it is wonderful that when they saw the ground open and swallow their comrades; when they saw God talking face to face with Moses as a man talks with his friend; after they saw the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night,—it is absolutely

astonishing that they had more faith in a golden calf that they made themselves, than in Jehovah.

Question. How is it that the Jews had no confidence in these miracles?

Answer. Because they were there and saw them.

Question. Do you think that it is necessary for us to believe all the miracles of the Old Testament in order to be saved?

Answer. The Old Testament is the foundation of the New. If the Old Testament is not inspired, then the New is of no value. If the Old Testament is inspired, all the miracles are true, and we cannot believe that God would allow any errors, or false statements, to creep into an inspired volume, and to be perpetuated through all these years.

Question. Should we believe the miracles, whether they are reasonable or not?

Answer. Certainly; if they were reasonable, they would not be miracles. It is their unreasonableness that appeals to our credulity and our faith. It is impossible to have theological faith in anything that can be demonstrated. It is the office of faith to believe, not only without evidence, but in spite of evidence. It is impossible for the carnal mind to believe that Samsons muscle depended upon the length of his hair. “God has made the wisdom of “this world foolishness.” Neither can the unconverted believe that Elijah stopped at a hotel kept by ravens. Neither can they believe that a barrel would in and of itself produce meal, or that an earthen pot could create oil. But to a Christian, in order that a widow might feed a preacher, the truth of these stories is perfectly apparent.

Question. How should we regard the wonderful stories of the Old Testament?

Answer. They should be looked upon as “types” and “symbols.” They all have a spiritual significance. The reason I believe the story of Jonah is, that Jonah is a type of Christ.

Question. Do you believe the story of Jonah to be a true account of a literal fact?

Answer. Certainly. You must remember that Jonah was not swallowed by a whale. God “prepared a great fish” for that occasion. Neither is it by any means certain that Jonah was in the belly of this whale. “He probably stayed in his mouth.” Even if he was in his stomach, it was very easy for him to defy the ordinary action of gastric juice by rapidly walking up and down..

Question. Do you think that Jonah was really in the whale’s stomach?

Answer. My own opinion is that he stayed in his mouth. The only objection to this theory is, that it is more reasonable than the other and requires less faith. Nothing could be easier than for God to make a fish large enough to furnish ample room for one passenger in his mouth. I throw out this suggestion simply that you may be able to answer the objections of infidels who are always laughing at this story.

Question. Do you really believe that Elijah went to heaven in a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire?

Answer. Of course he did.

Question. What was this miracle performed for?

Answer. To convince the people of the power of God.

Question. Who saw the miracle?

Answer. Nobody but Elisha.

Question. Was he convinced before that time?

Answer. Oh yes; he was one of God's prophets.

Question. Suppose that in these days two men should leave a town together, and after a while one of them should come back having on the clothes of the other, and should account for the fact that he had his friend's clothes by saying that while they were going along the road together a chariot of fire came down from heaven drawn by fiery steeds, and thereupon his friend got into the carriage, threw him his clothes, and departed,—would you believe it?

Answer. Of course things like that don't happen in these days; God does not have to rely on wonders now.

Question. Do you mean that he performs no miracles at the present day?

Answer. We cannot say that he does not perform miracles now, but we are not in position to call attention to any particular one. Of course he supervises the affairs of nations and men and does whatever in his judgment is necessary.

Question. Do you think that Samson's strength depended on the length of his hair?

Answer. The Bible so states, and the Bible is true. A physiologist might say that a man could not use the muscle in his hair for lifting purposes, but these same physiologists could not tell you how you move a finger, nor how you lift a feather; still, actuated by the pride of intellect, they insist that the length of a man's hair could not determine his strength. God says it did; the physiologist says that it did not; we can not hesitate whom to believe. For the purpose of avoiding eternal agony I am willing to believe anything; I am willing to say that strength depends upon the length of hair, or faith upon the length of ears. I am perfectly willing to believe that a man caught three hundred foxes, and put fire brands between their tails; that he slew thousands with a bone, and that he made a bee hive out of a lion. I will believe, if necessary, that when this man's hair was short he hardly had strength enough to stand, and that when it was long, he could carry away the gates of a city, or overthrow a temple filled with people. If the infidel is right, I will lose nothing by believing, but if he is wrong, I shall gain an eternity of joy. If God did not intend that we should believe these stories, he never would have told them, and why should a man put his soul in peril by trying to disprove one of the statements of the Lord?

Question. Suppose it should turn out that some of these miracles depend upon mistranslations of the original Hebrew, should we still believe them?

Answer. The safe side is the best side. It is far better to err on the side of belief, than on the side of infidelity. God does not threaten anybody with eternal punishment for believing too much.

Danger lies on the side of investigation, on the side of thought. The perfectly idiotic are absolutely safe. As they diverge from that point,—as they rise in the intellectual scale, as the brain develops, as the faculties enlarge, the danger increases. I know that some biblical students now take the ground that Samson caught no foxes,—that he only took sheaves of wheat that had been already cut and bound, set them on fire, and threw them into the grain still standing. If this is what he did, of course there is nothing miraculous about it, and the value of the story is lost. So, others contend that

Elijah was not fed by the ravens, but by the Arabs. They tell us that the Hebrew word standing for “Arab” also stands for “bird,” and that the word really means “migratory—going from place to place—homeless.” But I prefer the old version. It certainly will do no harm to believe that ravens brought bread and flesh to a prophet of God. Where they got their bread and flesh is none of my business; how they knew where the prophet was, and recognized him; or how God talks to ravens, or how he gave them directions, I have no right to inquire. I leave these questions to the scientists, the blasphemers, and thinkers. There are many people in the church anxious to get the miracles out of the Bible, and thousands, I have no doubt, would be greatly gratified to learn that there is, in fact, nothing miraculous in Scripture; but when you take away the miraculous, you take away the supernatural; when you take away the supernatural, you destroy the ministry; and when you take away the ministry, hundreds of thousands of men will be left without employment.

Question. Is it not wonderful that the Egyptians were not converted by the miracles wrought in their country?

Answer. Yes, they all would have been, if God had not purposely hardened their hearts to prevent it. Jehovah always took great delight in furnishing the evidence, and then hardening the man’s heart so that he would not believe it. After all the miracles that had been performed in Egypt,—the most wonderful that were ever done in any country, the Egyptians were as unbelieving as at first; they pursued the Israelites, knowing that they were protected by an infinite God, and failing to overwhelm them, came back and worshiped their own false gods just as firmly as before. All of which shows the unreasonableness of a Pagan, and the natural depravity of human nature.

Question. How did it happen that the Canaanites were never convinced that the Jews were assisted by Jehovah?

Answer. They must have been an exceedingly brave people to contend so many years with the chosen people of God. Notwithstanding all their cities were burned time and time again; notwithstanding all the men, women and children were put to the edge of the sword; notwithstanding the taking of all their cattle and sheep, they went right on fighting just as valiantly and desperately as ever. Each one lost his life many times, and was just as ready for the next conflict. My own opinion is, that God kept them alive by raising them from the dead after each battle, for the purpose of punishing the Jews. God used his enemies as instruments for the civilization of the Jewish people. He did not wish to convert them, because they would give him much more trouble as Jews than they did as Canaanites. He had all the Jews he could conveniently take care of. He found it much easier to kill a hundred Canaanites than to civilize one Jew.

Question. How do you account for the fact that the heathen were not surprised at the stopping of the sun and moon?

Answer. They were so ignorant that they had not the slightest conception of the real cause of the phenomenon. Had they known the size of the earth, and the relation it sustained to the other heavenly bodies; had they known the magnitude of the sun, and the motion of the moon, they would, in all probability, have been as greatly astonished as the Jews were; but being densely ignorant of astronomy, it must have produced upon them not the slightest impression. But we must remember that the sun and moon were not stopped for the purpose of converting these people, but to

give Joshua more time to kill them. As soon as we see clearly the purpose of Jehovah, we instantly perceive how admirable were the means adopted.

Question. Do you not consider the treatment of the Canaanites to have been cruel and ferocious?

Answer. To a totally depraved man, it does look cruel; to a being without any good in him,—to one who has inherited the rascality of many generations, the murder of innocent women and little children does seem horrible; to one who is "contaminated in "all his parts," by original sin,—who was "conceived "in sin, and brought forth in iniquity," the assassination of men, and the violation of captive maidens, do not seem consistent with infinite goodness. But when one has been "born again," when "the love "of God has been shed abroad in his heart," when he loves all mankind, when he "overcomes evil with "good," when he "prays for those who despitefully use him and persecute him,"—to such a man, the extermination of the Canaanites, the violation of women, the slaughter of babes, and the destruction of countless thousands, is the highest evidence of the goodness, the mercy, and the long-suffering of God. When a man has been "born again," all the passages of the Old Testament that appear so horrible and so unjust to one in his natural state, become the dearest, the most consoling, and the most beautiful of truths. The real Christian reads the accounts of these ancient battles with the greatest possible satisfaction. To one who really loves his enemies, the groans of men, the shrieks of women, and the cries of babes, make music sweeter than the zephyr's breath.

Question. In your judgment, why did God destroy the Canaanites?

Answer. To prevent their contaminating his chosen people. He knew that if the Jews were allowed to live with such neighbors, they would finally become as bad as the Canaanites themselves. He wished to civilize his chosen people, and it was therefore necessary for him to destroy the heathen.

Question. Did God succeed in civilizing the Jews after he had "removed" the Canaanites?

Answer. Well, not entirely. He had to allow the heathen he had not destroyed to overrun the whole land and make captives of the Jews. This was done for the good of his chosen people.

Question. Did he then succeed in civilizing them?

Answer. Not quite.

Question. Did he ever quite succeed in civilizing them?

Answer. Well, we must admit that the experiment never was a conspicuous success. The Jews were chosen by the Almighty 430 years before he appeared to Moses on Mount Sinai. He was their direct Governor. He attended personally to their religion and politics, and gave up a great part of his valuable time for about two thousand years, to the management of their affairs; and yet, such was the condition of the Jewish people, after they had had all these advantages, that when there arose among them a perfectly kind, just, generous and honest man, these people, with whom God had been laboring for so many centuries, deliberately put to death that good and loving man.

Question. Do you think that God really endeavored to civilize the Jews?

Answer. This is an exceedingly hard question. If he had really tried to do it, of course he could have done it. We must not think of limiting the power of the infinite. But you must remember that if he had succeeded in civilizing the Jews, if he had educated them up to the plane of intellectual liberty, and made them just and kind and merciful, like himself, they would not have crucified Christ, and you can see at once the awful condition in which we would all be to-day. No atonement could have been made; and if no atonement had been made, then, according to the Christian system, the whole world would have been lost. We must admit that there was no time in the history of the Jews from Sinai to Jerusalem, that they would not have put a man like Christ to death.

Question. So you think that, after all, it was not God's intention that the Jews should become civilized?

Answer. We do not know. We can only say that "God's ways are not our ways." It may be that God took them in his special charge, for the purpose of keeping them bad enough to make the necessary sacrifice. That may have been the divine plan. In any event, it is safer to believe the explanation that is the most unreasonable.

Question. Do you think that Christ knew the Jews would crucify him?

Answer. Certainly.

Question. Do you think that when he chose Judas he knew that he would betray him?

Answer. Certainly.

Question. Did he know when Judas went to the chief priest and made the bargain for the delivery of Christ?

Answer. Certainly.

Question. Why did he allow himself to be betrayed, if he knew the plot?

Answer. Infidelity is a very good doctrine to live by, but you should read the last words of Paine and Voltaire.

Question. If Christ knew that Judas would betray him, why did he choose him?

Answer. Nothing can exceed the atrocities of the French Revolution—when they carried a woman through the streets and worshiped her as the goddess of Reason.

Question. Would not the mission of Christ have been a failure had no one betrayed him?

Answer. Thomas Paine was a drunkard, and recanted on his death-bed, and died a blaspheming infidel besides.

Question. Is it not clear that an atonement was necessary; and is it not equally clear that the atonement could not have been made unless somebody had betrayed Christ; and unless the Jews had been wicked and orthodox enough to crucify him?

Answer. Of course the atonement had to be made. It was a part of the "divine plan" that Christ should be betrayed, and that the Jews should be wicked enough to kill him. Otherwise, the world would have been lost.

Question. Suppose Judas had understood the divine plan, what ought he to have done? Should he have betrayed Christ, or let somebody else do it; or should he have allowed the world to perish, including his own soul?

Answer. If you take the Bible away from the world, “how would it be possible to have witnesses “sworn in courts;” how would it be possible to administer justice?

Question. If Christ had not been betrayed and crucified, is it true that his own mother would be in perdition to-day?

Answer. Most assuredly. There was but one way by which she could be saved, and that was by the death of her son—through the blood of the atonement. She was totally depraved through the sin of Adam, and deserved eternal death. Even her love for the infant Christ was, in the sight of God,— that is to say, of her babe,— wickedness. It can not be repeated too often that there is only one way to be saved, and that is, to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Question. Could Christ have prevented the Jews from crucifying him?

Answer. He could.

Question. If he could have saved his life and did not, was he not guilty of suicide?

Answer. No one can understand these questions who has not read the prophecies of Daniel, and has not a clear conception of what is meant by “the fullness of time.”

Question. What became of all the Canaanites, the Egyptians, the Hindus, the Greeks and Romans and Chinese? What became of the billions who died before the promise was made to Abraham; of the billions and billions who never heard of the Bible, who never heard the name, even, of Jesus Christ— never knew of “the scheme of salvation”? What became of the millions and billions who lived in this hemisphere, and of whose existence Jehovah himself seemed perfectly ignorant?

Answer. They were undoubtedly lost. God having made them, had a right to do with them as he pleased. They are probably all in hell to-day, and the fact that they are damned, only adds to the joy of the redeemed. It is by contrast that we are able to perceive the infinite kindness with which God has treated us.

Question. Is it not possible that something can be done for a human soul in another world as well as in this?

Answer. No; this is the only world in which God even attempts to reform anybody. In the other world, nothing is done for the purpose of making anybody better. Here in this world, where man lives but a few days, is the only opportunity for moral improvement. A minister can do a thousand times more for a soul than its creator; and this country is much better adapted to moral growth than heaven itself. A person who lived on this earth a few years, and died without having been converted, has no hope in another world. The moment he arrives at the judgment seat, nothing remains but to damn him. Neither God, nor the Holy Ghost, nor Jesus Christ, can have the least possible influence with him there.

Question. When God created each human being, did he know exactly what would be his eternal fate?

Answer. Most assuredly he did.

Question. Did he know that hundreds and millions and billions would suffer eternal pain?

Answer. Certainly. But he gave them freedom of choice between good and evil.

Question. Did he know exactly how they would use that freedom?

Answer. Yes.

Question. Did he know that billions would use it wrong?

Answer. Yes.

Question. Was it optional with him whether he should make such people or not?

Answer. Certainly.

Question. Had these people any option as to whether they would be made or not?

Answer, No.

Question. Would it not have been far better to leave them unconscious dust?

Answer. These questions show how foolish it is to judge God according to a human standard. What to us seems just and merciful, God may regard in an exactly opposite light; and we may hereafter be developed to such a degree that we will regard the agonies of the damned as the highest possible evidence of the goodness and mercy of God.

Question. How do you account for the fact that God did not make himself known except to Abraham and his descendants? Why did he fail to reveal himself to the other nations—nations that, compared with the Jews, were learned, cultivated and powerful? Would you regard a revelation now made to the Esquimaux as intended for us; and would it be a revelation of which we would be obliged to take notice?

Answer. Of course, God could have revealed himself, not only to all the great nations, but to each individual. He could have had the Ten Commandments engraved on every heart and brain; or he could have raised up prophets in every land; but he chose, rather, to allow countless millions of his children to wander in the darkness and blackness of Nature; chose, rather, that they should redden their hands in each other's blood; chose, rather, that they should live without light, and die without hope; chose, rather, that they should suffer, not only in this world, but forever in the next. Of course we have no right to find fault with the choice of God.

Question. Now you can tell a sinner to "believe "on the Lord Jesus Christ;" what could a sinner have been told in Egypt, three thousand years ago; and in what language would you have addressed a Hindu in the days of Buddha—the "divine scheme" at that time being a secret in the divine breast?

Answer. It is not for us to think upon these questions. The moment we examine the Christian system, we begin to doubt. In a little while, we shall be infidels, and shall lose the respect of those who refuse to think. It is better to go with the majority. These doctrines are too sacred to be touched. You should be satisfied with the religion of your father and your mother. "You want some book on the "centre-table," in the parlor; it is extremely handy to have a Family Record; and what book, other than the Bible, could a mother give a son as he leaves the old homestead?

Question. Is it not wonderful that all the writers of the four gospels do not give an account of the ascension of Jesus Christ?

Answer. This question has been answered long ago, time and time again.

Question. Perhaps it has, but would it not be well enough to answer it once more? Some may not have seen the answer?

Answer. Show me the hospitals that infidels have built; show me the asylums that infidels have founded.

Question. I know you have given the usual answer; but after all, is it not singular that a miracle so wonderful as the bodily ascension of a man, should not have been mentioned by all the writers of that man's life? Is it not wonderful that some of them said that he did ascend, and others that he agreed to stay with his disciples always?

Answer. People unacquainted with the Hebrew, can have no conception of these things. A story in plain English, does not sound as it does in Hebrew. Miracles seem altogether more credible, when told in a dead language.

Question. What, in your judgment, became of the dead who were raised by Christ? Is it not singular that they were never mentioned afterward?

Would not a man who had been raised from the dead naturally be an object of considerable interest, especially to his friends and acquaintances? And is it not also wonderful that Christ, after having wrought so many miracles, cured so many lame and halt and blind, fed so many thousands miraculously, and after having entered Jerusalem in triumph as a conqueror and king, had to be pointed out by one of his own disciples who was bribed for the purpose?

Answer. Of course, all these things are exceedingly wonderful, and if found in any other book, would be absolutely incredible; but we have no right to apply the same kind of reasoning to the Bible that we apply to the Koran or to the sacred books of the Hindus. For the ordinary affairs of this world, God has given us reason; but in the examination of religious questions, we should depend upon credulity and faith.

Question. If Christ came to offer himself a sacrifice, for the purpose of making atonement for the sins of such as might believe on him, why did he not make this fact known to all of his disciples?

Answer. He did. This was, and is, the gospel.

Question. How is it that Matthew says nothing about "salvation by faith," but simply says that God will be merciful to the merciful, that he will forgive the forgiving, and says not one word about the necessity of believing anything?

Answer. But you will remember that Mark says, in the last chapter of his gospel, that "whoso believeth not shall be damned."

Question. Do you admit that Matthew says nothing on the subject?

Answer. Yes, I suppose I must.

Question. Is not that passage in Mark generally admitted to be an interpolation?

Answer. Some biblical scholars say that it is.

Question. Is that portion of the last chapter of Mark found in the Syriac version of the Bible?

Answer. It is not.

Question. If it was necessary to believe on Jesus Christ, in order to be saved, how is it that Matthew failed to say so?

Answer. "There are more copies of the Bible "printed to-day, than of any other book in the world, "and it is printed in more languages than any other "book."

Question. Do you consider it necessary to be "regenerated"—to be "born again"—in order to be saved?

Answer. Certainly.

Question. Did Matthew say anything on the subject of “regeneration”?

Answer. No.

Question. Did Mark?

Answer. No.

Question. Did Luke?

Answer. No.

Question. Is Saint John the only one who speaks of the necessity of being “born again”?

Answer. He is.

Question. Do you think that Matthew, Mark and Luke knew anything about the necessity of “regeneration”?

Answer. Of course they did.

Question. Why did they fail to speak of it?

Answer. There is no civilization without the Bible. The moment you throw away the sacred Scriptures, you are all at sea—you are without an anchor and without a compass.

Question. You will remember that, according to Mark, Christ said to his disciples: “Go ye into all “the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” Did he refer to the gospel set forth by Mark?

Answer. Of course he did.

Question. Well, in the gospel set forth by Mark, there is not a word about “regeneration,” and no word about the necessity of believing anything—except in an interpolated passage. Would it not seem from this, that “regeneration” and a “belief in the “Lord Jesus Christ,” are no part of the gospel?

Answer. Nothing can exceed in horror the last moments of the infidel; nothing can be more terrible than the death of the doubter. When the glories of this world fade from the vision; when ambition becomes an empty name; when wealth turns to dust in the palsied hand of death, of what use is philosophy then? Who cares then for the pride of intellect? In that dread moment, man needs something to rely on, whether it is true or not.

Question. Would it not have been more convincing if Christ, after his resurrection, had shown himself to his enemies as well as to his friends? Would it not have greatly strengthened the evidence in the case, if he had visited Pilate; had presented himself before Caiaphas, the high priest; if he had again entered the temple, and again walked the streets of Jerusalem?

Answer. If the evidence had been complete and overwhelming, there would have been no praise worthiness in belief; even publicans and sinners would have believed, if the evidence had been sufficient. The amount of evidence required is the test of the true Christian spirit.

Question. Would it not also have been better had the ascension taken place in the presence of unbelieving thousands; it seems such a pity to have wasted such a demonstration upon those already convinced?

Answer. These questions are the natural fruit of the carnal mind, and can be accounted for only by the doctrine of total depravity. Nothing has given the church more trouble than just such questions. Unholy curiosity, a disposition to pry into the divine mysteries, a desire to know, to investigate, to explain —in short, to understand, are all evidences of a reprobate mind.

Question. How can we account for the fact that Matthew alone speaks of the wise men of the East coming with gifts to the infant Christ; that he alone speaks of the little babes being killed by Herod? Is it possible that the other writers never heard of these things?

Answer. Nobody can get any good out of the Bible by reading it in a critical spirit. The contradictions and discrepancies are only apparent, and melt away before the light of faith. That which in other books would be absolute and palpable contradiction, is, in the Bible, when spiritually discerned, a perfect and beautiful harmony. My own opinion is, that seeming contradictions are in the Bible for the purpose of testing and strengthening the faith of Christians, and for the further purpose of ensnaring infidels, "that they might believe a lie and be damned." *Question*. Is it possible that a good God would take pains to deceive his children?

Answer. The Bible is filled with instances of that kind, and all orthodox ministers now know that fossil animals—that is, representations of animals in stone, were placed in the rocks on purpose to mislead men like Darwin and Humboldt, Huxley and Tyndall. It is also now known that God, for the purpose of misleading the so-called men of science, had hairy elephants preserved in ice, made stomachs for them, and allowed twigs of trees to be found in these stomachs, when, as a matter of fact, no such elephants ever lived or ever died. These men who are endeavoring to overturn the Scriptures with the lever of science will find that they have been deceived. Through all eternity they will regret their philosophy. They will wish, in the next world, that they had thrown away geology and physiology and all other "ologies" except theology. The time is coming when Jehovah will "mock at their fears and "laugh at their calamity."

Question. If Joseph was not the father of Christ, why was his genealogy given to show that Christ was of the blood of David; why would not the genealogy of any other Jew have done as well?

Answer. That objection was raised and answered hundreds of years ago.

Question. If they wanted to show that Christ was of the blood of David, why did they not give the genealogy of his mother if Joseph was not his father?

Answer. That objection was answered hundreds of years ago.

Question. How was it answered?

Answer. When Voltaire was dying, he sent for a priest.

Question. How does it happen that the two genealogies given do not agree?

Answer. Perhaps they were written by different persons.

Question. Were both these persons inspired by the same God?

Answer. Of course.

Question. Why were the miracles recorded in the New Testament performed?

Answer. The miracles were the evidence relied on to prove the supernatural origin and the divine mission of Jesus Christ.

Question. Aside from the miracles, is there any evidence to show the supernatural origin or character of Jesus Christ?

Answer. Some have considered that his moral precepts are sufficient, of themselves, to show that he was divine.

Question. Had all of his moral precepts been taught before he lived?

Answer. The same things had been said, but they did not have the same meaning.

Question. Does the fact that Buddha taught the same tend to show that he was of divine origin?

Answer. Certainly not. The rules of evidence applicable to the Bible are not applicable to other books. We examine other books in the light of reason; the Bible is the only exception. So, we should not judge of Christ as we do of any other man.

Question. Do you think that Christ wrought many of his miracles because he was good, charitable, and filled with pity?

Answer. Certainly

Question. Has he as much power now as he had when on earth?

Answer. Most assuredly.

Question. Is he as charitable and pitiful now, as he was then?

Answer. Yes.

Question. Why does he not now cure the lame and the halt and the blind?

Answer. It is well known that, when Julian the Apostate was dying, catching some of his own blood in his hand and throwing it into the air he exclaimed: “Galileean, thou hast conquered!”

Question. Do you consider it our duty to love our neighbor?

Answer. Certainly.

Question. Is virtue the same in all worlds?

Answer. Most assuredly.

Question. Are we under obligation to render good for evil, and to “pray for those who despitefully use us”?

Answer. Yes.

Question. Will Christians in heaven love their neighbors?

Answer. Y es; if their neighbors are not in hell.

Question. Do good Christians pity sinners in this world?

Answer. Yes.

Question. Why?

Answer. Because they regard them as being in great danger of the eternal wrath of God.

Question. After these sinners have died, and been sent to hell, will the Christians in heaven then pity them?

Answer. No. Angels have no pity.

Question. If we are under obligation to love our enemies, is not God under obligation to love his? If we forgive our enemies, ought not God to forgive his? If we forgive those who injure us, ought not God to forgive those who have not injured him?

Answer. God made us, and he has therefore the right to do with us as he pleases. Justice demands that he should damn all of us, and the few that he will save will be saved through mercy and without the slightest respect to anything they may have done themselves. Such is the justice of God, that those in hell will have no right to complain, and those in heaven will have no right to be there. Hell is justice, and salvation is charity.

Question. Do you consider it possible for a law to be justly satisfied by the punishment of an innocent person?

Answer. Such is the scheme of the atonement. As man is held responsible for the sin of Adam, so he will be credited with the virtues of Christ; and you can readily see that one is exactly as reasonable as the other.

Question. Suppose a man honestly reads the New Testament, and honestly concludes that it is not an inspired book; suppose he honestly makes up his mind that the miracles are not true; that the devil never really carried Christ to the pinnacle of the temple; that devils were really never cast out of a man and allowed to take refuge in swine;—I say, suppose that he is honestly convinced that these things are not true, what ought he to say?

Answer. He ought to say nothing.

Question. Suppose that the same man should read the Koran, and come to the conclusion that it is not an inspired book; what ought he to say?

Answer. He ought to say that it is not inspired; his fellow-men are entitled to his honest opinion, and it is his duty to do what he can do to destroy a pernicious superstition.

Question. Suppose then, that a reader of the Bible, having become convinced that it is not inspired— honestly convinced—says nothing—keeps his conclusion absolutely to himself, and suppose he dies in that belief, can he be saved?

Answer. Certainly not.

Question. Has the honesty of his belief anything to do with his future condition?

Answer. Nothing whatever.,

Question. Suppose that he tried to believe, that he hated to disagree with his friends, and with his parents, but that in spite of himself he was forced to the conclusion that the Bible is not the inspired word of God, would he then deserve eternal punishment?

Answer. Certainly he would.

Question. Can a man control his belief?

Answer. He cannot—except as to the Bible.

Question. Do you consider it just in God to create a man who cannot believe the Bible, and then damn him because he does not?

Answer. Such is my belief.

Question. Is it your candid opinion that a man who does not believe the Bible should keep his belief a secret from his fellow-men?

Answer. It is.

Question. How do I know that you believe the Bible? You have told me that if you did not believe it, you would not tell me?

Answer. There is no way for you to ascertain, except by taking my word for it.

Question. What will be the fate of a man who does not believe it, and yet pretends to believe it?

Answer. He will be damned.

Question. Then hypocrisy will not save him?

Answer. No.

Question. And if he does not believe it, and admits that he does not believe it, then his honesty will not save him?

Answer. No. Honesty on the wrong side is no better than hypocrisy on the right side.

Question. Do we know who wrote the gospels?

Answer. Yes; we do.

Question. Are we absolutely sure who wrote them?

Answer. Of course; we have the evidence as it has come to us through the Catholic Church.

Question. Can we rely upon the Catholic Church now?

Answer. No; assuredly no! But we have the testimony of Polycarp and Irenæus and Clement, and others of the early fathers, together with that of the Christian historian, Eusebius.

Question. What do we really know about Polycarp?

Answer. We know that he suffered martyrdom under Marcus Aurelius, and that for quite a time the fire refused to burn his body, the flames arching over him, leaving him in a kind of fiery tent; and we also know that from his body came a fragrance like frankincense, and that the Pagans were so exasperated at seeing the miracle, that one of them thrust a sword through the body of Polycarp; that the blood flowed out and extinguished the flames and that out of the wound flew the soul of the martyr in the form of a dove.

Question. Is that all we know about Polycarp?

Answer. Yes, with the exception of a few more like incidents.

Question. Do we know that Polycarp ever met St. John?

Answer. Yes; Eusebius says so.

Question. Are we absolutely certain that he ever lived?

Answer. Yes, or Eusebius could not have written about him.

Question. Do we know anything of the character of Eusebius?

Answer. Yes; we know that he was untruthful only when he wished to do good. But God can use even the dishonest. Other books have to be substantiated by truthful men, but such is the power of God, that he can establish the inspiration of the Bible by the most untruthful witnesses. If God's witnesses were honest, anybody could believe, and what becomes of faith, one of the greatest virtues?

Question. Is the New Testament now the same as it was in the days of the early fathers?

Answer. Certainly not. Many books now thrown out, and not esteemed of divine origin, were esteemed divine by Polycarp and Irenæus and Clement and many of the early churches. These books are now called "apocryphal."

Question. Have you not the same witnesses in favor of their authenticity, that you have in favor of the gospels?

Answer. Precisely the same. Except that they were thrown out.

Question. Why were they thrown out?

Answer. Because the Catholic Church did not esteem them inspired.

Question. Did the Catholics decide for us which are the true gospels and which are the true epistles?

Answer. Yes. The Catholic Church was then the only church, and consequently must have been the true church.

Question. How did the Catholic Church select the true books?

Answer. Councils were called, and votes were taken, very much as we now pass resolutions in political meetings.

Question. Was the Catholic Church infallible then?

Answer. It was then, but it is not now.

Question. If the Catholic Church at that time had thrown out the book of Revelation, would it now be our duty to believe that book to have been inspired?

Answer. No, I suppose not.

Question. Is it not true that some of these books were adopted by exceedingly small majorities?

Answer. It is.

Question. If the Epistle to the Hebrews and to the Romans, and the book of Revelation had been thrown out, could a man now be saved who honestly believes the rest of the books?

Answer. This is doubtful.

Question. Were the men who picked out the inspired books inspired?

Answer. We cannot tell, but the probability is that they were.

Question. Do we know that they picked out the right ones?

Answer. Well, not exactly, but we believe that they did.

Question. Are we certain that some of the books that were thrown out were not inspired?

Answer. Well, the only way to tell is to read them carefully.

Question. If upon reading these apocryphal books a man concludes that they are not inspired, will he be damned for that reason?

Answer. No. Certainly not.

Question. If he concludes that some of them are inspired, and believes them, will he then be damned for that belief?

Answer. Oh, no! Nobody is ever damned for believing too much.

Question. Does the fact that the books now comprising the New Testament were picked out by the Catholic Church prevent their being examined now by an honest man, as they were examined at the time they were picked out?

Answer. No; not if the man comes to the conclusion that they are inspired.

Question. Does the fact that the Catholic Church picked them out and declared them to be inspired, render it a crime to examine them precisely as you would examine the books that the Catholic Church threw out and declared were not inspired?

Answer. I think it does.

Question. At the time the council was held in which it was determined which of the books of the New Testament are inspired, a respectable minority voted against some that were finally decided to be inspired. If they were honest in the vote they gave, and died without changing their opinions, are they now in hell?

Answer. Well, they ought to be.

Question. If those who voted to leave the book of Revelation out of the canon, and the gospel of Saint John out of the canon, believed honestly that these were not inspired books, how should they have voted?

Answer. Well, I suppose a man ought to vote as he honestly believes—except in matters of religion.

Question. If the Catholic Church was not infallible, is the question still open as to what books are, and what are not, inspired?

Answer. I suppose the question is still open— but it would be dangerous to decide it.

Question. If, then, I examine all the books again, and come to the conclusion that some that were thrown out were inspired, and some that were accepted were not inspired, ought I to say so?

Answer. Not if it is contrary to the faith of your father, or calculated to interfere with your own political prospects.

Question. Is it as great a sin to admit into the Bible books that are uninspired as to reject those that are inspired?

Answer. Well, it is a crime to reject an inspired book, no matter how unsatisfactory the evidence is for its inspiration, but it is not a crime to receive an uninspired book. God damns nobody for believing too much. An excess of credulity is simply to err in the direction of salvation.

Question. Suppose a man disbelieves in the inspiration of the New Testament—believes it to be entirely the work of uninspired men; and suppose he also believes—but not from any evidence obtained in the New Testament—that Jesus Christ was the son of God, and that he made atonement for his soul, can he then be saved without a belief in the inspiration of the Bible?

Answer. This has not yet been decided by our church, and I do not wish to venture an opinion.

Question. Suppose a man denies the inspiration of the Scriptures; suppose that he also denies the divinity of Jesus Christ; and suppose, further, that he acts precisely as Christ is said to have acted; suppose he loves his enemies, prays for those who despitefully use him, and does all the good he possibly can, is it your opinion that such a man will be saved?

Answer. No, sir. There is “none other name “given under heaven and among men,” whereby a sinner can be saved but the name of Christ.

Question. Then it is your opinion that God would save a murderer who believed in Christ, and would damn another man, exactly like Christ, who failed to believe in him?

Answer. Yes; because we have the blessed promise that, out of Christ, “our God is a consuming “fire.”

Question. Suppose a man read the Bible carefully and honestly, and was not quite convinced that it was true, and that while examining the subject, he died; what then?

Answer. I do not believe that God would allow him to examine the matter in another world, or to make up his mind in heaven. Of course, he would eternally perish.

Question. Could Christ now furnish evidence enough to convince every human being of the truth of the Bible?

Answer. Of course he could, because he is infinite.

Question. Are any miracles performed now?

Answer. Oh, no!

Question. Have we any testimony, except human testimony, to substantiate any miracle?

Answer. Only human testimony.

Question. Do all men give the same force to the same evidence?

Answer. By no means.

Question. Have all honest men who have examined the Bible believed it to be inspired?

Answer. Of course they have. Infidels are not honest.

Question. Could any additional evidence have been furnished?

Answer. With perfect ease.

Question. Would God allow a soul to suffer eternal agony rather than furnish evidence of the truth of his Bible?

Answer. God has furnished plenty of evidence, and altogether more than was really necessary. We should read the Bible in a believing spirit.

Question. Are all parts of the inspired books equally true?

Answer. Necessarily.

Question. According to Saint Matthew, God promises to forgive all who will forgive others; not one word is said about believing in Christ, or believing in the miracles, or in any Bible; did Matthew tell the truth?

Answer. The Bible must be taken as a whole; and if other conditions are added somewhere else, then you must comply with those other conditions. Matthew may not have stated all the conditions.

Question. I find in another part of the New Testament, that a young man came to Christ and asked him what was necessary for him to do in order that he might inherit eternal life. Christ did not tell him that he must believe the Bible, or that he must believe in him, or that he must keep the Sabbathday; was Christ honest with that young man?

Answer. Well, I suppose he was.

Question. You will also recollect that Zaccheus said to Christ, that where he had wronged any man he had made restitution, and further, that half his goods he had given to the poor; and you will remember that Christ said to Zaccheus: “This day “hath salvation come to thy house.” Why did not Christ tell Zaccheus that he “must be born again;” that he must “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ”?

Answer. Of course there are mysteries in our holy religion that only those who have been “born “again” can understand. You must remember that “the carnal mind is enmity with God.”

Question. Is it not strange that Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount, did not speak of “regeneration,” or of the “scheme of salvation”?

Answer. Well, it may be.

Question. Can a man be saved now by living exactly in accordance with the Sermon on the Mount?

Answer. He can not.

Question. Would then a man, by following the course of conduct prescribed by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount, lose his soul?

Answer. He most certainly would, because there is not one word in the Sermon on the Mount about believing on the Lord Jesus Christ; not one word about believing in the Bible; not one word about the “atonement;” not one word about “regeneration.” So that, if the Presbyterian Church is right, it is absolutely certain that a man might follow the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, and live in accordance with its every word, and yet deserve and receive the eternal condemnation of God. But we must remember that the Sermon on the Mount was preached before Christianity existed. Christ was talking to Jews.

Question. Did Christ write anything himself, in the New Testament?

Answer. Not a word.

Question. Did he tell any of his disciples to write any of his words?

Answer. There is no account of it, if he did.

Question. Do we know whether any of the disciples wrote anything?

Answer. Of course they did.

Question. How do you know?

Answer. Because the gospels bear their names.

Question. Are you satisfied that Christ was absolutely God?

Answer. Of course he was. We believe that Christ and God and the Holy Ghost are all the same, that the three form one, and that each one is three.

Question. Was Christ the God of the universe at the time of his birth?

Answer. He certainly was.

Question. Was he the infinite God, creator and controller of the entire universe, before he was born?

Answer. Of course he was. This is the mystery of "God manifest in the flesh." The infidels have pretended that he was like any other child, and was in fact supported by Nature instead of being the supporter of Nature. They have insisted that like other children, he had to be cared for by his mother. Of course he appeared to be cared for by his mother. It was a part of the plan that in all respects he should appear to be like other children.

Question. Did he know just as much before he was born as after?

Answer. If he was God of course he did.

Question. How do you account for the fact that Saint Luke tells us, in the last verse of the second chapter of his gospel, that "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature"?

Answer. That I presume is a figure of speech; because, if he was God, he certainly could not have increased in wisdom. The physical part of him could increase in stature, but the intellectual part must have been infinite all the time.

Question. Do you think that Luke was mistaken?

Answer. No; I believe what Luke said. If it appears untrue, or impossible, then I know that it is figurative or symbolical.

Question. Did I understand you to say that Christ was actually God?

Answer. Of course he was.

Question. Then why did Luke say in the same verse of the same chapter that "Jesus increased in "favor with God"?

Answer. I dare you to go into a room by yourself and read the fourteenth chapter of Saint John!

Question. Is it necessary to understand the Bible in order to be saved?

Answer. Certainly not; it is only necessary that you believe it.

Question. Is it necessary to believe all the miracles?

Answer. It may not be necessary, but as it is impossible to tell which ones can safely be left out, you had better believe them all.

Question. Then you regard belief as the safe way?

Answer. Of course it is better to be fooled in this world than to be damned in the next.

Question. Do you think that there are any cruelties on God's part recorded in the Bible?

Answer. At first flush, many things done by God himself, as well as by his prophets, appear to be cruel; but if we examine them closely, we will find them to be exactly the opposite.

Question. How do you explain the story of Elisha and the children,—where the two she-bears destroyed forty-two children on account of their impudence?

Answer. This miracle, in my judgment, establishes two things: 1. That children should be polite to ministers, and 2. That God is kind to animals— "giving them their meat in due season." These bears have been great educators—they are the foundation of the respect entertained by the young for theologians. No child ever sees a minister now without thinking of a bear.

Question. What do you think of the story of Daniel—you no doubt remember it? Some men told the king that Daniel was praying contrary to law, and thereupon Daniel was cast into a den of lions; but the lions could not touch him, their mouths having been shut by angels. The next morning, the king, finding that Daniel was still intact, had him taken out; and then, for the purpose of gratifying Daniels God, the king had all the men who had made the complaint against Daniel, and their wives and their little children, brought and cast into the lions' den. According to the account, the lions were so hungry that they caught these wives and children as they dropped, and broke all their bones in pieces before they had even touched the ground. Is it not wonderful that God failed to protect these innocent wives and children?

Answer. These wives and children were heathen; they were totally depraved. And besides, they were used as witnesses. The fact that they were devoured with such quickness shows that the lions were hungry. Had it not been for this, infidels would have accounted for the safety of Daniel by saying that the lions had been fed.

Question. Do you believe that Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were cast "into a burning fiery furnace "heated one seven times hotter than it was wont to "be heated," and that they had on "their coats, their "hosen and their hats," and that when they came out "not a hair of their heads was singed, nor was "the smell of fire upon their garments"?

Answer. The evidence of this miracle is exceedingly satisfactory. It resulted in the conversion of Nebuchadnezzar.

Question. How do you know he was converted?

Answer. Because immediately after the miracle the king issued a decree that "every people, nation "and language that spoke anything amiss against "the God of Shadrach and Company, should be cut "in pieces." This decree shows that he had become a true disciple and worshiper of Jehovah.

Question. If God in those days preserved from the fury of the fire men who were true to him and would not deny his name, why is it that he has failed to protect thousands of martyrs since that time?

Answer. This is one of the divine mysteries. God has in many instances allowed his enemies to kill his friends. I suppose this was allowed for the good of his enemies, that the heroism of the martyrs might convert them.

Question. Do you believe all the miracles?

Answer. I believe them all, because I believe the Bible to be inspired.

Question. What makes you think it is inspired?

Answer. I have never seen anybody who knew it was not; besides, my father and mother believed it.

Question. Have you any other reasons for believing it to be inspired?

Answer. Yes; there are more copies of the Bible printed than of any other book; and it is printed in more languages. And besides, it would be impossible to get along without it.

Question. Why could we not get along without it?

Answer. We would have nothing to swear witnesses by; no book in which to keep the family record; nothing for the centre-table, and nothing for a mother to give her son. No nation can be civilized without the Bible.

Question. Did God always know that a Bible was necessary to civilize a country?

Answer. Certainly he did.

Question. Why did he not give a Bible to the Egyptians, the Hindus, the Greeks and the Romans?

Answer. It is astonishing what perfect fools infidels are.

Question. Why do you call infidels “fools”?

Answer. Because I find in the fifth chapter of the gospel according to Matthew the following: “Whosoever shall say ‘Thou fool!’ shall be in danger of “hell fire.”

Question. Have I the right to read the Bible?

Answer. Yes. You not only have the right, but it is your duty.

Question. In reading the Bible the words make certain impressions on my mind. These impressions depend upon my brain,—upon my intelligence. Is not this true?

Answer. Of course, when you read the Bible, impressions are made upon your mind.

Question. Can I control these impressions?

Answer. I do not think you can, as long as you remain in a sinful state.

Question. How am I to get out of this sinful state?

Answer. You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you must read the Bible in a prayerful spirit and with a believing heart.

Question. Suppose that doubts force themselves upon my mind?

Answer. Then you will know that you are a sinner, and that you are depraved.

Question. If I have the right to read the Bible, have I the right to try to understand it?

Answer. Most assuredly.

Question. Do you admit that I have the right to reason about it and to investigate it?

Answer. Yes; I admit that. Of course you cannot help reasoning about what you read.

Question. Does the right to read a book include the right to give your opinion as to the truth of what the book contains?

Answer. Of course,—if the book is not inspired. Infidels hate the Bible because it is inspired, and Christians know that it is inspired because infidels say that it is not.

Question. Have I the right to decide for myself whether or not the book is inspired?

Answer. You have no right to deny the truth of God's Holy Word.

Question. Is God the author of all books?

Answer. Certainly not.

Question. Have I the right to say that God did not write the Koran?

Answer. Yes.

Question. Why?

Answer. Because the Koran was written by an impostor.

Question. How do you know?

Answer. My reason tells me so.

Question. Have you the right to be guided by your reason?

Answer. I must be.

Question. Have you the same right to follow your reason after reading the Bible?

Answer. No. The Bible is the standard of reason. The Bible is not to be judged or corrected by your reason. Your reason is to be weighed and measured by the Bible. The Bible is different from other books and must not be read in the same critical spirit, nor judged by the same standard.

Question. What did God give us reason for?

Answer. So that we might investigate other religions, and examine other so-called sacred books.

Question. If a man honestly thinks that the Bible is not inspired, what should he say?

Answer. He should admit that he is mistaken.

Question. When he thinks he is right?

Answer. Yes. The Bible is different from other books. It is the master of reason. You read the Bible, not to see if that is wrong, but to see whether your reason is right. It is the only book about which a man has no right to reason. He must believe. The Bible is addressed, not to the reason, but to the ears: "He that hath ears to hear, let "him hear."

Question. Do you think we have the right to tell what the Bible means—what ideas God intended to convey, or has conveyed to us, through the medium of the Bible?

Answer. Well, I suppose you have that right. Yes, that must be your duty. You certainly ought to tell others what God has said to you.

Question. Do all men get the same ideas from the Bible?

Answer. No.

Question. How do you account for that?

Answer. Because all men are not alike; they differ in intellect, in education, and in experience.

Question. Who has the right to decide as to the real ideas that God intended to convey?

Answer. I am a Protestant, and believe in the right of private judgment. Whoever does not is a Catholic. Each man must be his own judge, but God will hold him responsible.

Question. Does God believe in the right of private judgment?

Answer. Of course he does.

Question. Is he willing that I should exercise my judgment in deciding whether the Bible is inspired or not?

Answer. No. He believes in the exercise of private judgment only in the examination and rejection of other books than the Bible.

Question. Is he a Catholic?

Answer. I cannot answer blasphemy! Let me tell you that God will "laugh at your calamity, and "will mock when your fear cometh." You will be accursed.

Question. Why do you curse infidels?

Answer. Because I am a Christian.

Question. Did not Christ say that we ought to "bless those who curse us," and that we should "love our enemies"?

Answer. Yes, but he cursed the Pharisees and called them "hypocrites" and "vipers."

Question. How do you account for that?

Answer. It simply shows the difference between theory and practice.

Question. What do you consider the best way to answer infidels.

Answer. The old way is the best. You should say that their arguments are ancient, and have been answered over and over again. If this does not satisfy your hearers, then you should attack the character of the infidel—then that of his parents— then that of his children.

Question. Suppose that the infidel is a good man, how will you answer him then?

Answer. But an infidel cannot be a good man. Even if he is, it is better that he should lose his reputation, than that thousands should lose their souls. We know that all infidels are vile and infamous. We may not have the evidence, but we know that it exists.

Question. How should infidels be treated? Should Christians try to convert them?

Answer. Christians should have nothing to do with infidels. It is not safe even to converse with them. They are always talking about reason, and facts, and experience. They are filled with sophistry and should be avoided.

Question. Should Christians pray for the conversion of infidels?

Answer. Yes; but such prayers should be made in public and the name of the infidel should be given and his vile and hideous heart portrayed so that the young may be warned.

Question. Whom do you regard as infidels?

Answer. The scientists—the geologists, the astronomers, the naturalists, the philosophers. No one can overestimate the evil that has been wrought by Laplace, Humboldt, Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Renan, Emerson, Strauss, Bikhner, Tyndall, and their wretched followers. These men pretended to know more than Moses and the prophets. They were "dogs baying at the moon." They were "wolves" and "fools." They tried to "assassinate "God," and worse than all, they actually laughed at the clergy,

Question. Do you think they did, and are doing great harm?

Answer. Certainly. Of what use are all the sciences, if you lose your own soul? People in hell will care nothing about education. The rich man said nothing about science, he wanted water. Neither will they care about books and theories in heaven. If a man is perfectly happy, it makes no difference how ignorant he is.

Question. But how can he answer these scientists?

Answer. Well, my advice is to let their arguments alone. Of course, you will deny all their facts; but the most effective way is to attack their character.

Question. But suppose they are good men,— what then?

Answer. The better they are, the worse they are. We cannot admit that the infidel is really good. He may appear to be good, and it is our duty to strip the mask of appearance from the face of unbelief. If a man is not a Christian, he is totally depraved, and why should we hesitate to make a misstatement about a man whom God is going to make miserable forever?

Question. Are we not commanded to love our enemies?

Answer. Yes, but not the enemies of God.

Question. Do you fear the final triumph of infidelity?

Answer. No. We have no fear. We believe that the Bible can be revised often enough to agree with anything that may really be necessary to the preservation of the church. We can always rely upon revision. Let me tell you that the Bible is the most peculiar of books. At the time God inspired his holy prophets to write it, he knew exactly what the discoveries and demonstrations of the future would be, and he wrote his Bible in such a way that the words could always be interpreted in accordance with the intelligence of each age, and so that the words used are capable of several meanings, so that, no matter what may hereafter be discovered, the Bible will be found to agree with it,—for the reason that the knowledge of Hebrew will grow in the exact proportion that discoveries are made in other departments of knowledge. You will therefore see, that all efforts of infidelity to destroy the Bible will simply result in giving a better translation.

Question. What do you consider is the strongest argument in favor of the inspiration of the Scriptures?

Answer. The dying words of Christians.

Question. What do you consider the strongest argument against the truth of infidelity?

Answer. The dying words of infidels. You know how terrible were the death-bed scenes of Hume, Voltaire, Paine and Hobbes, as described by hundreds of persons who were not present; while all Christians have died with the utmost serenity, and with their last words have testified to the sustaining power of faith in the goodness of God.

Question. What were the last words of Jesus Christ?

Answer. “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

A Vindication Of Thomas Paine

"To argue with a man who has renounced the use and authority of reason, is like administering medicine to the dead."—Thomas Paine.

Peoria, October 8, 1877.

To the Editor of the N Y. Observer:

Sir: Last June in San Francisco, I offered a thousand dollars in gold—not as a wager, but as a gift—to any one who would substantiate the absurd story that Thomas Paine died in agony and fear, frightened by the clanking chains of devils. I also offered the same amount to any minister who would prove that Voltaire did not pass away as serenely as the coming of the dawn. Afterward I was informed that you had accepted the offer, and had called upon me to deposit the money. Acting upon this information, I sent you the following letter:

Peoria, Ill., August 31st, 1877.

To the Editor of the New York Observer:

I have been informed that you accepted, in your paper, an offer made by me to any clergyman in San Francisco. That offer was, that I would pay one thousand dollars in gold to any minister in that city who would prove that Thomas Paine died in terror because of religious opinions he had expressed, or that Voltaire did not pass away serenely as the coming of the dawn.

For many years religious journals and ministers have been circulating certain pretended accounts of the frightful agonies endured by Paine and Voltaire when dying; that these great men at the moment of death were terrified because they had given their honest opinions upon the subject of religion to their fellow-men. The imagination of the religious world has been taxed to the utmost in inventing absurd and infamous accounts of the last moments of these intellectual giants. Every Sunday school paper, thousands of idiotic tracts, and countless stupidities called sermons, have been filled with these calumnies.

Paine and Voltaire both believed in God—both hoped for immortality—both believed in special providence. But both denied the inspiration of the Scriptures—both denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. While theologians most cheerfully admit that most murderers die without fear, they deny the possibility of any man who has expressed his disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible dying except in an agony of terror. These stories are used in revivals and in Sunday schools, and have long been considered of great value.

I am anxious that these slanders shall cease. I am desirous of seeing justice done, even at this late day, to the dead.

For the purpose of ascertaining the evidence upon which these death-bed accounts really rest, I make to you the following proposition:—

First.—As to Thomas Paine: I will deposit with the First National Bank of Peoria, Illinois, one thousand dollars in gold, upon the following conditions: This money shall be subject to your order when you shall, in the manner hereinafter provided, substantiate that Thomas Paine admitted the Bible to be an inspired book, or that he

recanted his Infidel opinions—or that he died regretting that he had disbelieved the Bible—or that he died calling upon Jesus Christ in any religious sense whatever.

In order that a tribunal may be created to try this question, you may select one man, I will select another, and the two thus chosen shall select a third, and any two of the three may decide the matter.

As there will be certain costs and expenditures on both sides, such costs and expenditures shall be paid by the defeated party.

In addition to the one thousand dollars in gold, I will deposit a bond with good and sufficient security in the sum of two thousand dollars, conditioned for the payment of all costs in case I am defeated. I shall require of you a like bond.

From the date of accepting this offer you may have ninety days to collect and present your testimony, giving me notice of time and place of taking depositions. I shall have a like time to take evidence upon my side, giving you like notice, and you shall then have thirty days to take further testimony in reply to what I may offer. The case shall then be argued before the persons chosen; and their decisions shall be final as to us.

If the arbitrator chosen by me shall die, I shall have the right to choose another. You shall have the same right. If the third one, chosen by our two, shall die, the two shall choose another; and all vacancies, from whatever cause, shall be filled upon the same principle.

The arbitrators shall sit when and where a majority shall determine, and shall have full power to pass upon all questions arising as to competency of evidence, and upon all subjects.

Second.—As to Voltaire: I make the same proposition, if you will substantiate that Voltaire died expressing remorse or showing in any way that he was in mental agony because he had attacked Catholicism—or because he had denied the inspiration of the Bible—or because he had denied the divinity of Christ.

I make these propositions because I want you to stop slandering the dead.

If the propositions do not suit you in any particular, please state your objections, and I will modify them in any way consistent with the object in view.

If Paine and Voltaire died filled with childish and silly fear, I want to know it, and I want the world to know it. On the other hand, if the believers in superstition have made and circulated these cruel slanders concerning the mighty dead, I want the world to know that.

As soon as you notify me of the acceptance of these propositions I will send you the certificate of the bank that the money has been deposited upon the foregoing conditions, together with copies of bonds for costs. Yours truly,

R. G. Ingersoll.

In your paper of September 27, 1877, you acknowledge the receipt of the foregoing letter, and after giving an outline of its contents, say: “As not one of the affirmations, in the form stated in this letter, was contained in the offer we made, we have no occasion to substantiate them. But we are prepared to produce the evidence of the truth of our own statement, and even to go further; to show not only that Tom Paine ‘died a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death,’ but that for many years previous, and up to that event he lived a drunken and beastly life.” In order to refresh your memory

as to what you had published, I call your attention to the following, which appeared in the N. Y. Observer, July 19, 1877: “Put Down the Money.

“Col. Bob Ingersoll, in a speech full of ribaldry and blasphemy, made in San Francisco recently, said: “I will give $1,000 in gold coin to any clergyman who can substantiate that the death of Voltaire was not as peaceful as the dawn; and of Tom Paine whom they assert died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils—in fact frightened to death by God. I will give $1,000 likewise to any one who can substantiate this ‘absurd story’—a story without a word of truth in it.”

“We have published the testimony, and the witnesses are on hand to prove that Tom Paine died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death. Let the Colonel deposit the money with any honest man, and the absurd story, as he terms it, shall be shown to be an ower true tale. But he wont do it. His talk is Infidel ‘buncombe’ and nothing more.” On the 31st of August I sent you my letter, and on the 27th of September you say in your paper: “As not one of the affirmations in the form stated in this letter was contained in the offer we made, we have no occasion to substantiate them.”

What were the affirmations contained in the offer you made? I had offered a thousand dollars in gold to any one who would substantiate “the absurd story” that Thomas Paine died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils—in fact, frightened to death by God.

In response to this offer you said: “Let the Colonel deposit the money with an honest man and the ‘absurd story’ as he terms it, shall be shown to be an ‘ower true tale.’ But he won’t do it. His talk is infidel ‘buncombe’ and nothing more.”

Did you not offer to prove that Paine died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils? Did you not ask me to deposit the money that you might prove the “absurd story” to be an “ower true tale” and obtain the money? Did you not in your paper of the twenty-seventh of September in effect deny that you had offered to prove this “absurd story”? As soon as I offered to deposit the gold and give bonds besides to cover costs, did you not publish a falsehood?

You have eaten your own words, and, for my part, I would rather have dined with Ezekiel than with you.

You have not met the issue. You have knowingly avoided it. The question was not as to the personal habits of Paine. The real question was and is, whether Paine was filled with fear and horror at the time of his death on account of his religious opinions. That is the question. You avoid this. In effect, you abandon that charge and make others.

To you belongs the honor of having made the most cruel and infamous charges against Thomas Paine that have ever been made. Of what you have said you cannot prove the truth of one word.

You say that Thomas Paine died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death.

I pronounce this charge to be a cowardly and beastly falsehood.

Have you any evidence that he was in a drunken condition when he died?

What did he say or do of a cowardly character just before, or at about the time of his death?

In what way was his death cowardly? You must answer these questions, and give your proof, or all honest men will hold you in abhorrence. You have made these

charges. The man against whom you make them is dead. He cannot answer you. I can. He cannot compel you to produce your testimony, or admit by your silence that you have cruelly slandered the defenceless dead. I can and I will. You say that his death was cowardly. In what respect? Was it cowardly in him to hold the Thirty-Nine Articles in contempt? Was it cowardly not to call on your Lord? Was it cowardly not to be afraid? You say that his death was beastly. Again I ask, in what respect? Was it beastly to submit to the inevitable with tranquillity? Was it beastly to look with composure upon the approach of death? Was it beastly to die without a complaint, without a murmur—to pass from life without a fear?

Did Thomas Paine Recant?

Mr. Paine had prophesied that fanatics would crawl and cringe around him during his last moments. He believed that they would put a lie in the mouth of Death.

When the shadow of the coming dissolution was upon him, two clergymen, Messrs. Milledollar and Cunningham, called to annoy the dying man. Mr. Cunningham had the politeness to say, “You have now a full view of death you cannot live long, and whosoever does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ will assuredly be damned.” Mr. Paine replied, “Let me have none of your popish stuff. Get away with you. Good morning.”

On another occasion a Methodist minister obtruded himself when Willet Hicks was present. This minister declared to Mr. Paine “that unless he repented of his unbelief he would be damned.” Paine, although at the door of death, rose in his bed and indignantly requested the clergyman to leave his room. On another occasion, two brothers by the name of Pigott, sought to convert him. He was displeased and requested their departure. Afterward Thomas Nixon and Captain Daniel Pelton visited him for the express purpose of ascertaining whether he had, in any manner, changed his religious opinions. They were assured by the dying man that he still held the principles he had expressed in his writings.

Afterward, these gentlemen hearing that William Cobbett was about to write a life of Paine, sent him the following note:

New York, April 24, 1818.

“Sir: We have been informed that you have a design to write a history of the life and writings of Thomas Paine. If you have been furnished with materials in respect to his religious opinions, or rather of his recantation of his former opinions before his death, all you have heard of his recanting is false. Being aware that such reports would be raised after his death by fanatics who infested his house at the time it was expected he would die, we, the subscribers, intimate acquaintances of Thomas Paine since the year 1776, went to his house. He was sitting up in a chair, and apparently in full vigor and use of all his mental faculties. We interrogated him upon his religious opinions, and if he had changed his mind, or repented of anything he had said or wrote on that subject. He answered, “Not at all,” and appeared rather offended at our supposition that any change should take place in his mind. We took down in writing the questions put to him and his answers thereto before a number of persons then in his room, among whom were his doctor, Mrs. Bonneville, &c. This paper is mislaid and cannot be found at present, but the above is the substance which can be attested by many living witnesses.”

Thomas Nixon.

Daniel Pelton.

Mr. Jarvis, the artist, saw Mr. Paine one or two days before his death. To Mr. Jarvis he expressed his belief in his written opinions upon the subject of religion. B. F. Haskin, an attorney of the city of New York, also visited him and inquired as to his religious opinions. Paine was then upon the threshold of death, but he did not tremble. He was not a coward. He expressed his firm and unshaken belief in the religious ideas he had given to the world.

Dr. Manley was with him when he spoke his last words. Dr. Manley asked the dying man if he did not wish to believe that Jesus was the Son of God, and the dying philosopher answered: "I have no wish to believe on that subject." Amasa Woodsworth

sat up with Thomas Paine the night before his death. In 1839 Gilbert Vale hearing that Mr. Woodsworth was living in or near Boston, visited him for the purpose of getting his statement. The statement was published in the Beacon of June 5, 1839, while thousands who had been acquainted with Mr. Paine were living.

The following is the article referred to.

"We have just returned from Boston. One object of our visit to that city, was to see a Mr. Amasa Woodsworth, an engineer, now retired in a handsome cottage and garden at East Cambridge, Boston. This gentleman owned the house occupied by Paine at his death—while he lived next door. As an act of kindness Mr. Woodsworth visited Mr. Paine every day for six weeks before his death. He frequently sat up with him, and did so on the last two nights of his life. He was always there with Dr. Manley, the physician, and assisted in removing Mr. Paine while his bed was prepared. He was present when Dr. Manley asked Mr. Paine "if he wished to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God," and he describes Mr. Paine's answer as animated. He says that lying on his back he used some action and with much emphasis, replied, "I have no wish to believe on that subject." He lived some time after this, but was not known to speak, for he died tranquilly. He accounts for the insinuating style of Dr. Manley's letter, by stating that that gentleman just after its publication joined a church. He informs us that he has openly reproved the doctor for the falsity contained in the spirit of that letter, boldly declaring before Dr. Manley, who is yet living, that nothing which he saw justified the insinuations. Mr. Woodsworth assures us that he neither heard nor saw anything to justify the belief of any mental change in the opinions of Mr. Paine previous to his death; but that being very ill and in pain chiefly arising from the skin being removed in some parts by long lying, he was generally too uneasy to enjoy conversation on abstract subjects. This, then, is the best evidence that can be procured on this subject, and we publish it while the contravening parties are yet alive, and with the authority of Mr. Woodsworth.

Gilbert Vale.

A few weeks ago I received the following letter which confirms the statement of Mr. Vale:

Near Stockton, Cal., Greenwood Cottage, July 9, 1877.

Col. Ingersoll: In 1842 I talked with a gentleman in Boston. I have forgotten his name; but he was then an engineer of the Charleston navy yard. I am thus particular so that you can find his name on the books. He told me that he nursed Thomas Paine in his last illness, and closed his eyes when dead. I asked him if he recanted and called upon God to save him. He replied, "No. He died as he had taught. He had a sore upon his side and when we turned him it was very painful and he would cry out

‘O God!’ or something like that.” “But,” said the narrator, “that was nothing, for he believed in a God.” I told him that I had often heard it asserted from the pulpit that Mr. Paine had recanted in his last moments. The gentleman said that it was not true, and he appeared to be an intelligent, truthful man. With respect, I remain, &c.,

Philip Graves, M. D.

The next witness is Willet Hicks, a Quaker preacher. He says that during the last illness of Mr. Paine he visited him almost daily, and that Paine died firmly convinced of the truth of the religious opinions he had given to his fellow-men. It was to this same Willet Hicks that Paine applied for permission to be buried in the cemetery of the Quakers. Permission was refused. This refusal settles the question of recantation. If he had recanted, of course there could have been no objection to his body being buried by the side of the best hypocrites on the earth.

If Paine recanted why should he be denied “a little earth for charity”? Had he recanted, it would have been regarded as a vast and splendid triumph for the gospel. It would with much noise and pomp and ostentation have been heralded about the world.

I received the following letter to-day. The writer is well know in this city, and is a man of high character:

Peoria, Oct. 8th, 1877.

Robert G. Ingersoll, Esteemed Friend: My parents were Friends (Quakers). My father died when I was very young. The elderly and middleaged Friends visited at my mother’s house. We lived in the city of New York. Among the number I distinctly remember Elias Hicks, Willet Hicks, and a Mr.-Day, who was a bookseller in Pearl street. There were many others, whose names I do not now remember. The subject of the recantation by Thomas Paine of his views about the Bible in his last illness, or at any other time, was discussed by them in my presence at different times. I learned from them that some of them had attended upon Thomas Paine in his last sickness and ministered to his wants up to the time of his death. And upon the question of whether he did recant there was but one expression. They all said that he did not recant in any manner. I often heard them say they wished he had recanted. In fact, according to them, the nearer he approached death the more positive he appeared to be in his convictions.

These conversations were from 1820 to 1822. I was at that time from ten to twelve years old, but these conversations impressed themselves upon me because many thoughtless people then blamed the Society of Friends for their kindness to that “arch Infidel,” Thomas Paine..

Truly yours,

A. C. Hankinson.

A few days ago I received the following letter: Albany, New York, Sept. 27, 1877.

Dear Sir: It is over twenty years ago that professionally I made the acquaintance of John Hogeboom, a Justice of the Peace of the county of Rensselaer, New York. He was then over seventy years of age and had the reputation of being a man of candor and integrity. He was a great admirer of Paine. He told me that he was personally acquainted with him, and used to see him frequently during the last years of his life in the city of New York, where Hogeboom then resided. I asked him if there was any truth in the charge that Paine was in the habit of getting drunk. He said that it was

utterly false; that he never heard of such a thing during the life-time of Mr. Paine, and did not believe any one else did. I asked him about the recantation of his religious opinions on his death-bed, and the revolting death-bed scenes that the world had heard so much about. He said there was no truth in them, that he had received his information from persons who attended Paine in his last illness, "and that he passed peacefully away, as we may say, in the sunshine of a great soul."...

Yours truly,

W. J. Hilton,

The witnesses by whom I substantiate the fact that Thomas Paine did not recant, and that he died holding the religious opinions he had published, are: First—Thomas Nixon, Captain Daniel Pelton, B. F. Haskin. These gentlemen visited him during his last illness for the purpose of ascertaining whether he had in any respect changed his views upon religion. He told them that he had not.

Second—James Cheetham. This man was the most malicious enemy Mr. Paine had, and yet he admits that "Thomas Paine died placidly, and almost without a struggle." (See Life of Thomas Paine, by James Cheetham).

Third—The ministers, Milledollar and Cunningham. These gentlemen told Mr. Paine that if he died without believing in the Lord Jesus Christ he would be damned, and Paine replied, "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Good morning." (See Sherwin's Life of Paine, p. 220).

Fourth—Mrs. Hedden. She told these same preachers when they attempted to obtrude themselves upon Mr. Paine again, that the attempt to convert Mr. Paine was useless—"that if God did not change his mind no human power could."

Fifth—Andrew A. Dean. This man lived upon Paine's farm at New Rochelle, and corresponded with him upon religious subjects. (See Paine's Theological Works, p. 308.)

Sixth—Mr. Jarvis, the artist with whom Paine lived. He gives an account of an old lady coming to Paine and telling him that God Almighty had sent her to tell him that unless he repented and believed in the blessed Savior, he would be damned. Paine replied that God would not send such a foolish old woman with such an impertinent message. (See Clio Rickman's Life of Paine.)

Seventh—Wm. Carver, with whom Paine boarded. Mr. Carver said again and again that Paine did not recant. He knew him well, and had every opportunity of knowing. (See Life of Paine by Gilbert Vale.)

Eighth—Dr. Manley, who attended him in his last sickness, and to whom Paine spoke his last words. Dr. Manley asked him if he did not wish to believe in Jesus Christ, and he replied, "I have no wish to believe on that subject."

Ninth—Willet Hicks and Elias Hicks, who were with him frequently during his last sickness, and both of whom tried to persuade him to recant. According to their testimony, Mr. Paine died as he had lived—a believer in God, and a friend of man. Willet Hicks was offered money to say something false against Thomas Paine. He was even offered money to remain silent and allow others to slander the dead. Mr. Hicks, speaking of Thomas Paine, said: "He was a good man—an honest man." (Vale's Life of Paine.)

Tenth—Amasa Woodsworth, who was with him every day for some six weeks immediately preceding his death, and sat up with him the last two nights of his life. This man declares that Paine did not recant and that he died tranquilly. The evidence of Mr. Woodsworth is conclusive.

Eleventh—Thomas Paine himself. The will of Thomas Paine, written by himself, commences as follows:

"The last will and testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my creator God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other;" and closes in these words; "I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator God."

Twelfth—If Thomas Paine recanted, why do you pursue him? If he recanted, he died substantially in your belief, for what reason then do you denounce his death as cowardly? If upon his death-bed he renounced the opinions he had published, the business of defaming him should be done by Infidels, not by Christians.

I ask you if it is honest to throw away the testimony of his friends—the evidence of fair and honorable men—and take the putrid words of avowed and malignant enemies?

When Thomas Paine was dying, he was infested by fanatics—by the snaky spies of bigotry. In the shadows of death were the unclean birds of prey waiting to tear with beak and claw the corpse of him who wrote the "Rights of Man." And there lurking and crouching in the darkness were the jackals and hyenas of superstition ready to violate his grave.

These birds of prey—these unclean beasts are the witnesses produced and relied upon by you.

One by one the instruments of torture have been wrenched from the cruel clutch of the church, until within the armory of orthodoxy there remains but one weapon—Slander.

Against the witnesses that I have produced you can bring just two—Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale. The first is referred to in the memoir of Stephen Grellet. She had once been a servant in his house. Grellet tells what happened between this girl and Paine. According to this account Paine asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told that she had read very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding that from such an one as she he expected a correct answer.

Let us examine this falsehood. Why would Paine expect a correct answer about his writings from one who had read very little of them? Does not such a statement devour itself? This young lady further said that the "Age of Reason" was put in her hands and that the more she read in it the more dark and distressed she felt, and that she threw the book into the fire. Whereupon Mr. Paine remarked, "I wish all had done as you did, for if the devil ever had any agency in any work, he had it in my writing that book."

The next is Mary Hinsdale. She was a servant in the family of Willet Hicks. She, like Mary Roscoe, was sent to carry some delicacy to Mr. Paine. To this young lady Paine, according to her account, said precisely the same that he did to Mary Roscoe, and she said the same thing to Mr. Paine.

My own opinion is that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale are one and the same person, or the same story has been by mistake put in the mouth of both.

It is not possible that the same conversation should have taken place between Paine and Mary Roscoe, and between him and Mary Hinsdale.

Mary Hinsdale lived with Willet Hicks and he pronounced her story a pious fraud and fabrication. He said that Thomas Paine never said any such thing to Mary Hinsdale. (See Vale's Life of Paine.)

Another thing about this witness. A woman by the name of Mary Lockwood, a Hicksite Quaker, died. Mary Hinsdale met her brother about that time and told him that his sister had recanted, and wanted her to say so at her funeral. This turned out to be false.

It has been claimed that Mary Hinsdale made her statement to Charles Collins. Long after the alleged occurrence Gilbert Vale, one of the biographers of Paine, had a conversation with Collins concerning Mary Hinsdale. Vale asked him what he thought of her. He replied that some of the Friends believed that she used opiates, and that they did not give credit to her statements. He also said that he believed what the Friends said, but thought that when a young woman, she might have told the truth.

In 1818 William Cobbett came to New York. He began collecting materials for a life of Thomas Paine. In this he became acquainted with Mary Hinsdale and Charles Collins. Mr. Cobbett gave a full account of what happened in a letter addressed to the Norwich Mercury in 1819. From this account it seems that Charles Collins told Cobbett that Paine had recanted. Cobbett called for the testimony, and told Mr. Collins that he must give time, place, and the circumstances. He finally brought a statement that he stated had been made by Mary Hinsdale. Armed with this document Cobbett, in October of that year, called upon the said Mary Hinsdale, at No. 10 Anthony street, New York, and showed her the statement. Upon being questioned by Mr. Cobbett she said, "That it was so long ago that she could not speak positively to any part of the matter—that she would not say that any part of the paper was true—that she had never seen the paper —and that she had never given Charles Collins authority to say anything about the matter in her name." And so in the month of October, in the year of grace 1818, in the mist and fog of forgetfulness disappeared forever one Mary Hinsdale—the last and only witness against the intellectual honesty of Thomas Paine.

Did Thomas Paine live the life of a drunken beast, and did he die a drunken, cowardly and beastly death?

Upon you rests the burden of substantiating these infamous charges.

You have, I suppose, produced the best evidence in your possession, and that evidence I will now proceed to examine. Your first witness is Grant Thorburn. He makes three charges against Thomas Paine, 1st. That his wife obtained a divorce from him in England for cruelty and neglect. 2d. That he was a defaulter and fled from England to America. 3d. That he was a drunkard.

These three charges stand upon the same evidence —the word of Grant Thorburn. If they are not all true Mr. Thorburn stands impeached.

The charge that Mrs. Paine obtained a divorce on account of the cruelty and neglect of her husband is utterly false. There is no such record in the world, and never was.

Paine and his wife separated by mutual consent. Each respected the other. They remained friends. This charge is without any foundation in fact. I challenge the Christian world to produce the record of this decree of divorce. According to Mr. Thorburn it was granted in England. In that country public records are kept of all such decrees. Have the kindness to produce this decree showing that it was given on account of cruelty or admit that Mr. Thorburn was mistaken.

Thomas Paine was a just man. Although separated from his wife, he always spoke of her with tenderness and respect, and frequently sent her money without letting her know the source from whence it came. Was this the conduct of a drunken beast?

The second charge, that Paine was a defaulter in England and fled to America, is equally false. He did not flee from England. He came to America, not as a fugitive, but as a free man. He came with a letter of introduction signed by another Infidel, Benjamin Franklin. He came as a soldier of Freedom—an apostle of Liberty.

In this second charge there is not one word of truth.

He held a small office in England. If he was a defaulter the records of that country will show that fact.

Mr. Thorburn, unless the record can be produced to substantiate him, stands convicted of at least two mistakes.

Now, as to the third: He says that in 1802 Paine was an "old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated and half asleep."

Can any one believe this to be a true account of the personal appearance of Mr. Paine in 1802? He had just returned from France. He had been welcomed home by Thomas Jefferson, who had said that he was entitled to the hospitality of every American.

In 1802 Mr. Paine was honored with a public dinner in the city of New York. He was called upon and treated with kindness and respect by such men as DeWitt Clinton.

In 1806 Mr. Paine wrote a letter to Andrew A. Dean upon the subject of religion. Read that letter and then say that the writer of it was an "old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated and half asleep." Search the files of the New York Observer from the first issue to the last, and you will find nothing superior to this letter.

In 1803 Mr. Paine wrote a letter of considerable length, and of great force, to his friend Samuel Adams. Such letters are not written by drunken beasts, nor by remnants of old mortality, nor by drunkards. It was about the same time that he wrote his "Remarks on Robert Hall's Sermons."

These "Remarks" were not written by a drunken beast, but by a clear-headed and thoughtful man.

In 1804 he published an essay on the invasion of England, and a treatise on gunboats, full of valuable maritime information:—in 1805, a treatise on yellow fever, suggesting modes of prevention. In short, he was an industrious and thoughtful man. He sympathized with the poor and oppressed of all lands. He looked upon monarchy as a species of physical slavery. He had the goodness to attack that form of government. He regarded the religion of his day as a kind of mental slavery. He had the courage to give his reasons for his opinion. His reasons filled the churches with hatred. Instead of answering his arguments they attacked him. Men who were not fit to blacken his shoes, blackened his character.

There is too much religious cant in the statement of Mr. Thorburn. He exhibited too much anxiety to tell what Grant Thorburn said to Thomas Paine. He names Thomas Jefferson as one of the disreputable men who welcomed Paine with open arms. The testimony of a man who regarded Thomas Jefferson as a disreputable person, as to the character of anybody, is utterly without value. In my judgment, the testimony of Mr. Thorburn should be thrown aside as wholly unworthy of belief.

Your next witness is the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., who tells what an elder in his church said. This elder said that Paine passed his last days on his farm at New Rochelle with a solitary female attendant. This is not true. He did not pass his last days at New Rochelle. Consequently this pious elder did not see him during his last days at that place. Upon this elder we prove an alibi. Mr. Paine passed his last days in the city of New York, in a house upon Columbia street. The story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D.D., is simply false.

The next competent false witness is the Rev. Charles Hawley, D.D., who proceeds to state that the story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D.D., is corroborated by older citizens of New Rochelle. The names of these ancient residents are withheld. According to these unknown witnesses, the account given by the deceased elder was entirely correct. But as the particulars of Mr. Paine's conduct "were too loathsome to be described in print," we are left entirely in the dark as to what he really did.

While at New Rochelle Mr. Paine lived with Mr. Purdy—with Mr. Dean—with Captain Pelton, and with Mr. Staple. It is worthy of note that all of these gentlemen give the lie direct to the statements of "older residents" and ancient citizens spoken of by the Rev. Charles Hawley, D.D., and leave him with his "loathsome particulars" existing only in his own mind.

The next gentleman you bring upon the stand is W. H. Ladd, who quotes from the memoirs of Stephen Grellet. This gentleman also has the misfortune to be dead. According to his account, Mr. Paine made his recantation to a servant girl of his by the name of Mary Roscoe. To this girl, according to the account, Mr. Paine uttered the wish that all who read his book had burned it. I believe there is a mistake in the name of this girl. Her name was probably Mary Hinsdale, as it was once claimed that Paine made the same remark to her, but this point I shall notice hereafter. These are your witnesses, and the only ones you bring forward, to support your charge that Thomas Paine lived a drunken and beastly life and died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death. All these calumnies are found in a life of Paine by a Mr. Cheetham, the convicted libeler already referred to. Mr. Cheetham was an enemy of the man whose life he pretended to write.

In order to show you the estimation in which Mr. Cheetham was held by Mr. Paine, I will give you a copy of a letter that throws light upon this point:

October 28, 1807.

"Mr. Cheetham: Unless you make a public apology for the abuse and falsehood in your paper of Tuesday, October 27th, respecting me, I will prosecute you for lying."

Thomas Paine.

In another letter, speaking of this same man, Mr. Paine says: "If an unprincipled bully cannot be reformed, he can be punished." "Cheetham has been so long in the habit of giving false information, that truth is to him like a foreign language."

Mr. Cheetham wrote the life of Paine to gratify his malice and to support religion. He was prosecuted for libel—was convicted and fined.

Yet the life of Paine written by this man is referred to by the Christian world as the highest authority.

As to the personal habits of Mr. Paine, we have the testimony of William Carver, with whom he lived; of Mr. Jarvis, the artist, with whom he lived; of Mr. Staple, with whom he lived; of Mr. Purdy, who was a tenant of Paine's; of Mr. Burger, with whom he was intimate; of Thomas Nixon and Captain Daniel Pelton, both of whom knew him well; of Amasa Woodsworth, who was with him when he died; of John Fellows, who boarded at the same house; of James Wilburn, with whom he boarded; of B. F. Haskin, a lawyer, who was well acquainted with him and called upon him during his last illness; of Walter Morton, a friend; of Clio Rickman, who had known him for many years; of Willet and Elias Hicks, Quakers, who knew him intimately and well; of Judge Herttell, H. Margary, Elihu Palmer, and many others. All these testified to the fact that Mr. Paine was a temperate man. In those days nearly everybody used spirituous liquors. Paine was not an exception; but he did not drink to excess. Mr. Lovett, who kept the City Hotel where Paine stopped, in a note to Caleb Bingham, declared that Paine drank less than any boarder he had.

Against all this evidence you produce the story of Grant Thorburn—the story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham that an elder in his church told him that Paine was a drunkard, corroborated by the Rev. Charles Hawley, and an extract from Lossing's history to the same effect. The evidence is overwhelmingly against you. Will you have the fairness to admit it? Your witnesses are merely the repeaters of the falsehoods of James Cheetham, the convicted libeler.

After all, drinking is not as bad as lying. An honest drunkard is better than a calumniator of the dead. "A remnant of old mortality, drunk, bloated and half asleep" is better than a perfectly sober defender of human slavery.

To become drunk is a virtue compared with stealing a babe from the breast of its mother.

Drunkenness is one of the beatitudes, compared with editing a religious paper devoted to the defence of slavery upon the ground that it is a divine institution.

Do you really think that Paine was a drunken beast when he wrote "Common Sense"—a pamphlet that aroused three millions of people, as people were never aroused by a pamphlet before? Was he a drunken beast when he wrote the "Crisis"? Was it to a drunken beast that the following letter was addressed:

Rocky Hill, September 10, 1783.

"I have learned since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown.—Whether for the sake of retirement or economy I know not. Be it for either or both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me I shall be exceedingly happy to see you at it. Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who with much pleasure subscribes himself,

"Your Sincere Friend,

"George Washington."

Did any of your ancestors ever receive a letter like that?

Do you think that Paine was a drunken beast when the following letter was received by him?

"You express a wish in your letter to return to America in a national ship; Mr. Dawson, who brings over the treaty, and who will present you with this letter, is charged with orders to the captain of the Maryland to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such a short warning. You will in general find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times; *in these it will be your glory to have steadily labored and with as much effect as any man living*. That you may live long to continue your useful labors, and reap the reward in the *thankfulness of nations*, is my sincere prayer. Accept the assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment."

Thomas Jefferson.

Did any of your ancestors ever receive a letter like that?

"It has been very generally propagated through the continent that I wrote the pamphlet 'Common Sense.' I could not have written anything in so manly and striking a style."—John Adams.

"A few more such flaming arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet 'Common Sense,' will not leave numbers at a loss to decide on the propriety of a separation."—George Washington.

"It is not necessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen—I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare.

They have not forgotten the history of their own Revolution and the difficult scenes through which they passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I trust never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services in our own Revolution, but as being on a more extensive scale the friend of human rights, and a distinguished and able defender of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine the Americans are not, nor can they be indifferent.".. James Monroe.

Did any of your ancestors ever receive a letter like that?

"No writer has exceeded Paine in ease and familiarity of style, in perspicuity of expression, happiness of elucidation, and in simple and unassuming language."'—Thomas Jefferson.

Was ever a letter like that written about an editor of the *New York Observer?*

Was it in consideration of the services of a drunken beast that the Legislature of Pennsylvania presented Thomas Paine with five hundred pounds sterling?

Did the State of New York feel indebted to a drunken beast, and confer upon Thomas Paine an estate of several hundred acres?

"I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy."

"My own mind is my own church."

“It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself.”

“Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system.”

“The Word of God is the creation which we behold.”

“The age of ignorance commenced with the Christian system.”

“It is with a pious fraud as with a bad action—it begets a calamitous necessity of going on.”

“To read the Bible without horror, we must undo everything that is tender, sympathizing and benevolent in the heart of man.”

“The man does not exist who can say I have persecuted him, or that I have in any case returned evil for evil.”

“Of all tyrannies that afflict mankind, tyranny in religion is the worst.”

“My own opinion is, that those whose lives have been spent in doing good and endeavoring to make their fellow-mortals happy, will be happy hereafter.” “The belief in a cruel god makes a cruel man.” “The intellectual part of religion is a private affair between every man and his Maker, and in which no third party has any right to interfere. The practical part consists in our doing good to each other.”

“No man ought to make a living by religion. One person cannot act religion for another—every person must perform it for himself.”

“One good schoolmaster is of more use than a hundred priests.”

“Let us propagate morality unfettered by superstition.”

“God is the power, or first cause, Nature is the law, and matter is the subject acted upon.”

“I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life.”

“The key of heaven is not in the keeping of any sect nor ought the road to it to be obstructed by any.”

“My religion, and the whole of it, is the fear and love of the Deity and universal philanthropy.”

“I have yet, I believe, some years in store, for I have a good state of health and a happy mind. I take care of both, by nourishing the first with temperance and the latter with abundance.”

“He lives immured within the Bastile of a word.”

How perfectly that sentence describes you! The Bastile in which you are immured is the word “Calvinism.”

“Man has no property in man.”

What a splendid motto that would have made for the *New York Observer* in the olden time!

“The world is my country; to do good, my religion.”

I ask you again whether these splendid utterances came from the lips of a drunken beast?

Did Thomas Paine die in destitution and want?

The charge has been made, over and over again, that Thomas Paine died in want and destitution— that he was an abandoned pauper—an outcast without friends and without money. This charge is just as false as the rest.

Upon his return to this country in 1802, he was worth $30,000, according to his own statement made at that time in the following letter addressed to Clio Rickman:

“My Dear Friend: Mr. Monroe, who is appointed minister extraordinary to France, takes charge of this, to be delivered to Mr. Este, banker in Paris, to be forwarded to you.

“I arrived at Baltimore the 30th of October, and you can have no idea of the agitation which my arrival occasioned. From New Hampshire to Georgia (an extent of 1,500 miles) every newspaper was filled with applause or abuse.

“My property in this country has been taken care of by my friends, and is now worth six thousand pounds sterling; which put in the funds will bring me £400 sterling a year.

“Remember me in affection and friendship to your wife and family, and in the circle of your friends.”

Thomas Paine.

A man in those days worth thirty thousand dollars was not a pauper. That amount would bring an income of at least two thousand dollars per annum. Two thousand dollars then would be fully equal to five thousand dollars now.

On the 12th of July, 1809, the year in which he died, Mr. Paine made his will. From this instrument we learn that he was the owner of a valuable farm within twenty miles of New York. He also was the owner of thirty shares in the New York Phoenix Insurance Company, worth upwards of fifteen hundred dollars. Besides this, some personal property and ready money. By his will he gave to Walter Morton, and Thomas Addis Emmett, brother of Robert Emmett, two hundred dollars each, and one hundred to the widow of Elihu Palmer.

Is it possible that this will was made by a pauper —by a destitute outcast—by a man who suffered for the ordinary necessaries of life?

But suppose, for the sake of the argument, that he was poor and that he died a beggar, does that tend to show that the Bible is an inspired book and that Calvin did not burn Servetus? Do you really regard poverty as a crime? If Paine had died a millionaire, would you have accepted his religious opinions? If Paine had drank nothing but cold water would you have repudiated the five cardinal points of Calvinism? Does an argument depend for its force upon the pecuniary condition of the person making it? As a matter of fact, most reformers—most men and women of genius, have been acquainted with poverty. Beneath a covering of rags have been found some of the tenderest and bravest hearts.

Owing to the attitude of the churches for the last fifteen hundred years, truth-telling has not been a very lucrative business. As a rule, hypocrisy has worn the robes, and honesty the rags. That day is passing away. You cannot now answer the arguments of a man by pointing at holes in his coat. Thomas Paine attacked the church when it was powerful—when it had what was called honors to bestow—when it was the keeper of the public conscience—when it was strong and cruel. The church waited till he was dead then attacked his reputation and his clothes.

Once upon a time a donkey kicked a lion. The lion was dead.

Conclusion.

From the persistence with which the orthodox have charged for the last sixty-eight years that Thomas Paine recanted, and that when dying he was filled with remorse and fear; from the malignity of the attacks upon his personal character, I had concluded that there must be some evidence of some kind to support these charges. Even with my ideas of the average honor of believers in superstition— the disciples of fear—I did not quite believe that all these infamies rested solely upon poorly attested lies. I had charity enough to suppose that something had been said or done by Thomas Paine capable of being tortured into a foundation for these calumnies. And I was foolish enough to think that even you would be willing to fairly examine the pretended evidence said to sustain these charges, and give your honest conclusion to the world. I supposed that you, being acquainted with the history of your country, felt under a certain obligation to Thomas Paine for the splendid services rendered by him in the darkest days of the Revolution. It was only reasonable to suppose that you were aware that in the midnight of Valley Forge the "Crisis," by Thomas Paine, was the first star that glittered in the wide horizon of despair. I took it for granted that you knew of the bold stand taken and the brave words spoken by Thomas Paine, in the French Convention, against the death of the king. I thought it probable that you, being an editor, had read the "Rights of Man;" that you knew that Thomas Paine was a champion of human liberty; that he was one of the founders and fathers of this Republic; that he was one of the foremost men of his age; that he had never written a word in favor of injustice; that he was a despiser of slavery; that he abhorred tyranny in all its forms; that he was in the widest and highest sense a friend of his race; that his head was as clear as his heart was good, and that he had the courage to speak his honest thought. Under these circumstances I had hoped that you would for the moment forget your religious prejudices and submit to the enlightened judgment of the world the evidence you had, or could obtain, affecting in any way the character of so great and so generous a man. This you have refused to do. In my judgment, you have mistaken the temper of even your own readers. A large majority of the religious people of this country have, to a considerable extent, outgrown the prejudices of their fathers. They are willing to know the truth and the whole truth, about the life and death of Thomas Paine. They will not thank you for having presented them the moss-covered, the maimed and distorted traditions of ignorance, prejudice, and credulity. By this course you will convince them not of the wickedness of Paine, but of your own unfairness.

What crime had Thomas Paine committed that he should have feared to die? The only answer you can give is, that he denied the inspiration of the Scriptures. If this is a crime, the civilized world is filled with criminals. The pioneers of human thought — the intellectual leaders of the world—the foremost men in every science—the kings of literature and art—those who stand in the front rank of investigation—the men who are civilizing, elevating, instructing, and refining mankind, are to-day unbelievers in the dogma of inspiration. Upon this question, the intellect of Christendom agrees with the conclusions reached by the genius of Thomas Paine. Centuries ago a noise was made for the purpose of frightening mankind. Orthodoxy is the echo of that noise.

The man who now regards the Old Testament as in any sense a sacred or inspired book is, in my judgment, an intellectual and moral deformity. There is in it so much

that is cruel, ignorant, and ferocious that it is to me a matter of amazement that it was ever thought to be the work of a most merciful deity.

Upon the question of inspiration Thomas Paine gave his honest opinion. Can it be that to give an honest opinion causes one to die in terror and despair? Have you in your writings been actuated by the fear of such a consequence? Why should it be taken for granted that Thomas Paine, who devoted his life to the sacred cause of freedom, should have been hissed at in the hour of death by the snakes of conscience, while editors of Presbyterian papers who defended slavery as a divine institution, and cheerfully justified the stealing of babes from the breasts of mothers, are supposed to have passed smilingly from earth to the embraces of angels? Why should you think that the heroic author of the "Rights of Man" should shudderingly dread to leave this "bank and shoal of time," while Calvin, dripping with the blood of Servetus, was anxious to be judged of God? Is it possible that the persecutors—the instigators of the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the inventors and users of thumb-screws, and iron boots, and racks— the burners and tearers of human flesh—the stealers, whippers and enslavers of men—the buyers and beaters of babes and mothers—the founders of inquisitions—the makers of chains, the builders of dungeons, the slanderers of the living and the calumniators of the dead, all died in the odor of sanctity, with white, forgiven hands folded upon the breasts of peace, while the destroyers of prejudice—the apostles of humanity—the soldiers of liberty—the breakers of fetters—the creators of light—died surrounded with the fierce fiends of fear?

In your attempt to destroy the character of Thomas Paine you have failed, and have succeeded only in leaving a stain upon your own. You have written words as cruel, bitter and heartless as the creed of Calvin. Hereafter you will stand in the pillory of history as a defamer—a calumniator of the dead. You will be known as the man who said that Thomas Paine, the "Author Hero," lived a drunken, cowardly and beastly life, and died a drunken and beastly death. These infamous words will be branded upon the forehead of your reputation. They will be remembered against you when all else you may have uttered shall have passed from the memory of men.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

The Observer's Second Attack

** From the NY. Observer of Nov. 1, 1877.*

TOM PAINE AGAIN.

In the Observer of September 27th, in response to numerous calls from different parts of the country for information, and in fulfillment of a promise, we presented a mass of testimony, chiefly from persons with whom we had been personally acquainted, establishing the truth of our assertions in regard to the dissolute life and miserable end of Paine. It was not a pleasing subject for discussion, and an apology, or at least an explanation, is due to our readers for resuming it, and for occupying so much space, or any space, in exhibiting the truth and the proofs in regard to the character of a man who had become so debased by his intemperance, and so vile in his habits, as to be excluded, for many years before and up to the time of his death, from all decent society.

Our reasons for taking up the subject at all, and for presenting at this time so much additional testimony in regard to the facts of the case, are these: At different periods for the last fifty years, efforts have been made by Infidels to revive and honor the memory of one whose friends would honor him most by suffering his name to sink into oblivion, if that were possible. About two years since, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of this city, came to their aid, and undertook a sort of championship of Paine, making in a public discourse this statement: "No private character has been more foully calumniated in the name of God than that of Thomas Paine." (Mr. Frothingham, it will be remembered, is the one who recently, in a public discourse, announced the downfall of Christianity, although he very kindly made the allowance that, "it may be a thousand years before its decay will be visible to all eyes." It is our private opinion that it will be at least a thousand and one.) Rev. John W. Chadwick, a minister of the same order of unbelief, who signs himself, "Minister of the Second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn," has devoted two discourses to the same end, eulogizing Paine. In one of these, which we have before us in a handsomely printed pamphlet, entitled, "Method and Value of his (Paine's) Religious Teachings," he says: "Christian usage has determined that an Infidel means one who does not believe in Christianity as a supernatural religion; in the Bible as a Supernatural book; in Jesus as a super natural person. And in this sense Paine was an Infidel, and so, thank God, am I." It is proper to add that Unitarians generally decline all responsibility for the utterances of both of these men, and that they compose a denomination, or rather two denominations, of their own.

There is also a certain class of Infidels who are not quite prepared to meet the odium that attaches to the name; they call themselves Christians, but their sympathies are all with the enemies of Christianity, and they are not always able to conceal it. They have not the courage of their opinions, like Mr. Frothingham and Mr. Chadwick, and they work only sideways toward the same end. We have been no little amused since our last article on this subject appeared, to read some of the articles that have been written on the other side, though professedly on no side, and to observe how sincerely these men deprecate the discussion of the character of Paine, as an unprofitable topic. It never appeared to them unprofitable when the discussion was on the other side.

Then, too, we have for months past been receiving letters from different parts of the country, asking authentic information on the subject and stating that the followers of Paine are making extraordinary efforts to circulate his writings against the Christian religion, and in order to give currency to these writings they are endeavoring to rescue his name from the disgrace into which it sank during the latter years of his life. Paine spent several of his last years in furnishing a commentary upon his Infidel principles. This commentary was contained in his besotted, degraded life and miserable end, but his friends do not wish the commentary to go out in connection with his writings. They prefer to have them read without the comments by their author. Hence this anxiety to free the great apostle of Infidelity from the obloquy which his life brought upon his name; to represent him as a pure, noble, virtuous man, and to make it appear that he died a peaceful, happy death, just like a philosopher.

But what makes the publication of the facts in the case still more imperative at this time is the wholesale accusation brought against the Christian public by the friends and admirers of Paine. Christian ministers as a class, and Christian journals are expressly accused of falsifying history, of defaming "the mighty dead!" (meaning Paine,) &c., &c. In the face of all these accusations it cannot be out of place to state the facts and to fortify the statement by satisfactory evidence, as we are abundantly able to do.

The two points on which we proposed to produce the testimony are, the character of Paine's life (referring of course to his last residence in this country, for no one has intimated that he had sunk into such besotted drunkenness until about the time of his return to the United States in 1802), and the real character of his death as consistent with such a life, and as marked further by the cowardliness, which has been often exhibited by Infidels in the same circumstances.

It is nothing at all to the purpose to show, as his friends are fond of doing, that Paine rendered important service to the cause of American Independence. This is not the point under discussion and is not denied. No one ever called in question the valuable service that Benedict Arnold rendered to the country in the early part of the Revolutionary war; but this, with true Americans, does not suffice to cast a shade of loveliness or even to spread a mantle of charity over his subsequent career. Whatever share Paine had in the personal friendship of the fathers of the Revolution he forfeited by his subsequent life of beastly drunkenness and degradation, and on this account as well as on account of his blasphemy he was shunned by all decent people.

We wish to make one or two corrections of mis statements by Paine's advocates, on which a vast amount of argument has been simply wasted. We have never stated in any form, nor have we ever supposed, that Paine actually renounced his Infidelity. The accounts agree in stating that he died a blaspheming Infidel, and his horrible death we regard as one of the fruits, the fitting complement of his Infidelity. We have never seen anything that encouraged the hope that he was not abandoned of God in his last hours. But we have no doubt, on the other hand, that having become a wreck in body and mind through his intemperance, abandoned of God, deserted by his Infidel companions, and dependent upon Christian charity for the attentions he received, miserable beyond description in his condition, and seeing nothing to hope for in the future, he was afraid to die, and was ready to call upon God and upon Christ for mercy, and ready perhaps in the next minute to blaspheme. This is what we referred to in speaking of Paine's death as cowardly. It is shown in the testimony we have produced, and still more fully in that which we now present. The most

wicked men are ready to call upon God in seasons of great peril, and sometimes ask for Christian ministrations when in extreme illness; but they are often ready on any alleviation of distress to turn to their wickedness again, in the expressive language of Scripture, “as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.”

We have never stated or intimated, nor, so far as we are aware, has any one of our correspondents stated, that Paine died in poverty. It has been frequently and truthfully stated that Paine was dependent on Christian charity for the attentions he received in his last days, and so he was. His Infidel companions forsook him and Christian hearts and hands ministered to his wants, notwithstanding the blasphemies of his death-bed.

Nor has one of our correspondents stated, as alleged, that Paine died at New Rochelle. The Rev. Dr. Wickham, who was a resident of that place nearly fifty years ago, and who was perfectly familiar with the facts of his life, wrote that Paine spent “his latter days” on the farm presented to him by the State of New York, which was strictly true, but made no reference to it as the place of his death.

Such misrepresentations serve to show how much the advocates of Paine admire “truth.”

With these explanations we produce further evidence in regard to the manner of Paine’s life and the character of his death, both of which we have already characterized in appropriate terms, as the following testimony will show.

In regard to Paine’s “personal habits,” even before his return to this country, and particularly his aversion to soap and water, Elkana Watson, a gentleman of the highest social position, who resided in France during a part of the Revolutionary war, and who was the personal friend of Washington, Franklin, and other patriots of the period, makes some incidental statements in his “Men and Times of the Revolution.” Though eulogizing Paine’s efforts in behalf of American Independence, he describes him as “coarse and uncouth in his manners, loathsome in his appearance, and a disgusting egotist.” On Paine’s arrival at Nantes, the Mayor and other distinguished citizens called upon him to pay their respects to the American patriot. Mr. Watson says: “He was soon rid of his respectable visitors, who left the room with marks of astonishment and disgust.” Mr. W., after much entreaty, and only by promising him a bundle of newspapers to read while undergoing the operation, succeeded in prevailing on Paine to “stew, for an hour, in a hot bath.” Mr. W. accompanied Paine to the bath, and “instructed the keeper, in French, (which Paine did not understand,) gradually to increase the heat of the water until ‘le Monsieur serait bien bouille (until the gentleman shall be well boiled;) and adds that “he became so much absorbed in his reading that he was nearlyparboiled before leaving the bath, much to his improvement and my satisfaction.”

William Carver has been cited as a witness in behalf of Paine, and particularly as to his “personal habits.” In a letter to Paine, dated December 2, 1776, he bears the following testimony:

“A respectable gentlemen from New Rochelle called to see me a few days back, and said that everybody was tired of you there, and no one would undertake to board and lodge you. I thought this was the case, as I found you at a tavern in a most miserable situation. You appeared as if you had not been shaved for a fortnight, and as to a shirt, it could not be said that you had one on. It was only the remains of one, and this, likewise, appeared not to have been off your back for a fortnight, and was nearly the color of tanned leather; and you had the most disagreeable smell possible; just

like that of our poor beggars in England. Do you remember the pains I took to clean you? that I got a tub of warm water and soap and washed you from head to foot, and this I had to do three times before I could get you clean." (And then follow more disgusting details.)

"You say, also, that you found your own liquors during the time you boarded with me; but you should have said, 'I found only a small part of the liquor I drank during my stay with you; this part I purchased of John Fellows, which was a demijohn of brandy containing four gallons, and this did not serve me three weeks.' This can be proved, and I mean not to say anything that I cannot prove; for I hold truth as a precious jewel. It is a well-known fact, that you drank one quart of brandy per day, at my expense, during the different times that you have boarded with me, the demijohn above mentioned excepted, and the last fourteen weeks you were sick. Is not this a supply of liquor for dinner and supper?" This chosen witness in behalf of Paine, closes his letter, which is full of loathsome descriptions of Paine's manner of life, as follows:

"Now, sir, I think I have drawn a complete portrait of your character; yet to enter upon every minutiae would be to give a history of your life, and to develop the fallacious mask of hypocrisy and deception under which you have acted in your political as well as moral capacity of life."

(Signed) "William Carver."

Carver had the same opinion of Paine to his dying day. When an old man, and an Infidel of the Paine type and habits, he was visited by the Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D.D., of this city, who writes to us of his interview with Carver, under date of Sept. 27, 1877: "I conversed with him nearly an hour. I took special pains to learn from him all that I could about Paine, whose landlord he had been for eighteen months. He spoke of him as a base and shameless drunkard, utterly destitute of moral principle. His denunciations of the man were perfectly fearful, and fully confirmed, in my apprehension, all that had been written of Paine's immorality and repulsiveness." Cheetham's Life of Paine, which was published the year that he died, and which has passed through several editions (we have three of them now before us) describes a man lost to all moral sensibility and to all sense of decency, a habitual drunkard, and it is simply incredible that a book should have appeared so soon after the death of its subject and should have been so frequently republished without being at once refuted, if the testimony were not substantially true. Many years later, when it was found necessary to bolster up the reputation of Paine, Cheetham's Memoirs were called a pack of lies. If only onetenth part of what he publishes circumstantially in his volume, as facts in regard to Paine, were true, all that has been written against him in later years does not begin to set forth the degraded character of the man's life. And with all that has been written on the subject we see no good reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of Cheetham's portrait of the man whom he knew so well.

Dr. J. W. Francis, well-known as an eminent physician, of this city, in his Reminiscences of New York, says of Paine:

"He who, in his early days, had been associated with, and had received counsel from Franklin, was, in his old age, deserted by the humblest menial; he, whose pen has proved a very sword among nations, had shaken empires, and made kings tremble, now yielded up the mastery to the most treacherous of tyrants, King Alcohol."

The physician who attended Paine during his last illness was Dr. James R. Manley, a gentleman of the highest character. A letter of his, written in October of the year that

Paine died, fully corroborates the account of his state as recorded by Stephen Grellet in his Memoirs, which we have already printed. He writes:

"New York, October 2, 1809: I was called upon by accident to visit Mr. Paine, on the 25th of February last, and found him indisposed with fever, and very apprehensive of an attack of apoplexy, as he stated that he had that disease before, and at this time felt a great degree of vertigo, and was unable to help himself as he had hitherto done, on account of an intense pain above the eyes. On inquiry of the attendants I was told that three or four days previously he had concluded to dispense with his usual quantity of accustomed stimulus and that he had on that day resumed it. To the want of his usual drink they attributed his illness, and it is highly probable that the usual quantity operating upon a state of system more excited from the above privations, was the cause of the symptoms of which he then complained.... And here let me be permitted to observe (lest blame might attach to those whose business it was to pay any particular attention to his cleanliness of person) that it was absolutely impossible to effect that purpose. Cleanliness appeared to make no part of his comfort; he seemed to have a singular aversion to soap and water; he would never ask to be washed, and when he was he would always make objections; and it was not unusual to wash and to dress him clean very much against his inclinations. In this deplorable state, with confirmed dropsy, attended with frequent cough, vomiting and hiccough, he continued growing from bad to worse till the morning of the 8th of June, when he died. Though I may remark that during the last three weeks of his life his situation was such that his decease was confidently expected every day, his ulcers having assumed a gangrenous appearance, being excessively fetid, and discolored blisters having taken place on the soles of his feet without any ostensible cause, which baffled the usual attempts to arrest their progress; and when we consider his former habits, his advanced age, the feebleness of his constitution, his constant habit of using ardent spirits ad libitum till the commencement of his last illness, so far from wondering that he died so soon, we are constrained to ask, How did he live so long? Concerning his conduct during his disease I have not much to remark, though the little I have may be somewhat interesting. Mr. Paine professed to be above the fear of death, and a great part of his conversation was principally directed to give the impression that he was perfectly willing to leave this world, and yet some parts of his conduct were with difficulty reconcilable with his belief. In the first stages of his illness he was satisfied to be left alone during the day, but he required some person to be with him at night, urging as his reason that he was afraid that he should die when unattended, and at this period his deportment and his principle seemed to be consistent; so much so that a stranger would judge from some of the remarks he would make that he was an Infidel. I recollect being with him at night, watching; he was very apprehensive of a speedy dissolution, and suffered great distress of body, and perhaps of mind (for he was waiting the event of an application to the Society of Friends for permission that his corpse might be deposited in their grave-ground, and had reason to believe that the request might be refused), when he remarked in these words, 'I think I can say what they made Jesus Christ to say—"My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" He went on to observe on the want of that respect which he conceived he merited, when I observed to him that I thought his corpse should be matter of least concern to him; that those whom he would leave behind him would see that he was properly interred, and, further, that it would be of little consequence to me where I was deposited provided I was buried; upon which he answered that he had nothing else to talk about, and that he would as lief talk of his death as of anything, but that he was not so indifferent about his corpse as I appeared to be.

“During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular; he could not be left alone night or day; he not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtain to be closed at any time; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, he was left alone, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him. When relief from pain would admit, he seemed thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes being generally closed, and his hands folded upon his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne. There was something remarkable in his conduct about this period (which comprises about two weeks immediately preceding his death), particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was the author of the ‘Age of Reason.’ He would call out during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, ‘O Lord help me! God help me! Jesus Christ help me! Lord help me!’ etc., repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. It was this conduct which induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions, and I was more inclined to that belief when I understood from his nurse (who is a very serious and, I believe, pious woman), that he would occasionally inquire, when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading, and, being answered, and at the same time asked whether she should read aloud, he assented, and would appear to give particular attention.

“I took occasion during the nights of the fifth and sixth of June to test the strength of his opinions respecting revelation. I purposely made him a very late visit; it was a time which seemed to suit exactly with my errand; it was midnight, he was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words above mentioned, when, after a considerable preface, I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present: ‘Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference, you have never been in the habit of mixing in your conversation words of coarse meaning; you have never indulged in the practice of profane swearing; you must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions as they are given to the world. What must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe that he can help you? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ? Come, now, answer me honestly. I want an answer from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours.’ I waited some time at the end of every question; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him; ‘Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions; will you answer them? Allow me to ask again, do you believe? or let me qualify the question, do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?’ After a pause of some minutes, he answered, ‘I have no wish to believe on that subject.’ I then left him, and knew not whether he afterward spoke to any person on any subject, though he lived, as I before observed, till the morning of the 8th. Such conduct, under usual circumstances, I conceive absolutely unaccountable, though, with diffidence, I would remark, not so much so in the present instance; for though the first necessary and general result of conviction be a sincere wish to atone for evil committed, yet it may be a question worthy of able consideration whether excessive pride of opinion, consummate vanity, and inordinate self-love might not prevent or retard that otherwise natural consequence. For my own part, I believe that had not Thomas Paine been such a distinguished Infidel he would have left less equivocal evidences of a change of opinion. Concerning the persons who visited Mr. Paine in his distress as his personal friends, I heard very little, though I may observe that their number was small, and of that number there were not wanting those who endeavored to support him in his deistical

opinions, and to encourage him to 'die like a man,' to 'hold fast his integrity,' lest Christians, or, as they were pleased to term them, hypocrites, might take advantage of his weakness, and furnish themselves with a weapon by which they might hope to destroy their glorious system of morals. Numbers visited him from motives of benevolence and Christian charity, endeavoring to effect a change of mind in respect to his religious sentiments. The labor of such was apparently lost, and they pretty generally received such treatment from him as none but good men would risk a second time, though some of those persons called frequently." The following testimony will be new to most of our readers. It is from a letter written by Bishop Fenwick (Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston), containing a full account of a visit which he paid to Paine in his last illness. It was printed in the *United States Catholic Magazine* for 1846; in the *Catholic Herald* of Philadelphia, October 15, 1846; in a supplement to the *Hartford Courant*, October 23, 1847; and in *Littell's Living Age* for January 22, 1848, from which we copy. Bishop Fenwick writes:

"A short time before Paine died I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman who went to see him in his sickness, and who told him, among other things, that in his wretched condition if anybody could do him any good it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quakeress) whom I had received into the church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of this message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlmann, at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part he agreed to do so? at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at the time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew, from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most impious as well as infamous of men. We shortly after set out for the house at Greenwich where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed on a mode of proceeding with him.

"We arrived at the house; a decent-looking elderly woman (probably his housekeeper,) came to the door and inquired whether we were the Catholic priests, for said she, 'Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by other denominations calling upon him that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the clergymen of the Catholic Church. Upon assuring her that we were Catholic clergymen she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. She then left the room and shortly after returned to inform us that Paine was asleep, and, at the same time, expressed a wish that we would not disturb him, 'for,' said she, 'he is always in a bad humor when roused out of his sleep. It is better we wait a little till he be awake.' We accordingly sat down and resolved to await a more favorable moment. 'Gentlemen,' said the lady, after having taken her seat also, 'I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine, for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he cannot possibly live and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day because he was told that if any one could do him good you might. Possibly he may think you know of some remedy which his physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries when he is left alone are heart-rending. 'O Lord help me!' he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress—'God help me—Jesus Christ help me!' repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say, 'O God, what have I done to suffer so much!' then, shortly after, 'But there is no God,' and again a little after, 'Yet if there should be, what would become of me hereafter.'

Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream, as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted. 'Stay with me,' he replied, 'for God's sake, for I cannot bear to be left alone.' I then observed that I could not always be with him, as I had much to attend to in the house. 'Then,' said he, 'send even a child to stay with me, for it is a hell to be alone.' 'I never saw,' she concluded, 'a more unhappy, a more forsaken man. It seems he cannot reconcile himself to die.'

"Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining passage-way, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman, and she opened the door for us. On entering, we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent of itself, but at present besmeared with filth; his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose better days had been one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken, undoubtedly, but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood, which had also followed in the track and left its mark on the pillow. His face, to a certain extent, had also been besmeared with it."

Immediately upon their making known the object of their visit, Paine interrupted the speaker by saying: "That's enough, sir; that's enough," and again interrupting him, "I see what you would be about. I wish to hear no more from you, sir. My mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and Jesus Christ to be nothing more than a cunning knave and impostor." He drove them out of the room, exclaiming: Away with you and your God, too; leave the room instantly; all that you have uttered are lies—filthy lies; and if I had a little more time I would prove it, as I did about your impostor, Jesus Christ."

This, we think, will suffice. We have a mass of letters containing statements confirmatory of what we have published in regard to the life and death of Paine, but nothing more can be required.

Ingersoll's Second Reply

Peoria, Nov. 2d, 1877.

To the Editor of the New York Observer:

You ought to have honesty enough to admit that you did, in your paper of July 19th, offer to prove that the absurd story that Thomas Paine died in terror and agony on account of the religious opinions he had expressed, was true. You ought to have fairness enough to admit that you called upon me to deposit one thousand dollars with an honest man, that you might, by proving that Thomas Paine did die in terror, obtain the money.

You ought to have honor enough to admit that you challenged me and that you commenced the controversy concerning Thomas Paine.

You ought to have goodness enough to admit that you were mistaken in the charges you made.

You ought to have manhood enough to do what you falsely asserted that Thomas Paine did:—you ought to recant. You ought to admit publicly that you slandered the dead; that you falsified history; that you defamed the defenceless; that you deliberately denied what you had published in your own paper. There is an old saying to the effect that open confession is good for the soul. To you is presented a splendid opportunity of testing the truth of this saying.

Nothing has astonished me more than your lack of common honesty exhibited in this controversy. In your last, you quote from Dr. J. W. Francis. Why did you leave out that portion in which Dr. Francis says *that Cheetham with settled malignity wrote the life of Paine?* Why did you leave out that part in which Dr. Francis says that Cheetham in the same way *slandered Alexander Hamilton and De Witt Clinton?* Is it your business to suppress the truth? Why did you not publish the entire letter of Bishop Fenwick? Was it because it proved beyond all cavil that Thomas Paine did not recant? Was it because in the light of that letter Mary Roscoe, Mary Hinsdale and Grant Thorburn appeared unworthy of belief? Dr. J. W. Francis says in the same article from which you quoted, "*Paine clung to his Infidelity until the last moment of his life!'* Why did you not publish that? It was the first line immediately above what you did quote. You must have seen it. Why did you suppress it? A lawyer, doing a thing of this character, is denominated a shyster. I do not know the appropriate word to designate a theologian guilty of such an act.

You brought forward three witnesses, pretending to have personal knowledge about the life and death of Thomas Paine: Grant Thorburn, Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale. In my reply I took the ground that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale must have been the same person. I thought it impossible that Paine should have had a conversation with Mary Roscoe, and then one precisely like it with Mary Hinsdale. Acting upon this conviction, I proceeded to show that the conversation never could have happened, that it was absurdly false to say that Paine asked the opinion of a girl as to his works who had never read but little of them. I then showed by the testimony of William Cobbett, that he visited Mary Hinsdale in 1819, taking with him a statement concerning the recantation of Paine, given him by Mr. Collins, and that upon being shown this statement she said that "it was so long ago that she could not speak positively to any part of the matter—that she would not say any part of the

paper was true." At that time she knew nothing, and remembered nothing. I also showed that she was a kind of standing witness to prove that others recanted. Willett Hicks denounced her as unworthy of belief.

To-day the following from the New York *World* was received, showing that I was right in my conjecture:

Tom Paine's Death-Bed.

To the Editor of the World:

Sir: I see by your paper that Bob Ingersoll discredits Mary Hinsdale's story of the scenes which occurred at the death-bed of Thomas Paine. No one who knew that good lady would for one moment doubt her veracity or question her testimony. Both she and her husband were Quaker preachers, and well known and respected inhabitants of New York City, *Ingersoll is right in his conjecture that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale was the same person*. Her maiden name was Roscoe, and she married Henry Hinsdale. My mother was a Roscoe, a niece of Mary Roscoe, and lived with her for some time. I have heard her relate the story of Tom Paine's dying remorse, as told her by her aunt, who was a witness to it. She says (in a letter I have just received from her), "he (Tom Paine) suffered fearfully from remorse, and renounced his Infidel principles, calling on God to forgive him, and wishing his pamphlets and books to be burned, saying he could not die in peace until it was done." (Rev.) A. W. Cornell.

Harpersville, New York.

You will notice that the testimony of Mary Hinsdale has been drawing interest since 1809, and has materially increased. If Paine "suffered fearfully from remorse, renounced his Infidel opinions and called on God to forgive him," it is hardly generous for the Christian world to fasten the fangs of malice in the flesh of his reputation.

So Mary Roscoe was Mary Hinsdale, and as Mary Hinsdale has been shown by her own admission to Mr. Cobbett to have known nothing of the matter; and as Mary Hinsdale was not, according to Willet Hicks, worthy of belief—as she told a falsehood of the same kind about Mary Lockwood, and was, according to Mr. Collins, addicted to the use of opium—this disposes of her and her testimony.

There remains upon the stand Grant Thorburn. Concerning this witness, I received, yesterday, from the eminent biographer and essayist, James Parton, the following epistle:

Newburyport, Mass.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll:

Touching Grant Thorburn, I personally know him to have been a dishonest man. At the age of ninety-two he copied, with trembling hand, a piece from a newspaper and brought it to the office of the *Home Journal, as his own*. It was I who received it and detected the deliberate forgery. If you are ever going to continue this subject, I will give you the exact facts.

Fervently yours,

James Parton.

After this, you are welcome to what remains of Grant Thorburn.

There is one thing that I have noticed during this controversy regarding Thomas Paine. In no instance that I now call to mind has any Christian writer spoken respectfully of Mr. Paine. All have taken particular pains to call him "Tom" Paine. Is it not a little strange that religion should make men so coarse and ill-mannered?

I have often wondered what these same gentlemen would say if I should speak of the men eminent in the annals of Christianity in the same way. What would they say if I should write about "Tim" Dwight, old "Ad" Clark, "Tom" Scott, "Jim" McKnight, "Bill" Hamilton, "Dick" Whately, "Bill" Paley, and "Jack" Calvin?

They would *say* of me then, just what I *think* of them now.

Even if we have religion, do not let us try to get along without good manners. Rudeness is exceedingly unbecoming, even in a saint. Persons who forgive their enemies ought, to say the least, to treat with politeness those who have never injured them.

It is exceedingly gratifying to me that I have compelled you to say that "Paine died a blaspheming Infidel." Hereafter it is to be hoped nothing will be heard about his having recanted. As an answer to such slander his friends can confidently quote the following from the *New York Observer* of November 1st, 1877:

"WE HAVE NEVER STATED IN ANY FORM, NOR HAVE WE EVER SUPPOSED THAT PAINE ACTUALLY RENOUNCED HIS INFIDELITY. THE ACCOUNTS AGREE IN STATING THAT HE DIED A BLASPHEMING INFIDEL."

This for all coming time will refute the slanders of the churches yet to be.

Right here allow me to ask: If you never supposed that Paine renounced his Infidelity, why did you try to prove by Mary Hinsdale that which you believed to be untrue?

From the bottom of my heart I thank myself for having compelled you to admit that Thomas Paine did not recant.

For the purpose of verifying your own admission concerning the death of Mr. Paine, permit me to call your attention to the following affidavit:

Wabash, Indiana, October 27, 1877.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll:

Dear Sir: The following statement of facts is at your disposal. In the year 1833 Willet Hicks made a visit to Indiana and stayed over night at my father's house, four miles east of Richmond. In the morning at breakfast my mother asked Willet Hicks the following questions:

"Was thee with Thomas Paine during his last sickness?"

Mr. Hicks said: "I was with him every day during the latter part of his last sickness."

"Did he express any regret in regard to writing the 'Age of Reason,' as the published accounts say he did—those accounts that have the credit of emanating from his Catholic housekeeper?"

Mr. Hicks replied: "He did not in any way by word or action."

"Did he call on God or Jesus Christ, asking either of them to forgive his sins, or did he curse them or either of them?"

Mr. Hicks answered: “He did not. He died as easy as any one I ever saw die, and I have seen many die in my time.” William B Barnes.

Subscribed and sworn to before me Oct. 27, 1877.

Warren Bigler, Notary Public.

You say in your last that “Thomas Paine was abandoned of God.” So far as this controversy is concerned, it seems to me that in that sentence you have most graphically described your own condition.

Wishing you success in all honest undertakings, I remain,

Yours truly,

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Volume 6

The Christian Religion; Ingersoll's Opening Paper

[Ingersoll-Black]

By Robert G. Ingersoll

In the presence of eternity the mountains are as transient as the clouds.

A PROFOUND change has taken place in the world of thought. The pews are trying to set themselves somewhat above the pulpit. The layman discusses theology with the minister, and smiles. Christians excuse themselves for belonging to the church, by denying a part of the creed. The idea is abroad that they who know the most of nature believe the least about theology. The sciences are regarded as infidels, and facts as scoffers. Thousands of most excellent people avoid churches, and, with few exceptions, only those attend prayer-meetings who wish to be alone. The pulpit is losing because the people are growing.

Of course it is still claimed that we are a Christian people, indebted to something called Christianity for all the progress we have made. There is still a vast difference of opinion as to what Christianity really is, although many warring sects have been discussing that question, with fire and sword, through centuries of creed and crime. Every new sect has been denounced at its birth as illegitimate, as a something born out of orthodox wedlock, and that should have been allowed to perish on the steps where it was found. Of the relative merits of the various denominations, it is sufficient to say that each claims to be right. Among the evangelical churches there is a substantial agreement upon what they consider the fundamental truths of the gospel. These fundamental truths, as I understand them, are:

That there is a personal God, the creator of the material universe; that he made man of the dust, and woman from part of the man; that the man and woman were tempted by the devil; that they were turned out of the Garden of Eden; that, about fifteen hundred years afterward, God's patience having been exhausted by the wickedness of mankind, he drowned his children with the exception of eight persons; that afterward he selected from their descendants Abraham, and through him the Jewish people; that he gave laws to these people, and tried to govern them in all things; that he made known his will in many ways; that he wrought a vast number of miracles; that he inspired men to write the Bible; that, in the fullness of time, it having been found impossible to reform mankind, this God came upon earth as a child born of the Virgin Mary; that he lived in Palestine; that he preached for about three years, going from place to place, occasionally raising the dead, curing the blind and the halt; that he was crucified—for the crime of blasphemy, as the Jews supposed, but that, as a matter of fact, he was offered as a sacrifice for the sins of all who might have faith in him; that he was raised from the dead and ascended into heaven, where he now is, making intercession for his followers; that he will forgive the sins of all who believe on him, and that those who do not believe will be consigned to the dungeons of eternal pain. These—it may be with the addition of the

sacraments of Baptism and the Last Supper—constitute what is generally known as the Christian religion.

It is most cheerfully admitted that a vast number of people not only believe these things, but hold them in exceeding reverence, and imagine them to be of the utmost importance to mankind. They regard the Bible as the only light that God has given for the guidance of his children; that it is the one star in nature's sky—the foundation of all morality, of all law, of all order, and of all individual and national progress. They regard it as the only means we have for ascertaining the will of God, the origin of man, and the destiny of the soul.

It is needless to inquire into the causes that have led so many people to believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. In my opinion, they were and are mistaken, and the mistake has hindered, in countless ways, the civilization of man. The Bible has been the fortress and defence of nearly every crime. No civilized country could re-enact its laws, and in many respects its moral code is abhorrent to every good and tender man. It is admitted that many of its precepts are pure, that many of its laws are wise and just, and that many of its statements are absolutely true.

Without desiring to hurt the feeling? of anybody, I propose to give a few reasons for thinking that a few passages, at least, in the Old Testament are the product of a barbarous people.

In all civilized countries it is not only admitted, but it is passionately asserted, that slavery is and always was a hideous crime; that a war of conquest is simply murder; that polygamy is the enslavement of woman, the degradation of man, and the destruction of home; that nothing is more infamous than the slaughter of decrepit men, of helpless women, and of prattling babes; that captured maidens should not be given to soldiers; that wives should not be stoned to death on account of their religious opinions, and that the death penalty ought not to be inflicted for a violation of the Sabbath. We know that there was a time, in the history of almost every nation, when slavery, polygamy, and wars of extermination were regarded as divine institutions; when women were looked upon as beasts of burden, and when, among some people, it was considered the duty of the husband to murder the wife for differing with him on the subject of religion. Nations that entertain these views to-day are regarded as savage, and, probably, with the exception of the South Sea Islanders, the Feejees, some citizens of Delaware, and a few tribes in Central Africa, no human beings can be found degraded enough to agree upon these subjects with the Jehovah of the ancient Jews. The only evidence we have, or can have, that a nation has ceased to be savage is the fact that it has abandoned these doctrines. To every one, except the theologian, it is perfectly easy to account for the mistakes, atrocities, and crimes of the past, by saying that civilization is a slow and painful growth; that the moral perceptions are cultivated through ages of tyranny, of want, of crime, and of heroism; that it requires centuries for man to put out the eyes of self and hold in lofty and in equal poise the scales of justice; that conscience is born of suffering; that mercy is the child of the imagination—of the power to put oneself in the sufferer's place, and that man advances only as he becomes acquainted with his surroundings, with the mutual obligations of life, and learns to take advantage of the forces of nature.

But the believer in the inspiration of the Bible is compelled to declare that there was a time when slavery was right—when men could buy, and women could sell, their babes. He is compelled to insist that there was a time when polygamy was the highest form of virtue; when wars of extermination were waged with the sword of mercy; when religious toleration was a crime, and when death was the just penalty for having expressed an honest thought. He must maintain that Jehovah is just as bad now as he was four thousand years ago, or that he was just as good then as he is now, but that human conditions have so changed that slavery, polygamy, religious persecutions, and wars of conquest are now perfectly devilish. Once they were right—once they were commanded by God himself; now, they are prohibited. There has been such a change in the conditions of man that, at the present time, the devil is in favor of slavery, polygamy, religious persecution, and wars of conquest. That is to say, the devil entertains the same opinion to-day that Jehovah held four thousand years ago, but in the meantime Jehovah has remained exactly the same—changeless and incapable of change.

We find that other nations beside the Jews had similar laws and ideas; that they believed in and practiced slavery and polygamy, murdered women and children, and exterminated their neighbors to the extent of their power. It is not claimed that they received a revelation. It is admitted that they had no knowledge of the true God. And yet, by a strange coincidence, they practised the same crimes, of their own motion, that the Jews did by the command of Jehovah. From this it would seem that man can do wrong without a special revelation.

It will hardly be claimed, at this day, that the passages in the Bible upholding slavery, polygamy, war and religious persecution are evidences of the inspiration of that book. Suppose that there had been nothing in the Old Testament upholding these crimes, would any modern Christian suspect that it was not inspired, on account of the omission? Suppose that there had been nothing in the Old Testament but laws in favor of these crimes, would any intelligent Christian now contend that it was the work of the true God? If the devil had inspired a book, will some believer in the doctrine of inspiration tell us in what respect, on the subjects of slavery, polygamy, war, and liberty, it would have differed from some parts of the Old Testament? Suppose that we should now discover a Hindu book of equal antiquity with the Old Testament, containing a defence of slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination, and religious persecution, would we regard it as evidence that the writers were inspired by an infinitely wise and merciful God? As most other nations at that time practiced these crimes, and as the Jews would have practiced them all, even if left to themselves, one can hardly see the necessity of any inspired commands upon these subjects. Is there a believer in the Bible who does not wish that God, amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, had distinctly said to Moses that man should not own his fellow-man; that women should not sell their babes; that men should be allowed to think and investigate for themselves, and that the sword should never be unsheathed to shed the blood of honest men? Is there a believer in the world, who would not be delighted to find that every one of these infamous passages are interpolations, and that the skirts of God were never reddened by the blood of maiden, wife, or babe? Is there a believer who does not regret that God commanded a husband to stone his wife to death for suggesting the worship of the sun or moon?

Surely, the light of experience is enough to tell us that slavery is wrong, that polygamy is infamous, and that murder is not a virtue. No one will now contend that it was worth God's while to impart the information to Moses, or to Joshua, or to anybody else, that the Jewish people might purchase slaves of the heathen, or that it was their duty to exterminate the natives of the Holy Land. The deists have contended that the Old Testament is too cruel and barbarous to be the work of a wise and loving God. To this, the theologians have replied, that nature is just as cruel; that the earthquake, the volcano, the pestilence and storm, are just as savage as the Jewish God; and to my mind this is a perfect answer.

Suppose that we knew that after "inspired" men had finished the Bible, the devil got possession of it, and wrote a few passages; what part of the sacred Scriptures would Christians now pick out as being probably his work? Which of the following passages would naturally be selected as having been written by the devil—"Love thy neighbor as thyself," or "Kill all the males among the little ones, and kill every woman; but all the women children keep alive for yourselves."?

It may be that the best way to illustrate what I have said of the Old Testament is to compare some of the supposed teachings of Jehovah with those of persons who never read an "inspired" line, and who lived and died without having received the light of revelation. Nothing can be more suggestive than a comparison of the ideas of Jehovah—the inspired words of the one claimed to be the infinite God, as recorded in the Bible—with those that have been expressed by men who, all admit, received no help from heaven.

In all ages of which any record has been preserved, there have been those who gave their ideas of justice, charity, liberty, love and law. Now, if the Bible is really the work of God, it should contain the grandest and sublimest truths. It should, in all respects, excel the works of man. Within that book should be found the best and loftiest definitions of justice; the truest conceptions of human liberty; the clearest outlines of duty; the tenderest, the highest, and the noblest thoughts,—not that the human mind has produced, but that the human mind is capable of receiving. Upon every page should be found the luminous evidence of its divine origin. Unless it contains grander and more wonderful things than man has written, we are not only justified in saying, but we are compelled to say, that it was written by no being superior to man. It may be said that it is unfair to call attention to certain bad things in the Bible, while the good are not so much as mentioned. To this it may be replied that a divine being would not put bad things in a book. Certainly a being of infinite intelligence, power, and goodness could never fall below the ideal of "depraved and barbarous" man. It will not do, after we find that the Bible upholds what we now call crimes, to say that it is not verbally inspired. If the words are not inspired, what is? It may be said that the thoughts are inspired. But this would include only the thoughts expressed without words. If ideas are inspired, they must be contained in and expressed only by inspired words; that is to say, the arrangement of the words, with relation to each other, must have been inspired. For the purpose of this perfect arrangement, the writers, according to the Christian world, were inspired. Were some sculptor inspired of God to make a statue perfect in its every part, we would not say that the marble was inspired, but the statue—the relation of part to part, the

married harmony of form and function. The language, the words, take the place of the marble, and it is the arrangement of these words that Christians claim to be inspired. If there is one uninspired word,—that is, one word in the wrong place, or a word that ought not to be there,—to that extent the Bible is an uninspired book. The moment it is admitted that some words are not, in their arrangement as to other words, inspired, then, unless with absolute certainty these words can be pointed out, a doubt is cast on all the words the book contains. If it was worth God's while to make a revelation to man at all, it was certainly worth his while to see that it was correctly made. He would not have allowed the ideas and mistakes of pretended prophets and designing priests to become so mingled with the original text that it is impossible to tell where he ceased and where the priests and prophets began. Neither will it do to say that God adapted his revelation to the prejudices of mankind. Of course it was necessary for an infinite being to adapt his revelation to the intellectual capacity of man; but why should God confirm a barbarian in his prejudices? Why should he fortify a heathen in his crimes? If a revelation is of any importance whatever, it is to eradicate prejudices from the human mind. It should be a lever with which to raise the human race. Theologians Have exhausted their ingenuity in finding excuses for God. It seems to me that they would be better employed in finding excuses for men. They tell us that the Jews were so cruel and ignorant that God was compelled to justify, or nearly to justify, many of their crimes, in order to have any influence with them whatever. They tell us that if he had declared slavery and polygamy to be criminal, the Jews would have refused to receive the Ten Commandments. They insist that, under the circumstances, God did the best he could; that his real intention was to lead them along slowly, step by step, so that, in a few hundred years, they would be induced to admit that it was hardly fair to steal a babe from its mother's breast. It has always seemed reasonable that an infinite God ought to have been able to make man grand enough to know, even without a special revelation, that it is not altogether right to steal the labor, or the wife, or the child, of another. When the whole question is thoroughly examined, the world will find that Jehovah had the prejudices, the hatreds, and superstitions of his day.

If there is anything of value, it is liberty. Liberty is the air of the soul, the sunshine of life. Without it the world is a prison and the universe an infinite dungeon.

If the Bible is really inspired, Jehovah commanded the Jewish people to buy the children of the strangers that sojourned among them, and ordered that the children thus bought should be an inheritance for the children of the Jews, and that they should be bondmen and bondwomen forever. Yet Epictetus, a man to whom no revelation was made, a man whose soul followed only the light of nature, and who had never heard of the Jewish God, was great enough to say: "Will you not remember that your servants are by nature your brothers, the children of God? In saying that you have bought them, you look down on the earth, and into the pit, on the wretched law of men long since dead, but you see not the laws of the gods."

We find that Jehovah, speaking to his chosen people, assured them that their bondmen and their bondmaids must be "of the heathen that were round about them." "Of them," said Jehovah, "shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids." And yet Cicero, a pagan, Cicero, who had never been enlightened by reading the Old

Testament, had the moral grandeur to declare: “They who say that we should love our fellow-citizens, but not foreigners, destroy the universal brotherhood of mankind, with which benevolence and justice would perish forever.”

If the Bible is inspired, Jehovah, God of all worlds, actually said: “And if a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished; notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished, for he is his money.” And yet Zeno, founder of the Stoics, centuries before Christ was born, insisted that no man could be the owner of another, and that the title was bad, whether the slave had become so by conquest, or by purchase. Jehovah ordered a Jewish general to make war, and gave, among others, this command: “When the Lord thy God shall drive them before thee, thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them.” And yet Epictetus, whom we have already quoted, gave this marvelous rule for the guidance of human conduct: “Live with thy inferiors as thou would’st have thy superiors live with thee.”

Is it possible, after all, that a being of infinite goodness and wisdom said: “I will heap mischief upon them: I will spend mine arrows upon them. They shall be burnt with hunger, and devoured with burning heat, and with bitter destruction: I will also send the teeth of beasts upon them, with the poison of serpents of the dust. The sword without, and terror within, shall destroy both the young man and the virgin, the suckling also, with the man of gray hairs”; while Seneca, an uninspired Roman, said: “The wise man will not pardon any crime that ought to be punished, but he will accomplish, in a nobler way, all that is sought in pardoning. He will spare some and watch over some, because of their youth, and others on account of their ignorance. His clemency will not fall short of justice, but will fulfill it perfectly.”

Can we believe that God ever said of any one: “Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow; let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places; let the extortioner catch all that he hath and let the stranger spoil his labor; let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children.” If he ever said these words, surely he had never heard this line, this strain of music, from the Hindu: “Sweet is the lute to those who have not heard the prattle of their own children.”

Jehovah, “from the clouds and darkness of Sinai,” said to the Jews: “Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.... Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.” Contrast this with the words put by the Hindu into the mouth of Brahma:

“I am the same to all mankind. They who honestly serve other gods, involuntarily worship me. I am he who partaketh of all worship, and I am the reward of all worshipers.”

Compare these passages. The first, a dungeon where crawl the things begot of jealous slime; the other, great as the domed firmament inlaid with suns.

II.

WAIVING the contradictory statements in the various books of the New Testament; leaving out of the question the history of the manuscripts; saying nothing about the errors in translation and the interpolations made by the fathers; and admitting, for the time being, that the books were all written at the times claimed, and by the persons whose names they bear, the questions of inspiration, probability, and absurdity still remain.

As a rule, where several persons testify to the same transaction, while agreeing in the main points, they will disagree upon many minor things, and such disagreement upon minor matters is generally considered as evidence that the witnesses have not agreed among themselves upon the story they should tell. These differences in statement we account for from the facts that all did not see alike, that all did not have the same opportunity for seeing, and that all had not equally good memories. But when we claim that the witnesses were inspired, we must admit that he who inspired them did know exactly what occurred, and consequently there should be no contradiction, even in the minutest detail. The accounts should be not only substantially, but they should be actually, the same. It is impossible to account for any differences, or any contradictions, except from the weaknesses of human nature, and these weaknesses cannot be predicated of divine wisdom. Why should there be more than one correct account of anything? Why were four gospels necessary? One inspired record of all that happened ought to be enough.

One great objection to the Old Testament is the cruelty said to have been commanded by God, but all the cruelties recounted in the Old Testament ceased with death. The vengeance of Jehovah stopped at the portal of the tomb. He never threatened to avenge himself upon the dead; and not one word, from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse of Malachi, contains the slightest intimation that God will punish in another world. It was reserved for the New Testament to make known the frightful doctrine of eternal pain. It was the teacher of universal benevolence who rent the veil between time and eternity, and fixed the horrified gaze of man on the lurid gulfs of hell. Within the breast of non-resistance was coiled the worm that never dies.

One great objection to the New Testament is that it bases salvation upon belief. This, at least, is true of the Gospel according to John, and of many of the Epistles. I admit that Matthew never heard of the atonement, and died utterly ignorant of the scheme of salvation. I also admit that Mark never dreamed that it was necessary for a man to be born again; that he knew nothing of the mysterious doctrine of regeneration, and that he never even suspected that it was necessary to believe anything. In the sixteenth chapter of Mark, we are told that “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned”; but this passage has been shown to be an interpolation, and, consequently, not a solitary word is found in the Gospel according to Mark upon the subject of salvation by faith. The same is also true of the Gospel of Luke. It says not one word as to the necessity of believing on Jesus Christ, not one word as to the atonement, not one word upon the scheme of salvation, and not the slightest hint that it is necessary to believe anything here in order to be happy hereafter.

And I here take occasion to say, that with most of the teachings of the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke I most heartily agree. The miraculous parts must, of course, be thrown aside. I admit that the necessity of belief, the atonement, and the scheme of salvation are all set forth in the Gospel of John,—a gospel, in my opinion, not written until long after the others.

According to the prevailing Christian belief, the Christian religion rests upon the doctrine of the atonement. If this doctrine is without foundation, if it is repugnant to justice and mercy, the fabric falls. We are told that the first man committed a crime for which all his posterity are responsible,—in other words, that we are accountable, and can be justly punished for a sin we never in fact committed. This absurdity was the father of another, namely, that a man can be rewarded for a good action done by another. God, according to the modern theologians, made a law, with the penalty of eternal death for its infraction. All men, they say, have broken that law. In the economy of heaven, this law had to be vindicated. This could be done by damning the whole human race. Through what is known as the atonement, the salvation of a few was made possible. They insist that the law—whatever that is—demanded the extreme penalty, that justice called for its victims, and that even mercy ceased to plead. Under these circumstances, God, by allowing the innocent to suffer, satisfactorily settled with the law, and allowed a few of the guilty to escape. The law was satisfied with this arrangement. To carry out this scheme, God was born as a babe into this world. “He grew in stature and increased in knowledge.” At the age of thirty-three, after having lived a life filled with kindness, charity and nobility, after having practiced every virtue, he was sacrificed as an atonement for man. It is claimed that he actually took our place, and bore our sins and our guilt; that in this way the justice of God was satisfied, and that the blood of Christ was an atonement, an expiation, for the sins of all who might believe on him.

Under the Mosaic dispensation, there was no remission of sin except through the shedding of blood. If a man committed certain sins, he must bring to the priest a lamb, a bullock, a goat, or a pair of turtle-doves. The priest would lay his hands upon the animal, and the sin of the man would be transferred. Then the animal would be killed in the place of the real sinner, and the blood thus shed and sprinkled upon the altar would be an atonement. In this way Jehovah was satisfied. The greater the crime, the greater the sacrifice—the more blood, the greater the atonement. There was always a certain ratio between the value of the animal and the enormity of the sin. The most minute directions were given about the killing of these animals, and about the sprinkling of their blood. Every priest became a butcher, and every sanctuary a slaughter-house. Nothing could be more utterly shocking to a refined and loving soul. Nothing could have been better calculated to harden the heart than this continual shedding of innocent blood. This terrible system is supposed to have culminated in the sacrifice of Christ. His blood took the place of all other. It is necessary to shed no more. The law at last is satisfied, satiated, surfeited. The idea that God wants blood is at the bottom of the atonement, and rests upon the most fearful savagery. How can sin be transferred from men to animals, and how can the shedding of the blood of animals atone for the sins of men?

The church says that the sinner is in debt to God, and that the obligation is discharged by the Savior. The best that can possibly be said of such a transaction is, that the debt is transferred, not paid. The truth is, that a sinner is in debt to the person he has injured. If a man injures his neighbor, it is not enough for him to get the forgiveness of God, but he must have the forgiveness of his neighbor. If a man puts his hand in the fire and God forgives him, his hand will smart exactly the same. You must, after all, reap what you sow. No god can give you wheat when you sow tares, and no devil can give you tares when you sow wheat.

There are in nature neither rewards nor punishments—there are consequences. The life of Christ is worth its example, its moral force, its heroism of benevolence.

To make innocence suffer is the greatest sin; how then is it possible to make the suffering of the innocent a justification for the criminal? Why should a man be willing to let the innocent suffer for him? Does not the willingness show that he is utterly unworthy of the sacrifice? Certainly, no man would be fit for heaven who would consent that an innocent person should suffer for his sin. What would we think of a man who would allow another to die for a crime that he himself had committed? What would we think of a law that allowed the innocent to take the place of the guilty? Is it possible to vindicate a just law by inflicting punishment on the innocent? Would not that be a second violation instead of a vindication?

If there was no general atonement until the crucifixion of Christ, what became of the countless millions who died before that time? And it must be remembered that the blood shed by the Jews was not for other nations. Jehovah hated foreigners. The Gentiles were left without forgiveness What has become of the millions who have died since, without having heard of the atonement? What becomes of those who have heard but have not believed? It seems to me that the doctrine of the atonement is absurd, unjust, and immoral. Can a law be satisfied by the execution of the wrong person? When a man commits a crime, the law demands his punishment, not that of a substitute; and there can be no law, human or divine, that can be satisfied by the punishment of a substitute. Can there be a law that demands that the guilty be rewarded? And yet, to reward the guilty is far nearer justice than to punish the innocent.

According to the orthodox theology, there would have been no heaven had no atonement been made. All the children of men would have been cast into hell forever. The old men bowed with grief, the smiling mothers, the sweet babes, the loving maidens, the brave, the tender, and the just, would have been given over to eternal pain. Man, it is claimed, can make no atonement for himself. If he commits one sin, and with that exception lives a life of perfect virtue, still that one sin would remain unexpiated, unatoned, and for that one sin he would be forever lost. To be saved by the goodness of another, to be a redeemed debtor forever, has in it something repugnant to manhood.

We must also remember that Jehovah took special charge of the Jewish people; and we have always been taught that he did so for the purpose of civilizing them. If he had succeeded in civilizing the Jews, he would have made the damnation of the entire human race a certainty; because, if the Jews had been a civilized people when

Christ appeared,—a people whose hearts had not been hardened by the laws and teachings of Jehovah,—they would not have crucified him, and, as a consequence, the world would have been lost. If the Jews had believed in religious freedom,—in the right of thought and speech,—not a human soul could ever have been saved. If, when Christ was on his way to Calvary, some brave, heroic soul had rescued him from the holy mob, he would not only have been eternally damned for his pains, but would have rendered impossible the salvation of any human being, and, except for the crucifixion of her son, the Virgin Mary, if the church is right, would be to-day among the lost.

In countless ways the Christian world has endeavored, for nearly two thousand years, to explain the atonement, and every effort has ended in an admission that it cannot be understood, and a declaration that it must be believed. Is it not immoral to teach that man can sin, that he can harden his heart and pollute his soul, and that, by repenting and believing something that he does not comprehend, he can avoid the consequences of his crimes? Has the promise and hope of forgiveness ever prevented the commission of a sin? Should men be taught that sin gives happiness here; that they ought to bear the evils of a virtuous life in this world for the sake of joy in the next; that they can repent between the last sin and the last breath; that after repentance every stain of the soul is washed away by the innocent blood of another; that the serpent of regret will not hiss in the ear of memory; that the saved will not even pity the victims of their own crimes; that the goodness of another can be transferred to them; and that sins forgiven cease to affect the unhappy wretches sinned against?

Another objection is that a certain belief is necessary to save the soul. It is often asserted that to believe is the only safe way. If you wish to be safe, be honest. Nothing can be safer than that. No matter what his belief may be, no man, even in the hour of death, can regret having been honest. It never can be necessary to throw away your reason to save your soul. A soul without reason is scarcely worth saving. There is no more degrading doctrine than that of mental non-resistance. The soul has a right to defend its castle—the brain, and he who waives that right becomes a serf and slave. Neither can I admit that a man, by doing me an injury, can place me under obligation to do him a service. To render benefits for injuries is to ignore all distinctions between actions. He who treats his friends and enemies alike has neither love nor justice. The idea of non-resistance never occurred to a man with power to protect himself. This doctrine was the child of weakness, born when resistance was impossible. To allow a crime to be committed when you can prevent it, is next to committing the crime yourself. And yet, under the banner of non-resistance, the church has shed the blood of millions, and in the folds of her sacred vestments have gleamed the daggers of assassination. With her cunning hands she wove the purple for hypocrisy, and placed the crown upon the brow of crime. For a thousand years larceny held the scales of justice, while beggars scorned the princely sons of toil, and ignorant fear denounced the liberty of thought.

If Christ was in fact God, he knew all the future. Before him, like a panorama, moved the history yet to be. He knew exactly how his words would be interpreted. He knew what crimes, what horrors, what infamies, would be committed in his name. He

knew that the fires of persecution would climb around the limbs of countless martyrs. He knew that brave men would languish in dungeons, in darkness, filled with pain; that the church would use instruments of torture, that his followers would appeal to whip and chain. He must have seen the horizon of the future red with the flames of the *auto da fe*. He knew all the creeds that would spring like poison fungi from every text. He saw the sects waging war against each other. He saw thousands of men, under the orders of priests, building dungeons for their fellow-men. He saw them using instruments of pain. He heard the groans, saw the faces white with agony, the tears, the blood—heard the shrieks and sobs of all the moaning, martyred multitudes. He knew that commentaries would be written on his words with swords, to be read by the light of fagots. He knew that the Inquisition would be born of teachings attributed to him. He saw all the interpolations and falsehoods that hypocrisy would write and tell. He knew that above these fields of death, these dungeons, these burnings, for a thousand years would float the dripping banner of the cross. He knew that in his name his followers would trade in human flesh, that cradles would be robbed, and women's breasts unbabed for gold, and yet he died with voiceless lips. Why did he fail to speak? Why did he not tell his disciples, and through them the world, that man should not persecute, for opinion's sake, his fellow-man? Why did he not cry, You shall not persecute in my name; you shall not burn and torment those who differ from you in creed? Why did he not plainly say, I am the Son of God? Why did he not explain the doctrine of the Trinity? Why did he not tell the manner of baptism that was pleasing to him? Why did he not say something positive, definite, and satisfactory about another world? Why did he not turn the tear-stained hope of heaven to the glad knowledge of another life? Why did he go dumbly to his death, leaving the world to misery and to doubt?

He came, they tell us, to make a revelation, and what did he reveal? "Love thy neighbor as thyself"? That was in the Old Testament. "Love God with all thy heart"? That was in the Old Testament. "Return good for evil"? That was said by Buddha seven hundred years before he was born. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"? This was the doctrine of Lao-tsze. Did he come to give a rule of action? Zoroaster had done this long before: "Whenever thou art in doubt as to whether an action is good or bad, abstain from it." Did he come to teach us of another world? The immortality of the soul had been taught by Hindus, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans hundreds of years before he was born. Long before, the world had been told by Socrates that: "One who is injured ought not to return the injury, for on no account can it be right to do an injustice; and it is not right to return an injury, or to do evil to any man, however much we may have suffered from him." And Cicero had said:

"Let us not listen to those who think that we ought to be angry with our enemies, and who believe this to be great and manly: nothing is more praiseworthy, nothing so clearly shows a great and noble soul, as clemency and readiness to forgive."

Is there anything nearer perfect than this from Confucius: "For benefits return benefits; for injuries return justice without any admixture of revenge"?

The dogma of eternal punishment rests upon passages in the New Testament. This infamous belief subverts every idea of justice. Around the angel of immortality the

church has coiled this serpent. A finite being can neither commit an infinite sin, nor a sin against the infinite. A being of infinite goodness and wisdom has no right, according to the human standard of justice, to create any being destined to suffer eternal pain. A being of infinite wisdom would not create a failure, and surely a man destined to everlasting agony is not a success.

How long, according to the universal benevolence of the New Testament, can a man be reasonably punished in the next world for failing to believe something unreasonable in this? Can it be possible that any punishment can endure forever? Suppose that every flake of snow that ever fell was a figure nine, and that the first flake was multiplied by the second, and that product by the third, and so on to the last flake. And then suppose that this total should be multiplied by every drop of rain that ever fell, calling each drop a figure nine; and that total by each blade of grass that ever helped to weave a carpet for the earth, calling each blade a figure nine; and that again by every grain of sand on every shore, so that the grand total would make a line of nines so long that it would require millions upon millions of years for light, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles per second, to reach the end. And suppose, further, that each unit in this almost infinite total stood for billions of ages—still that vast and almost endless time, measured by all the years beyond, is as one flake, one drop, one leaf, one blade, one grain, compared with all the flakes and drops and leaves and blades and grains. Upon love's breast the church has placed the eternal asp. And yet, in the same book in which is taught this most infamous of doctrines, we are assured that "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

III.

SO FAR as we know, man is the author of all books. If a book had been found on the earth by the first man, he might have regarded it as the work of God; but as men were here a good while before any books were found, and as man has produced a great many books, the probability is that the Bible is no exception.

Most nations, at the time the Old Testament was written, believed in slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination, and religious persecution; and it is not wonderful that the book contained nothing contrary to such belief. The fact that it was in exact accord with the morality of its time proves that it was not the product of any being superior to man. "The inspired writers" upheld or established slavery, countenanced polygamy, commanded wars of extermination, and ordered the slaughter of women and babes. In these respects they were precisely like the uninspired savages by whom they were surrounded. They also taught and commanded religious persecution as a duty, and visited the most trivial offences with the punishment of death. In these particulars they were in exact accord with their barbarian neighbors. They were utterly ignorant of geology and astronomy, and knew no more of what had happened than of what would happen; and, so far as accuracy is concerned, their history and prophecy were about equal; in other words, they were just as ignorant as those who lived and died in nature's night.

Does any Christian believe that if God were to write a book now, he would uphold the crimes commanded in the Old Testament? Has Jehovah improved? Has infinite

mercy-become more merciful? Has infinite wisdom intellectually-advanced? Will any one claim that the passages upholding slavery have liberated mankind; that we are indebted for our modern homes to the texts that made polygamy a virtue; or that religious liberty found its soil, its light, and rain in the infamous verse wherein the husband is commanded to stone to death the wife for worshiping an unknown god?

The usual answer to these objections is that no country has ever been civilized without the Bible.

The Jews were the only people to whom Jehovah made his will directly known,—the only people who had the Old Testament. Other nations were utterly neglected by their Creator. Yet, such was the effect of the Old Testament on the Jews, that they crucified a kind, loving, and perfectly innocent man. They could not have done much worse without a Bible. In the crucifixion of Christ, they followed the teachings of his Father. If, as it is now alleged by the theologians, no nation can be civilized without a Bible, certainly God must have known the fact six thousand years ago, as well as the theologians know it now. Why did he not furnish every nation with a Bible?

As to the Old Testament, I insist that all the bad passages were written by men; that those passages were not inspired. I insist that a being of infinite goodness never commanded man to enslave his fellow-man, never told a mother to sell her babe, never established polygamy, never ordered one nation to exterminate another, and never told a husband to kill his wife because she suggested the worshiping of some other God.

I also insist that the Old Testament would be a much better book with all of these passages left out; and, whatever may be said of the rest, the passages to which attention has been drawn can with vastly more propriety be attributed to a devil than to a god.

Take from the New Testament all passages upholding the idea that belief is necessary to salvation; that Christ was offered as an atonement for the sins of the world; that the punishment of the human soul will go on forever; that heaven is the reward of faith, and hell the penalty of honest investigation; take from it all miraculous stories,—and I admit that all the good passages are true. If they are true, it makes no difference whether they are inspired or not. Inspiration is only necessary to give authority to that which is repugnant to human reason. Only that which never happened needs to be substantiated by miracles. The universe is natural.

The church must cease to insist that the passages upholding the institutions of savage men were inspired of God. The dogma of the atonement must be abandoned. Good deeds must take the place of faith. The savagery of eternal punishment must be renounced. Credulity is not a virtue, and investigation is not a crime. Miracles are the children of mendacity. Nothing can be more wonderful than the majestic, unbroken, sublime, and eternal procession of causes and effects.

Reason must be the final arbiter. “Inspired” books attested by miracles cannot stand against a demonstrated fact. A religion that does not command the respect of the greatest minds will, in a little while, excite the mockery of all. Every civilized man believes in the liberty of thought. Is it possible that God is intolerant? Is an act

infamous in man one of the virtues of the Deity? Could there be progress in heaven without intellectual liberty? Is the freedom of the future to exist only in perdition? Is it not, after all, barely possible that a man acting like Christ can be saved? Is a man to be eternally rewarded for believing according to evidence, without evidence, or against evidence? Are we to be saved because we are good, or because another was virtuous? Is credulity to be winged and crowned, while honest doubt is chained and damned?

Do not misunderstand me. My position is that the cruel passages in the Old Testament are not inspired; that slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination, and religious persecution always have been, are, and forever will be, abhorred and cursed by the honest, the virtuous, and the loving; that the innocent cannot justly suffer for the guilty, and that vicarious vice and vicarious virtue are equally absurd; that eternal punishment is eternal revenge; that only the natural can happen; that miracles prove the dishonesty of the few and the credulity of the many; and that, according to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, salvation does not depend upon belief, nor the atonement, nor a "second birth," but that these gospels are in exact harmony with the declaration of the great Persian: "Taking the first footstep with the good thought, the second with the good word, and the third with the good deed, I entered paradise."

The dogmas of the past no longer reach the level of the highest thought, nor satisfy the hunger of the heart. While dusty faiths, embalmed and sepulchered in ancient texts, remain the same, the sympathies of men enlarge; the brain no longer kills its young; the happy lips give liberty to honest thoughts; the mental firmament expands and lifts; the broken clouds drift by; the hideous dreams, the foul, misshapen children of the monstrous night, dissolve and fade.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

The Christian Religion, By Jeremiah S. Black

"Gratiano speaks of an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search."—*Merchant of Venice.*

THE request to answer the foregoing paper comes to me, not in the form but with the effect of a challenge, which I cannot decline without seeming to acknowledge that the religion of the civilized world is an absurd superstition, propagated by impostors, professed by hypocrites, and believed only by credulous dupes.

But why should I, an unlearned and unauthorized layman, be placed in such a predicament? The explanation is easy enough. This is no business of the priests. Their prescribed duty is to preach the word, in the full assurance that it will commend itself to all good and honest hearts by its own manifest veracity and the singular purity of its precepts. They cannot afford to turn away from their proper work, and leave willing hearers uninstructed, while they wrangle in vain with a predetermined opponent. They were warned to expect slander, indignity, and insult, and these are among the evils which they must not resist.

It will be seen that I am assuming no clerical function. I am not out on the forlorn hope of converting Mr. Ingersoll. I am no preacher exhorting a sinner to leave the seat of the scornful and come up to the bench of the penitents. My duty is more analogous to that of the policeman who would silence a rude disturber of the congregation by telling him that his clamor is false and his conduct an offence against public decency.

Nor is the Church in any danger which calls for the special vigilance of its servants. Mr. Ingersoll thinks that the rock-founded faith of Christendom is giving way before his assaults, but he is grossly mistaken. The first sentence of his essay is a preposterous blunder. It is not true that "*a profound change* has taken place in the world of *thought,*" unless a more rapid spread of the Gospel and a more faithful observance of its moral principles can be called so. Its truths are everywhere proclaimed with the power of sincere conviction, and accepted with devout reverence by uncounted multitudes of all classes. Solemn temples rise to its honor in the great cities; from every hill-top in the country you see the church-spire pointing toward heaven, and on Sunday all the paths that lead to it are crowded with worshipers. In nearly all families, parents teach their children that Christ is God, and his system of morality absolutely perfect. This belief lies so deep in the popular heart that, if every written record of it were destroyed to-day, the memory of millions could reproduce it to-morrow. Its earnestness is proved by its works. Wherever it goes it manifests itself in deeds of practical benevolence. It builds, not churches alone, but almshouses, hospitals, and asylums. It shelters the poor, feeds the hungry, visits the sick, consoles the afflicted, provides for the fatherless, comforts the heart of the widow, instructs the ignorant, reforms the vicious, and saves to the uttermost them that are ready to perish. To the common observer, it does not look as if Christianity was making itself

ready to be swallowed up by Infidelity. Thus far, at least, the promise has been kept that “the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

There is, to be sure, a change in the party hostile to religion—not “a profound change,” but a change entirely superficial—which consists, not in thought, but merely in modes of expression and methods of attack. The bad classes of society always hated the doctrine and discipline which reproached their wickedness and frightened them by threats of punishment in another world. Aforetime they showed their contempt of divine authority only by their actions; but now, under new leadership, their enmity against God breaks out into articulate blasphemy. They assemble themselves together, they hear with passionate admiration the bold harangue which ridicules and defies the Maker of the universe; fiercely they rage against the Highest, and loudly they laugh, alike at the justice that condemns, and the mercy that offers to pardon them. The orator who relieves them by assurances of impunity, and tells them that no supreme authority has made any law to control them, is applauded to the echo and paid a high price for his congenial labor; he pockets their money, and flatters himself that he is a great power, profoundly moving “the world of thought.”

There is another totally false notion expressed in the opening paragraph, namely, that “they who know most of nature believe the least about theology.” The truth is exactly the other way. The more clearly one sees “the grand procession of causes and effects,” the more awful his reverence becomes for the author of the “sublime and unbroken” law which links them together. Not self-conceit and rebellious pride, but unspeakable humility, and a deep sense of the measureless distance between the Creator and the creature, fills the mind of him who looks with a rational spirit upon the works of the All-wise One. The heart of Newton repeats the solemn confession of David: “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him or the son of man that thou visitest him?” At the same time, the lamentable fact must be admitted that “a little learning is a dangerous thing” to some persons. The sciolist with a mere smattering of physical knowledge is apt to mistake himself for a philosopher, and swelling with his own importance, he gives out, like Simon Magus, “that himself is some great one.” His vanity becomes inflamed more and more, until he begins to think he knows all things. He takes every occasion to show his accomplishments by finding fault with the works of creation* and Providence; and this is an exercise in which he cannot long continue without learning to disbelieve in any Being greater than himself. It was to such a person, and not to the unpretending simpleton, that Solomon applied his often quoted aphorism: “The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.” These are what Paul refers to as “vain babblings and the opposition of science, falsely so called;” but they are perfectly powerless to stop or turn aside the great current of human thought on the subject of Christian theology. That majestic stream, supplied from a thousand unfailing fountains, rolls on and will roll forever.

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis aevum.

Mr. Ingersoll is not, as some have estimated him, the most formidable enemy that Christianity has encountered since the time of Julian the Apostate. But he stands at the head of living infidels, “by merit raised to that bad eminence.” His mental organization has the peculiar defects which fit him for such a place. He is all

imagination and no discretion. He rises sometimes into a region of wild poetry, where he can color everything to suit himself. His motto well expresses the character of his argumentation—"mountains are as unstable as clouds:" a fancy is as good as a fact, and a high-sounding period is rather better than a logical demonstration. His inordinate self-confidence makes him at once ferocious and fearless. He was a practical politician before he "took the stump" against Christianity, and at all times he has proved his capacity to "split the ears of the groundlings," and make the unskillful laugh. The article before us is the least objectionable of all his productions. Its style is higher, and better suited to the weight of the theme. Here the violence of his fierce invective is moderated; his scurrility gives place to an attempt at sophistry less shocking if not more true; and his coarse jokes are either excluded altogether, or else veiled in the decent obscurity of general terms. Such a paper from such a man, at a time like the present, is not wholly unworthy of a grave contradiction.

He makes certain charges which we answer by an explicit denial, and thus an issue is made, upon which, as a pleader would say, we "put ourselves upon the country." He avers that a certain "something called Christianity" is a false faith imposed on the world without evidence; that the facts it pretends to rest on are mere inventions; that its doctrines are pernicious; that its requirements are unreasonable, and that its sanctions are cruel. I deny all this, and assert, on the contrary, that its doctrines are divinely revealed; its fundamental facts incontestably proved; its morality perfectly free from all taint of error, and its influence most beneficent upon society in general, and upon all individuals who accept it and make it their rule of action.

How shall this be determined? Not by what we call divine revelation, for that would be begging the question; not by sentiment, taste, or temper, for these are as likely to be false as true; but by inductive reasoning from evidence, of which the value is to be measured according to those rules of logic which enlightened and just men everywhere have adopted to guide them in the search for truth. We can appeal only to that rational love of justice, and that detestation of falsehood, which fair-minded persons of good intelligence bring to the consideration of other important subjects when it becomes their duty to decide upon them. In short, I want a decision upon sound judicial principles.

Gibson, the great Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania, once said to certain skeptical friends of his: "Give Christianity a common-law trial; submit the evidence *pro* and *con* to an impartial jury under the direction of a competent court, and the verdict will assuredly be in its favor." This deliverance, coming from the most illustrious judge of his time, not at all given to expressions of sentimental piety, and quite incapable of speaking on any subject for mere effect, staggered the unbelief of those who heard it. I did not know him then, except by his great reputation for ability and integrity, but my thoughts were strongly influenced by his authority, and I learned to set a still higher value upon all his opinions, when, in after life, I was honored with his close and intimate friendship.

Let Christianity have a trial on Mr. Ingersoll's indictment, and give us a decision *secundum allegata et probata*. I will confine myself strictly to the record; that is to say, I will meet the accusations contained in this paper, and not those made elsewhere by him or others.

His first specification against Christianity is the belief of its disciples "that there is a personal God, the creator of the material universe." If God made the world it was a most stupendous miracle, and all miracles, according to Mr. Ingersoll's idea are "the children of mendacity." To admit the one great miracle of creation would be an admission that other miracles are at least probable, and that would ruin his whole case. But you cannot catch the leviathan of atheism with a hook. The universe, he says, is natural—it came into being of its own accord; it made its own laws at the start, and afterward improved itself considerably by spontaneous evolution. It would be a mere waste of time and space to enumerate the proofs which show that the universe was created by a pre-existent and self-conscious Being, of power and wisdom to us inconceivable. Conviction of the fact (miraculous though it be) forces itself on every one whose mental faculties are healthy and tolerably well balanced. The notion that all things owe their origin and their harmonious arrangement to the fortuitous concurrence of atoms is a kind of lunacy which very few men in these days are afflicted with. I hope I may safely assume it as certain that all, or nearly all, who read this page will have sense and reason enough to see for themselves that the plan of the universe could not have been designed without a Designer or executed without a Maker.

But Mr. Ingersoll asserts that, at all events, this material world had not a good and beneficent creator; it is a bad, savage, cruel piece of work, with its pestilences, storms, earthquakes, and volcanoes; and man, with his liability to sickness, suffering, and death, is not a success, but, on the contrary, a failure. To defend the Creator of the world against an arraignment so foul as this would be almost as unbecoming as to make the accusation. We have neither jurisdiction nor capacity to rejudge the justice of God. Why man is made to fill this particular place in the scale of creation—a little lower than the angels, yet far above the brutes; not passionless and pure, like the former, nor mere machines, like the latter; able to stand, yet free to fall; knowing the right, and accountable for going wrong; gifted with reason, and impelled by self-love to exercise the faculty—these are questions on which we may have our speculative opinions, but knowledge is out of our reach. Meantime, we do not discredit our mental independence by taking it for granted that the Supreme Being has done all things well. Our ignorance of the whole scheme makes us poor critics upon the small part that comes within our limited perceptions. Seeming defects in the structure of the world may be its most perfect ornament—all apparent harshness the tenderest of mercies.

"All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good."

But worse errors are imputed to God as moral ruler of the world than those charged against him as creator. He made man badly, but governed him worse; if the Jehovah of the Old Testament was not merely an imaginary being, then, according to Mr. Ingersoll, he was a prejudiced, barbarous, criminal tyrant. We will see what ground he lays, if any, for these outrageous assertions.

Mainly, principally, first and most important of all, is the unqualified assertion that the "moral code" which Jehovah gave to his people "is in many respects abhorrent to every good and tender man." Does Mr. Ingersoll know what he is talking about? The

moral code of the Bible consists of certain immutable rules to govern the conduct of all men, at all times and all places, in their private and personal relations with one another. It is entirely separate and apart from the civil polity, the religious forms, the sanitary provisions, the police regulations, and the system of international law laid down for the special and exclusive observance of the Jewish people. This is a distinction which every intelligent man knows how to make. Has Mr. Ingersoll fallen into the egregious blunder of confounding these things? or, understanding the true sense of his words, is he rash and shameless enough to assert that the moral code of the Bible excites the abhorrence of good men? In fact, and in truth, this moral code, which he reviles, instead of being abhorred, is entitled to, and has received, the profoundest respect of all honest and sensible persons. The second table of the Decalogue is a perfect compendium of those duties which every man owes to himself, his family, and his neighbor. In a few simple words, which he can commit to memory almost in a minute, it teaches him to purify his heart from covetousness; to live decently, to injure nobody in reputation, person, or property, and to give every one his own. By the poets, the prophets, and the sages of Israel, these great elements are expanded into a volume of minuter rules, so clear, so impressive, and yet so solemn and so lofty, that no pre-existing system of philosophy can compare with it for a moment. If this vain mortal is not blind with passion, he will see, upon reflection, that he has attacked the Old Testament precisely where it is most impregnable.

Dismissing his groundless charge against the moral code, we come to his strictures on the civil government of the Jews, which he says was so bad and unjust that the Lawgiver by whom it was established must have been as savagely cruel as the Creator that made storms and pestilences; and the work of both was more worthy of a devil than a God. His language is recklessly bad, very defective in method, and altogether lacking in precision. But, apart from the ribaldry of it, which I do not feel myself bound to notice, I find four objections to the Jewish constitution—not more than four—which are definite enough to admit of an answer. These relate to the provisions of the Mosaic law on the subjects of (1) Blasphemy and Idolatry; (2) War; (3) Slavery; (4) Polygamy. In these respects he pronounces the Jewish system not only unwise but criminally unjust.

Here let me call attention to the difficulty of reasoning about justice with a man who has no acknowledged standard of right and wrong. What is justice? That which accords with law; and the supreme law is the will of God. But I am dealing with an adversary who does not admit that there is a God. Then for him there is no standard at all; one thing is as right as another, and all things are equally wrong. Without a sovereign ruler there is no law, and where there is no law there can be no transgression. It is the misfortune of the atheistic theory that it makes the moral world an anarchy; it refers all ethical questions to that confused tribunal where chaos sits as umpire and “by decision more embroils the fray.” But through the whole of this cloudy paper there runs a vein of presumptuous egotism which says as plainly as words can speak it that the author holds *himself* to be the ultimate judge of all good and evil; what he approves is right, and what he dislikes is certainly wrong. Of course I concede nothing to a claim like that. I will not admit that the Jewish constitution is a thing to be condemned merely because he curses it. I appeal from his profane malediction to the conscience of men who have a rule to judge by. Such persons will

readily see that his specific objections to the statesmanship which established the civil government of the Hebrew people are extremely shallow, and do not furnish the shade of an excuse for the indecency of his general abuse.

First. He regards the punishments inflicted for blasphemy and idolatry as being immoderately cruel. Considering them merely as religious offences,—as sins against God alone,—I agree that civil laws should notice them not at all. But sometimes they affect very injuriously certain social rights which it is the duty of the state to protect. Wantonly to shock the religious feelings of your neighbor is a grievous wrong. To utter blasphemy or obscenity in the presence of a Christian woman is hardly better than to strike her in the face. Still, neither policy nor justice requires them to be ranked among the highest crimes in a government constituted like ours. But things were wholly different under the Jewish theocracy, where God was the personal head of the state. There blasphemy was a breach of political allegiance; idolatry was an overt act of treason; to worship the gods of the hostile heathen was deserting to the public enemy, and giving him aid and comfort. These are crimes which every independent community has always punished with the utmost rigor. In our own very recent history, they were repressed at the cost of more lives than Judea ever contained at any one time.

Mr. Ingersoll not only ignores these considerations, but he goes the length of calling God a religious persecutor and a tyrant because he does not encourage and reward the service and devotion paid by his enemies to the false gods of the pagan world. He professes to believe that all kinds of worship are equally meritorious, and should meet the same acceptance from the true God. It is almost incredible that such drivel as this should be uttered by anybody. But Mr. Ingersoll not only expresses the thought plainly—he urges it with the most extravagant figures of his florid rhetoric. He quotes the first commandment, in which Jehovah claims for himself the exclusive worship of His people, and cites, in contrast, the promise put in the mouth of Brahma, that he will appropriate the worship of all gods to himself, and reward all worshipers alike. These passages being compared, he declares the first “a dungeon, where crawl the things begot of jealous slime;” the other, “great as the domed firmament, inlaid with suns.” Why is the living God, whom Christians believe to be the Lord of liberty and Father of lights, denounced as the keeper of a loathsome dungeon? Because he refuses to encourage and reward the worship of Mammon and Moloch, of Belial and Baal; of Bacchus, with its drunken orgies, and Venus, with its wanton obscenities; the bestial religion which degraded the soul of Egypt and the “dark idolatries of alienated Judah,” polluted with the moral filth of all the nations round about.

Let the reader decide whether this man, entertaining such sentiments and opinions, is fit to be a teacher, or at all likely to lead us in the way we should go.

Second. Under the constitution which God provided for the Jews, they had, like every other nation, the war-making power. They could not have lived a day without it. The right to exist implied the right to repel, with all their strength, the opposing force which threatened their destruction. It is true, also, that in the exercise of this power they did not observe those rules of courtesy and humanity which have been adopted in modern times by civilized belligerents. Why? Because their enemies, being mere

savages, did not understand and would not practise, any rule whatever; and the Jews were bound *ex necessitate rei*—not merely justified by the *lex talionis*—to do as their enemies did. In your treatment of hostile barbarians, you not only may lawfully, but must necessarily, adopt their mode of warfare. If they come to conquer you, they may be conquered by you; if they give no quarter, they are entitled to none; if the death of your whole population be their purpose, you may defeat it by exterminating theirs. This sufficiently answers the silly talk of atheists and semi-atheists about the warlike wickedness of the Jews.

But Mr. Ingersoll positively, and with the emphasis of supreme and all-sufficient authority, declares that "a war of conquest is simply murder." He sustains this proposition by no argument founded in principle. He puts sentiment in place of law, and denounces aggressive fighting because it is offensive to his "tender and refined soul;" the atrocity of it is therefore proportioned to the sensibilities of his own heart. He proves war a desperately wicked thing by continually vaunting his own love for small children. Babes—sweet babes—the prattle of babes—are the subjects of his most pathetic eloquence, and his idea of music is embodied in the commonplace expression of a Hindu, that the lute is sweet only to those who have not heard the prattle of their own children. All this is very amiable in him, and the more so, perhaps, as these objects of his affection are the young ones of a race in his opinion miscreated by an evil-working chance. But his *philoprogenitiveness* proves nothing against Jew or Gentile, seeing that all have it in an equal degree, and those feel it most who make the least parade of it. Certainly it gives him no authority to malign the God who implanted it alike in the hearts of us all. But I admit that his benevolence becomes peculiar and ultra when it extends to beasts as well as babes. He is struck with horror by the sacrificial solemnities of the Jewish religion. "The killing of those animals was," he says, "a terrible system," a "shedding of innocent blood," "shocking to a refined and sensitive soul." There is such a depth of tenderness in this feeling, and such a splendor of refinement, that I give up without a struggle to the superiority of a man who merely professes it. A carnivorous American, full of beef and mutton, who mourns with indignant sorrow because bulls and goats were killed in Judea three thousand years ago, has reached the climax of sentimental goodness, and should be permitted to dictate on all questions of peace and war. Let Grotius, Vattel, and Pufendorf, as well as Moses and the prophets, hide their diminished heads.

But to show how inefficacious, for all practical purposes, a mere sentiment is when substituted for a principle, it is only necessary to recollect that Mr. Ingersoll is himself a warrior who staid not behind the mighty men of his tribe when they gathered themselves together for a war of conquest. He took the lead of a regiment as eager as himself to spoil the Philistines, "and out he went a-coloneling." How many Amale-kites, and Hittites, and Amorites he put to the edge of the sword, how many wives he widowed, or how many mothers he "unbabed" cannot now be told. I do not even know how many droves of innocent oxen he condemned to the slaughter.

But it is certain that his refined and tender soul took great pleasure in the terror, conflagration, blood, and tears with which the war was attended, and in all the hard oppressions which the conquered people were made to suffer afterwards. I do not say

that the war was either better or worse for his participation and approval. But if his own conduct (for which he professes neither penitence nor shame) was right, it was right on grounds which make it an inexcusable outrage to call the children of Israel savage criminals for carrying on wars of aggression to save the life of their government. These inconsistencies are the necessary consequence of having no rule of action and no guide for the conscience. When a man throws away the golden metewand of the law which God has provided, and takes the elastic cord of feeling for his measure of righteousness, you cannot tell from day to day what he will think or do.

Third. But Jehovah permitted his chosen people to hold the captives they took in war or purchased from the heathen as servants for life. This was slavery, and Mr. Ingersoll declares that "in all civilized countries it is not only admitted, but it is passionately asserted, that slavery is, and always was, a hideous crime," therefore he concludes that Jehovah was a criminal. This would be a *non sequitur*, even if the premises were true. But the premises are false; civilized countries have admitted no such thing. That slavery is a crime, under all circumstances and at all times, is a doctrine first started by the adherents of a political faction in this country, less than forty years ago. They denounced God and Christ for not agreeing with them, in terms very similar to those used here by Mr. Ingersoll. But they did not constitute the civilized world; nor were they, if the truth must be told, a very respectable portion of it. Politically, they were successful; I need not say by what means, or with what effect upon the morals of the country. Doubtless Mr. Ingersoll gets a great advantage by invoking their passions and their interests to his aid, and he knows how to use it. I can only say that, whether American Abolitionism was right or wrong under the circumstances in which we were placed, my faith and my reason both assure me that the infallible God proceeded upon good grounds when he authorized slavery in Judea. Subordination of inferiors to superiors is the groundwork of human society. All improvement of our race, in this world and the next, must come from obedience to some master better and wiser than ourselves. There can be no question that, when a Jew took a neighboring savage for his bond-servant, incorporated him into his family, tamed him, taught him to work, and gave him a knowledge of the true God, he conferred upon him a most beneficent boon.

Fourth. Polygamy is another of his objections to the Mosaic constitution. Strange to say, it is not there. It is neither commanded nor prohibited; it is only discouraged. If Mr. Ingersoll were a statesman instead of a mere politician, he would see good and sufficient reasons for the forbearance to legislate directly upon the subject. It would be improper for me to set them forth here. He knows, probably, that the influence of the Christian Church alone, and without the aid of state enactments, has extirpated this bad feature of Asiatic manners wherever its doctrines were carried. As the Christian faith prevails in any community, in that proportion precisely marriage is consecrated to its true purpose, and all intercourse between the sexes refined and purified. Mr. Ingersoll got his own devotion to the principle of monogamy—his own respect for the highest type of female character—his own belief in the virtue of fidelity to one good wife—from the example and precept of his Christian parents. I speak confidently, because these are sentiments which do not grow in the heart of the natural man without being planted. Why, then, does he throw polygamy into the face

of the religion which abhors it? Because he is nothing if not political. The Mormons believe in polygamy, and the Mormons are unpopular. They are guilty of having not only many wives but much property, and if a war could be hissed up against them, its fruits might be more "gaynefull pilladge than wee doe now conceyve of." It is a cunning maneuver, this, of strengthening atheism by enlisting anti-Mormon rapacity against the God of the Christians. I can only protest against the use he would make of these and other political interests. It is not argument; it is mere stump oratory.

I think I have repelled all of Mr. Ingersoll's accusations against the Old Testament that are worth noticing, and I might stop here. But I will not close upon him without letting him see, at least, some part of the case on the other side.

I do not enumerate in detail the positive proofs which support the authenticity of the Hebrew Bible, though they are at hand in great abundance, because the evidence in support of the new dispensation will establish the verity of the old—the two being so connected together that if one is true the other cannot be false.

When Jesus of Nazareth announced himself to be Christ, the Son of God, in Judea, many thousand persons who heard his words and saw his works believed in his divinity without hesitation. Since the morning of the creation, nothing has occurred so wonderful as the rapidity with which this religion spread itself abroad. Men who were in the noon of life when Jesus was put to death as a malefactor lived to see him worshiped as God by organized bodies of believers in every province of the Roman empire. In a few more years it took complete possession of the general mind, supplanted all other religions, and wrought a radical change in human society. It did this in the face of obstacles which, according to every human calculation, were insurmountable. It was antagonized by all the evil propensities, the sensual wickedness, and the vulgar crimes of the multitude, as well as the polished vices of the luxurious classes; and was most violently opposed even by those sentiments and habits of thought which were esteemed virtuous, such as patriotism and military heroism. It encountered not only the ignorance and superstition, but the learning and philosophy, the poetry, eloquence, and art of the time. Barbarism and civilization were alike its deadly enemies. The priesthood of every established religion and the authority of every government were arrayed against it. All these, combined together and roused to ferocious hostility, were overcome, not by the enticing words of man's wisdom, but by the simple presentation of a pure and peaceful doctrine, preached by obscure strangers at the daily peril of their lives. Is it Mr. Ingersoll's idea that this happened by chance, like the creation of the world? If not, there are but two other ways to account for it; either the evidence by which the Apostles were able to prove the supernatural origin of the gospel was overwhelming and irresistible, or else its propagation was provided for and carried on by the direct aid of the Divine Being himself. Between these two, infidelity may make its own choice.

Just here another dilemma presents its horns to our adversary. If Christianity was a human fabrication, its authors must have been either good men or bad. It is a moral impossibility—a mere contradiction in terms—to say that good, honest, and true men practised a gross and willful deception upon the world. It is equally incredible that any combination of knaves, however base, would fraudulently concoct a religious system to denounce themselves, and to invoke the curse of God upon their own

conduct. Men that love lies, love not such lies as that. Is there any way out of this difficulty, except by confessing that Christianity is what it purports to be—a divine revelation?

The acceptance of Christianity by a large portion of the generation contemporary with its Founder and his apostles was, under the circumstances, an adjudication as solemn and authoritative as mortal intelligence could pronounce. The record of that judgment has come down to us, accompanied by the depositions of the principal witnesses. In the course of eighteen centuries many efforts have been made to open the judgment or set it aside on the ground that the evidence was insufficient to support it. But on every rehearing the wisdom and virtue of mankind have re-affirmed it. And now comes Mr. Ingersoll, to try the experiment of another bold, bitter, and fierce reargument. I will present some of the considerations which would compel me, if I were a judge or juror in the cause, to decide it just as it was decided originally.

First. There is no good reason to doubt that the statements of the evangelists, as we have them now, are genuine. The multiplication of copies was a sufficient guarantee against any material alteration of the text. Mr. Ingersoll speaks of interpolations made by the fathers of the Church. All he knows and all he has ever heard on that subject is that some of the innumerable transcripts contained errors which were discovered and corrected. That simply proves the present integrity of the documents.

Second. I call these statements *depositions*, because they are entitled to that kind of credence which we give to declarations made under oath—but in a much higher degree, for they are more than sworn to. They were made in the immediate prospect of death. Perhaps this would not affect the conscience of an atheist,—neither would an oath,—but these people manifestly believed in a judgment after death, before a God of truth, whose displeasure they feared above all things.

Third. The witnesses could not have been mistaken. The nature of the facts precluded the possibility of any delusion about them. For every averment they had "the sensible and true avouch of their own eyes" and ears. Besides, they were plain-thinking, sober, unimaginative men, who, unlike Mr. Ingersoll, always, under all circumstances, and especially in the presence of eternity, recognized the difference between mountains and clouds. It is inconceivable how any fact could be proven by evidence more conclusive than the statement of such persons, publicly given and steadfastly persisted in through every kind of persecution, imprisonment and torture to the last agonies of a lingering death.

Fourth. Apart from these terrible tests, the more ordinary claims to credibility are not wanting. They were men of unimpeachable character. The most virulent enemies of the cause they spoke and died for have never suggested a reason for doubting their personal honesty. But there is affirmative proof that they and their fellow-disciples were held by those who knew them in the highest estimation for truthfulness. Wherever they made their report it was not only believed, but believed with a faith so implicit that thousands were ready at once to seal it with their blood.

Fifth. The tone and temper of their narrative impress us with a sentiment of profound respect. It is an artless, unimpassioned, simple story. No argument, no

rhetoric, no epithets, no praises of friends, no denunciation of enemies, no attempts at concealment. How strongly these qualities commend the testimony of a witness to the confidence of judge and jury is well known to all who have any experience in such matters.

Sixth. The statements made by the evangelists are alike upon every important point, but are different in form and expression, some of them including details which the others omit. These variations make it perfectly certain that there could have been no previous concert between the witnesses, and that each spoke independently of the others, according to his own conscience and from his own knowledge. In considering the testimony of several witnesses to the same transaction, their substantial agreement upon the main facts, with circumstantial differences in the detail, is always regarded as the great characteristic of truth and honesty. There is no rule of evidence more universally adopted than this—none better sustained by general experience, or more immovably fixed in the good sense of mankind. Mr. Ingersoll, himself, admits the rule and concedes its soundness. The logical consequence of that admission is that we are bound to take this evidence as incontestably true. But mark the infatuated perversity with which he seeks to evade it. He says that when we claim that the witnesses were inspired, the rule does not apply, because the witnesses then speak what is known to him who inspired them, and all must speak exactly the same, even to the minutest detail. Mr. Ingersoll's notion of an inspired witness is that he is no witness at all, but an irresponsible medium who unconsciously and involuntarily raps out or writes down whatever he is prompted to say. But this is a false assumption, not countenanced or even suggested by anything contained in the Scriptures. The apostles and evangelists are expressly declared to be witnesses, in the proper sense of the word, called and sent to testify the truth according to their knowledge. If they had all told the same story in the same way, without variation, and accounted for its uniformity by declaring that they were inspired, and had spoken without knowing whether their words were true or false, where would have been their claim to credibility? But they testified what they knew; and here comes an infidel critic impugning their testimony because the impress of truth is stamped upon its face.

Seventh. It does not appear that the statements of the evangelists were ever denied by any person who pretended to know the facts. Many there were in that age and afterward who resisted the belief that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, and only Saviour of man; but his wonderful works, the miraculous purity of his life, the unapproachable loftiness of his doctrines, his trial and condemnation by a judge who pronounced him innocent, his patient suffering, his death on the cross, and resurrection from the grave,—of these not the faintest contradiction was attempted, if we except the false and feeble story which the elders and chief priests bribed the guard at the tomb to put in circulation.

Eighth. What we call the fundamental truths of Christianity consist of great public events which are sufficiently established by history without special proof. The value of mere historical evidence increases according to the importance of the facts in question, their general notoriety, and the magnitude of their visible consequences. Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, and changed the destiny of

Europe and America. Nobody would think of calling a witness or even citing an official report to prove it. Julius Caesar was assassinated. We do not need to prove that fact like an ordinary murder. He was master of the world, and his death was followed by a war with the conspirators, the battle at Philippi, the quarrel of the victorious triumvirs, Actium, and the permanent establishment of imperial government under Augustus. The life and character, the death and resurrection, of Jesus are just as visibly connected with events which even an infidel must admit to be of equal importance. The Church rose and armed herself in righteousness for conflict with the powers of darkness; innumerable multitudes of the best and wisest rallied to her standard and died in her cause; her enemies employed the coarse and vulgar machinery of human government against her, and her professors were brutally murdered in large numbers, her triumph was complete; the gods of Greece and Rome crumbled on their altars; the world was revolutionized and human society was transformed. The course of these events, and a thousand others, which reach down to the present hour, received its first propulsion from the transcendent fact of Christ's crucifixion. Moreover, we find the memorial monuments of the original truth planted all along the way. The sacraments of baptism and the supper constantly point us back to the author and finisher of our faith. The mere historical evidence is for these reasons much stronger than what we have for other occurrences which are regarded as undeniable. When to this is added the cumulative evidence given directly and positively by eye-witnesses of irreproachable character, and wholly uncontradicted, the proof becomes so strong that the disbelief we hear of seems like a kind of insanity.

"It is the very error of the moon,
Which comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad!"

From the facts established by this evidence, it follows irresistibly that the Gospel has come to us from God. That silences all reasoning about the wisdom and justice of its doctrines, since it is impossible, even to imagine that wrong can be done or commanded by that Sovereign Being whose will alone is the ultimate standard of all justice.

But Mr. Ingersoll is still dissatisfied. He raises objections as false, fleeting, and baseless as clouds, and insists that they are as stable as the mountains, whose everlasting foundations are laid by the hand of the Almighty. I will compress his propositions into plain words printed in *italics*, and, taking a look at his misty creations, let them roll away and vanish into air, one after another.

Christianity offers eternal salvation as the reward of belief alone. This is a misrepresentation simple and naked. No such doctrine is propounded in the Scriptures, or in the creed of any Christian church. On the contrary, it is distinctly taught that faith avails nothing without repentance, reformation, and newness of life.

The mere failure to believe it is punished in hell. I have never known any Christian man or woman to assert this. It is universally agreed that children too young to understand it do not need to believe it. And this exemption extends to adults who have never seen the evidence, or, from weakness of intellect, are incapable of

weighing it. Lunatics and idiots are not in the least danger, and for aught I know, this category may, by a stretch of God's mercy, include minds constitutionally sound, but with faculties so perverted by education, habit, or passion that they are incapable of reasoning. I sincerely hope that, upon this or some other principle, Mr. Ingersoll may escape the hell he talks about so much. But there is no direct promise to save him in spite of himself. The plan of redemption contains no express covenant to pardon one who rejects it with scorn and hatred. Our hope for him rests upon the infinite compassion of that gracious Being who prayed on the cross for the insulting enemies who nailed him there.

The mystery of the second birth is incomprehensible. Christ established a new kingdom in the world, but not of it. Subjects were admitted to the privileges and protection of its government by a process equivalent to naturalization. To be born again, or regenerated is to be naturalized. The words all mean the same thing. Does Mr. Ingersoll want to disgrace his own intellect by pretending that he cannot see this simple analogy?

The doctrine of the atonement is absurd, unjust, and immoral. The plan of salvation, or any plan for the rescue of sinners from the legal operation of divine justice, could have been framed only in the councils of the Omniscient. Necessarily its heights and depths are not easily fathomed by finite intelligence. But the greatest, ablest, wisest, and most virtuous men that ever lived have given it their profoundest consideration, and found it to be not only authorized by revelation, but theoretically conformed to their best and highest conceptions of infinite goodness. Nevertheless, here is a rash and superficial man, without training or habits of reflection, who, upon a mere glance, declares that it "must be abandoned," because it *seems to him* "absurd, unjust, and immoral." I would not abridge his freedom of thought or speech, and the *argumentum ad verecundiam* would be lost upon him. Otherwise I might suggest that, when he finds all authority, human and divine, against him, he had better speak in a tone less arrogant.

He does not comprehend how justice and mercy can be blended together in the plan of redemption, and therefore it cannot be true. A thing is not necessarily false because he does not understand it: he cannot annihilate a principle or a fact by ignoring it. There are many truths in heaven and earth which no man can see through; for instance, the union of man's soul with his body, is not only an unknowable but an unimaginable mystery. Is it therefore false that a connection does exist between matter and spirit?

How, he asks, can the sufferings of an innocent person satisfy justice for the sins of the guilty? This raises a metaphysical question, which it is not necessary or possible for me to discuss here. As matter of fact, Christ died that sinners might be reconciled to God, and in that sense he died for them; that is, to furnish them with the means of averting divine justice, which their crimes had provoked..

What, he again asks, would we think of a man who allowed another to die for a crime which he himself had committed? I answer that a man who, by any contrivance, causes his own offence to be visited upon the head of an innocent person is unspeakably depraved. But are Christians guilty of this baseness because

they accept the blessings of an institution which their great benefactor died to establish? Loyalty to the King who has erected a most beneficent government for us at the cost of his life—fidelity to the Master who bought us with his blood—is not the fraudulent substitution of an innocent person in place of a criminal.

The doctrine of non-resistance, forgiveness of injuries, reconciliation with enemies, as taught in the New Testament, is the child of weakness, degrading and unjust. This is the whole substance of a long, rambling diatribe, as incoherent as a sick man's dream. Christianity does not forbid the necessary defense of civil society, or the proper vindication of personal rights. But to cherish animosity, to thirst for mere revenge, to hoard up wrongs, real or fancied, and lie in wait for the chance of paying them back; to be impatient, unforgiving, malicious, and cruel to all who have crossed us—these diabolical propensities are checked and curbed by the authority and spirit of the Christian religion, and the application of it has converted men from low savages into refined and civilized beings.

The punishment of sinners in eternal hell is excessive. The future of the soul is a subject on which we have very dark views. In our present state, the mind takes no idea except what is conveyed to it through the bodily senses. All our conceptions of the spiritual world are derived from some analogy to material things, and this analogy must necessarily be very remote, because the nature of the subjects compared is so diverse that a close similarity cannot be even supposed. No revelation has lifted the veil between time and eternity; but in shadowy figures we are warned that a very marked distinction will be made between the good and the bad in the next world. Speculative opinions concerning the punishment of the wicked, its nature and duration, vary with the temper and the imaginations of men. Doubtless we are many of us in error; but how can Mr. Ingersoll enlighten us? Acknowledge ing no standard of right and wrong in this world, he can have no theory of rewards and punishments in the next. The deeds done in the body, whether good or evil, are all morally alike in his eyes, and if there be in heaven a congregation of the just, he sees no reason why the worst rogue should not be a member of it. It is supposed, however, that man has a soul as well as a body, and that both are subject to certain laws, which cannot be violated without incurring the proper penalty—or consequence, if he likes that word better.

If Christ was God, he knew that his followers would persecute and murder men for their opinions; yet he did not forbid it. There is but one way to deal with this accusation, and that is to contradict it flatly. Nothing can be conceived more striking than the prohibition, not only of persecution, but of all the passions which lead or incite to it. No follower of Christ indulges in malice even to his enemy without violating the plainest rule of his faith. He cannot love God and hate his brother: if he says he can, St. John pronounces him a liar. The broadest benevolence, universal philanthropy, inexhaustible charity, are inculcated in every line of the New Testament. It is plain that Mr. Ingersoll never read a chapter of it; otherwise he would not have ventured upon this palpable falsification of its doctrines. Who told him that the devilish spirit of persecution was authorized, or encouraged, or not forbidden, by the Gospel? The person, whoever it was, who imposed upon his trusting ignorance should be given up to the just reprobation of his fellow-citizens.

Christians in modern times carry on wars of detraction and slander against one another. The discussions of theological subjects by men who believe in the fundamental doctrines of Christ are singularly free from harshness and abuse. Of course I cannot speak with absolute certainty, but I believe most confidently that there is not in all the religious polemics of this century as much slanderous invective as can be found in any ten lines of Mr. Ingersoll's writings. Of course I do not include political preachers among my models of charity and forbearance. They are a mendacious set, but Christianity is no more responsible for their misconduct than it is for the treachery of Judas Iscariot or the wrongs done to Paul by Alexander the coppersmith.

But, says he, Christians have been guilty of wanton and wicked Persecution. It is true that some persons, professing Christianity, have violated the fundamental principles of their faith by inflicting violent injuries and bloody wrongs upon their fellow-men. But the perpetrators of these outrages were in fact not Christians: they were either hypocrites from the beginning or else base apostates—infidels or something worse—hireling wolves, whose gospel was their maw. Not one of them ever pretended to find a warrant for his conduct in any precept of Christ or any doctrine of his Church. All the wrongs of this nature which history records have been the work of politicians, aided often by priests and ministers who were willing to deny their Lord and desert to the enemy, for the sake of their temporal interests. Take the cases most commonly cited and see if this be not a true account of them. The *auto da fé* of Spain and Portugal, the burnings at Smithfield, and the whipping of women in Massachusetts, were the outcome of a cruel, false, and antichristian policy. Coligny and his adherents were killed by an order of Charles IX., at the instance of the Guises, who headed a hostile faction, and merely for reasons of state. Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantes, and banished the Waldenses under pain of confiscation and death; but this was done on the declared ground that the victims were not safe subjects. The brutal atrocities of Cromwell and the outrages of the Orange lodges against the Irish Catholics were not persecutions by religious people, but movements as purely political as those of the Know-Nothings, Plug-Uglys, and Blood-Tubs of this country. If the Gospel should be blamed for these acts in opposition to its principles, why not also charge it with the cruelties of Nero, or the present persecution of the Jesuits by the infidel republic of France?

Christianity is opposed to freedom of thought. The kingdom of Christ is based upon certain principles, to which it requires the assent of every one who would enter therein. If you are unwilling to own his authority and conform your moral conduct to his laws, you cannot expect that he will admit you to the privileges of his government. But naturalization is not forced upon you if you prefer to be an alien. The Gospel makes the strongest and tenderest appeal to the heart, reason, and conscience of man—entreats him to take thought for his own highest interest, and by all its moral influence provokes him to good works; but he is not constrained by any kind of duress to leave the service or relinquish the wages of sin. Is there anything that savors of tyranny in this? A man of ordinary judgment will say, no. But Mr. Ingersoll thinks it as oppressive as the refusal of Jehovah to reward the worship of demons.

The gospel of Christ does not satisfy the hunger of the heart. That depends upon what kind of a heart it is. If it hungers after righteousness, it will surely be filled. It is probable, also, that if it hungers for the filthy food of a godless philosophy it will get what its appetite demands. That was an expressive phrase which Carlyle used when he called modern infidelity "the gospel of dirt." Those who are greedy to swallow it will doubless be supplied satisfactorily.

Accounts of miracles are always false. Are miracles impossible? No one will say so who opens his eyes to the miracles of creation with which we are surrounded on every hand. You cannot even show that they are *a priori* improbable. God would be likely to reveal his will to the rational creatures who were required to obey it; he would authenticate in some way the right of prophets and apostles to speak in his name; supernatural power was the broad seal which he affixed to their commission. From this it follows that the improbability of a miracle is no greater than the original improbability of a revelation, and that is not improbable at all. Therefore, if the miracles of the New Testament are proved by sufficient evidence, we believe them as we believe any other established fact. They become deniable only when it is shown that the great miracle of making the world was never performed. Accordingly Mr. Ingersoll abolishes creation first, and thus clears the way to his dogmatic conclusion that *all* miracles are "the children of mendacity."

Christianity is pernicious in its moral effect, darkens the mind, narrows the soul, arrests the progress of human society, and hinders civilization. Mr. Ingersoll, as a zealous apostle of "the gospel of dirt," must be expected to throw a good deal of mud. But this is too much: it injures himself instead of defiling the object of his assault. When I answer that all we have of virtue, justice, intellectual liberty, moral elevation, refinement, benevolence, and true wisdom came to us from that source which he reviles as the fountain of evil, I am not merely putting one assertion against the other; for I have the advantage, which he has not, of speaking what every tolerably well-informed man knows to be true. Reflect what kind of a world this was when the disciples of Christ undertook to reform it, and compare it with the condition in which their teachings have put it. In its mighty metropolis, the center of its intellectual and political power, the best men were addicted to vices so debasing that I could not even allude to them without soiling the paper I write upon. All manner of unprincipled wickedness was practiced in the private life of the whole population without concealment or shame, and the magistrates were thoroughly and universally corrupt. Benevolence in any shape was altogether unknown. The helpless and the weak got neither justice nor mercy. There was no relief for the poor, no succor for the sick, no refuge for the unfortunate. In all pagandom there was not a hospital, asylum, almshouse, or organized charity of any sort. The indifference to human life was literally frightful. The order of a successful leader to assassinate his opponents was always obeyed by his followers with the utmost alacrity and pleasure. It was a special amusement of the populace to witness the shows at which men were compelled to kill one another, to be torn in pieces by wild beasts, or otherwise "butchered, to make a Roman holiday." In every province paganism enacted the same cold-blooded cruelties; oppression and robbery ruled supreme; murder went rampaging and red over all the earth. The Church came, and her light penetrated this moral darkness like a new sun. She covered the globe with institutions of mercy, and thousands upon

thousands of her disciples devoted themselves exclusively to works of charity at the sacrifice of every earthly interest. Her earliest adherents were killed without remorse—beheaded, crucified, sawn asunder, thrown to the beasts, or covered with pitch, piled up in great heaps, and slowly burnt to death. But her faith was made perfect through suffering, and the law of love rose in triumph from the ashes of her martyrs. This religion has come down to us through the ages, attended all the way by righteousness, justice, temperance, mercy, transparent truthfulness, exulting hope, and white-winged charity. Never was its influence for good more plainly perceptible than now. It has not converted, purified, and reformed all men, for its first principle is the freedom of the human will, and there are those who choose to reject it. But to the mass of mankind, directly and indirectly, it has brought uncounted benefits and blessings. Abolish it—take away the restraints which it imposes on evil passions—silence the admonitions of its preachers—let all Christians cease their labors of charity—blot out from history the records of its heroic benevolence—repeal the laws it has enacted and the institutions it has built up—let its moral principles be abandoned and all its miracles of light be extinguished—what would we come to? I need not answer this question: the experiment has been partially tried. The French nation formally renounced Christianity, denied the existence of the Supreme Being, and so satisfied the hunger of the infidel heart for a time. What followed? Universal depravity, garments rolled in blood, fantastic crimes unimagined before, which startled the earth with their sublime atrocity. The American people have and ought to have no special desire to follow that terrible example of guilt and misery.

It is impossible to discuss this subject within the limits of a review. No doubt the effort to be short has made me obscure. If Mr. Ingersoll thinks himself wronged, or his doctrines misconstrued, let him not lay my fault at the door of the Church, or cast his censure on the clergy.

"*Adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.*"

J. S. Black.

The Christian Religion, By Robert G. Ingersoll

III.

“Apart from moral conduct, all that man thinks himself able to do, in order to become acceptable to God, is mere superstition and religious folly.” Kant.

“Apart from moral conduct, all that man thinks himself able to do, in order to become acceptable to God, is mere superstition and religious folly.” Kant.

SEVERAL months ago, The North American Review asked me to write an article, saying that it would be published if some one would furnish a reply. I wrote the article that appeared in the August number, and by me it was entitled “Is All of the Bible Inspired?” Not until the article was written did I know who was expected to answer. I make this explanation for the purpose of dissipating the impression that Mr. Black had been challenged by me. To have struck his shield with my lance might have given birth to the impression that I was somewhat doubtful as to the correctness of my position. I naturally expected an answer from some professional theologian, and was surprised to find that a reply had been written by a “policeman,” who imagined that he had answered my arguments by simply telling me that my statements were false. It is somewhat unfortunate that in a discussion like this any one should resort to the slightest personal detraction. The theme is great enough to engage the highest faculties of the human mind, and in the investigation of such a subject vituperation is singularly and vulgarly out of place. Arguments cannot be answered with insults. It is unfortunate that the intellectual arena should be entered by a “policeman,” who has more confidence in concussion than discussion. Kindness is strength. Good-nature is often mistaken for virtue, and good health sometimes passes for genius. Anger blows out the lamp of the mind. In the examination of a great and important question, every one should be serene, slow-pulsed, and calm. Intelligence is not the foundation of arrogance. Insolence is not logic. Epithets are the arguments of malice. Candor is the courage of the soul. Leaving the objectionable portions of Mr. Black’s reply, feeling that so grand a subject should not be blown and tainted with malicious words, I proceed to answer as best I may the arguments he has urged.

I am made to say that “the universe is natural”; that “it came into being of its own accord”; that “it made its own laws at the start, and afterward improved itself considerably by spontaneous evolution.”

I did say that “the universe is natural,” but I did not say that “it came into being of its own accord”; neither did I say that “it made its own laws and afterward improved itself.” The universe, according to my idea, is, always was, and forever will be. It did not “come into being,” it is the one eternal being,—the only thing that ever did, does, or can exist. It did not “make its own laws.” We know nothing of what we call the laws of nature except as we gather the idea of law from the uniformity of phenomena springing from like conditions. To make myself clear: Water always runs down-hill. The theist says that this happens because there is behind the phenomenon an active law. As a matter of fact, law is this side of the phenomenon. Law does not cause the

phenomenon, but the phenomenon causes the idea of law in our minds; and this idea is produced from the fact that under like circumstances the same phenomenon always happens. Mr. Black probably thinks that the difference in the weight of rocks and clouds was created by law; that parallel lines fail to unite only because it is illegal that diameter and circumference could have been so made that it would be a greater distance across than around a circle; that a straight line could enclose a triangle if not prevented by law, and that a little legislation could make it possible for two bodies to occupy the same space at the same time. It seems to me that law cannot be the cause of phenomena, but is an effect produced in our minds by their succession and resemblance. To put a God back of the universe, compels us to admit that there was a time when nothing existed except this God; that this God had lived from eternity in an infinite vacuum, and in absolute idleness. The mind of every thoughtful man is forced to one of these two conclusions: either that the universe is self-existent, or that it was created by a self-existent being. To my mind, there are far more difficulties in the second hypothesis than in the first.

Of course, upon a question like this, nothing can be absolutely known. We live on an atom called Earth, and what we know of the infinite is almost infinitely limited; but, little as we know, all have an equal right to give their honest thought. Life is a shadowy, strange, and winding road on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps—-just from the cradle, with its lullaby of love, to the low and quiet way-side inn, where all at last must sleep, and where the only salutation is—Good-night.

I know as little as any one else about the “plan” of the universe; and as to the “design,” I know just as little. It will not do to say that the universe was designed, and therefore there must be a designer. There must first be proof that it was “designed.” It will not do to say that the universe has a “plan,” and then assert that there must have been an infinite maker. The idea that a design must have a beginning and that a designer need not, is a simple expression of human ignorance. We find a watch, and we say: “So curious and wonderful a thing must have had a maker.” We find the watch-maker, and we say: “So curious and wonderful a thing as man must have had a maker.” We find God, and we then say: “He is so wonderful that he must *not* have had a maker.” In other words, all things a little wonderful must have been created, but it is possible for something to be so wonderful that it always existed. One would suppose that just as the wonder increased the necessity for a creator increased, because it is the wonder of the thing that suggests the idea of creation. Is it possible that a designer exists from all eternity without design? Was there no design in having an infinite designer? For me, it is hard to see the plan or design in earthquakes and pestilences. It is somewhat difficult to discern the design or the benevolence in so making the world that billions of animals live only on the agonies of others. The justice of God is not visible to me in the history of this world. When I think of the suffering and death, of the poverty and crime, of the cruelty and malice, of the heartlessness of this “design” and “plan,” where beak and claw and tooth tear and rend the quivering flesh of weakness and despair, I cannot convince myself that it is the result of infinite wisdom, benevolence, and justice.

Most Christians have seen and recognized this difficulty, and have endeavored to avoid it by giving God an opportunity in another world to rectify the seeming

mistakes of this. Mr. Black, however, avoids the entire question by saying: “We have neither jurisdiction nor capacity to rejudge the justice of God.” In other words, we have no right to think upon this subject, no right to examine the questions most vitally affecting human kind. We are simply to accept the ignorant statements of barbarian dead. This question cannot be settled by saying that “it would be a mere waste of time and space to enumerate the proofs which show that the Universe was created by a preexistent and self-conscious Being.” The time and space should have been “wasted,” and the proofs should have been enumerated. These “proofs” are what the wisest and greatest are trying to find. Logic is not satisfied with assertion. It cares nothing for the opinions of the “great,”—nothing for the prejudices of the many, and least of all for the superstitions of the dead. In the world of Science, a fact is a legal tender. Assertions and miracles are base and spurious coins. We have the right to rejudge the justice even of a god. No one should throw away his reason—the fruit of all experience. It is the intellectual capital of the soul, the only light, the only guide, and without it the brain becomes the palace of an idiot king, attended by a retinue of thieves and hypocrites.

Of course it is admitted that most of the Ten Commandments are wise and just. In passing, it may be well enough to say, that the commandment, “Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth,” was the absolute death of Art, and that not until after the destruction of Jerusalem was there a Hebrew painter or sculptor. Surely a commandment is not inspired that drives from the earth the living canvas and the breathing stone—leaves all walls bare and all the niches desolate. In the tenth commandment we find woman placed on an exact equality with other property, which, to say the least of it, has never tended to the amelioration of her condition.

A very curious thing about these commandments is that their supposed author violated nearly every one. From Sinai, according to the account, he said: “Thou shalt not kill,” and yet he ordered the murder of millions; “Thou shalt not commit adultery,” and yet he gave captured maidens to gratify the lust of captors; “Thou shalt not steal,” and yet he gave to Jewish marauders the flocks and herds of others; “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s house, nor his wife,” and yet he allowed his chosen people to destroy the homes of neighbors and to steal their wives; “Honor thy father and thy mother,” and yet this same God had thousands of fathers butchered, and with the sword of war killed children yet unborn; “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,” and yet he sent abroad “lying spirits” to deceive his own prophets, and in a hundred ways paid tribute to deceit. So far as we know, Jehovah kept only one of these commandments—he worshiped no other god.

The religious intolerance of the Old Testament is justified upon the ground that “blasphemy was a breach of political allegiance,” that “idolatry was an act of overt treason,” and that “to worship the gods of the hostile heathen was deserting to the public enemy, and giving him aid and comfort.” According to Mr. Black, we should all have liberty of conscience except when directly governed by God. In that country where God is king, liberty cannot exist. In this position, I admit that he is upheld and fortified by the “sacred” text. Within the Old Testament there is no such thing as

religious toleration. Within that volume can be found no mercy for an unbeliever. For all who think for themselves, there are threatenings, curses, and anathemas. Think of an infinite being who is so cruel, so unjust, that he will not allow one of his own children the liberty of thought! Think of an infinite God acting as the direct governor of a people, and yet not able to command their love! Think of the author of all mercy imbruing his hands in the blood of helpless men, women, and children, simply because he did not furnish them with intelligence enough to understand his law! An earthly father who cannot govern by affection is not fit to be a father; what, then, shall we say of an infinite being who resorts to violence, to pestilence, to disease, and famine, in the vain effort to obtain even the respect of a savage? Read this passage, red from the heart of cruelty:

"*If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods which thou hast not known, thou nor thy fathers,... thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him, neither shalt thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him, but thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people; and thou shalt stone him with stones, that he die.*"

This is the religious liberty of the Bible. If you had lived in Palestine, and if the wife of your bosom, dearer to you than your own soul, had said: "I like the religion of India better than that of Palestine," it would have been your duty to kill her.

"Your eye must not pity her, your hand must be first upon her, and afterwards the hand of all the people." If she had said: "Let us worship the sun—the sun that clothes the earth in garments of green—the sun, the great fireside of the world—the sun that covers the hills and valleys with flowers—that gave me your face, and made it possible for me to look into the eyes of my babe—let us worship the sun," it was your duty to kill her. You must throw the first stone, and when against her bosom—a bosom filled with love for you—you had thrown the jagged and cruel rock, and had seen the red stream of her life oozing from the dumb lips of death, you could then look up and receive the congratulations of the God whose commandment you had obeyed. Is it possible that a being of infinite mercy ordered a husband to kill his wife for the crime of having expressed an opinion on the subject of religion? Has there been found upon the records of the savage world anything more perfectly fiendish than this commandment of Jehovah? This is justified on the ground that "blasphemy was a breach of political allegiance, and idolatry an act of overt treason." We can understand how a human king stands in need of the service of his people. We can understand how the desertion of any of his soldiers weakens his army; but were the king infinite in power, his strength would still remain the same, and under no conceivable circumstances could the enemy triumph.

I insist that, if there is an infinitely good and wise God, he beholds with pity the misfortunes of his children. I insist that such a God would know the mists, the clouds, the darkness enveloping the human mind. He would know how few stars are visible in the intellectual sky. His pity, not his wrath, would be excited by the efforts of his blind children, groping in the night to find the cause of things, and endeavoring, through their tears, to see some dawn of hope. Filled with awe by their

surroundings, by fear of the unknown, he would know that when, kneeling, they poured out their gratitude to some unseen power, even to a visible idol, it was, in fact, intended for him. An infinitely good being, had he the power, would answer the reasonable prayer of an honest savage, even when addressed to wood and stone.

The atrocities of the Old Testament, the threatenings, maledictions, and curses of the "inspired book," are defended on the ground that the Jews had a right to treat their enemies as their enemies treated them; and in this connection is this remarkable statement: "In your treatment of hostile barbarians you not only may lawfully, you must necessarily, adopt their mode of warfare. If they come to conquer you, they may be conquered by you; if they give no quarter, they are entitled to none; if the death of your whole population be their purpose, you may defeat it by exterminating theirs."

For a man who is a "Christian policeman," and has taken upon himself to defend the Christian religion; for one who follows the Master who said that when smitten on one cheek you must turn the other, and who again and again enforced the idea that you must overcome evil with good, it is hardly consistent to declare that a civilized nation must of necessity adopt the warfare of savages. Is it possible that in fighting, for instance, the Indians of America, if they scalp our soldiers we should scalp theirs? If they ravish, murder, and mutilate our wives, must we treat theirs in the same manner? If they kill the babes in our cradles, must we brain theirs? If they take our captives, bind them to the trees, and if their squaws fill their quivering flesh with sharpened fagots and set them on fire, that they may die clothed with flame, must our wives, our mothers, and our daughters follow the fiendish example? Is this the conclusion of the most enlightened Christianity? Will the pulpits of the United States adopt the arguments of this "policeman"? Is this the last and most beautiful blossom of the Sermon on the Mount? Is this the echo of "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do"?

Mr. Black justifies the wars of extermination and conquest because the American people fought for the integrity of their own country; fought to do away with the infamous institution of slavery; fought to preserve the jewels of liberty and justice for themselves and for their children. Is it possible that his mind is so clouded by political and religious prejudice, by the recollections of an unfortunate administration, that he sees no difference between a war of extermination and one of self-preservation? that he sees no choice between the murder of helpless age, of weeping women and of sleeping babes, and the defence of liberty and nationality?

The soldiers of the Republic did not wage a war of extermination. They did not seek to enslave their fellow-men. They did not murder trembling age. They did not sheathe their swords in women's breasts. They gave the old men bread, and let the mothers rock their babes in peace. They fought to save the world's great hope—to free a race and put the humblest hut beneath the canopy of liberty and law.

Claiming neither praise nor dispraise for the part taken by me in the Civil war, for the purposes of this argument, it is sufficient to say that I am perfectly willing that my record, poor and barren as it is, should be compared with his.

Never for an instant did I suppose that any respectable American citizen could be found willing at this day to defend the institution of slavery; and never was I more

astonished than when I found Mr. Black denying that civilized countries passionately assert that slavery is and always was a hideous crime. I was amazed when he declared that "the doctrine that slavery is a crime under all circumstances and at all times was first started by the adherents of a political faction in this country less than forty years ago." He tells us that "they denounced God and Christ for not agreeing with them," but that "they did not constitute the civilized world; nor were they, if the truth must be told, a very respectable portion of it. Politically they were successful; I need not say by what means, or with what effect upon the morals of the country."

Slavery held both branches of Congress, filled the chair of the Executive, sat upon the Supreme Bench, had in its hands all rewards, all offices; knelt in the pew, occupied the pulpit, stole human beings in the name of God, robbed the trundle-bed for love of Christ; incited mobs, led ignorance, ruled colleges, sat in the chairs of professors, dominated the public press, closed the lips of free speech, and polluted with its leprous hand every source and spring of power. The abolitionists attacked this monster. They were the bravest, grandest men of their country and their century. Denounced by thieves, hated by hypocrites, mobbed by cowards, slandered by priests, shunned by politicians, abhorred by the seekers of office,—these men "of whom the world was not worthy," in spite of all opposition, in spite of poverty and want, conquered innumerable obstacles, never faltering for one moment, never dismayed—accepting defeat with a smile born of infinite hope—knowing that they were right—insisted and persisted until every chain was broken, until slave-pens became schoolhouses, and three millions of slaves became free men, women, and children. They did not measure with "the golden metewand of God," but with "the elastic cord of human feeling." They were men the latchets of whose shoes no believer in human slavery was ever worthy to unloose. And yet we are told by this modern defender of the slavery of Jehovah that they were not even respectable; and this slander is justified because the writer is assured "that the infallible God proceeded upon good grounds when he authorized slavery in Judea."

Not satisfied with having slavery in this world, Mr. Black assures us that it will last through all eternity, and that forever and forever inferiors must be subordinated to superiors. Who is the superior man? According to Mr. Black, he is superior who lives upon the unpaid labor of the inferior. With me, the superior man is the one who uses his superiority in bettering the condition of the inferior. The superior man is strength for the weak, eyes for the blind, brains for the simple; he is the one who helps carry the burden that nature has put upon the inferior. Any man who helps another to gain and retain his liberty is superior to any infallible God who authorized slavery in Judea. For my part, I would rather be the slave than the master. It is better to be robbed than to be a robber. I had rather be stolen from than to be a thief.

According to Mr. Black, there will be slavery in heaven, and fast by the throne of God will be the auction-block, and the streets of the New Jerusalem will be adorned with the whipping post, while the music of the harp will be supplemented by the crack of the driver's whip. If some good Republican would catch Mr. Black, "incorporate him into his family, tame him, teach him to think, and give him a knowledge of the true principles of human liberty and government, he would confer upon him a most beneficent boon."

Slavery includes all other crimes. It is the joint product of the kidnapper, pirate, thief, murderer, and hypocrite. It degrades labor and corrupts leisure. To lacerate the naked back, to sell wives, to steal babes, to breed bloodhounds, to debauch your own soul—this is slavery. This is what Jehovah "authorized in Judea." This is what Mr. Black believes in still. He "measures with the golden metewand of God." I abhor slavery. With me, liberty is not merely a means—it is an end. Without that word, all other words are empty sounds.

Mr. Black is too late with his protest against the freedom of his fellow-man. Liberty is making the tour of the world. Russia has emancipated her serfs; the slave trade is prosecuted only by thieves and pirates; Spain feels upon her cheek the burning blush of shame; Brazil with proud and happy eyes is looking for the dawn of freedom's day; the people of the South rejoice that slavery is no more, and every good and honest man (excepting Mr. Black), of every land and clime, hopes that the limbs of men will never feel again the weary weight of chains.

We are informed by Mr. Black that polygamy is neither commanded nor prohibited in the Old Testament—that it is only "discouraged." It seems to me that a little legislation on that subject might have tended to its "discouragement." But where is the legislation? In the moral code, which Mr. Black assures us "consists of certain immutable rules to govern the conduct of all men at all times and at all places in their private and personal relations with others," not one word is found on the subject of polygamy. There is nothing "discouraging" in the Ten Commandments, nor in the records of any conversation Jehovah is claimed to have had with Moses upon Sinai. The life of Abraham, the story of Jacob and Laban, the duty of a brother to be the husband of the widow of his deceased brother, the life of David, taken in connection with the practice of one who is claimed to have been the wisest of men—all these things are probably relied on to show that polygamy was at least "discouraged." Certainly, Jehovah had time to instruct Moses as to the infamy of polygamy. He could have spared a few moments from a description of the patterns of tongs and basins, for a subject so important as this. A few words in favor of the one wife and the one husband—in favor of the virtuous and loving home—might have taken the place of instructions as to cutting the garments of priests and fashioning candlesticks and ouches of gold. If he had left out simply the order that rams' skins should be dyed red, and in its place had said, "A man shall have but one wife, and the wife but one husband," how much better would it have been.

All the languages of the world are not sufficient to express the filth of polygamy. It makes man a beast, and woman a slave. It destroys the fireside and makes virtue an outcast. It takes us back to the barbarism of animals, and leaves the heart a den in which crawl and hiss the slimy serpents of most loathsome lust. And yet Mr. Black insists that we owe to the Bible the present elevation of woman. Where will he find in the Old Testament the rights of wife, and mother, and daughter defined? Even in the New Testament she is told to "learn in silence, with all subjection;" that she "is not suffered to teach, nor to usurp any authority over the man, but to be in silence." She is told that "the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is man, and the head of Christ is God." In other words, there is the same difference between the wife and husband that there is between the husband and Christ.

The reasons given for this infamous doctrine are that “Adam was first formed, and then Eve;” that “Adam was not deceived,” but that “the woman being deceived, was in the transgression.” These childish reasons are the only ones given by the inspired writers. We are also told that “a man, indeed, ought to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God;” but that “the woman is the glory of the man,” and this is justified from the fact, and the remarkable fact, set forth in the very next verse—that “the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man.” And the same gallant apostle says: “Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man;” “Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church, and he is the savior of the body. Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be subject to their own husbands in everything.” These are the passages that have liberated woman!

According to the Old Testament, woman had to ask pardon, and had to be purified, for the crime of having borne sons and daughters. If in this world there is a figure of perfect purity, it is a mother holding in her thrilled and happy arms her child. The doctrine that woman is the slave, or serf, of man—whether it comes from heaven or from hell, from God or a demon, from the golden streets of the New Jerusalem or from the very Sodom of perdition—is savagery, pure and simple.

In no country in the world had women less liberty than in the Holy Land, and no monarch held in less esteem the rights of wives and mothers than Jehovah of the Jews. The position of woman was far better in Egypt than in Palestine. Before the pyramids were built, the sacred songs of Isis were sung by women, and women with pure hands had offered sacrifices to the gods. Before Moses was born, women had sat upon the Egyptian throne. Upon ancient tombs the husband and wife are represented as seated in the same chair. In Persia women were priests, and in some of the oldest civilizations “they were reverenced on earth, and worshiped afterward as goddesses in heaven.” At the advent of Christianity, in all pagan countries women officiated at the sacred altars. They guarded the eternal fire. They kept the sacred books. From their lips came the oracles of fate. Under the domination of the Christian Church, woman became the merest slave for at least a thousand years. It was claimed that through woman the race had fallen, and that her loving kiss had poisoned all the springs of life. Christian priests asserted that but for her crime the world would have been an Eden still. The ancient fathers exhausted their eloquence in the denunciation of woman, and repeated again and again the slander of St. Paul. The condition of woman has improved just in proportion that man has lost confidence in the inspiration of the Bible.

For the purpose of defending the character of his infallible God, Mr. Black is forced to defend religious intolerance, wars of extermination, human slavery, and *almost* polygamy. He admits that God established slavery; that he commanded his chosen people to buy the children of the heathen; that heathen fathers and mothers did right to sell their girls and boys; that God ordered the Jews to wage wars of extermination and conquest; that it was right to kill the old and young; that God forged manacles for the human brain; that he commanded husbands to murder their wives for suggesting the worship of the sun or moon; and that every cruel, savage

passage in the Old Testament was inspired by him. Such is a “policeman’s” view of God.

Will Mr. Black have the kindness to state a few of his objections to the devil?

Mr. Black should have answered my arguments, instead of calling me “blasphemous” and “scurrilous.” In the discussion of these questions I have nothing to do with the reputation of my opponent. His character throws no light on the subject, and is to me a matter of perfect indifference. Neither will it do for one who enters the lists as the champion of revealed religion to say that “we have no right to rejudge the justice of God.”

Such a statement is a white flag. The warrior eludes the combat when he cries out that it is a “metaphysical question.” He deserts the field and throws down his arms when he admits that “no revelation has lifted the veil between time and eternity.” Again I ask, why were the Jewish people as wicked, cruel, and ignorant with a revelation from God, as other nations were without? Why were the worshipers of false deities as brave, as kind, and generous as those who knew the only true and living God?

How do you explain the fact that while Jehovah was waging wars of extermination, establishing slavery, and persecuting for opinion’s sake, heathen philosophers were teaching that all men are brothers, equally entitled to liberty and life? You insist that Jehovah believed in slavery and yet punished the Egyptians for enslaving the Jews. Was your God once an abolitionist? Did he at that time “denounce Christ for not agreeing with him”? If slavery was a crime in Egypt, was it a virtue in Palestine? Did God treat the Canaanites better than Pharaoh did the Jews? Was it right for Jehovah to kill the children of the people because of Pharaoh’s sin? Should the peasant be punished for the king’s crime? Do you not know that the worst thing that can be said of Nero, Caligula, and Commodus is that they resembled the Jehovah of the Jews? Will you tell me why God failed to give his Bible to the whole world? Why did he not give the Scriptures to the Hindu, the Greek, and Roman? Why did he fail to enlighten the worshipers of “Mammon” and Moloch, of Belial and Baal, of Bacchus and Venus? After all, was not Bacchus as good as Jehovah? Is it not better to drink wine than to shed blood? Was there anything in the worship of Venus worse than giving captured maidens to satisfy the victor’s lust? Did “Mammon” or Moloch do anything more infamous than to establish slavery? Did they order their soldiers to kill men, women, and children, and to save alive nothing that had breath? Do not answer these questions by saying that “no veil has been lifted between time and eternity,” and that “we have no right to rejudge the justice of God.”

If Jehovah was in fact God, he knew the end from the beginning. He knew that his Bible would be a breastwork behind which tyranny and hypocrisy would crouch; that it would be quoted by tyrants; that it would be the defence of robbers, called kings, and of hypocrites called priests. He knew that he had taught the Jewish people but little of importance. He knew that he found them free and left them captives. He knew that he had never fulfilled the promises made to them. He knew that while other nations had advanced in art and science, his chosen people were savage still. He promised them the world, and gave them a desert. He promised them liberty, and

he made them slaves. He promised them victory, and he gave them defeat. He said they should be kings, and he made them serfs. He promised them universal empire, and gave them exile. When one finishes the Old Testament, he is compelled to say: Nothing can add to to the misery of a nation whose king is Jehovah!

And here I take occasion to thank Mr. Black for having admitted that Jehovah gave no commandment against the practice of polygamy, that he established slavery, waged wars of extermination, and persecuted for opinion's sake even unto death. Most theologians endeavor to putty, patch, and paint the wretched record of inspired crime, but Mr. Black has been bold enough and honest enough to admit the truth. In this age of fact and demonstration it is refreshing to find a man who believes so thoroughly in the monstrous and miraculous, the impossible and immoral—who still clings lovingly to the legends of the bib and rattle—who through the bitter experiences of a wicked world has kept the credulity of the cradle, and finds comfort and joy in thinking about the Garden of Eden, the subtle serpent, the flood, and Babel's tower, stopped by the jargon of a thousand tongues—who reads with happy eyes the story of the burning brimstone storm that fell upon the cities of the plain, and smilingly explains the transformation of the retrospective Mrs. Lot—who laughs at Egypt's plagues and Pharaoh's whelmed and drowning hosts—eats manna with the wandering Jews, warms himself at the burning bush, sees Korah's company by the hungry earth devoured, claps his wrinkled hands with glee above the heathens' butchered babes, and longingly looks back to the patriarchal days of concubines and slaves. How touching when the learned and wise crawl back in cribs and ask to hear the rhymes and fables once again! How charming in these hard and scientific times to see old age in Superstition's lap, with eager lips upon her withered breast!

Mr. Black comes to the conclusion that the Hebrew Bible is in exact harmony with the New Testament, and that the two are "connected together;" and "that if one is true the other cannot be false."

If this is so, then he must admit that if one is false the other cannot be true; and it hardly seems possible to me that there is a right-minded, sane man, except Mr. Black, who now believes that a God of infinite kindness and justice ever commanded one nation to exterminate another; ever ordered his soldiers to destroy men, women, and babes; ever established the institution of human slavery; ever regarded the auction-block as an altar, or a bloodhound as an apostle.

Mr. Black contends (after having answered my indictment against the Old Testament by admitting the allegations to be true) that the rapidity with which Christianity spread "proves the supernatural origin of the Gospel, or that it was propagated by the direct aid of the Divine Being himself."

Let us see. In his efforts to show that the "infallible God established slavery in Judea," he takes occasion to say that "the doctrine that slavery is a crime under all circumstances was first started by the adherents of a political faction in this, country less than forty years ago;" that "they denounced God and Christ for not agreeing with them;" but that "they did not constitute the civilized world; nor were they, if the truth must be told, a very respectable portion of it." Let it be remembered that this was only forty years ago; and yet, according to Mr. Black, a few disreputable men changed

the ideas of nearly fifty millions of people, changed the Constitution of the United States, liberated a race from slavery, clothed three millions of people with political rights, took possession of the Government, managed its affairs for more than twenty years, and have compelled the admiration of the civilized world. Is it Mr. Black's idea that this happened by chance? If not, then according to him, there are but two ways to account for it; either the rapidity with which Republicanism spread proves its supernatural origin, "or else its propagation was provided for and carried on by the direct aid of the Divine Being himself." Between these two, Mr. Black may make his choice. He will at once see that the rapid rise and spread of any doctrine does not even tend to show that it was divinely revealed.

This argument is applicable to all religions. Mohammedans can use it as well as Christians. Mohammed was a poor man, a driver of camels. He was without education, without influence, and without wealth, and yet in a few years he consolidated thousands of tribes, and made millions of men confess that there is "one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." His success was a thousand times greater during his life than that of Christ. He was not crucified; he was a conqueror. "Of all men, he exercised the greatest influence upon the human race." Never in the world's history did a religion spread with the rapidity of his. It burst like a storm over the fairest portions of the globe. If Mr. Black is right in his position that rapidity is secured only by the direct aid of the Divine Being, then Mohammed was most certainly the prophet of God. As to wars of extermination and slavery, Mohammed agreed with Mr. Black, and upon polygamy, with Jehovah. As to religious toleration, he was great enough to say that "men holding to any form of faith might be saved, provided they were virtuous." In this, he was far in advance both of Jehovah and Mr. Black.

It will not do to take the ground that the rapid rise and spread of a religion demonstrates its divine character. Years before Gautama died, his religion was established, and his disciples were numbered by millions. His doctrines were not enforced by the sword, but by an appeal to the hopes, the fears, and the reason of mankind; and more than one-third of the human race are to-day the followers of Gautama. His religion has outlived all that existed in his time; and according to Dr. Draper, "there is no other country in the world except India that has the religion to-day it had at the birth of Jesus Christ." Gautama believed in the equality of all men; abhorred the spirit of caste, and proclaimed justice, mercy, and education for all.

Imagine a Mohammedan answering an infidel; would he not use the argument of Mr Black, simply substituting Mohammed for Christ, just as effectually as it has been used against me? There was a time when India was the foremost nation of the world. Would not your argument, Mr. Black, have been just as good in the mouth of a Brahmin then, as it is in yours now? Egypt, the mysterious mother of mankind, with her pyramids built thirty-four hundred years before Christ, was once the first in all the earth, and gave to us our Trinity, and our symbol of the cross. Could not a priest of Isis and Osiris have used your arguments to prove that his religion was divine, and could he not have closed by saying: "From the facts established by this evidence it follows irresistibly that our religion came to us from God"? Do you not see that your

argument proves too much, and that it is equally applicable to all the religions of the world?

Again, it is urged that "the acceptance of Christianity by a large portion of the generation contemporary with its founder and his apostles was, under the circumstances, an adjudication as solemn and authoritative as mortal intelligence could pronounce." If this is true, then "the acceptance of Buddhism by a large portion of the generation contemporary with its founder was an adjudication as solemn and authoritative as mortal intelligence could pronounce." The same could be said of Mohammedanism, and, in fact, of every religion that has ever benefited or cursed this world. This argument, when reduced to its simplest form, is this: All that succeeds is inspired.

The old argument that if Christianity is a human fabrication its authors must have been either good men or bad men, takes it for granted that there are but two classes of persons—the good and the bad. There is at least one other class—*the mistaken*, and both of the other classes may belong to this. Thousands of most excellent people have been deceived, and the history of the world is filled with instances where men have honestly supposed that they had received communications from angels and gods.

In thousands of instances these pretended communications contained the purest and highest thoughts, together with the most important truths; yet it will not do to say that these accounts are true; neither can they be proved by saying that the men who claimed to be inspired were good. What we must say is, that being good men, they were mistaken; and it is the charitable mantle of a mistake that I throw over Mr. Black, when I find him defending the institution of slavery. He seems to think it utterly incredible that any "combination of knaves, however base, would fraudulently concoct a religious system to denounce themselves, and to invoke the curse of God upon their own conduct." How did religions other than Christianity and Judaism arise? Were they all "concocted by a combination of knaves"? The religion of Gautama is filled with most beautiful and tender thoughts, with most excellent laws, and hundreds of sentences urging mankind to deeds of love and self-denial. Was Gautama inspired?

Does not Mr. Black know that thousands of people charged with witchcraft actually confessed in open court their guilt? Does he not know that they admitted that they had spoken face to face with Satan, and had sold their souls for gold and power? Does he not know that these admissions were made in the presence and expectation of death? Does he not know that hundreds of judges, some of them as great as the late lamented Gibson, believed in the existence of an impossible crime?

We are told that "there is no good reason to doubt that the statements of the Evangelists, as we have them now, are genuine." The fact is, no one knows who made the "statements of the Evangelists."

There are three important manuscripts upon which the Christian world relies. "The first appeared in the catalogue of the Vatican, in 1475. This contains the Old Testament. Of the New, it contains the four gospels,—the Acts, the seven Catholic Epistles, nine of the Pauline Epistles, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, as far as the

fourteenth verse of the ninth chapter,"—and nothing more. This is known as the Codex Vatican. "The second, the Alexandrine, was presented to King Charles the First, in 1628. It contains the Old and New Testaments, with some exceptions; passages are wanting in Matthew, in John, and in II. Corinthians. It also contains the Epistle of Clemens Romanus, a letter of Athanasius, and the treatise of Eusebius on the Psalms." The last is the Sinaitic Codex, discovered about 1850, at the Convent of St. Catherine's, on Mount Sinai. "It contains the Old and New Testaments, and in addition the entire Epistle of Barnabas, and a portion of the Shepherd of Hermas—two books which, up to the beginning of the fourth century, were looked upon by many as Scripture." In this manuscript, or codex, the gospel of St. Mark concludes with the eighth verse of the sixteenth chapter, leaving out the frightful passage: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

In matters of the utmost importance these manuscripts disagree, but even if they all agreed it would not furnish the slightest evidence of their truth. It will not do to call the statements made in the gospels "depositions," until it is absolutely established who made them, and the circumstances under which they were made. Neither can we say that "they were made in the immediate prospect of death," until we know who made them. It is absurd to say that "the witnesses could not have been mistaken, because the nature of the facts precluded the possibility of any delusion about them." Can it be pretended that the witnesses could not have been mistaken about the relation the Holy Ghost is alleged to have sustained to Jesus Christ? Is there no possibility of delusion about a circumstance of that kind? Did the writers of the four gospels have "'the sensible and true avouch of their own eyes' and ears" in that behalf? How was it possible for any one of the four Evangelists to know that Christ was the Son of God, or that he was God? His mother wrote nothing on the subject. Matthew says that an angel of the Lord told Joseph in a dream, but Joseph never wrote an account of this wonderful vision. Luke tells us that the angel had a conversation with Mary, and that Mary told Elizabeth, but Elizabeth never wrote a word. There is no account of Mary or Joseph or Elizabeth or the angel, having had any conversation with Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John in which one word was said about the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ. The persons who knew did not write, so that the account is nothing but hearsay. Does Mr. Black pretend that such statements would be admitted as evidence in any court? But how do we know that the disciples of Christ wrote a word of the gospels? How did it happen that Christ wrote nothing? How do we know that the writers of the gospels "were men of unimpeachable character"?

All this is answered by saying "that nothing was said by the most virulent enemies against the personal honesty of the Evangelists." How is this known? If Christ performed the miracles recorded in the New Testament, why would the Jews put to death a man able to raise their dead? Why should they attempt to kill the Master of Death? How did it happen that a man who had done so many miracles was so obscure, so unknown, that one of his disciples had to be bribed to point him out? Is it not strange that the ones he had cured were not his disciples? Can we believe, upon the testimony of those about whose character we know nothing, that Lazarus was raised from the dead? What became of Lazarus? We never hear of him again. It

seems to me that he would have been an object of great interest. People would have said: “He is the man who was once dead.” Thousands would have inquired of him about the other world; would have asked him where he was when he received the information that he was wanted on the earth. His experience would have been vastly more interesting than everything else in the New Testament. A returned traveler from the shores of Eternity—one who had walked twice through the valley of the shadow—would have been the most interesting of human beings. When he came to die again, people would have said: “He is not afraid; he has had experience; he knows what death is.” But, strangely enough, this Lazarus fades into obscurity with “the wise men of the East,” and with the dead who came out of their graves on the night of the crucifixion. How is it known that it was claimed, during the life of Christ, that he had wrought a miracle? And if the claim was made, how is it known that it was not denied? Did the Jews believe that Christ was clothed with miraculous power? Would they have dared to crucify a man who had the power to clothe the dead with life? Is it not wonderful that no one at the trial of Christ said one word about the miracles he had wrought? Nothing about the sick he had healed, nor the dead he had raised?

Is it not wonderful that Josephus, the best historian the Hebrews produced, says nothing about the life or death of Christ; nothing about the massacre of the infants by Herod; not one word about the wonderful star that visited the sky at the birth of Christ; nothing about the darkness that fell upon the world for several hours in the midst of day; and failed entirely to mention that hundreds of graves were opened, and that multitudes of Jews arose from the dead, and visited the Holy City? Is it not wonderful that no historian ever mentioned any of these prodigies? and is it not more amazing than all the rest, that Christ himself concealed from Matthew, Mark, and Luke the dogma of the atonement, the necessity of belief, and the mystery of the second birth?

Of course I know that two letters were said to have been written by Pilate to Tiberius, concerning the execution of Christ, but they have been shown to be forgeries. I also know that “various letters were circulated attributed to Jesus Christ,” and that one letter is said to have been written by him to Abgarus, king of Edessa; but as there was no king of Edessa at that time, this letter is admitted to have been a forgery. I also admit that a correspondence between Seneca and St. Paul was forged.

Here in our own country, only a few years ago, men claimed to have found golden plates upon which was written a revelation from God. They founded a new religion, and, according to their statement, did many miracles. They were treated as outcasts, and their leader was murdered. These men made their “depositions” “in the immediate prospect of death.” They were mobbed, persecuted, derided, and yet they insisted that their prophet had miraculous power, and that he, too, could swing back the hingeless door of death. The followers of these men have increased, in these few years, so that now the murdered prophet has at least two hundred thousand disciples. It will be hard to find a contradiction of these pretended miracles, although this is an age filled with papers, magazines, and books. As a matter of fact, the claims of Joseph Smith were so preposterous that sensible people did not take the pains to write and print denials. When we remember that eighteen hundred years ago there were but few people who could write, and that a manuscript did not become public in

any modern sense, it was possible for the gospels to have been written with all the foolish claims in reference to miracles without exciting comment or denial. There is not, in all the contemporaneous literature of the world, a single word about Christ or his apostles. The paragraph in Josephus is admitted to be an interpolation, and the letters, the account of the trial, and several other documents forged by the zeal of the early fathers, are now admitted to be false.

Neither will it do to say that "the statements made by the Evangelists are alike upon every important point." If there is anything of importance in the New Testament, from the theological standpoint, it is the ascension of Jesus Christ. If that happened, it was a miracle great enough to surfeit wonder. Are the statements of the inspired witnesses alike on this important point? Let us see.

Matthew says nothing upon the subject. Either Matthew was not there, had never heard of the ascension,—or, having heard of it, did not believe it, or, having seen it, thought it too unimportant to record. To this wonder of wonders Mark devotes one verse: "So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right-hand of God." Can we believe that this verse was written by one who witnessed the ascension of Jesus Christ; by one who watched his Master slowly rising through the air till distance reft him from his tearful sight? Luke, another of the witnesses, says: "And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." John corroborates Matthew by saying nothing on the subject. Now, we find that the last chapter of Mark, after the eighth verse, is an interpolation; so that Mark really says nothing about the occurrence. Either the ascension of Christ must be given up, or it must be admitted that the witnesses do not agree, and that three of them never heard of that most stupendous event.

Again, if anything could have left its "form and pressure" on the brain, it must have been the last words of Jesus Christ. The last words, according to Matthew, are: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The last words, according to the inspired witness known as Mark, are: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Luke tells us that the last words uttered by Christ, with the exception of a blessing, were: "And behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." The last words, according to John, were: "Peter, seeing Him, saith to Jesus: Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me."

An account of the ascension is also given in the Acts of the Apostles; and the last words of Christ, according to that inspired witness, are: "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." In this account of the ascension we find that two men stood by the disciples in

white apparel, and asked them: “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.” Matthew says nothing of the two men. Mark never saw them. Luke may have forgotten them when writing his gospel, and John may have regarded them as optical illusions.

Luke testifies that Christ ascended on the very day of his resurrection. John deposes that eight days after the resurrection Christ appeared to the disciples and convinced Thomas. In the Acts we are told that Christ remained on earth for forty days after his resurrection. These “depositions” do not agree. Neither do Matthew and Luke agree in their histories of the infancy of Christ. It is impossible for both to be true. One of these “witnesses” must have been mistaken.

The most wonderful miracle recorded in the New Testament, as having been wrought by Christ, is the resurrection of Lazarus. While all the writers of the gospels, in many instances, record the same wonders and the same conversations, is it not remarkable that the greatest miracle is mentioned alone by John?

Two of the witnesses, Matthew and Luke, give the genealogy of Christ. Matthew says that there were forty-two generations from Abraham to Christ. Luke insists that there were forty-two from Christ to David, while Matthew gives the number as twenty-eight. It may be said that this is an old objection. An objection-remains young until it has been answered. Is it not wonderful that Luke and Matthew do not agree on a single name of Christ’s ancestors for thirty-seven generations?

There is a difference of opinion among the “witnesses” as to what the gospel of Christ is. If we take the “depositions” of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, then the gospel of Christ amounts simply to this: That God will forgive the forgiving, and that he will be merciful to the merciful. According to three witnesses, Christ knew nothing of the doctrine of the atonement; never heard of the second birth; and did not base salvation, in whole nor in part, on belief. In the “deposition” of John, we find that we must be born again; that we must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and that an atonement was made for us. If Christ ever said these things to, or in the hearing of, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, they forgot to mention them.

To my mind, the failure of the evangelists to agree as tu what is necessary for man to do in order to insure the salvation of his soul, is a demonstration that they were not inspired.

Neither do the witnesses agree as to the last words of Christ when he was crucified. Matthew says that he cried: “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” Mark agrees with Matthew. Luke testifies that his last words were: “Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.” John states that he cried: “It is finished.”

Luke says that Christ said of his murderers: “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” Matthew, Mark, and John do not record these touching words. John says that Christ, on the day of his resurrection, said to his disciples: “Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained.”

The other disciples do not record this monstrous passage. They did not hear the abdication of God. They were not present when Christ placed in their hands the keys of heaven and hell, and put a world beneath the feet of priests.

It is easy to account for the differences and contradictions in these "depositions" (and there are hundreds of them) by saying that each one told the story as he remembered it, or as he had heard it, or that the accounts have been changed, but it will not do to say that the witnesses were inspired of God. We can account for these contradictions by the infirmities of human nature; but, as I said before, the infirmities of human nature cannot be predicated of a divine being.

Again, I ask, why should there be more than one inspired gospel? Of what use were the other three? There can be only one true account of anything. All other true accounts must simply be copies of that. And I ask again, why should there have been more than one inspired gospel? That which is the test of truth as to ordinary witnesses is a demonstration against their inspiration. It will not do at this late day to say that the miracles worked by Christ demonstrated his divine origin or mission. The wonderful works he did, did not convince the people with whom he lived. In spite of the miracles, he was crucified. He was charged with blasphemy. "Policemen" denounced the "scurrility" of his words, and the absurdity of his doctrines. He was no doubt told that it was "almost a crime to utter blasphemy in the presence of a Jewish woman;" and it may be that he was taunted for throwing away "the golden metewand" of the "infallible God who authorized slavery in Judea," and taking the "elastic cord of human feeling."

Christians tell us that the citizens of Mecca refused to believe on Mohammed because he was an impostor, and that the citizens of Jerusalem refused to believe on Jesus Christ because he was *not* an impostor.

If Christ had wrought the miracles attributed to him—if he had cured the maimed, the leprous, and the halt—if he had changed the night of blindness into blessed day—if he had wrested from the fleshless hand of avaricious death the stolen jewel of a life, and clothed again with throbbing flesh the pulseless dust, he would have won the love and adoration of mankind. If ever there shall stand upon this earth the king of death, all human knees will touch the ground.

We are further informed that "what we call the fundamental truths of Christianity consist of great public events which are sufficiently established by history without special proof."

Of course, we admit that the Roman Empire existed; that Julius Caesar was assassinated; and we may admit that Rome was founded by Romulus and Remus; but will some one be kind enough to tell us how the assassination of Caesar even tends to prove that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf? We will all admit that, in the sixth century after Christ, Mohammed was born at Mecca; that his victorious hosts vanquished half the Christian world; that the crescent triumphed over the cross upon a thousand fields; that all the Christians of the earth were not able to rescue from the hands of an impostor the empty grave of Christ. We will all admit that the Mohammedans cultivated the arts and sciences; that they gave us our numerals; taught us the higher mathematics; gave us our first ideas of astronomy,

and that “science was thrust into the brain of Europe on the point of a Moorish lance;” and yet we will not admit that Mohammed was divinely inspired, nor that he had frequent conversations with the angel Gabriel, nor that after his death his coffin was suspended in mid-air.

A little while ago, in the city of Chicago, a gentleman addressed a number of Sunday-school children. In his address, he stated that some people were wicked enough to deny the story of the deluge; that he was a traveler; that he had been to the top of Mount Ararat, and had brought with him a stone from that sacred locality. The children were then invited to form in procession and walk by the pulpit, for the purpose of seeing this wonderful stone. After they had looked at it, the lecturer said: “Now, children, if you ever hear anybody deny the story of the deluge, or say that the ark did not rest on Mount Ararat, you can tell them that you know better, because you have seen with your own eyes a stone from that very mountain.”

The fact that Christ lived in Palestine does not tend to show that he was in any way related to the Holy Ghost; nor does the existence of the Christian religion substantiate the ascension of Jesus Christ. We all admit that Socrates lived in Athens, but we do not admit that he had a familiar spirit. I am satisfied that John Wesley was an Englishman, but I hardly believe that God postponed a rain because Mr. Wesley wanted to preach. All the natural things in the world are not sufficient to establish the supernatural. Mr. Black reasons in this way: There was a hydra-headed monster. We know this, because Hercules killed him. There must have been such a woman as Proserpine, otherwise Pluto could not have carried her away. Christ must have been divine, because the Holy Ghost was his father. And there must have been such a being as the Holy Ghost, because without a father Christ could not have existed. Those who are disposed to deny everything because a part is false, reason exactly the other way. They insist that because there was no hydra-headed monster, Hercules did not exist. The true position, in my judgment, is that the natural is not to be discarded because found in the company of the miraculous, neither should the miraculous be believed because associated with the probable. There was in all probability such a man as Jesus Christ. He may have lived in Jerusalem. He may have been crucified, but that he was the Son of God, or that he was raised from the dead, and ascended bodily to heaven, has never been, and, in the nature of things, can never be, substantiated.

Apparently tired with his efforts to answer what I really said, Mr. Black resorted to the expedient of “compressing” my propositions and putting them in italics. By his system of “compression” he was enabled to squeeze out what I really said, and substitute a few sentences of his own. I did not say that “Christianity offers eternal salvation as the reward of belief alone,” but I did say that no salvation is offered *without* belief. There must be a difference of opinion in the minds of Mr. Black’s witnesses on this subject. In one place we are told that a man is “justified by faith without the deeds of the law;” and in another, “to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness;” and the following passages seem to show the necessity of belief:

“*He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.*”

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die." "For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." "Not of works, lest any man should boast." "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." "Whosoever believeth not shall be damned."

I do not understand that the Christians of to-day insist that simple belief will secure the salvation of the soul. I believe it is stated in the Bible that "the very devils believe;" and it would seem from this that belief is not such a meritorious thing, after all. But Christians do insist that without belief no man can be saved; that faith is necessary to salvation, and that there is "none other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved," except that of Christ. My doctrine is that there is only one way to be saved, and that is to act in harmony with your surroundings—to live in accordance with the facts of your being. A Being of infinite wisdom has no right to create a person destined to everlasting pain. For the honest infidel, according to the American Evangelical pulpit, there is no heaven. For the upright atheist, there is nothing in another world but punishment. Mr. Black admits that lunatics and idiots are in no danger of hell. This being so, his God should have created only lunatics and idiots. Why should the fatal gift of brain be given to any human being, if such gift renders him liable to eternal hell? Better be a lunatic here and an angel there. Better be an idiot in this world, if you can be a seraph in the next.

As to the doctrine of the atonement, Mr. Black has nothing to offer except the barren statement that it is believed by the wisest and the best. A Mohammedan, speaking in Constantinople, will say the same of the Koran. A Brahmin, in a Hindu temple, will make the same remark, and so will the American Indian, when he endeavors to enforce something upon the young of his tribe. He will say: "The best, the greatest of our tribe have believed in this." This is the argument of the cemetery, the philosophy of epitaphs, the logic of the coffin. Who are the greatest and wisest and most virtuous of mankind? This statement, that it has been believed by the best, is made in connection with an admission that it cannot be fathomed by the wisest. It is not claimed that a thing is necessarily false because it is not understood, but I do claim that it is not necessarily true because it cannot be comprehended. I still insist that "the plan of redemption," as usually preached, is absurd, unjust, and immoral.

For nearly two thousand years Judas Iscariot has been execrated by mankind; and yet, if the doctrine of the atonement is true, upon his treachery hung the plan of salvation. Suppose Judas had known of this plan—known that he was selected by Christ for that very purpose, that Christ was depending on him. And suppose that he also knew that only by betraying Christ could he save either himself or others; what ought Judas to have done? Are you willing to rely upon an argument that justifies the treachery of that wretch?

I insisted upon knowing how the sufferings of an innocent man could satisfy justice for the sins of the guilty. To this, Mr. Black replies as follows: "This raises a metaphysical question, which it is not necessary or possible for me to discuss here."

Is this considered an answer? Is it in this way that “my misty creations are made to roll away and vanish into air one after another?” Is this the best that can be done by one of the disciples of the infallible God who butchered babes in Judea? Is it possible for a “policeman” to “silence a rude disturber” in this way? To answer an argument, is it only necessary to say that it “raises a metaphysical question”? Again I say: The life of Christ is worth its example, its moral force, its heroism of benevolence. And again I say: The effort to vindicate a law by inflicting punishment on the innocent is a second violation instead of a vindication.

Mr. Black, under the pretence of “compressing,” puts in my mouth the following: “The doctrine of non-resistance, forgiveness of injuries, reconciliation with enemies, as taught in the New Testament, is the child of weakness, degrading and unjust.”

This is entirely untrue. What I did say is this: “The idea of non-resistance never occurred to a man who had the power to protect himself. This doctrine was the child of weakness, born when resistance was impossible.” I said not one word against the forgiveness of injuries, not one word against the reconciliation of enemies—not one word. I believe in the reconciliation of enemies. I believe in a reasonable forgiveness of injuries. But I do not believe in the doctrine of non-resistance. Mr. Black proceeds to say that Christianity forbids us “to cherish animosity, to thirst for mere revenge, to hoard up wrongs real or fancied, and lie in wait for the chance of paying them back; to be impatient, unforgiving, malicious, and cruel to all who have crossed us.” And yet the man who thus describes Christianity tells us that it is not only our right, but our duty, to fight savages as savages fight us; insists that where a nation tries to exterminate us, we have a right to exterminate them. This same man, who tells us that “the diabolical propensities of the human heart are checked and curbed by the spirit of the Christian religion,” and that this religion “has converted men from low savages into refined and civilized beings,” still insists that the author of the Christian religion established slavery, waged wars of extermination, abhorred the liberty of thought, and practiced the divine virtues of retaliation and revenge. If it is our duty to forgive our enemies, ought not God to forgive his? Is it possible that God will hate his enemies when he tells us that we must love ours? The enemies of God cannot injure him, but ours can injure us. If it is the duty of the injured to forgive, why should the uninjured insist upon having revenge? Why should a being who destroys nations with pestilence and famine expect that his children will be loving and forgiving?

Mr. Black insists that without a belief in God there can be no perception of right and wrong, and that it is impossible for an atheist to have a conscience. Mr. Black, the Christian, the believer in God, upholds wars of extermination. I denounce such wars as murder. He upholds the institution of slavery. I denounce that institution as the basest of crimes. Yet I am told that I have no knowledge of right and wrong; that I measure with “the elastic cord of human feeling,” while the believer in slavery and wars of extermination measures with “the golden metewand of God.”

What is right and what is wrong? Everything is right that tends to the happiness of mankind, and everything is wrong that increases the sum of human misery. What can increase the happiness of this world more than to do away with every form of slavery, and with all war? What can increase the misery of mankind more than to

increase wars and put chains upon more human limbs? What is conscience? If man were incapable of suffering, if man could not feel pain, the word “conscience” never would have passed his lips. The man who puts himself in the place of another, whose imagination has been cultivated to the point of feeling the agonies suffered by another, is the man of conscience. But a man who justifies slavery, who justifies a God when he commands the soldier to rip open the mother and to pierce with the sword of war the child unborn, is controlled and dominated, not by conscience, but by a cruel and remorseless superstition.

Consequences determine the quality of an action. If consequences are good, so is the action. If actions had no consequences, they would be neither good nor bad. Man did not get his knowledge of the consequences of actions from God, but from experience and reason. If man can, by actual experiment, discover the right and wrong of actions, is it not utterly illogical to declare that they who do not believe in God can have no standard of right and wrong? Consequences are the standard by which actions are judged. They are the children that testify as to the real character of their parents. God or no God, larceny is the enemy of industry—industry is the mother of prosperity—prosperity is a good, and therefore larceny is an evil. God or no God, murder is a crime. There has always been a law against larceny, because the laborer wishes to enjoy the fruit of his toil. As long as men object to being killed, murder will be illegal.

According to Mr. Black, the man who does not believe in a supreme being acknowledges no standard of right and wrong in this world, and therefore can have no theory of rewards and punishments in the next. Is it possible that only those who believe in the God who persecuted for opinion’s sake have any standard of right and wrong? Were the greatest men of all antiquity without this standard? In the eyes of intelligent men of Greece and Rome, were all deeds, whether good or evil, morally alike? Is it necessary to believe in the existence of an infinite intelligence before you can have any standard of right and wrong? Is it possible that a being cannot be just or virtuous unless he believes in some being infinitely superior to himself? If this doctrine be true, how can God be just or virtuous? Does he believe in some being superior to himself?

It may be said that the Pagans believed in a god, and consequently had a standard of right and wrong. But the Pagans did not believe in the “true” God. They knew nothing of Jehovah. Of course it will not do to believe in the wrong God. In order to know the difference between right and wrong, you must believe in the right God—in the one who established slavery. Can this be avoided by saying that a false god is better than none?

The idea of justice is not the child of superstition—it was not born of ignorance; neither was it nurtured by the passages in the Old Testament upholding slavery, wars of extermination, and religious persecution. Every human being necessarily has a standard of right and wrong; and where that standard has not been polluted by superstition, man abhors slavery, regards a war of extermination as murder, and looks upon religious persecution as a hideous crime. If there is a God, infinite in power and wisdom, above him, poised in eternal calm, is the figure of Justice. At the shrine of Justice the infinite God must bow, and in her impartial scales the actions

even of Infinity must be weighed. There is no world, no star, no heaven, no hell, in which gratitude is not a virtue and where slavery is not a crime.

According to the logic of this "reply," all good and evil become mixed and mingled—equally good and equally bad, unless we believe in the existence of the infallible God who ordered husbands to kill their wives. We do not know right from wrong now, unless we are convinced that a being of infinite mercy waged wars of extermination four thousand years ago. We are incapable even of charity, unless we worship the being who ordered the husband to kill his wife for differing with him on the subject of religion.

We know that acts are good or bad only as they effect the actors, and others. We know that from every good act good consequences flow, and that from every bad act there are only evil results. Every virtuous deed is a star in the moral firmament. There is in the moral world, as in the physical, the absolute and perfect relation of cause and effect. For this reason, the atonement becomes an impossibility. Others may suffer by your crime, but their suffering cannot discharge you; it simply increases your guilt and adds to your burden. For this reason happiness is not a reward—it is a consequence. Suffering is not a punishment—it is a result.

It is insisted that Christianity is not opposed to freedom of thought, but that "it is based on certain principles to which it requires the assent of all." Is this a candid statement? Are we only required to give our assent to certain principles in order to be saved? Are the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christ, the atonement, and the Trinity, principles? Will it be admitted by the orthodox world that good deeds are sufficient unto salvation—that a man can get into heaven by living in accordance with certain principles? This is a most excellent doctrine, but it is not Christianity. And right here, it may be well enough to state what I mean by Christianity. The morality of the world is not distinctively Christian. Zoroaster, Gautama, Mohammed, Confucius, Christ, and, in fact, all founders of religions, have said to their disciples: You must not steal; You must not murder; You must not bear false witness; You must discharge your obligations. Christianity is the ordinary moral code, *plus* the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ, his crucifixion, his resurrection, his ascension, the inspiration of the Bible, the doctrine of the atonement, and the necessity of belief. Buddhism is the ordinary moral code, *plus* the miraculous illumination of Buddha, the performance of certain ceremonies, a belief in the transmigration of the soul, and in the final absorption of the human by the infinite. The religion of Mohammed is the ordinary moral code, *plus* the belief that Mohammed was the prophet of God, total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, a harem for the faithful here and hereafter, ablutions, prayers, alms, pilgrimages, and fasts.

The morality in Christianity has never opposed the freedom of thought. It has never put, nor tended to put, a chain on a human mind, nor a manacle on a human limb; but the doctrines distinctively Christian—the necessity of believing a certain thing; the idea that eternal punishment awaited him who failed to believe; the idea that the innocent can suffer for the guilty—these things have opposed, and for a thousand years substantially destroyed, the freedom of the human mind. All religions have, with ceremony, magic, and mystery, deformed, darkened, and corrupted the soul.

Around the sturdy oaks of morality have grown and clung the parasitic, poisonous vines of the miraculous and monstrous.

I have insisted, and I still insist, that it is impossible for a finite man to commit a crime deserving infinite punishment; and upon this subject Mr. Black admits that "no revelation has lifted the veil between time and eternity;" and, consequently, neither the priest nor the "policeman" knows anything with certainty regarding another world. He simply insists that "in shadowy figures we are warned that a very marked distinction will be made between the good and bad in the next world." There is "a very marked distinction" in this; but there is this rainbow on the darkest human cloud: The worst have hope of reform. All I insist is, if there is another life, the basest soul that finds its way to that dark or radiant shore will have the everlasting chance of doing right. Nothing but the most cruel ignorance, the most heartless superstition, the most ignorant theology, ever imagined that the few days of human life spent here, surrounded by mists and clouds of darkness, blown over life's sea by storms and tempests of passion, fixed for all eternity the condition of the human race. If this doctrine be true, this life is but a net, in which Jehovah catches souls for hell.

The idea that a certain belief is necessary to salvation unsheathed the swords and lighted the fagots of persecution. As long as heaven is the reward of creed instead of deed, just so long will every orthodox church be a bastile, every member a prisoner, and every priest a turnkey.

In the estimation of good orthodox Christians, I am a criminal, because I am trying to take from loving mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, and lovers the consolations naturally arising from a belief in an eternity of grief and pain. I want to tear, break, and scatter to the winds the God that priests erected in the fields of innocent pleasure—a God made of sticks, called creeds, and of old clothes, called myths. I have tried to take from the coffin its horror, from the cradle its curse, and put out the fires of revenge kindled by the savages of the past. Is it necessary that heaven should borrow its light from the glare of hell? Infinite punishment is infinite cruelty, endless injustice, immortal meanness. To worship an eternal gaoler hardens, debases, and pollutes the soul. While there is one sad and breaking heart in the universe, no perfectly good being can be perfectly happy. Against the heartlessness of this doctrine every grand and generous soul should enter its solemn protest. I want no part in any heaven where the saved, the ransomed, and redeemed drown with merry shouts the cries and sobs of hell—in which happiness forgets misery—where the tears of the lost increase laughter and deepen the dimples of joy. The idea of hell was born of ignorance, brutality, fear, cowardice, and revenge. This idea tends to show that our remote ancestors were the lowest beasts. Only from dens, lairs, and caves—only from mouths filled with cruel fangs—only from hearts of fear and hatred—only from the conscience of hunger and lust—only from the lowest and most debased, could come this most cruel, heartless, and absurd of all dogmas.

Our ancestors knew but little of nature. They were too astonished to investigate. They could not divest themselves of the idea that everything happened with reference to them; that they caused storms and earthquakes; that they brought the tempest and the whirlwind; that on account of something they had done, or omitted to do, the lightning of vengeance leaped from the darkened sky. They made up their minds that

at least two vast and powerful beings presided over this world; that one was good and the other bad; that both of these beings wished to get control of the souls of men; that they were relentless enemies, eternal foes; that both welcomed recruits and hated deserters; that one offered rewards in this world, and the other in the next. Man saw cruelty and mercy in nature, because he imagined that phenomena were produced to punish or to reward him. It was supposed that God demanded worship; that he loved to be flattered; that he delighted in sacrifice; that nothing made him happier than to see ignorant faith upon its knees; that above all things he hated and despised doubters and heretics, and regarded investigation as rebellion. Each community felt it a duty to see that the enemies of God were converted or killed. To allow a heretic to live in peace was to invite the wrath of God. Every public evil—every misfortune—was accounted for by something the community had permitted or done. When epidemics appeared, brought by ignorance and welcomed by filth, the heretic was brought out and sacrificed to appease the anger of God. By putting intention behind what man called good, God was produced. By putting intention behind what man called bad, the Devil was created. Leave this "intention" out, and gods and devils fade away. If not a human being existed, the sun would continue to shine, and tempest now and then would devastate the earth; the rain would fall in pleasant showers; violets would spread their velvet bosoms to the sun, the earthquake would devour, birds would sing and daisies bloom and roses blush, and volcanoes fill the heavens with their lurid glare; the procession of the seasons would not be broken, and the stars would shine as serenely as though the world were filled with loving hearts and happy homes. Do not imagine that the doctrine of eternal revenge belongs to Christianity alone. Nearly all religions have had this dogma for a corner-stone. Upon this burning foundation nearly all have built. Over the abyss of pain rose the glittering dome of pleasure. This world was regarded as one of trial. Here, a God of infinite wisdom experimented with man. Between the outstretched paws of the Infinite, the mouse—man—was allowed to play. Here, man had the opportunity of hearing priests and kneeling in temples. Here, he could read, and hear read, the sacred books. Here, he could have the example of the pious and the counsels of the holy. Here, he could build churches and cathedrals. Here, he could burn incense, fast, wear hair-cloth, deny himself all the pleasures of life, confess to priests, construct instruments of torture, bow before pictures and images, and persecute all who had the courage to despise superstition, and the goodness to tell their honest thoughts. After death, if he died out of the church, nothing could be done to make him better. When he should come into the presence of God, nothing was left except to damn him. Priests might convert him here, but God could do nothing there. All of which shows how much more a priest can do for a soul than its creator. Only here, on the earth, where the devil is constantly active, only where his agents attack every soul, is there the slightest hope of moral improvement. Strange! that a world cursed by God, filled with temptations, and thick with fiends, should be the only place where man can repent, the only place where reform is possible!

Masters frightened slaves with the threat of hell, and slaves got a kind of shadowy revenge by whispering back the threat. The imprisoned imagined a hell for their gaolers; the weak built this place for the strong; the arrogant for their rivals; the vanquished for their victors; the priest for the thinker; religion for reason;

superstition for science. All the meanness, all the revenge, all the selfishness, all the cruelty, all the hatred, all the infamy of which the heart of man is capable, grew, blossomed, and bore fruit in this one word—Hell. For the nourishment of this dogma, cruelty was soil, ignorance was rain, and fear was light.

Why did Mr. Black fail to answer what I said in relation to the doctrine of inspiration? Did he consider that a "metaphysical question"? Let us see what inspiration really is. A man looks at the sea, and the sea says something to him. It makes an impression on his mind. It awakens memory, and this impression depends upon his experience—upon his intellectual capacity. Another looks upon the same sea. He has a different brain; he has a different experience. The sea may speak to him of joy, to the other of grief and tears. The sea cannot tell the same thing to any two human beings, because no two human beings have had the same experience. One may think of wreck and ruin, and another, while listening to the "multitudinous laughter of the sea," may say: Every drop has visited all the shores of earth; every one has been frozen in the vast and icy North, has fallen in snow, has whirled in storms around the mountain peaks, been kissed to vapor by the sun, worn the seven-hued robe of light, fallen in pleasant rain, gurgled from springs, and laughed in brooks while lovers wooed upon the banks. Everything in nature tells a different story to all eyes that see and to all ears that hear. So, when we look upon a flower, a painting, a statue, a star, or a violet, the more we know, the more we have experienced, the more we have thought, the more we remember, the more the statue, the star, the painting, the violet has to tell. Nature says to me all that I am capable of understanding—gives all that I can receive. As with star, or flower, or sea, so with a book. A thoughtful man reads Shakespeare. What does he get? All that he has the mind to understand. Let another read him, who knows nothing of the drama, nothing of the impersonations of passion, and what does he get? Almost nothing. Shakespeare has a different story for each reader. He is a world in which each recognizes his acquaintances. The impression that nature makes upon the mind, the stories told by sea and star and flower, must be the natural food of thought. Leaving out for the moment the impressions gained from ancestors, the hereditary fears and drifts and trends—the natural food of thought must be the impressions made upon the brain by coming in contact through the medium of the senses with what we call the outward world. The brain is natural; its food is natural; the result, thought, must be natural. Of the supernatural we have no conception. Thought may be deformed, and the thought of one may be strange to, and denominated unnatural by, another; but it cannot be supernatural. It may be weak, it may be insane, but it is not supernatural. Above the natural, man cannot rise. There can be deformed ideas, as there are deformed persons. There may be religions monstrous and misshapen, but they were naturally produced. The world is to each man according to each man. It takes the world as it really is and that man to make that man's world.

You may ask, And what of all this? I reply, As with everything in nature, so with the Bible. It has a different story for each reader. Is, then, the Bible a different book to every human being who reads it? It is. Can God, through the Bible, make precisely the same revelation to two persons? He cannot. Why? Because the man who reads is not inspired. God should inspire readers as well as writers.

You may reply: God knew that his book would be understood differently by each one, and intended that it should be understood as it is understood by each. If this is so, then my understanding of the Bible is the real revelation to me. If this is so, I have no right to take the understanding of another. I must take the revelation made to me through my understanding, and by that revelation I must stand. Suppose then, that I read this Bible honestly, fairly, and when I get through am compelled to say, "The book is not true." If this is the honest result, then you are compelled to say, either that God has made no revelation to me, or that the revelation that it is not true is the revelation made to me, and by which I am bound. If the book and my brain are both the work of the same infinite God, whose fault is it that the book and brain do not agree? Either God should have written a book to fit my brain, or should have made my brain to fit his book. The inspiration of the Bible depends on the credulity of him who reads. There was a time when its geology, its astronomy, its natural history, were thought to be inspired; that time has passed. There was a time when its morality satisfied the men who ruled the world of thought; that time has passed.

Mr. Black, continuing his process of compressing my propositions, attributes to me the following statement: "The gospel of Christ does not satisfy the hunger of the heart." I did not say this. What I did say is: "The dogmas of the past no longer reach the level of the highest thought, nor satisfy the hunger of the heart." In so far as Christ taught any doctrine in opposition to slavery, in favor of intellectual liberty, upholding kindness, enforcing the practice of justice and mercy, I most cheerfully admit that his teachings should be followed. Such teachings do not need the assistance of miracles. They are not in the region of the supernatural. They find their evidence in the glad response of every honest heart that superstition has not touched and stained. The great question under discussion is, whether the immoral, absurd, and infamous can be established by the miraculous. It cannot be too often repeated, that truth scorns the assistance of miracle. That which actually happens sets in motion innumerable effects, which, in turn, become causes producing other effects. These are all "witnesses" whose "depositions" continue. What I insist on is, that a miracle cannot be established by human testimony. We have known people to be mistaken. We know that all people will not tell the truth. We have never seen the dead raised. When people assert that they have, we are forced to weigh the probabilities, and the probabilities are on the other side. It will not do to assert that the universe was created, and then say that such creation was miraculous, and, therefore, all miracles are possible. We must be sure of our premises. Who knows that the universe was created? If it was not; if it has existed from eternity; if the present is the necessary child of all the past, then the miraculous is the impossible. Throw away all the miracles of the New Testament, and the good teachings of Christ remain—all that is worth preserving will be there still. Take from what is now known as Christianity the doctrine of the atonement, the fearful dogma of eternal punishment, the absurd idea that a certain belief is necessary to salvation, and with most of the remainder the good and intelligent will most heartily agree.

Mr. Black attributes to me the following expression: "Christianity is pernicious in its moral effect, darkens the mind, narrows the soul, arrests the progress of human society, and hinders civilization." I said no such thing. Strange, that he is only able to answer what I did not say. I endeavored to show that the passages in the Old

Testament upholding slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination, and religious intolerance had filled the world with blood and crime. I admitted that there are many wise and good things in the Old Testament. I also insisted that the doctrine of the atonement—that is to say, of moral bankruptcy—the idea that a certain belief is necessary to salvation, and the frightful dogma of eternal pain, had narrowed the soul, had darkened the mind, and had arrested the progress of human society. Like other religions, Christianity is a mixture of good and evil. The church has made more orphans than it has fed. It has never built asylums enough to hold the insane of its own making. It has shed more blood than light.

Mr. Black seems to think that miracles are the most natural things imaginable, and wonders that anybody should be insane enough to deny the probability of the impossible. He regards all who doubt the miraculous origin, the resurrection and ascension of Jesus Christ, as afflicted with some "error of the moon," and declares that their "disbelief seems like a kind of insanity."

To ask for evidence is not generally regarded as a symptom of a brain diseased. Delusions, illusions, phantoms, hallucinations, apparitions, chimeras, and visions are the common property of the religious and the insane. Persons blessed with sound minds and healthy bodies rely on facts, not fancies—on demonstrations instead of dreams. It seems to me that the most orthodox Christians must admit that many of the miracles recorded in the New Testament are extremely childish. They must see that the miraculous draught of fishes, changing water into wine, fasting for forty days, inducing devils to leave an insane man by allowing them to take possession of swine, walking on the water, and using a fish for a pocket-book, are all unworthy of an infinite being, and are calculated to provoke laughter—to feed suspicion and engender doubt.

Mr. Black takes the ground that if a man believes in the creation of the universe—that being the most stupendous miracle of which the mind can conceive—he has no right to deny anything. He asserts that God created the universe; that creation was a miracle; that "God would be likely to reveal his will to the rational creatures who were required to obey it," and that he would authenticate his revelation by giving his prophets and apostles supernatural power.

After making these assertion, he triumphantly exclaims: "It therefore follows that the improbability of a miracle is no greater than the original improbability of a revelation, and that is not improbable at all."

How does he know that God made the universe? How does he know what God would be likely to do? How does he know that any revelation was made? And how did he ascertain that any of the apostles and prophets were entrusted with supernatural power? It will not do to prove your premises by assertions, and then claim that your conclusions are correct, because they agree with your premises.

If "God would be likely to reveal his will to the rational creatures who were required to obey it," why did he reveal it only to the Jews? According to Mr. Black, God is the only natural thing in the universe.

We should remember that ignorance is the mother of credulity; that the early Christians believed everything but the truth, and that they accepted Paganism, admitted the reality of all the Pagan miracles—taking the ground that they were all forerunners of their own. Pagan miracles were never denied by the Christian world until late in the seventeenth century. Voltaire was the third man of note in Europe who denied the truth of Greek and Roman mythology. "The early Christians cited Pagan oracles predicting in detail the sufferings of Christ. They forged prophecies, and attributed them to the heathen sibyls, and they were accepted as genuine by the entire church."

St. Irenæus assures us that all Christians possessed the power of working miracles; that they prophesied, cast out devils, healed the sick, and even raised the dead. St. Epiphanius asserts that some rivers and fountains were annually transmuted into wine, in attestation of the miracle of Cana, adding that he himself had drunk of these fountains. St. Augustine declares that one was told in a dream where the bones of St. Stephen were buried, that the bones were thus discovered, and brought to Hippo, and that they raised five dead persons to life, and that in two years seventy miracles were performed with these relics. Justin Martyr states that God once sent some angels to guard the human race, that these angels fell in love with the daughters of men, and became the fathers of innumerable devils.

For hundreds of years, miracles were about the only things that happened. They were wrought by thousands of Christians, and testified to by millions. The saints and martyrs, the best and greatest, were the witnesses and workers of wonders. Even heretics, with the assistance of the devil, could suspend the "laws of nature." Must we believe these wonderful accounts because they were written by "good men," by Christians, "who made their statements in the presence and expectation of death"? The truth is that these "good men" were mistaken. They expected the miraculous. They breathed the air of the marvelous. They fed their minds on prodigies, and their imaginations feasted on effects without causes. They were incapable of investigating. Doubts were regarded as "rude disturbers of the congregation." Credulity and sanctity walked hand in hand. Reason was danger. Belief was safety. As the philosophy of the ancients was rendered almost worthless by the credulity of the common people, so the proverbs of Christ, his religion of forgiveness, his creed of kindness, were lost in the mist of miracle and the darkness of superstition.

If Mr. Black is right, there were no virtue, justice, intellectual liberty, moral elevation, refinement, benevolence, or true wisdom, until Christianity was established. He asserts that when Christ came, "benevolence, in any shape, was altogether unknown."

He insists that "the infallible God who authorized slavery in Judea" established a government; that he was the head and king of the Jewish people; that for this reason heresy was treason. Is it possible that God established a government in which benevolence was unknown? How did it happen that he established no asylums for the insane? How do you account for the fact that your God permitted some of his children to become insane? Why did Jehovah fail to establish hospitals and schools? Is it reasonable to believe that a good God would assist his chosen people to exterminate or enslave his other children? Why would your God people a world, knowing that it would be destitute of benevolence for four thousand years? Jehovah

should have sent missionaries to the heathen. He ought to have reformed the inhabitants of Canaan. He should have sent teachers, not soldiers—missionaries, not murderers. A God should not exterminate his children; he should reform them.

Mr. Black gives us a terrible picture of the condition of the world at the coming of Christ; but did the God of Judea treat his own children, the Gentiles, better than the Pagans treated theirs? When Rome enslaved mankind—when with her victorious armies she sought to conquer or to exterminate tribes and nations, she but followed the example of Jehovah. Is it true that benevolence came with Christ, and that his coming heralded the birth of pity in the human heart? Does not Mr. Black know that, thousands of years before Christ was born, there were hospitals and asylums for orphans in China? Does he not know that in Egypt, before Moses lived, the insane were treated with kindness and wooed back to natural thought by music's golden voice? Does he not know that in all times, and in all countries, there have been great and loving souls who wrought, and toiled, and suffered, and died that others might enjoy? Is it possible that he knows nothing of the religion of Buddha—a religion based upon equality, charity and forgiveness? Does he not know that, centuries before the birth of the great Peasant of Palestine, another, upon the plains of India, had taught the doctrine of forgiveness; and that, contrary to the tyranny of Jehovah, had given birth to the sublime declaration that all men are by nature free and equal? Does he not know that a religion of absolute trust in God had been taught thousands of years before Jerusalem was built—a religion based upon absolute special providence, carrying its confidence to the extremest edge of human thought, declaring that every evil is a blessing in disguise, and that every step taken by mortal man, whether in the rags of poverty or the royal robes of kings, is the step necessary to be taken by that soul in order to reach perfection and eternal joy? But how is it possible for a man who believes in slavery to have the slightest conception of benevolence, justice or charity? If Mr. Black is right, even Christ believed and taught that man could buy and sell his fellow-man. Will the Christians of America admit this? Do they believe that Christ from heaven's throne mocked when colored mothers, reft of babes, knelt by empty cradles and besought his aid?

For the man Christ—for the reformer who loved his fellow-men—for the man who believed in an Infinite Father, who would shield the innocent and protect the just—for the martyr who expected to be rescued from the cruel cross, and who at last, finding that his hope was dust, cried out in the gathering gloom of death: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"—for that great and suffering man, mistaken though he was, I have the highest admiration and respect. That man did not, as I believe, claim a miraculous origin; he did not pretend to heal the sick nor raise the dead. He claimed simply to be a man, and taught his fellow-men that love is stronger far than hate. His life was written by reverent ignorance. Loving credulity belittled his career with feats of jugglery and magic art, and priests, wishing to persecute and slay, put in his mouth the words of hatred and revenge. The theological Christ is the impossible union of the human and divine—man with the attributes of God, and God with the limitations and weaknesses of man.

After giving a terrible description of the Pagan world, Mr. Black says: “The church came, and her light penetrated the moral darkness like a new sun; she covered the globe with institutions of mercy.”

Is this true? Do we not know that when the Roman empire fell, darkness settled on the world? Do we not know that this darkness lasted for a thousand years, and that during all that time the church of Christ held, with bloody hands, the sword of power? These years were the starless midnight of our race. Art died, law was forgotten, toleration ceased to exist, charity fled from the human breast, and justice was unknown. Kings were tyrants, priests were pitiless, and the poor multitude were slaves. In the name of Christ, men made instruments of torture, and the *auto da fê* took the place of the gladiatorial show. Liberty was in chains, honesty in dungeons, while Christian superstition ruled mankind. Christianity compromised with Paganism. The statues of Jupiter were used to represent Jehovah. Isis and her babe were changed to Mary and the infant Christ. The Trinity of Egypt became the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The simplicity of the early Christians was lost in heathen rites and Pagan pomp. The believers in the blessedness of poverty became rich, avaricious, and grasping, and those who had said, “Sell all, and give to the poor,” became the ruthless gatherers of tithes and taxes. In a few years the teachings of Jesus were forgotten. The gospels were interpolated by the designing and ambitious. The church was infinitely corrupt. Crime was crowned, and virtue scourged. The minds of men were saturated with superstition. Miracles, apparitions, angels, and devils had possession of the world. “The nights were filled with incubi and succubi; devils’, clad in wondrous forms, and imps in hideous shapes, sought to tempt or fright the soldiers of the cross. The maddened spirits of the air sent hail and storm. Sorcerers wrought sudden death, and witches worked with spell and charm against the common weal.” In every town the stake arose. Faith carried fagots to the feet of philosophy. Priests—not “politicians”—fed and fanned the eager flames. The dungeon was the foundation of the cathedral.

Priests sold charms and relics to their flocks to keep away the wolves of hell. Thousands of Christians, failing to find protection in the church, sold their poor souls to Satan for some magic wand. Suspicion sat in every house, families were divided, wives denounced husbands, husbands denounced wives, and children their parents. Every calamity then, as now, increased the power of the church. Pestilence supported the’ pulpit, and famine was the right hand of faith. Christendom was insane.

Will Mr. Black be kind enough to state at what time “the church covered the globe with institutions of mercy”? In his reply, he conveys the impression that these institutions were organized in the first century, or at least in the morning of Christianity. How many hospitals for the sick were established by the church during a thousand years? Do we not know that for hundreds of years the Mohammedans erected more hospitals and asylums than the Christians? Christendom was filled with racks and thumbscrews, with stakes and fagots, with chains and dungeons, for centuries before a hospital was built. Priests despised doctors. Prayer was medicine. Physicians interfered with the sale of charms and relics. The church did not cure—it killed. It practiced surgery with the sword. The early Christians did not build asylums for the insane. They charged them with witchcraft, and burnt them. They built

asylums, not for the mentally diseased, but for the mentally developed. These asylums were graves.

All the languages of the world have not words of horror enough to paint the agonies of man when the church had power. Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Domitian, and Commodus were not as cruel, false, and base as many of the Christians Popes. Opposite the names of these imperial criminals write John the XII., Leo the VIII., Boniface the VII., Benedict the IX., Innocent the III., and Alexander the VI.

Was it under these pontiffs that the "church penetrated the moral darkness like a new sun," and covered the globe with institutions of mercy? Rome was far better when Pagan than when Catholic. It was better to allow gladiators and criminals to fight than to burn honest men. The greatest of the Romans denounced the cruelties of the arena. Seneca condemned the combats even of wild beasts. He was tender enough to say that "we should have a bond of sympathy for all sentient beings, knowing that only the depraved and base take pleasure in the sight of blood and suffering." Aurelius compelled the gladiators to fight with blunted swords. Roman lawyers declared that all men are by nature free and equal. Woman, under Pagan rule in Rome, became as free as man. Zeno, long before the birth of Christ, taught that virtue alone establishes a difference between men. We know that the Civil Law is the foundation of our codes. We know that fragments of Greek and Roman art—a few manuscripts saved from Christian destruction, some inventions and discoveries of the Moors—were the seeds of modern civilization. Christianity, for a thousand years, taught memory to forget and reason to believe. Not one step was taken in advance. Over the manuscripts of philosophers and poets, priests with their ignorant tongues thrust out, devoutly scrawled the forgeries of faith. For a thousand years the torch of progress was extinguished in the blood of Christ, and his disciples, moved by ignorant zeal, by insane, cruel creeds, destroyed with flame and sword a hundred millions of their fellow-men. They made this world a hell. But if cathedrals had been universities—if dungeons of the Inquisition had been laboratories—if Christians had believed in character instead of creed—if they had taken from the Bible all the good and thrown away the wicked and absurd—if domes of temples had been observatories—if priests had been philosophers—if missionaries had taught the useful arts—if astrology had been astronomy—if the black art had been chemistry—if superstition had been science—if religion had been humanity—it' would have been a heaven filled with love, with liberty, and joy.

We did not get our freedom from the church. The great truth, that all men are by nature free, was never told on Sinai's barren crags, nor by the lonely shores of Galilee.

The Old Testament filled this world with tyranny and crime, and the New gives us a future filled with pain for nearly all the sons of men. The Old describes the hell of the past, and the New the hell of the future. The Old tells us the frightful things that God has done—the New the cruel things that he will do. These two books give us the sufferings of the past and future—the injustice, the agony, the tears of both worlds. If the Bible is true—if Jehovah is God—if the lot of countless millions is to be eternal pain—better a thousand times that all the constellations of the shoreless vast were eyeless darkness and eternal space. Better that all that is should cease to be. Better

that all the seeds and springs of things should fail and wither from great Nature's realm. Better that causes and effects should lose relation and become unmeaning phrases and forgotten sounds. Better that every life should change to breathless death, to voiceless blank, and every world to blind oblivion and to moveless naught.

Mr. Black justifies all the crimes and horrors, excuses all the tortures of all the Christian years, by denouncing the cruelties of the French Revolution. Thinking people will not hasten to admit that an infinitely good being authorized slavery in Judea, because of the atrocities of the French Revolution. They will remember the sufferings of the Huguenots. They will remember the massacre of St. Bartholomew. They will not forget the countless cruelties of priest and king. They will not forget the dungeons of the Bastile. They will know that the Revolution was an effect, and that liberty was not the cause—that atheism was not the cause. Behind the Revolution they will see altar and throne—sword and fagot—palace and cathedral—king and priest—master and slave—tyrant and hypocrite. They will see that the excesses, the cruelties, and crimes were but the natural fruit of seeds the church had sown. But the Revolution was not entirely evil. Upon that cloud of war, black with the myriad miseries of a thousand years, dabbled with blood of king and queen, of patriot and priest, there was this bow: "Beneath the flag of France all men are free." In spite of all the blood and crime, in spite of deeds that seem insanely base, the People placed upon a Nation's brow these stars:—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—grander words than ever issued from Jehovah's lips.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Faith Or Agnosticism

[Ingersoll-Field.]

THE FIELD-INGERSOLL DISCUSSION.

An Open Letter to Robert G. Ingersoll.

Dear Sir: I am glad that I know you, even though some of my brethren look upon you as a monster because of your unbelief. I shall never forget the long evening I spent at your house in Washington; and in what I have to say, however it may fail to convince you, I trust you will feel that I have not shown myself unworthy of your courtesy or confidence.

Your conversation, then and at other times, interested me greatly. I recognized at once the elements of your power over large audiences, in your wit and dramatic talent—personating characters and imitating tones of voice and expressions of countenance—and your remarkable use of language, which even in familiar talk often rose to a high degree of eloquence. All this was a keen intellectual stimulus. I was, for the most part, a listener; but as we talked freely of religious matters, I protested against your unbelief as utterly without reason. Yet there was no offence given or taken, and we parted, I trust, with a feeling of mutual respect.

Still further, we found many points of sympathy. I do not hesitate to say that there are many things in which I agree with you, in which I love what you love and hate what you hate. A man's hatreds are not the least important part of him; they are among the best indications of his character. You love truth, and hate lying and hypocrisy—all the petty arts and deceits of the world by which men represent themselves to be other than they are—as well as the pride and arrogance, in which they assume superiority over their fellow-beings. Above all, you hate every form of injustice and oppression. Nothing moves your indignation so much as "man's inhumanity to man," and you mutter "curses, not loud but deep," on the whole race of tyrants and oppressors, whom you would sweep from the face of the earth. And yet, you do not hate oppression more than I; nor love liberty more. Nor will I admit that you have any stronger desire for that intellectual freedom, to the attainment of which you look forward as the last and greatest emancipation of mankind.

Nor have you a greater horror of superstition. Indeed, I might say that you cannot have so great, for the best of all reasons, that you have not seen so much of it; you have not stood on the banks of the Ganges, and seen the Hindoos by tens of thousands rushing madly to throw themselves into the sacred river, even carrying the ashes of their dead to cast them upon the waters. It seems but yesterday that I was sitting on the back of an elephant, looking down on this horrible scene of human degradation. Such superstition overthrows the very foundations of morality. In place of the natural sense of right and wrong, which is written in men's consciences and hearts, it introduces an artificial standard, by which the order of things is totally reversed: right is made wrong, and wrong is made right. It makes that a virtue which is not a virtue, and that a crime which is not a crime. Religion consists in a round of

observances that have no relation whatever to natural goodness, but which rather exclude it by being a substitute for it. Penances and pilgrimages take the place of justice and mercy, benevolence and charity. Such a religion, so far from being a purifier, is the greatest corrupter of morals; so that it is no extravagance to say of the Hindoos, who are a gentle race, that they might be virtuous and good if they were not so religious. But this colossal superstition weighs upon their very existence, crushing out even natural virtue. Such a religion is an immeasurable curse.

I hope this language is strong enough to satisfy even your own intense hatred of superstition. You cannot loathe it more than I do. So far we agree perfectly. But unfortunately you do not limit your crusade to the religions of Asia, but turn the same style of argument against the religion of Europe and America, and, indeed, against the religious belief and worship of every country and clime. In this matter you make no distinctions: you would sweep them all away; church and cathedral must go with the temple and the pagoda, as alike manifestations of human credulity, and proofs of the intellectual feebleness and folly of mankind. While under the impression of that memorable evening at your house, I took up some of your public addresses, and experienced a strange revulsion of feeling. I could hardly believe my eyes as I read, so inexpressibly was I shocked. Things which I held sacred you not only rejected with unbelief, but sneered at with contempt. Your words were full of a bitterness so unlike anything I had heard from your lips, that I could not reconcile the two, till I reflected that in Robert Ingersoll (as in the most of us) there were two men, who were not only distinct, but contrary the one to the other—the one gentle and sweet-tempered; the other delighting in war as his native element. Between the two, I have a decided preference for the former. I have no dispute with the quiet and peaceable gentleman, whose kindly spirit makes sunshine in his home; but it is *that other man* over yonder, who comes forth into the arena like a gladiator, defiant and belligerent, that rouses my antagonism. And yet I do not intend to *stand up* even against him; but if he will only *sit down* and listen patiently, and answer in those soft tones of voice which he knows so well how to use, we can have a quiet talk, which will certainly do him no harm, while it relieves my troubled mind.

What then is the basis of this religion which you despise? At the foundation of every form of religious faith and worship, is the idea of God. Here you take your stand; you do not believe in God. Of course you do not deny absolutely the existence of a Creative Power: for that would be to assume a knowledge which no human being can possess. How small is the distance that we can see before us! The candle of our intelligence throws its beams but a little way, beyond which the circle of light is compassed by universal darkness. Upon this no one insists more than yourself. I have heard you discourse upon the insignificance of man in a way to put many preachers to shame. I remember your illustration from the myriads of creatures that live on plants, from which you picked out, to represent human insignificance, an insect too small to be seen by the naked eye, whose world was a leaf, and whose life lasted but a single day! Surely a creature that can only be seen with a microscope, cannot *know* that a Creator does not exist!

This, I must do you the justice to say, you do not affirm. All that you can say is, that if there be no knowledge on one side, neither is there on the other; that it is only a

matter of probability; and that, judging from such evidence as appeals to your senses and your understanding, you do not *believe* that there is a God. Whether this be a reasonable conclusion or not, it is at least an intelligible state of mind.

Now I am not going to argue against what the Catholics call "invincible ignorance"—an incapacity on account of temperament—for I hold that the belief in God, like the belief in all spiritual things, comes to some minds by a kind of intuition. There are natures so finely strung that they are sensitive to influences which do not touch others. You may say that it is mere poetical rhapsody when Shelley writes:

"The awful shadow of some unseen power,
Floats, though unseen, among us."

But there are natures which are not at all poetical or dreamy, only most simple and pure, which, in moments of spiritual exaltation, are almost *conscious* of a Presence that is not of this world. But this, which is a matter of experience, will have no weight with those who do not have that experience. For the present, therefore, I would not be swayed one particle by mere sentiment, but look at the question in the cold light of reason alone.

The idea of God is, indeed, the grandest and most awful that can be entertained by the human mind. Its very greatness overpowers us, so that it seems impossible that such a Being should exist. But if it is hard to conceive of Infinity, it is still harder to get any intelligible explanation of the present order of things without admitting the existence of an intelligent Creator and Upholder of all. Galileo, when he swept the sky with his telescope, traced the finger of God in every movement of the heavenly bodies. Napoleon, when the French savants on the voyage to Egypt argued that there was no God, disdained any other answer than to point upward to the stars and ask, "Who made all these?" This is the first question, and it is the last. The farther we go, the more we are forced to one conclusion. No man ever studied nature with a more simple desire to know the truth than Agassiz, and yet the more he explored, the more he was startled as he found himself constantly face to face with the evidences of mind.

Do you say this is "a great mystery," meaning that it is something that we do not know anything about? Of course, it is "a mystery." But do you think to escape mystery by denying the Divine existence? You only exchange one mystery for another. The first of all mysteries is, not that God exists, but that *we* exist. Here we are. How did we come here? We go back to our ancestors; but that does not take away the difficulty; it only removes it farther off. Once begin to climb the stairway of past generations, and you will find that it is a Jacob's ladder, on which you mount higher and higher until you step into the very presence of the Almighty.

But even if we know that there is a God, what can we know of His character? You say, "God is whatever we conceive Him to be." We frame an image of Deity out of our consciousness—it is simply a reflection of our own personality, cast upon the sky like the image seen in the Alps in certain states of the atmosphere—and then fall down and worship that which we have created, not indeed with our hands, but out of our minds. This may be true to some extent of the gods of mythology, but not of the God of Nature, who is as inflexible as Nature itself. You might as well say that the laws of

nature are whatever we imagine them to be. But we do not go far before we find that, instead of being pliant to our will, they are rigid and inexorable, and we dash ourselves against them to our own destruction. So God does not bend to human thought any more than to human will. The more we study Him the more we find that He is *not* what we imagined him to be; that He is far greater than any image of Him that we could frame.

But, after all, you rejoin that the conception of a Supreme Being is merely an abstract idea, of no practical importance, with no bearing upon human life. I answer, it is of immeasurable importance. Let go the idea of God, and you have let go the highest moral restraint. There is no Ruler above man; he is a law unto himself—a law which is as impotent to produce order, and to hold society together, as man is with his little hands to hold the stars in their courses.

I know how you reason against the Divine existence from the moral disorder of the world. The argument is one that takes strong hold of the imagination, and may be used with tremendous effect. You set forth in colors none too strong the injustice that prevails in the relations of men to one another—the inequalities of society; the haughtiness of the rich and the misery of the poor; you draw lurid pictures of the vice and crime which run riot in the great capitals which are the centres of civilization; and when you have wound up your audience to the highest pitch, you ask, "How can it be that there is a just God in heaven, who looks down upon the earth and sees all this horrible confusion, and yet does not lift His hand to avenge the innocent or punish the guilty?" To this I will make but one answer: Does it convince yourself? I do not mean to imply that you are conscious of insincerity. But an orator is sometimes carried away by his own eloquence, and states things more strongly than he would in his cooler moments. So I venture to ask: With all your tendency to skepticism, do you really believe that there is no moral government of the world—no Power behind nature "making for righteousness?" Are there no retributions in history? When Lincoln stood on the field of Gettysburg, so lately drenched with blood, and, reviewing the carnage of that terrible day, accepted it as the punishment of our national sins, was it a mere theatrical flourish in him to lift his hand to heaven, and exclaim, "Just and true are Thy ways, Lord God Almighty!"

Having settled it to your own satisfaction that there is no God, you proceed in the same easy way to dispose of that other belief which lies at the foundation of all religion—the immortality of the soul. With an air of modesty and diffidence that would carry an audience by storm, you confess your ignorance of what, perhaps, others are better acquainted with, when you say, "This world is all that *I* know anything about, *so far as I recollect*." This is very wittily put, and some may suppose it contains an argument; but do you really mean to say that you do not *know* anything except what you "recollect," or what you have seen with your eyes? Perhaps you never saw your grandparents; but have you any more doubt of their existence than of that of your father and mother whom you did see?

Here, as when you speak of the existence of God, you carefully avoid any positive affirmation: you neither affirm nor deny. You are ready for whatever may "turn up." In your jaunty style, if you find yourself hereafter in some new and unexpected

situation, you will accept it and make the best of it, and be “as ready as the next man to enter on any remunerative occupation!”

But while airing this pleasant fancy, you plainly regard the hope of another life as a beggar’s dream—the momentary illusion of one who, stumbling along life’s highway, sets him down by the roadside, footsore and weary, cold and hungry, and falls asleep, and dreams of a time when he shall have riches and plenty. Poor creature! let him dream; it helps him to forget his misery, and may give him a little courage for his rude awaking to the hard reality of life. But it is all a dream, which dissolves in thin air, and floats away and disappears. This illustration I do not take from you, but simply choose to set forth what (as I infer from the sentences above quoted and many like expressions) may describe, not unfairly, your state of mind. Your treatment of the subject is one of trifling. You do not speak of it in a serious way, but lightly and flippantly, as if it were all a matter of fancy and conjecture, and not worthy of sober consideration.

Now, does it never occur to you that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of your fellow-creatures, on whose hope of another life hangs all that relieves the darkness of their present existence? To many of them life is a burden to carry, and they need all the helps to carry it that can be found in reason, in philosophy, or in religion. But what support does your hollow creed supply? You are a man of warm heart, of the tenderest sympathies. Those who know you best, and love you most, tell me that you cannot bear the sight of suffering even in animals; that your natural sensibility is such that you find no pleasure in sports, in hunting or fishing; to shoot a robin would make you feel like a murderer. If you see a poor man in trouble your first impulse is to help him. You cannot see a child in tears but you want to take up the little fellow in your arms, and make him smile again. And yet, with all your sensibility, you hold the most remorseless and pitiless creed in the world—a creed in which there is not a gleam of mercy or of hope. A mother has lost her only son. She goes to his grave and throws herself upon it, the very picture of woe. One thought only keeps her from despair: it is that beyond this life there is a world where she may once more clasp her boy in her arms. What will you say to that mother? You are silent, and your silence is a sentence of death to her hopes. By that grave you cannot speak; for if you were to open your lips and tell that mother what you really believe, it would be that her son is blotted out of existence, and that she can never look upon his face again. Thus with your iron heel do you trample down and crush the last hope of a broken heart.

When such sorrow comes to you, you feel it as keenly as any man. With your strong domestic attachments one cannot pass out of your little circle without leaving a great void in your heart, and your grief is as eloquent as it is hopeless. No sadder words ever fell from human lips than these, spoken over the coffin of one to whom you were tenderly attached: “Life is but a narrow vale, between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities!” This is a doom of annihilation, which strikes a chill to the stoutest heart. Even you must envy the faith which, as it looks upward, sees those “peaks of two eternities,” not “cold and barren,” but warm with the glow of the setting sun, which gives promise of a happier to-morrow!

I think I hear you say, “So might it be! Would that I could believe it!” for no one recognizes more the emptiness of life as it is. I do not forget the tone in which you said: “Life is very sad to me; it is very pitiful; there isn’t much to it.” True indeed! With your belief, or want of belief, there is very little to it; and if this were all, it would be a fair question whether life were worth living. In the name of humanity, let us cling to all that is left us that can bring a ray of hope into its darkness, and thus lighten its otherwise impenetrable gloom.

I observe that you not unfrequently entertain yourself and your audiences by caricaturing certain doctrines of the Christian religion. The “Atonement,” as you look upon it, is simply “punishing the wrong man”—letting the guilty escape and putting the innocent to death. This is vindicating justice by permitting injustice. But is there not another side to this? Does not the idea of sacrifice run through human life, and ennoble human character? You see a mother denying herself for her children, foregoing every comfort, enduring every hardship, till at last, worn out by her labor and her privation, she folds her hands upon her breast. May it not be said truly that she gives her life for the life of her children? History is full of sacrifice, and it is the best part of history. I will not speak of “the noble army of martyrs,” but of heroes who have died for their country or for liberty—what is it but this element of devotion for the good of others that gives such glory to their immortal names? How then should it be thought a thing without reason that a Deliverer of the race should give His life for the life of the world?

So, too, you find a subject for caricature in the doctrine of “Regeneration.” But what is regeneration but a change of character shown in a change of life? Is that so very absurd? Have you never seen a drunkard reformed? Have you never seen a man of impure life, who, after running his evil course, had, like the prodigal, “come to himself”—that is, awakened to his shame, and turning from it, come back to the path of purity, and finally regained a true and noble manhood? Probably you would admit this, but say that the change was the result of reflection, and of the man’s own strength of will. The doctrine of regeneration only adds to the will of man the power of God. We believe that man is weak, but that God is mighty; and that when man tries to raise himself, an arm is stretched out to lift him up to a height which he could not attain alone. Sometimes one who has led the worst life, after being plunged into such remorse and despair that he feels as if he were enduring the agonies of hell, turns back and takes another course: he becomes “a new creature,” whom his friends can hardly recognize as he “sits clothed and in his right mind.” The change is from darkness to light, from death to life; and he who has known but one such case will never say that the language is too strong which describes that man as “born again.”

If you think that I pass lightly over these doctrines, not bringing out all the meaning which they bear, I admit it. I am not writing an essay in theology, but would only show, in passing, by your favorite method of illustration, that the principles involved are the same with which you are familiar in everyday life.

But the doctrine which excites your bitterest animosity is that of Future Retribution. The prospect of another life, reaching on into an unknown futurity, you would contemplate with composure were it not for the dark shadow hanging over it. But to live only to suffer; to live when asking to die; to “long for death, and not be able to

find it"—is a prospect which arouses the anger of one who would look with calmness upon death as an eternal sleep. The doctrine loses none of its terrors in passing through your hands; for it is one of the means by which you work upon the feelings of your hearers. You pronounce it "the most horrible belief that ever entered the human mind: that the Creator should bring beings into existence to destroy them! This would make Him the most fearful tyrant in the universe—a Moloch devouring his own children!" I shudder when I recall the fierce energy with which you spoke as you said, "Such a God I hate with all the intensity of my being!"

But gently, gently, Sir! We will let this burst of fury pass before we resume the conversation. When you are a little more tranquil, I would modestly suggest that perhaps you are fighting a figment of your imagination. I never heard of any Christian teacher who said that "the Creator brought beings into the world to destroy them!" Is it not better to moderate yourself to exact statements, especially when, with all modifications, the subject is one to awaken a feeling the most solemn and profound?

Now I am not going to enter into a discussion of this doctrine. I will not quote a single text. I only ask you whether it is not a scientific truth that *the effect of everything which is of the nature of a cause is eternal*. Science has opened our eyes to some very strange facts in nature. The theory of vibrations is carried by the physicists to an alarming extent. They tell us that it is literally and mathematically true that you cannot throw a ball in the air but it shakes the solar system. Thus all things act upon all. What is true in space may be true in time, and the law of physics may hold in the spiritual realm. When the soul of man departs out of the body, being released from the grossness of the flesh, it may enter on a life a thousand times more intense than this: in which it will not need the dull senses as avenues of knowledge, because the spirit itself will be all eye, all ear, all intelligence; while memory, like an electric flash, will in an instant bring the whole of the past into view; and the moral sense will be quickened as never before. Here then we have all the conditions of retribution—a world which, however shadowy it may be seem, is yet as real as the homes and habitations and activities of our present state; with memory trailing the deeds of a lifetime behind it, and conscience, more inexorable than any judge, giving its solemn and final verdict.

With such conditions assumed, let us take a case which would awaken your just indignation—that of a selfish, hardhearted, and cruel man; who sacrifices the interests of everybody to his own; who grinds the faces of the poor, robbing the widow and the orphan of their little all; and who, so far from making restitution, dies with his ill-gotten gains held fast in his clenched hand. How long must the night be to sleep away the memory of such a hideous life? If he wakes, will not the recollection cling to him still? Are there any waters of oblivion that can cleanse his miserable soul? If not—if he cannot forget—surely he cannot forgive himself for the baseness which now he has no opportunity to repair. Here, then, is a retribution which is inseparable from his being, which is a part of his very existence. The undying memory brings the undying pain.

Take another case—alas! too sadly frequent. A man of pleasure betrays a young, innocent, trusting woman by the promise of his love, and then casts her off, leaving

her to sink down, down, through every degree of misery and shame, till she is lost in depths, which plummet never sounded, and disappears. Is he not to suffer for this poor creature's ruin? Can he rid himself of it by fleeing beyond "that bourne from whence no traveler returns"? Not unless he can flee from himself: for in the lowest depths of the under-world—a world in which the sun never shines—that image will still pursue him. As he wanders in its gloomy shades a pale form glides by him like an affrighted ghost. The face is the same, beautiful even in its sorrow, but with a look upon it as of one who has already suffered an eternity of woe. In an instant all the past comes back again. He sees the young, unblessed mother wandering in some lonely place, that only the heavens may witness her agony and her despair. There he sees her holding up in her arms the babe that had no right to be born, and calling upon God to judge her betrayer. How far in the future must he travel to forget that look? Is there any escape except by plunging into the gulf of annihilation?

Thus far in this paper I have taken a tone of defence. But I do not admit that the Christian religion needs any apology,—it needs only to be rightly understood to furnish its own complete vindication. Instead of considering its "evidences," which is but going round the outer walls, let us enter the gates of the temple and see what is within. Here we find something better than "towers and bulwarks" in the character of Him who is the Founder of our Religion, and not its Founder only but its very core and being. Christ is Christianity. Not only is He the Great Teacher, but the central subject of what He taught, so that the whole stands or falls with Him.

In our first conversation, I observed that, with all your sharp comments on things sacred, you professed great respect for the ethics of Christianity, and for its author. "Make the Sermon on the Mount your religion," you said, "and there I am with you." Very well! So far, so good. And now, if you will go a little further, you may find still more food for reflection.

All who have made a study of the character and teachings of Christ, even those who utterly deny the supernatural, stand in awe and wonder before the gigantic figure which is here revealed. Renan closes his "Life of Jesus" with this as the result of his long study: "Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will be renewed without ceasing; his story [légende] will draw tears from beautiful eyes without end; his sufferings will touch the finest natures; all the ages will proclaim

THAT AMONG THE SONS OF MEN THERE HAS NOT RISEN A GREATER THAN JESUS;"

while Rousseau closes his immortal eulogy by saying, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

Here is an argument for Christianity to which I pray you to address yourself. As you do not believe in miracles, and are ready to explain everything by natural causes, I beg you to tell us how came it to pass that a Hebrew peasant, born among the hills of Judea, had a wisdom above that of Socrates or Plato, of Confucius or Buddha? This is the greatest of miracles, that such a Being has lived and died on the earth.

Since this is the chief argument for Religion, does it not become one who undertakes to destroy it to set himself first to this central position, instead of wasting his time on

mere outposts? When you next address one of the great audiences that hang upon your words, is it unfair to ask that you lay aside such familiar topics as Miracles or Ghosts, or a reply to Talmage, and tell us what you think of Jesus Christ; whether you look upon Him as an impostor, or merely as a dreamer—a mild and harmless enthusiast; or are you ready to acknowledge that He is entitled to rank among the great teachers of mankind?

But if you are compelled to admit the greatness of Christ, you take your revenge on the Apostles, whom you do not hesitate to say that you "don't think much of." In fact, you set them down in a most peremptory way as "a poor lot." It did seem rather an unpromising "lot," that of a boat-load of fishermen, from which to choose the apostles of a religion—almost as unpromising as it was to take a rail-splitter to be the head of a nation in the greatest crisis of its history! But perhaps in both cases there was a wisdom higher than ours, that chose better than we. It might puzzle even you to give a better definition of religion than this of the Apostle James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world," or to find among those sages of antiquity, with whose writings you are familiar, a more complete and perfect delineation of that which is the essence of all goodness and virtue, than Paul's description of the charity which "suffereth long and is kind;" or to find in the sayings of Confucius or of Buddha anything more sublime than this aphorism of John: "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

And here you must allow me to make a remark, which is not intended as a personal retort, but simply in the interest of that truth which we both profess to seek, and to count worth more than victory. Your language is too sweeping to indicate the careful thinker, who measures his words and weighs them in a balance. Your lectures remind me of the pictures of Gustave Doré, who preferred to paint on a large canvas, with figures as gigantesque as those of Michael Angelo in his Last Judgment. The effect is very powerful, but if he had softened his colors a little,—if there were a few delicate touches, a mingling of light and shade, as when twilight is stealing over the earth,—the landscape would be more true to nature. So, believe me, your words would be more weighty if they were not so strong. But whenever you touch upon religion you seem to lose control of yourself, and a vindictive feeling takes possession of you, which causes you to see things so distorted from their natural appearance that you cannot help running into the broadest caricature. You swing your sentences as the woodman swings his axe. Of course, this "slashing" style is very effective before a popular audience, which does not care for nice distinctions, or for evidence that has to be sifted and weighed; but wants opinions off hand, and likes to have its prejudices and hatreds echoed back in a ringing voice. This carries the crowd, but does not convince the philosophic mind. The truth-seeker cannot cut a road through the forest with sturdy blows; he has a hidden path to trace, and must pick his way with slow and cautious step to find that which is more precious than gold.

But if it were possible for you to sweep away the "evidences of Christianity," you have not swept away Christianity itself; it still lives, not only in tradition, but in the hearts of the people, entwined with all that is sweetest in their domestic life, from which it must be torn out with unsparing hand before it can be exterminated. To begin with,

you turn your back upon history. All that men have done and suffered for the sake of religion was folly. The Pilgrims, who crossed the sea to find freedom to worship God in the forests of the New World, were miserable fanatics. There is no more place in the world for heroes and martyrs. He who sacrifices his life for a faith, or an idea, is a fool. The only practical wisdom is to have a sharp eye to the main chance. If you keep on in this work of demolition, you will soon destroy all our ideals. Family life withers under the cold sneer—half pity and half scorn—with which you look down on household worship. Take from our American firesides such scenes as that pictured in the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and you have taken from them their most sacred hours and their tenderest memories.

The same destructive spirit which intrudes into our domestic as well as our religious life, would take away the beauty of our villages as well as the sweetness of our homes. In the weary round of a week of toil, there comes an interval of rest; the laborer lays down his burden, and for a few hours breathes a serener air. The Sabbath morning has come:

"Sweet day I so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

At the appointed hour the bell rings across the valley, and sends its echoes among the hills; and from all the roads the people come trooping to the village church. Here they gather, old and young, rich and poor; and as they join in the same act of worship, feel that God is the maker of them all? Is there in our national life any influence more elevating than this—one which tends more to bring a community together; to promote neighborly feeling; to refine the manners of the people; to breed true courtesy, and all that makes a Christian village different from a cluster of Indian wigwams—a civilized community different from a tribe of savages?

All this you would destroy: you would abolish the Sabbath, or have it turned into a holiday; you would tear down the old church, so full of tender associations of the living and the dead, or at least have it "razeed," cutting off the tall spire that points upward to heaven; and the interior you would turn into an Assembly room—a place of entertainment, where the young people could have their merry-makings, except perchance in the warm' Summer-time, when they could dance on the village green! So far you would have gained your object. But would that be a more orderly community, more refined or more truly happy?

You may think this a mere sentiment—that we care more for the picturesque than for the true. But there is one result which is fearfully real: the destructive creed, or no creed, which despoils our churches and our homes, attacks society in its first principles by taking away the support of morality. I do not believe that general morality can be upheld without the sanctions of religion. There may be individuals of great natural force of character, who can stand alone—men of superior intellect and strong will. But in general human nature is weak, and virtue is not the spontaneous growth of childish innocence. Men do not become pure and good by instinct. Character, like mind, has to be developed by education; and it needs all the elements of strength which can be given it, from without as well as from within, from the

government of man and the government of God. To let go of these restraints is a peril to public morality.

You feel strong in the strength of a robust manhood, well poised in body and mind, and in the centre of a happy home, where loving hearts cling to you like vines round the oak. But many to whom you speak are quite otherwise. You address thousands of young men who have come out of country homes, where they have been brought up in the fear of God, and have heard the morning and evening prayer. They come into a city full of temptations, but are restrained from evil by the thought of father and mother, and reverence for Him who is the Father of us all—a feeling which, though it may not have taken the form of any profession, is yet at the bottom of their hearts, and keeps them from many a wrong and wayward step. A young man, who is thus "guarded and defended" as by unseen angels, some evening when he feels very lonely, is invited to "go and hear Ingersoll," and for a couple of hours listens to your caricatures of religion, with descriptions of the prayers and the psalm-singing, illustrated by devout grimaces and nasal tones, which set the house in roars of laughter, and are received with tumultuous applause. When it is all over, and the young man finds himself again under the flaring lamps of the city streets, he is conscious of a change; the faith of his childhood has been rudely torn from him, and with it "a glory has passed away from the earth;" the Bible which his mother gave him, the morning that he came away, is "a mass of fables;" the sentence which she wished him to hang on the wall, "Thou, God, seest me," has lost its power, for there is no God that sees him, no moral government, no law and no retribution. So he reasons as he walks slowly homeward, meeting the temptations which haunt these streets at night—temptations from which he has hitherto turned with a shudder, but which he now meets with a diminished power of resistance. Have you done that young man any good in taking from him what he held sacred before? Have you not left him morally weakened? From sneering at religion, it is but a step to sneering at morality, and then but one step more to a vicious and profligate career. How are you going to stop this downward tendency? When you have stripped him of former restraints, do you leave him anything in their stead, except indeed a sense of honor, self-respect, and self-interest?—worthy motives, no doubt, but all too feeble to withstand the fearful temptations that assail him. Is the chance of his resistance as good as it was before? Watch him as he goes along that street at midnight! He passes by the places of evil resort, of drinking and gambling—those open mouths of hell; he hears the sound of music and dancing, and for the first time pauses to listen. How long will it be before he will venture in?

With such dangers in his path, it is a grave responsibility to loosen the restraints which hold such a young man to virtue. These gibes and sneers which you utter so lightly, may have a sad echo in a lost character and a wretched life. Many a young man has been thus taunted until he has pushed off from the shore, under the idea of gaining his "liberty," and ventured into the rapids, only to be carried down the stream, and left a wreck in the whirlpool below.

You tell me that your object is to drive fear out of the world. That is a noble ambition; if you succeed, you will be indeed a deliverer. Of course you mean only irrational fears. You would not have men throw off the fear of violating the laws of nature; for

that would lead to incalculable misery. You aim only at the terrors born of ignorance and superstition. But how are you going to get rid of these? You trust to the progress of science, which has dispelled so many fears arising from physical phenomena, by showing that calamities ascribed to spiritual agencies are explained by natural causes. But science can only go a certain way, beyond which we come into the sphere of the unknown, where all is dark as before. How can you relieve the fears of others—indeed how can you rid yourself of fear, believing as you do that there is no Power above which can help you in any extremity; that you are the sport of accident, and may be dashed in pieces by the blind agency of nature? If I believed this, I should feel that I was in the grasp of some terrible machinery which was crushing me to atoms, with no possibility of escape.

Not so does Religion leave man here on the earth, helpless and hopeless—in abject terror, as he is in utter darkness as to his fate—but opening the heaven above him, it discovers a Great Intelligence, compassing all things, seeing the end from the beginning, and ordering our little lives so that even the trials that we bear, as they call out the finer elements of character, conduce to our future happiness. God is our Father. We look up into His face with childlike confidence, and find that "His service is perfect freedom." "Love casts out fear." That, I beg to assure you, is the way, and the only way, by which man can be delivered from those fears by which he is all his lifetime subject to bondage.

In your attacks upon Religion you do violence to your own manliness. Knowing you as I do, I feel sure that you do not realize where your blows fall, or whom they wound, or you would not use your weapons so freely. The faiths of men are as sacred as the most delicate manly or womanly sentiments of love and honor. They are dear as the beloved faces that have passed from our sight. I should think myself wanting in respect to the memory of my father and mother if I could speak lightly of the faith in which they lived and died. Surely this must be mere thoughtlessness, for I cannot believe that you find pleasure in giving pain. I have not forgotten the gentle hand that was laid upon your shoulder, and the gentle voice which said, "Uncle Robert wouldn't hurt a fly." And yet you bruise the tenderest sensibilities, and trample down what is most cherished by millions of sisters and daughters and mothers, little heeding that you are sporting with "human creatures' lives."

You are waging a hopeless war—a war in which you are certain only of defeat. The Christian Religion began to be nearly two thousand years before you and I were born, and it will live two thousand years after we are dead. Why is it that it lives on and on, while nations and kingdoms perish? Is not this "the survival of the fittest?" Contend against it with all your wit and eloquence, you will fail, as all have failed before you. You cannot fight against the instincts of humanity. It is as natural for men to look up to a Higher Power as it is to look up to the stars. Tell them that there is no God! You might as well tell them that there is no Sun in heaven, even while on that central light and heat all life on earth depends.

I do not presume to, think that I have convinced you, or changed your opinion; but it is always right to appeal to a man's "sober second thought"—to that better judgment that comes with increasing knowledge and advancing years; and I will not give up hope that you will yet see things more clearly, and recognize the mistake you have

made in not distinguishing Religion from Superstition—two things as far apart as "the hither from the utmost pole." Superstition is the greatest enemy of Religion. It is the nightmare of the mind, filling it with all imaginable terrors—a black cloud which broods over half the world. Against this you may well invoke the light of science to scatter its darkness. Whoever helps to sweep it away, is a benefactor of his race. But when this is done, and the moral atmosphere is made pure and sweet, then you as well as we may be conscious of a new Presence coming into the hushed and vacant air, as Religion, daughter of the skies, descends to earth to bring peace and good will to men.

Henry M. Field.

A REPLY TO THE REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.

"Doubt is called the beacon of the wise."

My Dear Mr. Field:

I answer your letter because it is manly, candid and generous. It is not often that a minister of the gospel of universal benevolence speaks of an unbeliever except in terms of reproach, contempt and hatred. The meek are often malicious. The statement in your letter, that some of your brethren look upon me as a monster on account of my unbelief, tends to show that those who love God are not always the friends of their fellow-men.

Is it not strange that people who admit that they ought to be eternally damned, that they are by nature totally depraved, and that there is no soundness or health in them, can be so arrogantly egotistic as to look upon others as "monsters"? And yet "some of your brethren," who regard unbelievers as infamous, rely for salvation entirely on the goodness of another, and expect to receive as alms an eternity of joy.

The first question that arises between us, is as to the innocence of honest error—as to the right to express an honest thought.

You must know that perfectly honest men differ on many important subjects. Some believe in free trade, others are the advocates of protection. There are honest Democrats and sincere Republicans. How do you account for these differences? Educated men, presidents of colleges, cannot agree upon questions capable of solution—questions that the mind can grasp, concerning which the evidence is open to all and where the facts can be with accuracy ascertained. How do you explain this? If such differences can exist consistently with the good faith of those who differ, can you not conceive of honest people entertaining different views on subjects about which nothing can be positively known?

You do not regard me as a monster. "Some of your brethren" do. How do you account for this difference? Of course, your brethren—their hearts having been softened by the Presbyterian God—are governed by charity and love. They do not regard me as a monster because I have committed an infamous crime, but simply for the reason that I have expressed my honest thoughts.

What should I have done? I have read the Bible with great care, and the conclusion has forced itself upon my mind not only that it is not inspired, but that it is not true.

Was it my duty to speak or act contrary to this conclusion? Was it my duty to remain silent? If I had been untrue to myself, if I had joined the majority,—if I had declared the book to be the inspired word of God,—would your brethren still have regarded me as a monster? Has religion had control of the world so long that an honest man seems monstrous?

According to your creed—according to your Bible—the same Being who made the mind of man, who fashioned every brain, and sowed within those wondrous fields the seeds of every thought and deed, inspired the Bible's every word, and gave it as a guide to all the world. Surely the book should satisfy the brain. And yet, there are millions who do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. Some of the greatest and best have held the claim of inspiration in contempt. No Presbyterian ever stood higher in the realm of thought than Humboldt. He was familiar with Nature from sands to stars, and gave his thoughts, his discoveries and conclusions, "more precious than the tested gold," to all mankind. Yet he not only rejected the religion of your brethren, but denied the existence of their God. Certainly, Charles Darwin was one of the greatest and purest of men,—as free from prejudice as the mariner's compass,—desiring only to find amid the mists and clouds of ignorance the star of truth. No man ever exerted a greater influence on the intellectual world. His discoveries, carried to their legitimate conclusion, destroy the creeds and sacred Scriptures of mankind. In the light of "Natural Selection," "The Survival of the Fittest," and "The Origin of Species," even the Christian religion becomes a gross and cruel superstition. Yet Darwin was an honest, thoughtful, brave and generous man.

Compare, I beg of you, these men, Humboldt and Darwin, with the founders of the Presbyterian Church. Read the life of Spinoza, the loving pantheist, and then that of John Calvin, and tell me, candidly, which, in your opinion, was a "monster." Even your brethren do not claim that men are to be eternally punished for having been mistaken as to the truths of geology, astronomy, or mathematics. A man may deny the rotundity and rotation of the earth, laugh at the attraction of gravitation, scout the nebular hypothesis, and hold the multiplication table in abhorrence, and yet join at last the angelic choir. I insist upon the same freedom of thought in all departments of human knowledge. Reason is the supreme and final test.

If God has made a revelation to man, it must have been addressed to his reason. There is no other faculty that could even decipher the address. I admit that reason is a small and feeble flame, a flickering torch by stumblers carried in the starless night,—blown and flared by passion's storm,—and yet it is the only light. Extinguish that, and nought remains.

You draw a distinction between what you are pleased to call "superstition" and religion. You are shocked at the Hindoo mother when she gives her child to death at the supposed command of her God. What do you think of Abraham, of Jephthah? What is your opinion of Jehovah himself? Is not the sacrifice of a child to a phantom as horrible in Palestine as in India? Why should a God demand a sacrifice from man? Why should the infinite ask anything from the finite? Should the sun beg of the glow-worm, and should the momentary spark excite the envy of the source of light?

You must remember that the Hindoo mother believes that her child will be forever blest—that it will become the especial care of the God to whom it has been given. This is a sacrifice through a false belief on the part of the mother. She breaks her heart for the love of her babe. But what do you think of the Christian mother who expects to be happy in heaven, with her child a convict in the eternal prison—a prison in which none die, and from which none escape? What do you say of those Christians who believe that they, in heaven, will be so filled with ecstasy that all the loved of earth will be forgotten—that all the sacred relations of life, and all the passions of the heart, will fade and die, so that they will look with stony, un-replying, happy eyes upon the miseries of the lost?

You have laid down a rule by which superstition can be distinguished from religion. It is this: "It makes that a crime which is not a crime, and that a virtue which is not a virtue." Let us test your religion by this rule.

Is it a crime to investigate, to think, to reason, to observe? Is it a crime to be governed by that which to you is evidence, and is it infamous to express your honest thought? There is also another question: Is credulity a virtue? Is the open mouth of ignorant wonder the only entrance to Paradise?

According to your creed, those who believe are to be saved, and those who do not believe are to be eternally lost. When you condemn men to everlasting pain for unbelief—that is to say, for acting in accordance with that which is evidence to them—do you not make that a crime which is not a crime? And when you reward men with an eternity of joy for simply believing that which happens to be in accord with their minds, do you not make that a virtue which is not a virtue? In other words, do you not bring your own religion exactly within your own definition of superstition?

The truth is, that no one can justly be held responsible for his thoughts. The brain thinks without asking our consent. We believe, or we disbelieve, without an effort of the will. Belief is a result. It is the effect of evidence upon the mind. The scales turn in spite of him who watches. There is no opportunity of being honest or dishonest in the formation of an opinion. The conclusion is entirely independent of desire. We must believe, or we must doubt, in spite of what we wish.

That which must be, has the right to be.

We think in spite of ourselves. The brain thinks as the heart beats, as the eyes see, as the blood pursues its course in the old accustomed ways.

The question then is, not have we the right to think,—that being a necessity,—but have we the right to express our honest thoughts? You certainly have the right to express yours, and you have exercised that right. Some of your brethren, who regard me as a monster, have expressed theirs. The question now is, have I the right to express mine? In other words, have I the right to answer your letter? To make that a crime in me which is a virtue in you, certainly comes within your definition of superstition. To exercise a right yourself which you deny to me is simply the act of a tyrant. Where did you get your right to express your honest thoughts? When, and where, and how did I lose mine?

You would not burn, you would not even imprison me, because I differ with you on a subject about which neither of us knows anything. To you the savagery of the Inquisition is only a proof of the depravity of man. You are far better than your creed. You believe that even the Christian world is outgrowing the frightful feeling that fagot, and dungeon, and thumb-screw are legitimate arguments, calculated to convince those upon whom they are used, that the religion of those who use them was founded by a God of infinite compassion. You will admit that he who now persecutes for opinion's sake is infamous. And yet, the God you worship will, according to your creed, torture through all the endless years the man who entertains an honest doubt. A belief in such a God is the foundation and cause of all religious persecution. You may reply that only the belief in a false God causes believers to be inhuman. But you must admit that the Jews believed in the true God, and you are forced to say that they were so malicious, so cruel, so savage, that they crucified the only Sinless Being who ever lived. This crime was Committed, not in spite of their religion, but in accordance with it. They simply obeyed the command of Jehovah. And the followers of this Sinless Being, who, for all these centuries, have denounced the cruelty of the Jews for crucifying a man on account of his opinion, have destroyed millions and millions of their fellow-men for differing with them. And this same Sinless Being threatens to torture in eternal fire countless myriads for the same offence. Beyond this, inconsistency cannot go. At this point absurdity becomes infinite.

Your creed transfers the Inquisition to another world, making it eternal. Your God becomes, or rather is, an infinite Torquemada, who denies to his countless victims even the mercy of death. And this you call "a consolation."

You insist that at the foundation of every religion is the idea of God. According to your creed, all ideas of God, except those entertained by those of your faith, are absolutely false. You are not called upon to defend the Gods of the nations dead; nor the Gods of heretics. It is your business to defend the God of the Bible—the God of the Presbyterian Church. When in the ranks doing battle for your creed, you must wear the uniform of your church. You dare not say that it is sufficient to insure the salvation of a soul to believe in a god, or in some god. According to your creed, man must believe in your God. All the nations dead believed in gods, and all the worshipers of Zeus, and Jupiter, and Isis, and Osiris, and Brahma prayed and sacrificed in vain. Their petitions were not answered, and their souls were not saved. Surely you do not claim that it is sufficient to believe in any one of the heathen gods.

What right have you to occupy the position of the deists, and to put forth arguments that even Christians have answered? The deist denounced the God of the Bible because of his cruelty, and at the same time lauded the God of Nature. The Christian replied that the God of Nature was as cruel as the God of the Bible. This answer was complete.

I feel that you are entitled to the admission that none have been, that none are, too ignorant, too degraded, to believe in the supernatural; and I freely give you the advantage of this admission. Only a few—and they among the wisest, noblest, and purest of the human race—have regarded all gods as monstrous myths. Yet a belief in "the true God" does not seem to make men charitable or just. For most people,

theism is the easiest solution of the universe. They are satisfied with saying that there must be a Being who created and who governs the world. But the universality of a belief does not tend to establish its truth. The belief in the existence of a malignant Devil has been as universal as the belief in a beneficent God, yet few intelligent men will say that the universality of this belief in an infinite demon even tends to prove his existence. In the world of thought, majorities count for nothing. Truth has always dwelt with the few.

Man has filled the world with impossible monsters, and he has been the sport and prey of these phantoms born of ignorance and hope and fear. To appease the wrath of these monsters man has sacrificed his fellow-man. He has shed the blood of wife and child; he has fasted and prayed; he has suffered beyond the power of language to express, and yet he has received nothing from these gods—they have heard no supplication, they have answered no prayer.

You may reply that your God "sends his rain on the just and on the unjust," and that this fact proves that he is merciful to all alike. I answer, that your God sends his pestilence on the just and on the unjust—that his earthquakes devour and his cyclones rend and wreck the loving and the vicious, the honest and the criminal. Do not these facts prove that your God is cruel to all alike? In other words, do they not demonstrate the absolute impartiality of divine negligence?

Do you not believe that any honest man of average intelligence, having absolute control of the rain, could do vastly better than is being done? Certainly there would be no droughts or floods; the crops would not be permitted to wither and die, while rain was being wasted in the sea. Is it conceivable that a good man with power to control the winds would not prevent cyclones? Would you not rather trust a wise and honest man with the lightning?

Why should an infinitely wise and powerful God destroy the good and preserve the vile? Why should he treat all alike here, and in another world make an infinite difference? Why should your God allow his worshipers, his adorers, to be destroyed by his enemies? Why should he allow the honest, the loving, the noble, to perish at the stake? Can you answer these questions? Does it not seem to you that your God must have felt a touch of shame when the poor slave mother—one that had been robbed of her babe—knelt and with clasped hands, in a voice broken with sobs, commenced her prayer with the words "Our Father"?

It gave me pleasure to find that, notwithstanding your creed, you are philosophical enough to say that some men are incapacitated, by reason of temperament, for believing in the existence of God. Now, if a belief in God is necessary to the salvation of the soul, why should God create a soul without this capacity? Why should he create souls that he knew would be lost? You seem to think that it is necessary to be poetical, or dreamy, in order to be religious, and by inference, at least, you deny certain qualities to me that you deem necessary. Do you account for the atheism of Shelley by saying that he was not poetic, and do you quote his lines to prove the existence of the very God whose being he so passionately denied? Is it possible that Napoleon—one of the most infamous of men—had a nature so finely strung that he was sensitive to the divine influences? Are you driven to the necessity of proving the

existence of one tyrant by the words of another? Personally, I have but little confidence in a religion that satisfied the heart of a man who, to gratify his ambition, filled half the world with widows and orphans. In regard to Agassiz, it is just to say that he furnished a vast amount of testimony in favor of the truth of the theories of Charles Darwin, and then denied the correctness of these theories—preferring the good opinions of Harvard for a few days to the lasting applause of the intellectual world.

I agree with you that the world is a mystery, not only, but that everything in nature is equally mysterious, and that there is no way of escape from the mystery of life and death. To me, the crystallization of the snow is as mysterious as the constellations. But when you endeavor to explain the mystery of the universe by the mystery of God, you do not even exchange mysteries—you simply make one more.

Nothing can be mysterious enough to become an explanation.

The mystery of man cannot be explained by the mystery of God. That mystery still asks for explanation. The mind is so that it cannot grasp the idea of an infinite personality. That is beyond the circumference. This being so, it is impossible that man can be convinced by any evidence of the existence of that which he cannot in any measure comprehend. Such evidence would be equally incomprehensible with the incomprehensible fact sought to be established by it, and the intellect of man can grasp neither the one nor the other.

You admit that the God of Nature—that is to say, your God—is as inflexible as nature itself. Why should man worship the inflexible? Why should he kneel to the unchangeable? You say that your God “does not bend to human thought any more than to human will,” and that “the more we study him, the more we find that he is not what we imagined him to be.” So that, after all, the only thing you are really certain of in relation to your God is, that he is not what you think he is. Is it not almost absurd to insist that such a state of mind is necessary to salvation, or that it is a moral restraint, or that it is the foundation of social order?

The most religious nations have been the most immoral, the cruelest and the most unjust. Italy was far worse under the Popes than under the Cæsars. Was there ever a barbarian nation more savage than the Spain of the sixteenth century? Certainly you must know that what you call religion has produced a thousand civil wars, and has severed with the sword all the natural ties that produce “the unity and married calm of States.” Theology is the fruitful mother of discord; order is the child of reason. If you will candidly consider this question—if you will for a few moments forget your preconceived opinions—you will instantly see that the instinct of self-preservation holds society together. Religion itself was born of this instinct. People, being ignorant, believed that the Gods were jealous and revengeful. They peopled space with phantoms that demanded worship and delighted in sacrifice and ceremony, phantoms that could be flattered by praise and changed by prayer. These ignorant people wished to preserve themselves. They supposed that they could in this way avoid pestilence and famine, and postpone perhaps the day of death. Do you not see that self-preservation lies at the foundation of worship? Nations, like individuals, defend and protect themselves. Nations, like individuals, have fears, have ideals, and

live for the accomplishment of certain ends. Men defend their property because it is of value. Industry is the enemy of theft. Men, as a rule, desire to live, and for that reason murder is a crime. Fraud is hateful to the victim. The majority of mankind work and produce the necessities, the comforts, and the luxuries of life. They wish to retain the fruits of their labor. Government is one of the instrumentalities for the preservation of what man deems of value. This is the foundation of social order, and this holds society together.

Religion has been the enemy of social order, because it directs the attention of man to another world. Religion teaches its votaries to sacrifice this world for the sake of that other. The effect is to weaken the ties that hold families and States together. Of what consequence is anything in this world compared with eternal joy?

You insist that man is not capable of self-government, and that God made the mistake of filling a world with failures—in other words, that man must be governed not by himself, but by your God, and that your God produces order, and establishes and preserves all the nations of the earth. This being so, your God is responsible for the government of this world. Does he preserve order in Russia? Is he accountable for Siberia? Did he establish the institution of slavery? Was he the founder of the Inquisition?

You answer all these questions by calling my attention to "the retributions of history." What are the retributions of history? The honest were burned at the stake; the patriotic, the generous, and the noble were allowed to die in dungeons; whole races were enslaved; millions of mothers were robbed of their babes. What were the retributions of history? They who committed these crimes wore crowns, and they who justified these infamies were adorned with the tiara.

You are mistaken when you say that Lincoln at Gettysburg said: "Just and true are thy judgments, Lord God Almighty." Something like this occurs in his last inaugural, in which he says,—speaking of his hope that the war might soon be ended,—"If it shall continue until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" But admitting that you are correct in the assertion, let me ask you one question: Could one standing over the body of Lincoln, the blood slowly oozing from the madman's wound, have truthfully said: "Just and true are thy judgments, Lord God Almighty"?

Do you really believe that this world is governed by an infinitely wise and good God? Have you convinced even yourself of this? Why should God permit the triumph of injustice? Why should the loving be tortured? Why should the noblest be destroyed? Why should the world be filled with misery, with ignorance, and with want? What reason have you for believing that your God will do better in another world than he has done and is doing in this? Will he be wiser? Will he have more power? Will he be more merciful?

When I say "your God," of course I mean the God described in the Bible and the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. But again I say, that in the nature of things, there can be no evidence of the existence of an infinite being.

An infinite being must be conditionless, and for that reason there is nothing that a finite being can do that can by any possibility affect the well-being of the conditionless. This being so, man can neither owe nor discharge any debt or duty to an infinite being. The infinite cannot want, and man can do nothing for a being who wants nothing. A conditioned being can be made happy, or miserable, by changing conditions, but the conditionless is absolutely independent of cause and effect.

I do not say that a God does not exist, neither do I say that a God does exist; but I say that I do not know—that there can be no evidence to my mind of the existence of such a being, and that my mind is so that it is incapable of even thinking of an infinite personality. I know that in your creed you describe God as "without body, parts, or passions." This, to my mind, is simply a description of an infinite vacuum. I have had no experience with gods. This world is the only one with which I am acquainted, and I was surprised to find in your letter the expression that "perhaps others are better acquainted with that of which I am so ignorant." Did you, by this, intend to say that you know anything of any other state of existence—that you have inhabited some other planet—that you lived before you were born, and that you recollect something of that other world, or of that other state?

Upon the question of immortality you have done me, unintentionally, a great injustice. With regard to that hope, I have never uttered "a flippant or a trivial" word. I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that the idea of immortality, that, like a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that we do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door—the beginning, or end, of a day—the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings—the rise or the set of a sun, or an endless life, that brings rapture and love to every one.

The belief in immortality is far older than Christianity. Thousands of years before Christ was born billions of people had lived and died in that hope. Upon countless graves had been laid in love and tears the emblems of another life. The heaven of the New Testament was to be in this world. The dead, after they were raised, were to live here. Not one satisfactory word was said to have been uttered by Christ—nothing philosophic, nothing clear, nothing that adorns, like a bow of promise, the cloud of doubt.

According to the account in the New Testament, Christ was dead for a period of nearly three days. After his resurrection, why did not some one of his disciples ask him where he had been? Why did he not tell them what world he had visited? There was the opportunity to "bring life and immortality to light." And yet he was as silent as the grave that he had left—speechless as the stone that angels had rolled away.

How do you account for this? Was it not infinitely cruel to leave the world in darkness and in doubt, when one word could have filled all time with hope and light?

The hope of immortality is the great oak round which have climbed the poisonous vines of superstition. The vines have not supported the oak—the oak has supported the vines. As long as men live and love and die, this hope will blossom in the human heart.

All I have said upon this subject has been to express my hope and confess my lack of knowledge. Neither by word nor look have I expressed any other feeling than sympathy with those who hope to live again—for those who bend above their dead and dream of life to come. But I have denounced the selfishness and heartlessness of those who expect for themselves an eternity of joy, and for the rest of mankind predict, without a tear, a world of endless pain. Nothing can be more contemptible than such a hope—a hope that can give satisfaction only to the hyenas of the human race.

When I say that I do not know—when I deny the existence of perdition, you reply that "there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of my fellow-creatures."

You have had the goodness to invite me to a grave over which a mother bends and weeps for her only son. I accept your invitation. We will go together. Do not, I pray you, deal in splendid generalities. Be explicit. Remember that the son for whom the loving mother weeps was not a Christian, not a believer in the inspiration of the Bible nor in the divinity of Jesus Christ. The mother turns to you for consolation, for some star of hope in the midnight of her grief. What must you say? Do not desert the Presbyterian creed. Do not forget the threatenings of Jesus Christ. What must you say? Will you read a portion of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith? Will you read this?

"Although the light of Nature, and the works of creation and Providence, do so far manifest the goodness, wisdom, and power of God as to leave man inexcusable, yet they are not sufficient to give that knowledge of God and of his will which is necessary to salvation."

Or, will you read this?

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

Suppose the mother, lifting her tear-stained face, should say: "My son was good, generous, loving and kind. He gave his life for me. Is there no hope for him?" Would you then put this serpent in her breast?

"Men not professing the Christian religion cannot be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to conform their lives according to the light of Nature. We cannot by our best works merit pardon of sin. There is no sin so small but that it deserves damnation. Works done by unregenerate men, although, for the matter of that, they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others, are sinful and cannot please God or make a man meet to receive Christ or God."

And suppose the mother should then sobbingly ask: “What has become of my son? Where is he now?” Would you still read from your Confession of Faith, or from your Catechism—this?

“The souls of the wicked are cast into hell, where they remain in torment and utter darkness, reserved to the judgment of the great day. At the last day the righteous shall come into everlasting life, but the wicked shall be cast into eternal torment and punished with everlasting destruction. The wicked shall be cast into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torment, both of body and soul, with the devil and his angels forever.”

If the poor mother still wept, still refused to be comforted, would you thrust this dagger in her heart?

“At the Day of Judgment you, being caught up to Christ in the clouds, shall be seated at his right hand and there openly acknowledged and acquitted, and you shall join with him in the damnation of your son.”

If this failed to still the beatings of her aching heart, would you repeat these words which you say came from the loving soul of Christ?

“They who believe and are baptized shall be saved, and they who believe not shall be damned; and these shall go away into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.”

Would you not be compelled, according to your belief, to tell this mother that “there is but one name given under heaven and among men whereby” the souls of men can enter the gates of Paradise? Would you not be compelled to say: “Your son lived in a Christian land. The means of grace were within his reach. He died not having experienced a change of heart, and your son is forever lost. You can meet your son again only by dying in your sins; but if you will give your heart to God you can never clasp him to your breast again.”

What could I say? Let me tell you:

“My dear madam, this reverend gentleman knows nothing of another world. He cannot see beyond the tomb. He has simply stated to you the superstitions of ignorance, of cruelty and fear. If there be in this universe a God, he certainly is as good as you are. Why should he have loved your son in life—loved him, according to this reverend gentleman, to that degree that he gave his life for him; and why should that love be changed to hatred the moment your son was dead?

“My dear woman, there are no punishments, there are no rewards—there are consequences; and of one thing you may rest assured, and that is, that every soul, no matter what sphere it may inhabit, will have the everlasting opportunity of doing right.

“If death ends all, and if this handful of dust over which you weep is all there is, you have this consolation: Your son is not within the power of this reverend gentleman’s God—that is something. Your son does not suffer. Next to a life of joy is the dreamless sleep of death.”

Does it not seem to you infinitely absurd to call orthodox Christianity “a consolation”? Here in this world, where every human being is enshrouded in cloud and mist,—where all lives are filled with mistakes,—where no one claims to be perfect, is it “a consolation” to say that “the smallest sin deserves eternal pain”? Is it possible for the ingenuity of man to extract from the doctrine of hell one drop, one ray, of “consolation”? If that doctrine be true, is not your God an infinite criminal? Why should he have created uncounted billions destined to suffer forever? Why did he not leave them unconscious dust? Compared with this crime, any crime that man can by any possibility commit is a virtue.

Think for a moment of your God,—the keeper of an infinite penitentiary filled with immortal convicts,—your God an eternal turnkey, without the pardoning power. In the presence of this infinite horror, you complacently speak of the atonement,—a scheme that has not yet gathered within its horizon a billionth part of the human race,—an atonement with one-half the world remaining undiscovered for fifteen hundred years after it was made.

If there could be no suffering, there could be no sin. To unjustly cause suffering is the only possible crime. How can a God accept the suffering of the innocent in lieu of the punishment of the guilty?

According to your theory, this infinite being, by his mere will, makes right and wrong. This I do not admit. Right and wrong exist in the nature of things—in the relation they bear to man, and to sentient beings. You have already admitted that “Nature is inflexible, and that a violated law calls for its consequences.” I insist that no God can step between an act and its natural effects. If God exists, he has nothing to do with punishment, nothing to do with reward. From certain acts flow certain consequences; these consequences increase or decrease the happiness of man; and the consequences must be borne.

A man who has forfeited his life to the commonwealth may be pardoned, but a man who has violated a condition of his own well-being cannot be pardoned—there is no pardoning power. The laws of the State are made, and, being made, can be changed; but the facts of the universe cannot be changed. The relation of act to consequence cannot be altered. This is above all power, and, consequently, there is no analogy between the laws of the State and the facts in Nature. An infinite God could not change the relation between the diameter and circumference of the circle.

A man having committed a crime may be pardoned, but I deny the right of the State to punish an innocent man in the place of the pardoned—no matter how willing the innocent man may be to suffer the punishment. There is no law in Nature, no fact in Nature, by which the innocent can be justly punished to the end that the guilty may go free. Let it be understood once for all: Nature cannot pardon.

You have recognized this truth. You have asked me what is to become of one who seduces and betrays, of the criminal with the blood of his victim upon his hands? Without the slightest hesitation I answer, whoever commits a crime against another must, to the utmost of his power in this world and in another, if there be one, make full and ample restitution, and in addition must bear the natural consequences of his offence. No man can be perfectly happy, either in this world or in any other, who has

by his perfidy broken a loving and confiding heart. No power can step between acts and consequences—no forgiveness, no atonement.

But, my dear friend, you have taught for many years, if you are a Presbyterian, or an evangelical Christian, that a man may seduce and betray, and that the poor victim, driven to insanity, leaping from some wharf at night where ships strain at their anchors in storm and darkness—you have taught that this poor girl may be tormented forever by a God of infinite compassion. This is not all that you have taught. You have said to the seducer, to the betrayer, to the one who would not listen to her wailing cry,—who would not even stretch forth his hand to catch her fluttering garments,—you have said to him: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be happy forever; you shall live in the realm of infinite delight, from which you can, without a shadow falling upon your face, observe the poor girl, your victim, writhing in the agonies of hell." You have taught this. For my part, I do not see how an angel in heaven meeting another angel whom he had robbed on the earth, could feel entirely blissful. I go further. Any decent angel, no matter if sitting at the right hand of God, should he see in hell one of his victims, would leave heaven itself for the purpose of wiping one tear from the cheek of the damned.

You seem to have forgotten your statement in the commencement of your letter, that your God is as inflexible as Nature—that he bends not to human thought nor to human will. You seem to have forgotten the line which you emphasized with italics: "*The effect of everything which is of the nature of a cause, is eternal.*" In the light of this sentence, where do you find a place for forgiveness—for your atonement? Where is a way to escape from the effect of a cause that is eternal? Do you not see that this sentence is a cord with which I easily tie your hands? The scientific part of your letter destroys the theological. You have put "new wine into old bottles," and the predicted result has followed. Will the angels in heaven, the redeemed of earth, lose their memory? Will not all the redeemed rascals remember their rascality? Will not all the redeemed assassins remember the faces of the dead? Will not all the seducers and betrayers remember her sighs, her tears, and the tones of her voice, and will not the conscience of the redeemed be as inexorable as the conscience of the damned?

If memory is to be forever "the warder of the brain," and if the redeemed can never forget the sins they committed, the pain and anguish they caused, then they can never be perfectly happy; and if the lost can never forget the good they did, the kind actions, the loving words, the heroic deeds; and if the memory of good deeds gives the slightest pleasure, then the lost can never be perfectly miserable. Ought not the memory of a good action to live as long as the memory of a bad one? So that the undying memory of the good, in heaven, brings undying pain, and the undying memory of those in hell brings undying pleasure. Do you not see that if men have done good and bad, the future can have neither a perfect heaven nor a perfect hell?

I believe in the manly doctrine that every human being must bear the consequences of his acts, and that no man can be justly saved or damned on account of the goodness or the wickedness of another.

If by atonement you mean the natural effect of self-sacrifice, the effects following a noble and disinterested action; if you mean that the life and death of Christ are worth

their effect upon the human race,—which your letter seems to show,—then there is no question between us. If you have thrown away the old and barbarous idea that a law had been broken, that God demanded a sacrifice, and that Christ, the innocent, was offered up for us, and that he bore the wrath of God and suffered in our place, then I congratulate you with all my heart.

It seems to me impossible that life should be exceedingly joyous to any one who is acquainted with its miseries, its burdens, and its tears. I know that as darkness follows light around the globe, so misery and misfortune follow the sons of men. According to your creed, the future state will be worse than this. Here, the vicious may reform; here, the wicked may repent; here, a few gleams of sunshine may fall upon the darkest life. But in your future state, for countless billions of the human race, there will be no reform, no opportunity of doing right, and no possible gleam of sunshine can ever touch their souls. Do you not see that your future state is infinitely worse than this? You seem to mistake the glare of hell for the light of morning.

Let us throw away the dogma of eternal retribution. Let us "cling to all that can bring a ray of hope into the darkness of this life."

You have been kind enough to say that I find a subject for caricature in the doctrine of regeneration. If, by regeneration, you mean reformation,—if you mean that there comes a time in the life of a young man when he feels the touch of responsibility, and that he leaves his foolish or vicious ways, and concludes to act like an honest man,—if this is what you mean by regeneration, I am a believer. But that is not the definition of regeneration in your creed—that is not Christian regeneration. There is some mysterious, miraculous, supernatural, invisible agency, called, I believe, the Holy Ghost, that enters and changes the heart of man, and this mysterious agency is like the wind, under the control, apparently, of no one, coming and going when and whither it listeth. It is this illogical and absurd view of regeneration that I have attacked.

You ask me how it came to' pass that a Hebrew peasant, born among the hills of Galilee, had a wisdom above that of Socrates or Plato, of Confucius or Buddha, and you conclude by saying, "This is the greatest of miracles—that such a being should live and die on the earth."

I can hardly admit your conclusion, because I remember that Christ said nothing in favor of the family relation. As a matter of fact, his life tended to cast discredit upon marriage. He said nothing against the institution of slavery; nothing against the tyranny of government; nothing of our treatment of animals; nothing about education, about intellectual progress; nothing of art, declared no scientific truth, and said nothing as to the rights and duties of nations.

You may reply that all this is included in "Do unto others as you would be done by;" and "Resist not evil." More than this is necessary to educate the human race. It is not enough to say to your child or to your pupil, "Do right." The great question still remains: What is right? Neither is there any wisdom in the idea of non-resistance. Force without mercy is tyranny. Mercy without force is but a waste of tears. Take from virtue the right of self-defence and vice becomes the master of the world.

Let me ask you how it came to pass that an ignorant driver of camels, a man without family, without wealth, became master of hundreds of millions of human beings? How is it that he conquered and overran more than half of the Christian world? How is it that on a thousand fields the banner of the cross went down in blood, while that of the crescent floated in triumph? How do you account for the fact that the flag of this impostor floats to-day above the sepulchre of Christ? Was this a miracle? Was Mohammed inspired? How do you account for Confucius, whose name is known wherever the sky bends? Was he inspired—this man who for many centuries has stood first, and who has been acknowledged the superior of all men by hundreds and thousands of millions of his fellow-men? How do you account for Buddha,—in many respects the greatest religious teacher this world has ever known,—the broadest, the most intellectual of them all; he who was great enough, hundreds of years before Christ was born, to declare the universal brotherhood of man, great enough to say that intelligence is the only lever capable of raising mankind? How do you account for him, who has had more followers than any other? Are you willing to say that all success is divine? How do you account for Shakespeare, born of parents who could neither read nor write, held in the lap of ignorance and love, nursed at the breast of poverty—how do you account for him, by far the greatest of the human race, the wings of whose imagination still fill the horizon of human thought; Shakespeare, who was perfectly acquainted with the human heart, knew all depths of sorrow, all heights of joy, and in whose mind were the fruit of all thought, of all experience, and a prophecy of all to be; Shakespeare, the wisdom and beauty and depth of whose words increase with the intelligence and civilization of mankind? How do you account for this miracle? Do you believe that any founder of any religion could have written "Lear" or "Hamlet"? Did Greece produce a man who could by any possibility have been the author of "Troilus and Cressida"? Was there among all the countless millions of almighty Rome an intellect that could have written the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar"? Is not the play of "Antony and Cleopatra" as Egyptian as the Nile? How do you account for this man, within whose veins there seemed to be the blood of every race, and in whose brain there were the poetry and philosophy of a world?

You ask me to tell my opinion of Christ. Let me say here, once for all, that for the man Christ—for the man who, in the darkness, cried out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me!" —for that man I have the greatest possible respect. And let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground. To that great and serene peasant of Palestine I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in his day—an infidel in his time. Back of the theological mask, and in spite of the interpolations of the New Testament, I see a great and genuine man.

It is hard to see how you can consistently defend the course pursued by Christ himself. He attacked with great bitterness "the religion of others." It did not occur to him that "there was something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of his fellow-creatures." He denounced the chosen people of God as a "generation of vipers." He compared them to "whited sepulchres." How can you sustain the conduct of missionaries? They go to other lands and attack the sacred beliefs of others. They tell the people of India and of all heathen lands, not only that their religion is a lie, not only that their gods are myths, but that the ancestors of these people—their fathers

and mothers who never heard of God, of the Bible, or of Christ—are all in perdition. Is not this a cruel treatment of the belief of a fellow-creature?

A religion that is not manly and robust enough to bear attack with smiling fortitude is unworthy of a place in the heart or brain. A religion that takes refuge in sentimentality, that cries out: "Do not, I pray you, tell me any truth calculated to hurt my feelings," is fit only for asylums.

You believe that Christ was God, that he was infinite in power. While in Jerusalem he cured the sick, raised a few from the dead, and opened the eyes of the blind. Did he do these things because he loved mankind, or did he do these miracles simply to establish the fact that he was the very Christ? If he was actuated by love, is he not as powerful now as he was then? Why does he not open the eyes of the blind now? Why does he not with a touch make the leper clean? If you had the power to give sight to the blind, to cleanse the leper, and would not exercise it, what would be thought of you? What is the difference between one who can and will not cure, and one who causes disease?

Only the other day I saw a beautiful girl—a paralytic, and yet her brave and cheerful spirit shone over the wreck and ruin of her body like morning on the desert. What would I think of myself, had I the power by a word to send the blood through all her withered limbs freighted again with life, should I refuse?

Most theologians seem to imagine that the virtues have been produced by and are really the children of religion.

Religion has to do with the supernatural. It defines our duties and obligations to God. It prescribes a certain course of conduct by means of which happiness can be attained in another world. The result here is only an incident. The virtues are secular. They have nothing whatever to do with the supernatural, and are of no kindred to any religion. A man may be honest, courageous, charitable, industrious, hospitable, loving and pure, without being religious—that is to say, without any belief in the supernatural; and a man may be the exact opposite and at the same time a sincere believer in the creed of any church—that is to say, in the existence of a personal God, the inspiration of the Scriptures and in the divinity of Jesus Christ. A man who believes in the Bible may or may not be kind to his family, and a man who is kind and loving in his family may or may not believe in the Bible.

In order that you may see the effect of belief in the formation of character, it is only necessary to call your attention to the fact that your Bible shows that the devil himself is a believer in the existence of your God, in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and in the divinity of Jesus Christ. He not only believes these things, but he knows them, and yet, in spite of it all, he remains a devil still.

Few religions have been bad enough to destroy all the natural goodness in the human heart. In the deepest midnight of superstition some natural virtues, like stars, have been visible in the heavens. Man has committed every crime in the name of Christianity—or at least crimes that involved the commission of all others. Those who paid for labor with the lash, and who made blows a legal tender, were Christians. Those who engaged in the slave trade were believers in a personal God. One slave

ship was called “The Jehovah.” Those who pursued with hounds the fugitive led by the Northern star prayed fervently to Christ to crown their efforts with success, and the stealers of babes, just before falling asleep, commended their souls to the keeping of the Most High.

As you have mentioned the apostles, let me call your attention to an incident.

You remember the story of Ananias and Sapphira. The apostles, having nothing themselves, conceived the idea of having all things in common. Their followers who had something were to sell what little they had, and turn the proceeds over to these theological financiers. It seems that Ananias and Sapphira had a piece of land. They sold it, and after talking the matter over, not being entirely satisfied with the collaterals, concluded to keep a little—just enough to keep them from starvation if the good and pious bankers should abscond.

When Ananias brought the money, he was asked whether he had kept back a part of the price. He said that he had not. Whereupon God, the compassionate, struck him dead. As soon as the corpse was removed, the apostles sent for his wife. They did not tell her that her husband had been killed. They deliberately set a trap for her life. Not one of them was good enough or noble enough to put her on her guard; they allowed her to believe that her husband had told his story, and that she was free to corroborate what he had said. She probably felt that they were giving more than they could afford, and, with the instinct of woman, wanted to keep a little. She denied that any part of the price had been kept back. That moment the arrow of divine vengeance entered her heart.

Will you be kind enough to tell me your opinion of the apostles in the light of this story? Certainly murder is a greater crime than mendacity.

You have been good enough, in a kind of fatherly way, to give me some advice. You say that I ought to soften my colors, and that my words would be more weighty if not so strong. Do you really desire that I should add weight to my words? Do you really wish me to succeed? If the commander of one army should send word to the general of the other that his men were firing too high, do you think the general would be misled? Can you conceive of his changing his orders by reason of the message?

I deny that “the Pilgrims crossed the sea to find freedom to worship God in the forests of the new world.” They came not in the interest of freedom. It never entered their minds that other men had the same right to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences that the Pilgrims themselves had. The moment they had power they were ready to whip and brand, to imprison and burn. They did not believe in religious freedom. They had no more idea of liberty of conscience than Jehovah.

I do not say that there is no place in the world for heroes and martyrs. On the contrary, I declare that the liberty we now have was won for us by heroes and by martyrs, and millions of these martyrs were burned, or flayed alive, or torn in pieces, or assassinated by the church of God. The heroism was shown in fighting the hordes of religious superstition.

Giordano Bruno was a martyr. He was a hero. He believed in no God, in no heaven, and in no hell, yet he perished by fire. He was offered liberty on condition that he would recant. There was no God to please, no heaven to expect, no hell to fear, and yet he died by fire, simply to preserve the unstained whiteness of his soul.

For hundreds of years every man who attacked the church was a hero. The sword of Christianity has been wet for many centuries with the blood of the noblest. Christianity has been ready with whip and chain and fire to banish freedom from the earth.

Neither is it true that "family life withers under the cold sneer—half pity and half scorn—with which I look down on household worship."

Those who believe in the existence of God, and believe that they are indebted to this divine being for the few gleams of sunshine in this life, and who thank God for the little they have enjoyed, have my entire respect. Never have I said one word against the spirit of thankfulness. I understand the feeling of the man who gathers his family about him after the storm, or after the scourge, or after long sickness, and pours out his heart in thankfulness to the supposed God who has protected his fireside. I understand the spirit of the savage who thanks his idol of stone, or his fetich of wood. It is not the wisdom of the one or of the other that I respect, it is the goodness and thankfulness that prompt the prayer.

I believe in the family. I believe in family life; and one of my objections to Christianity is that it divides the family. Upon this subject I have said hundreds of times, and I say again, that the roof-tree is sacred, from the smallest fibre that feels the soft, cool clasp of earth, to the topmost flower that spreads its bosom to the sun, and like a spendthrift gives its perfume to the air. The home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire, the fairest flower in all this world.

What did Christianity in the early centuries do for the home? What have nunneries and monasteries, and what has the glorification of celibacy done for the family? Do you not know that Christ himself offered rewards in this world and eternal happiness in another to those who would desert their wives and children and follow him? What effect has that promise had upon family life?

As a matter of fact, the family is regarded as nothing. Christianity teaches that there is but one family, the family of Christ, and that all other relations are as nothing compared with that. Christianity teaches the husband to desert the wife, the wife to desert the husband, children to desert their parents, for the miserable and selfish purpose of saving their own little, shriveled souls.

It is far better for a man to love his fellow-men than to love God. It is better to love wife and children than to love Christ. It is better to serve your neighbor than to serve your God—even if God exists. The reason is palpable. You can do nothing for God. You can do something for wife and children. You can add to the sunshine of a life. You can plant flowers in the pathway of another.

It is true that I am an enemy of the orthodox Sabbath. It is true that I do not believe in giving one-seventh of our time to the service of superstition. The whole scheme of your religion can be understood by any intelligent man in one day. Why should he

waste a seventh of his whole life in hearing the same thoughts repeated again and again?

Nothing is more gloomy than an orthodox Sabbath. The mechanic who has worked during the week in heat and dust, the laboring man who has barely succeeded in keeping his soul in his body, the poor woman who has been sewing for the rich, may go to the village church which you have described. They answer the chimes of the bell, and what do they hear in this village church? Is it that God is the Father of the human race; is that all? If that were all, you never would have heard an objection from my lips. That is not all. If all ministers said: Bear the evils of this life; your Father in heaven counts your tears; the time will come when pain and death and grief will be forgotten words; I should have listened with the rest. What else does the minister say to the poor people who have answered the chimes of your bell? He says: "The smallest sin deserves eternal pain." "A vast majority of men are doomed to suffer the wrath of God forever." He fills the present with fear and the future with fire. He has heaven for the few, hell for the many. He describes a little grass-grown path that leads to heaven, where travelers are "few and far between," and a great highway worn with countless feet that leads to everlasting death.

Such Sabbaths are immoral. Such ministers are the real savages. Gladly would I abolish such a Sabbath. Gladly would I turn it into a holiday, a day of rest and peace, a day to get acquainted with your wife and children, a day to exchange civilities with your neighbors; and gladly would I see the church in which such sermons are preached changed to a place of entertainment. Gladly would I have the echoes of orthodox sermons—the owls and bats among the rafters, the snakes in crevices and corners—driven out by the glorious music of Wagner and Beethoven. Gladly would I see the Sunday school where the doctrine of eternal fire is taught, changed to a happy dance upon the village green.

Music refines. The doctrine of eternal punishment degrades. Science civilizes. Superstition looks longingly back to savagery.

You do not believe that general morality can be upheld without the sanctions of religion.

Christianity has sold, and continues to sell, crime on a credit. It has taught, and it still teaches, that there is forgiveness for all. Of course it teaches morality. It says: "Do not steal, do not murder;" but it adds, "but if you do both, there is a way of escape: believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I insist that such a religion is no restraint. It is far better to teach that there is no forgiveness, and that every human being must bear the consequences of his acts.

The first great step toward national reformation is the universal acceptance of the idea that there is no escape from the consequences of our acts. The young men who come from their country homes into a city filled with temptations, may be restrained by the thought of father and mother. This is a natural restraint. They may be restrained by their knowledge of the fact that a thing is evil on account of its consequences, and that to do wrong is always a mistake. I cannot conceive of such a man being more liable to temptation because he has heard one of my lectures in which I have told him that the only good is happiness—that the only way to attain

that good is by doing what he believes to be right. I cannot imagine that his moral character will be weakened by the statement that there is no escape from the consequences of his acts. You seem to think that he will be instantly led astray—that he will go off under the flaring lamps to the riot of passion. Do you think the Bible calculated to restrain him? To prevent this would you recommend him to read the lives of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and the other holy polygamists of the Old Testament? Should he read the life of David, and of Solomon? Do you think this would enable him to withstand temptation? Would it not be far better to fill the young man's mind with facts so that he may know exactly the physical consequences of such acts? Do you regard ignorance as the foundation of virtue? Is fear the arch that supports the moral nature of man?

You seem to think that there is danger in knowledge, and that the best chemists are most likely to poison themselves.

You say that to sneer at religion is only a step from sneering at morality, and then only another step to that which is vicious and profligate.

The Jews entertained the same opinion of the teachings of Christ. He sneered at their religion. The Christians have entertained the same opinion of every philosopher. Let me say to you again—and let me say it once for all—that morality has nothing to do with religion. Morality does not depend upon the supernatural. Morality does not walk with the crutches of miracles. Morality appeals to the experience of mankind. It cares nothing about faith, nothing about sacred books. Morality depends upon facts, something that can be seen, something known, the product of which can be estimated. It needs no priest, no ceremony, no mummery. It believes in the freedom of the human mind. It asks for investigation. It is founded upon truth. It is the enemy of all religion, because it has to do with this world, and with this world alone.

My object is to drive fear out of the world. Fear is the jailer of the mind. Christianity, superstition—that is to say, the supernatural—makes every brain a prison and every soul a convict. Under the government of a personal deity, consequences partake of the nature of punishments and rewards.

Under the government of Nature, what you call punishments and rewards are simply consequences. Nature does not punish. Nature does not reward. Nature has no purpose. When the storm comes, I do not think: "This is being done by a tyrant." When the sun shines, I do not say: "This is being done by a friend." Liberty means freedom from personal dictation. It does not mean escape from the relations we sustain to other facts in Nature. I believe in the restraining influences of liberty. Temperance walks hand in hand with freedom. To remove a chain from the body puts an additional responsibility upon the soul. Liberty says to the man: You injure or benefit yourself; you increase or decrease your own well-being. It is a question of intelligence. You need not bow to a supposed tyrant, or to infinite goodness. You are responsible to yourself and to those you injure, and to none other.

I rid myself of fear, believing as I do that there is no power above which can help me in any extremity, and believing as I do that there is no power above or below that can injure me in any extremity. I do not believe that I am the sport of accident, or that I may be dashed in pieces by the blind agency of Nature. There is no accident, and

there is no agency. That which happens must happen. The present is the necessary child of all the past, the mother of all the future.

Does it relieve mankind from fear to believe that there is some God who will help them in extremity? What evidence have they on which to found this belief? When has any God listened to the prayer of any man? The water drowns, the cold freezes, the flood destroys, the fire burns, the bolt of heaven falls—when and where has the prayer of man been answered?

Is the religious world to-day willing to test the efficacy of prayer? Only a few years ago it was tested in the United States. The Christians of Christendom, with one accord, fell upon their knees and asked God to spare the life of one man. You know the result. You know just as well as I that the forces of Nature produce the good and bad alike. You know that the forces of Nature destroy the good and bad alike. You know that the lightning feels the same keen delight in striking to death the honest man that it does or would in striking the assassin with his knife lifted above the bosom of innocence.

Did God hear the prayers of the slaves? Did he hear the prayers of imprisoned philosophers and patriots? Did he hear the prayers of martyrs, or did he allow fiends, calling themselves his followers, to pile the fagots round the forms of glorious men? Did he allow the flames to devour the flesh of those whose hearts were his? Why should any man depend on the goodness of a God who created countless millions, knowing that they would suffer eternal grief?

The faith that you call sacred—"sacred as the most delicate manly or womanly sentiment of love and honor"—is the faith that nearly all of your fellow-men are to be lost. Ought an honest man to be restrained from denouncing that faith because those who entertain it say that their feelings are hurt? You say to me: "There is a hell. A man advocating the opinions you advocate will go there when he dies." I answer: "There is no hell. The Bible that teaches it is not true." And you say: "How can you hurt my feelings?"

You seem to think that one who attacks the religion of his parents is wanting in respect to his father and his mother.

Were the early Christians lacking in respect for their fathers and mothers? Were the Pagans who embraced Christianity heartless sons and daughters? What have you to say of the apostles? Did they not heap contempt upon the religion of their fathers and mothers? Did they not join with him who denounced their people as a "generation of vipers"? Did they not follow one who offered a reward to those who would desert fathers and mothers? Of course you have only to go back a few generations in your family to find a Field who was not a Presbyterian. After that you find a Presbyterian. Was he base enough and infamous enough to heap contempt upon the religion of his father and mother? All the Protestants in the time of Luther lacked in respect for the religion of their fathers and mothers. According to your idea, Progress is a Prodigal Son. If one is bound by the religion of his father and mother, and his father happens to be a Presbyterian and his mother a Catholic, what is he to do? Do you not see that your doctrine gives intellectual freedom only to foundlings?

If by Christianity you mean the goodness, the spirit of forgiveness, the benevolence claimed by Christians to be a part, and the principal part, of that peculiar religion, then I do not agree with you when you say that "Christ is Christianity and that it stands or falls with him." You have narrowed unnecessarily the foundation of your religion. If it should be established beyond doubt that Christ never existed, all that is of value in Christianity would remain, and remain unimpaired. Suppose that we should find that Euclid was a myth, the science known as mathematics would not suffer. It makes no difference who painted or chiseled the greatest pictures and statues, so long as we have the pictures and statues. When he who has given the world a truth passes from the earth, the truth is left. A truth dies only when forgotten by the human race. Justice, love, mercy, forgiveness, honor, all the virtues that ever blossomed in the human heart, were known and practiced for uncounted ages before the birth of Christ.

You insist that religion does not leave man in "abject terror"—does not leave him "in utter darkness as to his fate."

Is it possible to know who will be saved? Can you read the names mentioned in the decrees of the Infinite? Is it possible to tell who is to be eternally lost? Can the imagination conceive a worse fate than your religion predicts for a majority of the race? Why should not every human being be in "abject terror" who believes your doctrine? How many loving and sincere women are in the asylums to-day fearing that they have committed "the unpardonable sin"—a sin to which your God has attached the penalty of eternal torment, and yet has failed to describe the offence? Can tyranny go beyond this—fixing the penalty of eternal pain for the violation of a law not written, not known, but kept in the secrecy of infinite darkness? How much happier it is to know nothing about it, and to believe nothing about it! How much better to have no God!

You discover a "Great Intelligence ordering our little lives, so that even the trials that we bear, as they call out the finer elements of character, conduce to our future happiness." This is an old explanation—probably as good as any. The idea is, that this world is a school in which man becomes educated through tribulation—the muscles of character being developed by wrestling with misfortune. If it is necessary to live this life in order to develop character, in order to become worthy of a better world, how do you account for the fact that billions of the human race die in infancy, and are thus deprived of this necessary education and development? What would you think of a schoolmaster who should kill a large proportion of his scholars during the first day, before they had even had the opportunity to look at "A"?

You insist that "there is a power behind Nature making for righteousness."

If Nature is infinite, how can there be a power outside of Nature? If you mean by "a power making for righteousness" that man, as he becomes civilized, as he becomes intelligent, not only takes advantage of the forces of Nature for his own benefit, but perceives more and more clearly that if he is to be happy he must live in harmony with the conditions of his being, in harmony with the facts by which he is surrounded, in harmony with the relations he sustains to others and to things; if this is what you mean, then there is "a power making for righteousness." But if you mean

that there is something supernatural back of Nature directing events, then I insist that there can by no possibility be any evidence of the existence of such a power.

The history of the human race shows that nations rise and fall. There is a limit to the life of a race; so that it can be said of every dead nation, that there was a period when it laid the foundations of prosperity, when the combined intelligence and virtue of the people constituted a power working for righteousness, and that there came a time when this nation became a spendthrift, when it ceased to accumulate, when it lived on the labors of its youth, and passed from strength and glory to the weakness of old age, and finally fell palsied to its tomb.

The intelligence of man guided by a sense of duty is the only power that makes for righteousness.

You tell me that I am waging "a hopeless war," and you give as a reason that the Christian religion began to be nearly two thousand years before I was born, and that it will live two thousand years after I am dead.

Is this an argument? Does it tend to convince even yourself? Could not Caiaphas, the high priest, have said substantially this to Christ? Could he not have said: "The religion of Jehovah began to be four thousand years before you were born, and it will live two thousand years after you are dead"? Could not a follower of Buddha make the same illogical remark to a missionary from Andover with the glad tidings? Could he not say: "You are waging a hopeless war. The religion of Buddha began to be twenty-five hundred years before you were born, and hundreds of millions of people still worship at Great Buddha's shrine"?

Do you insist that nothing except the right can live for two thousand years? Why is it that the Catholic Church "lives on and on, while nations and kingdoms perish"? Do you consider that the "survival of the fittest"?

Is it the same Christian religion now living that lived during the Middle Ages? Is it the same Christian religion that founded the Inquisition and invented the thumbscrew? Do you see no difference between the religion of Calvin and Jonathan Edwards and the Christianity of to-day? Do you really think that it is the same Christianity that has been living all these years? Have you noticed any change in the last generation? Do you remember when scientists endeavored to prove a theory by a passage from the Bible, and do you now know that believers in the Bible are exceedingly anxious to prove its truth by some fact that science has demonstrated? Do you know that the standard has changed? Other things are not measured by the Bible, but the Bible has to submit to another test. It no longer owns the scales. It has to be weighed,—it is being weighed,—it is growing lighter and lighter every day. Do you know that only a few years ago "the glad tidings of great joy" consisted mostly in a description of hell? Do you know that nearly every intelligent minister is now ashamed to preach about it, or to read about it, or to talk about it? Is there any change? Do you know that but few ministers now believe in the "plenary inspiration" of the Bible, that from thousands of pulpits people are now told that the creation according to Genesis is a mistake, that it, never was as wet as the flood, and that the miracles of the Old Testament are considered simply as myths or mistakes?

How long will what you call Christianity endure, if it changes as rapidly during the next century as it has during the last? What will there be left of the supernatural?

It does not seem possible that thoughtful people can, for many years, believe that a being of infinite wisdom is the author of the Old Testament, that a being of infinite purity and kindness upheld polygamy and slavery, that he ordered his chosen people to massacre their neighbors, and that he commanded husbands and fathers to persecute wives and daughters unto death for opinion's sake.

It does not seem within the prospect of belief that Jehovah, the cruel, the jealous, the ignorant, and the revengeful, is the creator and preserver of the universe.

Does it seem possible that infinite goodness would create a world in which life feeds on life, in which everything devours and is devoured? Can there be a sadder fact than this: Innocence is not a certain shield?

It is impossible for me to believe in the eternity of punishment. If that doctrine be true, Jehovah is insane.

Day after day there are mournful processions of men and women, patriots and mothers, girls whose only crime is that the word Liberty burst into flower between their pure and loving lips, driven like beasts across the melancholy wastes of Siberian snow. These men, these women, these daughters, go to exile and to slavery, to a land where hope is satisfied with death. Does it seem possible to you that an "Infinite Father" sees all this and sits as silent as a god of stone?

And yet, according to your Presbyterian creed, according to your inspired book, according to your Christ, there is another procession, in which are the noblest and the best, in which you will find the wondrous spirits of this world, the lovers of the human race, the teachers of their fellow-men, the greatest soldiers that ever battled for the right; and this procession of countless millions, in which you will find the most generous and the most loving of the sons and daughters of men, is moving on to the Siberia of God, the land of eternal exile, where agony becomes immortal.

How can you, how can any man with brain or heart, believe this infinite lie?

Is there not room for a better, for a higher philosophy? After all, is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced, that all religions and superstitions, all mistakes and all crimes, were simply necessities? Is it not possible that out of this perception may come not only love and pity for others, but absolute justification for the individual? May we not find that every soul has, like Mazeppa, been lashed to the wild horse of passion, or like Prometheus to the rocks of fate?

You ask me to take the "sober second thought." I beg of you to take the first, and if you do, you will throw away the Presbyterian creed; you will instantly perceive that he who commits the "smallest sin" no more deserves eternal pain than he who does the smallest virtuous deed deserves eternal bliss; you will become convinced that an infinite God who creates billions of men knowing that they will suffer through all the countless years is an infinite demon; you will be satisfied that the Bible, with its philosophy and its folly, with its goodness and its cruelty, is but the work of man, and that the supernatural does not and cannot exist.

For you personally, I have the highest regard and the sincerest respect, and I beg of you not to pollute the soul of childhood, not to furrow the cheeks of mothers, by preaching a creed that should be shrieked in a mad-house. Do not make the cradle as terrible as the coffin. Preach, I pray you, the gospel of Intellectual Hospitality—the liberty of thought and speech. Take from loving hearts the awful fear. Have mercy on your fellow-men. Do not drive to madness the mothers whose tears are falling on the pallid faces of those who died in unbelief. Pity the erring, wayward, suffering, weeping world. Do not proclaim as "tidings of great joy" that an Infinite Spider is weaving webs to catch the souls of men.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

A LAST WORD TO ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

My Dear Colonel Ingersoll:

I have read your Reply to my Open Letter half a dozen times, and each time with new appreciation of your skill as an advocate. It is written with great ingenuity, and furnishes probably as complete an argument as you are able to give for the faith (or want of faith) that is in you. Doubtless you think it unanswerable, and so it will seem to those who are predisposed to your way of thinking. To quote a homely saying of Mr. Lincoln, in which there is as much of wisdom as of wit, "For those who like that sort of thing, no doubt that is the sort of thing they do like." You may answer that we, who cling to the faith of our fathers, are equally prejudiced, and that it is for that reason that we are not more impressed by the force of your pleading. I do not deny a strong leaning that way, and yet our real interest is the same—to get at the truth; and, therefore, I have tried to give due weight to whatever of argument there is in the midst of so much eloquence; but must confess that, in spite of all, I remain in the same obdurate frame of mind as before. With all the candor that I can bring to bear upon the question, I find on reviewing my Open Letter scarcely a sentence to change and nothing to withdraw; and am quite willing to leave it as my Declaration of Faith, to stand side by side with your Reply, for intelligent and candid men to judge between us. I need only to add a few words in taking leave of the subject.

You seem a little disturbed that "some of my brethren" should look upon you as "a monster" because of your unbelief. I certainly do not approve of such language, although they would tell me that it is the only word which is a fit response to your ferocious attacks upon what they hold most sacred. You are a born gladiator, and when you descend into the arena, you strike heavy blows, which provoke blows in return. In this very Reply you manifest a particular animosity against Presbyterians. Is it because you were brought up in that Church, of which your father, whom you regard with filial respect and affection, was an honored minister? You even speak of "the Presbyterian God!" as if we assumed to appropriate the Supreme Being, claiming to be the special objects of His favor. Is there any ground for this imputation of narrowness? On the contrary, when we bow our knees before our Maker, it is as the God and Father of all mankind; and the expression you permit yourself to use, can only be regarded as grossly offensive. Was it necessary to offer this rudeness to the religious denomination in which you were born?

And this may explain, what you do not seem fully to understand, why it is that you are sometimes treated to sharp epithets by the religious press and public. You think yourself persecuted for your opinions. But others hold the same opinions without offence. Nor is it because you express your opinions. Nobody would deny you the same freedom which is accorded to Huxley or Herbert Spencer. It is not because you exercise your liberty of judgment or of speech, but because of the way in which you attack others, holding up their faith to all manner of ridicule, and speaking of those who profess it as if they must be either knaves or fools. It is not in human nature not to resent such imputations on that which, however incredible to you, is very precious to them. Hence it is that they think you a rough antagonist; and when you shock them by such expressions as I have quoted, you must expect some pretty strong language in return. I do not join them in this, because I know you, and appreciate that other side of you which is manly and kindly and chivalrous. But while I recognize these better qualities, I must add in all frankness that I am compelled to look upon you as a man so embittered against religion that you cannot think of it except as associated with cant, bigotry, and hypocrisy. In such a state of mind it is hardly possible for you to judge fairly of the arguments for its truth.

I believe with you, that reason was given us to be exercised, and that when man seeks after truth, his mind should be, as you say Darwin's was, "as free from prejudice as the mariner's compass." But if he is warped by passion so that he cannot see things truly, then is he responsible. It is the moral element which alone makes the responsibility. Nor do I believe that any man will be judged in this world or the next for what does not involve a moral wrong. Hence your appalling statement, "The God you worship will, according to your creed, torture (!) through all the endless years the man who entertains an honest doubt," does not produce the effect intended, simply because I do not affirm nor believe any such thing. I believe that, in the future world, every man will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and that the judgment, whatever it may be, will be transparently just. God is more merciful than man. He desireth not the death of the wicked. Christ forgave, where men would condemn, and whatever be the fate of any human soul, it can never be said that the Supreme Ruler was wanting either in justice or mercy. This I emphasize because you dwell so much upon the subject of future retribution, giving it an attention so constant as to be almost exclusive. Whatever else you touch upon, you soon come back to this as the black thunder-cloud that darkens all the horizon, casting its mighty shadows over the life that now is and that which is to come. Your denunciations of this "inhuman" belief are so reiterated that one would be left to infer that there is nothing else in Religion; that it is all wrath and terror. But this is putting a part for the whole. Religion is a vast system, of which this is but a single feature: it is but one doctrine of many; and indeed some whom no one will deny to be devout Christians, do not hold it at all, or only in a modified form, while with all their hearts they accept and profess the Religion that Christ came to bring into the world.

Archdeacon Farrar, of Westminster Abbey, the most eloquent preacher in the Church of England, has written a book entitled "Eternal Hope," in which he argues from reason and the Bible, that this life is not "the be-all and end-all" of human probation; but that in the world to come there will be another opportunity, when countless millions, made wiser by unhappy experience, will turn again to the paths of life; and

that so in the end the whole human race, with the exception of perhaps a few who remain irreclaimable, will be recovered and made happy forever. Others look upon "eternal death" as merely the extinction of being, while immortality is the reward of pre-eminent virtue, interpreting in that sense the words, "The wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The latter view might recommend itself to you as the application of "the survival of the fittest" to another world, the worthless, the incurably bad, of the human race being allowed to drop out of existence (an end which can have no terrors for you, since you look upon it as the common lot of all men,) while the good are continued in being forever. The acceptance of either of these theories would relieve your mind of that "horror of great darkness" which seems to come over it whenever you look forward to retribution beyond the grave.

But while conceding all liberty to others I cannot so easily relieve myself of this stern and rugged truth. To me moral evil in the universe is a tremendous reality, and I do not see how to limit it within the bounds of time. Retribution is to me a necessary part of the Divine law. A law without a penalty for its violations is no law. But I rest the argument for it, not on the Bible, but *on principles which you yourself acknowledge*. You say, "There are no punishments, no rewards: there are consequences." Very well, take the "consequences," and see where they lead you. When a man by his vices has reduced his body to a wreck and his mind to idiocy, you say this is the "consequence" of his vicious life. Is it a great stretch of language to say that it is his "punishment," and nonetheless punishment because self-inflicted? To the poor sufferer raving in a madhouse, it matters little what it is called, so long as he is experiencing the agonies of hell. And here your theory of "consequences," if followed up, will lead you very far. For if man lives after death, and keeps his personal identity, do not the "consequences" of his past life follow him into the future? And if his existence is immortal, are not the consequences immortal also? And what is this but endless retribution?

But you tell me that the moral effect of retribution is destroyed by the easy way in which a man escapes the penalty. He has but to repent, and he is restored to the same condition before the law as if he had not sinned. Not so do I understand it. "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," but forgiveness does not reverse the course of nature; it does not prevent the operation of natural law. A drunkard may repent as he is nearing his end, but that does not undo the wrong that he has done, nor avert the consequences. In spite of his tears, he dies in an agony of shame and remorse. The inexorable law must be fulfilled.

And so in the future world. Even though a man be forgiven, he does not wholly escape the evil of his past life. A retribution follows him even within the heavenly gates; for if he does not suffer, still that bad life has so shriveled up his moral nature as to diminish his power of enjoyment. There are degrees of happiness, as one star differeth from another star in glory; and he who begins wrong, will find that it is not as well to sin and repent of it as not to sin at all. He enters the other world in a state of spiritual infancy, and will have to begin at the bottom and climb slowly upward.

We might go a step farther, and say that perhaps heaven itself has not only its lights but its shadows, in the reflections that must come even there. We read of "the book of

God's remembrance," but is there not another book of remembrance in the mind itself—a book which any man may well fear to open and to look thereon? When that book is opened, and we read its awful pages, shall we not all think "what might have been?" And will those thoughts be wholly free from sadness? The drunken brute who breaks the heart that loved him may weep bitterly, and his poor wife may forgive him with her dying lips; but *he cannot forgive himself* , and *never* can he recall without grief that bowed head and that broken heart. This preserves the element of retribution, while it does not shut the door to forgiveness and mercy.

But we need not travel over again the round of Christian doctrines. My faith is very simple; it revolves around two words; God and Christ. These are the two centres, or, as an astronomer might say, the double-star, or double-sun, of the great orbit of religious truth.

As to the first of these, you say "There can be no evidence to my mind of the existence of such a being, and my mind is so that it is incapable of even thinking of an infinite personality;" and you gravely put to me this question: "Do you really believe that this world is governed by an infinitely wise and good God? Have you convinced even yourself of this?" Here are two questions—one as to the existence of God, and the other as to His benevolence. I will answer both in language as plain as it is possible for me to use.

First, Do I believe in the existence of God? I answer that it is impossible for me not to believe it. I could not disbelieve it if I would. You insist that belief or unbelief is not a matter of choice or of the will, but of evidence. You say "the brain thinks as the heart beats, as the eyes see." Then let us stand aside with all our prepossessions, and open our eyes to what we can see.

When Robinson Crusoe in his desert island came down one day to the seashore, and saw in the sand the print of a human foot, could he help the instantaneous conviction that a man had been there? You might have tried to persuade him that it was all chance,—that the sand had been washed up by the waves or blown by the winds, and taken this form, or that some marine insect had traced a figure like a human foot,—you would not have moved him a particle. The imprint was there, and the conclusion was irresistible: he did not believe—he knew that some human being, whether friend or foe, civilized or savage, had set his foot upon that desolate shore. So when I discover in the world (as I think I do) mysterious footprints that are certainly not human, it is not a question whether I shall believe or not: I cannot help believing that some Power greater than man has set foot upon the earth.

It is a fashion among atheistic philosophers to make light of the argument from design; but "my mind is so that it is incapable" of resisting the conclusion to which it leads me. And (since personal questions are in order) I beg to ask if it is possible for you to take in your hands a watch, and believe that there was no "design" in its construction; that it was not made to keep time, but only "happened" so; that it is the product of some freak of nature, which brought together its parts and set it going. Do you not know with as much positiveness as can belong to any conviction of your mind, that it was not the work of accident, but of design; and that if there was a design, there was a designer? And if the watch was made to keep time, was not the

eye made to see and the ear to hear? Skeptics may fight against this argument as much as they please, and try to evade the inevitable conclusion, and yet it remains forever entwined in the living frame of man as well as imbedded in the solid foundations of the globe. Wherefore I repeat, it is not a question with me whether I will believe or not—I cannot help believing; and I am not only surprised, but amazed, that you or any thoughtful man can come to any other conclusion.' In wonder and astonishment I ask, "Do you really believe" that in all the wide universe there is no Higher Intelligence than that of the poor human creatures that creep on this earthly ball? For myself, it is with the pro-foundest conviction as well as the deepest reverence that I repeat the first sentence of my faith: "I believe in God the Father Almighty."

And not the Almighty only, but the Wise and the Good. Again I ask, How can I help believing what I see every day of my life? Every morning, as the sun rises in the East, sending light and life over the world, I behold a glorious image of the beneficent Creator. The exquisite beauty of the dawn, the dewy freshness of the air, the fleecy clouds floating in the sky—all speak of Him. And when the sun goes down, sending shafts of light through the dense masses that would hide his setting, and casting a glory over the earth and sky, this wondrous illumination is to me but the reflection of Him who "spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain; who maketh the clouds His chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind."

How much more do we find the evidences of goodness in man himself: in the power of thought; of acquiring knowledge; of penetrating the mysteries of nature and climbing among the stars. Can a being endowed with such transcendent gifts doubt the goodness of his Creator?

Yes, I believe with all my heart and soul in One who is not only Infinitely Great, but Infinitely Good; who loves all the creatures He has made; bending over them as the bow in the cloud spans the arch of heaven, stretching from horizon to horizon; looking down upon them with a tenderness compared to which all human love is faint and cold. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust."

On the question of immortality you are equally "at sea." You know nothing and believe nothing; or, rather, you know only that you do not know, and believe that you do not believe. You confess indeed to a faint hope, and admit a bare possibility, that there may be another life, though you are in an uncertainty about it that is altogether bewildering and desperate. But your mind is so poetical that you give a certain attractiveness even to the prospect of annihilation. You strew the sepulchre with such flowers as these:

"I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that the idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

“I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that we do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings; the rise or the set of a sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one.”

Beautiful words! but inexpressibly sad! It is a silver lining to the cloud, and yet the cloud is there, dark and impenetrable. But perhaps we ought not to expect anything clearer and brighter from one who recognizes no light but that of Nature.

That light is very dim. If it were all we had, we should be just where Cicero was, and say with him, and with you, that a future life was “to be hoped for rather than believed.” But does not that very uncertainty show the need of a something above Nature, which is furnished in Him who “was crucified, dead and buried, and the third day rose again from the dead?” It is the Conqueror of Death who calls to the fainthearted: “I am the Resurrection and the Life.” Since He has gone before us, lighting up the dark passage of the grave, we need not fear to follow, resting on the word of our Leader: “Because I live, ye shall live also.”

This faith in another life is a precious inheritance, which cannot be torn from the agonized bosom without a wrench that tears every heartstring; and it was to this I referred as the last refuge of a poor, suffering, despairing soul, when I asked: “Does it never occur to you that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of your fellow-creatures, on whose hope of another life hangs all that relieves the darkness of their present existence?” The imputation of cruelty you repel with some warmth, saying (with a slight variation of my language): “*When I deny the existence of perdition*, you reply that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of my fellow-creatures.” Of course, this change of words, putting perdition in the place of immortal life and hope, was a mere inadvertence. But it was enough to change the whole character of what I wrote. As I described “the treatment of the belief of my fellow-creatures,” I did think it “very cruel,” and I think so still.

While correcting this slight misquotation, I must remove from your mind a misapprehension, which is so very absurd as to be absolutely comical. In my Letter referring to your disbelief of immortality, I had said: “With an air of modesty and diffidence that would carry an audience by storm, you confess your ignorance of what perhaps others are better acquainted with, when you say, ‘This world is all that I know anything about, *so far as I recollect*’“ Of course “what perhaps others are better acquainted with” was a part of what you said, or at least implied by your manner (for you do not convey your meaning merely by words, but by a tone of voice, by arched eyebrows, or a curled lip); and yet, instead of taking the sentence in its plain and obvious sense, you affect to understand it as an assumption on my part to have some private and mysterious knowledge of another world (!), and gravely ask me, “Did you by this intend to say that you know anything of any other state of existence; that you have inhabited some other planet; that you lived before you were born; and that you recollect something of that other world or of that other state?” No, my dear Colonel! I have been a good deal of a traveler, and have seen all parts of this world, but I have never visited any other. In reading your sober question, if I did not know you to be one of the brightest wits of the day, I should be tempted to quote what Sidney Smith

says of a Scotchman, that "you cannot get a joke into his head except by a surgical operation!"

But to return to what is serious: you make light of our faith and our hopes, because you know not the infinite solace they bring to the troubled human heart. You sneer at the idea that religion can be a "consolation." Indeed! Is it not a consolation to have an Almighty Friend? Was it a light matter for the poor slave mother, who sat alone in her cabin, having been robbed of her children, to sing in her wild, wailing accents:

"Nobody knows the sorrows I've seen:
Nobody knows but Jesus?"

Would you rob her of that Unseen Friend—the only Friend she had on earth or in heaven?

But I will do you the justice to say that your want of religious faith comes in part from your very sensibility and tenderness of heart. You cannot recognize an overruling Providence, because your mind is so harassed by scenes that you witness. Why, you ask, do men suffer so? You draw frightful pictures of the misery which exists in the world, as a proof of the incapacity of its Ruler and Governor, and do not hesitate to say that "any honest man of average intelligence could do vastly better." If you could have your way, you would make everybody happy; there should be no more poverty, and no more sickness or pain.

This is a pleasant picture to look at, and yet you must excuse me for saying that it is rather a child's picture than that of a stalwart man. The world is not a playground in which men are to be petted and indulged like children: spoiled children they would soon become. It is an arena of conflict, in which we are to develop the manhood that is in us. We all have to take the "rough-and-tumble" of life, and are the better for it—physically, intellectually, and morally. If there be any true manliness within us, we come out of the struggle stronger and better; with larger minds and kinder hearts; a broader wisdom and a gentler charity.

Perhaps we should not differ on this point if we could agree as to the true end of life. But here I fear the difference is irreconcilable. You think that end is happiness: I think it is character. I do not believe that the highest end of life upon earth is to "have a good time to get from it the utmost amount of enjoyment;" but to be truly and greatly GOOD; and that to that end no discipline can be too severe which leads us "to suffer and be strong." That discipline answers its end when it raises the spirit to the highest pitch of courage and endurance. The splendor of virtue never appears so bright as when set against a dark background. It was in prisons and dungeons that the martyrs showed the greatest degree of moral heroism, the power of

"Man's unconquerable mind."

But I know well that these illustrations do not cover the whole case. There is another picture to be added to those of heroic struggle and martyrdom—that of silent suffering, which makes of life one long agony, and which often comes upon the good, so that it seems as if the best suffered the most. And yet when you sit by a sick bed, and look into a face whiter than the pillow on which it rests, do you not sometimes mark how that very suffering refines the nature that bears it so meekly? This is the

Christian theory: that suffering, patiently borne, is a means of the greatest elevation of character, and, in the end, of the highest enjoyment. Looking at it in this light, we can understand how it should be that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared [or even to be named] with the glory which shall be revealed." When the heavenly morning breaks, brighter than any dawn that blushes "o'er the world," there will be "a restitution of all things:" the poor will be made rich, and the most suffering the most serenely happy; as in the vision of the Apocalypse, when it is asked "What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" the answer is, "These are they which came our of great tribulation."

In this conclusion, which is not adopted lightly, but after innumerable struggles with doubt, after the experience and the reflection of years, I feel "a great peace." It is the glow of sunset that gilds the approach of evening. For (we must confess it) it is towards that you and I are advancing. The sun has passed the meridian, and hastens to his going down. Whatever of good this life has for us (and I am far from being one of those who look upon it as a vale of tears) will soon be behind us. I see the shadows creeping on; yet I welcome the twilight that will soon darken into night, for I know that it will be a night all glorious with stars. As I look upward, the feeling of awe is blended with a strange, overpowering sense of the Infinite Goodness, which surrounding me like an atmosphere:

"And so beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His Islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Would that you could share with me this confidence and this hope! But you seem to be receding farther from any kind of faith. In one of your closing paragraphs, you give what is to you "the conclusion of the whole matter." After repudiating religion with scorn, you ask, "Is there not room for a better, for a higher philosophy?" and thus indicate the true answer to be given, to which no words can do justice but your own:

"After all, is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced; that all religions and superstitions, all mistakes and all crimes, were simply necessities? Is it not possible that out of this perception may come not only love and pity for others, but absolute justification for the individual? May we not find that every soul has, like Mazeppa, been lashed to the wild horse of passion, or like Prometheus to the rocks of fate?"

If this be the end of all philosophy, it is equally the end of "all things." Not only does it make an end of us and of our hopes of futurity, but of all that makes the present life worth living—of all freedom, and hence of all virtue. There are no more any moral distinctions in the world—no good and no evil, no right and no wrong; nothing but grim necessity. With such a creed, I wonder how you can ever stand at the bar, and

argue for the conviction of a criminal. Why should he be convicted and punished for what he could not help? Indeed he is not a criminal, since there is no such thing as crime. He is not to blame. Was he not "lashed to the wild horse of passion," carried away by a power beyond his control?

What cruelty to thrust him behind iron bars! Poor fellow! he deserves our pity. Let us hasten to relieve him from a position which must be so painful, and make our humble apology for having presumed to punish him for an act in which he only obeyed an impulse which he could not resist. This will be "absolute justification for the individual." But what will become of society, you do not tell us.

Are you aware that in this last attainment of "a better, a higher philosophy" (which is simply absolute fatalism), you have swung round to the side of John Calvin, and gone far beyond him? That you, who have exhausted all the resources of the English language in denouncing his creed as the most horrible of human beliefs—brainless, soulless, heartless; who have held it up to scorn and derision; now hold to the blackest Calvinism that was ever taught by man? You cannot find words sufficient to express your horror of the doctrine of Divine decrees; and yet here you have decrees with a vengeance—predestination and damnation, both in one. Under such a creed, man is a thousand times worse off than under ours: for he has absolutely no hope. You may say that at any rate he cannot suffer forever. You do not know even that; but at any rate *he suffers as long as he exists*. There is no God above to show him pity, and grant him release; but as long as the ages roll, he is "lashed to the rocks of fate," with the insatiate vulture tearing at his heart!

In reading your glittering phrases, I seem to be losing hold of everything, and to be sinking, sinking, till I touch the lowest depths of an abyss; while from the blackness above me a sound like a death-knell tolls the midnight of the soul. If I believed this I should cry, God help us all! Or no—for there would be no God, and even this last consolation would be denied us: for why should we offer a prayer which can neither be heard nor answered? As well might we ask mercy from "the rocks of fate" to which we are chained forever!

Recoiling from this Gospel of Despair, I turn to One in whose face there is something at once human and divine—an indescribable majesty, united with more than human tenderness and pity; One who was born among the poor, and had not where to lay His head, and yet went about doing good; poor, yet making many rich; who trod the world in deepest loneliness, and yet whose presence lighted up every dwelling into which He came; who took up little children in His arms, and blessed them; a giver of joy to others, and yet a sufferer himself; who tasted every human sorrow, and yet was always ready to minister to others' grief; weeping with them that wept; coming to Bethany to comfort Mary and Martha concerning their brother; rebuking the proud, but gentle and pitiful to the most abject of human creatures; stopping amid the throng at the cry of a blind beggar by the wayside; willing to be known as "the friend of sinners," if He might recall them into the way of peace; who did not scorn even the fallen woman who sank at His feet, but by His gentle word, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," lifted her up, and set her in the path of a virtuous womanhood; and who, when dying on the cross, prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." In this Friend of the friendless, Comforter of the

comfortless, Forgiver of the penitent, and Guide of the erring, I find a greatness that I had not found in any of the philosophers or teachers of the world. No voice in all the ages thrills me like that which whispers close to my heart, “Come unto me and I will give you rest,” to which I answer: This is my Master, and I will follow Him.

Henry M. Field.

LETTER TO DR. FIELD.

My Dear Mr. Field:

With great pleasure I have read your second letter, in which you seem to admit that men may differ even about religion without being responsible for that difference; that every man has the right to read the Bible for himself, state freely the conclusion at which he arrives, and that it is not only his privilege, but his duty to speak the truth; that Christians can hardly be happy in heaven, while those they loved on earth are suffering with the lost; that it is not a crime to investigate, to think, to reason, to observe, and to be governed by evidence; that credulity is not a virtue, and that the open mouth of ignorant wonder is not the only entrance to Paradise; that belief is not necessary to salvation, and that no man can justly be made to suffer eternal pain for having expressed an intellectual conviction.

You seem to admit that no man can justly be held responsible for his thoughts; that the brain thinks without asking our consent, and that we believe or disbelieve without an effort of the will.

I congratulate you upon the advance that you have made. You not only admit that we have the right to think, but that we have the right to express our honest thoughts. You admit that the Christian world no longer believes in the fagot, the dungeon, and the thumbscrew. Has the Christian world outgrown its God? Has man become more merciful than his maker? If man will not torture his fellow-man on account of a difference of opinion, will a God of infinite love torture one of his children for what is called the sin of unbelief? Has man outgrown the Inquisition, and will God forever be the warden of a penitentiary? The walls of the old dungeons have fallen, and light now visits the cell where brave men perished in darkness. Is Jehovah to keep the cells of perdition in repair forever, and are his children to be the eternal prisoners?

It seems hard for you to appreciate the mental condition of one who regards all gods as substantially the same; that is to say, who thinks of them all as myths and phantoms born of the imagination,—characters in the religious fictions of the race. To you it probably seems strange that a man should think far more of Jupiter than of Jehovah. Regarding them both as creations of the mind, I choose between them, and I prefer the God of the Greeks, on the same principle that I prefer Portia to Iago; and yet I regard them, one and all, as children of the imagination, as phantoms born of human fears and human hopes.

Surely nothing was further from my mind than to hurt the feelings of any one by speaking of the Presbyterian God. I simply intended to speak of the God of the Presbyterians. Certainly the God of the Presbyterian is not the God of the Catholic, nor is he the God of the Mohammedan or Hindoo. He is a special creation suited only to certain minds. These minds have naturally come together, and they form what we

call the Presbyterian Church. As a matter of fact, no two churches can by any possibility have precisely the same God; neither can any two human beings conceive of precisely the same Deity. In every man's God there is, to say the least, a part of that man. The lower the man, the lower his conception of God. The higher the man, the grander his Deity must be. The savage who adorns his body with a belt from which hang the scalps of enemies slain in battle, has no conception of a loving, of a forgiving God; his God, of necessity, must be as revengeful, as heartless, as infamous as the God of John Calvin.

You do not exactly appreciate my feeling. I do not hate Presbyterians; I hate Presbyterianism. I hate with all my heart the creed of that church, and I most heartily despise the God described in the Confession of Faith. But some of the best friends I have in the world are afflicted with the mental malady known as Presbyterianism. They are the victims of the consolation growing out of the belief that a vast majority of their fellow-men are doomed to suffer eternal torment, to the end that their Creator may be eternally glorified. I have said many times, and I say again, that I do not despise a man because he has the rheumatism; I despise the rheumatism because it has a man.

But I do insist that the Presbyterians have assumed to appropriate to themselves their Supreme Being, and that they have claimed, and that they do claim, to be the "special objects of his favor." They do claim to be the very elect, and they do insist that God looks upon them as the objects of his special care. They do claim that the light of Nature, without the torch of the Presbyterian creed, is insufficient to guide any soul to the gate of heaven. They do insist that even those who never heard of Christ, or never heard of the God of the Presbyterians, will be eternally lost; and they not only claim this, but that their fate will illustrate not only the justice but the mercy of God. Not only so, but they insist that the morality of an unbeliever is displeasing to God, and that the love of an unconverted mother for her helpless child is nothing less than sin.

When I meet a man who really believes the Presbyterian creed, I think of the Laocoon. I feel as though looking upon a human being helpless in the coils of an immense and poisonous serpent. But I congratulate you with all my heart that you have repudiated this infamous, this savage creed; that you now admit that reason was given us to be exercised; that God will not torture any man for entertaining an honest doubt, and that in the world to come "every man will be judged according to the deeds done in the body."

Let me quote your exact language: "I believe that in the future world every man will be judged according to the deeds done in the body." Do you not see that you have bidden farewell to the Presbyterian Church? In that sentence you have thrown away the atonement, you have denied the efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ, and you have denied the necessity of belief. If we are to be judged by the deeds done in the body, that is the end of the Presbyterian scheme of salvation. I sincerely congratulate you for having repudiated the savagery of Calvinism.

It also gave me great pleasure to find that you have thrown away, with a kind of glad shudder, that infamy of infamies, the dogma of eternal pain. I have denounced that

inhuman belief; I have denounced every creed that had coiled within it that viper; I have denounced every man who preached it, the book that contains it, and with all my heart the God who threatens it; and at last I have the happiness of seeing the editor of the New York *Evangelist* admit that devout Christians do not believe that lie, and quote with approbation the words of a minister of the Church of England to the effect that all men will be finally recovered and made happy.

Do you find this doctrine of hope in the Presbyterian creed? Is this star, that sheds light on every grave, found in your Bible? Did Christ have in his mind the shining truth that all the children of men will at last be filled with joy, when he uttered these comforting words: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels"?

Do you find in this flame the bud of hope, or the flower of promise?

You suggest that it is possible that "the incurably bad will be annihilated," and you say that such a fate can have no terrors for me, as I look upon annihilation as the common lot of all. Let us examine this position. Why should a God of infinite wisdom create men and women whom he knew would be "incurably bad"? What would you say of a mechanic who was forced to destroy his own productions on the ground that they were "incurably bad"? Would you say that he was an infinitely wise mechanic? Does infinite justice annihilate the work of infinite wisdom? Does God, like an ignorant doctor, bury his mistakes?

Besides, what right have you to say that I "look upon annihilation as the common lot of all"? Was there any such thought in my Reply? Do you find it in any published words of mine? Do you find anything in what I have written tending to show that I believe in annihilation? Is it not true that I say now, and that I have always said, that I do not know? Does a lack of knowledge as to the fate of the human soul imply a belief in annihilation? Does it not equally imply a belief in immortality?

You have been—at least until recently—a believer in the inspiration of the Bible and in the truth of its every word. What do you say to the following: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast." You will see that the inspired writer is not satisfied with admitting that he does not know. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Was it not cruel for an inspired man to attack a sacred belief?

You seem surprised that I should speak of the doctrine of eternal pain as "the black thunder-cloud that darkens all the horizon, casting its mighty shadows over the life that now is and that which is to come." If that doctrine be true, what else is there worthy of engaging the attention of the human mind? It is the blackness that extinguishes every star. It is the abyss in which every hope must perish. It leaves a universe without justice and without mercy—a future without one ray of light, and a present with nothing but fear. It makes heaven an impossibility, God an infinite monster, and man an eternal victim. Nothing can redeem a religion in which this dogma is found. Clustered about it are all the snakes of the Furies.

But you have abandoned this infamy, and you have admitted that we are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. Nothing can be nearer self-evident than the fact that a finite being cannot commit an infinite sin; neither can a finite being do an infinitely good deed. That is to say, no one can deserve for any act eternal pain, and no one for any deed can deserve eternal joy. If we are to be judged by the deeds done in the body, the old orthodox hell and heaven both become impossible.

So, too, you have recognized the great and splendid truth that sin cannot be predicated of an intellectual conviction. This is the first great step toward the liberty of soul. You admit that there is no morality and no immorality in belief—that is to say, in the simple operation of the mind in weighing evidence, in observing facts, and in drawing conclusions. You admit that these things are without sin and without guilt. Had all men so believed there never could have been religious persecution—the Inquisition could not have been built, and the idea of eternal pain never could have polluted the human heart.

You have been driven to the passions for the purpose of finding what you are pleased to call "sin" and "responsibility" and you say, speaking of a human being, "but if he is warped by passion so that he cannot see things truly, then is he responsible." One would suppose that the use of the word "cannot" is inconsistent with the idea of responsibility. What is passion? There are certain desires, swift, thrilling, that quicken the action of the heart—desires that fill the brain with blood, with fire and flame—desires that bear the same relation to judgment that storms and waves bear to the compass on a ship. Is passion necessarily produced? Is there an adequate cause for every effect? Can you by any possibility think of an effect without a cause, and can you by any possibility think of an effect that is not a cause, or can you think of a cause that is not an effect? Is not the history of real civilization the slow and gradual emancipation of the intellect, of the judgment, from the mastery of passion? Is not that man civilized whose reason sits the crowned monarch of his brain—whose passions are his servants?

Who knows the strength of the temptation to another? Who knows how little has been resisted by those who stand, how much has been resisted by those who fall? Who knows whether the victor or the victim made the braver and the more gallant fight? In judging of our fellow-men we must take into consideration the circumstances of ancestry, of race, of nationality, of employment, of opportunity, of education, and of the thousand influences that tend to mold or mar the character of man. Such a view is the mother of charity, and makes the God of the Presbyterians impossible.

At last you have seen the impossibility of forgiveness. That is to say, you perceive that after forgiveness the crime remains, and its children, called consequences, still live. You recognize the lack of philosophy in that doctrine. You still believe in what you call "the forgiveness of sins," but you admit that forgiveness cannot reverse the course of nature, and cannot prevent the operation of natural law. You also admit that if a man lives after death, he preserves his personal identity, his memory, and that the consequences of his actions will follow him through all the eternal years. You admit that consequences are immortal. After making this admission, of what use is the old idea of the forgiveness of sins? How can the criminal be washed clean and

pure in the blood of another? In spite of this forgiveness, in spite of this blood, you have taken the ground that consequences, like the dogs of Actæon, follow even a Presbyterian, even one of the elect, within the heavenly gates. If you wish to be logical, you must also admit that the consequences of good deeds, like winged angels, follow even the atheist within the gates of hell.

You have had the courage of your convictions, and you have said that we are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. By that judgment I am willing to abide. But, whether willing or not, I must abide, because there is no power, no God that can step between me and the consequences of my acts. I wish no heaven that I have not earned, no happiness to which I am not entitled. I do not wish to become an immortal pauper; neither am I willing to extend unworthy hands for alms.

My dear Mr. Field, you have outgrown your creed—as every Presbyterian must who grows at all. You are far better than the spirit of the Old Testament; far better, in my judgment, even than the spirit of the New. The creed that you have left behind, that you have repudiated, teaches that a man may be guilty of every crime—that he may have driven his wife to insanity, that his example may have led his children to the penitentiary, or to the gallows, and that yet, at the eleventh hour, he may, by what is called "repentance," be washed absolutely pure by the blood of another and receive and wear upon his brow the laurels of eternal peace. Not only so, but that creed has taught that this wretch in heaven could look back on the poor earth and see the wife, whom he swore to love and cherish, in the mad-house, surrounded by imaginary serpents, struggling in the darkness of night, made insane by his heartlessness—that creed has taught and teaches that he could look back and see his children in prison cells, or on the scaffold with the noose about their necks, and that these visions would not bring a shade of sadness to his redeemed and happy face. It is this doctrine, it is this dogma—so bestial, so savage as to beggar all the languages of men—that I have denounced. All the words of hatred, loathing and contempt, found in all the dialects and tongues of men, are not sufficient to express my hatred, my contempt, and my loathing of this creed.

You say that it is impossible for you not to believe in the existence of God. With this statement, I find no fault. Your mind is so that a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being gives satisfaction and content. Of course, you are entitled to no credit for this belief, as you ought not to be rewarded for believing that which you cannot help believing; neither should I be punished for failing to believe that which I cannot believe.

You believe because you see in the world around you such an adaptation of means to ends that you are satisfied there is design. I admit that when Robinson Crusoe saw in the sand the print of a human foot, like and yet unlike his own, he was justified in drawing the conclusion that a human being had been there. The inference was drawn from his own experience, and was within the scope of his own mind. But I do not agree with you that he "knew" a human being had been there; he had only sufficient evidence upon which to found a belief. He did not know the footsteps of all animals; he could not have known that no animal except man could have made that footprint: In order to have known that it was the foot of man, he must have known that no

other animal was capable of making it, and he must have known that no other being had produced in the sand the likeness of this human foot.

You see what you call evidences of intelligence in the universe, and you draw the conclusion that there must be an infinite intelligence. Your conclusion is far wider than your premise. Let us suppose, as Mr. Hume supposed, that there is a pair of scales, one end of which is in darkness, and you find that a pound weight, or a ten-pound weight, placed upon that end of the scale in the light is raised; have you the right to say that there is an infinite weight on the end in darkness, or are you compelled to say only that there is weight enough on the end in darkness to raise the weight on the end in light?

It is illogical to say, because of the existence of this earth and of what you can see in and about it, that there must be an infinite intelligence. You do not know that even the creation of this world, and of all planets discovered, required an infinite power, or infinite wisdom. I admit that it is impossible for me to look at a watch and draw the inference that there was no design in its construction, or that it only happened. I could not regard it as a product of some freak of nature, neither could I imagine that its various parts were brought together and set in motion by chance. I am not a believer in chance. But there is a vast difference between what man has made and the materials of which he has constructed the things he has made. You find a watch, and you say that it exhibits, or shows design. You insist that it is so wonderful it must have had a designer—in other words, that it is too wonderful not to have been constructed. You then find the watchmaker, and you say with regard to him that he too must have had a designer, for he is more wonderful than the watch. In imagagination you go from the watchmaker to the being you call God, and you say he designed the watchmaker, but he himself was not designed because he is too wonderful to have been designed. And yet in the case of the watch and of the watchmaker, it was the wonder that suggested design, while in the case of the maker of the watchmaker the wonder denied a designer. Do you not see that this argument devours itself?

If wonder suggests a designer, can it go on increasing until it denies that which it suggested?

You must remember, too, that the argument of design is applicable to all. You are not at liberty to stop at sunrise and sunset and growing corn and all that adds to the happiness of man; you must go further. You must admit that an infinitely wise and merciful God designed the fangs of serpents, the machinery by which the poison is distilled, the ducts by which it is carried to the fang, and that the same intelligence impressed this serpent with a desire to deposit this deadly virus in the flesh of man. You must believe that an infinitely wise God so constructed this world, that in the process of cooling, earthquakes would be caused—earthquakes that devour and overwhelm cities and states. Do you see any design in the volcano that sends its rivers of lava over the fields and the homes of men? Do you really think that a perfectly good being designed the invisible parasites that infest the air, that inhabit the water, and that finally attack and destroy the health and life of man? Do you see the same design in cancers that you do in wheat and corn? Did God invent tumors for the brain? Was it his ingenuity that so designed the human race that millions of

people should be born deaf and dumb, that millions should be idiotic? Did he knowingly plant in the blood or brain the seeds of insanity? Did he cultivate those seeds? Do you see any design in this?

Man calls that good which increases his happiness, and that evil which gives him pain. In the olden time, back of the good he placed a God; back of the evil a devil; but now the orthodox world is driven to admit that the God is the author of all.

For my part, I see no goodness in the pestilence—no mercy in the bolt that leaps from the cloud and leaves the mark of death on the breast of a loving mother. I see no generosity in famine, no goodness in disease, no mercy in want and agony.

And yet you say that the being who created parasites that live only by inflicting pain—the being responsible for all the sufferings of mankind—you say that he has "a tenderness compared to which all human love is faint and cold." Yet according to the doctrine of the orthodox world, this being of infinite love and tenderness so created nature that its light misleads, and left a vast majority of the human race to blindly grope their way to endless pain.

You insist that a knowledge of God—a belief in God—is the foundation of social order; and yet this God of infinite tenderness has left for thousands and thousands of years nearly all of his children without a revelation. Why should infinite goodness leave the existence of God in doubt? Why should he see millions in savagery destroying the lives of each other, eating the flesh of each other, and keep his existence a secret from man? Why did he allow the savages to depend on sunrise and sunset and clouds? Why did he leave this great truth to a few half-crazed prophets, or to a cruel, heartless, and ignorant church? The sentence "There is a God".could have been imprinted on every blade of grass, on every leaf, on every star. An infinite God has no excuse for leaving his children in doubt and darkness.

There is still another point. You know that for thousands of ages men worshiped wild beasts as God. You know that for countless generations they knelt by coiled serpents, believing those serpents to be gods. Why did the real God secrete himself and allow his poor, ignorant, savage children to imagine that he was a beast, a serpent? Why did this God allow mothers to sacrifice their babes? Why did he not emerge from the darkness? Why did he not say to the poor mother, "Do not sacrifice your babe; keep it in your arms; press it to your bosom; let it be the solace of your declining years. I take no delight in the death of children; I am not what you suppose me to be; I am not a beast; I am not a serpent; I am full of love and kindness and mercy, and I want my children to be happy in this world"? Did the God who allowed a mother to sacrifice her babe through the mistaken idea that he, the God, demanded the sacrifice, feel a tenderness toward that mother "compared to which all human love is faint and cold"? Would a good father allow some of his children to kill others of his children to please him?

There is still another question. Why should God, a being of infinite tenderness, leave the question of immortality in doubt? How is it that there is nothing in the Old Testament on this subject? Why is it that he who made all the constellations did not put in his heaven the star of hope? How do you account for the fact that you do not find in the Old Testament, from the first mistake in Genesis, to the last curse in

Malachi, a funeral service? Is it not strange that some one in the Old Testament did not stand by an open grave of father or mother and say: “We shall meet again”? Was it because the divinely inspired men did not know?

You taunt me by saying that I know no more of the immortality of the soul than Cicero knew. I admit it. I know no more than the lowest savage, no more than a doctor of divinity—that is to say, nothing.

Is it not, however, a curious fact that there is less belief in the immortality of the soul in Christian countries than in heathen lands—that the belief in immortality, in an orthodox church, is faint and cold and speculative, compared with that belief in India, in China, or in the Pacific Isles? Compare the belief in immortality in America, of Christians, with that of the followers of Mohammed. Do not Christians weep above their dead? Does a belief in immortality keep back their tears? After all, the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near—the echoes of words said to have been spoken more than eighteen centuries ago are lost in the sounds of the clods that fall on the coffin, And yet, compared with the orthodox hell, compared with the prison-house of God, how ecstatic is the grave—the grave without a sigh, without a tear, without a dream, without a fear. Compared with the immortality promised by the Presbyterian creed, how beautiful annihilation seems. To be nothing—how much better than to be a convict forever. To be unconscious dust—how much better than to be a heartless angel.

There is not, there never has been, there never will be, any consolation in orthodox Christianity. It offers no consolation to any good and loving man. I prefer the consolation of Nature, the consolation of hope, the consolation springing from human affection. I prefer the simple desire to live and love forever.

Of course, it would be a consolation to know that we have an “Almighty Friend” in heaven; but an “Almighty Friend” who cares nothing for us, who allows us to be stricken by his lightning, frozen by his winter, starved by his famine, and at last imprisoned in his hell, is a friend I do not care to have.

I remember “the poor slave mother who sat alone in her cabin, having been robbed of her children;” and, my dear Mr. Field, I also remember that the people who robbed her justified the robbery by reading passages from the sacred Scriptures. I remember that while the mother wept, the robbers, some of whom were Christians, read this: “Buy of the heathen round about, and they shall be your bondmen and bondwomen forever.” I remember, too, that the robbers read: “Servants be obedient unto your masters;” and they said, this passage is the only message from the heart of God to the scarred back of the slave. I remember this, and I remember, also, that the poor slave mother upon her knees in wild and wailing accents called on the “Almighty Friend,” and I remember that her prayer was never heard, and that her sobs died in the negligent air.

You ask me whether I would “rob this poor woman of such a friend?” My answer is this: I would give her liberty; I would break her chains. But let me ask you, did an “Almighty Friend” see the woman he loved “with a tenderness compared to which all human love is faint and cold,” and the woman who loved him, robbed of her children? What was the “Almighty Friend” worth to her? She preferred her babe.

How could the "Almighty Friend" see his poor children pursued by hounds—his children whose only crime was the love of liberty—how could he see that, and take sides with the hounds? Do you believe that the "Almighty Friend" then governed the world? Do you really think that he

"Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to coast,
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost"?

Do you believe that the "Almighty Friend" saw all of the tragedies that were enacted in the jungles of Africa—that he watched the wretched slave-ships, saw the miseries of the middle passage, heard the blows of all the whips, saw all the streams of blood, all the agonized faces of women, all the tears that were shed? Do you believe that he saw and knew all these things, and that he, the "Almighty Friend," looked coldly down and stretched no hand to save?

You persist, however, in endeavoring to account for the miseries of the world by taking the ground that happiness is not the end of life. You say that "the real end of life is character, and that no discipline can be too severe which leads us to suffer and be strong." Upon this subject you use the following language: "If you could have your way you would make everybody happy; there would be no more poverty, and no more sickness or pain." And this you say, is a "child's picture, hardly worthy of a stalwart man." Let me read you another "child's picture," which you will find in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, supposed to have been written by St. John, the Divine: "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.".

If you visited some woman living in a tenement, supporting by her poor labor a little family—a poor woman on the edge of famine, sewing, it may be, her eyes blinded by tears—would you tell her that "the world is not a playground in which men are to be petted and indulged like children."? Would you tell her that to think of a world without poverty, without tears, without pain, is "a child's picture"? If she asked you for a little assistance, would you refuse it on the ground that by being helped she might lose character? Would you tell her: "God does not wish to have you happy; happiness is a very foolish end; character is what you want, and God has put you here with these helpless, starving babes, and he has put this burden on your young life simply that you may suffer and be strong. I would help you gladly, but I do not wish to defeat the plans of your Almighty Friend"? You can reason one way, but you would act the other.

I agree with you that work is good, that struggle is essential; that men are made manly by contending with each other and with the forces of nature; but there is a point beyond which struggle does not make character; there is a point at which struggle becomes failure.

Can you conceive of an "Almighty Friend" deforming his children because he loves them? Did he allow the innocent to languish in dungeons because he was their friend? Did he allow the noble to perish upon the scaffold, the great and the self-

denying to be burned at the stake, because he had the power to save? Was he restrained by love? Did this "Almighty Friend" allow millions of his children to be enslaved to the end that the "splendor of virtue might have a dark background"? You insist that "suffering patiently borne, is a means of the greatest elevation of character, and in the end of the highest enjoyment." Do you not then see that your "Almighty Friend" has been unjust to the happy—that he is cruel to those whom we call the fortunate—that he is indifferent to the men who do not suffer—that he leaves all the happy and prosperous and joyous without character, and that in the end, according to your doctrine, they are the losers?

But, after all, there is no need of arguing this question further. There is one fact that destroys forever your theory—and that is the fact that millions upon millions die in infancy. Where do they get "elevation of character"? What opportunity is given to them to "suffer and be strong"? Let us admit that we do not know. Let us say that the mysteries of life, of good and evil, of joy and pain, have never been explained. Is character of no importance in heaven? How is it possible for angels, living in "a child's picture," to "suffer and be strong"? Do you not see that, according to your philosophy, only the damned can grow great—only the lost can become sublime?

You do not seem to understand what I say with regard to what I call the higher philosophy. When that philosophy is accepted, of course there will be good in the world, there will be evil, there will still be right and wrong. What is good? That which tends to the happiness of sentient beings. What is evil? That which tends to the misery, or tends to lessen the happiness of sentient beings. What is right? The best thing to be done under the circumstances—that is to say, the thing that will increase or preserve the happiness of man. What is wrong? That which tends to the misery of man.

What you call liberty, choice, morality, responsibility, have nothing whatever to do with this. There is no difference between necessity and liberty. He who is free, acts from choice. What is the foundation of his choice? What we really mean by liberty is freedom from personal dictation—we do not wish to be controlled by the will of others. To us the nature of things does not seem to be a master—Nature has no will.

Society has the right to protect itself by imprisoning those who prey upon its interests; but it has no right to punish. It may have the right to destroy the life of one dangerous to the community; but what has freedom to do with this? Do you kill the poisonous serpent because he knew better than to bite? Do you chain a wild beast because he is morally responsible? Do you not think that the criminal deserves the pity of the virtuous?

I was looking forward to the time when the individual might feel justified—when the convict who had worn the garment of disgrace might know and feel that he had acted as he must.

There is an old Hindoo prayer to which I call your attention:

"Have mercy, God, upon the vicious;
Thou hast already had mercy upon the just by making them just."

Is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced? This, of course, would end in the justification of men. Is not that a desirable thing? Is it not possible that intelligence may at last raise the human race to that sublime and philosophic height?

You insist, however, that this is Calvinism. I take it for granted that you understand Calvinism—but let me tell you what it is. Calvinism asserts that man does as he must, and that, notwithstanding this fact, he is responsible for what he does—that is to say, for what he is compelled to do—that is to say, for what God does with him; and that, for doing that which he must, an infinite God, who compelled him to do it, is justified in punishing the man in eternal fire; this, not because the man ought to be damned, but simply for the glory of God.

Starting from the same declaration, that man does as he must, I reach the conclusion that we shall finally perceive in this fact justification for every individual. And yet you see no difference between my doctrine and Calvinism. You insist that damnation and justification are substantially the same; and yet the difference is as great as human language can express. You call the justification of all the world "the Gospel of Despair," and the damnation of nearly all the human race the "Consolation of Religion."

After all, my dear friend, do you not see that when you come to speak of that which is really good, you are compelled to describe your ideal human being? It is the human in Christ, and only the human, that you by any possibility can understand. You speak of one who was born among the poor, who went about doing good, who sympathized with those who suffered. You have described, not only one, but many millions of the human race, Millions of others have carried light to those sitting in darkness; millions and millions have taken children in their arms; millions have wept that those they love might smile. No language can express the goodness, the heroism, the patience and self-denial of the many millions, dead and living, who have preserved in the family of man the jewels of the heart. You have clad one being in all the virtues of the race, in all the attributes of gentleness, patience, goodness, and love, and yet that being, according to the New Testament, had to his character another side. True, he said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest;" but what did he say to those who failed to come? You pour out your whole heart in thankfulness to this one man who suffered for the right, while I thank not only this one, but all the rest. My heart goes out to all the great, the self-denying and the good,—to the founders of nations, singers of songs, builders of homes; to the inventors, to the artists who have filled the world with beauty, to the composers of music, to the soldiers of the right, to the makers of mirth, to honest men, and to all the loving mothers of the race.

Compare, for one moment, all that the Savior did, all the pain and suffering that he relieved,—compare all this with the discovery of anæsthetics. Compare your prophets with the inventors, your Apostles with the Keplers, the Humboldts and the Darwins.

I belong to the great church that holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul.

Most men are provincial, narrow, one sided, only partially developed. In a new country we often see a little patch of land, a clearing in which the pioneer has built his cabin. This little clearing is just large enough to support a family, and the remainder of the farm is still forest, in which snakes crawl and wild beasts occasionally crouch. It is thus with the brain of the average man. There is a little clearing, a little patch, just large enough to practice medicine with, or sell goods, or practice law; or preach with, or do some kind of business, sufficient to obtain bread and food and shelter for a family, while all the rest of the brain is covered with primeval forest, in which lie coiled the serpents of superstition and from which spring the wild beasts of orthodox religion.

Neither in the interest of truth, nor for the benefit of man, is it necessary to assert what we do not know. No cause is great enough to demand a sacrifice of candor. The mysteries of life and death, of good and evil, have never yet been solved.

I combat those only who, knowing nothing of the future, prophesy an eternity of pain—those only who sow the seeds of fear in the hearts of men—those only who poison all the springs of life, and seat a skeleton at every feast.

Let us banish the shriveled hags of superstition; let us welcome the beautiful daughters of truth and joy.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Controversy On Christianity

[Ingersoll-Gladstone.]

COLONEL INGERSOLL ON CHRISTIANITY; SOME REMARKS ON HIS REPLY TO DR. FIELD.

By Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone.

AS a listener from across the broad Atlantic to the clash of arms in the combat between Colonel Ingersoll and Dr. Field on the most momentous of all subjects, I have not the personal knowledge which assisted these doughty champions in making reciprocal acknowledgments, as broad as could be desired, with reference to personal character and motive. Such acknowledgments are of high value in keeping the issue clear, if not always of all adventitious, yet of all venomous matter. Destitute of the experience on which to found them as original testimonies, still, in attempting partially to criticise the remarkable Reply of Colonel Ingersoll, I can both accept in good faith what has been said by Dr. Field, and add that it seems to me consonant with the strain of the pages I have set before me. Having said this, I shall allow myself the utmost freedom in remarks, which will be addressed exclusively to the matter, not the man.

Let me begin by making several acknowledgments of another kind, but which I feel to be serious. The Christian Church has lived long enough in external triumph and prosperity to expose those of whom it is composed to all such perils of error and misfeasance, as triumph and prosperity bring with them. Belief in divine guidance is not of necessity belief that such guidance can never be frustrated by the laxity, the infirmity, the perversity of man, alike in the domain of action and in the domain of thought. Believers in the perpetuity of the life of the Church are not tied to believing in the perpetual health of the Church. Even the great Latin Communion, and that communion even since the Council of the Vatican in 1870, theoretically admits, or does not exclude, the possibility of a wide range of local and partial error in opinion as well as conduct. Elsewhere the admission would be more unequivocal. Of such errors in tenet, or in temper and feeling more or less hardened into tenet, there has been a crop alike abundant and multifarious. Each Christian party is sufficiently apt to recognize this fact with regard to every other Christian party; and the more impartial and reflective minds are aware that no party is exempt from mischiefs, which lie at the root of the human constitution in its warped, impaired, and dislocated condition. Naturally enough, these deformities help to indispose men towards belief; and when this indisposition has been developed into a system of negative warfare, all the faults of all the Christian bodies, and sub-divisions of bodies, are, as it was natural to expect they would be, carefully raked together, and become part and parcel of the indictment against the divine scheme of redemption. I notice these things in the mass, without particularity, which might be invidious, for two important purposes. First, that we all, who hold by the Gospel and the Christian Church, may learn humility and modesty, as well as charity and indulgence, in the treatment of opponents, from our consciousness that we all, alike by our

exaggerations and our shortcomings in belief, no less than by faults of conduct, have contributed to bring about this condition of fashionable hostility to religious faith: and, secondly, that we may resolutely decline to be held bound to tenets, or to consequences of tenets, which represent not the great Christendom of the past and present, but only some hole and corner of its vast organization; and not the heavenly treasure, but the rust or the canker to which that treasure has been exposed through the incidents of its custody in earthen vessels.

I do not remember ever to have read a composition, in which the merely local coloring of particular, and even very limited sections of Christianity, was more systematically used as if it had been available and legitimate argument against the whole, than in the Reply before us. Colonel Ingersoll writes with a rare and enviable brilliancy, but also with an impetus which he seems unable to control. Denunciation, sarcasm, and invective, may in consequence be said to constitute the staple of his work; and, if argument or some favorable admission here and there peeps out for a moment, the writer soon leaves the dry and barren heights for his favorite and more luxurious galloping grounds beneath. Thus, when the Reply has consecrated a line (N. A. R., No. 372, p. 473) to the pleasing contemplation of his opponent as "manly, candid, and generous," it immediately devotes more than twelve to a declamatory denunciation of a practice (as if it were his) altogether contrary to generosity and to candor, and reproaches those who expect (*ibid.*) "to receive as alms an eternity of joy." I take this as a specimen of the mode of statement which permeates the whole Reply. It is not the statement of an untruth. The Christian receives as alms all whatsoever he receives at all. *Qui salvandos salvas gratis* is his song of thankful praise. But it is the statement of one-half of a truth, which lives only in its entirety, and of which the Reply gives us only a mangled and bleeding *frustum*. For the gospel teaches that the faith which saves is a living and energizing faith, and that the most precious part of the alms which we receive lies in an ethical and spiritual process, which partly qualifies for, but also and emphatically composes, this conferred eternity of joy. Restore this ethical element to the doctrine from which the Reply has rudely displaced it, and the whole force of the assault is gone, for there is now a total absence of point in the accusation; it conies only to this, that "mercy and judgment are met together," and that "righteousness and peace have kissed each other" (Ps. lxxxv. 10).

Perhaps, as we proceed, there will be supplied ampler means of judging whether I am warranted in saying that the instance I have here given is a normal instance of a practice so largely followed as to divest the entire Reply of that calmness and sobriety of movement which are essential to the just exercise of the reasoning power in subject matter not only grave, but solemn. Pascal has supplied us, in the "Provincial Letters," with an unique example of easy, brilliant, and fascinating treatment of a theme both profound and complex. But where shall we find another Pascal? And, if we had found him, he would be entitled to point out to us that the famous work was not less close and logical than it was witty. In this case, all attempt at continuous argument appears to be deliberately abjured, not only as to pages, but, as may almost be said, even as to lines. The paper, noteworthy as it is, leaves on my mind the impression of a battle-field where every man strikes at every man, and all is noise, hurry, and confusion. Better surely had it been, and worthier of the great weight and

elevation of the subject, if the controversy had been waged after the pattern of those engagements where a chosen champion on either side, in a space carefully limited and reserved, does battle on behalf of each silent and expectant host. The promiscuous crowds represent all the lower elements which enter into human conflicts: the chosen champions, and the order of their proceeding, signify the dominion of reason over force, and its just place as the sovereign arbiter of the great questions that involve the main destiny of man.

I will give another instance of the tumultuous method in which the Reply conducts, not, indeed, its argument, but its case. Dr. Field had exhibited an example of what he thought superstition, and had drawn a distinction between superstition and religion. But to the author of the Reply all religion is superstition, and, accordingly, he writes as follows (p. 475): "You are shocked at the Hindoo mother, when she gives her child to death at the supposed command of her God. What do you think of Abraham? of Jephthah? What is your opinion of Jehovah himself?"

Taking these three appeals in the reverse order to that in which they are written, I will briefly ask, as to the closing challenge, "What do you think of Jehovah himself?" whether this is the tone in which controversy ought to be carried on? Not only is the name of Jehovah encircled in the heart of every believer with the profoundest reverence and love, but the Christian religion teaches, through the Incarnation, a doctrine of personal union with God so lofty that it can only be approached in a deep, reverential calm. I do not deny that a person who deems a given religion to be wicked may be led onward by logical consistency to impugn in strong terms the character of the Author and Object of that religion. But he is surely bound by the laws of social morality and decency to consider well the terms and the manner of his indictment. If he founds it upon allegations of fact, these allegations should be carefully stated, so as to give his antagonists reasonable evidence that it is truth and not temper which wrings from him a sentence of condemnation, delivered in sobriety and sadness, and not without a due commiseration for those, whom he is attempting to undeceive, who think he is himself both deceived and a deceiver, but who surely are entitled, while this question is in process of decision, to require that He whom they adore should at least be treated with those decent reserves which are deemed essential when a human being, say a parent, wife, or sister, is in question. But here a contemptuous reference to Jehovah follows, not upon a careful investigation of the cases of Abraham and of Jephthah, but upon a mere summary citation of them to surrender themselves, so to speak, as culprits; that is to say, a summons to accept at once, on the authority of the Reply, the view which the writer is pleased to take of those cases. It is true that he assures us in another part of his paper that he has read the scriptures with care; and I feel bound to accept this assurance, but at the same time to add that if it had not been given I should, for one, not have made the discovery, but might have supposed that the author had galloped, not through, but about, the sacred volume, as a man glances over the pages of an ordinary newspaper or novel.

Although there is no argument as to Abraham or Jephthah expressed upon the surface, we must assume that one is intended, and it seems to be of the following kind: "You are not entitled to reprove the Hindoo mother who cast her child under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, for you approve of the conduct of Jephthah, who

(probably) sacrificed his daughter in fulfilment of a vow (Judges xi. 31) that he would make a burnt offering of whatsoever, on his safe return, he should meet coming forth from the doors of his dwelling." Now the whole force of this rejoinder depends upon our supposed obligation as believers to approve the conduct of Jephthah. It is, therefore, a very serious question whether we are or are not so obliged. But this question the Reply does not condescend either to argue, or even to state. It jumps to an extreme conclusion without the decency of an intermediate step. Are not such methods of proceeding more suited to placards at an election, than to disquisitions on these most solemn subjects?

I am aware of no reason why any believer in Christianity should not be free to canvass, regret, condemn the act of Jephthah. So far as the narration which details it is concerned, there is not a word of sanction given to it more than to the falsehood of Abraham in Egypt, or of Jacob and Rebecca in the matter of the hunting (Gen. xx. 1-18, and Gen. xxiii.); or to the dissembling of St. Peter in the case of the Judaizing converts (Gai. ii. 11). I am aware of no color of approval given to it elsewhere. But possibly the author of the Reply may have thought he found such an approval in the famous eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, where the apostle, handling his subject with a discernment and care very different from those of the Reply, writes thus (Heb. xi. 32):

"And what shall I say more? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah: of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets."

Jephthah, then, is distinctly held up to us by a canonical writer as an object of praise. But of praise on what account? Why should the Reply assume that it is on account of the sacrifice of his child? The writer of the Reply has given us no reason, and no rag of a reason, in support of such a proposition. But this was the very thing he was bound by every consideration to prove, upon making his indictment against the Almighty. In my opinion, he could have one reason only for not giving a reason, and that was that no reason could be found.

The matter, however, is so full of interest, as illustrating both the method of the Reply and that of the Apostolic writer, that I shall enter farther into it, and draw attention to the very remarkable structure of this noble chapter, which is to Faith what the thirteenth of Cor. I. is to Charity. From the first to the thirty-first verse, it commemorates the achievements of faith in ten persons: Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses (in greater detail than any one else), and finally Rahab, in whom, I observe in passing, it will hardly be pretended that she appears in this list on account of the profession she had pursued. Then comes the rapid recital (v. 31), without any specification of particulars whatever, of these four names: Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah. Next follows a kind of recommencement, indicated by the word also; and the glorious acts and sufferings of the prophets are set forth largely with a singular power and warmth, headed by the names of David and Samuel, the rest of the sacred band being mentioned only in the mass.

Now, it is surely very remarkable that, in the whole of this recital, the Apostle, whose "feet were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," seems with a tender

instinct to avoid anything like stress on the exploits of warriors. Of the twelve persons having a share in the detailed expositions, David is the only warrior, and his character as a man of war is eclipsed by his greater attributes as a prophet, or declarer of the Divine counsels. It is yet more noteworthy that Joshua, who had so fair a fame, but who was only a warrior, is never named in the chapter, and we are simply told that "by faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they had been compassed about seven times" (Hebrews xi. 30). But the series of four names, which are given without any specification of their title to appear in the list, are all names of distinguished warriors. They had all done great acts of faith and patriotism against the enemies of Israel,—Gideon against the Midianites, Barak against the hosts of Syria, Samson against the Philistines, and Jephthah against the children of Ammon. Their tide to appear in the list at all is in their acts of war, and the mode of their treatment as men of war is in striking accordance with the analogies of the chapter. All of them had committed errors. Gideon had again and again demanded a sign, and had made a golden ephod, "which thing became a snare unto Gideon and to his house" (Judges viii. 27). Barak had refused to go up against Jabin unless Deborah would join the venture (Judges v. 8). Samson had been in dalliance with Delilah. Last came Jephthah, who had, as we assume, sacrificed his daughter in fulfilment of a rash vow. No one supposes that any of the others are honored by mention in the chapter on account of his sin or error: why should that supposition be made in the case of Jephthah, at the cost of all the rules of orderly interpretation?

Having now answered the challenge as to Jephthah, I proceed to the case of Abraham. It would not be fair to shrink from touching it in its tenderest point. That point is nowhere expressly touched by the commendations bestowed upon Abraham in Scripture. I speak now of the special form, of the words that are employed. He is not commended because, being a father, he made all the preparations antecedent to plunging the knife into his son. He is commended (as I read the text) because, having received a glorious promise, a promise that his wife should be a mother of nations, and that kings should be born of her (Gen. xvii. 6), and that by his seed the blessings of redemption should be conveyed to man, and the fulfilment of this promise depending solely upon the life of Isaac, he was, nevertheless, willing that the chain of these promises should be broken by the extinction of that life, because his faith assured him that the Almighty would find the way to give effect to His own designs (Heb. xi. 17-19). The offering of Isaac is mentioned as a completed offering, and the intended blood-shedding, of which I shall speak presently, is not here brought into view.

The facts, however, which we have before us, and which are treated in Scripture with caution, are grave and startling. A father is commanded to sacrifice his son. Before consummation, the sacrifice is interrupted. Yet the intention of obedience had been formed, and certified by a series of acts. It may have been qualified by a reserve of hope that God would interpose before the final act, but of this we have no distinct statement, and it can only stand as an allowable conjecture. It may be conceded that the narrative does not supply us with a complete statement of particulars. That being so, it behooves us to tread cautiously in approaching it. Thus much, however, I think, may further be said: the command was addressed to Abraham under conditions

essentially different from those which now determine for us the limits of moral obligation.

For the conditions, both socially and otherwise, were indeed very different. The estimate of human life at the time was different. The position of the father in the family was different: its members were regarded as in some sense his property. There is every reason to suppose that, around Abraham in "the land of Moriah," the practice of human sacrifice as an act of religion was in vigor. But we may look more deeply into the matter. According to the Book of Genesis, Adam and Eve were placed under a law, not of consciously perceived right and wrong, but of simple obedience. The tree, of which alone they were forbidden to eat, was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Duty lay for them in following the command of the Most High, before and until they, or their descendants, should become capable of appreciating it by an ethical standard. Their condition was greatly analogous to that of the infant, who has just reached the stage at which he can comprehend that he is ordered to do this or that, but not the nature of the thing so ordered. To the external standard of right and wrong, and to the obligation it entails per se, the child is introduced by a process gradually unfolded with the development of his nature, and the opening out of what we term a moral sense. If we pass at once from the epoch of Paradise to the period of the prophets, we perceive the important progress that has been made in the education of the race. The Almighty, in His mediate intercourse with Israel, deigns to appeal to an independently conceived criterion, as to an arbiter between His people and Himself. "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord" (Isaiah i. 18). "Yet ye say the way of the Lord is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel, is not my way equal, are not your ways unequal?" (Ezekiel xvii. 25). Between these two epochs how wide a space of moral teaching has been traversed! But Abraham, so far as we may judge from the pages of Scripture, belongs essentially to the Adamic period, far more than to the prophetic. The notion of righteousness and sin was not indeed hidden from him: transgression itself had opened that chapter, and it was never to be closed: but as yet they lay wrapped up, so to speak, in Divine command and prohibition. And what God commanded, it was for Abraham to believe that He himself would adjust to the harmony of His own character.

The faith of Abraham, with respect to this supreme trial, appears to have been centered in this, that he would trust God to all extremities, and in despite of all appearances. The command received was obviously inconsistent with the promises which had preceded it. It was also inconsistent with the morality acknowledged in later times, and perhaps too definitely reflected in our minds, by an anachronism easy to conceive, on the day of Abraham. There can be little doubt, as between these two points of view, that the strain upon his faith was felt mainly, to say the least, in connection with the first mentioned. This faith is not wholly unlike the faith of Job; for Job believed, in despite of what was to the eye of flesh an unrighteous government of the world. If we may still trust the Authorized Version, his cry was, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him" (Job xiii. 15). This cry was, however, the expression of one who did not expect to be slain; and it may be that Abraham, when he said, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering," not only believed explicitly that God would do what was right, but, moreover, believed implicitly that a way of rescue would be found for his son. I do not say that this case

is like the case of Jephthah, where the introduction of difficulty is only gratuitous. I confine myself to these propositions. Though the law of moral action is the same everywhere and always, it is variously applicable to the human being, as we know from experience, in the various stages of his development; and its first form is that of simple obedience to a superior whom there is every ground to trust. And further, if the few straggling rays of our knowledge in a case of this kind rather exhibit a darkness lying around us than dispel it, we do not even know all that was in the mind of Abraham, and are not in a condition to pronounce upon it, and cannot, without departure from sound reason, abandon that anchorage by which he probably held, that the law of Nature was safe in the hands of the Author of Nature, though the means of the reconciliation between the law and the appearances have not been fully placed within our reach.

But the Reply is not entitled to so wide an answer as that which I have given. In the parallel with the case of the Hindoo widow, it sins against first principles. An established and habitual practice of child-slaughter, in a country of an old and learned civilization, presents to us a case totally different from the issue of a command which was not designed to be obeyed and which belongs to a period when the years of manhood were associated in great part with the character that appertains to childhood.

It will already have been seen that the method of this Reply is not to argue seriously from point to point, but to set out in masses, without the labor of proof, crowds of imputations, which may overwhelm an opponent like balls from a *mitrailleuse*. As the charges lightly run over in a line or two require pages for exhibition and confutation, an exhaustive answer to the Reply within the just limits of an article is on this account out of the question; and the only proper course left open seems to be to make a selection of what appears to be the favorite, or the most formidable and telling assertions, and to deal with these in the serious way which the grave interests of the theme, not the manner of their presentation, may deserve.

It was an observation of Aristotle that weight attaches to the undemonstrated propositions of those who are able to speak on any given subject matter from experience. The Reply abounds in undemonstrated propositions. They appear, however, to be delivered without any sense of a necessity that either experience or reasoning are required in order to give them a title to acceptance. Thus, for example, the system of Mr. Darwin is hurled against Christianity as a dart which cannot but be fatal (p. 475):

“His discoveries, carried to their legitimate conclusion, destroy the creeds and sacred Scriptures of mankind.”

This wide-sweeping proposition is imposed upon us with no exposition of the how or the why; and the whole controversy of belief one might suppose is to be determined, as if from St. Petersburgh, by a series of *ukases*. It is only advanced, indeed, to decorate the introduction of Darwin’s name in support of the proposition, which I certainly should support and not contest, that error and honesty are compatible.

On what ground, then, and for what reason, is the system of Darwin fatal to Scriptures and to creeds? I do not enter into the question whether it has passed from

the stage of working hypothesis into that of demonstration, but I assume, for the purposes of the argument, all that, in this respect, the Reply can desire.

It is not possible to discover, from the random language of the Reply, whether the scheme of Darwin is to sweep away all theism, or is to be content with extinguishing revealed religion. If the latter is meant, I should reply that the moral history of man, in its principal stream, has been distinctly an evolution from the first until now; and that the succinct though grand account of the Creation in Genesis is singularly accordant with the same idea, but is wider than Darwinism, since it includes in the grand progression the inanimate world as well as the history of organisms. But, as this could not be shown without much detail, the Reply reduces me to the necessity of following its own unsatisfactory example in the bald form of an assertion, that there is no colorable ground for assuming evolution and revelation to be at variance with one another.

If, however, the meaning be that theism is swept away by Darwinism, I observe that, as before, we have only an unreasoned dogma or dictum to deal with, and, dealing perforce with the unknown, we are in danger of striking at a will of the wisp. Still, I venture on remarking that the doctrine of Evolution has acquired both praise and dispraise which it does not deserve. It is lauded in the skeptical camp because it is supposed to get rid of the shocking idea of what are termed sudden acts of creation; and it is as unjustly dispraised, on the opposing side, because it is thought to bridge over the gap between man and the inferior animals, and to give emphasis to the relationship between them. But long before the day either of Mr. Darwin or his grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, this relationship had been stated, perhaps even more emphatically by one whom, were it not that I have small title to deal in undemonstrated assertion, I should venture to call the most cautious, the most robust, and the most comprehensive of our philosophers. Suppose, says Bishop Butler (Analogy, Part 2, Chap. 2), that it were implied in the natural immortality of brutes, that they must arrive at great attainments, and become (like us) rational and moral agents; even this would be no difficulty, since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endowed with. And if pride causes us to deem it an indignity that our race should have proceeded by propagation from an ascending scale of inferior organisms, why should it be a more repulsive idea to have sprung immediately from something less than man in brain and body, than to have been fashioned according to the expression in Genesis (Chap. II., v. 7), “out of the dust of the ground?” There are halls and galleries of introduction in a palace, but none in a cottage; and this arrival of the creative work at its climax through an ever aspiring preparatory series, rather than by transition at a step from the inanimate mould of earth, may tend rather to magnify than to lower the creation of man on its physical side. But if belief has (as commonly) been premature in its alarms, has non-belief been more reflective in its exulting anticipations, and its paeans on the assumed disappearance of what are strangely enough termed sudden acts of creation from the sphere of our study and contemplation?

One striking effect of the Darwinian theory of descent is, so far as I understand, to reduce the breadth of all intermediate distinctions in the scale of animated life. It does not bring all creatures into a single lineage, but all diversities are to be traced

back, at some point in the scale and by stages indefinitely minute, to a common ancestry. All is done by steps, nothing by strides, leaps, or bounds; all from protoplasm up to Shakespeare, and, again, all from primal night and chaos up to protoplasm. I do not ask, and am incompetent to judge, whether this is among the things proven, but I take it so for the sake of the argument; and I ask, first, why and whereby does this doctrine eliminate the idea of creation? Does the new philosophy teach that if the passage from pure reptile to pure bird is achieved by a spring (so to speak) over a chasm, this implies and requires creation; but that if reptile passes into bird, and rudimental into finished bird, by a thousand slight and but just discernible modifications, each one of these is so small that they are not entitled to a name so lofty, may be set down to any cause or no cause, as we please? I should have supposed it miserably unphilosophical to treat the distinction between creative and non-creative function as a simply quantitative distinction. As respects the subjective effect on the human mind, creation in small, when closely regarded, awakens reason to admiring wonder, not less than creation in great: and as regards that function itself, to me it appears no less than ridiculous to hold that the broadly outlined and large advances of so-called Mosaism are creation, but the refined and stealthy onward steps of Darwinism are only manufacture, and relegate the question of a cause into obscurity, insignificance, or oblivion.

But does not reason really require us to go farther, to turn the tables on the adversary, and to contend that evolution, by how much it binds more closely together the myriad ranks of the living, aye, and of all other orders, by so much the more consolidates, enlarges, and enhances the true argument of design, and the entire theistic position? If orders are not mutually related, it is easier to conceive of them as sent at haphazard into the world. We may, indeed, sufficiently, draw an argument of design from each separate structure, but we have no further title to build upon the position which each of them holds as towards any other. But when the connexion between these objects has been established, and so established that the points of transition are almost as indiscernible as the passage from day to night, then, indeed, each preceding stage is a prophecy of the following, each succeeding one is a memorial of the past, and, throughout the immeasurable series, every single member of it is a witness to all the rest. The Reply ought surely to dispose of these, and probably many more arguments in the case, before assuming so absolutely the rights of dictatorship, and laying it down that Darwinism, carried to its legitimate conclusion (and I have nowhere endeavored to cut short its career), destroys the creeds and Scriptures of mankind. That I maybe the more definite in my challenge, I would, with all respect, ask the author of the Reply to set about confuting the succinct and clear argument of his countryman, Mr. Fiske, who, in the earlier part of the small work entitled *Man's Destiny* (Macmillan, London, 1887) has given what seems to me an admissible and also striking interpretation of the leading Darwinian idea in its bearings on the theistic argument. To this very partial treatment of a great subject I must at present confine myself; and I proceed to another of the notions, as confident as they seem to be crude, which the Reply has drawn into its wide-casting net (p. 475):

"Why should God demand a sacrifice from; man? Why should the Infinite ask anything from the finite? Should the sun beg of the glow-worm, and should the momentary spark excite the envy of the source of light?"

This is one of the cases in which happy or showy illustration is, in the Reply before me, set to carry with a rush the position which argument would have to approach more laboriously and more slowly. The case of the glow-worm with the sun cannot but move a reader's pity, it seems so very hard. But let us suppose for a moment that the glow-worm was so constituted, and so related to the sun that an interaction between them was a fundamental condition of its health and life; that the glowworm must, by the law of its nature, like the moon, reflect upon the sun, according to its strength and measure, the light which it receives, and that only by a process involving that reflection its own store of vitality could be upheld? It will be said that this is a very large *petitio* to import into the glowworm's case. Yes, but it is the very *petitio* which is absolutely requisite in order to make it parallel to the case of the Christian. The argument which the Reply has to destroy is and must be the Christian argument, and not some figure of straw, fabricated at will. It is needless, perhaps, but it is refreshing, to quote the noble Psalm (Ps. 1. 10, 12, 14, 15), in which this assumption of the Reply is rebuked. "All the beasts of the forest are mine; and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.... If I be hungry I will not tell thee; for the whole world is mine, and all that is therein.... Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most Highest, and call upon Me in the time of trouble; so will I hear thee, and thou shalt praise Me." Let me try my hand at a counter-illustration. If the Infinite is to make no demand upon the finite, by parity of reasoning the great and strong should scarcely make them on the weak and small. Why then should the father make demands of love, obedience, and sacrifice, from his young child? Is there not some flavor of the sun and glow-worm here? But every man does so make them, if he is a man of sense and feeling; and he makes them for the sake and in the interest of the son himself, whose nature, expanding in the warmth of affection and pious care, requires, by an inward law, to return as well as to receive. And so God asks of us, in order that what we give to Him may be far more our own than it ever was before the giving, or than it could have been unless first rendered up to Him, to become a part of what the gospel calls our treasure in heaven.

Although the Reply is not careful to supply us with whys, it does not hesitate to ask for them (p. 479):

"Why should an infinitely wise and powerful God destroy the good and preserve the vile? Why should He treat all alike here, and in another world make an infinite difference? Why should your God allow His worshipers, His adorers, to be destroyed by His enemies? Why should He allow the honest, the loving, the noble, to perish at the stake?"

The upholders of belief or of revelation, from Claudian down to Cardinal Newman (see the very remarkable passage of the *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, pp. 376-78), cannot and do not, seek to deny that the methods of divine government, as they are exhibited by experience, present to us many and varied moral problems, insoluble by our understanding. Their existence may not, and should not, be dissembled. But neither should they be exaggerated. Now exaggeration by mere suggestion is the

fault, the glaring fault, of these queries. One who had no knowledge of mundane affairs beyond the conception they insinuate would assume that, as a rule, evil has the upper hand in the management of the world. Is this the grave philosophical conclusion of a careful observer, or is it a crude, hasty, and careless overstatement?

It is not difficult to conceive how, in times of sadness and of storm, when the suffering soul can discern no light at any point of the horizon, place is found for such an idea of life. It is, of course, opposed to the Apostolic declaration that godliness hath the promise of the life that now is (1 Tim. iv. 8), but I am not to expect such a declaration to be accepted as current coin, even of the meanest value, by the author of the Reply. Yet I will offer two observations founded on experience in support of it, one taken from a limited, another from a larger and more open sphere. John Wesley, in the full prime of his mission, warned the converts whom he was making among English laborers of a spiritual danger that lay far ahead. It was that, becoming godly, they would become careful, and, becoming careful, they would become wealthy. It was a just and sober forecast, and it represented with truth the general rule of life, although it be a rule perplexed with exceptions. But, if this be too narrow a sphere of observation, let us take a wider one, the widest of all. It is comprised in the brief statement that Christendom rules the world, and rules it, perhaps it should be added, by the possession of a vast surplus of material as well as moral force. Therefore the assertions carried by implication in the queries of the Reply, which are general, are because general untrue, although they might have been true within those prudent limitations which the method of this Reply appears especially to eschew.

Taking, then, these challenges as they ought to have been given, I admit that great believers, who have been also great masters of wisdom and knowledge, are not able to explain the inequalities of adjustment between human beings and the conditions in which they have been set down to work out their destiny. The climax of these inequalities is perhaps to be found in the fact that, whereas rational belief, viewed at large, founds the Providential government of the world upon the hypothesis of free agency, there are so many cases in which the overbearing mastery of circumstance appears to reduce it to extinction or paralysis. Now, in one sense, without doubt, these difficulties are matter for our legitimate and necessary cognizance. It is a duty incumbent upon us respectively, according to our means and opportunities, to decide for ourselves, by the use of the faculty of reason given us, the great questions of natural and revealed religion. They are to be decided according to the evidence; and, if we cannot trim the evidence into a consistent whole, then according to the balance of the evidence. We are not entitled, either for or against belief, to set up in this province any rule of investigation, except such as common-sense teaches us to use in the ordinary conduct of life. As in ordinary conduct, so in considering the basis of belief, we are bound to look at the evidence as a whole. We have no right to demand demonstrative proofs, or the removal of all conflicting elements, either in the one sphere or in the other. What guides us sufficiently in matters of common practice has the very same authority to guide us in matters of speculation; more properly, perhaps, to be called the practice of the soul. If the evidence in the aggregate shows the being of a moral Governor of the world, with the same force as would suffice to establish an obligation to act in a matter of common conduct, we are bound in duty to accept it, and have no right to demand as a condition previous that all occasions of

doubt or question be removed out of the way. Our demands for evidence must be limited by the general reason of the case. Does that general reason of the case make it probable that a finite being, with a finite place in a comprehensive scheme, devised and administered by a Being who is infinite, would be able either to embrace within his view, or rightly to appreciate, all the motives and the aims that may have been in the mind of the Divine Disposer? On the contrary, a demand so unreasonable deserves to be met with the scornful challenge of Dante (Paradise xix. 79):

Or tu chi sei, che vuoi sedere a scranna
Per giudicar da lungi mille miglia
Colla veduta corta d'una spanna?

Undoubtedly a great deal here depends upon the question whether, and in what degree, our knowledge is limited. And here the Reply seems to be by no means in accord with Newton and with Butler. By its contempt for authority, the Reply seems to cut off from us all knowledge that is not at first hand; but then also it seems to assume an original and first hand knowledge of all possible kinds of things. I will take an instance, all the easier to deal with because it is outside the immediate sphere of controversy. In one of those pieces of fine writing with which the Reply abounds, it is determined *obiter* by a backhanded stroke (N. A. R., p. 491) that Shakespeare is "by far the greatest of the human race." I do not feel entitled to assert that he is not; but how vast and complex a question is here determined for us in this airy manner! Has the writer of the Reply really weighed the force, and measured the sweep of his own words? Whether Shakespeare has or has not the primacy of genius over a very few other names which might be placed in competition with his, is a question which has not yet been determined by the general or deliberate judgment of lettered mankind. But behind it lies another question, inexpressibly difficult, except for the Reply, to solve. That question is, what is the relation of human genius to human greatness. Is genius the sole constitutive element of greatness, or with what other elements, and in what relations to them, is it combined? Is every man great in proportion to his genius? Was Goldsmith, or was Sheridan, or was Burns, or was Byron, or was Goethe, or was Napoleon, or was Alcibiades, no smaller, and was Johnson, or was Howard, or was Washington, or was Phocion, or Leonidas, no greater, than in proportion to his genius properly so-called? How are we to find a common measure, again, for different kinds of greatness; how weigh, for example, Dante against Julius Caesar? And I am speaking of greatness properly so called, not of goodness properly so called. We might seem to be dealing with a writer whose contempt for authority in general is fully balanced, perhaps outweighed, by his respect for one authority in particular.

The religions of the world, again, have in many cases given to many men material for life-long study. The study of the Christian Scriptures, to say nothing of Christian life and institutions, has been to many and justly famous men a study "never ending, still beginning"; not, like the world of Alexander, too limited for the powerful faculty that ranged over it; but, on the contrary, opening height on height, and with deep answering to deep, and with increase of fruit ever prescribing increase of effort. But the Reply has sounded all these depths, has found them very shallow, and is quite able to point out (p. 490) the way in which the Saviour of the world might have been

a much greater teacher than He actually was; had He said anything, for instance, of the family relation, had He spoken against slavery and tyranny, had He issued a sort of *code Napoleon* embracing education, progress, scientific truth, and international law. This observation on the family relation seems to me beyond even the usual measure of extravagance when we bear in mind that, according to the Christian scheme, the Lord of heaven and earth "was subject" (St. Luke ii. 51) to a human mother and a reputed human father, and that He taught (according to the widest and, I believe, the best opinion) the absolute indissolubility of marriage. I might cite many other instances in reply. But the broader and the true answer to the objection is, that the Gospel was promulgated to teach principles and not a code; that it included the foundation of a society in which those principles were to be conserved, developed, and applied; and that down to this day there is not a moral question of all those which the Reply does or does not enumerate, nor is there a question of duty arising in the course of life for any of us, that is not determinable in all its essentials by applying to it as a touchstone the principles declared in the Gospel. Is not, then, the *hiatus*, which the Reply has discovered in the teaching of our Lord, an imaginary *hiatus*? Nay, are the suggested improvements of that teaching really gross deteriorations? Where would have been the wisdom of delivering to an uninstructed population of a particular age a codified religion, which was to serve for all nations, all ages, all states of civilization? Why was not room to be left for the career of human thought in finding out, and in working out, the adaptation of Christianity to the ever varying movement of the world? And how is it that they who will not admit that a revelation is in place when it has in view the great and necessary work of conflict against sin, are so free in recommending enlargements of that Revelation for purposes, as to which no such necessity can be pleaded?

I have known a person who, after studying the old classical or Olympian religion for the third part of a century, at length began to hope that he had some partial comprehension of it, some inkling of what it meant. Woe is him that he was not conversant either with the faculties or with the methods of the Reply, which apparently can dispose in half an hour of any problem, dogmatic, historical, or moral: and which accordingly takes occasion to assure us that Buddha was "in many respects the greatest religious teacher this world has ever known, the broadest, the most intellectual of them all" (p. 491). On this I shall only say that an attempt to bring Buddha and Buddhism into line together is far beyond my reach, but that every Christian, knowing in some degree what Christ is, and what He has done for the world, can only be the more thankful if Buddha, or Confucius, or any other teacher has in any point, and in any measure, come near to the outskirts of His ineffable greatness and glory.

It is my fault or my misfortune to remark, in this Reply, an inaccuracy of reference, which would of itself suffice to render it remarkable. Christ, we are told (pp. 492, 500), denounced the chosen people of God as "a generation of vipers." This phrase is applied by the Baptist to the crowd who came to seek baptism from him; but it is only applied by our Lord to Scribes or Pharisees (Luke iii. 7, Matthew xxiii. 33, and xii.34), who are so commonly placed by Him in contrast with the people. The error is repeated in the mention of whited sepulchres. Take again the version of the story of Ananias and Sapphira. We are told (p. 494) that the Apostles conceived the idea "of

having all things in common." In the narrative there is no statement, no suggestion of the kind; it is a pure interpolation (Acts iv. 32-7). Motives of a reasonable prudence are stated as a mattei of fact to have influenced the offending couple—another pure interpolation. After the catastrophe of Ananias "the Apostles sent for his wife"—a third interpolation. I refer only to these points as exhibitions of an habitual and dangerous inaccuracy, and without any attempt at present to discuss the case, in which the judgments of God are exhibited on their severer side, and in which I cannot, like the Reply, undertake summarily to determine for what causes the Almighty should or should not take life, or delegate the power to take it.

Again, we have (p. 486) these words given as a quotation from the Bible:

"They who believe and are baptized shall be saved, and they who believe not shall be damned; and these shall go away into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

The second clause thus reads as if applicable to the persons mentioned in the first; that is to say, to those who reject the tidings of the Gospel. But instead of its being a continuous passage, the latter section is brought out of another gospel (St. Matthew's) and another connection; and it is really written, not of those who do not believe, but those who refuse to perform offices of charity to their neighbor in his need. It would be wrong to call this intentional misrepresentation; but can it be called less than somewhat reckless negligence?

It is a more special misfortune to find a writer arguing on the same side with his critic, and yet for the critic not to be able to agree with him. But so it is with reference to the great subject of immortality, as treated in the Reply.

"The idea of immortality, that, like a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection; and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mist and clouds of doubt and darkness, as long as love kisses the lips of death" (p. 483).

Here we have a very interesting chapter of the history of human opinion disposed of in the usual summary way, by a statement which, as it appears to me, is developed out of the writer's inner consciousness. If the belief in immortality is not connected with any revelation or religion, but is simply the expression of a subjective want, then plainly we may expect the expression of it to be strong and clear in proportion to the various degrees in which faculty is developed among the various races of mankind. But how does the matter stand historically? The Egyptians were not a people of high intellectual development, and yet their religious system was strictly associated with, I might rather say founded on, the belief in immortality. The ancient Greeks, on the other hand, were a race of astonishing, perhaps unrivalled, intellectual capacity. But not only did they, in prehistoric ages, derive their scheme of a future world from Egypt; we find also that, with the lapse of time and the advance of the Hellenic civilization, the constructive ideas of the system lost all life and definite outline, and the most powerful mind of the Greek philosophy, that of Aristotle, had no clear perception whatever of a personal existence in a future state.

The favorite doctrine of the Reply is the immunity of all error in belief from moral responsibility. In the first page (p. 473) this is stated with reserve as the "innocence of honest error." But why such a limitation? The Reply warms with its subject; it shows us that no error can be otherwise than honest, inasmuch as nothing which involves honesty, or its reverse, can, from the constitution of our nature, enter into the formation of opinion. Here is the full blown exposition (p. 476):

"The brain thinks without asking our consent. We believe, or we disbelieve, without an effort of the will. Belief is a result. It is the effect of evidence upon the mind. The scales turn in spite of him who watches. *There is no opportunity of being honesty or dishonest, in the formation of an opinion*. The conclusion is entirely independent of desire."

The reasoning faculty is, therefore, wholly extrinsic to our moral nature, and no influence is or can be received or imparted between them. I know not whether the meaning is that all the faculties of our nature are like so many separate departments in one of the modern shops that supply all human wants; that will, memory, imagination, affection, passion, each has its own separate domain, and that they meet only for a comparison of results, just to tell one another what they have severally been doing. It is difficult to conceive, if this be so, wherein consists the personality, or individuality or organic unity of man. It is not difficult to see that while the Reply aims at uplifting human nature, it in reality plunges us (p. 475) into the abyss of degradation by the destruction of moral freedom, responsibility, and unity. For we are justly told that "reason is the supreme and final test." Action may be merely instinctive and habitual, or it may be consciously founded on formulated thought; but, in the cases where it is instinctive and habitual, it passes over, so soon as it is challenged, into the other category, and finds a basis for itself in some form of opinion. But, says the Reply, we have no responsibility for our opinions: we cannot help forming them according to the evidence as it presents itself to us. Observe, the doctrine embraces every kind of opinion, and embraces all alike, opinion on subjects where we like or dislike, as well as upon subjects where we merely affirm or deny in some medium absolutely colorless. For, if a distinction be taken between the colorless and the colored medium, between conclusions to which passion or propensity or imagination inclines us, and conclusions to which these have nothing to say, then the whole ground will be cut away from under the feet of the Reply, and it will have to build again *ab initio*. Let us try this by a test case. A father who has believed his son to have been through life upright, suddenly finds that charges are made from various quarters against his integrity. Or a friend, greatly dependent for the work of his life on the co-operation of another friend, is told that that comrade is counterworking and betraying him. I make no assumption now as to the evidence or the result; but I ask which of them could approach the investigation without feeling a desire to be able to acquit? And what shall we say of the desire to condemn? Would Elizabeth have had no leaning towards finding Mary Stuart implicated in a conspiracy? Did English judges and juries approach with an unbiassed mind the trials for the Popish plot? Were the opinions formed by the English Parliament on the Treaty of Limerick formed without the intervention of the will? Did Napoleon judge according to the evidence when he acquitted himself in the matter of the Due d' Enghien? Does the intellect sit in a solitary chamber, like Galileo in the palace of the

Vatican, and pursue celestial observation all untouched, while the turmoil of earthly business is raging everywhere around? According to the Reply, it must be a mistake to suppose that there is anywhere in the world such a thing as bias, or prejudice, or prepossession: they are words without meaning in regard to our judgments, for even if they could raise a clamor from without, the intellect sits within, in an atmosphere of serenity, and, like Justice, is deaf and blind, as well as calm.

In addition to all other faults, I hold that this philosophy, or phantasm of philosophy, is eminently retrogressive. Human nature, in its compound of flesh and spirit, becomes more complex with the progress of civilization; with the steady multiplication of wants, and of means for their supply. With complication, introspection has largely extended, and I believe that, as observation extends its field, so far from isolating the intelligence and making it autocratic, it tends more and more to enhance and multiply the infinitely subtle, as well as the broader and more palpable modes, in which the interaction of the human faculties is carried on. Who among us has not had occasion to observe, in the course of his experience, how largely the intellectual power of a man is affected by the demands of life on his moral powers, and how they open and grow, or dry up and dwindle, according to the manner in which those demands are met.

Genius itself, however purely a conception of the intellect, is not exempt from the strong influences of joy and suffering, love and hatred, hope and fear, in the development of its powers. It may be that Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, basking upon the whole in the sunshine of life, drew little supplementary force from its trials and agitations. But the history of one not less wonderful than any of these, the career of Dante, tells a different tale; and one of the latest and most searching investigators of his history (Scartazzini, Dante Alighieri, *seine zeit, sein leben, und seine werkes*, B. II. Ch. 5, p. 119; also pp. 438, 9. Biel, 1869) tells and shows us, how the experience of his life co-operated with his extraordinary natural gifts and capabilities to make him what he was. Under the three great heads of love, belief, and patriotism, his life was a continued course of ecstatic or agonizing trials. The strain of these trials was discipline; discipline was experience; and experience was elevation. No reader of his greatest work will, I believe, hold with the Reply that his thoughts, conclusions, judgments, were simple results of an automatic process, in which the will and affections had no share, that reasoning operations are like the whir of a clock running down, and we can no more arrest the process or alter the conclusion than the wheels can stop the movement or the noise.*

** I possess the confession of an illiterate criminal, made, I think, in 1834, under the following circumstances: The new poor law had just been passed in England, and it required persons needing relief to go into the workhouse as a condition of receiving it. In some parts of the country, this provision produced a profound popular panic. The man in question was destitute at the time. He was (I think) an old widower with four very young sons. He rose in the night and strangled them all, one after another, with a blue handkerchief, not from want of fatherly affection, but to keep them out of the workhouse. The confession of this peasant, simple in phrase, but intensely impassioned, strongly reminds me of the Ugolino of Dante, and appears*

to make some approach to its sublimity. Such, in given circumstances, is the effect of moral agony on mental power.

The doctrine taught in the Reply, that belief is, as a general, nay, universal law, independent of the will, surely proves, when examined, to be a plausibility of the shallowest kind. Even in arithmetic, if a boy, through dislike of his employment, and consequent lack of attention, brings out a wrong result for his sum, it can hardly be said that his conclusion is absolutely and in all respects independent of his will. Moving onward, point by point, toward the centre of the argument, I will next take an illustration from mathematics. It has (I apprehend) been demonstrated that the relation of the diameter to the circumference of a circle is not susceptible of full numerical expression. Yet, from time to time, treatises are published which boldly announce that they set forth the quadrature of the circle. I do not deny that this may be purely intellectual error; but would it not, on the other hand, be hazardous to assert that no grain of egotism or ambition has ever entered into the composition of any one of such treatises? I have selected these instances as, perhaps, the most favorable that can be found to the doctrine of the Reply. But the truth is that, if we set aside matters of trivial import, the enormous majority of human judgments are those into which the biassing power off likes and dislikes more or less largely enters. I admit, indeed, that the illative faculty works under rules upon which choice and inclination ought to exercise no influence whatever. But even if it were granted that in fact the faculty of discourse is exempted from all such influence within its own province, yet we come no nearer to the mark, because that faculty has to work upon materials supplied to it by other faculties; it draws conclusions according to premises, and the question has to be determined whether our conceptions set forth in those premises are or are not influenced by moral causes. For, if they be so influenced, then in vain will be the proof that the understanding has dealt loyally and exactly with the materials it had to work upon; inasmuch as, although the intellectual process be normal in itself, the operation may have been tainted *ab initio* by coloring and distorting influences which have falsified the primary conceptions.

Let me now take an illustration from the extreme opposite quarter to that which I first drew upon. The system called Thuggism, represented in the practice of the Thugs, taught that the act, which we describe as murder, was innocent. Was this an honest error? Was it due, in its authors as well as in those who blindly followed them, to an automatic process of thought, in which the will was not consulted, and which accordingly could entail no responsibility? If it was, then it is plain that the whole foundations, not of belief, but of social morality, are broken up. If it was not, then the sweeping doctrine of the present writer on the necessary blamelessness of erroneous conclusions tumbles to the ground like a house of cards at the breath of the child who built it.

In truth, the pages of the Reply, and the Letter which has more recently followed it,* themselves demonstrate that what the writer has asserted wholesale he overthrows and denies in detail.

** North American Review for January, 1888, "Another Letter to Dr. Field."*

"You will admit," says the Reply (p. 477), "that he who now persecutes for opinion's sake is infamous." But why? Suppose he thinks that by persecution he can bring a man from soul-destroying falsehood to soul-saving truth, this opinion may reflect on his intellectual debility: but that is his misfortune, not his fault. His brain has thought without asking his consent; he has believed or disbelieved without an effort of the will (p. 476). Yet the very writer, who has thus established his title to think, is the first to hurl at him an anathema for thinking. And again, in the Letter to Dr. Field (N. A. R., vol. 146, p. 33), "the dogma of eternal pain" is described as "that infamy of infamies." I am not about to discuss the subject of future retribution. If I were, it would be my first duty to show that this writer has not adequately considered either the scope of his own arguments (which in no way solve the difficulties he presents) or the meaning of his words; and my second would be to recommend his perusal of what Bishop Butler has suggested on this head. But I am at present on ground altogether different. I am trying another issue. This author says we believe or disbelieve without the action of the will, and, consequently, belief or disbelief is not the proper subject of praise or blame. And yet, according to the very same authority, the dogma of eternal pain is what?—not "an error of errors," but an "infamy of infamies;" and though to hold a negative may not be a subject of moral reproach, yet to hold the affirmative may. Truly it may be asked, is not this a fountain which sends forth at once sweet waters and bitter?

Once more. I will pass away from tender ground, and will endeavor to lodge a broader appeal to the enlightened judgment of the author. Says Odysseus in the Illiad (B. II.) [—Greek—]: and a large part of the world, stretching this sentiment beyond its original meaning, have held that the root of civil power is not in the community, but in its head. In opposition to this doctrine, the American written Constitution, and the entire American tradition, teach the right of a nation to self-government. And these propositions, which have divided and still divide the world, open out respectively into vast systems of irreconcilable ideas and laws, practices and habits of mind. Will any rational man, above all will any American, contend that these conflicting systems have been adopted, upheld, and enforced on one side and the other, in the daylight of pure reasoning only, and that moral, or immoral, causes have had nothing to do with their adoption? That the intellect has worked impartially, like a steam-engine, and that selfishness, love of fame, love of money, love of power, envy, wrath, and malice, or again bias, in its least noxious form, have never had anything to do with generating the opposing movements, or the frightful collisions in which they have resulted? If we say that they have not, we contradict the universal judgment of mankind. If we say they have, then mental processes are not automatic, but may be influenced by the will and by the passions, affections, habits, fancies that sway the will; and this writer will not have advanced a step toward proving the universal innocence of error, until he has shown that propositions of religion are essentially unlike almost all other propositions, and that no man ever has been, or from the nature of the case can be, affected in their acceptance or rejection by moral causes.*

** The chief part of these observations were written before I had received the January number of the Review, with Col. Ingersoll's additional letter to Dr. Field. Much, of this letter is specially pointed at Dr. Field, who can defend himself, and at*

Calvin, whose ideas I certainly cannot undertake to defend all along the line. I do not see that the Letter adds to those, the most salient, points of the earlier article which I have endeavored to select for animadversion.

To sum up. There are many passages in these noteworthy papers, which, taken by themselves, are calculated to command warm sympathy. Towards the close of his final, or latest letter, the writer expresses himself as follows (N. A. R., vol. 146, p. 46.):

"Neither in the interest of truth, nor for the benefit of man, is it necessary to assert what we do not know. No cause is great enough to demand a sacrifice of candor. The mysteries of life and death, of good and evil, have never yet been solved." How good, how wise are these words! But coming at the close of the controversy, have they not some of the ineffectual features of a death-bed repentance? They can hardly be said to represent in all points the rules under which the pages preceding them have been composed; or he, who so justly says that we ought not to assert what we do not know, could hardly have laid down the law as we find it a few pages earlier (ibid, p. 40) when it is pronounced that "an infinite God has no excuse for leaving his children in doubt and darkness." Candor and upright intention are indeed every where manifest amidst the flashing corruscations which really compose the staple of the articles. Candor and upright intention also impose upon a commentator the duty of formulating his animadversions. I sum them up under two heads. Whereas we are placed in an atmosphere of mystery, relieved only by a little sphere of light round each of us, like a clearing in an American forest (which this writer has so well described), and rarely can see farther than is necessary for the direction of our own conduct from day to day, we find here, assumed by a particular person, the character of an universal judge without appeal. And whereas the highest self-restraint is necessary in these dark but, therefore, all the more exciting inquiries, in order to maintain the ever quivering balance of our faculties, this rider chooses to ride an unbroken horse, and to throw the reins upon his neck. I have endeavored to give a sample of the results.

W. E. Gladstone.

COL. INGERSOLL TO MR. GLADSTONE.

To The Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, M. P.:

My Dear Sir:

At the threshold of this Reply, it gives me pleasure to say that for your intellect and character I have the greatest respect; and let me say further, that I shall consider your arguments, assertions, and inferences entirely apart from your personality—apart from the exalted position that you occupy in the estimation of the civilized world. I gladly acknowledge the inestimable services that you have rendered, not only to England, but to mankind. Most men are chilled and narrowed by the snows of age; their thoughts are darkened by the approach of night. But you, for many years, have hastened toward the light, and your mind has been "an autumn that grew the more by reaping."

Under no circumstances could I feel justified in taking advantage of the admissions that you have made as to the “errors” the “misfeasance” the “infirmities and the perversity” of the Christian Church.

It is perfectly apparent that churches, being only aggregations of people, contain the prejudice, the ignorance, the vices and the virtues of ordinary human beings. The perfect cannot be made out of the imperfect.

A man is not necessarily a great mathematician because he admits the correctness of the multiplication table. The best creed may be believed by the worst of the human race. Neither the crimes nor the virtues of the church tend to prove or disprove the supernatural origin of religion. The massacre of St. Bartholomew tends no more to establish the inspiration of the Scriptures, than the bombardment of Alexandria.

But there is one thing that cannot be admitted, and that is your statement that the constitution of man is in a “warped, impaired, and dislocated condition,” and that “these deformities indispose men to belief.” Let us examine this.

We say that a thing is “warped” that was once nearer level, flat, or straight; that it is “impaired” when it was once nearer perfect, and that it is “dislocated” when once it was united. Consequently, you have said that at some time the human constitution was unwarped, unimpaired, and with each part working in harmony with all. You seem to believe in the degeneracy of man, and that our unfortunate race, starting at perfection, has traveled downward through all the wasted years.

It is hardly possible that our ancestors were perfect. If history proves anything, it establishes the fact that civilization was not first, and savagery afterwards. Certainly the tendency of man is not now toward barbarism. There must have been a time when language was unknown, when lips had never formed a word. That which man knows, man must have learned. The victories of our race have been slowly and painfully won. It is a long distance from the gibberish of the savage to the sonnets of Shakespeare—a long and weary road from the pipe of Pan to the great orchestra voiced with every tone from the glad warble of a mated bird to the hoarse thunder of the sea. The road is long that lies between the discordant cries uttered by the barbarian over the gashed body of his foe and the marvelous music of Wagner and Beethoven. It is hardly possible to conceive of the years that lie between the caves in which crouched our naked ancestors crunching the bones of wild beasts, and the home of a civilized man with its comforts, its articles of luxury and use,—with its works of art, with its enriched and illuminated walls. Think of the billowed years that must have rolled between these shores. Think of the vast distance that man has slowly groped from the dark dens and lairs of ignorance and fear to the intellectual conquests of our day.

Is it true that these deformities, these warped, impaired, and dislocated constitutions indispose men to belief? Can we in this way account for the doubts entertained by the intellectual leaders of mankind?

It will not do, in this age and time, to account for unbelief in this deformed and dislocated way. The exact opposite must be true. Ignorance and credulity sustain the relation of cause and effect. Ignorance is satisfied with assertion, with appearance. As

man rises in the scale of intelligence he demands evidence. He begins to look back of appearance. He asks the priest for reasons. The most ignorant part of Christendom is the most orthodox.

You have simply repeated a favorite assertion of the clergy, to the effect that man rejects the gospel because he is naturally depraved and hard of heart—because, owing to the sin of Adam and Eve, he has fallen from the perfection and purity of Paradise to that "impaired" condition in which he is satisfied with the filthy rags of reason, observation and experience.

The truth is, that what you call unbelief is only a higher and holier faith. Millions of men reject Christianity because of its cruelty. The Bible was never rejected by the cruel. It has been upheld by countless tyrants—by the dealers in human flesh—by the destroyers of nations—by the enemies of intelligence—by the stealers of babes and the whippers of women.

It is also true that it has been held as sacred by the good, the self-denying, the virtuous and the loving, who clung to the sacred volume on account of the good it contains and in spite of all its cruelties and crimes.

You are mistaken when you say that all "the faults of all the Christian bodies and subdivisions of bodies have been carefully raked together," in my Reply to Dr. Field, "and made part and parcel of the indictment against the divine scheme of salvation."

No thoughtful man pretends that any fault of any Christian body can be used as an argument against what you call the "divine scheme of redemption."

I find in your Remarks the frequent charge that I am guilty of making assertions and leaving them to stand without the assistance of argument or fact, and it may be proper, at this particular point, to inquire how you know that there is "a divine scheme of redemption."

My objections to this "divine scheme of redemption" are: *first*, that there is not the slightest evidence that it is divine; *second*, that it is not in any sense a "scheme," human or divine; and *third*, that it cannot, by any possibility, result in the redemption of a human being.

It cannot be divine, because it has no foundation in the nature of things, and is not in accordance with reason. It is based on the idea that right and wrong are the expression of an arbitrary will, and not words applied to and descriptive of acts in the light of consequences. It rests upon the absurdity called "pardon," upon the assumption that when a crime has been committed justice will be satisfied with the punishment of the innocent. One person may suffer, or reap a benefit, in consequence of the act of another, but no man can be justly punished for the crime, or justly rewarded for the virtues, of another. A "scheme" that punishes an innocent man for the vices of another can hardly be called divine. Can a murderer find justification in the agonies of his victim? There is no vicarious vice; there is no vicarious virtue. For me it is hard to understand how a just and loving being can charge one of his children with the vices, or credit him with the virtues, of another.

And why should we call anything a “divine scheme” that has been a failure from the “fall of man” until the present moment? What race, what nation, has been redeemed through the instrumentality of this “divine scheme”? Have not the subjects of redemption been for the most part the enemies of civilization? Has not almost every valuable book since the invention of printing been denounced by the believers in the “divine scheme”? Intelligence, the development of the mind, the discoveries of science, the inventions of genius, the cultivation of the imagination through art and music, and the practice of virtue will redeem the human race. These are the saviors of mankind.

You admit that the “Christian churches have by their exaggerations and shortcomings, and by their faults of conduct, contributed to bring about a condition of hostility to religious faith.”

If one wishes to know the worst that man has done, all that power guided by cruelty can do, all the excuses that can be framed for the commission of every crime, the infinite difference that can exist between that which is professed and that which is practiced, the marvelous malignity of meekness, the arrogance of humility and the savagery of what is known as “universal love,” let him read the history of the Christian Church.

Yet, I not only admit that millions of Christians have been honest in the expression of their opinions, but that they have been among the best and noblest of our race.

And it is further admitted that a creed should be examined apart from the conduct of those who have assented to its truth. The church should be judged as a whole, and its faults should be accounted for either by the weakness of human nature, or by reason of some defect or vice in the religion taught,—or by both.

Is there anything in the Christian religion—anything in what you are pleased to call the “Sacred Scriptures” tending to cause the crimes and atrocities that have been committed by the church?

It seems to be natural for man to defend himself and the ones he loves. The father slays the man who would kill his child—he defends the body. The Christian father burns the heretic—he defends the soul.

If “orthodox Christianity” be true, an infidel has not the right to live. Every book in which the Bible is attacked should be burned with its author. Why hesitate to burn a man whose constitution is “warped, impaired and dislocated,” for a few moments, when hundreds of others will be saved from eternal flames?

In Christianity you will find the cause of persecution. The idea that belief is essential to salvation—this ignorant and merciless dogma—accounts for the atrocities of the church. This absurd declaration built the dungeons, used the instruments of torture, erected the scaffolds and lighted the fagots of a thousand years.

What, I pray you, is the “heavenly treasure” in the keeping of your church? Is it a belief in an infinite God? That was believed thousands of years before the serpent tempted Eve. Is it the belief in the immortality of the soul? That is far older. Is it that man should treat his neighbor as himself? That is more ancient. What is the treasure

in the keeping of the church? Let me tell you. It is this: That there is but one true religion—Christianity,—and that all others are false; that the prophets, and Christs, and priests of all others have been and are impostors, or the victims of insanity; that the Bible is the one inspired book—the one authentic record of the words of God; that all men are naturally depraved and deserve to be punished with unspeakable torments forever; that there is only one path that leads to heaven, while countless highways lead to hell; that there is only one name under heaven by which a human being can be saved; that we must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; that this life, with its few and fleeting years, fixes the fate of man; that the few will be saved and the many forever lost. This is "the heavenly treasure" within the keeping of your church.

And this "treasure" has been guarded by the cherubim of persecution, whose flaming swords were wet for many centuries with the best and bravest blood. It has been guarded by cunning, by hypocrisy, by mendacity, by honesty, by calumniating the generous, by maligning the good, by thumbscrews and racks, by charity and love, by robbery and assassination, by poison and fire, by the virtues of the ignorant and the vices of the learned, by the violence of mobs and the whirlwinds of war, by every hope and every fear, by every cruelty and every crime, and by all there is of the wild beast in the heart of man.

With great propriety it may be asked: In the keeping of which church is this "heavenly treasure"? Did the Catholics have it, and was it taken by Luther? Did Henry the VIII. seize it, and is it now in the keeping of the Church of England? Which of the warring sects in America has this treasure; or have we, in this country, only the "rust and cankers"? Is it in an Episcopal Church, that refuses to associate with a colored man for whom Christ died, and who is good enough for the society of the angelic host?

But wherever this "heavenly treasure" has been, about it have always hovered the Stymphalian birds of superstition, thrusting their brazen beaks and claws deep into the flesh of honest men.

You were pleased to point out as the particular line justifying your assertion "that denunciation, sarcasm, and invective constitute the staple of my work," that line in which I speak of those who expect to receive as alms an eternity of joy, and add: "I take this as a specimen of the mode of statement which permeates the whole."

Dr. Field commenced his Open Letter by saying: "I am glad that I know you, *even though some of my brethren look upon you as a monster, because of your unbelief*."

In reply I simply said: "The statement in your Letter that some of your brethren look upon me as a monster on account of my unbelief tends to show that those who love God are not always the friends of their fellow-men. Is it not strange that people who admit that they ought to be eternally damned—that they are by nature depraved—that there is no soundness or health in them, can be so arrogantly egotistic as to look upon others as monsters? And yet some of your brethren, who regard unbelievers as infamous, rely for salvation entirely on the goodness of another, and expect to receive as alms an eternity of joy." Is there any denunciation, sarcasm or invective in this?

Why should one who admits that he himself is totally depraved call any other man, by way of reproach, a monster? Possibly, he might be justified in addressing him as a fellow-monster.

I am not satisfied with your statement that "the Christian receives as alms all whatsoever he receives at all." Is it true that man deserves only punishment? Does the man who makes the world better, who works and battles for the right, and dies for the good of his fellow-men, deserve nothing but pain and anguish? Is happiness a gift or a consequence? Is heaven only a well-conducted poorhouse? Are the angels in their highest estate nothing but happy paupers? Must all the redeemed feel that they are in heaven simply because there was a miscarriage of justice? Will the lost be the only ones who will know that the right thing has been done, and will they alone appreciate the "ethical elements of religion"? Will they repeat the words that you have quoted: "Mercy and judgment are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other"? or will those words be spoken by the redeemed as they joyously contemplate the writhings of the lost?

No one will dispute "that in the discussion of important questions calmness and sobriety are essential." But solemnity need not be carried to the verge of mental paralysis. In the search for truth,—that everything in nature seems to hide,—man needs the assistance of all his faculties. All the senses should be awake. Humor should carry a torch, Wit should give its sudden light, Candor should hold the scales, Reason, the final arbiter, should put his royal stamp on every fact, and Memory, with a miser's care, should keep and guard the mental gold.

The church has always despised the man of humor, hated laughter, and encouraged the lethargy of solemnity. It is not willing that the mind should subject its creed to every test of truth. It wishes to overawe. It does not say, "He that hath a mind to think, let him think;" but, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The church has always abhorred wit,—that is to say, it does not enjoy being struck by the lightning of the soul. The foundation of wit is logic, and it has always been the enemy of the supernatural, the solemn and absurd.

You express great regret that no one at the present day is able to write like Pascal. You admire his wit and tenderness, and the unique, brilliant, and fascinating manner in which he treated the profoundest and most complex themes. Sharing in your admiration and regret, I call your attention to what might be called one of his religious generalizations: "Disease is the natural state of a Christian." Certainly it cannot be said that I have ever mingled the profound and complex in a more fascinating manner.

Another instance is given of the "tumultuous method in which I conduct, not, indeed, my argument, but my case."

Dr. Field had drawn a distinction between superstition and religion, to which I replied: "You are shocked at the Hindoo mother when she gives her child to death at the supposed command of her God. What do you think of Abraham, of Jephthah? What is your opinion of Jehovah himself?"

These simple questions seem to have excited you to an unusual degree, and you ask in words of some severity:

“Whether this is the tone in which controversies ought be carried on?” And you say that—”not only is the name of Jehovah encircled in the heart of every believer with the pro-foundest reverence and love, but that the Christian religion teaches, through the incarnation, a personal relation with God so lofty that it can only be approached in a deep, reverential calm.” You admit that “a person who deems a given religion to be wicked, may be led onward by logical consistency to impugn in strong terms the character of the author and object of that religion,” but you insist that such person is “bound by the laws of social morality and decency to consider well the terms and meaning of his indictment.”

Was there any lack of “reverential calm” in my question? I gave no opinion, drew no indictment, but simply asked for the opinion of another. Was that a violation of the “laws of social morality and decency”?

It is not necessary for me to discuss this question with you. It has been settled by Jehovah himself. You probably remember the account given in the eighteenth chapter of I. Kings, of a contest between the prophets of Baal and the prophets of Jehovah. There were four hundred and fifty prophets of the false God who endeavored to induce their deity to consume with fire from heaven the sacrifice upon his altar. According to the account, they were greatly in earnest. They certainly appeared to have some hope of success, but the fire did not descend.

“And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them and said ‘Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure, he sleepeth and must be awaked.’“

Do you consider that the proper way to attack the God of another? Did not Elijah know that the name of Baal “was encircled in the heart of every believer with the profoundest reverence and love”? Did he “violate the laws of social morality and decency”?

But Jehovah and Elijah did not stop at this point. They were not satisfied with mocking the prophets of Baal, but they brought them down to the brook Kishon—four hundred and fifty of them—and there they murdered every one.

Does it appear to you that on that occasion, on the banks of the brook Kishon—”Mercy and judgment met together, and that righteousness and peace kissed each other”?

The question arises: Has every one who reads the Old Testament the right to express his thought as to the character of Jehovah? You will admit that as he reads his mind will receive some impression, and that when he finishes the “inspired volume” he will have some opinion as to the character of Jehovah. Has he the right to express that opinion? Is the Bible a revelation from God to man? Is it a revelation to the man who reads it, or to the man who does not read it? If to the man who reads it, has he the right to give to others the revelation that God has given to him? If he comes to the conclusion at which you have arrived,—that Jehovah is God,—has he the right to express that opinion?

If he concludes, as I have done, that Jehovah is a myth, must he refrain from giving his honest thought? Christians do not hesitate to give their opinion of heretics, philosophers, and infidels. They are not restrained by the "laws of social morality and decency." They have persecuted to the extent of their power, and their Jehovah pronounced upon unbelievers every curse capable of being expressed in the Hebrew dialect. At this moment, thousands of missionaries are attacking the gods of the heathen world, and heaping contempt on the religion of others.

But as you have seen proper to defend Jehovah, let us for a moment examine this deity of the ancient Jews.

There are several tests of character. It may be that all the virtues can be expressed in the word "kindness," and that nearly all the vices are gathered together in the word "cruelty."

Laughter is a test of character. When we know what a man laughs at, we know what he really is. Does he laugh at misfortune, at poverty, at honesty in rags, at industry without food, at the agonies of his fellow-men? Does he laugh when he sees the convict clothed in the garments of shame—at the criminal on the scaffold? Does he rub his hands with glee over the embers of an enemy's home? Think of a man capable ol laughing while looking at Marguerite in the prison cell with her dead babe by her side. What must be the real character of a God who laughs at the calamities of his children, mocks at their fears, their desolation, their distress and anguish? Would an infinitely loving God hold his ignorant children in derision? Would he pity, or mock? Save, or destroy? Educate, or exterminate? Would he lead them with gentle hands toward the light, or lie in wait for them like a wild beast? Think of the echoes of Jehovah's laughter in the rayless caverns of the eternal prison. Can a good man mock at the children of deformity? Will he deride the misshapen? Your Jehovah deformed some of his own children, and then held them up to scorn and hatred. These divine mistakes—these blunders of the infinite—were not allowed to enter the temple erected in honor of him who had dishonored them. Does a kind father mock his deformed child? What would you think of a mother who would deride and taunt her misshapen babe?

There is another test. How does a man use power? Is he gentle or cruel? Does he defend the weak, succor the oppressed, or trample on the fallen?

If you will read again the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, you will find how Jehovah, the compassionate, whose name is enshrined in so many hearts, threatened to use his power.

"The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning, and with the sword, and with blasting and mildew. And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust."…. "And thy carcass shall be meat unto all fowls of the air and unto the beasts of the earth."…. "The Lord shall smite thee with madness and blindness. And thou shalt eat of the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and thy daughters. The tender and delicate woman among you,… her eye shall be evil… toward her young one and toward her children which she shall bear; for she shall eat them."

Should it be found that these curses were in fact uttered by the God of hell, and that the translators had made a mistake in attributing them to Jehovah, could you say that the sentiments expressed are inconsistent with the supposed character of the Infinite Fiend?

A nation is judged by its laws—by the punishment it inflicts. The nation that punishes ordinary offences with death is regarded as barbarous, and the nation that tortures before it kills is denounced as savage.

What can you say of the government of Jehovah, in which death was the penalty for hundreds of offences?—death for the expression of an honest thought—death for touching with a good intention a sacred ark—death for making hair oil—for eating shew bread—for imitating incense and perfumery?

In the history of the world a more cruel code cannot be found. Crimes seem to have been invented to gratify a fiendish desire to shed the blood of men.

There is another test: How does a man treat the animals in his power—his faithful horse—his patient ox—his loving dog?

How did Jehovah treat the animals in Egypt? Would a loving God, with fierce hail from heaven, bruise and kill the innocent cattle for the crimes of their owners? Would he torment, torture and destroy them for the sins of men?

Jehovah was a God of blood. His altar was adorned with the horns of a beast. He established a religion in which every temple was a slaughter-house, and every priest a butcher—a religion that demanded the death of the first-born, and delighted in the destruction of life.

There is still another test: The civilized man gives to others the rights that he claims for himself. He believes in the liberty of thought and expression, and abhors persecution for conscience sake.

Did Jehovah believe in the innocence of thought and the liberty of expression? Kindness is found with true greatness. Tyranny lodges only in the breast of the small, the narrow, the shriveled and the selfish. Did Jehovah teach and practice generosity? Was he a believer in religious liberty? If he was and is, in fact, God, he must have known, even four thousand years ago, that worship must be free, and that he who is forced upon his knees cannot, by any possibility, have the spirit of prayer.

Let me call your attention to a few passages in the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy:

“If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods,... thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him; but thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people. And thou shalt stone him with stones, that he die.”

Is it possible for you to find in the literature of this world more awful passages than these? Did ever savagery, with strange and uncouth marks, with awkward forms of beast and bird, pollute the dripping walls of caves with such commands? Are these the words of infinite mercy? When they were uttered, did "righteousness and peace kiss each other"? How can any loving man or woman "encircle the name of Jehovah"—author of these words—"with profoundest reverence and love"? Do I rebel because my "constitution is warped, impaired and dislocated"? Is it because of "total depravity" that I denounce the brutality of Jehovah? If my heart were only good—if I loved my neighbor as myself—would I then see infinite mercy in these hideous words? Do I lack "reverential calm"?

These frightful passages, like coiled adders, were in the hearts of Jehovah's chosen people when they crucified "the Sinless Man."

Jehovah did not tell the husband to reason with his wife. She was to be answered only with death. She was to be bruised and mangled to a bleeding, shapeless mass of quivering flesh, for having breathed an honest thought.

If there is anything of importance in this world, it is the family, the home, the marriage of true souls, the equality of husband and wife—the true republicanism of the heart—the real democracy of the fireside.

Let us read the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis:

"Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

Never will I worship any being who added to the sorrows and agonies of maternity. Never will I bow to any God who introduced slavery into every home—who made the wife a slave and the husband a tyrant.

The Old Testament shows that Jehovah, like his creators, held women in contempt. They were regarded as property: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,—nor his ox."

Why should a pure woman worship a God who upheld polygamy? Let us finish this subject: The institution of slavery involves all crimes. Jehovah was a believer in slavery. This is enough. Why should any civilized man worship him? Why should his name "be encircled with love and tenderness in any human heart"?

He believed that man could become the property of man—that it was right for his chosen people to deal in human flesh—to buy and sell mothers and babes. He taught that the captives were the property of the captors and directed his chosen people to kill, to enslave, or to pollute.

In the presence of these commandments, what becomes of the fine saying, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"? What shall we say of a God who established slavery, and then had the effrontery to say, "Thou shalt not steal"?

It may be insisted that Jehovah is the Father of all—and that he has "made of one blood all the nations of the earth." How then can we account for the wars of

extermination? Does not the commandment “Love thy neighbor as thyself,” apply to nations precisely the same as to individuals? Nations, like individuals, become great by the practice of virtue. How did Jehovah command his people to treat their neighbors?

He commanded his generals to destroy all, men, women and babes: “Thou shalt save nothing alive that breatheth.”

“I will make mine arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh.”

“That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same.”

“... I will also send the teeth of beasts upon them, with the poison of serpents of the dust....”

“The sword without and terror within shall destroy both the young man and the virgin, the suckling also, with the man of gray hairs.”

Is it possible that these words fell from the lips of the Most Merciful?

You may reply that the inhabitants of Canaan were unfit to live—that they were ignorant and cruel. Why did not Jehovah, the “Father of all,” give them the Ten Commandments? Why did he leave them without a bible, without prophets and priests? Why did he shower all the blessings of revelation on one poor and wretched tribe, and leave the great world in ignorance and crime—and why did he order his favorite children to murder those whom he had neglected?

By the question I asked of Dr. Field, the intention was to show that Jephthah, when he sacrificed his daughter to Jehovah, was as much the slave of superstition as is the Hindoo mother when she throws her babe into the yellow waves of the Ganges.

It seems that this savage Jephthah was in direct communication with Jehovah at Mizpeh, and that he made a vow unto the Lord and said:

“If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord’s, and I will offer it up as a burnt offering.”

In the first place, it is perfectly clear that the sacrifice intended was a human sacrifice, from the words: “that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me.” Some human being—wife, daughter, friend, was expected to come. According to the account, his daughter—his only daughter—his only child—came first.

If Jephthah was in communication with God, why did God allow this man to make this vow; and why did he allow the daughter that he loved to be first, and why did he keep silent and allow the vow to be kept, while flames devoured the daughter’s flesh?

St. Paul is not authority. He praises Samuel, the man who hewed Agag in pieces; David, who compelled hundreds to pass under the saws and harrows of death, and

many others who shed the blood of the innocent and helpless. Paul is an unsafe guide. He who commends the brutalities of the past, sows the seeds of future crimes.

If "believers are not obliged to approve of the conduct of Jephthah" are they free to condemn the conduct of Jehovah? If you will read the account you will see that the "spirit of the Lord was upon Jephthah" when he made the cruel vow. If Paul did not commend Jephthah for keeping this vow, what was the act that excited his admiration? Was it because Jephthah slew on the banks of the Jordan "forty and two thousand" of the sons of Ephraim?

In regard to Abraham, the argument is precisely the same, except that Jehovah is said to have interfered, and allowed an animal to be slain instead.

One of the answers given by you is that "it may be allowed that the narrative is not within our comprehension"; and for that reason you say that "it behooves us to tread cautiously in approaching it." Why cautiously?

These stories of Abraham and Jephthah have cost many an innocent life. Only a few years ago, here in my country, a man by the name of Freeman, believing that God demanded at least the show of obedience—believing what he had read in the Old Testament that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission," and so believing, touched with insanity, sacrificed his little girl—plunged into her innocent breast the dagger, believing it to be God's will, and thinking that if it were not God's will his hand would be stayed.

I know of nothing more pathetic than the story of this crime told by this man.

Nothing can be more monstrous than the conception of a God who demands sacrifice—of a God who would ask of a father that he murder his son—of a father that he would burn his daughter. It is far beyond my comprehension how any man ever could have believed such an infinite, such a cruel absurdity.

At the command of the real God—if there be one—I would not sacrifice my child, I would not murder my wife. But as long as there are people in the world whose minds are so that they can believe the stories of Abraham and Jephthah, just so long there will be men who will take the lives of the ones they love best.

You have taken the position that the conditions are different; and you say that: "According to the book of Genesis, Adam and Eve were placed under a law, not of consciously perceived right and wrong, but of simple obedience. The tree of which alone they were forbidden to eat was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; duty lay for them in following the command of the Most High, before and until they became capable of appreciating it by an ethical standard. Their knowledge was but that of an infant who has just reached the stage at which he can comprehend that he is ordered to do this or that, but not the nature of the things so ordered.".

If Adam and Eve could not "consciously perceive right and wrong," how is it possible for you to say that "duty lay for them in following the command of the Most High"? How can a person "incapable of perceiving right and wrong" have an idea of duty? You are driven to say that Adam and Eve had no moral sense. How under such circumstances could they have the sense of guilt, or of obligation? And why should

such persons be punished? And why should the whole human race become tainted by the offence of those who had no moral sense?

Do you intend to be understood as saying that Jehovah allowed his children to enslave each other because "duty lay for them in following the command of the Most High"? Was it for this reason that he caused them to exterminate each other? Do you account for the severity of his punishments by the fact that the poor creatures punished were not aware of the enormity of the offences they had committed? What shall we say of a God who has one of his children stoned to death for picking up sticks on Sunday, and allows another to enslave his fellow-man? Have you discovered any theory that will account for both of these facts?

Another word as to Abraham:—You defend his willingness to kill his son because "the estimate of human life at the time was different"—because "the position of the father in the family was different; its members were regarded as in some sense his property;" and because "there is every reason to suppose that around Abraham in the 'land of Moriah' the practice of human sacrifice as an act of religion was in full vigor."

Let us examine these three excuses: Was Jehovah justified in putting a low estimate on human life? Was he in earnest when he said "that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed"? Did he pander to the barbarian view of the worthlessness of life? If the estimate of human life was low, what was the sacrifice worth?

Was the son the property of the father? Did Jehovah uphold this savage view? Had the father the right to sell or kill his child?

Do you defend Jehovah and Abraham because the ignorant wretches in the "land of Moriah," knowing nothing of the true God, cut the throats of their babes "as an act of religion"?

Was Jehovah led away by the example of the Gods of Moriah? Do you not see that your excuses are simply the suggestions of other crimes?

You see clearly that the Hindoo mother, when she throws her babe into the Ganges at the command of her God, "sins against first principles"; but you excuse Abraham because he lived in the childhood of the race. Can Jehovah be excused because of his youth? Not satisfied with your explanation, your defences and excuses, you take the ground that when Abraham said: "My son, God will provide a lamb for a burnt offering," he may have "believed implicitly that a way of rescue would be found for his son." In other words, that Abraham did not believe that he would be required to shed the blood of Isaac. So that, after all, the faith of Abraham consisted in "believing implicitly" that Jehovah was not in earnest.

You have discovered a way by which, as you think, the neck of orthodoxy can escape the noose of Darwin, and in that connection you use this remarkable language:

"I should reply that the moral history of man, in its principal stream, has been distinctly an evolution from the first until now." It is hard to see how this statement agrees with the one in the beginning of your Remarks, in which you speak of the human constitution in its "warped, impaired and dislocated" condition. When you

wrote that line you were certainly a theologian—a believer in the Episcopal creed—and your mind, by mere force of habit, was at that moment contemplating man as he is supposed to have been created—perfect in every part. At that time you were endeavoring to account for the unbelief now in the world, and you did this by stating that the human constitution is "warped, impaired and dislocated"; but the moment you are brought face to face with the great truths uttered by Darwin, you admit "that the moral history of man has been distinctly an evolution from the first until now." Is not this a fountain that brings forth sweet and bitter waters?

I insist, that the discoveries of Darwin do away absolutely with the inspiration of the Scriptures—with the account of creation in Genesis, and demonstrate not simply the falsity, not simply the wickedness, but the foolishness of the "sacred volume." There is nothing in Darwin to show that all has been evolved from "primal night and from chaos." There is no evidence of "primal night." There is no proof of universal chaos. Did your Jehovah spend an eternity in "primal night," with no companion but chaos.

It makes no difference how long a lower form may require to reach a higher. It makes no difference whether forms can be simply modified or absolutely changed. These facts have not the slightest tendency to throw the slightest light on the beginning or on the destiny of things.

I most cheerfully admit that gods have the right to create swiftly or slowly. The reptile may become a bird in one day, or in a thousand billion years—this fact has nothing to do with the existence or non-existence of a first cause, but it has something to do with the truth of the Bible, and with the existence of a personal God of infinite power and wisdom.

Does not a gradual improvement in the thing created show a corresponding improvement in the creator? The church demonstrated the falsity and folly of Darwin's theories by showing that they contradicted the Mosaic account of creation, and now the theories of Darwin having been fairly established, the church says that the Mosaic account is true, because it is in harmony with Darwin. Now, if it should turn out that Darwin was mistaken, what then?

To me it is somewhat difficult to understand the mental processes of one who really feels that "the gap between man and the inferior animals or their relationship was stated, perhaps, even more emphatically by Bishop Butler than by Darwin."

Butler answered deists, who objected to the cruelties of the Bible, and yet lauded the God of Nature by showing that the God of Nature is as cruel as the God of the Bible. That is to say, he succeeded in showing that both Gods are bad. He had no possible conception of the splendid generalizations of Darwin—the great truths that have revolutionized the thought of the world.

But there was one question asked by Bishop Butler that throws a flame of light upon the probable origin of most, if not all, religions: "Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity as well as individuals?"

If you are convinced that Moses and Darwin are in exact accord, will you be good enough to tell who, in your judgment, were the parents of Adam and Eve? Do you find in Darwin any theory that satisfactorily accounts for the "inspired fact" that a

Rib, commencing with Monogonic Propagation—falling into halves by a contraction in the middle—reaching, after many ages of Evolution, the Amphigonie stage, and then, by the Survival of the Fittest, assisted by Natural Selection, moulded and modified by Environment, became at last, the mother of the human race?

Here is a world in which there are countless varieties of life—these varieties in all probability related to each other—all living upon each other—everything devouring something, and in its turn devoured by something else—everywhere claw and beak, hoof and tooth,—everything seeking the life of something else—every drop of water a battle-field, every atom being for some wild beast a jungle—every place a golgotha—and such a world is declared to be the work of the infinitely wise and compassionate.

According to your idea, Jehovah prepared a home for his children—first a garden in which they should be tempted and from which they should be driven; then a world filled with briers and thorns and wild and poisonous beasts—a world in which the air should be filled with the enemies of human life—a world in which disease should be contagious, and in which it was impossible to tell, except by actual experiment, the poisonous from the nutritious. And these children were allowed to live in dens and holes and fight their way against monstrous serpents and crouching beasts—were allowed to live in ignorance and fear—to have false ideas of this good and loving God—ideas so false, that they made of him a fiend—ideas so false, that they sacrificed their wives and babes to appease the imaginary wrath of this monster. And this God gave to different nations different ideas of himself, knowing that in consequence of that these nations would meet upon countless fields of death and drain each other's veins.

Would it not have been better had the world been so that parents would transmit only their virtues—only their perfections, physical and mental,—allowing their diseases and their vices to perish with them?

In my reply to Dr. Field I had asked: Why should God demand a sacrifice from man? Why should the infinite ask anything from the finite? Should the sun beg from the glowworm, and should the momentary spark excite the envy of the source of light?

Upon which you remark, "that if the infinite is to make no demands upon the finite, by parity of reasoning, the great and strong should scarcely make them on the weak and small." Can this be called reasoning? Why should the infinite demand a sacrifice from man? In the first place, the infinite is conditionless—the infinite cannot want—the infinite has. A conditioned being may want; but the gratification of a want involves a change of condition. If God be conditionless, he can have no wants—consequently, no human being can gratify the infinite.

But you insist that "if the infinite is to make no demands upon the finite, by parity of reasoning, the great and strong should scarcely make them on the weak and small."

The great have wants. The strong are often in need, in peril, and the great and strong often need the services of the small and weak. It was the mouse that freed the lion. England is a great and powerful nation—yet she may need the assistance of the weakest of her citizens. The world is filled with illustrations.

The lack of logic is in this: The infinite cannot want anything; the strong and the great may, and as a fact always do. The great and the strong cannot help the infinite—they can help the small and the weak, and the small and the weak can often help the great and strong.

You ask: “Why then should the father make demands of love, obedience, and sacrifice from his young child?”

No sensible father ever demanded love from his child. Every civilized father knows that love rises like the perfume from a flower. You cannot command it by simple authority.

It cannot obey. A father demands obedience from a child for the good of the child and for the good of himself. But suppose the father to be infinite—why should the child sacrifice anything for him?

But it may be that you answer all these questions, all these difficulties, by admitting, as you have in your Remarks, “that these problems are insoluble by our understanding.”

Why, then, do you accept them? Why do you defend that which you cannot understand? Why does your reason volunteer as a soldier under the flag of the incomprehensible?

I asked of Dr. Field, and I ask again, this question: Why should an infinitely wise and powerful God destroy the good and preserve the vile?

What do I mean by this question? Simply this: The earthquake, the lightning, the pestilence, are no respecters of persons. The vile are not always destroyed, the good are not always saved. I asked: Why should God treat all alike in this world, and in another make an infinite difference? This, I suppose, is “insoluble to our understanding.”

Why should Jehovah allow his worshipers, his adorers, to be destroyed by his enemies? Can you by any possibility answer this question?

You may account for all these inconsistencies, these cruel contradictions, as John Wesley accounted for earthquakes when he insisted that they were produced by the wickedness of men, and that the only way to prevent them was for everybody to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. And you may have some way of showing that Mr. Wesley’s idea is entirely consistent with the theories of Mr. Darwin.

You seem to think that as long as there is more goodness than evil in the world—as long as there is more joy than sadness—we are compelled to infer that the author of the world is infinitely good, powerful, and wise, and that as long as a majority are out of gutters and prisons, the “divine scheme” is a success.

According to this system of logic, if there were a few more unfortunates—if there was just a little more evil than good—then we would be driven to acknowledge that the world was created by an infinitely malevolent being.

As a matter of fact, the history of the world has been such that not only your theologians but your apostles, and not only your apostles but your prophets, and not only your prophets but your Jehovah, have all been forced to account for the evil, the injustice and the suffering, by the wickedness of man, the natural depravity of the human heart and the wiles and machinations of a malevolent being second only in power to Jehovah himself.

Again and again you have called me to account for "mere suggestions and assertions without proof"; and yet your remarks are filled with assertions and mere suggestions without proof.

You admit that "great believers are not able to explain the inequalities of adjustment between human beings and the conditions in which they have been set down to work out their destiny."

How do you know "that they have been set down to work out their destiny"? If that was, and is, the purpose, then the being who settled the "destiny," and the means by which it tvas to be "worked out," is responsible for all that happens.

And is this the end of your argument, "That you are not able to explain the inequalities of adjustment between human beings"? Is the solution of this problem beyond your power? Does the Bible shed no light? Is the Christian in the presence of this question as dumb as the agnostic? When the injustice of this world is so flagrant that you cannot harmonize that awful fact with the wisdom and goodness of an infinite God, do you not see that you have surrendered, or at least that you have raised a flag of truce beneath which your adversary accepts as final your statement that you do not know and that your imagination is not sufficient to frame an excuse for God?

It gave me great pleasure to find that at last even you have been driven to say that: "it is a duty incumbent upon us respectively according to our means and opportunities, to decide by the use of the faculty of reason given us, the great questions of natural and revealed religion."

You admit "that I am to decide for myself, by the use of my reason," whether the Bible is the word of God or not—whether there is any revealed religion—and whether there be or be not an infinite being who created and who governs this world.

You also admit that we are to decide these questions according to the balance of the evidence.

Is this in accordance with the doctrine of Jehovah? Did Jehovah say to the husband that if his wife became convinced, according to her means and her opportunities, and decided according to her reason, that it was better to worship some other God than Jehovah, then that he was to say to her: "You are entitled to decide according to the balance of the evidence as it seems to you"?

Have you abandoned Jehovah? Is man more just than he? Have you appealed from him to the standard of reason? Is it possible that the leader of the English Liberals is nearer civilized than Jehovah?

Do you know that in this sentence you demonstrate the existence of a dawn in your mind? This sentence makes it certain that in the East of the midnight of Episcopal superstition there is the herald of the coming day. And if this sentence shows a dawn, what shall I say of the next:

"We are not entitled, either for or against belief, to set up in this province any rule of investigation except such as common sense teaches us to use in the ordinary conduct of life"?

This certainly is a morning star. Let me take this statement, let me hold it as a torch, and by its light I beg of you to read the Bible once again.

Is it in accordance with reason that an infinitely good and loving God would drown a world that he had taken no means to civilize—to whom he had given no bible, no gospel,—taught no scientific fact and in which the seeds of art had not been sown; that he would create a world that ought to be drowned? That a being of infinite wisdom would create a rival, knowing that the rival would fill perdition with countless souls destined to suffer eternal pain? Is it according to common sense that an infinitely good God would order some of his children to kill others? That he would command soldiers to rip open with the sword of war the bodies of women—wreaking vengeance on babes unborn? Is it according to reason that a good, loving, compassionate, and just God would establish slavery among men, and that a pure God would uphold polygamy? Is it according to common sense that he who wished to make men merciful and loving would demand the sacrifice of animals, so that his altars would be wet with the blood of oxen, sheep, and doves? Is it according to reason that a good God would inflict tortures upon his ignorant children—that he would torture animals to death—and is it in accordance with common sense and reason that this God would create countless billions of people knowing that they would be eternally damned?

What is common sense? Is it the result of observation, reason and experience, or is it the child of credulity?

There is this curious fact: The far past and the far future seem to belong to the miraculous and the monstrous. The present, as a rule, is the realm of common sense. If you say to a man: "Eighteen hundred years ago the dead were raised," he will reply: "Yes, I know that." And if you say: "A hundred thousand years from now all the dead will be raised," he will probably reply: "I presume so." But if you tell him: "I saw a dead man raised to-day," he will ask, "From what madhouse have you escaped?"

The moment we decide "according to reason," "according to the balance of evidence," we are charged with "having violated the laws of social morality and decency," and the defender of the miraculous and the incomprehensible takes another position.

The theologian has a city of refuge to which he flies—an old breastwork behind which he kneels—a rifle-pit into which he crawls. You have described this city, this breastwork, this rifle-pit and also the leaf under which the ostrich of theology thrusts its head. Let me quote:

"Our demands for evidence must be limited by the general reason of the case. Does that general reason of the case make it probable that a finite being, with a finite place

in a comprehensive scheme devised and administered by a being who is infinite, would be able even to embrace within his view, or rightly to appreciate all the motives or aims that there may have been in the mind of the divine disposer?"

And this is what you call "deciding by the use of the faculty of reason," "according to the evidence," or at least "according to the balance of evidence." This is a conclusion reached by a "rule of investigation such as common sense teaches us to use in the ordinary conduct of life." Will you have the kindness to explain what it is to act contrary to evidence, or contrary to common sense? Can you imagine a superstition so gross that it cannot be defended by that argument?

Nothing, it seems to me, could have been easier than for Jehovah to have reasonably explained his scheme. You may answer that the human intellect is not sufficient to understand the explanation. Why then do not theologians stop explaining? Why do they feel it incumbent upon them to explain that which they admit God would have explained had the human mind been capable of understanding it?

How much better would it have been if Jehovah had said a few things on these subjects. It always seemed wonderful to me that he spent several days and nights on Mount Sinai explain* ing to Moses how he could detect the presence of leprosy, without once thinking to give him a prescription for its cure.

There were thousands and thousands of opportunities for this God to withdraw from these questions the shadow and the cloud. When Jehovah out of the whirlwind asked questions of Job, how much better it would have been if Job had asked and Jehovah had answered.

You say that we should be governed by evidence and by common sense. Then you tell us that the questions are beyond the reach of reason, and with which common sense has nothing to do. If we then ask for an explanation, you reply in the scornful challenge of Dante.

You seem to imagine that every man who gives an opinion, takes his solemn oath that the opinion is the absolute end of all investigation on that subject.

In my opinion, Shakespeare was, intellectually, the greatest of the human race, and my intention was simply to express that view. It never occurred to me that any one would suppose that I thought Shakespeare a greater actor than Garrick, a more wonderful composer than Wagner, a better violinist than Remenyi, or a heavier man than Daniel Lambert. It is to be regretted that you were misled by my words and really supposed that I intended to say that Shakespeare was a greater general than Caesar. But, after all, your criticism has no possible bearing on the point at issue. Is it an effort to avoid that which cannot be met? The real question is this: If we cannot account for Christ without a miracle, how can we account for Shakespeare? Dr. Field took the ground that Christ himself was a miracle; that it was impossible to account for such a being in any natural way; and, guided by common sense, guided by the rule of investigation such as common sense teaches, I called attention to Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, and Shakespeare.

In another place in your Remarks, when my statement about Shakespeare was not in your mind, you say: "All is done by steps—nothing by strides, leaps or bounds—all

from protoplasm up to Shakespeare." Why did you end the series with Shakespeare? Did you intend to say Dante, or Bishop Butler?

It is curious to see how much ingenuity a great man exercises when guided by what he calls "the rule of investigation as suggested by common sense." I pointed out some things that Christ did not teach—among others, that he said nothing with regard to the family relation, nothing against slavery, nothing about education, nothing as to the rights and duties of nations, nothing as to any scientific truth. And this is answered by saying that "I am quite able to point out the way in which the Savior of the world might have been much greater as a teacher than he actually was."

Is this an answer, or is it simply taking refuge behind a name? Would it not have been better if Christ had told his disciples that they must not persecute; that they had no right to destroy their fellow-men; that they must not put heretics in dungeons, or destroy them with flames; that they must not invent and use instruments of torture; that they must not appeal to brutality, nor endeavor to sow with bloody hands the seeds of peace? Would it not have been far better had he said: "I come not to bring a sword, but peace"? Would not this have saved countless cruelties and countless lives?

You seem to think that you have fully answered my objection when you say that Christ taught the absolute indissolubility of marriage.

Why should a husband and wife be compelled to live with each other after love is dead? Why should the wife still be bound in indissoluble chains to a husband who is cruel, infamous, and false? Why should her life be destroyed because of his? Why should she be chained to a criminal and an outcast? Nothing can be more unphilosophic than this. Why fill the world with the children of indifference and hatred?

The marriage contract is the most important, the most sacred, that human beings can make. It will be sacredly kept by good men and by good women. But if a loving woman—tender, noble, and true—makes this contract with a man whom she believed to be worthy of all respect and love, and who is found to be a cruel, worthless wretch, why should her life be lost?

Do you not know that the indissolubility of the marriage contract leads to its violation, forms an excuse for immorality, eats out the very heart of truth, and gives to vice that which alone belongs to love?

But in order that you may know why the objection was raised, I call your attention to the fact that Christ offered a reward, not only in this world but in another, to any husband who would desert his wife. And do you know that this hideous offer caused millions to desert their wives and children?

Theologians have the habit of using names instead of arguments—of appealing to some man, great in some direction, to establish their creed; but we all know that no man is great enough to be an authority, except in that particular domain in which he won his eminence; and we all know that great men are not great in all directions. Bacon died a believer in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Tycho Brahe kept an imbecile in his service, putting down with great care the words that fell from the hanging lip of idiocy, and then endeavored to put them together in a way to form

prophecies. Sir Matthew Hale believed in witchcraft not only, but in its lowest and most vulgar forms; and some of the greatest men of antiquity examined the entrails of birds to find the secrets of the future.

It has always seemed to me that reasons are better than names.

After taking the ground that Christ could not have been a greater teacher than he actually was, you ask: “Where would have been the wisdom of delivering to an uninstructed population of a particular age a codified religion which was to serve for all nations, all ages, all states of civilization?”

Does not this question admit that the teachings of Christ will not serve for all nations, all ages and all states of civilization?

But let me ask: If it was necessary for Christ “to deliver to an uninstructed population of a particular age a certain religion suited only for that particular age,” why should a civilized and scientific age eighteen hundred years afterwards be absolutely bound by that religion? Do you not see that your position cannot be defended, and that you have provided no way for retreat? If the religion of Christ was for that age, is it for this? Are you willing to admit that the Ten Commandments are not for all time? If, then, four thousand years before Christ, commandments were given not simply for “an uninstructed population of a particular age, but for all time,” can you give a reason why the religion of Christ should not have been of the same character?

In the first place you say that God has revealed himself to the world—that he has revealed a religion; and in the next place, that “he has not revealed a perfect religion, for the reason that no room would be left for the career of human thought.”

Why did not God reveal this imperfect religion to all people instead of to a small and insignificant tribe, a tribe without commerce and without influence among the nations of the world? Why did he hide this imperfect light under a bushel? If the light was necessary for one, was it not necessary for all? And why did he drown a world to whom he had not even given that light? According to your reasoning, would there not have been left greater room for the career of human thought, had no revelation been made?

You say that “you have known a person who after studying the old classical or Olympian religion for a third part of a century, at length began to hope that he had some partial comprehension of it—some inkling of what is meant.” You say this for the purpose of showing how impossible it is to understand the Bible. If it is so difficult, why do you call it a revelation? And yet, according to your creed, the man who does not understand the revelation and believe it, or who does not believe it, whether he understands it or not, is to reap the harvest of everlasting pain. Ought not the revelation to be revealed?

In order to escape from the fact that Christ denounced the chosen people of God as “a generation of vipers” and as “whited sepulchres,” you take the ground that the scribes and pharisees were not the chosen people. Of what blood were they? It will not do to say that they were not the people. Can you deny that Christ addressed the chosen people when he said: “Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee”?

You have called me to an account for what I said in regard to Ananias and Sapphira. *First*, I am charged with having said that the apostles conceived the idea of having all things in common, and you denounce this as an interpolation; *second*, "that motives of prudence are stated as a matter of fact to have influenced the offending couple"—and this is charged as an interpolation; and, *third*, that I stated that the apostles sent for the wife of Ananias—and this is characterized as a pure invention.

To me it seems reasonable to suppose that the idea of having all things in common was conceived by those who had nothing, or had the least, and not by those who had plenty. In the last verses of the fourth chapter of the Acts, you will find this:

"Neither was there any among them that lacked, for as many as were possessed of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. And Joses, who by the apostles was surnamed Barnabas (which is, being interpreted, the son of consolation), a Levite and of the country of Cyprus, having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet."

Now it occurred to me that the idea was in all probability suggested by the men at whose feet the property was laid. It never entered my mind that the idea originated with those who had land for sale. There may be a different standard by which human nature is measured in your country, than in mine; but if the thing had happened in the United States, I feel absolutely positive that it would have been at the suggestion of the apostles.

"Ananias, with Sapphira, his wife, sold a possession and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part and laid it at the apostles' feet."

In my Letter to Dr. Field I stated—not at the time pretending to quote from the New Testament—that Ananias and Sapphira, after talking the matter over, not being entirely satisfied with the collaterals, probably concluded to keep a little—just enough to keep them from starvation if the good and pious bankers should abscond. It never occurred to me that any man would imagine that this was a quotation, and I feel like asking your pardon for having led you into this error. We are informed in the Bible that "they kept back a part of the price." It occurred to me, "judging by the rule of investigation according to common sense," that there was a reason for this, and I could think of no reason except that they did not care to trust the apostles with all, and that they kept back just a little, thinking it might be useful if the rest should be lost.

According to the account, after Peter had made a few remarks to Ananias,

"Ananias fell down and gave up the ghost;.... and the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him. And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in."

Whereupon Peter said:

"'Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much?' And she said, 'Yea, for so much.' Then Peter said unto her, 'How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the spirit of the Lord? Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out.' Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost; and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying her forth, buried her by her husband."

The only objection found to this is, that I inferred that the apostles had sent for her. Sending for her was not the offence. The failure to tell her what had happened to her husband was the offence—keeping his fate a secret from her in order that she might be caught in the same net that had been set for her husband by Jehovah. This was the offence. This was the mean and cruel thing to which I objected. Have you answered that?

Of course, I feel sure that the thing never occurred—the probability being that Ananias and Sapphira never lived and never died. It is probably a story invented by the early church to make the collection of subscriptions somewhat easier.

And yet, we find a man in the nineteenth century, foremost of his fellow-citizens in the affairs of a great nation, upholding this barbaric view of God.

Let me beg of you to use your reason "according to the rule suggested by common sense." Let us do what little we can to rescue the reputation, even of a Jewish myth, from the calumnies of Ignorance and Fear.

So, again, I am charged with having given certain words as a quotation from the Bible in which two passages are combined—"They who believe and are baptized shall be saved, and they who believe not shall be damned. And these shall go away into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

They were given as two passages. No one for a moment supposed that they would be read together as one, and no one imagined that any one in answering the argument would be led to believe that they were intended as one. Neither was there in this the slightest negligence, as I was answering a man who is perfectly familiar with the Bible. The objection was too small to make. It is hardly large enough to answer—and had it not been made by you it would not have been answered.

You are not satisfied with what I have said upon the subject of immortality. What I said was this: The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

You answer this by saying that "the Egyptians were believers in immortality, but were not a people of high intellectual development."

How such a statement tends to answer what I have said, is beyond my powers of discernment. Is there the slightest connection between my statement and your objection?

You make still another answer, and say that “the ancient Greeks were a race of perhaps unparalled intellectual capacity, and that notwithstanding that, the most powerful mind of the Greek philosophy, that of Aristotle, had no clear conception of a personal existence in a future state.” May I be allowed to ask this simple question: Who has?

Are you urging an objection to the dogma of immortality, when you say that a race of unparalled intellectual capacity had no confidence in it? Is that a doctrine believed only by people who lack intellectual capacity? I stated that the idea of immortality was born of love, You reply, “the Egyptians believed it, but they were not intellectual.” Is not this a *non sequitur?* The question is: Were they a loving people?

Does history show that there is a moral governor of the world? What witnesses shall we call? The billions of slaves who were paid with blows?—the countless mothers whose babes were sold? Have we time to examine the Waldenses, the Covenanters of Scotland, the Catholics of Ireland, the victims of St. Bartholomew, of the Spanish Inquisition, all those who have died in flames? Shall we hear the story of Bruno? Shall we ask Servetus? Shall we ask the millions slaughtered by Christian swords in America—all the victims of ambition, of perjury, of ignorance, of superstition and revenge, of storm and earthquake, of famine, flood and fire?

Can all the agonies and crimes, can all the inequalities of the world be answered by reading the “noble Psalm” in which are found the words: “Call upon me in the day of trouble, so I will hear thee, and thou shalt praise me”? Do you prove the truth of these fine words, this honey of Trebizond, by the victims of religious persecution? Shall we hear the sighs and sobs of Siberia?

Another thing. Why should you, from the page of Greek history, with the sponge of your judgment, wipe out all names but one, and tell us that the most powerful mind of the Greek philosophy was that of Aristotle? How did you ascertain this fact? Is it not fair to suppose that you merely intended to say that, according to your view, Aristotle had the most powerful mind among all the philosophers of Greece? I should not call attention to this, except for your criticism on a like remark of mine as to the intellectual superiority of Shakespeare. But if you knew the trouble I have had in finding out your meaning, from your words, you would pardon me for calling attention to a single line from Aristotle: “Clearness is the virtue of style.”

To me Epicurus seems far greater than Aristotle, He had clearer vision. His cheek was closer to the breast of nature, and he planted his philosophy nearer to the bed-rock of fact. He was practical enough to know that virtue is the means and happiness the end; that the highest philosophy is the art of living. He was wise enough to say that nothing is of the slightest value to man that does not increase or preserve his wellbeing, and he was great enough to know and courageous enough to declare that all the gods and ghosts were monstrous phantoms born of ignorance and fear.

I still insist that human affection is the foundation of the idea of immortality; that love was the first to speak that word, no matter whether they who spoke it were savage or civilized, Egyptian or Greek. But if we are immortal—if there be another world—why was it not clearly set forth in the Old Testament? Certainly, the authors of that book had an opportunity to learn it from the Egyptians. Why was it not

revealed by Jehovah? Why did he waste his time in giving orders for the consecration of priests—in saying that they must have sheep's blood put on their right ears and on their right thumbs and on their right big toes? Could a God with any sense of humor give such directions, or watch without huge laughter the performance of such a ceremony? In order to see the beauty, the depth and tenderness of such a consecration, is it essential to be in a state of "reverential calm"?

Is it not strange that Christ did not tell of another world distinctly, clearly, without parable, and without the mist of metaphor?

The fact is that the Hindoos, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans taught the immortality of the soul, not as a glittering guess—a possible perhaps—but as a clear and demonstrated truth for many centuries before the birth of Christ.

If the Old Testament proves anything, it is that death ends all. And the New Testament, by basing immortality on the resurrection of the body, but "keeps the word of promise to our ear and breaks it to our hope."

In my Reply to Dr. Field, I said: "The truth is, that no one can justly be held responsible for his thoughts. The brain thinks without asking our consent; we believe, or disbelieve, without an effort of the will. Belief is a result. It is the effect of evidence upon the mind. The scales turn in spite of him who watches. There is no opportunity of being honest or dishonest in the formation of an opinion. The conclusion is entirely independent of desire. We must believe, or we must doubt, in spite of what we wish."

Does the brain think without our consent? Can we control our thought? Can we tell what we are going to think tomorrow?

Can we stop thinking?

Is belief the result of that which to us is evidence, or is it a product of the will? Can the scales in which reason weighs evidence be turned by the will? Why then should evidence be weighed? If it all depends on the will, what is evidence? Is there any opportunity of being dishonest in the formation of an opinion? Must not the man who forms the opinion know what it is? He cannot knowingly cheat himself. He cannot be deceived with dice that he loads. He cannot play unfairly at solitaire without knowing that he has lost the game. He cannot knowingly weigh with false scales and believe in the correctness of the result.

You have not even attempted to answer my arguments upon these points, but you have unconsciously avoided them. You did not attack the citadel. In military parlance, you proceeded to "shell the woods." The noise is precisely the same as though every shot had been directed against the enemy's position, but the result is not. You do not seem willing to implicitly trust the correctness of your aim. You prefer to place the target after the shot.

The question is whether the will knowingly can change evidence, and whether there is any opportunity of being dishonest in the formation of an opinion. You have changed the issue. You have erased the word formation and interpolated the word expression.

Let us suppose that a man has given an opinion, knowing that it is not based on any fact. Can you say that he has given his opinion? The moment a prejudice is known to be a prejudice, it disappears. Ignorance is the soil in which prejudice must grow. Touched by a ray of light, it dies. The judgment of man may be warped by prejudice and passion, but it cannot be consciously warped. It is impossible for any man to be influenced by a known prejudice, because a known prejudice cannot exist.

I am not contending that all opinions have been honestly expressed. What I contend is that when a dishonest opinion has been expressed it is not the opinion that was formed.

The cases suggested by you are not in point. Fathers are honestly swayed, if really swayed, by love; and queens and judges have pretended to be swayed by the highest motives, by the clearest evidence, in order that they might kill rivals, reap rewards, and gratify revenge. But what has all this to do with the fact that he who watches the scales in which evidence is weighed knows the actual result?

Let us examine your case: If a father is *consciously* swayed by his love for his son, and for that reason says that his son is innocent, then he has not expressed his opinion. If he is unconsciously swayed and says that his son is innocent, then he has expressed his opinion. In both instances his opinion was independent of his will; but in the first instance he did not express his opinion. You will certainly see this distinction between the formation and the expression of an opinion.

The same argument applies to the man who consciously has a desire to condemn. Such a *conscious* desire cannot affect the testimony—cannot affect the opinion. Queen Elizabeth undoubtedly desired the death of Mary Stuart, but this conscious desire could not have been the foundation on which rested Elizabeth's opinion as to the guilt or innocence of her rival. It is barely possible that Elizabeth did not express her real opinion. Do you believe that the English judges in the matter of the Popish Plot gave judgment in accordance with their opinions? Are you satisfied that Napoleon expressed his real opinion when he justified himself for the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien?

If you answer these questions in the affirmative, you admit that I am right. If you answer in the negative, you admit that you are wrong. The moment you admit that the opinion formed cannot be changed by expressing a pretended opinion, your argument is turned against yourself.

It is admitted that prejudice strengthens, weakens and colors evidence; but prejudice is honest. And when one acts knowingly against the evidence, that is not by reason of prejudice.

According to my views of propriety, it would be unbecoming for me to say that your argument on these questions is "a piece of plausible shallowness." Such language might be regarded as lacking "reverential calm," and I therefore refrain from even characterizing it as plausible.

Is it not perfectly apparent that you have changed the issue, and that instead of showing that opinions are creatures of the will, you have discussed the quality of actions? What have corrupt and cruel judgments pronounced by corrupt and cruel

judges to do with their real opinions? When a judge forms one opinion and renders another he is called corrupt. The corruption does not consist in forming his opinion, but in rendering one that he did not form. Does a dishonest creditor, who incorrectly adds a number of items making the aggregate too large, necessarily change his opinion as to the relations of numbers? When an error is known, it is not a mistake; but a conclusion reached by a mistake, or by a prejudice, or by both, is a necessary conclusion. He who pretends to come to a conclusion by a mistake which he knows is not a mistake, knows that he has not expressed his real opinion.

Can any thing be more illogical than the assertion that because a boy reaches, through negligence in adding figures, a wrong result, that he is accountable for his opinion of the result? If he knew he was negligent, what must his opinion of the result have been?

So with the man who boldly announces that he has discovered the numerical expression of the relation sustained by the diameter to the circumference of a circle. If he is honest in the announcement, then the announcement was caused not by his will but by his ignorance. His will cannot make the announcement true, and he could not by any possibility have supposed that his will could affect the correctness of his announcement. The will of one who thinks that he has invented or discovered what is called perpetual motion, is not at fault. The man, if honest, has been misled; if not honest, he endeavors to mislead others. There is prejudice, and prejudice does raise a clamor, and the intellect is affected and the judgment is darkened and the opinion is deformed; but the prejudice is real and the clamor is sincere and the judgment is upright and the opinion is honest.

The intellect is not always supreme. It is surrounded by clouds. It sometimes sits in darkness. It is often misled—sometimes, in superstitious fear, it abdicates. It is not always a white light. The passions and prejudices are prismatic—they color thoughts. Desires betray the judgment and cunningly mislead the will.

You seem to think that the fact of responsibility is in danger unless it rests upon the will, and this will you regard as something without a cause, springing into being in some mysterious way, without father or mother, without seed or soil, or rain or light. You must admit that man is a conditioned being—that he has wants, objects, ends, and aims, and that these are gratified and attained only by the use of means. Do not these wants and these objects have something to do with the will, and does not the intellect have something to do with the means? Is not the will a product? Independently of conditions, can it exist? Is it not necessarily produced? Behind every wish and thought, every dream and fancy, every fear and hope, are there not countless causes? Man feels shame. What does this prove? He pities himself. What does this demonstrate?

The dark continent of motive and desire has never been explored. In the brain, that wondrous world with one inhabitant, there are recesses dim and dark, treacherous sands and dangerous shores, where seeming sirens tempt and fade; streams that rise in unknown lands from hidden springs, strange seas with ebb and flow of tides, resistless billows urged by storms of flame, profound and awful depths hidden by mist of dreams, obscure and phantom realms where vague and fearful things are half

revealed, jungles where passion's tigers crouch, and skies of cloud and blue where fancies fly with painted wings that dazzle and mislead; and the poor sovereign of this pictured world is led by old desires and ancient hates, and stained by crimes of many vanished years, and pushed by hands that long ago were dust, until he feels like some bewildered slave that Mockery has throned and crowned.

No one pretends that the mind of man is perfect—that it is not affected by desires, colored by hopes, weakened by fears, deformed by ignorance and distorted by superstition. But all this has nothing to do with the innocence of opinion.

It may be that the Thugs were taught that murder is innocent; but did the teachers believe what they taught? Did the pupils believe the teachers? Did not Jehovah teach that the act that we describe as murder was a duty? Were not his teachings practiced by Moses and Joshua and Jephthah and Samuel and David? Were they honest? But what has all this to do with the point at issue?

Society has the right to protect itself, even from honest murderers and conscientious thieves. The belief of the criminal does not disarm society; it protects itself from him as from a poisonous serpent, or from a beast that lives on human flesh. We are under no obligation to stand still and allow ourselves to be murdered by one who honestly thinks that it is his duty to take our lives. And yet according to your argument, we have no right to defend ourselves from honest Thugs. Was Saul of Tarsus a Thug when he persecuted Christians "even unto strange cities"? Is the Thug of India more ferocious than Torquemada, the Thug of Spain?

If belief depends upon the will, can all men have correct opinions who will to have them? Acts are good or bad, according to their consequences, and not according to the intentions of the actors. Honest opinions may be wrong, and opinions dishonestly expressed may be right.

Do you mean to say that because passion and prejudice, the reckless "pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores of will and judgment," sway the mind, that the opinions which you have expressed in your Remarks to me are not your opinions? Certainly you will admit that in all probability you have prejudices and passions, and if so, can the opinions that you have expressed, according to your argument, be honest? My lack of confidence in your argument gives me perfect confidence in your candor. You may remember the philosopher who retained his reputation for veracity, in spite of the fact that he kept saying: "There is no truth in man."

Are only those opinions honest that are formed without any interference of passion, affection, habit or fancy? What would the opinion of a man without passions, affections, or fancies be worth? The alchemist gave up his search for an universal solvent upon being asked in what kind of vessel he expected to keep it when found.

It may be admitted that Biel "shows us how the life of Dante co-operated with his extraordinary natural gifts and capabilities to make him what he was," but does this tend to show that Dante changed his opinions by an act of his will, or that he reached honest opinions by knowingly using false weights and measures?

You must admit that the opinions, habits and religions of men depend, at least in some degree, on race, occupation, training and capacity. Is not every thoughtful man

compelled to agree with Edgar Fawcett, in whose brain are united the beauty of the poet and the subtlety of the logician,

"Who sees how vice her venom wreaks
On the frail babe before it speaks,
And how heredity enslaves
With ghostly hands that reach from graves"?

Why do you hold the intellect criminally responsible for opinions, when you admit that it is controlled by the will? And why do you hold the will responsible, when you insist that it is swayed by the passions and affections? But all this has nothing to do with the fact that every opinion has been honestly formed, whether honestly expressed or not.

No one pretends that all governments have been honestly formed and honestly administered. All vices, and some virtues are represented in most nations. In my opinion a republic is far better than a monarchy. The legally expressed will of the people is the only rightful sovereign. This sovereignty, however, does not embrace the realm of thought or opinion. In that world, each human being is a sovereign,—throned and crowned: One is a majority. The good citizens of that realm give to others all rights that they claim for themselves, and those who appeal to force are the only traitors.

The existence of theological despotisms, of God-anointed kings, does not tend to prove that a known prejudice can determine the weight of evidence. When men were so ignorant as to suppose that God would destroy them unless they burned heretics, they lighted the fagots in selfdefence.

Feeling as I do that man is not responsible for his opinions, I characterized persecution for opinion's sake as infamous. So, it is perfectly clear to me, that it would be the infamy of infamies for an infinite being to create vast numbers of men knowing that they would suffer eternal pain. If an infinite God creates a man on purpose to damn him, or creates him knowing that he will be damned, is not the crime the same? We make mistakes and failures because we are finite; but can you conceive of any excuse for an infinite being who creates failures? If you had the power to change, by a wish, a statue into a human being, and you knew that this being would die without a "change of heart" and suffer endless pain, what would you do?

Can you think of any excuse for an earthly father, who, having wealth, learning and leisure, leaves his own children in ignorance and darkness? Do you believe that a God of infinite wisdom, justice and love, called countless generations of men into being, knowing that they would be used as fuel for the eternal fire?

Many will regret that you did not give your views upon the main questions—the principal issues—involved, instead of calling attention, for the most part, to the unimportant. If men were discussing the causes and results of the Franco-Prussian war, it would hardly be worth while for a third person to interrupt the argument for the purpose of calling attention to a misspelled word in the terms of surrender.

If we admit that man is responsible for his opinions and his thoughts, and that his will is perfectly free, still these admissions do not even tend to prove the inspiration of the Bible, or the "divine scheme of redemption."

In my judgment, the days of the supernatural are numbered. The dogma of inspiration must be abandoned. As man advances,—as his intellect enlarges,—as his knowledge increases,—as his ideals become nobler, the bibles and creeds will lose their authority—the miraculous will be classed with the impossible, and the idea of special providence will be discarded. Thousands of religions have perished, innumerable gods have died, and why should the religion of our time be exempt from the common fate?

Creeds cannot remain permanent in a world in which knowledge increases. Science and superstition cannot peaceably occupy the same brain. This is an age of investigation, of discovery and thought. Science destroys the dogmas that mislead the mind and waste the energies of man. It points out the ends that can be accomplished; takes into consideration the limits of our faculties; fixes our attention on the affairs of this world, and erects beacons of warning on the dangerous shores. It seeks to ascertain the conditions of health, to the end that life may be enriched and lengthened, and it reads with a smile this passage:

"And God-wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."

Science is the enemy of fear and credulity. It invites investigation, challenges the reason, stimulates inquiry, and welcomes the unbeliever. It seeks to give food and shelter, and raiment, education and liberty to the human race. It welcomes every fact and every truth. It has furnished a foundation for morals, a philosophy for the guidance of man. From all books it selects the good, and from all theories, the true. It seeks to civilize the human race by the cultivation of the intellect and' heart. It refines through art, music and the drama—giving voice and expression to every noble thought. The mysterious does not excite the feeling of worship, but the ambition to understand. It does not pray—it works. It does not answer inquiry with the malicious cry of "blasphemy." Its feelings are not hurt by contradiction, neither does it ask to be protected by law from the laughter of heretics. It has taught man that he cannot walk beyond the horizon—that the questions of origin and destiny cannot be answered—that an infinite personality cannot be comprehended by a finite being, and that the truth of any system of religion based on the supernatural cannot by any possibility be established—such a religion not being within the domain of evidence. And, above all, it teaches that all our duties are here—that all our obligations are to sentient beings; that intelligence, guided by kindness, is the highest possible wisdom; and that "man believes not what he would, but what he can."

And after all, it may be that "to ride an unbroken horse with the reins thrown upon his neck"—as you charge me with doing—gives a greater variety of sensations, a keener delight, and a better prospect of winning the race than to sit solemnly astride of a dead one, in "a deep reverential calm," with the bridle firmly in your hand.

Again assuring you of my profound respect, I remain, Sincerely yours,

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Rome Or Reason

Col. Ingersoll and Cardinal Manning.

The Gladstone-Ingersoll Controversy.

THE CHURCH ITS OWN WITNESS, By Cardinal Manning.

THE Vatican Council, in its Decree on Faith has these words: “The Church itself, by its marvelous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, is a vast and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own Divine legation.”* Its Divine Founder said: “I am the light of the world;” and, to His Apostles, He said also, “Ye are the light of the world,” and of His Church He added, “A city seated on a hill cannot be hid.” The Vatican Council says, “The Church is its own witness.” My purpose is to draw out this assertion more fully.

** “Const. Dogm. de Fide Catholica, c. iii.*

These words affirm that the Church is self-evident, as light is to the eye, and through sense, to the intellect. Next to the sun at noonday, there is nothing in the world more manifest than the one visible Universal Church. Both the faith and the infidelity of the world bear witness to it. It is loved and hated, trusted and feared, served and assaulted, honored and blasphemed: it is Christ or Antichrist, the Kingdom of God or the imposture of Satan. It pervades the civilized world. No man and no nation can ignore it, none can be indifferent to it. Why is all this? How is its existence to be accounted for?

Let me suppose that I am an unbeliever in Christianity, and that some friend should make me promise to examine the evidence to show that Christianity is a Divine revelation; I should then sift and test the evidence as strictly as if it were in a court of law, and in a cause of life and death; my will would be in suspense: it would in no way control the process of my intellect. If it had any inclination from the equilibrium, it would be towards mercy and hope; but this would not add a feather’s weight to the evidence, nor sway the intellect a hair’s breadth.

After the examination has been completed, and my intellect convinced, the evidence being sufficient to prove that Christianity is a divine revelation, nevertheless I am not yet a Christian. All this sifting brings me to the conclusion of a chain of reasoning; but I am not yet a believer. The last act of reason has brought me to the brink of the first act of faith. They are generically distinct and separable. The acts of reason are intellectual, and jealous of the interference of the will. The act of faith is an imperative act of the will, founded on and justified by the process and conviction of the intellect. Hitherto I have been a critic: henceforward, if I will, I become a disciple.

It may here be objected that no man can so far suspend the inclination of the will when the question is, has God indeed spoken to man or no? is the revealed law of purity, generosity, perfection, divine, or only the poetry of imagination? Can a man be indifferent between two such sides of the problem? Will he not desire the higher

and better side to be true? and if he desire, will he not incline to the side that he desires to find true? Can a moral being be absolutely indifferent between two such issues? and can two such issues be equally attractive to a moral agent? Can it be indifferent and all the same to us whether God has made Himself and His will known to us or not? Is there no attraction in light, no repulsion in darkness? Does not the intrinsic and eternal distinction of good and evil make itself felt in spite of the will? Are we not responsible to "receive the truth in the love of it?" Nevertheless, evidence has its own limits and quantities, and cannot be made more or less by any act of the will. And yet, what is good or bad, high or mean, lovely or hateful, ennobling or degrading, must attract or repel men as they are better or worse in their moral sense; for an equilibrium between good and evil, to God or to man, is impossible.

The last act of my reason, then, is distinct from my first act of faith precisely in this: so long as I was uncertain I suspended the inclination of my will, as an act of fidelity to conscience and of loyalty to truth; but the process once complete, and the conviction once attained, my will imperatively constrains me to believe, and I become a disciple of a Divine revelation.

My friend next tells me that there are Christian Scriptures, and I go through precisely the same process of critical examination and final conviction, the last act of reasoning preceding, as before, the first act of faith.

He then tells me that there is a Church claiming to be divinely founded, divinely guarded, and divinely guided in its custody of Christianity and of the Christian Scriptures.

Once more I have the same twofold process of reasoning and of believing to go through.

There is, however, this difference in the subject-matter: Christianity is an order of supernatural truth appealing intellectually to my reason; the Christian Scriptures are voiceless, and need a witness. They cannot prove their own mission, much less their own authenticity or inspiration. But the Church is visible to the eye, audible to the ear, self-manifesting and self-asserting: I cannot escape from it. If I go to the east, it is there; if I go to the west, it is there also. If I stay at home, it is before me, seated on the hill; if I turn away from it, I am surrounded by its light. It pursues me and calls to me. I cannot deny its existence; I cannot be indifferent to it; I must either listen to it or willfully stop my ears; I must heed it or defy it, love it or hate it. But my first attitude towards it is to try it with forensic strictness, neither pronouncing it to be Christ nor Antichrist till I have tested its origin, claim, and character. Let us take down the case in short-hand.

1. It says that it interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world. In some it holds the whole nation in its unity, in others it holds fewer; but in all it is present, visible, audible, naturalized, and known as the one Catholic Church, a name that none can appropriate. Though often claimed and controversially assumed, none can retain it; it falls off. The world knows only one Catholic Church, and always restores the name to the right owner.

2. It is not a national body, but extra-national, accused of its foreign relations and foreign dependence. It is international, and independent in a supernational unity.

3. In faith, divine worship, sacred ceremonial, discipline, government, from the highest to the lowest, it is the same in every place.

4. It speaks all languages in the civilized world.

5. It is obedient to one Head, outside of all nations, except one only; and in that nation, his headship is not national but world-wide.

6. The world-wide sympathy of the Church in all lands with its Head has been manifested in our days, and before our eyes, by a series of public assemblages in Rome, of which nothing like or second to it can be found. In 1854, 350 Bishops of all nations surrounded their Head when he defined the Immaculate Conception. In 1862, 400 Bishops assembled at the canonization of the Martyrs of Japan. In 1867, 500 Bishops came to keep the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom. In 1870, 700 Bishops assembled in the Vatican Council. On the Feast of the Epiphany, 1870, the Bishops of thirty nations during two whole hours made profession of faith in their own languages, kneeling before their head. Add to this, that in 1869, in the sacerdotal jubilee of Pius IX., Rome was filled for months by pilgrims from all lands in Europe and beyond the sea, from the Old World and from the New, bearing all manner of gifts and oblations to the Head of the Universal Church. To this, again, must be added the world-wide outcry and protest of all the Catholic unity against the seizure and sacrilege of September, 1870, when Rome was taken by the Italian Revolution.

7. All this came to pass not only by reason of the great love of the Catholic world for Pius IX., but because they revered him as the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. For that undying reason the same events have been reproduced in the time of Leo XIII. In the early months of this year Rome was once more filled with pilgrims of all nations, coming in thousands as representatives of millions in all nations, to celebrate the sacerdotal jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff. The courts of the Vatican could not find room for the multitude of gifts and offerings of every kind which were sent from all quarters of the world.

8. These things are here said, not because of any other importance, but because they set forth in the most visible and self-evident way the living unity and the luminous universality of the One Catholic and Roman Church.

9. What has thus far been said is before our eyes at this hour. It is no appeal to history, but to a visible and palpable fact. Men may explain it as they will; deny it, they cannot. They see the Head of the Church year by year speaking to the nations of the world; treating with Empires, Republics and Governments. There is no other man on earth that can so bear himself. Neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople can such a voice go forth to which rulers and people listen.

This is the century of revolutions. Rome has in our time been besieged three times; three Popes have been driven out of it, two have been shut up in the Vatican. The city is now full of the Revolution. The whole Church has been tormented by Falck laws, Mancini laws, and Crispi laws. An unbeliever in Germany said some years ago, "The

net is now drawn so tight about the Church, that if it escapes this time I will believe in it." Whether he believes, or is even alive now to believe, I cannot say.

Nothing thus far has been said as proof. The visible, palpable facts, which are at this moment before the eyes of all men, speak for themselves. There is one, and only one, worldwide unity of which these things can be said. It is a fact and a phenomenon for which an intelligible account must be rendered. If it be only a human system built up by the intellect, will and energy of men, let the adversaries prove it. The burden is upon them; and they will have more to do as we go on.

Thus far we have rested upon the evidence of sense and fact. We must now go on to history and reason.

Every religion and every religious body known to history has varied from itself and broken up. Brahminism has given birth to Buddhism; Mahometanism is parted into the Arabian and European Khalifates; the Greek schism into the Russian, Constantinopolitan, and Bulgarian autocephalous fragment; Protestaritism into its multitudinous diversities. All have departed from their original type, and all are continually developing new and irreconcilable, intellectual and ritualistic, diversities and repulsions. How is it that, with all diversities of language, civilization, race, interest, and conditions, social and political, including persecution and warfare, the Catholic nations are at this day, even when in warfare, in unchanged unity of faith, communion, worship and spiritual sympathy with each other and with their Head? This needs a rational explanation.

It may be said in answer, endless divisions have come out of the Church, from Arius to Photius, and from Photius to Luther.

Yes, but they all came out. There is the difference. They did not remain in the Church, corrupting the faith. They came out, and ceased to belong to the Catholic unity, as a branch broken from a tree ceases to belong to the tree. But the identity of the tree remains the same. A branch is not a tree, nor a tree a branch. A tree may lose branches, but it rests upon its root, and renews its loss. Not so the religions, so to call them, that have broken away from unity. Not one has retained its members or its doctrines. Once separated from the sustaining unity of the Church, all separations lose their spiritual cohesion, and then their intellectual identity. *Ramus procisus arescit*.

For the present it is enough to say that no human legislation, authority or constraint can ever create internal unity of intellect and will; and that the diversities and contradictions generated by all human systems prove the absence of Divine authority. Variations or contradictions are proof of the absence of a Divine mission to mankind. All natural causes run to disintegration. Therefore, they can render no account of the world-wide unity of the One Universal Church.

Such, then, are the facts before our eyes at this day. We will seek out the origin of the body or system called the Catholic Church, and pass at once to its outset eighteen hundred years ago.

I affirm, then, three things: (1) First, that no adequate account can be given of this undeniable fact from natural causes; (2) that the history of the Catholic Church

demands causes above nature; and (3) that it has always claimed for itself a Divine origin and Divine authority.

I. And, first, before we examine what it was and what it has done, we will recall to mind what was the world in the midst of which it arose.

The most comprehensive and complete description of the old world, before Christianity came in upon it, is given in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Mankind had once the knowledge of God: that knowledge was obscured by the passions of sense; in the darkness of the human intellect, with the light of nature still before them, the nations worshiped the creature—that is, by pantheism, polytheism, idolatry; and, having lost the knowledge of God and of His perfections, they lost the knowledge of their own nature and of its laws, even of the natural and rational laws, which thenceforward ceased to guide, restrain, or govern them. They became perverted and inverted with every possible abuse, defeating the end and destroying the powers of creation. The lights of nature were put out, and the world rushed headlong into confusions, of which the beasts that perish were innocent. This is analytically the history of all nations but one. A line of light still shone from Adam to Enoch, from Enoch to Abraham, to whom the command was given, “Walk before Me and be perfect.” And it ran on from Abraham to Caiaphas, who crucified the founder of Christianity. Through all anthropomorphisms of thought and language this line of light still passed inviolate and inviolable. But in the world, on either side of that radiant stream, the whole earth was dark. The intellectual and moral state of the Greek world may be measured in its highest excellence in Athens; and of the Roman world in Rome. The ‘state of Athens—its private, domestic, and public morality—may be seen in Aristophanes.

The state of Rome is visible in Juvenal, and in the fourth book of St. Augustine’s “City of God.” There was only one evil wanting-. The world was not Atheist. Its polytheism was the example and the warrant of all forms of moral abominations. Imitary quod colis plunged the nations in crime. Their theology was their degradation; their text-book of an elaborate corruption of intellect and will.

Christianity came in “the fullness of time.” What that fullness may mean, is one of the mysteries of times and seasons which it is not for us to know. But one motive for the long delay of four thousand years is not far to seek. It gave time, full and ample, for the utmost development and consolidation of all the falsehood and evil of which the intellect and will of man are capable. The four great empires were each of them the concentration of a supreme effort of human power. The second inherited from the first, the third from both, the fourth from all three. It was, as it was foretold or described, as a beast, “exceeding terrible; his teeth and claws were of iron; he devoured and broke in pieces; and the rest he stamped upon with his feet.” * The empire of man over man was never so widespread, so absolute, so hardened into one organized mass, as in Imperial Rome. The world had never seen a military power so disciplined, irresistible, invincible; a legislation so just, so equitable, so strong in its execution; a government so universal, so local, so minute. It seemed to be imperishable. Rome was called the eternal. The religions of all nations were enshrined in Dea Roma; adopted, practiced openly, and taught. They were all *religiones licitae*, known to the law; not tolerated only, but recognized. The

theologies of Egypt, Greece, and of the Latin world, met in an empyreum, consecrated and guarded by the Imperial law, and administered by the Pontifex Maximus. No fanaticism ever surpassed the religious cruelties of Rome.. Add to all this the colluvies of false philosophies of every land, and of every date. They both blinded and hardened the intellect of public opinion and of private men against the invasion of anything except contempt, and hatred of both the philosophy of sophists and of the religion of the people. Add to all this the sensuality of the most refined and of the grossest luxury the world had ever seen, and a moral confusion and corruption which violated every law of nature.

** Daniel, vii. 19.*

The god of this world had built his city. From foundation to parapet, everything that the skill and power of man could do had been done without stint of means or limit of will. The Divine hand was stayed, or rather, as St. Augustine says, an unsurpassed natural greatness was the reward of certain natural virtues, degraded as they were in unnatural abominations. Rome was the climax of the power of man without God, the apotheosis of the human will, the direct and supreme antagonist of God in His own world. In this the fullness of time was come. Man built all this for himself. Certainly, man could not also build the City of God. They are not the work of one and the same architect, who capriciously chose to build first the city of confusion, suspending for a time his skill and power to build some day the City of God. Such a hypothesis is folly. Of two things, one. Disputers must choose one or the other. Both cannot be asserted, and the assertion needs no answer—it refutes itself. So much for the first point.

II. In the reign of Augustus, and in a remote and powerless Oriental race, a Child was born in a stable of a poor Mother. For thirty years He lived a hidden life; for three years He preached the Kingdom of God, and gave laws hitherto unknown to men. He died in ignominy upon the Cross; on the third day He rose again; and after forty days He was seen no more. This unknown Man created the world-wide unity of intellect and will which is visible to the eye, and audible, in all languages, to the ear. It is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations, in all ages, to this day. What proportion is there between the cause and the effect? What power was there in this isolated Man? What unseen virtues went out of Him to change the world? For change the world He did; and that not in the line or on the level of nature as men had corrupted it, but in direct contradiction to all that was then supreme in the world. He taught the dependence of the intellect against its self-trust, the submission of the will against its license, the subjugation of the passions by temperate control or by absolute subjection against their willful indulgence. This was to reverse what men believed to be the laws of nature: to make water climb upward and fire to point downward. He taught mortification of the lusts of the flesh, contempt of the lusts of the eyes, and hatred of the pride of life. What hope was there that such a teacher should convert imperial Rome? that such a doctrine should exorcise the fullness of human pride and lust? Yet so it has come to pass; and how? Twelve men more obscure than Himself, absolutely without authority or influence of this world, preached throughout the empire and beyond it. They asserted two facts: the one, that God had been made man; the other, that He died and rose again. What could be more incredible? To the Jews the unity and spirituality of God were axioms of reason

and faith; to the Gentiles, however cultured, the resurrection of the flesh was impossible. The Divine Person Who had died and risen could not be called in evidence as the chief witness. He could not be produced in court. Could anything be more suspicious if credible, or less credible even if He were there to say so? All that they could do was to say, "We knew Him for three years, both before His death and after He rose from the dead. If you will believe us, you will believe what we say. If you will not believe us, we can say no more. He is not here, but in heaven. We cannot call him down." It is true, as we read, that Peter cured a lame man at the gate of the Temple. The Pharisees could not deny it, but they would not believe what Peter said; they only told him to hold his tongue. And yet thousands in one day in Jerusalem believed in the Incarnation and the Resurrection; and when the Apostles were scattered by persecution, wherever they went men believed their word. The most intense persecution was from the Jews, the people of faith and of Divine traditions. In the name of God and of religion they stoned Stephen, and sent Saul to persecute at Damascus. More than this, they stirred up the Romans in every place. As they had forced Pilate to crucify Jesus of Nazareth, so they swore to slay Paul. And yet, in spite of all, the faith spread.

It is true, indeed, that the Empire of Alexander, the spread of the Hellenistic Greek, the prevalence of Greek in Rome itself, the Roman roads which made the Empire traversable, the Roman peace which sheltered the preachers of the faith in the outset of their work, gave them facilities to travel and to be understood. But these were only external facilities, which in no way rendered more credible or more acceptable the voice of penance and mortification, or the mysteries of the faith, which was immutably "to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness." It was in changeless opposition to nature as man had marred it; but it was in absolute harmony with nature as God had made it to His own likeness. Its power was its persuasiveness; and its persuasiveness was in its conformity to the highest and noblest aspirations and aims of the soul in man. The master-key so long lost was found at last; and its conformity to the wards of the lock was its irrefragable witness to its own mission and message.

But if it is beyond belief that Christianity in its outset made good its foothold by merely human causes and powers, how much more does this become incredible in every age as we come down from the first century to the nineteenth, and from the Apostolic mission to the world-wide Church, Catholic and Roman, at this day.

Not only did the world in the fullness of its power give to the Christian faith no help to root or to spread itself, but it wreaked all the fullness of its power upon it to uproot and to destroy it, Of the first thirty Pontiffs in Rome, twenty-nine were martyred. Ten successive persecutions, or rather one universal and continuous persecution of two hundred years, with ten more bitter excesses of enmity in every province of the Empire, did all that man can do to extinguish the Christian name. The Christian name may be blotted out here and there in blood, but the Christian faith can nowhere be slain. It is inscrutable, and beyond the reach of man. In nothing is the blood of the martyrs more surely the seed of the faith. Every martyrdom was a witness to the faith, and the ten persecutions were the sealing of the work of the twelve Apostles. The destroyer defeated himself. Christ crucified was visibly set forth before all the

nations, the world was a Calvary, and the blood of the martyrs preached in every tongue the Passion of Jesus Christ. The world did its worst, and ceased only for weariness and conscious defeat.

Then came the peace, and with peace the peril of the Church. The world outside had failed; the world inside began to work. It no longer destroyed life; it perverted the intellect, and, through intellectual perversion, assailed the faith at its centre, The Angel of light preached heresy. The Baptismal Creed was assailed all along the line; Gnosticism assailed the Father-and Creator of all things; Arianism, the God-head of the Son; Nestorianism, the unity of His person; Monophysites, the two natures; Monothelites, the divine and human wills; Macedonians, the person of the Holy Ghost So throughout the centuries, from Nicæa to the Vatican, every article has been in succession perverted by heresy and defined by the Church. But of this we shall speak hereafter. If the human intellect could fasten its perversions on the Chris tian faith, it would have done so long ago; and if the Christian faith had been guarded by no more than human intellect, it would long ago have been disintegrated, as we see in every religion outside the unity of the one Catholic Church. There is no example in which fragmentary Christianities have not departed from their original type. No human system is immutable; no thing human is changeless. The human intellect, therefore, can give no sufficient account of the identity of the Catholic faith in all places and in all ages by any of its own natural processes or powers. The force of this argument is immensely increased when we trace the tradition of the faith through the nineteen OEcumenical Councils which, with one continuous intelligence, have guarded and unfolded the deposit of faith, defining every truth as it has been successively assailed, in absolute harmony and unity of progression.

What the Senate is to your great Republic, or the Parliament to our English monarchy, such are the nineteen Councils of the Church, with this only difference: the secular Legislatures must meet year by year with short recesses; Councils have met on the average once in a century. The reason of this is that the mutabilities of national life, which are as the water-floods, need constant remedies; the stability of the Church seldom needs new legislation. The faith needs no definition except in rare intervals of periodical intellectual disorder. The discipline of the Church reigns by an universal common law which seldom needs a change, and by local laws which are provided on the spot. Nevertheless, the legislation of the Church, the *Corpus Juris*, or *Canon Law*, is a creation of wisdom and justice, to which no Statutes at large or Imperial pandects can bear comparison. Human intellect has reached its climax in jurisprudence, but the world-wide and secular legislation of the Church has a higher character. How the Christian law corrected, elevated, and completed the Imperial law, may be seen in a learned and able work by an American author, far from the Catholic faith, but in the main just and accurate in his facts and arguments—the *Gesta Christi* of Charles Loring Brace. Water cannot rise above its source, and if the Church by mere human wisdom corrected and perfected the Imperial law, its source must be higher than the sources of the world. This makes a heavy demand on our credulity.

Starting from St. Peter to Leo XIII., there have been some 258 Pontiffs claiming to be, and recognized by the whole Catholic unity as, successors of St. Peter and Vicars

of Jesus Christ. To them has been rendered in every age not only the external obedience of outward submission, but the internal obedience of faith. They have borne the onset of the nations who destroyed Imperial Rome, and the tyranny of heretical Emperors of Byzantium; and, worse than this, the alternate despotism and patronage of the Emperors of the West, and the substraction of obedience in the great Western schisms, when the unity of the Church and the authority of its Head were, as men thought, gone for ever. It was the last assault—the forlorn hope of the gates of hell. Every art of destruction had been tried: martyrdom, heresy, secularity, schism; at last, two, and three, and four claimants, or, as the world says, rival Popes, were set up, that men might believe that St. Peter had no longer a successor, and our Lord no Vicar, upon earth; for, though all might be illegitimate, only one could be the lawful and true Head of the Church. Was it only by the human power of man that the unity, external and internal, which for fourteen hundred years had been supreme, was once more restored in the Council of Constance, never to be broken again? The succession of the English monarchy has been, indeed, often broken, and always restored, in these thousand years. But here is a monarchy of eighteen hundred years, powerless in worldly force or support, claiming and receiving not only outward allegiance, but inward unity of intellect and will. If any man tell us that these two phenomena are on the same level of merely human causes, it is too severe a tax upon our natural reason to believe it.

But the inadequacy of human causes to account for the universality, unity, and immutability of the Catholic Church, will stand out more visibly if we look at the intellectual and moral revolution which Christianity has wrought in the world and upon mankind.

The first effect of Christianity was to fill the world with the true knowledge of the One True God, and to destroy utterly all idols, not by fire but by light. Before the Light of the world no false god and no polytheism could stand. The unity and spirituality of God swept away all theogonies and theologies of the first four thousand years. The stream of light which descended from the beginning expanded into a radiance, and the radiance into a flood, which illuminated all nations, as it had been foretold, “The earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea;” “And idols shall be utterly destroyed.”* In this true knowledge of the Divine Nature was revealed to men their own relation to a Creator as of sons to a father. The Greeks called the chief of the gods *Zeus Pater*, and the Latins *Jupiter*; but neither realized the dependence and love of sonship as revealed by the Founder of Christianity.

** Isaias, xi. 9-11, 18.*

The monotheism of the world comes down from a primeval and Divine source. Polytheism is the corruption of men and of nations. Yet in the multiplicity of all polytheisms, ont supreme Deity was always recognized. The Divine unity was imperishable. Polytheism is of human imagination: it is of men’s manufacture. The deification of nature and passions and heroes had filled the world with an elaborate and tenacious superstition, surrounded by reverence, fear, religion, and awe. Every perversion of what is good in man surrounded it with authority; everything that is evil in man guarded it with jealous care. Against this world-wide and imperious demon-ology the science of one God, all holy and supreme, advanced with resistless

force. Beelzebub is not divided against himself; and if polytheism is not Divine, monotheism must be. The overthrow of idolatry and demonology was the mastery of forces that are above nature. This conclusion is enough for our present purpose.

A second visible effect of Christianity of which nature cannot offer any adequate cause is to be found in the domestic life of the Christian world. In some nations the existence of marriage was not so much as recognized. In others, if recognized, it was dishonored by profuse concubinage. Even in Israel, the most advanced nation, the law of divorce was permitted for the hardness of their hearts. Christianity republished the primitive law by which marriage unites only one man and one woman indissolubly in a perpetual contract. It raised their mutual and perpetual contract to a sacrament. This at one blow condemned all other relations between man and woman, all the legal gradations of the Imperial law, and all forms and pleas of divorce. Beyond this the spiritual legislation of the Church framed most elaborate tables of consanguinity and affinity, prohibiting all marriages between persons in certain degrees of kinship or relation. This law has created the purity and peace of domestic life. Neither the Greek nor the Roman world had any true conception of a home. The *Eoria* or Vesta was a sacred tradition guarded by vestals like a temple worship. It was not a law and a power in the homes of the people. Christianity, by enlarging the circles of prohibition within which men and women were as brothers and sisters, has created the home with all its purities and safeguards.

Such a law of unity and indissolubility, encompassed by a multitude of prohibitions, no mere human legislation could impose on the the passions and will of mankind. And yet the Imperial laws gradually yielded to its resistless pressure, and incorporated it in its world-wide legislation. The passions and practices of four thousand years were against the change; yet it was accomplished, and it reigns inviolate to this day, though the relaxations of schism in the East and the laxities of the West have revived the abuse of divorces, and have partially abolished the wise and salutary prohibitions which guard the homes of the faithful. These relaxations prove that all natural forces have been, and are, hostile to the indissoluble law of Christian marriage. Certainly, then, it was not by natural forces that the Sacrament of Matrimony and the legislation springing from it were enacted. If these are restraints of human liberty and license, either they do not spring from nature, or they have had a supernatural cause whereby they exist. It was this that redeemed woman from the traditional degradation in which the world had held her. The condition of women in Athens and in Rome—which may be taken as the highest points of civilization—is too well known to need recital. Women had no rights, no property, no independence. Plato looked upon them as State property; Aristotle as chattels; the Greeks wrote of them as [—Greek—].

They were the prey, the sport, the slaves of man. Even in Israel, though they were raised incomparably higher than in the Gentile world, they were far below the dignity and authority of Christian women. Libanius, the friend of Julian, the Apostate, said, “O ye gods of Greece, how great are the women of the Christians!” Whence came the elevation of womanhood? Not from the ancient civilization, for it degraded them; not from Israel, for among the Jews the highest state of womanhood was the marriage state. The daughter of Jepthe went into the mountains to mourn not her death but

her virginity. The marriage state in the Christian world, though holy and good, is not the highest state. The state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman. But this is above the law of nature. It belongs to a higher order. And this life of virginity, in repression of natural passion and lawful instinct, is both above and against the tendencies of human nature. It begins in a mortification, and ends in a mastery, over the movements and ordinary laws of human nature. Who will ascribe this to natural causes? and, if so, why did it not appear in the first four thousand years? And when has it ever appeared except in a handful of vestal virgins, or in Oriental recluses, with what reality history shows? An exception proves a rule. No one will imagine that a life of chastity is impossible to nature; but the restriction is a repression of nature which individuals may acquire, but the multitude have never attained. A religion which imposes chastity on the unmarried, and upon its priesthood, and upon the multitudes of women in every age who devote themselves to the service of One Whom they have never seen, is a mortification of nature in so high a degree as to stand out as a fact and a phenomenon, of which mere natural causes afford no adequate solution. Its existence, not in a handful out of the millions of the world, but its prevalence and continuity in multitudes scattered throughout the Christian world, proves the presence of a cause higher than the laws of nature. So true is this, that jurists teach that the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience are contrary to "the policy of the law," that is, to the interests of the commonwealth, which desires the multiplication, enrichment, and liberty of its members.

To what has been said may be added the change wrought by Christianity upon the social, political, and international relations of the world. The root of this ethical change, private and public, is the Christian home. The authority of parents, the obedience of children, the love of brotherhood, are the three active powers which have raised the society of man above the level of the old world. Israel was head and shoulders above the world around it; but Christendom is high above Israel. The new Commandment of brotherly love, and the Sermon on the Mount, have wrought a revolution, both in private and public life. From this come the laws of justice and sympathy which bind together the nations of the Christian world. In the old world, even the most refined races, worshiped by our modern philosophers, held and taught that man could hold property in man. In its chief cities there were more slaves than free men. Who has taught the equality of men before the law, and extinguished the impious thought that man can hold property in man? It was no philosopher: even Aristotle taught that a slave was [—Greek—]. It was no lawgiver, for all taught the lawfulness of slavery till Christianity denied it. The Christian law has taught that man can lawfully sell his labor, but that he cannot lawfully be sold, or sell himself.

The necessity of being brief, the impossibility of drawing out the picture of the old world, its profound immoralities, its unimaginable cruelties, compels me to argue with my right hand tied behind me. I can do no more than point again to Mr. Brace's "Gesta Christi," or to Dr. Dollinger's "Gentile and Jew," as witnesses to the facts which I have stated or implied. No one who has not read such books, or mastered their contents by original study, can judge of the force of the assertion that Christianity has reformed the world by direct antagonism to the human will, and by a searching and firm repression of human passion. It has ascended the stream of

human license, *contra ictum fluminis*, by a power mightier than nature, and by laws of a higher order than the relaxations of this world.

Before Christianity came on earth, the civilization of man by merely natural force had culminated. It could not rise above its source; all that it could do was done; and the civilization in every race and empire had ended in decline and corruption. The old civilization was not regenerated. It passed away to give place to a new. But the new had a higher source, nobler laws and supernatural powers. The highest excellence of men and of nations is the civilization of Christianity. The human race has ascended into what we call Christendom, that is, into the new creation of charity and justice among men. Christendom was created by the worldwide Church as we see it before our eyes at this day. Philosophers and statesmen believe it to be the work of their own hands: they did not make it; but they have for three hundred years been unmaking it by reformations and revolutions. These are destructive forces. They build up nothing. It has been well said by Donoso Cortez that "the history of civilization is the history of Christianity, the history of Christianity is the history of the Church, the history of the Church is the history of the Pontiffs, the greatest statesmen and rulers that the world has ever seen."

Some years ago, a Professor of great literary reputation in England, who was supposed even then to be, as his subsequent writings have proved, a skeptic or non-Christian, published a well-known and very candid book, under the title of "Ecce Homo." The writer placed himself, as it were, outside of Christianity. He took, not the Church in the world as in this article, but the Christian Scriptures as a historical record, to be judged with forensic severity and absolute impartiality of mind. To the credit of the author, he fulfilled this pledge; and his conclusion shall here be given. After an examination of the life and character of the Author of Christianity, he proceeded to estimate His teaching and its effects under the following heads:

1. The Christian Legislation.
2. The Christian Republic.
3. Its Universality.
4. The Enthusiasm of Humanity.
5. The Lord's Supper.
6. Positive Morality.
7. Philanthropy.
8. Edification.
9. Mercy.
10. Resentment.
11. Forgiveness.

He then draws his conclusion as follows:

"The achievement of Christ in founding by his single will and power a structure so durable and so universal is like no other achievement which history records. The masterpieces of the men of action are coarse and commonplace in comparison with it, and the masterpieces of speculation flimsy and unsubstantial. When we speak of it the commonplaces of admiration fail us altogether. Shall we speak of the originality of the design, of the skill displayed in the execution? All such terms are inadequate.

Originality and contriving skill operate indeed, but, as it were, implicitly. The creative effort which produced that against which it is said the gates of hell shall not prevail cannot be analyzed. No architect's designs were furnished for the New Jerusalem; no committee drew up rules for the universal commonwealth. If in the works of nature we can trace the indications of calculation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications occur. But these inferior and secondary powers were not consciously exercised; they were implicitly present in the manifold yet single creative act. The inconceivable work was done in calmness; before the eyes of mea it was noiselessly accomplished, attracting little attention. Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech, which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, 'The Holy Ghost fell on those that believed'. No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walla and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe: 'it descended out of heaven from God.'"*

** "Ece Homo," Conclusion, p. 329, Fifth Edition. Macmillan, 1886.*

And yet the writer is, as he was then, still outside of Christianity.

III. We come now to our third point, that Christianity has always claimed a Divine origin and a Divine presence as the source of its authority and powers.

To prove this by texts from the New Testament would be to transcribe the volume; and if the evidence of the whole New Testament were put in, not only might some men deny its weight as evidence, but we should place our whole argument upon a false foundation. Christianity was anterior to the New Testament and is independent of it. The Christian Scriptures presuppose both the faith and the Church as already existing, known, and believed. *Prior liber quam stylus*: as Tertullian argued. The Gospel was preached before it was written. The four books were written to those who already believed, to confirm their faith. They were written at intervals: St. Matthew in Hebrew in the year 39, in Greek in 45. St. Mark in 43, St. Luke in 57, St. John about 90, in different places and for different motives. Four Gospels did not exist for sixty years, or two generations of men. St. Peter and St. Paul knew of only three of our four. In those sixty years the faith had spread from east to west. Saints and Martyrs had gone up to their crown who never saw a sacred book. The Apostolic Epistles prove the antecedent existence of the Churches to which they were addressed. Rome and Corinth, and Galatia and Ephesus, Philippi and Colossæ, were Churches with pastors and people before St. Paul wrote to them. The Church had already attested and executed its Divine legation before the New Testament existed; and when all its books were written they were not as yet collected into a volume. The earliest collection was about the beginning of the second century, and in the custody of the Church in Rome. We must, therefore, seek to know what was and is Christianity before and outside of the written books; and we have the same evidence for the oral tradition of the faith as we have for the New Testament itself. Both alike were in the custody of the Church; both are delivered to us by the same witness and on the same evidence. To reject either, is logically to reject both. Happily men are not saved by logic, but by faith. The millions of men in all ages have believed by

inheritance of truth divinely guarded and delivered to them. They have no need of logical analysis. They have believed from their childhood. Neither children nor those who *infantibus oquiparantur* are logicians. It is the penance of the doubter and the unbeliever to regain by toil his lost inheritance. It is a hard penance, like the suffering of those who eternally debate on "predestination, freewill, fate."

Between the death of St. John and the mature lifetime of St. Irenæus fifty years elapsed. St. Polycarp was disciple of St. John. St. Irenæus was disciple of St. Polycarp. The mind of St. John and the mind of St. Irenæus had only one intermediate intelligence, in contact with each. It would be an affectation of minute criticism to treat the doctrine of St. Irenaeus as a departure from the doctrine of St. Polycarp, or the doctrine of St. Polycarp as a departure from the doctrine of St. John. Moreover, St. John ruled the Church at Ephesus, and St. Irenaeus was born in Asia Minor about the year A. D. 120—that is, twenty years after St. John's death, when the Church in Asia Minor was still full of the light of his teaching and of the accents of his voice. Let us see how St. Irenæus describes the faith and the Church. In his work against Heresies, in Book iii. chap. i., he says, "We have known the way of our salvation by those through whom the Gospel came to us; which, indeed, they then preached, but afterwards, by the will of God, delivered to us in Scriptures, the future foundation and pillar of our faith. It is not lawful to say that they preached before they had perfect knowledge, as some dare to affirm, boasting themselves to be correctors of the Apostles. For after our Lord rose from the dead, and when they had been clothed with the power of the Holy Ghost, Who came upon them from on high, they were filled with all truths, and had knowledge which was perfect." In chapter ii. he adds that, "When they are refuted out of Scripture, they turn and accuse the Scriptures as erroneous, unauthoritative, and of various readings, so that the truth cannot be found by those who do not know tradition"—that is, their own. "But when we challenge them to come to the tradition of the Apostles, which is in custody of the succession of Presbyters in the Church, they turn against tradition, saying that they are not only wiser than the Presbyters, but even the Apostles, and have found the truth." "It therefore comes to pass that they will not agree either with the Scriptures or with tradition." (Ibid. c. iii.) "Therefore, all who desire to know the truth ought to look to the tradition of the Apostles, which is manifest in all the world and in all the Church. We are able to count up the Bishops who were instituted in the Church by the Apostles, and their successors to our day. They never taught nor knew such things as these men madly assert." "But as it would be too long in such a book as this to enumerate the successions of all the Churches, we point to the tradition of the greatest, most ancient Church, known to all, founded and constituted in Rome by the two glorious Apostles Peter and Paul, and to the faith announced to all men, coming down to us by the succession of Bishops, thereby confounding all those who, in any way, by self-pleasing, or vainglory, or blindness, or an evil mind, teach as they ought not. For with this Church, by reason of its greater principality, it is necessary that all churches should agree; that is, the faithful, wheresoever they be, for in that Church the tradition of the Apostles has been preserved." No comment need be made on the words the "greater principality," which have been perverted by every anti-Catholic writer from the time they were written to this day. But if any one will compare them with the words of St. Paul to the Colossians (chap. i. 18), describing the primacy of

the Head of the Church in heaven, it will appear almost certain that the original Greek of St. Irenæus, which is unfortunately lost, contained either [—Greek—], or some inflection of [—Greek—] which signifies primacy. However this may be, St. Irenæus goes on: "The blessed Apostles, having founded and instructed the Church, gave in charge the Episcopate, for the administration of the same, to Linus. Of this Linus, Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, makes mention. To him succeeded Anacletus, and after him, in the third place from the Apostles, Clement received the Episcopate, he who saw the Apostles themselves and conferred with them, while as yet he had the preaching of the Apostles in his ears and the tradition before his eyes; and not he only, but many who had been taught by the Apostles still survived. In the time of this Clement, when no little dissension had arisen among the brethren in Corinth, the Church in Rome wrote very powerful letters *potentissimas litteras* to the Corinthians, recalling them to peace, restoring their faith, and declaring the tradition which it had so short a time ago received from the Apostles." These letters of St. Clement are well known, but have lately become more valuable and complete by the discovery of fragments published in a new edition by Light-foot. In these fragments there is a tone of authority fully explaining the words of St. Irenæus. He then traces the succession of the Bishops of Rome to his own day, and adds: "This demonstration is complete to show that it is one and the same life-giving faith which has been preserved in the Church from the Apostles until now, and is handed on in truth." "Polycarp was not only taught by the Apostles, and conversed with many of those who had seen our Lord, but he also was constituted by the Apostles in Asia to be Bishop in the Church of Smyrna. We also saw him in our early youth, for he lived long, and when very old departed from this life most gloriously and nobly by martyrdom. He ever taught that what he had learned from the Apostles, and what the Church had delivered, those things only are true." In the fourth chapter, St. Irenæus goes on to say: "Since, then, there are such proofs (of the faith), the truth is no longer to be sought for among others, which it is easy to receive from the Church, forasmuch as the Apostles laid up all truth in fullness in a rich depository, that all who will may receive from it the water of life." "But what if the Apostles had not left us the Scriptures: ought we not to follow the order of tradition, which they gave in charge to them to whom they intrusted the Churches? To which order (of tradition) many barbarous nations yield assent, who believe in Christ without paper and ink, having salvation written by the Spirit in their hearts, and diligently holding the ancient tradition." In the twenty-sixth chapter of the same book he says: "Therefore, it is our duty to obey the Presbyters who are in the Church, who have succession from the Apostles, as we have already shown; who also with the succession of the Episcopate have the *charisma veritatis certum*," the spiritual and certain gift of truth.

I have quoted these passages at length, not so much as proofs of the Catholic Faith as to show the identity of the Church at its outset with the Church before our eyes at this hour, proving that the acorn has grown up into its oak, or, if you will, the identity of the Church at this hour with the Church of the Apostolic mission. These passages show the Episcopate, its central principality, its succession, its custody of the faith, its subsequent reception and guardianship of the Scriptures, Its Divine tradition, and the charisma or Divine assistance by which its perpetuity is secured in the succession

of the Apostles. This is almost verbally, after eighteen hundred years, the decree of the Vatican Council: *Veritatis et fidei nunquam deficientis charisma*.*

* *"Const. Dogmatica Prima de Ecclesia Christi," cap. iv.*

But St. Irenæus draws out in full the Church of this day. He shows the parallel of the first creation and of the second; of the first Adam and the Second; and of the analogy between the Incarnation or natural body, and the Church or mystical body of Christ. He says:

Our faith "we received from the Church, and guard.... as an excellent gift in a noble vessel, always full of youth, and making youthful the vessel itself in which it is. For this gift of God is intrusted to the Church, as the breath of life (*was imparted*) to the first man, so this end, that all the members partaking of it might be quickened with life. And thus the communication of Christ is imparted; that is, the Holy Ghost, the earnest of incorruption, the confirmation of the faith, the way of ascent to God. For in the Church (St. Paul says) God placed Apostles, Prophets, Doctors, and all other operations of the Spirit, of which none are partakers who do not come to the Church, thereby depriving themselves of life by a perverse mind and worse deeds. For where the Church is, there is also the Spirit of God; and where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church, and all grace. But the Spirit is truth. Wherefore, they who do not partake of Him (*the Spirit*), and are not nurtured unto life at the breast of the mother (*the Church*), do not receive of that most pure fountain which proceeds from the Body of Christ, but dig out for themselves broken pools from the trenches of the earth, and drink water soiled with mire, because they turn aside from the faith of the Church lest they should be convicted, and reject the Spirit lest they should be taught."* Again he says: "The Church, scattered throughout the world, even unto the ends of the earth, received from the Apostles and their disciples the faith in one God the Father Almighty, that made the heaven and the earth, and the seas, and all things that are in them." &c.**

**St. Irenæus, Cont. Hezret lib. iii. cap. xxiv.*

*** Lib. i. cap. x.*

He then recites the doctrines of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and His coming again to raise all men, to judge men and angels, and to give sentence of condemnation or of life everlasting. How much soever the language may vary from other forms, such is the substance of the Baptismal Creed. He then adds:

"The Church having received this preaching and this faith, as we have said before, although it be scattered abroad through the whole world, carefully preserves it, dwelling as in one habitation, and believes alike in these (doctrines) as though she had one soul and the same heart: and in strict accord, as though she had one mouth, proclaims, and teaches, and delivers onward these things. And although there may be many diverse languages in the world, yet the power of the tradition is one and the same. And neither do the Churches planted in Germany believe otherwise, or otherwise deliver (the faith), nor those in Iberia, nor among the Celtae, nor in the East, nor in Egypt, nor in Libya, nor they that are planted in the mainland. But as the

sun, which is God's creature, in all the world is one and the same, so also the preaching of the truth shineth everywhere, and lightened all men that are willing to come to the knowledge of the truth. And neither will any ruler of the Church, though he be mighty in the utterance of truth, teach otherwise than thus (for no man is above the master), nor will he that is weak in the same diminish from the tradition; for the faith being one and the same, he that is able to say most of it hath nothing over, and he that is able to say least hath no lack."*

* *St. Irenaeus, lib. i. c. x.*

To St. Irenaeus, then, the Church was "the irrefragable witness of its own legation." When did it cease so to be? It would be easy to multiply quotations from Tertullian in A. D. 200, from St. Cyprian a. d. 250, from St. Augustine and St. Optatus in A. d. 350, from St. Leo in a. d. 450, all of which are on the same traditional lines of faith in a divine mission to the world and of a divine assistance in its discharge. But I refrain from doing so because I should have to write not an article but a folio. Any Catholic theology will give the passages which are now before me; or one such book as the Loci Theologici of Melchior Canus will suffice to show the continuity and identity of the tradition of St. Irenaeus and the tradition of the Vatican Council, in which the universal church last declared the immutable faith and its own legation to mankind.

The world-wide testimony of the Catholic Church is a sufficient witness to prove the coming of the Incarnate Son to redeem mankind, and to return to His Father; it is also sufficient to prove the advent of the Holy Ghost to abide with us for ever. The work of the Son in this world was accomplished by the Divine acts and facts of His three-and-thirty years of life, death, Resurrection, and Ascension. The office of the Holy Ghost is perpetual, not only as the Illuminator and Sanctifier of all who believe, but also as the Life and Guide of the Church. I may quote now the words of the Founder of the Church: "It is expedient to you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you."* "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you for ever."** "The Spirit of Truth, Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and shall be in you."***

* *St. John, xvi. 7.*

** *Ibid, xiv. 16.*

*** *St.John, xiv. 16, 17.*

St. Paul in the Epistles to the Ephesians describes the Church as a body of which the Head is in heaven, and the Author of its indefectible life abiding in it as His temple. Therefore the words, "He that heareth you heareth Me." This could not be if the witness of the Apostles had been only human. A Divine guidance was attached to the office they bore. They were, therefore, also judges of right and wrong, and teachers by Divine guidance of the truth. But the presence and guidance of the Spirit of Truth is as full at this day as when St. Irenæus wrote. As the Churches then were witnesses, judges, and teachers, so is the Church at this hour a world-wide witness, an unerring judge and teacher, divinely guided and guarded in the truth. It is therefore not only a human and historical, but a Divine witness. This is the chief Divine truth which the

last three hundred years have obscured. Modern Christianity believes in the one advent of the Redeemer, but rejects the full and personal advent of the Holy Ghost. And yet the same evidence proves both. The Christianity of reformers, always returns to Judaism, because they reject the full, or do not believe the personal, advent of the Holy Ghost. They deny that there is an infallible teacher, among men; and therefore they return to the types and shadows of the Law before the Incarnation, when the Head was not yet incarnate, and the Body of Christ did not as yet exist.

But perhaps some one will say, “I admit your description of the Church as it is now and as it was in the days of St. Irenæus; but the eighteen hundred years of which you have said nothing were ages of declension, disorder, superstition, demoralization.” I will answer by a question: was not this foretold? Was not the Church to be a field of wheat and tares growing together till the harvest at the end of the world? There were Cathari of old, and Puritans since, impatient at the patience of God in bearing with the perversities and corruptions of the human intellect and will. The Church, like its Head in heaven, is both human and divine. “He was crucified in weakness,” but no power of man could wound His divine nature. So with the Church, which is His Body. Its human element may corrupt and die; its divine life, sanctity, authority, and structure cannot die; nor can the errors of human intellect fasten upon its faith, nor the immoralities of the human will fasten upon its sanctity. Its organization of Head and Body is of divine creation, divinely guarded by the Holy Ghost, who quickens it by His indwelling, and guides it by His light. It is in itself incorrupt and incorruptible in the midst of corruption, as the light of heaven falls upon all the decay and corruption in the world, unsullied and unalterably pure. We are never concerned to deny or to cloak the sins of Christians or of Catholics. They may destroy themselves, but they cannot infect the Church from which they fall. The fall of Lucifer left no stain behind him.

When men accuse the Church of corruption, they reveal the fact that to them the Church is a human institution, of voluntary aggregation or of legislative enactment. They reveal the fact that to them the Church is not an object of Divine faith, as the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar. They do not perceive or will not believe that the articles of the Baptismal Creed are objects of faith, divinely revealed or divinely created. “I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins,” are all objects of faith in a Divine order. They are present in human history, but the human element which envelops them has no power to infect or to fasten upon them. Until this is perceived there can be no true or full belief in the advent and office of the Holy Ghost, or in the nature and sacramental action of the Church. It is the visible means and pledge of light and of sanctification to all who do not bar their intellect and their will against its inward and spiritual grace. The Church is not on probation. It is the instrument of probation to the world. As the light of the world, it is changeless as the firmament As the source of sanctification, it is inexhaustible as the Rivex of Life. The human and external history of men calling themselves Christian and Catholic has been at times as degrading and abominable as any adversary is pleased to say. But the sanctity of the Church is no more affected by human sins than was Baptism by the hypocrisy of Simon Magus. The Divine foundation, and office, and mission of the Church is a part of Christianity. They who deny it deny an article of faith; they who believe it

imperfectly are the followers of a fragmentary Christianity of modern date. Who can be a disciple of Jesus Christ who does not believe the words? “On this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;” “As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you;”* “I dispose to you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, a kingdom;”** “All power in heaven and earth is given unto Me. Go, therefore, and teach all nations;”*** “He that heareth you heareth Me;”**** “I will be with you always, even unto the end of the world;”(v) “When the days of Pentecost were accomplished they were all together in one place: and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were, of fire;” “And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost;” (vi) “It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay upon you no other burdens.”(vii) But who denies that the Apostles claimed a Divine mission? and who can deny that the Catholic and Roman Church from St. Irenæus to Leo XIII. has ever and openly claimed the same, invoking in all its supreme acts as witness, teacher, and legislator the presence, light, and guidance of the Holy Ghost? As the preservation of all created things is by the same creative power produced in perpetual and universal action, so the indefectibility of the Church and of the faith is by the perpetuity of the presence and office of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. Therefore, St. Augustine calls the day of Pentecost, Natalis Spiritus Sancti.

**St. John, xx. 21.*

*** St. Luke, xxii. 29.*

**** St. Matthew, xxviii. 18, 19.*

***** St. Luke, x. 10.*

(v) St. Matthew, xxviii. 20.

(vii)Acts, ii. 1-5.

(viii) Acts, xv. 28.

It is more than time that I should make an end; and to do so it will be well to sum up the heads of our argument. The Vatican Council declares that the world-wide Church is the irrefragable witness of its own legation or mission to mankind.

In proof of this I have affirmed:

1. That the imperishable existence of Christianity, and the vast and undeniable revolution that it has wrought in men and in nations, in the moral elevation of manhood and of womanhood, and in the domestic, social and political life of the Christian world, cannot be accounted for by any natural causes, or by any forces that are, as philosophers say, *intra possibilitatem natures*, within the limits of what is possible to man.

2. That this world-wide and permanent elevation of the Christian world, in comparison with both the old world and the modern world outside of Christianity, demands a cause higher than the possibility of nature.

3. That the Church has always claimed a Divine origin and a Divine office and authority in virtue of a perpetual Divine assistance. To this even the Christian world, in all its fragments external to the Catholic unity, bears witness. It is turned to our

reproach. They rebuke us for holding the teaching of the Church to be infallible. We take the rebuke as a testimony of our changeless faith. It is not enough for men to say that they refuse to believe this account of the visible and palpable fact of the imperishable Christianity of the Catholic and Roman Church. They must find a more reasonable, credible, and adequate account for it. This no man has yet done. The denials are many and the solutions are many; but they do not agree together. Their multiplicity is proof of their human origin. The claim of the Catholic Church to a Divine authority and to a Divine assistance is one and the same in every age, and is identical in every place. Error is not the principle of unity, nor truth of variations.

The Church has guarded the doctrine of the Apostles, by Divine assistance, with unerring fidelity. The articles of the faith are to-day the same in number as in the beginning. The explicit definition of their implicit meaning has expanded from age to age, as the everchanging denials and perversions of the world have demanded new definitions of the ancient truth. The world is against all dogma, because it is impatient of definiteness and certainty in faith. It loves open questions and the liberty of error. The Church is dogmatic for fear of error. Every truth defined adds to its treasure. It narrows the field of error and enlarges the inheritance of truth. The world and the Church are ever moving in opposite directions. As the world becomes more vague and uncertain, the Church becomes more definite. It moves against wind and tide, against the stress and storm of the world. There was never a more luminous evidence of this supernatural fact than in the Vatican Council. For eight months all that the world could say and do, like the four winds of heaven, was directed upon it. Governments, statesmen, diplomatists, philosophers, intriguers, mockers, and traitors did their utmost and their worst against it. They were in dread lest the Church should declare that by Divine assistance its Head in faith and morals cannot err; for if this be true, man did not found it, man cannot reform it, man cannot teach it to interpret its history or its acts. It knows its own history, and is the supreme witness of its own legation.

I am well aware that I have been writing truisms, and repeating trite and trivial arguments. They are trite because the feet of the faithful for nearly nineteen hundred years have worn them in their daily life; they are trivial because they point to the one path in which the wayfarer, though a fool, shall not err.

Henry Edward, (Cardinal Manning), Card. Archbishop of Westminster.

ROME OR REASON: A REPLY TO CARDINAL MANNING.

Superstition "has ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision."

I.

CARDINAL MANNING has stated the claims of the Roman Catholic Church with great clearness, and apparently without reserve. The age, position and learning of this man give a certain weight to his words, apart from their worth. He represents the oldest of the Christian churches. The questions involved are among the most important that can engage the human mind. No one having the slightest regard for that superb thing known as intellectual honesty, will avoid the issues tendered, or seek in any way to gain a victory over truth.

Without candor, discussion, in the highest sense, is impossible. All have the same interest, whether they know it or not, in the establishment of facts. All have the same to gain, the same to lose. He loads the dice against himself who scores a point against the right.

Absolute honesty is to the intellectual perception what light is to the eyes. Prejudice and passion cloud the mind. In each disputant should be blended the advocate and judge.

In this spirit, having in view only the ascertainment of the truth, let us examine the arguments, or rather the statements and conclusions, of Cardinal Manning.

The proposition is that "The church itself, by its marvelous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, is a vast and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own divine legation."

The reasons given as supporting this proposition are:

That the Catholic Church interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world; that it is extranational and independent in a supernational unity; that it is the same in every place; that it speaks all languages in the civilized world; that it is obedient to one head; that as many as seven hundred bishops have knelt before the pope; that pilgrims from all nations have brought gifts to Rome, and that all these things set forth in the most self-evident way the unity and universality of the Roman Church.

It is also asserted that "men see the Head of the Church year by year speaking to the nations of the world, treating with Empires, Republics and Governments;" that "there is no other man on earth that can so bear himself," and that "neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople can such a voice go forth to which rulers and people listen."

It is also claimed that the Catholic Church has enlightened and purified the world; that it has given us the peace and purity of domestic life; that it has destroyed idolatry and demonology; that it gave us a body of law from a higher source than man; that it has produced the civilization of Christendom; that the popes were the greatest of statesmen and rulers; that celibacy is better than marriage, and that the revolutions and reformations of the last three hundred years have been destructive and calamitous.

We will examine these assertions as well as some others.

No one will dispute that the Catholic Church is the best witness of its own existence. The same is true of every thing that exists—of every church, great and small, of every man, and of every insect.

But it is contended that the marvelous growth or propagation of the church is evidence of its divine origin. Can it be said that success is supernatural? All success in this world is relative. Majorities are not necessarily right. If anything is known—if anything can be known—we are sure that very large bodies of men have frequently been wrong. We believe in what is called the progress of mankind. Progress, for the most part, consists in finding new truths and getting rid of old errors—that is to say,

getting nearer and nearer in harmony with the facts of nature, seeing with greater clearness the conditions of well-being.

There is no nation in which a majority leads the way. In the progress of mankind, the few have been the nearest right. There have been centuries in which the light seemed to emanate only from a handful of men, while the rest of the world was enveloped in darkness. Some great man leads the way—he becomes the morning star, the prophet of a coming day. Afterward, many millions accept his views. But there are still heights above and beyond; there are other pioneers, and the old day, in comparison with the new, becomes a night. So, we cannot say that success demonstrates either divine origin or supernatural aid.

We know, if we know anything, that wisdom has often been trampled beneath the feet of the multitude. We know that the torch of science has been blown out by the breath of the hydra-headed. We know that the whole intellectual heaven has been darkened again and again. The truth or falsity of a proposition cannot be determined by ascertaining the number of those who assert, or of those who deny.

If the marvelous propagation of the Catholic Church proves its divine origin, what shall we say of the marvelous propagation of Mohammedanism?

Nothing can be clearer than that Christianity arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire—that is to say, the ruins of Paganism. And it is equally clear that Mohammedanism arose out of the wreck and ruin of Catholicism.

After Mohammed came upon the stage, “Christianity was forever expelled from its most glorious seats—from Palestine, the scene of its most sacred recollections; from Asia Minor, that of its first churches; from Egypt, whence issued the great doctrine of Trinitarian Orthodoxy, and from Carthage, who imposed her belief on Europe.” Before that time “the ecclesiastical chiefs of Rome, of Constantinople, and of Alexandria were engaged in a desperate struggle for supremacy, carrying out their purposes by weapons and in ways revolting to the conscience of man. Bishops were concerned in assassinations, poisonings, adulteries, blindings, riots, treasons, civil war. Patriarchs and primates were excommunicating and anathematizing one another in their rivalries for earthly power—bribing eunuchs with gold and courtesans and royal females with concessions of episcopal love. Among legions of monks who carried terror into the imperial armies and riot into the great cities arose hideous clamors for theological dogmas, but never a voice for intellectual liberty or the outraged rights of man.

“Under these circumstances, amid these atrocities and crimes, Mohammed arose, and raised his own nation from Fetichism, the adoration of the meteoric stone, and from the basest idol worship, and irrevocably wrenched from Christianity more than half—and that by far the best half—of her possessions, since it included the Holy Land, the birth-place of the Christian faith, and Africa, which had imparted to it its Latin form; and now, after a lapse of more than a thousand years that continent, and a very large part of Asia, remain permanently attached to the Arabian doctrine.”

It may be interesting in this connection to say that the Mohammedan now proves the divine mission of his apostle by appealing to the marvelous propagation of the faith.

If the argument is good in the mouth of a Catholic, is it not good in the mouth of a Moslem? Let us see if it is not better.

According to Cardinal Manning, the Catholic Church triumphed only over the institutions of men—triumphed only over religions that had been established by men,—by wicked and ignorant men. But Mohammed triumphed not only over the religions of men, but over the religion of God. This ignorant driver of camels, this poor, unknown, unlettered boy, unassisted by God, unenlightened by supernatural means, drove the armies of the true cross before him as the winter's storm drives withered leaves. At his name, priests, bishops, and cardinals fled with white faces—popes trembled, and the armies of God, fighting for the true faith, were conquered on a thousand fields.

If the success of a church proves its divinity, and after that another church arises and defeats the first, what does that prove?

Let us put this question in a milder form: Suppose the second church lives and flourishes in spite of the first, what does that prove?

As a matter of fact, however, no church rises with everything against it. Something is favorable to it, or it could not exist. If it succeeds and grows, it is absolutely certain that the conditions are favorable. If it spreads rapidly, it simply shows that the conditions are exceedingly favorable, and that the forces in opposition are weak and easily overcome.

Here, in my own country, within a few years, has arisen a new religion. Its foundations were laid in an intelligent community, having had the advantages of what is known as modern civilization. Yet this new faith—founded on the grossest absurdities, as gross as we find in the Scriptures—in spite of all opposition began to grow, and kept growing. It was subjected to persecution, and the persecution increased its strength. It was driven from State to State by the believers in universal love, until it left what was called civilization, crossed the wide plains, and took up its abode on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. It continued to grow. Its founder, as he declared, had frequent conversations with God, and received directions from that source. Hundreds of miracles were performed—multitudes upon the desert were miraculously fed—the sick were cured—the dead were raised, and the Mormon Church continued to grow, until now, less than half a century after the death of its founder, there are several hundred thousand believers in the new faith.

Do you think that men enough could join this church to prove the truth of its creed?

Joseph Smith said that he found certain golden plates that had been buried for many generations, and upon these plates, in some unknown language, had been engraved this new revelation, and I think he insisted that by the use of miraculous mirrors this language was translated. If there should be Mormon bishops in all the countries of the world, eighteen hundred years from now, do you think a cardinal of that faith could prove the truth of the golden plates simply by the fact that the faith had spread and that seven hundred bishops had knelt before the head of that church?

It seems to me that a "supernatural" religion—that is to say, a religion that is claimed to have been divinely founded and to be authenticated by miracles, is much easier to

establish among an ignorant people than any other—and the more ignorant the people, the easier such a religion could be established. The reason for this is plain. All ignorant tribes, all savage men, believe in the miraculous, in the supernatural. The conception of uniformity, of what may be called the eternal consistency of nature, is an idea far above their comprehension. They are forced to think in accordance with their minds, and as a consequence they account for all phenomena by the acts of superior beings—that is to say, by the supernatural. In other words, that religion having most in common with the savage, having most that was satisfactory to his mind, or to his lack of mind, would stand the best chance of success.

It is probably safe to say that at one time, or during one phase of the development of man, everything was miraculous. After a time, the mind slowly developing, certain phenomena, always happening under like conditions, were called “natural,” and none suspected any special interference. The domain of the miraculous grew less and less—the domain of the natural larger; that is to say, the common became the natural, but the uncommon was still regarded as the miraculous. The rising and setting of the sun ceased to excite the wonder of mankind—there was no miracle about that; but an eclipse of the sun was miraculous. Men did not then know that eclipses are periodical, that they happen with the same certainty that the sun rises. It took many observations through many generations to arrive at this conclusion. Ordinary rains became “natural,” floods remained “miraculous.”

But it can all be summed up in this: The average man regards the common as natural, the uncommon as supernatural. The educated man—and by that I mean the developed man—is satisfied that all phenomena are natural, and that the supernatural does not and can not exist.

As a rule, an individual is egotistic in the proportion that he lacks intelligence. The same is true of nations and races. The barbarian is egotistic enough to suppose that an Infinite Being is constantly doing something, or failing to do something, on his account. But as man rises in the scale of civilization, as he becomes really great, he comes to the conclusion that nothing in Nature happens on his account—that he is hardly great enough to disturb the motions of the planets.

Let us make an application of this: To me, the success of Mormonism is no evidence of its truth, because it has succeeded only with the superstitious. It has been recruited from communities brutalized by other forms of superstition. To me, the success of Mohammed does not tend to show that he was right—for the reason that he triumphed only over the ignorant, over the superstitious. The same is true of the Catholic Church. Its seeds were planted in darkness. It was accepted by the credulous, by men incapable of reasoning upon such questions. It did not, it has not, it can not triumph over the intellectual world. To count its many millions does not tend to prove the truth of its creed. On the contrary, a creed that delights the credulous gives evidence against itself.

Questions of fact or philosophy cannot be settled simply by numbers. There was a time when the Copernican system of astronomy had but few supporters—the multitude being on the other side. There was a time when the rotation of the earth was not believed by the majority.

Let us press this idea further. There was a time when Christianity was not in the majority, anywhere. Let us suppose that the first Christian missionary had met a prelate of the Pagan faith, and suppose this prelate had used against the Christian missionary the Cardinal's argument—how could the missionary have answered if the Cardinal's argument is good?

But, after all, is the success of the Catholic Church a marvel? If this church is of divine origin, if it has been under the especial care, protection and guidance of an Infinite Being, is not its failure far more wonderful than its success? For eighteen centuries it has persecuted and preached, and the salvation of the world is still remote. This is the result, and it may be asked whether it is worth while to try to convert the world to Catholicism.

Are Catholics better than Protestants? Are they nearer honest, nearer just, more charitable? Are Catholic nations better than Protestant? Do the Catholic nations move in the van of progress? Within their jurisdiction are life, liberty and property safer than anywhere else? Is Spain the first nation of the world?

Let me ask another question: Are Catholics or Protestants better than Freethinkers? Has the Catholic Church produced a greater man than Humboldt? Has the Protestant produced a greater than Darwin? Was not Emerson, so far as purity of life is concerned, the equal of any true believer? Was Pius IX., or any other vicar of Christ, superior to Abraham Lincoln?

But it is claimed that the Catholic Church is universal, and that its universality demonstrates its divine origin.

According to the Bible, the apostles were ordered to go into all the world and preach the gospel—yet not one of them, nor one of their converts at any time, nor one of the vicars of God, for fifteen hundred years afterward, knew of the existence of the Western Hemisphere. During all that time, can it be said that the Catholic Church was universal? At the close of the fifteenth century, there was one-half of the world in which the Catholic faith had never been preached, and in the other half not one person in ten had ever heard of it, and of those who had heard of it, not one in ten believed it. Certainly the Catholic Church was not then universal.

Is it universal now? What impression has Catholicism made upon the many millions of China, of Japan, of India, of Africa? Can it truthfully be said that the Catholic Church is now universal? When any church becomes universal, it will be the only church. There cannot be two universal churches, neither can there be one universal church and any other.

The Cardinal next tries to prove that the Catholic Church is divine, "by its eminent sanctity and its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things."

And here let me admit that there are many millions of good Catholics—that is, of good men and women who are Catholics. It is unnecessary to charge universal dishonesty or hypocrisy, for the reason that this would be only a kind of personality. Many thousands of heroes have died in defence of the faith, and millions of Catholics have killed and been killed for the sake of their religion.

And here it may be well enough to say that martyrdom does not even tend to prove the truth of a religion. The man who dies in flames, standing by what he believes to be true, establishes, not the truth of what he believes, but his sincerity.

Without calling in question the intentions of the Catholic Church, we can ascertain whether it has been "inexhaustibly fruitful in all good things," and whether it has been "eminent for its sanctity."

In the first place, nothing can be better than goodness. Nothing is more sacred, or can be more sacred, than the wellbeing of man. All things that tend to increase or preserve the happiness of the human race are good—that is to say, they are sacred. All things that tend to the destruction of man's well-being, that tend to his unhappiness, are bad, no matter by whom they are taught or done.

It is perfectly certain that the Catholic Church has taught, and still teaches, that intellectual liberty is dangerous—that it should not be allowed. It was driven to take this position because it had taken another. It taught, and still teaches, that a certain belief is necessary to salvation. It has always known that investigation and inquiry led, or might lead, to doubt; that doubt leads, or may lead, to heresy, and that heresy leads to hell. In other words, the Catholic Church has something more important than this world, more important than the well-being of man here. It regards this life as an opportunity for joining that church, for accepting that creed, and for the saving of your soul.

If the Catholic Church is right in its premises, it is right in its conclusion. If it is necessary to believe the Catholic creed in order to obtain eternal joy, then, of course, nothing else in this world is, comparatively speaking, of the slightest importance. Consequently, the Catholic Church has been, and still is, the enemy of intellectual freedom, of investigation, of inquiry—in other words, the enemy of progress in secular things.

The result of this was an effort to compel all men to accept the belief necessary to salvation. This effort naturally divided itself into persuasion and persecution.

It will be admitted that the good man is kind, merciful, charitable, forgiving and just. A church must be judged by the same standard. Has the church been merciful? Has it been "fruitful in the good things" of justice, charity and forgiveness? Can a good man, believing a good doctrine, persecute for opinion's sake? If the church imprisons a man for the expression of an honest opinion, is it not certain, either that the doctrine of the church is wrong, or that the church is bad? Both cannot be good. "Sanctity" without goodness is impossible. Thousands of "saints" have been the most malicious of the human race. If the history of the world proves anything, it proves that the Catholic Church was for many centuries the most merciless institution that ever existed among men. I cannot believe that the instruments of persecution were made and used by the eminently good; neither can I believe that honest people were imprisoned, tortured, and burned at the stake by a church that was "inexhaustibly fruitful in all good things."

And let me say here that I have no Protestant prejudices against Catholicism, and have no Catholic prejudices against Protestantism. I regard all religions either

without prejudice or with the same prejudice. They were all, according to my belief, devised by men, and all have for a foundation ignorance of this world and fear of the next. All the Gods have been made by men. They are all equally powerful and equally useless. I like some of them better than I do others, for the same reason that I admire some characters in fiction more than I do others. I prefer Miranda to Caliban, but have not the slightest idea that either of them existed. So I prefer Jupiter to Jehovah, although perfectly satisfied that both are myths. I believe myself to be in a frame of mind to justly and fairly consider the claims of different religions, believing as I do that all are wrong, and admitting as I do that there is some good in all.

When one speaks of the "inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things" of the Catholic Church, we remember the horrors and atrocities of the Inquisition—the rewards offered by the Roman Church for the capture and murder of honest men. We remember the Dominican Order, the members of which, upheld by the vicar of Christ, pursued the heretics like sleuth hounds, through many centuries.

The church, "inexhaustible in fruitfulness in all good things," not only imprisoned and branded and burned the living, but violated the dead. It robbed graves, to the end that it might convict corpses of heresy—to the end that it might take from widows their portions and from orphans their patrimony.

We remember the millions in the darkness of dungeons—the millions who perished by the sword—the vast multitudes destroyed in flames—those who were flayed alive—those who were blinded—those whose tongues were cut out—those into whose ears were poured molten lead—those whose eyes were deprived of their lids—those who were tortured and tormented in every way by which pain could be inflicted and human nature overcome.

And we remember, too, the exultant cry of the church over the bodies of her victims: "Their bodies were burned here, but their souls are now tortured in hell."

We remember that the church, by treachery, bribery, perjury, and the commission of every possible crime, got possession and control of Christendom, and we know the use that was made of this power—that it was used to brutalize, degrade, stupefy, and "sanctify" the children of men. We know also that the vicars of Christ were persecutors for opinion's sake—that they sought to destroy the liberty of thought through fear—that they endeavored to make every brain a bastile in which the mind should be a convict—that they endeavored to make every tongue a prisoner, watched by a familiar of the Inquisition—and that they threatened punishment here, imprisonment here, burnings here, and, in the name of their God, eternal imprisonment and eternal burnings hereafter.

We know, too, that the Catholic Church was, during all the years of its power, the enemy of every science. It preferred magic to medicine, relics to remedies, priests to physicians. It thought more of astrologers than of astronomers. It hated geologists—it persecuted the chemist, and imprisoned the naturalist, and opposed every discovery calculated to improve the condition of mankind.

It is impossible to forget the persecutions of the Cathari, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Hussites, the Huguenots, and of every sect that had the courage to

think just a little for itself. Think of a woman—the mother of a family—taken from her children and burned, on account of her view as to the three natures of Jesus Christ. Think of the Catholic Church,—an institution with a Divine Founder, presided over by the agent of God—punishing a woman for giving a cup of cold water to a fellow-being who had been anathematized. Think of this church, "fruitful in all good things," launching its curse at an honest man—not only cursing him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet with a fiendish particularity, but having at the same time the impudence to call on God, and the Holy Ghost, and Jesus Christ, and the Virgin Mary, to join in the curse; and to curse him not only here, but forever hereafter—calling upon all the saints and upon all the redeemed to join in a hallelujah of curses, so that earth and heaven should reverberate with countless curses launched at a human being simply for having expressed an honest thought.

This church, so "fruitful in all good things," invented crimes that it might punish. This church tried men for a "suspicion of heresy"—imprisoned them for the vice of being suspected—stripped them of all they had on earth and allowed them to rot in dungeons, because they were guilty of the crime of having been suspected. This was a part of the Canon Law.

It is too late to talk about the "invincible stability" of the Catholic Church.

It was not invincible in the seventh, in the eighth, or in the ninth centuries. It was not invincible in Germany in Luther's day. It was not invincible in the Low Countries. It was not invincible in Scotland, or in England. It was not invincible in France. It is not invincible in Italy, It is not supreme in any intellectual centre of the world. It does not triumph in Paris, or Berlin; it is not dominant in London, in England; neither is it triumphant in the United States. It has not within its fold the philosophers, the statesmen, and the thinkers, who are the leaders of the human race.

It is claimed that Catholicism "interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world," and that "in some it holds the whole nation in its unity."

I suppose the Catholic Church is more powerful in Spain than in any other nation. The history of this nation demonstrates the result of Catholic supremacy, the result of an acknowledgment by a people that a certain religion is too sacred to be examined.

Without attempting in an article of this character to point out the many causes that contributed to the adoption of Catholicism by the Spanish people, it is enough to say that Spain, of all nations, has been and is the most thoroughly Catholic, and the most thoroughly interpenetrated and dominated by the spirit of the Church of Rome.

Spain used the sword of the church. In the name of religion it endeavored to conquer the Infidel world. It drove from its territory the Moors, not because they were bad, not because they were idle and dishonest, but because they were Infidels. It expelled the Jews, not because they were ignorant or vicious, but because they were unbelievers. It drove out the Moriscoes, and deliberately made outcasts of the intelligent, the industrious, the honest and the useful, because they were not Catholics. It leaped like a wild beast upon the Low Countries, for the destruction of Protestantism. It covered the seas with its fleets, to destroy the intellectual liberty of

man. And not only so—it established the Inquisition within its borders. It imprisoned the honest, it burned the noble, and succeeded after many years of devotion to the true faith, in destroying the industry, the intelligence, the usefulness, the genius, the nobility and the wealth of a nation. It became a wreck, a jest of the conquered, and excited the pity of its former victims.

In this period of degradation, the Catholic Church held "the whole nation in its unity."

At last Spain began to deviate from the path of the church It made a treaty with an Infidel power. In 1782 it became humble enough, and wise enough, to be friends with Turkey. It made treaties with Tripoli and Algiers and the Barbary States. It had become too poor to ransom the prisoners taken by these powers. It began to appreciate the fact that it could neither conquer nor convert the world by the sword.

Spain has progressed in the arts and sciences, in all that tends to enrich and ennoble a nation, in the precise proportion that she has lost faith in the Catholic Church. This may be said of every other nation in Christendom. Torquemada is dead; Castelar is alive. The dungeons of the Inquisition are empty, and a little light has penetrated the clouds and mists—not much, but a little. Spain is not yet clothed and in her right mind. A few years ago the cholera visited Madrid and other cities. Physicians were mobbed. Processions of saints carried the host through the streets for the purpose of staying the plague. The streets were not cleaned; the sewers were filled. Filth and faith, old partners, reigned supreme. The church, "eminent for its sanctity," stood in the light and cast its shadow on the ignorant and the prostrate. The church, in its "inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things," allowed its children to perish through ignorance, and used the diseases it had produced as an instrumentality to further enslave its votaries and its victims.

No one will deny that many of its priests exhibited heroism of the highest order in visiting the sick and administering what are called the consolations of religion to the dying, and in burying the dead. It is necessary neither to deny or disparage the self-denial and goodness of these men. But their religion did more than all other causes to produce the very evils that called for the exhibition of self-denial and heroism. One scientist in control of Madrid could have prevented the plague. In such cases, cleanliness is far better than "godliness;" science is superior to superstition; drainage much better than divinity; therapeutics more excellent than theology. Goodness is not enough—intelligence is necessary. Faith is not sufficient, creeds are helpless, and prayers fruitless.

It is admitted that the Catholic Church exists in many nations; that it is dominated, at least in a great degree, by the Bishop of Rome—that it is international in that sense, and that in that sense it has what may be called a "supernational unity." The same, however, is true of the Masonic fraternity. It exists in many nations, but it is not a national body. It is in the same sense extranational, in the same sense international, and has in the same sense a supernational unity. So the same may be said of other societies. This, however, does not tend to prove that anything supernational is supernatural.

It is also admitted that in faith, worship, ceremonial, discipline and government, the Catholic Church is substantially the same wherever it exists. This establishes the unity, but not the divinity, of the institution.

The church that does not allow investigation, that teaches that all doubts are wicked, attains unity through tyranny, that is, monotony by repression. Wherever man has had something like freedom, differences have appeared, heresies have taken root, and the divisions have become permanent—new sects have been born and the Catholic Church has been weakened. The boast of unity is the confession of tyranny.

It is insisted that the unity of the church substantiates its claim to divine origin. This is asserted over and over again, in many ways; and yet in the Cardinal's article is found this strange mingling of boast and confession: "Was it only by the human power of man that the unity, external and internal, which for fourteen hundred years had been supreme, was once more restored in the Council of Constance, never to be broken again?"

By this it is admitted that the internal and external unity of the Catholic Church had been broken, and that it required more than human power to restore it. Then the boast is made that it will never be broken again. Yet it is asserted that the internal and external unity of the Catholic Church is the great fact that demonstrates its divine origin.

Now, if this internal and external unity was broken, and remained broken for years, there was an interval during which the church had no internal or external unity, and during which the evidence of divine origin failed. The unity was broken in spite of the Divine Founder. This is admitted by the use of the word "again." The unbroken unity of the church is asserted, and upon this assertion is based the claim of divine origin; it is then admitted that the unity was broken. The argument is then shifted, and the claim is made that it required more than human power to restore the internal and external unity of the church, and that the restoration, not the unity, is proof of the divine origin. Is there any contradiction beyond this?

Let us state the case in another way. Let us suppose that a man has a sword which he claims was made by God, stating that the reason he knows that God made the sword is that it never had been and never could be broken. Now, if it was afterwards ascertained that it had been broken, and the owner admitted that it had been, what would be thought of him if he then took the ground that it had been welded, and that the welding was the evidence that it was of divine origin?

A prophecy is then indulged in, to the effect that the internal and external unity of the church can never be broken again. It is admitted that it was broken—it is asserted that it was divinely restored—and then it is declared that it is never to be broken again. No reason is given for this prophecy; it must be born of the facts already stated. Put in a form to be easily understood, it is this:

We know that the unity of the church can never be broken, because the church is of divine origin.

We know that it was broken; but this does not weaken the argument, because it was restored by God, and it has not been broken since.

Therefore, it never can be broken again.

It is stated that the Catholic Church is immutable, and that its immutability establishes its claim to divine origin. Was it immutable when its unity, internal and external, was broken? Was it precisely the same after its unity was broken that it was before? Was it precisely the same after its unity was divinely restored that it was while broken? Was it universal while it was without unity? Which of the fragments was universal—which was immutable?

The fact that the Catholic Church is obedient to the pope, establishes, not the supernatural origin of the church, but the mental slavery of its members. It establishes the fact that it is a successful organization; that it is cunningly devised; that it destroys the mental independence, and that whoever absolutely submits to its authority loses the jewel of his soul.

The fact that Catholics are to a great extent obedient to the pope, establishes nothing except the thoroughness of the organization.

How was the Roman empire formed? By what means did that Great Power hold in bondage the then known world? How is it that a despotism is established? How is it that the few enslave the many? How is it that the nobility live on the labor of peasants? The answer is in one word, Organization. The organized few triumph over the unorganized many. The few hold the sword and the purse. The unorganized are overcome in detail—terrorized, brutalized, robbed, conquered.

We must remember that when Christianity was established the world was ignorant, credulous and cruel. The gospel with its idea of forgiveness—with its heaven and hell—was suited to the barbarians among whom it was preached. Let it be understood, once for all, that Christ had but little to do with Christianity. The people became convinced—being ignorant, stupid and credulous—that the church held the keys of heaven and hell. The foundation for the most terrible mental tyranny that has existed among men was in this way laid. The Catholic Church enslaved to the extent of its power. It resorted to every possible form of fraud; it perverted every good instinct of the human heart; it rewarded every vice; it resorted to every artifice that ingenuity could devise, to reach the highest round of power. It tortured the accused to make them confess; it tortured witnesses to compel the commission of perjury; it tortured children for the purpose of making them convict their parents; it compelled men to establish their own innocence; it imprisoned without limit; it had the malicious patience to wait; it left the accused without trial, and left them in dungeons until released by death. There is no crime that the Catholic Church did not commit,—no cruelty that it did not practice,—no form of treachery that it did not reward, and no virtue that it did not persecute. It was the greatest and most powerful enemy of human rights. It did all that organization, cunning, piety, self-denial, heroism, treachery, zeal and brute force could do to enslave the children of men. It was the enemy of intelligence, the assassin of liberty, and the destroyer of progress. It loaded the noble with chains and the infamous with honors. In one hand it carried the alms dish, in the other a dagger. It argued with the sword, persuaded with poison, and convinced with the fagot.

It is impossible to see how the divine origin of a church can be established by showing that hundreds of bishops have visited the pope.

Does the fact that millions of the faithful visit Mecca establish the truth of the Koran? Is it a scene for congratulation when the bishops of thirty nations kneel before a man? Is it not humiliating to know that man is willing to kneel at the feet of man? Could a noble man demand, or joyfully receive, the humiliation of his fellows?

As a rule, arrogance and humility go together. He who in power compels his fellow-man to kneel, will himself kneel when weak. The tyrant is a cringer in power; a cringer is a tyrant out of power. Great men stand face to face. They meet on equal terms. The cardinal who kneels in the presence of the pope, wants the bishop to kneel in his presence; and the bishop who kneels demands that the priest shall kneel to him; and the priest who kneels demands that they in lower orders shall kneel; and all, from pope to the lowest—that is to say, from pope to exorcist, from pope to the one in charge of the bones of saints—all demand that the people, the laymen, those upon whom they live, shall kneel to them.

The man of free and noble spirit will not kneel. Courage has no knees.

Fear kneels, or falls upon its ashen face.

The Cardinal insists that the pope is the vicar of Christ, and that all popes have been. What is a vicar of Christ? He is a substitute in office. He stands in the place, or occupies the position in relation to the church, in relation to the world, that Jesus Christ would occupy were he the pope at Rome. In other words, he takes Christ's place; so that, according to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, Jesus Christ himself is present in the person of the pope.

We all know that a good man may employ a bad agent. A good king might leave his realm and put in his place a tyrant and a wretch. The good man and the good king cannot certainly know what manner of man the agent is—what kind of person the vicar is—consequently the bad may be chosen. But if the king appointed a bad vicar, knowing him to be bad, knowing that he would oppress the people, knowing that he would imprison and burn the noble and generous, what excuse can be imagined for such a king?

Now, if the church is of divine origin, and if each pope is the vicar of Jesus Christ, he must have been chosen by Jesus Christ; and when he was chosen, Christ must have known exactly what his vicar would do. Can we believe that an infinitely wise and good Being would choose immoral, dishonest, ignorant, malicious, heartless, fiendish, and inhuman vicars?

The Cardinal admits that "the history of Christianity is the history of the church, and that the history of the church is the history of the Pontiffs," and he then declares that "the greatest statesmen and rulers that the world has ever seen are the Popes of Rome."

Let me call attention to a few passages in Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe."

“Constantine was one of the vicars of Christ. Afterwards, Stephen IV. was chosen. The eyes of Constantine were then put out by Stephen, acting in Christ’s place. The tongue of the Bishop Theodorus was amputated by the man who had been substituted for God. This bishop was left in a dungeon to perish of thirst. Pope Leo III. was seized in the street and forced into a church, where the nephews of Pope Adrian attempted to put out his eyes and cut off his tongue. His successor, Stephen V., was driven ignominiously from Rome. His successor, Paschal I., was accused of blinding and murdering two ecclesiastics in the Lateran Palace. John VIII., unable to resist the Mohammedans, was compelled to pay them tribute.

“At this time, the Bishop of Naples was in secret alliance with the Mohammedans, and they divided with this Catholic bishop the plunder they collected from other Catholics. This bishop was excommunicated by the pope; afterwards he gave him absolution because he betrayed the chief Mohammedans, and assassinated others. There was an ecclesiastical conspiracy to murder the pope, and some of the treasures of the church were seized, and the gate of St. Pancrazia was opened with false keys to admit the Saracens. Formosus, who had been engaged in these transactions, who had been excommunicated as a conspirator for the murder of Pope John, was himself elected pope in 891. Boniface VI. was his successor. He had been deposed from the diaconate and from the priesthood for his immoral and lewd life. Stephen VII. was the next pope, and he had the dead body of Formosus taken from the grave, clothed in papal habiliments, propped up in a chair and tried before a Council. The corpse was found guilty, three fingers were cut off and the body cast into the Tiber. Afterwards Stephen VII., this Vicar of Christ, was thrown into prison and strangled.

“From 896 to 900, five popes were consecrated. Leo V., in less than two months after he became pope, was cast into prison by Christopher, one of his chaplains. This Christopher usurped his place, and in a little while was expelled from Rome by Sergius III., who became pope in 905. This pope lived in criminal intercourse with the celebrated Theodora, who with her daughters Marozia and Theodora, both prostitutes, exercised an extraordinary control over him. The love of Theodora was also shared by John X. She gave him the Archbishopric of Revenna, and made him pope in 915. The daughter of Theodora overthrew this pope. She surprised him in the Lateran Palace. His brother, Peter, was killed; the pope was thrown into prison, where he was afterward murdered. Afterward, this Marozia, daughter of Theodora, made her own son pope, John XI. Many affirmed that Pope Sergius was his father, but his mother inclined to attribute him to her husband Alberic, whose brother Guido she afterward married. Another of her sons, Alberic, jealous of his brother John, the pope, cast him and their mother into prison. Alberic’s son was then elected pope as John XII.

“John was nineteen years old when he became the vicar of Christ. His reign was characterized by the most shocking immoralities, so that the Emperor Otho I. was compelled by the German clergy to interfere. He was tried. It appeared that John had received bribes for the consecration of bishops; that he had ordained one who was only ten years old; that he was charged with incest, and with so many adulteries that the Lateran Palace had become a brothel. He put out the eyes of one ecclesiastic; he maimed another—both dying in consequence of their injuries. He was given to

drunkenness and to gambling. He was deposed at last, and Leo VII. elected in his stead. Subsequently he got the upper hand. He seized his antagonists; he cut off the hand of one, the nose, the finger, and the tongue of others. His life was eventually brought to an end by the vengeance of a man whose wife he had seduced."

And yet, I admit that the most infamous popes, the most heartless and fiendish bishops, friars, and priests were models of mercy, charity, and justice when compared with the orthodox God—with the God they worshiped. These popes, these bishops, these priests could persecute only for a few years—they could burn only for a few moments—but their God threatened to imprison and burn forever; and their God is as much worse than they were, as hell is worse than the Inquisition.

"John XIII. was strangled in prison. Boniface VII. imprisoned Benedict VII., and starved him to death. John XIV. was secretly put to death in the dungeons of the castle of St. Angelo. The corpse of Boniface was dragged by the populace through the streets."

It must be remembered that the popes were assassinated by Catholics—murdered by the faithful—that one vicar of Christ strangled another vicar of Christ, and that these men were "the greatest rulers and the greatest statesmen of the earth."

"Pope John XVI. was seized, his eyes put out, his nose cut off, his tongue torn from his mouth, and he was sent through the streets mounted on an ass, with his face to the tail. Benedict IX., a boy of less than twelve years of age, was raised to the apostolic throne. One of his successors, Victor III., declared that the life of Benedict was so shameful, so foul, so execrable, that he shuddered to describe it. He ruled like a captain of banditti. The people, unable to bear longer his adulteries, his homicides and his abominations, rose against him, and in despair of maintaining his position, he put up the papacy to auction, and it was bought by a presbyter named John, who became Gregory VI., in the year of grace 1045. Well may we ask, Were these the vicegerents of God upon earth—these, who had truly reached that goal beyond which the last effort of human wickedness cannot pass?"

It may be sufficient to say that there is no crime that man can commit that has not been committed by the vicars of Christ. They have inflicted every possible torture, violated every natural right. Greater monsters the human race has not produced.

Among the "some two hundred and fifty-eight" Vicars of Christ there were probably some good men. This would have happened even if the intention had been to get all bad men, for the reason that man reaches perfection neither in good nor in evil; but if they were selected by Christ himself, if they were selected by a church with a divine origin and under divine guidance, then there is no way to account for the selection of a bad one. If one hypocrite was duly elected pope—one murderer, one strangler, one starver—this demonstrates that all the popes were selected by men, and by men only, and that the claim of divine guidance is born of zeal and uttered without knowledge.

But who were the vicars of Christ? How many have there been? Cardinal Manning himself does not know. He is not sure. He says: "Starting from St. Peter to Leo XIII., there have been some two hundred and fifty-eight Pontiffs claiming to be recognized by the whole Catholic unity as successors of St. Peter and Vicars of Jesus Christ."

Why did he use the word “some”? Why “claiming”? Does he not positively know? Is it possible that the present Vicar of Christ is not certain as to the number of his predecessors? Is he infallible in faith and fallible in fact?

Robert G. Ingersoll.

II.

“If we live thus tamely,—
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,—
Farewell nobility.”

NO ONE will deny that “the pope speaks to many people in many nations; that he treats with empires and governments,” and that “neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople such a voice goes forth.”

How does the pope speak? What does he say?

He speaks against the liberty of man—against the progress of the human race. He speaks to calumniate thinkers, and to warn the faithful against the discoveries of science. He speaks for the destruction of civilization.

Who listens? Do astronomers, geologists and scientists put the hand to the ear fearing that an accent may be lost? Does France listen? Does Italy hear? Is not the church weakest at its centre? Do those who have raised Italy from the dead, and placed her again among the great nations, pay attention? Does Great Britain care for this voice—this moan, this groan—of the Middle Ages? Do the words of Leo XIII. impress the intelligence of the Great Republic? Can anything be more absurd than for the vicar of Christ to attack a demonstration of science with a passage of Scripture, or a quotation from one of the “Fathers”?

Compare the popes with the kings and queens of England. Infinite wisdom had but little to do with the selection of these monarchs, and yet they were far better than any equal number of consecutive popes. This is faint praise, even for kings and queens, but it shows that chance succeeded in getting better rulers for England than “Infinite Wisdom” did for the Church of Rome. Compare the popes with the presidents of the Republic elected by the people. If Adams had murdered Washington, and Jefferson had imprisoned Adams, and if Madison had cut out Jefferson’s tongue, and Monroe had assassinated Madison, and John Quincy Adams had poisoned Monroe, and General Jackson had hung Adams and his Cabinet, we might say that presidents had been as virtuous as popes. But if this had happened, the verdict of the world would be that the people are not capable of selecting their presidents.

But this voice from Rome is growing feebler day by day; so feeble that the Cardinal admits that the vicar of God, and the supernatural church, “are being tormented by Falck laws, by Mancini laws and by Crispi laws.” In other words, this representative of God, this substitute of Christ, this church of divine origin, this supernatural institution—pervaded by the Holy Ghost—are being “tormented” by three politicians. Is it possible that this patriotic trinity is more powerful than the other?

It is claimed that if the Catholic Church "be only a human system, built up by the intellect, will and energy of men, the adversaries must prove it—that the burden is upon them."

As a general thing, institutions are natural. If this church is supernatural, it is the one exception. The affirmative is with those who claim that it is of divine origin. So far as we know, all governments and all creeds are the work of man. No one believes that Rome was a supernatural production, and yet its beginnings were as small as those of the Catholic Church. Commencing in weakness, Rome grew, and fought, and conquered, until it was believed that the sky bent above a subjugated world. And yet all was natural. For every effect there was an efficient cause.

The Catholic asserts that all other religions have been produced by man—that Brahminism and Buddhism, the religion of Isis and Osiris, the marvelous mythologies of Greece and Rome, were the work of the human mind. From these religions Catholicism has borrowed. Long before Catholicism was born, it was believed that women had borne children whose fathers were gods. The Trinity was promulgated in Egypt centuries before the birth of Moses. Celibacy was taught by the ancient Nazarenes and Essenes, by the priests of Egypt and India, by mendicant monks, and by the piously insane of many countries long before the apostles lived. The Chinese tell us that "when there were but one man and one woman upon the earth, the woman refused to sacrifice her virginity even to people the globe; and the gods, honoring her purity, granted that she should conceive beneath the gaze of her lover's eyes, and a virgin mother became the parent of humanity."

The founders of many religions have insisted that it was the duty of man to renounce the pleasures of sense, and millions before our era took the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, and most cheerfully lived upon the labor of others.

The sacraments of baptism and confirmation are far older than the Church of Rome. The Eucharist is pagan. Long before popes began to murder each other, pagans ate cakes—the flesh of Ceres, and drank wine—the blood of Bacchus. Holy water flowed in the Ganges and Nile, priests interceded for the people, and anointed the dying.

It will not do to say that every successful religion that has taught unnatural doctrines, unnatural practices, must of necessity have been of divine origin. In most religions there has been a strange mingling of the good and bad, of the merciful and cruel, of the loving and malicious. Buddhism taught the universal brotherhood of man, insisted on the development of the mind, and this religion was propagated not by the sword, but by preaching, by persuasion, and by kindness—yet in many things it was contrary to the human will, contrary to the human passions, and contrary to good sense. Buddhism succeeded. Can we, for this reason, say that it is a supernatural religion? Is the unnatural the supernatural?

It is insisted that, while other churches have changed, the Catholic Church alone has remained the same, and that this fact demonstrates its divine origin.

Has the creed of Buddhism changed in three thousand years? Is intellectual stagnation a demonstration of divine origin? When anything refuses to grow, are we certain that the seed was planted by God? If the Catholic Church is the same to-day

that it has been for many centuries, this proves that there has been no intellectual development. If men do not differ upon religious subjects, it is because they do not think.

Differentiation is the law of growth, of progress. Every church must gain or lose: it cannot remain the same; it must decay or grow. The fact that the Catholic Church has not grown—that it has been petrified from the first—does not establish divine origin; it simply establishes the fact that it retards the progress of man. Everything in nature changes—every atom is in motion—every star moves. Nations, institutions and individuals have youth, manhood, old age, death. This is and will be true of the Catholic Church. It was once weak—it grew stronger—it reached its climax of power—it began to decay—it never can rise again. It is confronted by the dawn of Science. In the presence of the nineteenth century it cowers.

It is not true that "All natural causes run to disintegration."

Natural causes run to integration as well as to disintegration. All growth is integration, and all growth is natural. All decay is disintegration, and all decay is natural. Nature builds and nature destroys. When the acorn grows—when the sunlight and rain fall upon it and the oak rises—so far as the oak is concerned "all natural causes" do not "run to disintegration." But there comes a time when the oak has reached its limit, and then the forces of nature run towards disintegration, and finally the old oak falls. But if the Cardinal is right—if "all natural causes run to disintegration," then every success must have been of divine origin, and nothing is natural but destruction. This is Catholic science: "All natural causes run to disintegration." What do these causes find to disintegrate? Nothing that is natural. The fact that the thing is not disintegrated shows that it was and is of supernatural origin. According to the Cardinal, the only business of nature is to disintegrate the supernatural. To prevent this, the supernatural needs the protection of the Infinite. According to this doctrine, if anything lives and grows, it does so in spite of nature. Growth, then, is not in accordance with, but in opposition to nature. Every plant is supernatural—it defeats the disintegrating influences of rain and light. The generalization of the Cardinal is half the truth. It would be equally true to say: All natural causes run to integration. But the whole truth is that growth and decay are equal.

The Cardinal asserts that "Christendom was created by the world-wide church as we see it before our eyes at this day."

Philosophers and statesmen believe it to be the work of their own hands; they did not make it, but they have for three hundred years been unmaking it by reformations and revolutions.

The meaning of this is that Christendom was far better three hundred years ago than now; that during these three centuries Christendom has been going toward barbarism. It means that the supernatural church of God has been a failure for three hundred years; that it has been unable to withstand the attacks of philosophers and statesmen, and that it has been helpless in the midst of "reformations and revolutions."

What was the condition of the world three hundred years ago, the period, according to the Cardinal, in which the church reached the height of its influence, and since which it has been unable to withstand the rising tide of reformation and the whirlwind of revolution?

In that blessed time, Philip II. was king of Spain—he with the cramped head and the monstrous jaw. Heretics were hunted like wild and poisonous beasts; the Inquisition was firmly established, and priests were busy with rack and fire. With a zeal born of the hatred of man and the love of God, the church, with every instrument of torture, touched every nerve in the human body.

In those happy days, the Duke of Alva was devastating the homes of Holland; heretics were buried alive—their tongues were torn from their mouths, their lids from their eyes; the Armada was on the sea for the destruction of the heretics of England, and the Moriscoes—a million and a half of industrious people—were being driven by sword and flame from their homes. The Jews had been expelled from Spain. This Catholic country had succeeded in driving intelligence and industry from its territory; and this had been done with a cruelty, with a ferocity, unequaled, in the annals of crime.

Nothing was left but ignorance, bigotry, intolerance, credulity, the Inquisition, the seven sacraments and the seven deadly sins. And yet a Cardinal of the nineteenth century, living in the land of Shakespeare, regrets the change that has been wrought by the intellectual efforts, by the discoveries, by the inventions and heroism of three hundred years.

Three hundred years ago, Charles IX., in France, son of Catherine de Medici, in the year of grace 1572—after nearly sixteen centuries of Catholic Christianity—after hundreds of vicars of Christ had sat in St. Peter's chair—after the natural passions of man had been "softened" by the creed of Rome—came the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the result of a conspiracy between the Vicar of Christ, Philip II., Charles IX., and his fiendish mother. Let the Cardinal read the account of this massacre once more, and, after reading it, imagine that he sees the gashed and mutilated bodies of thousands of men and women, and then let him say that he regrets the revolutions and reformations of three hundred years.

About three hundred years ago Clement VIII., Vicar of Christ, acting in God's place, substitute of the Infinite, persecuted Giordano Bruno even unto death. This great, this sublime man, was tried for heresy. He had ventured to assert the rotary motion of the earth; he had hazarded the conjecture that there were in the fields of infinite space worlds larger and more glorious than ours. For these low and groveling thoughts, for this contradiction of the word and vicar of God, this man was imprisoned for many years. But his noble spirit was not broken, and finally, in the year 1600, by the orders of the infamous vicar, he was chained to the stake. Priests believing in the doctrine of universal forgiveness—priests who when smitten upon one cheek turned the other—carried with a kind of ferocious joy fagots to the feet of this incomparable man. These disciples of "Our Lord" were made joyous as the flames, like serpents, climbed around the body of Bruno. In a few moments the brave

thinker was dead, and the priests who had burned him fell upon their knees and asked the infinite God to continue the blessed work forever in hell.

There are two things that cannot exist in the same universe—an infinite God and a martyr.

Does the Cardinal regret that kings and emperors are not now engaged in the extermination of Protestants? Does he regret that dungeons of the Inquisition are no longer crowded with the best and bravest? Does he long for the fires of the *auto da fé*.?

In coming to a conclusion as to the origin of the Catholic Church—in determining the truth of the claim of infallibility—we are not restricted to the physical achievements of that church, or to the history of its propagation, or to the rapidity of its growth.

This church has a creed; and if this church is of divine origin—if its head is the vicar of Christ, and, as such, infallible in matters of faith and morals, this creed must be true. Let us start with the supposition that God exists, and that he is infinitely wise, powerful and good—and this is only a supposition. Now, if the creed is foolish, absurd and cruel, it cannot be of divine origin. We find in this creed the following:

"Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith."

It is not necessary, before all things, that he be good, honest, merciful, charitable and just. Creed is more important than conduct. The most important of all things is, that he hold the Catholic faith. There were thousands of years during which it was not necessary to hold that faith, because that faith did not exist; and yet during that time the virtues were just as important as now, just as important as they ever can be.

Millions of the noblest of the human race never heard of this creed. Millions of the bravest and best have heard of it, examined, and rejected it. Millions of the most infamous have believed it, and because of their belief, or notwithstanding their belief, have murdered millions of their fellows. We know that men can be, have been, and are just as wicked with it as without it. We know that it is not necessary to believe it to be good, loving, tender, noble and self-denying. We admit that millions who have believed it have also been self-denying and heroic, and that millions, by such belief, were not prevented from torturing and destroying the helpless.

Now, if all who believed it were good, and all who rejected it were bad, then there might be some propriety in saying that "whoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith." But as the experience of mankind is otherwise, the declaration becomes absurd, ignorant and cruel.

There is still another clause:

"Which faith, except every one do keep entire and inviolate, without doubt, he shall everlastingly perish."

We now have both sides of this wonderful truth: The believer will be saved, the unbeliever will be lost. We know that faith is not the child or servant of the will. We know that belief is a conclusion based upon what the mind supposes to be true. We

know that it is not an act of the will. Nothing can be more absurd than to save a man because he is not intelligent enough to accept the truth, and nothing can be more infamous than to damn a man because he is intelligent enough to reject the false. It resolves itself into a question of intelligence. If the creed is true, then a man rejects it because he lacks intelligence. Is this a crime for which a man should everlastingly perish? If the creed is false, then a man accepts it because he lacks intelligence. In both cases the crime is exactly the same.

If a man is to be damned for rejecting the truth, certainly he should not be saved for accepting the false. This one clause demonstrates that a being of infinite wisdom and goodness did not write it. It also demonstrates that it was the work of men who had neither wisdom nor a sense of justice.

What is this Catholic faith that must be held? It is this:

"That we worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance." Why should an Infinite Being demand worship? Why should one God wish to be worshiped as three? Why should three Gods wished to be worshiped as one? Why should we pray to one God and think of three, or pray to three Gods and think of one? Can this increase the happiness of the one or of the three? Is it possible to think of one as three, or of three as one? If you think of three as one, can you think of one as none, or of none as one? When you think of three as one, what do you do with the other two? You must not "confound the persons"—they must be kept separate. When you think of one as three, how do you get the other two? You must not "divide the substance." Is it possible to write greater contradictions than these?

This creed demonstrates the human origin of the Catholic Church. Nothing could be more unjust than to punish man for unbelief—for the expression of honest thought—for having been guided by his reason—for having acted in accordance with his best judgment.

Another claim is made, to the effect "that the Catholic Church has filled the world with the true knowledge of the one true God, and that it has destroyed all idols by light instead of by fire."

The Catholic Church described the true God as a being who would inflict eternal pain on his weak and erring children; described him as a fickle, quick-tempered, unreasonable deity, whom honesty enraged, and whom flattery governed; one who loved to see fear upon its knees, ignorance with closed eyes and open mouth; one who delighted in useless self-denial, who loved to hear the sighs and sobs of suffering nuns, as they lay prostrate on dungeon floors; one who was delighted when the husband deserted his family and lived alone in some cave in the far wilderness, tormented by dreams and driven to insanity by prayer and penance, by fasting and faith.

According to the Catholic Church, the true God enjoyed the agonies of heretics. He loved the smell of their burning flesh; he applauded with wide palms when philosophers were flayed alive, and to him the *auto da fé* was a divine comedy. The shrieks of wives, the cries of babes when fathers were being burned, gave contrast,

heightened the effect and filled his cup with joy. This true God did not know the shape of the earth he had made, and had forgotten the orbits of the stars. “The stream of light which descended from the beginning” was propagated by fagot to fagot, until Christendom was filled with the devouring fires of faith.

It may also be said that the Catholic Church filled the world with the true knowledge of the one true Devil. It filled the air with malicious phantoms, crowded innocent sleep with leering fiends, and gave the world to the domination of witches and wizards, spirits and spooks, goblins and ghosts, and butchered and burned thousands for the commission of impossible crimes.

It is contended that: “In this true knowledge of the Divine Nature was revealed to man their own relation to a Creator as sons to a Father.”

This tender relation was revealed by the Catholics to the Pagans, the Arians, the Cathari, the Waldenses, the Albigenses, the heretics, the Jews, the Moriscoes, the Protestants—to the natives of the West Indies, of Mexico, of Peru—to philosophers, patriots and thinkers. All these victims were taught to regard the true God as a loving father, and this lesson was taught with every instrument of torture—with brandings and burnings, with flayings and flames. The world was filled with cruelty and credulity, ignorance and intolerance, and the soil in which all these horrors grew was the true knowledge of the one true God, and the true knowledge of the one true Devil. And yet, we are compelled to say, that the one true Devil described by the Catholic Church was not as malevolent as the one true God.

Is it true that the Catholic Church overthrew idolatry? What is idolatry? What shall we say of the worship of popes—of the doctrine of the Real Presence, of divine honors paid to saints, of sacred vestments, of holy water, of consecrated cups and plates, of images and relics, of amulets and charms?

The Catholic Church filled the world with the spirit of idolatry. It abandoned the idea of continuity in nature, it denied the integrity of cause and effect. The government of the world was the composite result of the caprice of God, the malice of Satan, the prayers of the faithful—softened, it may be, by the charity of Chance. Yet the Cardinal asserts, without the preface of a smile, that “Demonology was overthrown by the church, with the assistance of forces that were above nature;” and in the same breath gives birth to this enlightened statement: “Beelzebub is not divided against himself.” Is a belief in Beelzebub a belief in demonology? Has the Cardinal forgotten the Council of Nice, held in the year of grace 787, that declared the worship of images to be lawful? Did that infallible Council, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, destroy idolatry?

The Cardinal takes the ground that marriage is a sacrament, and therefore indissoluble, and he also insists that celibacy is far better than marriage,—holier than a sacrament,—that marriage is not the highest state, but that “the state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman.”

The highest ideal of a family is where all are equal—where love has superseded authority—where each seeks the good of all, and where none obey—where no religion can sunder hearts, and with which no church can interfere.

The real marriage is based on mutual affection—the ceremony is but the outward evidence of the inward flame. To this contract there are but two parties. The church is an impudent intruder. Marriage is made public to the end that the real contract may be known, so that the world can see that the parties have been actuated by the highest and holiest motives that find expression in the acts of human beings. The man and woman are not joined together by God, or by the church, or by the state. The church and state may prescribe certain ceremonies, certain formalities—but all these are only evidence of the existence of a sacred fact in the hearts of the wedded. The indissolubility of marriage is a dogma that has filled the lives of millions with agony and tears. It has given a perpetual excuse for vice and immorality. Fear has borne children begotten by brutality. Countless women have endured the insults, indignities and cruelties of fiendish husbands, because they thought that it was the will of God. The contract of marriage is the most important that human beings can make; but no contract can be so important as to release one of the parties from the obligation of performance; and no contract, whether made between man and woman, or between them and God, after a failure of consideration caused by the willful act of the man or woman, can hold and bind the innocent and honest.

Do the believers in indissoluble marriage treat their wives better than others? A little while ago, a woman said to a man who had raised his hand to strike her: “Do not touch me; you have no right to beat me; I am not your wife.”

About a year ago a husband, whom God in his infinite wisdom had joined to a loving and patient woman in the indissoluble sacrament of marriage, becoming enraged, seized the helpless wife and tore out one of her eyes. She forgave him. A few weeks ago he deliberately repeated this frightful crime, leaving his victim totally blind. Would it not have been better if man, before the poor woman was blinded, had put asunder whom God had joined together? Thousands of husbands, who insist that marriage is indissoluble, are the beaters of wives.

The law of the church has created neither the purity nor the peace of domestic life. Back of all churches is human affection. Back of all theologies is the love of the human heart. Back of all your priests and creeds is the adoration of the one woman by the one man, and of the one man by the one woman. Back of your faith is the fireside; back of your folly is the family; and back of all your holy mistakes and your sacred absurdities is the love of husband and wife, of parent and child.

It is not true that neither the Greek nor the Roman world had any true conception of a home. The splendid story of Ulysses and Penelope, the parting of Hector and Andromache, demonstrate that a true conception of home existed among the Greeks. Before the establishment of Christianity, the Roman matron commanded the admiration of the then known world. She was free and noble. The church degraded woman—made her the property of the husband, and trampled her beneath its brutal feet. The “fathers” denounced woman as a perpetual temptation, as the cause of all evil. The church worshiped a God who had upheld polygamy, and had pronounced his curse on woman, and had declared that she should be the serf of the husband. This church followed the teachings of St. Paul. It taught the uncleanness of marriage, and insisted that all children were conceived in sin. This church pretended to have been founded by one who offered a reward in this world, and eternal joy in the next,

to husbands who would forsake their wives and children and follow him. Did this tend to the elevation of woman? Did this detestable doctrine “create the purity and peace of domestic life”? Is it true that a monk is purer than a good and noble father?—that a nun is holier than a loving mother?

Is there anything deeper and stronger than a mother’s love? Is there anything purer, holier than a mother holding her dimpled babe against her billowed breast?

The good man is useful, the best man is the most useful. Those who fill the nights with barren prayers and holy hunger, torture themselves for their own good and not for the benefit of others. They are earning eternal glory for themselves—they do not fast for their fellow-men—their selfishness is only equalled by their foolishness. Compare the monk in his selfish cell, counting beads and saying prayers for the purpose of saving his barren soul, with a husband and father sitting by his fireside with wife and children. Compare the nun with the mother and her babe.

Celibacy is the essence of vulgarity. It tries to put a stain upon motherhood, upon marriage, upon love—that is to say, upon all that is holiest in the human heart. Take love from the world, and there is nothing left worth living for. The church has treated this great, this sublime, this unspeakably holy passion, as though it polluted the heart. They have placed the love of God above the love of woman, above the love of man. Human love is generous and noble. The love of God is selfish, because man does not love God for God’s sake, but for his own.

Yet the Cardinal asserts “that the change wrought by Christianity in the social, political and international relations of the world”—”that the root of this ethical change, private and public, is the Christian home.” A moment afterward, this prelate insists that celibacy is far better than marriage. If the world could be induced to live in accordance with the “highest state,” this generation would be the last. Why were men and women created? Why did not the Catholic God commence’ with the sinless and sexless? The Cardinal ought to take the ground that to talk well is good, but that to be dumb is the highest condition; that hearing is a pleasure, but that deafness is ecstasy; and that to think, to reason, is very well, but that to be a Catholic is far better.

Why should we desire the destruction of human passions? Take passions from human beings and what is left? The great object should be not to destroy passions, but to make them obedient to the intellect. To indulge passion to the utmost is one form of intemperance—to destroy passion is another. The reasonable gratification of passion under the domination of the intellect is true wisdom and perfect virtue.

The goodness, the sympathy, the self-denial of the nun, of the monk, all come from the mother-instinct, the father-instinct—all were produced by human affection, by the love of man for woman, of woman for man. Love is a transfiguration. It ennobles, purifies and glorifies. In true marriage two hearts burst into flower. Two lives unite. They melt in music. Every moment is a melody. Love is a revelation, a creation. From love the world borrows its beauty and the heavens their glory. Justice, self-denial, charity and pity are the children of love. Lover, wife, mother, husband, father, child, home—these words shed light—they are the gems of human speech. Without love all

glory fades, the noble falls from life, art dies, music loses meaning and becomes mere motions of the air, and virtue ceases to exist.

It is asserted that this life of celibacy is above and against the tendencies of human nature; and the Cardinal then asks: “Who will ascribe this to natural causes, and, if so, why did it not appear in the first four thousand years?”

If there is in a system of religion a doctrine, a dogma, or a practice against the tendencies of human nature—if this religion succeeds, then it is claimed by the Cardinal that such religion must be of divine origin. Is it “against the tendencies of human nature” for a mother to throw her child into the Ganges to please a supposed God? Yet a religion that insisted on that sacrifice succeeded, and has, to-day, more believers than the Catholic Church can boast.

Religions, like nations and individuals, have always gone along the line of least resistance. Nothing has “ascended the stream of human license by a power mightier than nature.” There is no such power. There never was, there never can be, a miracle. We know that man is a conditioned being. We know that he is affected by a change of conditions. If he is ignorant he is superstitious; this is natural. If his brain is developed—if he perceives clearly that all things are naturally produced, he ceases to be superstitious, and becomes scientific. He is not a saint, but a savant—not a priest, but a philosopher. He does not worship, he works; he investigates; he thinks; he takes advantage, through intelligence, of the forces of nature. He is no longer the victim of appearances, the dupe of his own ignorance, and the persecutor of his fellow-men.

He then knows that it is far better to love his wife and children than to love God. He then knows that the love of man for woman, of woman for man, of parent for child, of child for parent, is far better, far holier than the love of man for any phantom born of ignorance and fear.

It is illogical to take the ground that the world was cruel and ignorant and idolatrous when the Catholic Church was established, and that because the world is better now than then, the church is of divine origin.

What was the world when science came? What was it in the days of Galileo, Copernicus and Kepler? What-was it when printing was invented? What was it when the Western World was found? Would it not be much easier to prove that science is of divine origin?

Science does not persecute. It does not shed blood—it fills the world with light. It cares nothing for heresy; it develops the mind, and enables man to answer his own prayers.

Cardinal Manning takes the ground that Jehovah practically abandoned the children of men for four thousand years, and gave them over to every abomination. He claims that Christianity came “in the fullness of time,” and it is then admitted that “what the fullness of time may mean is one of the mysteries of times and seasons, that it is not for us to know.” Having declared that it is a mystery, and one that we are not to know, the Cardinal explains it: “One motive for the long delay of four thousand years is not far to seek—it gave time, full and ample, for the utmost development and

consolidation of all the falsehood and evil of which the intellect and will of man are capable."

Is it possible to imagine why an infinitely good and wise being "gave time full and ample for the utmost development and consolidation of falsehood and evil"? Why should an infinitely wise God desire this development and consolidation? What would be thought of a father who should refuse to teach his son and deliberately allow him to go into every possible excess, to the end that he might "develop all the falsehood and evil of which his intellect and will were capable"? If a supernatural religion is a necessity, and if without it all men simply develop and consolidate falsehood and evil, why was not a supernatural religion given to the first man? The Catholic Church, if this be true, should have been founded in the Garden of Eden.

Was it not cruel to drown a world just for the want of a supernatural religion—a religion that man, by no possibility, could furnish? Was there "husbandry in heaven"?

But the Cardinal contradicts himself by not only admitting, but declaring, that the world had never seen a legislation so just, so equitable, as that of Rome.

Is it possible that a nation in which falsehood and evil had reached their highest development was, after all, so wise, so just and so equitable?

Was not the civil law far better than the Mosaic—more philosophical, nearer just?

The civil law was produced without the assistance of God.

According to the Cardinal, it was produced by men in whom all the falsehood and evil of which they were capable had been developed and consolidated, while the cruel and ignorant Mosaic code came from the lips of infinite wisdom and compassion.

It is declared that the history of Rome shows what man can do without God, and I assert that the history of the Inquisition shows what man can do when assisted by a church of divine origin, presided over, by the infallible vicars of God.

The fact that the early Christians not only believed incredible things, but persuaded others of their truth, is regarded by the Cardinal as a miracle. This is only another phase of the old argument that success is the test of divine origin. All supernatural religions have been founded in precisely the same way. The credulity of eighteen hundred years ago believed everything except the truth.

A religion is a growth, and is of necessity adapted in some degree to the people among whom it grows. It is shaped and molded by the general ignorance, the superstition and credulity of the age in which it lives. The key is fashioned by the lock.

Every religion that has succeeded has in some way supplied the wants of its votaries, and has to a certain extent harmonized with their hopes, their fears, their vices, and their virtues.

If, as the Cardinal says, the religion of Christ is in absolute harmony with nature, how can it be supernatural? The Cardinal also declares that "the religion of Christ is in harmony with the reason and moral nature in all nations and all ages to this day."

What becomes of the argument that Catholicism must be of divine origin because "it has ascended the stream of human license, *contra ictum fluminis*, by a power mightier than nature"?

If "it is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations and all ages to this day," it has gone with the stream, and not against it. If "the religion of Christ is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations," then the men who have rejected it are unnatural, and these men have gone against the stream. How then can it be said that Christianity has been in changeless opposition to nature as man has marred it? To what extent has man marred it?

In spite of the marring by man, we are told that the reason and moral nature of all nations in all ages to this day is in harmony with the religion of Jesus Christ.

Are we justified in saying that the Catholic Church is of divine origin because the Pagans failed to destroy it by persecution?

We will put the Cardinal's statement in form:

Paganism failed to destroy Catholicism by persecution, therefore Catholicism is of divine origin.

Let us make an application of this logic:

Paganism failed to destroy Catholicism by persecution; therefore, Catholicism is of divine origin.

Catholicism failed to destroy Protestantism by persecution; therefore, Protestantism is of divine origin.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, Infidelity is of divine origin.

Let us make another application:

Paganism did not succeed in destroying Catholicism; therefore, Paganism was a false religion.

Catholicism did not succeed in destroying Protestantism; therefore, Catholicism is a false religion.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, both Catholicism and Protestantism are false religions.

The Cardinal has another reason for believing the Catholic Church of divine origin. He declares that the "Canon Law is a creation of wisdom and justice to which no statutes at large or imperial pandects can bear comparison;" "that the world-wide and secular legislation of the church was of a higher character, and that as water cannot rise above its source, the church could not, by mere human wisdom, have

corrected and perfected the imperial law, and therefore its source must have been higher than the sources of the world."

When Europe was the most ignorant, the Canon Law was supreme.

As a matter of fact, the good in the Canon Law was borrowed—the bad was, for the most part, original. In my judgment, the legislation of the Republic of the United States is in many respects superior to that of Rome, and yet we are greatly indebted to the Civil Law. Our legislation is superior in many particulars to that of England, and yet we are greatly indebted to the Common Law; but it never occurred to me that our Statutes at Large are divinely inspired.

If the Canon Law is, in fact, the legislation of infinite wisdom, then it should be a perfect code. Yet, the Canon Law made it a crime next to robbery and theft to take interest for money. Without the right to take interest the business of the whole world, would to a large extent, cease and the prosperity of mankind end. There are railways enough in the United States to make six tracks around the globe, and every mile was built with borrowed money on which interest was paid or promised. In no other way could the savings of many thousands have been brought together and a capital great enough formed to construct works of such vast and continental importance.

It was provided in this same wonderful Canon Law that a heretic could not be a witness against a Catholic. The Catholic was at liberty to rob and wrong his fellow-man, provided the fellow-man was not a fellow Catholic, and in a court established by the vicar of Christ, the man who had been robbed was not allowed to open his mouth. A Catholic could enter the house of an unbeliever, of a Jew, of a heretic, of a Moor, and before the eyes of the husband and father murder his wife and children, and the father could not pronounce in the hearing of a judge the name of the murderer.

The world is wiser now, and the Canon Law, given to us by infinite wisdom, has been repealed by the common sense of man.

In this divine code it was provided that to convict a cardinal bishop, seventy-two witnesses were required; a cardinal presbyter, forty-four; a cardinal deacon, twenty-four; a subdeacon, acolyth, exorcist, reader, ostiarius, seven; and in the purgation of a bishop, twelve witnesses were invariably required; of a presbyter, seven; of a deacon, three. These laws, in my judgment, were made, not by God, but by the clergy.

So too in this cruel code it was provided that those who gave aid, favor, or counsel, to excommunicated persons, should be anathema, and that those who talked with, consulted, or sat at the same table with or gave anything in charity to the excommunicated should be anathema.

Is it possible that a being of infinite wisdom made hospitality a crime? Did he say: "Whoso giveth a cup of cold water to the excommunicated shall wear forever a garment of fire"? Were not the laws of the Romans much better? Besides all this, under the Canon Law the dead could be tried for heresy, and their estates confiscated—that is to say, their widows and orphans robbed.

The most brutal part of the common law of England is that in relation to the rights of women—all of which was taken from the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, "the law that came from a higher source than man."

The only cause of absolute divorce as laid down by the pious canonists was *propter infidelitatem*, which was when one of the parties became Catholic, and would not live with the other who continued still an unbeliever. Under this divine statute, a pagan wishing to be rid of his wife had only to join the Catholic Church, provided she remained faithful to the religion of her fathers. Under this divine law, a man marrying a widow was declared to be a bigamist.

It would require volumes to point out the cruelties, absurdities and inconsistencies of the Canon Law. It has been thrown away by the world. Every civilized nation has a code of its own, and the Canon Law is of interest only to the historian, the antiquarian, and the enemy of theological government.

Under the Canon Law, people were convicted of being witches and wizards, of holding intercourse with devils. Thousands perished at the stake, having been convicted of these impossible crimes. Under the Canon Law, there was such a crime as the suspicion of heresy. A man or woman could be arrested, charged with being suspected, and under this Canon Law, flowing from the intellect of infinite wisdom, the presumption was in favor of guilt. The suspected had to prove themselves innocent. In all civilized courts, the presumption of innocence is the shield of the indicted, but the Canon Law took away this shield, and put in the hand of the priest the sword of presumptive guilt.

If the real pope is the vicar of Christ, the true shepherd of the sheep, this fact should be known not only to the vicar, but to the sheep. A divinely founded and guarded church ought to know its own shepherd, and yet the Catholic sheep have not always been certain who the shepherd was.

The Council of Pisa, held in 1409, deposed two popes—rivals—Gregory and Benedict—that is to say, deposed the actual vicar of Christ and the pretended. This action was taken because a council, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, could not tell the genuine from the counterfeit. The council then elected another vicar, whose authority was afterwards denied. Alexander V. died, and John XXIII. took his place; Gregory XII. insisted that he was the lawful pope; John resigned, then he was deposed, and afterward imprisoned; then Gregory XII. resigned, and Martin V. was elected. The whole thing reads like the annals of a South American revolution.

The Council of Constance restored, as the Cardinal declares, the unity of the church, and brought back the consolation of the Holy Ghost. Before this great council John Huss appeared and maintained his own tenets. The council declared that the church was not bound to keep its promise with a heretic. Huss was condemned and executed on the 6th of July, 1415. His disciple, Jerome of Prague, recanted, but having relapsed, was put to death, May 30, 1416. This cursed council shed the blood of Huss and Jerome.

The Cardinal appeals to the author of "Ecce Homo" for the purpose of showing that Christianity is above nature, and the following passages, among others, are quoted:

"Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech, which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church."

These passages should not have been quoted by the Cardinal. The author of these passages simply says that the origin of the Christian Church is no harder to find and describe than that which unites men—than that which has entered into the formation of speech, the symbol of their union—no harder to describe than the origin of civil society—because he says that one who can describe these can describe the other.

Certainly none of these things are above nature. We do not need the assistance of the Holy Ghost in these matters. We know that men are united by common interests, common purposes, common dangers—by race, climate and education. It is no more wonderful that people live in families, tribes, communities and nations, than that birds, ants and bees live in flocks and swarms.

If we know anything, we know that language is natural—that it is a physical science. But if we take the ground occupied by the Cardinal, then we insist that everything that cannot be accounted for by man, is supernatural. Let me ask, by what man? What man must we take as the standard?

Cosmas or Humboldt, St. Irenæus or Darwin? If everything that we cannot account for is above nature, then ignorance is the test of the supernatural. The man who is mentally honest, stops where his knowledge stops. At that point he says that he does not know. Such a man is a philosopher. Then the theologian steps forward, denounces the modesty of the philosopher as blasphemy, and proceeds to tell what is beyond the horizon of the human intellect.

Could a savage account for the telegraph, or the telephone, by natural causes? How would he account for these wonders? He would account for them precisely as the Cardinal accounts for the Catholic Church.

Belonging to no rival church, I have not the slightest interest in the primacy of Leo XIII., and yet it is to be regretted that this primacy rests upon such a narrow and insecure foundation.

The Cardinal says that "it will appear almost certain that the original Greek of St. Irenæus, *which is unfortunately lost*, contained either [—Greek—], or some inflection of [—Greek—], which signifies primacy."

From this it appears that the primacy of the Bishop of Rome rests on some "inflection" of a Greek word—and that this supposed inflection was in a letter supposed to have been written by St. Irenæus, which has certainly been lost. Is it possible that the vast fabric of papal power has this, and only this, for its foundation? To this "inflection" has it come at last?

The Cardinal's case depends upon the intelligence and veracity of his witnesses. The Fathers of the church were utterly incapable of examining a question of fact. They were all believers in the miraculous. The same is true of the apostles. If St. John was the author of the Apocalypse, he was undoubtedly insane. If Polycarp said the things

attributed to him by Catholic writers, he was certainly in the condition of his master. What is the testimony of St. John worth in the light of the following? “Cerinthus, the heretic, was in a bathhouse. St. John and another Christian were about to enter. St. John cried out: ‘Let us run away, lest the house fall upon us while the enemy of truth is in it.’“ Is it possible that St. John thought that God would kill two eminent Christians for the purpose of getting even with one heretic?

Let us see who Polycarp was. He seems to have been a prototype of the Catholic Church, as will be seen from the following statement concerning this Father: “When any heretical doctrine was spoken in his presence he would stop his ears.” After this, there can be no question of his orthodoxy. It is claimed that Polycarp was a martyr—that a spear was run through his body, and that from the wound his soul, in the shape of a bird, flew away. The history of his death is just as true as the history of his life.

Irenæus, another witness, took the ground that there was to be a millennium—a thousand years of enjoyment in which celibacy would not be the highest form of virtue. If he is called as a witness for the purpose of establishing the divine origin of the church, and if one of his “inflections” is the basis of papal supremacy, is the Cardinal also willing to take his testimony as to the nature of the millennium?

All the Fathers were infinitely credulous. Every one of them believed, not only in the miracles said to have been wrought by Christ, by the apostles, and by other Christians, but every one of them believed in the Pagan miracles. All of these Fathers were familiar with wonders and impossibilities. Nothing was so common with them as to work miracles, and on many occasions they not only cured diseases, not only reversed the order of nature, but succeeded in raising the dead.

It is very hard, indeed, to prove what the apostles said, or what the Fathers of the church wrote. There were many centuries filled with forgeries—many generations in which the cunning hands of ecclesiastics erased, obliterated or interpolated the records of the past—during which they invented books, invented authors, and quoted from works that never existed.

The testimony of the “Fathers” is without the slightest value. They believed everything—they examined nothing. They received as a waste-basket receives. Whoever accepts their testimony will exclaim with the Cardinal: “Happily, men are not saved by logic.”

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Is Divorce Wrong?

By Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Henry C. Potter, and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

THE attention of the public has been particularly directed of late to the abuses of divorce, and to the facilities afforded by the complexities of American law, and by the looseness of its administration, for the disruption of family ties. Therefore the *North American Review* has opened its pages for the thorough discussion of the subject in its moral, social, and religious aspects, and some of the most eminent leaders of modern thought have contributed their opinions. The Rev. S. W. Dike, LL.D., who is a specialist on the subject of divorce, has prepared some statistics touching the matter, and, with the assistance of Bishop Potter, the four following questions have been formulated as a basis for the discussion:

1. Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances?

2. Ought divorced people to be allowed to marry under any circumstances?

3. What is the effect of divorce on the integrity of the family?

4. Does the absolute prohibition of divorce where it exists contribute to the moral purity of society?

Editor North American Review,

Introduction by the Rev. S. W. Dike, LL.D.

I AM to introduce this discussion with some facts and make a few suggestions upon them. In the dozen years of my work at this problem I have steadily insisted upon a broad basis of fact as the only foundation of sound opinion. We now have a great statistical advance in the report of the Department of labor. A few of these statistics will serve the present purpose.

There were in the United States 9,937 divorces reported for the year 1867 and 25,535 for 1886, or a total 328,716 in the twenty years. This increase is more than twice as great as the population, and has been remarkably uniform throughout the period. With the exception of New York, perhaps Delaware, and the three or four States where special legislative reforms have been secured, the increase covers the country and has been more than twice the gain in population. The South apparently felt the movement later than the North and West, but its greater rapidity there will apparently soon obliterate most existing differences. The movement is well-nigh as universal in Europe as here. Thirteen European countries, including Canada, had 6,540 divorces in 1876 and 10,909 in 1886—an increase of 67 per cent. In the same period the increase with us was 72.5 per cent. But the ratios of divorce to population are here generally three or four times greater than in Europe. The ratios to marriage in the United States are sometimes as high as 1 to 10, 1 to 9, or even a little more for single years. In heathen Japan for three years they were more than 1 to 3. But divorce there is almost wholly left to the regulation of the family, and practically optional with the parties. It is a re-transference of the wife by a simple writing to her own family.

1. The increase of divorce is one of several evils affecting the family. Among these are hasty or ill-considered marriages, the decline of marriage and the decrease of children,—too generally among classes pecuniarily best able to maintain domestic life,—the probable increase in some directions of marital infidelity and sexual vice, and last, but not least, a tendency to reduce the family to a minimum of force in the life of society. All these evils should be studied and treated in their relations to each other. Carefully-conducted investigations alone can establish these latter statements beyond dispute, although there can be little doubt of their general correctness as here carefully made. And the conclusion is forced upon us that the toleration of the increase of divorce, touching as it does the vital bond of the family, is so far forth a confession of our western civilization that it despairs of all remedies for ills of the family, and is becoming willing, in great degree, to look away from all true remedies to a dissolution of the family by the courts in all serious cases. If this were our settled purpose, it would look like giving up the idea of producing and protecting a family increasingly capable of enduring to the end of its natural existence. If the drift of things on this subject during the present century may be taken as prophetic, our civilization moves in an opposite direction in its treatment of the family from its course with the individual.

2. Divorce, including these other evils related to the family, is preeminently a social problem. It should therefore be reached by all the forces of our great social institutions—religious, educational, industrial, and political. Each of these should be brought to bear on it proportionately and in cooperation with the others. But I can here take up only one or two lines for further suggestion.

3. The causes of divorces, like those of most social evils, are often many and intricate. The statistics for this country, when the forty-three various statutory causes are reduced to a few classes, show that 20 per cent, of the divorces were based on adultery, 16 on cruelty, 38 were granted for desertion, 4 for drunkenness, less than 3 for neglect to provide, and so on. But these tell very little, except that it is easier or more congenial to use one or another of the statutory causes, just as the old “omnibus clause,” which gave general discretion to the courts in Connecticut, and still more in some other States, was made to cover many cases. A special study of forty-five counties in twelve States, however, shows that drunkenness was a direct or indirect cause in 20.1 per cent, of 29,665 cases. That is, it could be found either alone or in conjunction with others, directly or indirectly, in one-fifth of the cases.

4. Laws and their administration affect divorce. New York grants absolute divorce for only one cause, and New Jersey for two. Yet New York has many more divorces in proportion to population, due largely to a looser system of administration. In seventy counties of twelve States 68 per cent, of the applications are granted. The enactment of a more stringent law is immediately followed by a decrease of divorces, from which there is a tendency to recover. Personally, I think stricter methods of administration, restrictions upon remarriage, proper delays in hearing suits, and some penal inflictions for cruelty, desertion, neglect of support, as well as for adultery, would greatly reduce divorces, even without removing a single statutory cause. There would be fewer unhappy families, not more. For people would then look to real remedies instead of confessing the hopelessness of remedy by appeals to the courts. A

multitude of petty ills and many utterly wicked frauds and other abuses would disappear. “Your present methods,” said a Nova Scotian to a man from Maine a few years ago, “are simply ways of multiplying and magnifying domestic ills.” There is much force in this. But let us put reform of marriage laws along with these measures.

5. The evils of conflicting and diverse marriage and divorce laws are doing immense harm. The mischief through which innocent parties are defrauded, children rendered illegitimate, inheritance made uncertain, and actual imprisonments for bigamy grow out of divorce and remarriage, are well known to most. Uniformity through a national law or by conventions of the States has been strongly urged for many years. Uniformity is needed. But for one, I have long discouraged too early action, because the problem is too difficult, the consequences too serious, and the elements of it still too far out of our reach for any really wise action at present. The government report grew immediately out of this conviction. It will, I think, abundantly justify the caution. For it shows that uniformity could affect at the utmost only a small percentage of the total divorces in the United States. *Only 19.9 percent of all the divorced who were married in this country obtained their divorces in a different State from the one in which their marriage had taken place, in all these twenty years, 80.1 per cent, having been divorced in the State where married.* Now, marriage on the average lasts 9.17 years before divorce occurs, which probably is nearly two-fifths the length of a married life before its dissolution by death. From this 19.9 per cent, there must, therefore, be subtracted the large migration of married couples for legitimate purposes, in order to get any fair figure to express the migration for divorce. But the movement of the native population away from the State of birth is 22 or 23 per cent. This, however, includes all ages. For all who believe that divorce itself is generally a great evil, the conclusion is apparently inevitable that the question of uniformity, serious as it is, is a very small part of the great legal problem demanding solution at our hands. This general problem, aside from its graver features in the more immediate sphere of sociology and religion, must evidently tax our publicists and statesmen severely. The old temptation to meet special evils by general legislation besets us on this subject. I think comparative and historical study of the law of the family, (the *Familienrecht* of the Germans), especially if the movement of European law be seen, points toward the need of a pretty comprehensive and thorough examination of our specific legal problem of divorce and marriage law in this fuller light, before much legislation is undertaken.

Samuel W. Dike.

However much men may differ in their views of the nature and attributes of the matrimonial contract, and in their concept of the rights and obligations of the marriage state, no one will deny that these are grave questions; since upon marriage rests the family, and upon the family rest society, civilization, and the highest interests of religion and the state. Yet, strange to say, divorce, the deadly enemy of marriage, stalks abroad to-day bold and unblushing, a monster licensed by the laws of Christian states to break hearts, wreck homes and ruin souls. And passing strange is it, too, that so many, wise and far-seeing in less weighty concerns, do not appear to see in the evergrowing power of divorce a menace not only to the sacredness of the

marriage institution, but even to the fair social fabric reared upon matrimony as its corner-stone.

God instituted in Paradise the marriage state and sanctified it. He established its law of unity and declared its indissolubility. By divine authority Adam spoke when of his wife he said: “This now is bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man. Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they shall be two in one flesh.”*

* *Gen., ii., 23-24.*

But like other things on earth, marriage suffered in the fall; and little by little polygamy and divorce began to assert themselves against the law of matrimonial unity and indissolubility. Yet the ideal of the marriage institution never faded away. It survived, not only among the chosen people, but even among the nations of heathendom, disfigured much, ‘tis true, but with its ancient beauty never wholly destroyed.

When, in the fullness of time, Christ came to restore the things that were perishing, he reasserted in clear and unequivocal terms the sanctity, unity, and indissolubility of marriage. Nay, more. He gave to this state added holiness and a dignity higher far than it had “from the beginning.” He made marriage a sacrament, made it the type of his own never-ending union with his one spotless spouse, the church. St. Paul, writing to the Ephesians, says: “Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered himself up for it, that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies.... For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh.”*

* *Ephes., v., 25-31.*

In defence of Christian marriage, the church was compelled from the earliest days of her existence to do frequent and stern battle. But cultured pagan, and rough barbarian, and haughty Christian lord were met and conquered. Men were taught to master passion, and Christian marriage, with all its rights secured and reverenced, became a ruling power in the world.

The Council of Trent, called, in the throes of the mighty moral upheaval of the sixteenth century, to deal with the new state of things, again proclaimed to a believing and an unbelieving world the Catholic doctrine of the holiness, unity, and indissolubility of marriage, and the unlawfulness of divorce. The council declared no new dogmas: it simply reaffirmed the common teaching of the church for centuries. But some of the most hallowed attributes of marriage seemed to be objects of peculiar detestation to the new teachers, and their abolition was soon demanded. “The leaders in the changes of matrimonial law,” writes Professor Woolsey, “were the Protestant reformers themselves, and that almost from the beginning of the movement.... The reformers, when they discarded the sacramental view of marriage and the celibacy of the clergy, had to make out a new doctrine of marriage and of

divorce."* The "new doctrine of marriage and of divorce," pleasing as it was to the sensual man, was speedily learned and as speedily put in practice. The sacredness with which Christian marriage had been hedged around began to be more and more openly trespassed upon, and restive shoulders wearied more and more quickly of the marriage yoke when divorce promised freedom for newer joys.

To our own time the logical consequences of the "new doctrine" have come. To-day "abyss calls upon abyss," change calls for change, laxity calls for license. Divorce is now a recognized presence in high life and low; and polygamy, the first-born of divorce, sits shameless in palace and in hovel. Yet the teacher that feared not to speak the words of truth in bygone ages is not silent now. In no uncertain tones, the church proclaims to the world to-day the unchangeable law of the strict unity and absolute indissolubility of valid and consummated Christian marriage.

To the question then, "Can divorce from the bond of marriage ever be allowed?" the Catholic can only answer no.

** "Divorce and Divorce Legislation," by Theodore D. Woolsey, 2d Ed., p. 126.*

And for this no, his first and last and best reason can be but this: "*Thus saith the Lord.*"

As time goes on the wisdom of the church in absolutely forbidding divorce from the marriage bond grows more and more plain even to the many who deny to this prohibition a divine and authoritative sanction. And nowhere is this more true than in our own country. Yet our experience of the evils of divorce is but the experience of every people that has cherished this monster.

Let us take but a hasty view of the consequences of divorce in ancient times. Turn only to pagan Greece and Rome, two peoples that practised divorce most extensively. In both we find divorce weakening their primitive virtue and making their latter corruption more corrupt. Among the Greeks morality declined as material civilization advanced. Divorce grew easy and common, and purity and peace were banished from the family circle. Among the Romans divorce was not common until the latter days of the Republic. Then the flood-gates of immorality were opened, and, with divorce made easy, came rushing in corruption of morals among both sexes and in every walk of life. "Passion, interest, or caprice," Gibbon, the historian, tells us, "suggested daily motives for the dissolution of marriage; a word, a sign, a message, a letter, the mandate of a freedman, declared the separation; the most tender of human connections was degraded to a transient society of profit or pleasure."* Each succeeding generation witnessed moral corruption more general, moral degradation more profound; men and women were no longer ashamed of licentiousness; until at length the nation that became mighty because built on a pure family fell when its corner-stone crumbled away in rottenness.

** "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empiré," Milman's Ed., Vol. III., p. 236.*

Heedless of the lessons taught by history, modern nations, too, have made trial of divorce. In Europe, wherever the new gospel of marriage and divorce has had! notable influence, divorce has been legalized; and in due proportion to the extent of that influence causes for divorce have been multiplied, the bond of marriage more

and more recklessly broken, and the obligations of that sacred state more and more shamelessly disregarded. In our own country the divorce evil has grown more rapidly than our growth and strengthened more rapidly than our strength. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in a special report on the statistics of marriage and divorce made to Congress in February, 1889, places the number of divorces in the United States in 1867 at 9,937, and the number in 1886 at 25,535. These figures show an increase of the divorce evil much out of proportion to our increase in population. The knowledge that divorces can easily be procured encourages hasty marriages and equally hasty preparations. Legislators and judges in some States are encouraging inventive genius in the art of finding new causes for divorce. Frequently the most trivial and even ridiculous pretexts are recognized as sufficient for the rupture of the marriage bond; and in some States divorce can be obtained "without publicity," and even without the knowledge of the defendant—in such cases generally an innocent wife. Crime has sometimes been committed for the very purpose of bringing about a divorce, and cases are not rare in which plots have been laid to blacken the reputation of a virtuous spouse in order to obtain legal freedom for new nuptials. Sometimes, too, there is a collusion between the married parties to obtain divorce. One of them trumps up charges; the other does not oppose the suit; and judgment is entered for the plaintiff. Every daily newspaper tells us of divorces applied for or granted, and the public sense of decency is constantly being shocked by the disgusting recital of divorce-court scandals.

We are filled with righteous indignation at Mormonism; we brand it as a national disgrace, and justly demand its suppression. Why? Because, forsooth, the Mormons are polygamists. Do we forget that there are two species of polygamy—simultaneous and successive? Mormons practise without legal recognition the first species; while among us the second species is indulged in, and with the sanction of law, by thousands in whose nostrils Mormonism is a stench and an abomination. The Christian press and pulpit of the land denounce the Mormons as "an adulterous generation," but too often deal very tenderly with Christian polygamists. Why? Is Christian polygamy less odious in the eyes of God than Mormon polygamy? Among us, *tis true, the one is looked upon as more respectable than the other. Yet we know that the Mormons as a class, care for their wives and children; while Christian polygamists but too often leave wretched wives to starve, slave, or sin, and leave miserable children a public charge. "O divorced and much-married Christian," says the polygamous dweller by Salt Lake, "pluck first the beam from thy own eye, and then shalt thou see to pluck the mote from the eye of thy much-married, but undivorced, Mormon brother." It follows logically from the Catholic doctrine of the unity and indissolubility of marriage, and the consequent prohibition of divorce from the marital bond, that no one, even though divorced *a vinculo* by the civil power, can be allowed by the church to take another consort during the lifetime of the true wife or husband, and such connection the church can but hold as sinful. It is written: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery."*

** Mark, x., ii, 12.*

Of course, I am well aware that upon the words of our Saviour as found in St. Matthew, Chap. xix., 9, many base the right of divorce from the marriage bond for adultery, with permission to remarry. But, as is well known, the Catholic Church, upon the concurrent testimony of the Evangelists Mark* and Luke,** and upon the teaching of St. Paul,*** interprets our Lord's words quoted by St. Matthew as simply permitting, on account of adultery, divorce from bed and board, with no right to either party to marry another.

But even if divorce *a vinculo* were not forbidden by divine law, how inadequate a remedy would it be for the evils for which so many deem it a panacea. "Divorce *a vinculo*," as Dr. Brownson truly says, "logically involves divorce *ad libitum.*"*** Now, what reason is there to suppose that parties divorced and remated will be happier in the new connection than in the old? As a matter of fact, many persons have been divorced a number of times. Sometimes, too, it happens that, after a period of separation, divorced parties repent of their folly, reunite, and are again divorced. Indeed, experience clearly proves that unhappiness among married people frequently does not arise so much from "mutual incompatibility" as from causes inherent in one or both of the parties—causes that would be likely to make a new union as wretched as the old one. There is wisdom in the pithy saying of-a recent writer: "Much ill comes, not because men and women are married, but because they are fools."***

** Mark, x., n, 12. Luke, xvi., 18. J I. Cor.,vii., 10, 11.*

*** Essay on "The Family—Christian and Pagan."*

**** Prof. David Swing in Chicago Journal.*

There are some who think that the absolute prohibition of divorce does not contribute to the purity of society, and are therefore of opinion that divorce with liberty to remarry does good in this regard. He who believes the matrimonial bond indissoluble, divorce a vinculo evil, and the connection resulting from it criminal, can only say: "Evil should not be done that good may come." But, after all, would even passing good come from this greater freedom? In a few exceptional cases—Yes: in the vast majority of cases—No. The trying of divorce as a safeguard of purity is an old experiment, and an unsuccessful one. In Rome adulteries increased as divorces were multiplied. After speaking of the facility and frequency of divorce among the Romans, Gibbon adds:

"A specious theory is confuted by this free and perfect experiment, which demonstrates that the liberty of divorce does not contribute to happiness and virtue. The facility of separation would destroy all mutual confidence, and inflame every trifling dispute. The minute difference between a husband and a stranger, which might so easily be removed, might still more easily be forgotten."*

How *apropos* in this connection are the words of Professor Woolsey:

"Nothing is more startling than to pass from the first part of the eighteenth to this latter part of the nineteenth century, and to observe how law has changed and opinion has altered in regard to marriage, the great foundation of society, and to divorce; and how, almost pari passu, various offences against chastity, such as concubinage, prostitution, illegitimate births, abortion, disinclination to family life,

have increased also—not, indeed, at the same pace everywhere, or all of them equally in all countries, yet have decidedly increased on the whole."!

Surely in few parts of the wide world is the truth of these strong words more evident than in those parts of our own country where loose divorce laws have long prevailed.

It should be noted that, while never allowing the dissolution of the marriage bond, the Catholic Church has always permitted, for grave causes and under certain conditions, a temporary or permanent "separation from bed and board."

** "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Milman's Ed., Vol. III., p. 236.*

*** "Divorce and Divorce Legislation," 2d Ed., p. 274.*

The causes which, *positis ponendis*, justify such separation may be briefly given thus: mutual consent, adultery, and grave peril of soul or body.

It may be said that there are persons so unhappily mated and so constituted that for them no relief can come save from divorce *a vinculo*, with permission to remarry. I shall not linger here to point out to such the need of seeking from a higher than earthly power the grace to suffer and be strong. But for those whose reasoning on this subject is of the earth, earthy, I shall add some words of practical worldly wisdom from eminent jurists. In a note to his edition of Blackstone's "Commentaries," Mr. John Taylor Coleridge says:

"It is no less truly than beautifully said by Sir W. Scott, in the case of Evans v. Evans, that 'though in particular cases the repugnance of the law to dissolve the obligation of matrimonial cohabitation may operate with great severity upon individuals, yet it must be carefully remembered that the general happiness of the married life is secured by its indissolubility.' When people understand that they must live together, except for a few reasons known to the law, they learn to soften by mutual accommodation that yoke which they know they cannot shake off: they become good husbands and good wives from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives: for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties which it imposes. If it were once understood that upon mutual disgust married persons might be legally separated, many couples who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, with attention to their common offspring, and to the moral order of civil society, might have been at this moment living in a state of mutual unkindness, in a state of estrangement from their common offspring, and in a state of the most licentious and unrestrained immorality. In this case, as in many other cases, the happiness of some individuals must be sacrificed to the greater and more general good."

The facility and frequency of divorce, and its lamentable consequences, are nowadays calling much attention to measures of "divorce reform." "How can divorce reform be best secured?" it may be asked. Believing, as I do, that divorce is evil, I also believe that its "reformation" and its death must be simultaneous. It should cease to be. Divorce as we know it began when marriage was removed from the domain of the church: divorce shall cease when the old order shall be restored. Will this ever come to pass? Perhaps so—after many days. Meanwhile, something might be done, something should be done, to lessen the evils of divorce. Our present divorce legislation must be presumed to be such as the majority of the people wish it. A first

step, therefore, in the way of "divorce reform" should be the creation of a more healthy public sentiment on this question. Then will follow measures that will do good in proportion to their stringency. A few practical suggestions as to the salient features of remedial divorce legislation may not be out of place. Persons seeking at the hands of the civil law relief in matrimonial troubles should have the right to ask for divorce *a vinculo*, or simple separation *a mensâ et thoro*, as they may elect. The number of legally-recognized grounds for divorce should be lessened, and "noiseless" divorces forbidden. "Rapid-transit" facilities for passing through divorce courts should be cut off, and divorce "agencies" should be suppressed. The plaintiff in a divorce case should be a *bona fide* resident of the judicial district in which his petition is filed, and in every divorce case the legal representatives of the State should appear for the defendant, and, by all means, the right of remarriage after divorce should be restricted. If divorce cannot be legislated out of existence, let, at least, its power for evil be diminished.

James Cardinal Gibbons.

I am asked certain questions with regard to the attitude of the Episcopal Church towards the matter of divorce. In undertaking to answer them, it is to be remembered that there is a considerable variety of opinion which is held in more or less precise conformity with doctrinal or canonical declarations of the church. With these variations this paper, except in so far as it may briefly indicate them, is not concerned. Nor is it an expression of individual opinion. That is not what has been asked for or attempted.

The doctrine and law of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the subject of divorce is contained in canon 13, title II., of the "Digest of the Canons," 1887. That, canon has been to a certain extent interpreted by Episcopal judgments under section IV. The "public opinion" of the clergy or laity can only be ascertained in the usual way; especially by examining their published treatises, letters, etc., and perhaps most satisfactorily by the reports of discussion in the diocesan and general conventions on the subject of divorce. Among members of the Protestant Episcopal Church divorce is excessively rare, cases of uncertainty in the application of the canon, are much more rare, and the practice of the clergy is almost perfectly uniform. There is, however, by no means the same uniformity in their opinions either as to divorce or marriage.

As divorce is necessarily a mere accident of marriage, and as divorce is impossible without a precedent marriage, much practical difficulty might arise, and much difference of opinion does arise, from the fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church has nowhere defined marriage. Negatively, it is explicitly affirmed (Article XXV.) that "matrimony is not to be counted for a sacrament of the Gospel." This might seem to reduce matrimony to a civil contract. And accordingly the first rubric in the *Form of Solemnization of Matrimony* directs, on the ground of differences of laws in the various States, that "the minister is left to the direction of those laws in everything that regards the civil contract between the parties." Laws determining what persons shall be capable of contracting would seem to be included in "everything that regards the civil contract;" and unquestionably the laws of most of the States render all persons legally divorced capable of at once contracting a new marriage. Both the first section of canon 13 and the *Form of Solemnization*, affirm that, "if any persons be

joined together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful." But it is nowhere excepting as to divorce, declared *what the impediments are*. The Protestant Episcopal Church has never, by canon or express legislation, published, for instance, a table of prohibited degrees.

On the matter of divorce, however, canon 13, title II., supersedes, for the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, both a part of the civil law relating to the persons capable of contracting marriage, and also all private judgment as to the teaching of "the Word of God" on that subject. No minister is allowed, as a rule, to solemnize the marriage of any man or woman who has a divorced husband or wife still living. But if the person seeking to be married is the innocent party in the divorce for adultery, that person, whether man or woman, may be married by a minister of the church. With the above exception, the clergy are forbidden to administer the sacraments to any divorced and remarried person without the express permission of the bishop, unless that person be "penitent" and "in imminent danger of death." Any doubts "as to the facts of any case under section II. of this canon" must be referred to the bishop. Of course, where there is no reasonable doubt the minister may proceed. It may be added that the sacraments are to be refused also to persons who may be reasonably supposed to have contracted marriage "otherwise," in any respect, "than as the Word of God and the discipline of this Church doth allow." These impediments are nowhere defined; and accordingly it has happened that a man who had married a deceased wife's sister and the woman he had married were, by the private judgment of a priest, refused the holy communion. The civil courts do not seem inclined to protect the clergy from consequences of interference with the civil law. In Southbridge, Mass., a few weeks ago, a man who had been denounced from the altar for marrying again after a divorce obtained a judgment for $1,720 damages. The law of the church would seem to be that, even though a legal divorce may have been obtained, remarriage is absolutely forbidden, excepting to the innocent party, whether man or woman, in a divorce for adultery. The penalty for breach of this law might involve, for the officiating clergyman, deposition from the ministry; for the offending man or woman, exclusion from the sacraments, which, in the judgment of a very large number of the clergy, involves everlasting damnation.

It is obvious, then, that the Protestant Episcopal Church allows the complete validity of a divorce *a vinculo* in the case of adultery, and the right of remarriage to the innocent party. But that church has not determined in what manner either the grounds of the divorce or the "innocence" of either party is to be ascertained. The canon does not require a clergyman to demand, nor can the church enable him to secure, the production of a copy of the record or decree of the court of law by which a divorce is granted, nor would such decree indicate the "innocence" of one party, though it might prove the guilt of the other.

The effect of divorce upon the integrity of the family is too obvious to require stating. As the father and mother are the heads of the family, their separation must inevitably destroy the common family life. On the other hand, it is often contended that the destruction has been already completed, and that a divorce is only the legal recognition of what has already taken place; "the integrity of the family" can scarcely remain when either a father or mother, or both, are living in violation of the law on

which that integrity rests. The question may be asked whether the absolute prohibition of divorce would contribute to the moral purity of society. It is difficult to answer such a question, because anything on the subject must be comparatively worthless until verified by experience. It is quite certain that the prohibition of divorce never prevents illicit sexual connections, as was abundantly proved when divorce in England was put within the reach of persons who were not able to afford the expense of a special act of Parliament. It is, indeed, so palpable a fact that any amount of evidence or argument is wholly superfluous.

The law of the Protestant Episcopal Church is by no means identical with the opinion of either the clergy or the laity. In the judgment of many, the existing law is far too lax, or, at least, the whole doctrine of marriage is far too inadequately dealt with in the authoritative teaching of the church. The opinion of this school finds, perhaps, its most adequate expression in the report of a committee of the last General Convention forming Appendix XIII. of the "Journal" of that convention. It is, substantially, that the Mosaic law of marriage is still binding upon the church, unless directly abrogated by Christ himself; that it was abrogated by him only so far that all divorce was forbidden by him, excepting for the cause of fornication; that a woman might not claim divorce for any reason whatever; that the marriage of a divorced person until the death of the other party is wholly forbidden; that marriage is not merely a civil contract, but a spiritual and supernatural union, requiring for its mutual obligation a supernatural, divine grace; that such grace is only imparted in the sacrament of matrimony, which is a true sacrament and does actually confer grace; that marriage is wholly within the jurisdiction of the church, though the State may determine such rules and guarantees as may secure publicity and sufficient evidence of a marriage, etc.; that severe penalties should be inflicted by the State, on the demand of the church, for the suppression of all offences against the seventh commandment and sundry other parts of the Mosaic legislation, especially in relation to "prohibited degrees."

There is another school, equally earnest and sincere in its zeal for the integrity of the family and sexual purity, which would nevertheless repudiate much the greater part of the above assumption. This school, if one may so venture to combine scattered opinions, argues substantially as follows: The type of all Mosaic legislation was circumcision; that rite was of universal obligation and divine authority. St. Paul so regarded it. The abrogation of the law requiring circumcision was, therefore, the abrogation of the whole of the Mosaic legislation. The "burden of proof," therefore, rests upon those who affirm the present obligation of what formed a part of the Mosaic law; and they must show that it has been reenacted by Christ and his Apostles or forms some part of some other and independent system of law or morals still in force. Christ's words about divorce are not to be construed as a positive law, but as expressing the ideal of marriage, and corresponding to his words about eunuchs, which not everybody "can receive." So far as Christ's words seem to indicate an inequality as to divorce between man and woman, they are explained by the authoritative and inspired assertion of St. Paul: "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female." A divine law is equally authoritative by whomsoever declared—whether by the Son Incarnate or by the Holy Ghost speaking through inspired Apostles. If, then, a divine law was ever capable of suspension or modification, it may still be

capable of such suspension or modification in corresponding circumstances. The circumstances which justified a modification of the original divine law of marriage do still exist in many conditions of society and even of individual life. The Protestant Episcopal Church cannot, alone, speak with such authority on disputed passages of Scripture as to justify her ministers in direct disobedience to the civil authority, which is also "ordained of God." The exegesis of the early church was closely connected with theories about matter, and about the inferiority of women and of married life, which are no longer believed.

Of course this is a very brief statement. As a matter of fact the actual effect of the doctrine and discipline of the Protestant Episcopal Church on marriage and divorce is that divorce among her members is excessively rare; that it is regarded with extreme aversion; and that the public opinion of the church maintains the law as it now is, but could not be trusted to execute laws more stringent. A member of the committee of the General Convention whose report has been already referred to closes that report with the following protest:

"The undersigned finds himself unable to concur in so much of the [proposed] canon as forbids the holy communion to a truly pious and godly woman who has been compelled by long years of suffering from a drunken and brutal husband to obtain a divorce, and has regularly married some suitable person according to the established laws of the land. And also from so much of the [proposed] canon as may seem to forbid marriage with a deceased wife's sister."

The final action on these points, which has already been stated, indicates that the proposed report thus referred to was, in one particular at least, in advance of the sentiment of the church as expressed in her General Convention.

Henry C. Potter.

Question (1.) Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances?

The world for the most part is ruled by the tomb, and the living are tyrannized over by the dead. Old ideas, long after the conditions under which they were produced have passed away, often persist in surviving. Many are disposed to worship the ancient—to follow the old paths, without inquiring where they lead, and without knowing exactly where they wish to go themselves.

Opinions on the subject of divorce have been, for the most part, inherited from the early Christians. They have come to us through theological and priestly channels. The early Christians believed that the world was about to be destroyed, or that it was to be purified by fire; that all the wicked were to perish, and that the good were to be caught up in the air to meet their Lord—to remain there, in all probability, until the earth was prepared as a habitation for the blessed. With this thought or belief in their minds, the things of this world were of comparatively no importance. The man who built larger barns in which to store his grain was regarded as a foolish farmer, who had forgotten, in his greed for gain, the value of his own soul. They regarded prosperous people as the children of Mammon, and the unfortunate, the wretched and diseased, as the favorites of God. They discouraged all worldly pursuits, except the soliciting of alms. There was no time to marry or to be given in marriage; no time

to build homes and have families. All their thoughts were centred upon the heaven they expected to inherit. Business, love, all secular things, fell into disrepute.

Nothing is said in the Testament about the families of the apostles; nothing of family life, of the sacredness of home; nothing about the necessity of education, the improvement and development of the mind. These things were forgotten, for the reason that nothing, in the presence of the expected event, was considered of any importance, except to be ready when the Son of Man should come. Such was the feeling, that rewards were offered by Christ himself to those who would desert their wives and children. Human love was spoken of with contempt. “Let the dead bury their dead. What is that to thee? Follow thou me.” They not only believed these things, but acted in accordance with them; and, as a consequence, all the relations of life were denied or avoided, and their obligations disregarded. Marriage was discouraged. It was regarded as only one degree above open and unbridled vice, and was allowed only in consideration of human weakness. It was thought far better not to marry—that it was something grander for a man to love God than to love woman. The exceedingly godly, the really spiritual, believed in celibacy, and held the opposite sex in a kind of pious abhorrence. And yet, with that inconsistency so characteristic of theologians, marriage was held to be a sacrament. The priest said to the man who married: “Remember that you are caught for life. This door opens but once. Before this den of matrimony the tracks are all one way.” This was in the nature of a punishment for having married. The theologian felt that the contract of marriage, if not contrary to God’s command, was at least contrary to his advice, and that the married ought to suffer in some way, as a matter of justice. The fact that there could be no divorce, that a mistake could not be corrected, was held up as a warning. At every wedding feast this skeleton stretched its fleshless finger towards bride and groom.

Nearly all intelligent people have given up the idea that the world is about to come to an end. They do not now believe that prosperity is a certain sign of wickedness, or that poverty and wretchedness are sure certificates of virtue. They are hardly convinced that Dives should have been sent to hell simply for being rich, or that Lazarus was entitled to eternal joy on account of his poverty. We now know that prosperous people may be good, and that unfortunate people may be bad. We have reached the conclusion that the practice of virtue tends in the direction of prosperity, and that a violation of the conditions of well-being brings, with absolute certainty, wretchedness and misfortune.

There was a time when it was believed that the sin of an individual was visited upon the tribe, the community, or the nation to which he belonged. It was then thought that if a man or woman had made a vow to God, and had failed to keep the vow, God might punish the entire community; therefore it was the business of the community to see to it that the vow was kept. That idea has been abandoned. As we progress, the rights of the individual are perceived, and we are now beginning dimly to discern that there are no rights higher than the rights of the individual. There was a time when nearly all believed in the reforming power of punishment—in the beneficence of brute force. But the world is changing. It was at one time thought that the Inquisition was the savior of society; that the persecution of the philosopher was

requisite to the preservation of the state, and that, no matter what happened, the state should be preserved. We have now more light. And standing upon this luminous point that we call the present, let me answer your questions.

Marriage is the most important, the most sacred, contract that human beings can make. No matter whether we call it a contract, or a sacrament, or both, it remains precisely the same. And no matter whether this contract is entered into in the presence of magistrate or priest, it is exactly the same. A true marriage is a natural concord and agreement of souls, a harmony in which discord is not even imagined; it is a mingling so perfect that only one seems to exist; all other considerations are lost; the present seems to be eternal. In this supreme moment there is no shadow—or the shadow is as luminous as light. And when two beings thus love, thus unite, this is the true marriage of soul and soul. That which is said before the altar, or minister, or magistrate, or in the presence of witnesses, is only the outward evidence of that which has already happened within; it simply testifies to a union that has already taken place—to the uniting of two mornings of hope to reach the night together. Each has found the ideal; the man has found the one woman of all the world—the impersonation of affection, purity, passion, love, beauty, and grace; and the woman has found the one man of all the world, her ideal, and all that she knows of romance, of art, courage, heroism, honesty, is realized in him. The idea of contract is lost. Duty and obligation are instantly changed into desire and joy, and two lives, like uniting streams, flow on as one. Nothing can add to the sacredness of this marriage, to the obligation and duty of each to each. There is nothing in the ceremony except the desire on the part of the man and woman that the whole world should know that they are really married and that their souls have been united.

Every marriage, for a thousand reasons, should be public, should be recorded, should be known; but, above all, to the end that the purity of the union should appear. These ceremonies are not only for the good and for the protection of the married, but also for the protection of their children, and of society as well. But, after all, the marriage remains a contract of the highest possible character—a contract in which each gives and receives a heart.

The question then arises, Should this marriage, under any circumstances, be dissolved? It is easy to understand the position taken by the various churches; but back of theological opinions is the question of contract.

In this contract of marriage, the man agrees to protect and cherish his wife. Suppose that he refuses to protect; that he abuses, assaults, and tramples upon the woman he wed. What is her redress? Is she under any obligation to him? He has violated the contract. He has failed to protect, and, in addition, he has assaulted her like a wild beast. Is she under any obligation to him? Is she bound by the contract he has broken? If so, what is the consideration for this obligation? Must she live with him for his sake? or, if she leaves him to preserve her life, must she remain his wife for his sake? No intelligent man will answer these questions in the affirmative.

If, then, she is not bound to remain his wife for the husband's sake, is she bound to remain his wife because the marriage was a sacrament? Is there any obligation on the part of the wife to remain with the brutal husband for the sake of God? Can her

conduct affect in any way the happiness of an infinite being? Is it possible for a human being to increase or diminish the well-being of the Infinite?

The next question is as to the right of society in this matter. It must be admitted that the peace of society will be promoted by the separation of such people. Certainly society cannot insist upon a wife remaining with a husband who bruises and mangles her flesh. Even married women have a right to personal security. They do not lose, either by contract or sacrament, the right of self-preservation; this they share in common, to say the least of it, with the lowest living creatures.

This will probably be admitted by most of the enemies of divorce; but they will insist that while the wife has the right to flee from her husband's roof and seek protection of kindred or friends, the marriage—the sacrament—must remain unbroken. Is it to the interest of society that those who despise each other should live together? Ought the world to be peopled by the children of hatred or disgust, the children of lust and loathing, or by the welcome babes of mutual love? Is it possible that an infinitely wise and compassionate God insists that a helpless woman shall remain the wife of a cruel wretch? Can this add to the joy of Paradise, or tend to keep one harp in tune? Can anything be more infamous than for a government to compel a woman to remain the wife of a man she hates—of one whom she justly holds in abhorrence? Does any decent man wish the assistance of a constable, a sheriff, a judge, or a church, to keep his wife in his house? Is it possible to conceive of a more contemptible human being than a man who would appeal to force in such a case? It may be said that the woman is free to go, and that the courts will protect her from the brutality of the man who promised to be her protector; but where shall the woman go? She may have no friends; or they may be poor; her kindred may be dead. Has she no right to build another home? Must this woman, full of kindness, affection, health, be tied and chained to this living corpse? Is there no future for her? Must she be an outcast forever—deceived and betrayed for her whole life? Can she never sit by her own hearth, with the arms of her children about her neck, and with a husband who loves and protects her? Is she to become a social pariah, and is this for the benefit of society?—or is it for the sake of the wretch who destroyed her life?

The ground has been taken that woman would lose her dignity if marriage could be annulled. Is it necessary to lose your liberty in order to retain your moral character—in order to be pure and womanly? Must a woman, in order to retain her virtue, become a slave, a serf, with a beast for a master, or with society for a master, or with a phantom for a master?

If an infinite being is one of the parties to the contract, is it not the duty of this being to see to it that the contract is carried out? What consideration does the infinite being give? What consideration does he receive? If a wife owes no duty to her husband because the husband has violated the contract, and has even assaulted her life, is it possible for her to feel toward him any real thrill of affection? If she does not, what is there left of marriage? What part of this contract or sacrament remains in living force? She can not sustain the relation of wife, because she abhors him; she cannot remain under the same roof, for fear that she may be killed. They sustain, then, only the relations of hunter and hunted—of tyrant and victim. Is it desirable that this

relation should last through life, and that it should be rendered sacred by the ceremony of a church?

Again I ask, Is it desirable to have families raised under such circumstances? Are we in need of children born of such parents? Can the virtue of others be preserved only by this destruction of happiness, by this perpetual imprisonment?

A marriage without love is bad enough, and a marriage for wealth or position is low enough; but what shall we say of a marriage where the parties actually abhor each other? Is there any morality in this? any virtue in this? Is there virtue in retaining the name of wife, or husband, without the real and true relation? Will any good man say, will any good woman declare, that a true, loving woman should be compelled to be the mother of children whose father she detests? Is there a good woman in the world who would not shrink from this herself; and is there a woman so heartless and so immoral that she would force another to bear that from which she would shudderingly and shriekingly shrink?

Marriages are made by men and women; not by society; not by the state; not by the church; not by supernatural beings. By this time we should know that nothing is moral that does not tend to the well-being of sentient beings; that nothing is virtuous the result of which is not good. We know now, if we know anything, that all the reasons for doing right, and all the reasons against doing wrong, are here in this world. We should have imagination enough to put ourselves in the place of another. Let a man suppose himself a helpless woman beaten by a brutal husband—would he advocate divorces then?

Few people have an adequate idea of the sufferings of women and children, of the number of wives who tremble when they hear the footsteps of a returning husband, of the number of children who hide when they hear the voice of a father. Few people know the number of blows that fall on the flesh of the helpless every day, and few know the nights of terror passed by mothers who hold babes to their breasts. Compared with these, all the hardships of poverty borne by those who love each other are as nothing. Men and women truly married bear the sufferings and misfortunes of poverty together. They console each other. In the darkest night they see the radiance of a star, and their affection gives to the heart of each perpetual sunshine.

The good home is the unit of the good government. The hearthstone is the corner-stone of civilization. Society is not interested in the preservation of hateful homes, of homes where husbands and wives are selfish, cold, and cruel. It is not to the interest of society that good women should be enslaved, that they should live in fear, or that they should become mothers by husbands whom they hate. Homes should be filled with kind and generous fathers, with true and loving mothers; and when they are so filled, the world will be civilized. Intelligence will rock the cradle; justice will sit in the courts; wisdom in the legislative halls; and above all and over all, like the dome of heaven, will be the spirit of liberty.

Although marriage is the most important and the most sacred contract that human beings can make, still when that contract has been violated, courts should have the power to declare it null and void upon such conditions as may be just.

As a rule, the woman dowers the husband with her youth, her beauty, her love—with all she has; and from this contract certainly the husband should never be released, unless the wife has broken the conditions of that contract. Divorces should be granted publicly, precisely as the marriage should be solemnized. Every marriage should be known, and there should be witnesses, to the end that the character of the contract entered into should be understood; the record should be open and public. And the same is true of divorces. The conditions should be determined, the property should be divided by a court of equity, and the custody of the children given under regulations prescribed.

Men and women are not virtuous by law. Law does not of itself create virtue, nor is it the foundation or fountain of love. Law should protect virtue, and law should protect the wife, if she has kept her contract, and the husband, if he has fulfilled his. But the death of love is the end of marriage. Love is natural. Back of all ceremony burns and will forever burn the sacred flame. There has been no time in the world's history when that torch was extinguished. In all ages, in all climes, among all people, there has been true, pure, and unselfish love. Long before a ceremony was thought of, long before a priest existed, there were true and perfect marriages. Back of public opinion is natural modesty, the affections of the heart; and in spite of all law, there is and forever will be the realm of choice. Wherever love is, it is pure; and everywhere, and at all times, the ceremony of marriage testifies to that which has happened within the temple of the human heart.

Question (2). Ought divorced people to be allowed to marry under any circumstances?

This depends upon whether marriage is a crime. If it is not a crime, why should any penalty be attached? Can any one conceive of any reason why a woman obtaining a divorce, without fault on her part, should be compelled as a punishment to remain forever single? Why should she be punished for the dishonesty or brutality of another? Why should a man who faithfully kept his contract of marriage, and who was deserted by an unfaithful wife, be punished for the benefit of society? Why should he be doomed to live without a home?

There is still another view. We must remember that human passions are the same after as before divorce. To prevent remarriage is to give excuse for vice.

Question (3). What is the effect of divorce upon the integrity of the family?

The real marriage is back of the ceremony, and the real divorce is back of the decree. When love is dead, when husband and wife abhor each other, they are divorced. The decree records in a judicial way what has really taken place, just as the ceremony of marriage attests a contract already made.

The true family is the result of the true marriage, and the institution of the family should above all things be preserved. What becomes of the sacredness of the home, if the law compels those who abhor each other to sit at the same hearth? This lowers the standard, and changes the happy haven of home into the prison-cell. If we wish to preserve the integrity of the family, we must preserve the democracy of the fireside, the republicanism of the home, the absolute and perfect equality of husband

and wife. There must be no exhibition of force, no spectre of fear. The mother must not remain through an order of court, or the command of a priest, or by virtue of the tyranny of society; she must sit in absolute freedom, the queen of herself, the sovereign of her own soul and of her own body. Real homes can never be preserved through force, through slavery, or superstition. Nothing can be more sacred than a home, no altar purer than the hearth.

Question (4). Does the absolute prohibition of divorce where it exists contribute to the moral purity of society?

We must define our terms. What is moral purity? The intelligent of this world seek the well-being of themselves and others. They know that happiness is the only good; and this they strive to attain. To live in accordance with the conditions of well-being is moral in the highest sense. To use the best instrumentalities to attain the highest ends is our highest conception of the moral. In other words, morality is the melody of the perfection of conduct. A man is not moral because he is obedient through fear or ignorance. Morality lives in the realm of perceived obligation, and where a being acts in accordance with perceived obligation, that being is moral. Morality is not the child of slavery. Ignorance is not the corner-stone of virtue.

The first duty of a human being is to himself. He must see to it that he does not become a burden upon others. To be self-respecting, he must endeavor to be self-sustaining. If by his industry and intelligence he accumulates a margin, then he is under obligation to do with that margin all the good he can. He who lives to the ideal does the best he can. In true marriage men and women give not only their bodies, but their souls. This is the ideal marriage; this is moral. They who give their bodies, but not their souls, are not married, whatever the ceremony may be; this is immoral.

If this be true, upon what principle can a woman continue to sustain the relation of wife after love is dead? Is there some other consideration that can take the place of genuine affection? Can she be bribed with money, or a home, or position, or by public opinion, and still remain a virtuous woman? Is it for the good of society that virtue should be thus crucified between church and state? Can it be said that this contributes to the moral purity of the human race?

Is there a higher standard of virtue in countries where divorce is prohibited than in those where it is granted? Where husbands and wives who have ceased to love cannot be divorced, there are mistresses and lovers.

The sacramental view of marriage is the shield of vice. The world looks at the wife who has been abused, who has been driven from the home of her husband, and the world pities; and when this wife is loved by some other man, the world excuses. So, too, the husband who cannot live in peace, who leaves his home, is pitied and excused.

Is it possible to conceive of anything more immoral than for a husband to insist on living with a wife who has no love for him? Is not this a perpetual crime? Is the wife to lose her personality? Has she no right of choice? Is her modesty the property of another? Is the man she hates the lord of her desire? Has she no right to guard the jewels of her soul? Is there a depth below this? And is this the foundation of

morality? this the corner-stone of society? this the arch that supports the dome of civilization? Is this pathetic sacrifice on the one hand, this sacrilege on the other, pleasing in the sight of heaven?

To me, the tenderest word in our language, the most pathetic fact within our knowledge, is maternity. Around this sacred word cluster the joys and sorrows, the agonies and ecstasies, of the human race. The mother walks in the shadow of death that she may give another life. Upon the altar of love she puts her own life in pawn. When the world is civilized, no wife will become a mother against her will. Man will then know that to enslave another is to imprison himself.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Divorce

A LITTLE while ago the North American Review propounded the following questions:

1. Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances?

2. Ought divorced people to be allowed to marry, under any circumstances?

3. What is the effect of divorce on the integrity of the family?

4. Does the absolute prohibition of divorce, where it exists, contribute to the moral purity of society?

These questions were answered in the November number of the Review, 1889, by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Henry C. Potter and myself. In the December number, the same questions were again answered by W. E. Gladstone, Justice Bradley and Senator Dolph. In the following month Mary A. Livermore, Amelia E. Barr, Rose Terry Cooke, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Jennie June gave their opinions upon the subject of divorce; and in the February number of this year, Margaret Lee and the Rev. Phillip S. Moxom contributed articles upon this subject.

I propose to review these articles, and, first, let me say a few words in answer to Cardinal Gibbons.

REPLY TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The indissolubility of marriage was a reaction from polygamy. Man naturally rushes from one extreme to the other. The Cardinal informs us that “God instituted in Paradise the marriage state, and sanctified it;” that “he established its law of unity and declared its indissolubility.” The Cardinal, however, accounts for polygamy and divorce by saying that, “marriage suffered in the fall.”

If it be true that God instituted marriage in the Garden of Eden, and declared its unity and indissolubility, how do you account for the fact that this same God afterwards upheld polygamy? How is it that he forgot to say anything on the subject when he gave the Ten Commandments to Moses? How does it happen that in these commandments he puts women on an equality with other property—”Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife, or thy neighbor’s ox, or anything that is thy neighbor’s”? How did it happen that Jacob, who was in direct communication with God, married, not his deceased wife’s sister, but both sisters, while both were living? Is there any way of accounting for the fact that God upheld concubinage?

Neither is it true that “Christ reasserted in clear and unequivocal terms, the sanctity, unity, and indissolubility of marriage.” Neither is it true that “Christ gave to this state an added holiness and a dignity higher far than it had ‘from the beginning.’“ If God declared the unity and indissolubility of marriage in the Garden of Eden, how was it possible for Christ to have “added a holiness and dignity to marriage higher far than it had from the beginning”? How did Christ make marriage a sacrament? There is nothing on that subject in the new Testament; besides, Christ did apparently allow

divorce, for one cause at least. He is reported to have said: “Whosoever putteth away his wife, save for fornication, causeth her to commit adultery.”

The Cardinal answers the question, “Can divorce from the bonds of marriage ever be allowed?” with an emphatic theological “NO,” and as a reason for this “no,” says, “Thus saith the Lord.”

It is true that we regard Mormonism as a national disgrace, and that we so regard it because the Mormons are polygamists. At the same time, intelligent people admit that polygamy is no worse in Utah, than it was in Palestine—no worse under Joseph Smith, than under Jehovah—that it has been and must be forever the same, in all countries and in all times. The Cardinal takes the ground that “there are two species of polygamy—simultaneous and successive,” and yet he seems to regard both species with equal horror. If a wife dies and the husband marries another woman, is not that successive polygamy?

The Cardinal takes the ground that while no dissolution of the marriage bond should be allowed, yet for grave causes a temporary or permanent separation from bed and board may be obtained, and these causes he enumerates as “mutual consent, adultery, and grave peril of soul or body.” To those, however, not satisfied with this doctrine, and who are “so unhappily mated and so constituted that for them no relief can come save from absolute divorce,” the Cardinal says, in a very sympathetic way, that he “Will not linger here to point out to such the need of seeking from a higher than earthly power, the grace to suffer and be strong.”

At the foundation and upon the very threshold of this inquiry, one thing ought to be settled, and that is this: Are we to answer these questions in the light of human experience; are we to answer them from the standpoint of what is better here, in this world, for men and women—what is better for society here and now—or are we to ask: What is the will of God? And in order to find out what is this will of God, are we to ask the church, or are we to read what are called “the sacred writings” for ourselves? In other words, are these questions to be settled by theological and ecclesiastical authority, or by the common sense of mankind? No one, in my judgment, should marry for the sake of God, and no one should be divorced for the sake of God, and no man and woman should live together as husband and wife, for the sake of God. God being an infinite being, cannot be rendered unhappy by any action of man, neither can his well-being be increased; consequently, the will of God has nothing whatever to do with this matter. The real question then must be: What is best for man?

Only the other day, a husband sought out his wife and with his own hand covered her face with sulphuric acid, and in a moment afterward she was blind. A Cardinal of the Catholic Church tells this woman, sitting in darkness, that it is her duty to “suffer and be strong”; that she must still remain the wife of this wretch; that to break the bond that binds them together, would be an act of sacrilege. So, too, two years ago, a husband deserted his wife in Germany. He came to this country. She was poor. She had two children—one a babe. Holding one in her arm, and leading the other by the hand, she walked hundreds of miles to the shore of the sea. Overcome by fatigue, she was taken sick, and for months remained in a hospital. Having recovered, she went to

work, and finally got enough money to pay her passage to New York. She came to this city, bringing her children with her. Upon her arrival, she commenced a search for her husband. One day overcome by exertion, she fainted in the street. Persons took pity upon her and carried her upstairs into a room. By a strange coincidence, a few moments afterward her husband entered. She recognized him. He fell upon her like a wild beast, and threw her down the stairs. She was taken up from the pavement bleeding, and carried to a hospital.

The Cardinal says to this woman: Remain the wife of this man; it will be very pleasing to God; "suffer and be strong." But I say to this woman: Apply to some Court; get a decree of absolute divorce; cling to your children, and if at any time hereafter some good and honest man offers you his hand and heart, and you can love him, accept him and build another home, to the end that you may sit by your own fireside, in your old age, with your children about you.

It is not true that the indissolubility of marriage preserves the virtue of mankind. The fact is exactly the opposite. If the Cardinal wishes to know why there are more divorces now than there were fifty or a hundred years ago, let me tell him: Women are far more intelligent—some of them are no longer the slaves either of husbands, or priests. They are beginning to think for themselves. They can see no good reason why they should sacrifice their lives to please Popes or Gods. They are no longer deceived by theological prophecies. They are not willing to suffer here, with the hope of being happy beyond the clouds—they want their happiness now.

REPLY TO BISHOP POTTER.

Bishop Potter does not agree with the Cardinal, yet they both study substantially the same bible—both have been set apart for the purpose of revealing the revelation. They are the persons whose duty it is to enlighten the common people. Cardinal Gibbons knows that he represents the only true church, and Bishop Potter is just as sure that he occupies that position. What is the ordinary man to do?

The Cardinal states, without the slightest hesitation, that "Christ made marriage a sacrament—made it the type of his own never-ending union with his one sinless spouse, the church." The Bishop does not agree with the Cardinal. He says: "Christ's words about divorce are not to be construed as a positive law, but as expressing the ideal of marriage, and corresponding to his words about eunuchs, which not everybody can receive." Ought not the augurs to agree among themselves? What is a man who has only been born once, to do?

The Cardinal says explicitly that marriage is a sacrament, and the Bishop cites Article xxv., that "matrimony is not to be accounted for a sacrament of the gospel," and then admits that "this might seem to reduce matrimony to a civil contract." For the purpose of bolstering up that view, he says, "The first rubric in the Form of Solemnization of Matrimony declares that the minister is left to the direction of those laws in every thing that regards a civil contract between the parties.'" He admits that "no minister is allowed, *as a rule*, to solemnize the marriage of any man or woman who has a divorced husband or wife still living." As a matter of fact, we know that hundreds of Episcopalians do marry where a wife or a husband is still living, and they are not turned out of the Episcopal Church for this offence. The Bishop admits

that the church can do very little on the subject, but seems to gather a little consolation from the fact, that "the penalty for breach of this law might involve, for the officiating clergyman, deposition from the ministry—for the offending man or woman exclusion from the sacraments, which, in the judgment of a very large number of the clergy, involves everlasting damnation."

The Cardinal is perfectly satisfied that the prohibition of divorce is the foundation of morality, and the Bishop is equally certain that "the prohibition of divorce never prevents illicit sexual connections."

The Bishop also gives us the report of a committee of the last General Convention, forming Appendix xiii of the Journal. This report, according to the Bishop, is to the effect "that the Mosaic law of marriage is still binding upon the church unless directly abrogated by Christ himself, that it-was abrogated by him only so far that all divorce was forbidden by him excepting for the cause of fornication; that a woman might not claim divorce for any reason whatever; that the marriage of a divorced person until the death of the other party, is wholly forbidden; that marriage is not merely a civil contract but a spiritual and supernatural union, requiring for its mutual obligations a supernatural divine grace, and that such grace is only imparted in the sacrament of matrimony."

The most beautiful thing about this report is, that a woman might not claim divorce for any reason whatever. I must admit that the report is in exact accordance with the words of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, the Bishop, not to leave us entirely without hope, says that "there is in his church another school, equally earnest and sincere in its zeal for the integrity of the family, which would nevertheless repudiate the greater part of the above report."

There is one thing, however, that I was exceedingly glad to see, and that is, that according to the Bishop the ideas of the early church are closely connected with theories about matter, and about the inferiority of woman, and about married life, which are no longer believed. The Bishop has, with great clearness, stated several sides of this question; but I must say, that after reading the Cardinal and the Bishop, the earnest theological seeker after truth would find himself, to say the least of it, in some doubt.

As a matter of fact, who cares what the Old Testament says upon this subject? Are we to be bound forever by the ancient barbarians?

Mr. Gladstone takes the ground, first, "that marriage is essentially a contract for life, and only expires when life itself expires"; second, "that Christian marriage involves a vow before God"; third, "that no authority has been given to the Christian Church to cancel such a vow"; fourth, "that it lies beyond the province of tie civil legislature, which, from the necessity of things, has a veto within the limits of reason, upon the making of it, but has no competency to annul it when once made"; fifth, "that according to the laws of just interpretation, remarriage is forbidden by the text of Holy Scripture"; and sixth, "that while divorce of any kind impairs the integrity of the family, divorce with remarriage destroys it root and branch; that the parental and the conjugal relations are joined together by the hand of the Almighty no less than the persons united by the marriage tie, to one another." *First*. Undoubtedly, a real

marriage was never entered into unless the parties expected to live together as long as they lived. It does not enter into the imagination of the real lover that the time is coming when he is to desert the being he adores, neither does it enter into the imagination of his wife, or of the girl about to become a wife. But how and in what way, does a Christian marriage involve a vow before God? Is God a party to the contract? If yes, he ought to see to it that the contract is carried out. If there are three parties—the man, the woman, and God—each one should be bound to do something, and what is God bound to do? Is he to hold the man to his contract, when the woman has violated hers? Is it his business to hold the woman to the contract, when the man has violated his? And what right has he to have anything to say on the subject, unless he has agreed to do something by reason of this vow? Otherwise, it would be simply a *nudum pactum*—a vow without consideration.

Mr. Gladstone informs us that no authority has been given to the Christian Church to cancel such a vow. If he means by that, that God has not given any such authority to the Christian Church, I most cheerfully admit it.

JUSTICE BRADLEY.

Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter, and Mr. Gladstone represent the theological side—that is to say, the impracticable, the supernatural, the unnatural. After reading their opinions, it is refreshing to read those of Justice Bradley. It is like coming out of the tomb into the fresh air.

Speaking of the law, whether regarded as divine or human or both, Justice Bradley says: “I know no other law on the subject but the moral law, which does not consist of arbitrary enactments and decrees, but is adapted to our condition as human beings. This is so, whether it is conceived of as the will of an all-wise creator, or as the voice of humanity speaking from its experience, its necessities and its higher instincts. And that law surely does not demand that the injured party to the marriage bond should be forever tied to one who disregards and violates every obligation that it imposes—to one with whom it is impossible to cohabit—to one whose touch is contamination. Nor does it demand that such injured party, if legally free, should be forever debarred from forming other ties through which the lost hopes of happiness for life may be restored. It is not reason, and it can not be law—divine, or moral—that unfaithfulness, or willful and obstinate desertion, or persistent cruelty of the stronger party, should afford no ground for relief.....If no redress be legalized, the law itself will be set at defiance, and greater injury to soul and body will result from clandestine methods of relief.”

Surely, this is good, wholesome, practical common sense.

SENATOR DOLPH.

Senator Dolph strikes a strong blow, and takes the foundation from under the idiotic idea of legal separation without divorce. He says: “As there should be no partial divorce, which leaves the parties in the condition aptly described by an eminent jurist as ‘a wife without a husband and a husband without a wife,’ so, as a matter of public expediency, and in the interest of public morals, whenever and however the marriage is dissolved, both parties should be left free to remarry.” Again: “Prohibition of remarriage is likely to injure society more than the remarriage of the guilty party;”

and the Senator says, with great force: “Divorce for proper causes, free from fraud and collusion, conserves the moral integrity of the family.”

In answering the question as to whether absolute prohibition of divorce tends to morality or immorality, the Senator cites the case of South Carolina. In that State, divorces were prohibited, and in consequence of this prohibition, the proportion of his property which a married man might give to his concubine was regulated by law.

THE ARGUMENT CONTINUED, IN COLLOQUIAL FORM.

Those who have written on the subject of divorce seem to be divided into two classes—the supernaturalists and the naturalists. The first class rely on tradition, inspired books, the opinions of theologians as expressed in creeds, and the decisions of ecclesiastical tribunals. The second class take into account the nature of human beings, their own experience, and the facts of life, as they know them. The first class live for another world; the second, for this—the one in which we live.

The theological theorists regard men and women as depraved, in consequence of what they are pleased to call “the fall of man,” while the men and women of common sense know that the race has slowly and painfully progressed through countless years of suffering and toil. The priests insist that marriage is a sacrament; the philosopher, that it is a contract.

The question as to the propriety of granting divorces cannot now be settled by quoting passages of Scripture, or by appealing to creeds, or by citing the acts of legislatures or the decisions of courts. With intelligent millions, the Scriptures are no longer considered as of the slightest authority. They pay no more regard to the Bible than to the Koran, the Zend-Avestas, or the Popol Vuh—neither do they care for the various creeds that were formulated by barbarian ancestors, nor for the laws and decisions based upon the savagery of the past.

In the olden times when religions were manufactured—when priest-craft and lunacy governed the world—the women were not consulted. They were regarded and treated as serfs and menials—looked upon as a species of property to be bought and sold like the other domestic animals. This view or estimation of woman was undoubtedly in the mind of the author of the Ten Commandments when he said: “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife,—nor his ox.”

Such, however, has been the advance of woman in all departments of knowledge—such advance having been made in spite of the efforts of the church to keep her the slave of faith—that the obligations, rights and remedies growing out of the contract of marriage and its violation, cannot be finally determined without her consent and approbation. Legislators and priests must consult with wives and mothers. They must become acquainted with their wants and desires—with their profound aversions* their pure hatreds, their loving self-denials, and, above all, with the religion of the body that moulds and dominates their lives.

We have learned to suspect the truth of the old, because it is old, and for that reason was born in the days of slavery and darkness—because the probability is that the parents of the old were ignorance and superstition. We are beginning to be wise enough to take into consideration the circumstances of our own time—the theories

and aspirations of the present—the changed conditions of the world—the discoveries and inventions that have modified or completely changed the standards of the greatest of the human race. We are on the eve of discovering that nothing should be done for the sake of gods, but all for the good of man—nothing for another world—everything for this.

All the theories must be tested by experience, by facts. The moment a supernatural theory comes in contact with a natural fact, it falls to chaos. Let us test all these theories about marriage and divorce—all this sacramental, indissoluble imbecility, with a real case—with a fact in life.

A few years ago a man and woman fell in love and were married in a German village. The woman had a little money and this was squandered by the husband. When the money was gone, the husband deserted his wife and two little children, leaving them to live as best they might. She had honestly given her hand and heart, and believed that if she could only see him once more—if he could again look into her eyes—he would come back to her. The husband had fled to America. The wife lived four hundred miles from the sea. Taking her two little children with her, she traveled on foot the entire distance. For eight weeks she journeyed, and when she reached the sea—tired, hungry, worn out, she fell unconscious in the street. She was taken to the hospital, and for many weeks fought for life upon the shore of death. At last she recovered, and sailed for New York. She was enabled to get just enough money to buy a steerage ticket.

A few days ago, while wandering in the streets of New York in search of her husband, she sank unconscious to the sidewalk. She was taken into the home of another. In a little while her husband entered. He caught sight of his wife. She ran toward him, threw her arms about his neck, and cried: “At last I have found you!” “With an oath, he threw her to the floor; he bruised her flesh with his feet and fists; he dragged her into the hall, and threw her into the street.”

Let us suppose that this poor wife sought out Cardinal Gibbons and the Right Honorable William E. Gladstone, for the purpose of asking their advice. Let us imagine the conversation:

The Wife. My dear Cardinal, I was married four years ago. I loved my husband and I was sure that he loved me. Two babes were born. He deserted me without cause. He left me in poverty and want. Feeling that he had been overcome by some delusion—tempted by something more than he could bear, and dreaming that if I could look upon his face again he would return, I followed-him on foot. I walked, with my children in my arms, four hundred miles. I crossed the sea. I found him at last—and instead of giving me again his love, he fell upon me like a wild beast. He bruised and blackened my flesh. He threw me from him, and for my proffered love I received curses and blows. Another man, touched by the evidence of my devotion, made my acquaintance—came to my relief—supplied my wants—gave me and my children comfort, and then offered me his hand and heart, in marriage. My dear Cardinal, I told him that I was a married woman, and he told me that I should obtain a divorce, and so I have come to ask your counsel.

The Cardinal. My dear woman, God instituted in Paradise the marriage state and sanctified it, and he established its law of unity and declared its indissolubility.

The Wife. But, Mr. Cardinal, if it be true that "God instituted marriage in the Garden of Eden, and declared its unity and indissolubility," how do you account for the fact that this same God afterward upheld polygamy? How is it that he forgot to say anything on the subject when he gave the Ten Commandments to Moses?

The Cardinal. You must remember that the institution of marriage suffered in the fall of man.

The Wife. How does that throw any light upon my case? That was long ago. Surely, I was not represented at that time, and is it right that I should be punished for what was done by others in the very beginning of the world?

The Cardinal. Christ reasserted in clear and unequivocal terms, the sanctity, unity and indissolubility of marriage, and Christ gave to this state an added holiness, and a dignity higher far than it had from the beginning.

The Wife. How did it happen that Jacob, while in direct communication with God, married, not his deceased wife's sister, but both sisters while both were living? And how, my dear Cardinal, do you account for the fact that God upheld concubinage?

The Cardinal. Marriage is a sacrament. You seem to ask me whether divorce from the bond of marriage can ever be allowed? I answer with an emphatic theological No; and as a reason for this No, I say, Thus saith the Lord. To allow a divorce and to permit the divorced parties, or either of them, to remarry, is one species of polygamy. There are two kinds—the simultaneous and the successive.

The Wife. But why did God allow simultaneous polygamy in Palestine? Was it any better in Palestine then than it is in Utah now? If a wife dies, and the husband marries another wife, is not that successive polygamy?

The Cardinal. Curiosity leads to the commission of deadly sins. We should be satisfied with a Thus saith the Lord, and you should be satisfied with a Thus saith the Cardinal. If you have the right to inquire—to ask questions—then you take upon yourself the right of deciding after the questions have been answered. This is the end of authority. This undermines the cathedral. You must remember the words of our Lord: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

The Wife. Do you really think that God joined us together? Did he at the time know what kind of man he was joining to me? Did he then know that he was a wretch, an ingrate, a kind of wild beast? Did he then know that this husband would desert me—leave me with two babes in my arms, without raiment and without food? Did God put his seal upon this bond of marriage, upon this sacrament, and it was well-pleasing in his sight that my life should be sacrificed, and does he leave me now to crawl toward death, in poverty and tears?

The Cardinal. My dear woman, I will not linger here to point out to you the need of seeking from a higher than an earthly power the grace to suffer and be strong.

The Wife. Mr. Cardinal, am I under any obligation to God? Will it increase the happiness of the infinite for me to remain homeless and husbandless? Another offers to make me his wife and to give me a home,—to take care of my children and to fill my heart with joy. If I accept, will the act lessen the felicity or ecstasy of heaven? Will it add to the grief of God? Will it in any way affect his well-being?

The Cardinal. Nothing that we can do can effect the well-being of God. He is infinitely above his children.

The Wife. Then why should he insist upon the sacrifice of my life? Mr. Cardinal, you do not seem to sympathize with me. You do not understand the pangs I feel. You are too far away from my heart, and your words of consolation do not heal the bruise; they leave me as I now leave you—without hope. I will ask the advice of the Right Honorable William E. Gladstone.

The Wife. Mr. Gladstone, you know my story, and so I ask that you will give me the benefit of your knowledge, of your advice.

Mr. Gladstone. My dear woman, marriage is essentially a contract for life, and only expires when life itself expires. I say this because Christian marriage involves a vow before God, and no authority has been given to the Christian Church to cancel such a vow.

The Wife. Do you consider that God was one of the contracting parties in my marriage? Must all vows made to God be kept? Suppose the vow was made in ignorance, in excitement—must it be absolutely fulfilled? Will it make any difference to God whether it is kept or not? Does not an infinite God know the circumstances under which every vow is made? Will he not take into consideration the imperfections, the ignorance, the temptations and the passions of his children? Will God hold a poor girl to the bitter dregs of a mistaken bargain? Have I not suffered enough? Is it necessary that my heart should break? Did not God know at the time the vow was made that it ought not to have been made? If he feels toward me as a father should, why did he give no warning? Why did he accept the vow? Why did he allow a contract to be made giving only to death the annulling power? Is death more merciful than God?

Mr. Gladstone. All vows that are made to God must be kept. Do you not remember that Jephthah agreed to sacrifice the first one who came out of his house to meet him, and that he fulfilled the vow, although in doing so, he murdered his own daughter. God makes no allowance for ignorance, for temptation, for passion—nothing. Besides, my dear woman, to cancel the contract of marriage lies beyond the province of the civil legislature; it has no competency to annul the contract of marriage when once made.

The Wife. The man who has rescued me from the tyranny of my husband—the man who wishes to build me a home and to make my life worth living, wishes to make with me a contract of marriage. This will give my babes a home.

Mr. Gladstone. My dear madam, while divorce of any kind impairs the integrity of the family, divorce with remarriage destroys it root and branch.

The Wife. The integrity of my family is already destroyed. My husband deserted his home—left us in the very depths of want. I have in my arms two helpless babes. I love my children, and I love the man who has offered to give them and myself another fireside. Can you say that this is only destruction? The destruction has already occurred. A remarriage gives a home to me and mine.

Mr. Gladstone. But, my dear mistaken woman, the parental and the conjugal relations are joined together by the hand of the Almighty.

The Wife. Do you believe that the Almighty was cruel enough, in my case, to join the parental and the conjugal relations, to the end that they should endure as long as I can bear the sorrow? If there were three parties to my marriage, my husband, myself, and God, should each be bound by the contract to do something? What did God bind himself to do? If nothing, why should he interfere? If nothing, my vow to him was without consideration. You are as cruel and unsympathetic, Mr. Gladstone, as the Cardinal. You have not the imagination to put yourself in my place.

Mr. Gladstone. My dear madam, we must be governed by the law of Christ, and there must be no remarriage. The husband and wife must remain husband and wife until a separation is caused by death.

The Wife. If Christ was such a believer in the sacredness of the marriage relation, why did he offer rewards not only in this world, but in the next, to husbands who would desert their wives and follow him?

Mr. Gladstone. It is not for us to inquire. God's ways are not our ways.

The Wife. Nature is better than you. A mother's love is higher and deeper than your philosophy. I will follow the instincts of my heart. I will provide a home for my babes, and for myself. I will be freed from the infamous man who betrayed me. I will become the wife of another—of one who loves me—and after having filled his life with joy, I hope to die in his arms, surrounded by my children.

A few months ago, a priest made a confession—he could carry his secret no longer. He admitted that he was married—that he was the father of two children—that he had violated his priestly vows. He was unfrocked and cast out. After a time he came back and asked to be restored into the bosom of the church, giving as his reason that he had abandoned his wife and babes. This throws a flood of light on the theological view of marriage.

I know of nothing equal to this, except the story of the Sandwich Island chief who was converted by the missionaries, and wished to join the church. On cross-examination, it turned out that he had twelve wives, and he was informed that a polygamist could not be a Christian. The next year he presented himself again for the purpose of joining the church, and stated that he was not a polygamist—that he had only one wife. When the missionaries asked him what he had done with the other eleven he replied: "I ate them."

The indissoluble marriage was a reaction from polygamy. The church has always pretended that it was governed by the will of God, and that for all its dogmas it had a "thus saith the Lord." Reason and experience were branded as false guides. The

priests insisted that they were in direct communication with the Infinite—that they spoke by the authority of God, and that the duty of the people was to obey without question and to submit with at least the appearance of gladness.

We now know that no such communication exists—that priests spoke without authority, and that the duty of the people was and is to examine for themselves. We now know that no one knows what the will of God is, or whether or not such a being exists. We now know that nature has furnished all the light there is, and that the inspired books are like all books, and that their value depends on the truth, the beauty, and the wisdom they contain. We also know that it is now impossible to substantiate the supernatural. Judging from experience—reasoning from known facts—we can safely say that society has no right to demand the sacrifice of an innocent individual.

Society has no right, under the plea of self-preservation, to compel women to remain the wives of men who have violated the contract of marriage, and who have become objects of contempt and loathing to their wives. It is not to the best interest of society to maintain such firesides—such homes.

The time has not arrived, in my judgment, for the Congress of the United States, under an amendment to the Constitution, to pass a general law applicable to all the States, fixing the terms and conditions of divorce. The States of the Union are not equally enlightened. Some are far more conservative than others. Let us wait until a majority of the States have abandoned the theological theories upon this subject.

Upon this question light comes from the West, where men have recently laid the foundations of States, and where the people are not manacled and burdened with old constitutions and statutes and decisions, and where with a large majority the tendency is to correct the mistakes of their ancestors.

Let the States in their own way solve this question, and the time will come when the people will be ready to enact sensible and reasonable laws touching this important subject, and then the Constitution can be amended and the whole subject controlled by Federal law.

The law, as it now exists in many of the States, is to the last degree absurd and cruel. In some States the husband can obtain a divorce on the ground that the wife has been guilty of adultery, but the wife cannot secure a divorce from the husband simply for the reason that he has been guilty of the same offence. So, in most of the States where divorce is granted on account of desertion for a certain number of years, the husband can return on the last day of the time fixed, and the poor wife who has been left in want is obliged to receive the wretch with open arms. In some States nothing is considered cruelty that does not endanger life or limb or health. The whole question is in great confusion, but after all there are some States where the law is reasonable, and the consequence is, that hundreds and thousands of suffering wives are released from a bondage worse than death.

The idea that marriage is something more than a contract is at the bottom of all the legal and judicial absurdities that surround this subject. The moment that it is regarded from a purely secular standpoint the infamous laws will disappear. We shall

then take into consideration the real rights and obligations of the parties to the contract of marriage. We shall have some respect for the sacred feelings of mothers—for the purity of woman—the freedom of the fireside—the real democracy of the hearthstone and, above all, for love, the purest, the profoundest and the holiest of all passions.

We shall no longer listen to priests who regard celibacy as a higher state than marriage, nor to those statesmen who look upon a barbarous code as the foundation of all law.

As long as men imagine that they have property in wives; that women can be owned, body and mind; that it is the duty of wives to obey; that the husband is the master, the source of authority—that his will is law, and that he can call on legislators and courts to protect his superior rights, that to enforce obedience the power of the State is pledged—just so long will millions of husbands be arrogant, tyrannical and cruel.

No gentleman will be content to have a slave for the mother of his children. Force has no place in the world of love. It is impossible to control likes and dislikes by law. No one ever did and no one ever can love on compulsion. Courts can not obtain jurisdiction of the heart.

The tides and currents of the soul care nothing for the creeds. People who make rules for the conduct of others generally break them themselves. It is so easy to bear with fortitude the misfortunes of others.

Every child should be well-born—well fathered and mothered. Society has as great an interest in children as in parents. The innocent should not be compelled by law to suffer for the crimes of the guilty. Wretched and weeping wives are not essential to the welfare of States and Nations.

The church cries now “whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder”; but when the people are really civilized the State will say: “whom Nature hath put asunder let not man bind and manacle together.”

Robert G. Ingersoll.

ANSWER TO LYMAN ABBOTT.

IN your Open Letter to me, published in this Review, you attack what you supposed to be my position, and ask several questions to which you demand answers; but in the same letter, you state that you wish no controversy with me. Is it possible that you wrote the letter to prevent a controversy? Do you attack only those with whom you wish to live in peace, and do you ask questions, coupled with a request that they remain unanswered?

In addition to this, you have taken pains to publish in your own paper, that it was no part of your design in the article in the *North American Review*, to point out errors in my statements, and that this design was distinctly disavowed in the opening paragraph of your article. You further say, that your simple object was to answer the question “What is Christianity?” May I be permitted to ask why you addressed the letter to me, and why do you now pretend that, although you did address a letter to

me, I was not in your mind, and that you had no intention of pointing out any flaws in my doctrines or theories? Can you afford to occupy this position?

You also stated in your own paper, *The Christian Union*, that the title of your article had been changed by the editor of the *Review*, without your knowledge or consent; leaving it to be inferred that the title given to the article by you was perfectly consistent with your statement, that it was no part of your design in the article in the *North American Review*, to point out errors in my (Ingersoll's) statements; and that your simple object was to answer the question, What is Christianity? And yet, the title which you gave your own article was as follows: "To Robert G. Ingersoll: A Reply."

First. We are told that only twelve crimes were punished by death: idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy, fraudulent prophesying, Sabbath-breaking, rebellion against parents, resistance to judicial officers, murder, homicide by negligence, adultery, incestuous marriages, and kidnapping. We are then told that as late as the year 1600 there were 263 crimes capital in England.

Does not the world know that all the crimes or offences punishable by death in England could be divided in the same way? For instance, treason. This covered a multitude of offences, all punishable by death. Larceny covered another multitude. Perjury—trespass, covered many others. There might still be made a smaller division, and one who had made up his mind to define the Criminal Code of England might have said that there was only one offence punishable by death—wrong-doing.

The facts with regard to the Criminal Code of England are, that up to the reign of George I. there were 167 offences punishable by death. Between the accession of George I. and termination of the reign of George III., there were added 56 new crimes to which capital punishment was attached. So that when George IV. became king, there were 223 offences capital in England.

John Bright, commenting upon this subject, says:

"During all these years, so far as this question goes, our Government was becoming more cruel and more barbarous, and we do not find, and have not found, that in the great Church of England, with its fifteen or twenty thousand ministers, and with its more than score of Bishops in the House of Lords, there ever was a voice raised, or an organization formed, in favor of a more merciful code, or in condemnation of the enormous cruelties which our law was continually inflicting. Was not Voltaire justified in saying that the English were the only people who murdered by law?"

As a matter of fact, taking into consideration the situation of the people, the number of subjects covered by law, there were far more offences capital in the days of Moses, than in the reign of George IV. Is it possible that a minister, a theologian of the nineteenth century, imagines that he has substantiated the divine origin of the Old Testament by endeavoring to show that the government of God was not quite as bad as that of England?

Mr. Abbott also informs us that the reason Moses killed so many was, that banishment from the camp during the wandering in the Wilderness was a punishment worse than death. If so, the poor wretches should at least have been

given their choice. Few, in my judgment, would have chosen death, because the history shows that a large majority were continually clamoring to be led back to Egypt. It required all the cunning and power of God to keep the fugitives from returning in a body. Many were killed by Jehovah, simply because they wished to leave the camp—because they longed passionately for banishment, and thought with joy of the flesh-pots of Egypt, preferring the slavery of Pharaoh to the liberty of Jehovah. The memory of leeks and onions was enough to set their faces toward the Nile.

Second. I am charged with saying that the Christian missionaries say to the heathen: "You must examine your religion—and not only so, but you must reject it; and unless you do reject it, and in addition to such rejection, adopt ours, you will be eternally damned." Mr. Abbott denies the truth of this statement.

Let me ask him, If the religion of Jesus Christ is preached clearly and distinctly to a heathen, and the heathen understands it, and rejects it deliberately, unequivocally, and finally, can he be saved?

This question is capable of a direct answer. The reverend gentleman now admits that an acceptance of Christianity is not essential to salvation. If the acceptance of Christianity is not essential to the salvation of the heathen who has heard Christianity preached—knows what its claims are, and the evidences that support those claims, is the acceptance of Christianity essential to the salvation of an adult intelligent citizen of the United States? Will the reverend gentleman tell us, and without circumlocution, whether the acceptance of Christianity is necessary to the salvation of anybody? If he says that it is, then he admits that I was right in my statement concerning what is said to the heathen. If he says that it is not, then I ask him, What do you do with the following passages of Scripture: "There is none other name given under heaven or among men whereby we must be saved."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and whosoever believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; and whosoever believeth not shall be damned"?

I am delighted to know that millions of Pagans will be found to have entered into eternal life without any knowledge of Christ or his religion.

Another question naturally arises: If a heathen can hear and reject the Gospel, and yet be saved, what will become of the heathen who never heard of the Gospel? Are they all to be saved? If all who never heard are to be saved, is it not dangerous to hear?—Is it not cruel to preach? Why not stop preaching and let the entire world become heathen, so that after this, no soul may be lost?

Third. You say that I desire to deprive mankind of their faith in God, in Christ and in the Bible. I do not, and have not, endeavored to destroy the faith of any man in a good, in a just, in a merciful God, or in a reasonable, natural, human Christ, or in any truth that the Bible may contain. I have endeavored—and with some degree of success—to destroy the faith of man in the Jehovah of the Jews, and in the idea that Christ was in fact the God of this universe. I have also endeavored to show that there

are many things in the Bible ignorant and cruel—that the book was produced by barbarians and by savages, and that its influence on the world has been bad.

And I do believe that life and property will be safer, that liberty will be surer, that homes will be sweeter, and life will be more joyous, and death less terrible, if the myth called Jehovah can be destroyed from the human mind.

It seems to me that the heart of the Christian ought to burst into an efflorescence of joy when he becomes satisfied that the Bible is only the work of man; that there is no such place as perdition—that there are no eternal flames—that men's souls are not to suffer everlasting pain—that it is all insanity and ignorance and fear and horror. I should think that every good and tender soul would be delighted to know that there is no Christ who can say to any human being—to any father, mother, or child—"Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." I do believe that he will be far happier when the Psalms of David are sung no more, and that he will be far better when no one could sing the 109th Psalm without shuddering and horror. These Psalms for the most part breathe the spirit of hatred, of revenge, and of everything fiendish in the human heart. There are some good lines, some lofty aspirations—these should be preserved; and to the extent that they do give voice to the higher and holier emotions, they should be preserved.

So I believe the world will be happier when the life of Christ, as it is written now in the New Testament, is no longer believed.

Some of the Ten Commandments will fall into oblivion, and the world will be far happier when they do. Most of these commandments are universal. They were not discovered by Jehovah—they were not original with him.

"Thou shalt not kill," is as old as life. And for this reason a large majority of people in all countries have objected to being murdered. "Thou shalt not steal," is as old as industry. There never has been a human being who was willing to work through the sun and rain and heat of summer, simply for the purpose that some one who had lived in idleness might steal the result of his labor. Consequently, in all countries where it has been necessary to work, larceny has been a crime. "Thou shalt not lie," is as old as speech. Men have desired, as a rule, to know the truth; and truth goes with courage and candor. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," is as old as love. "Honor thy father and thy mother," is as old as the family relation.

All these commandments were known among all peoples thousands and thousands of years before Moses was born. The new one, "Thou shalt worship no other Gods but me," is a bad commandment—because that God was not worthy of worship. "Thou shalt make no graven image,"—a bad commandment. It was the death of art. "Thou shalt do no work on the Sabbath-day,"—a bad commandment; the object of that being, that one-seventh of the time should be given to the worship of a monster, making a priesthood necessary, and consequently burdening industry with the idle and useless.

If Professor Clifford felt lonely at the loss of such a companion as Jehovah, it is impossible for me to sympathize with his feelings. No one wishes to destroy the hope of another life—no one wishes to blot out any good that is, or that is hoped for, or the

hope of which gives consolation to the world. Neither do I agree with this gentleman when he says, “Let us have the truth, cost what it may.” I say: Let us have happiness—well-being. The truth upon these matters is of but little importance compared with the happiness of mankind. Whether there is, or is not, a God, is absolutely unimportant, compared with the well-being of the race. Whether the Bible is, or is not, inspired, is not of as much consequence as human happiness.

Of course, if the Old and New Testaments are true, then human happiness becomes impossible, either in this world, or in the world to come—that is, impossible to all people who really believe that these books are true. It is often necessary to know the truth, in order to prepare ourselves to bear consequences; but in the metaphysical world, truth is of no possible importance except as it affects human happiness.

If there be a God, he certainly will hold us to no stricter responsibility about metaphysical truth than about scientific truth. It ought to be just as dangerous to make a mistake in Geology as in Theology—in Astronomy as in the question of the Atonement.

I am not endeavoring to overthrow any faith in God, but the faith in a bad God. And in order to accomplish this, I have endeavored to show that the question of whether an Infinite God exists, or not, is beyond the power of the human mind. Anything is better than to believe in the God of the Bible.

Fourth. Mr. Abbott, like the rest, appeals to names instead of to arguments. He appeals to Socrates, and yet he does not agree with Socrates. He appeals to Goethe, and yet Goethe was far from a Christian. He appeals to Isaac Newton and to Mr. Gladstone—and after mentioning these names, says, that on his side is this faith of the wisest, the best, the noblest of mankind.

Was Socrates after all greater than Epicurus—had he a subtler mind—was he any nobler in his life? Was Isaac Newton so much greater than Humboldt—than Charles Darwin, who has revolutionized the thought of the civilized world? Did he do the one-hundredth part of the good for mankind that was done by Voltaire—was he as great a metaphysician as Spinoza?

But why should we appeal to names?

In a contest between Protestantism and Catholicism are you willing to abide by the tests of names? In a contest between Christianity and Paganism, in the first century, would you have considered the question settled by names? Had Christianity then produced the equals of the great Greeks and Romans? The new can always be overwhelmed with names that were in favor of the old. Sir Isaac Newton, in his day, could have been overwhelmed by the names of the great who had preceded him. Christ was overwhelmed by this same method—Moses and the Prophets were appealed to as against this Peasant of Palestine. This is the argument of the cemetery—this is leaving the open field, and crawling behind gravestones.

Newton was understood to be, all his life, a believer in the Trinity; but he dared not say what his real thought was. After his death there was found among his papers an argument that he published against the divinity of Christ. This had been published in

Holland, because he was afraid to have it published in England. How do we really know what the great men of whom you speak believed, or believe?

I do not agree with you when you say that Gladstone is the greatest statesman. He will not, in my judgment, for one moment compare with Thomas Jefferson—with Alexander Hamilton—or, to come down to later times, with Gambetta; and he is immeasurably below such a man as Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln was not a believer. Gambetta was an atheist.

And yet, these names prove nothing. Instead of citing a name, and saying that this great man—Sir Isaac Newton, for instance—believed in our doctrine, it is far better to give the reasons that Sir Isaac Newton had for his belief.

Nearly all organizations are filled with snobbishness. Each church has a list of great names, and the members feel in duty bound to stand by their great men.

Why is idolatry the worst of sins? Is it not far better to worship a God of stone than a God who threatens to punish in eternal flames the most of his children? If you simply mean by idolatry a false conception of God, you must admit that no finite mind can have a true conception of God—and you must admit that no two men can have the same false conception of God, and that, as a consequence, no two men can worship identically the same Deity. Consequently they are all idolaters.

I do not think idolatry the worst of sins. Cruelty is the worst of sins. It is far better to worship a false God, than to injure your neighbor—far better to bow before a monstrosity of stone, than to enslave your fellow-men.

Fifth. I am glad that you admit that a bad God is worse than no God. If so, the atheist is far better than the believer in Jehovah, and far better than the believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ—because I am perfectly satisfied that none but a bad God would threaten to say to any human soul, “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” So that, before any Christian can be better than an atheist, he must reform his God.

The agnostic does not simply say, “I do not know.” He goes another step, and he says, with great emphasis, that you do not know. He insists that you are trading on the ignorance of others, and on the fear of others. He is not satisfied with saying that you do not know,—he demonstrates that you do not know, and he drives you from the field of fact—he drives you from the realm of reason—he drives you from the light, into the darkness of conjecture—into the world of dreams and shadows, and he compels you to say, at last, that your faith has no foundation in fact.

You say that religion tells us that “life is a battle with temptation—the result is eternal life to the victors.”

But what of the victims? Did your God create these victims, knowing that they would be victims? Did he deliberately change the clay into the man—into a being with wants, surrounded by difficulties and temptations—and did he deliberately surround this being with temptations that he knew he could not withstand, with obstacles that he knew he could not overcome, and whom he knew at last would fall a victim upon the field of death? Is there no hope for this victim? No remedy for this mistake of

your God? Is he to remain a victim forever? Is it not better to have no God than such a God? Could the condition of this victim be rendered worse by the death of God?

Sixth. Of course I agree with you when you say that character is worth more than condition—that life is worth more than place. But I do not agree with you when you say that being—that simple existence—is better than happiness. If a man is not happy, it is far better not to be. I utterly dissent from your philosophy of life. From my standpoint, I do not understand you when you talk about self-denial. I can imagine a being of such character, that certain things he would do for the one he loved, would by others be regarded as acts of self-denial, but they could not be so regarded by him. In these acts of so-called selfdenial, he would find his highest joy.

This pretence that to do right is to carry a cross, has done an immense amount of injury to the world. Only those who do wrong carry a cross. To do wrong is the only possible self-denial.

The pulpit has always been saying that, although the virtuous and good, the kind, the tender, and the loving, may have a very bad time here, yet they will have their reward in heaven—having denied themselves the pleasures of sin, the ecstasies of crime, they will be made happy in a world hereafter; but that the wicked, who have enjoyed larceny, and rascality in all its forms, will be punished hereafter.

All this rests upon the idea that man should sacrifice himself, not for his fellow-men, but for God—that he should do something for the Almighty—that he should go hungry to increase the happiness of heaven—that he should make a journey to Our Lady of Loretto, with dried peas in his shoes; that he should refuse to eat meat on Friday; that he should say so many prayers before retiring to rest; that he should do something that he hated to do, in order that he might win the approbation of the heavenly powers. For my part, I think it much better to feed the hungry, than to starve yourself.

You ask me, What is Christianity? You then proceed to partially answer your own question, and you pick out what you consider the best, and call that Christianity. But you have given only one side, and that side not all of it good. Why did you not give the other side of Christianity—the side that talks of eternal flames, of the worm that dieth not—the side that denounces the investigator and the thinker—the side that promises an eternal reward for credulity—the side that tells men to take no thought for the morrow but to trust absolutely in a Divine Providence?

“Within thirty years after the crucifixion of Jesus, faith in his resurrection had become the inspiration of the church.” I ask you, Was there a resurrection?

What advance has been made in what you are pleased to call the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, through the instrumentality of the church? Was there as much dread of God among the Pagans as there has been among Christians?

I do not believe that the church is a conservator of civilization. It sells crime on credit. I do not believe it is an educator of good will. It has caused more war than all other causes. Neither is it a school of a nobler reverence and faith. The church has not turned the minds of men toward principles of justice, mercy and truth—it has destroyed the foundation of justice. It does not minister comfort at the coffin—it fills

the mourners with fear. It has never preached a gospel of “Peace on Earth”—it has never preached “Good Will toward men.”

For my part, I do not agree with you when you say that: “The most stalwart anti-Romanists can hardly question that with the Roman Catholic Church abolished by instantaneous decree, its priests banished and its churches closed, the disaster to American communities would be simply awful in its proportions, if not irretrievable in its results.”

I may agree with you in this, that the most stalwart anti-Romanists would not wish to have the Roman Catholic Church abolished by tyranny, and its priests banished, and its churches closed. But if the abolition of that church could be produced by the development of the human mind; and if its priests, instead of being banished, should become good and useful citizens, and were in favor of absolute liberty of mind, then I say that there would be no disaster, but a very wide and great and splendid blessing. The church has been the Centaur—not Theseus; the church has not been Hercules, but the serpent.

So I believe that there is something far nobler than loyalty to any particular man. Loyalty to the truth as we perceive it—loyalty to our duty as we know it—loyalty to the ideals of our brain and heart—is, to my mind, far greater and far nobler than loyalty to the life of any particular man or God. There is a kind of slavery—a kind of abdication—for any man to take any other man as his absolute pattern and to hold him up as the perfection of all life, and to feel that it is his duty to grovel in the dust in his presence. It is better to feel that the springs of action are within yourself—that you are poised upon your own feet—and that you look at the world with your own eyes, and follow the path that reason shows.

I do not believe that the world could be re-organized upon the simple but radical principles of the Sermon on the Mount. Neither do I believe that this sermon was ever delivered by one man. It has in it many fragments that I imagine were dropped from many mouths. It lacks coherence—it lacks form. Some of the sayings are beautiful, sublime and tender; and others seem to be weak, contradictory and childish.

Seventh. I do not say that I do not know whether this faith is true, or not. I say distinctly and clearly, that I know it is not true. I admit that I do not know whether there is any infinite personality or not, because I do not know that my mind is an absolute standard. But according to my mind, there is no such personality; and according to my mind, it is an infinite absurdity to suppose that there is such an infinite personality. But I do know something of human nature; I do know a little of the history of mankind; and I know enough to know that what is known as the Christian faith, is not true. I am perfectly satisfied, beyond all doubt and beyond all per-adventure, that all miracles are falsehoods. I know as well as I know that I live—that others live—that what you call your faith, is not true.

I am glad, however, that you admit that the miracles of the Old Testament, or the inspiration of the Old Testament, are not essentials. I draw my conclusion from what you say: “I have not in this paper discussed the miracles, or the inspiration of the Old Testament; partly because those topics, in my opinion, occupy a subordinate position

in Christian faith, and I wish to consider only essentials." At the same time, you tell us that, "On historical evidence, and after a careful study of the arguments on both sides, I regard as historical the events narrated in the four Gospels, ordinarily regarded as miracles." At the same time, you say that you fully agree with me that the order of nature has never been violated or interrupted. In other words, you must believe that all these so-called miracles were actually in accordance with the laws, or facts rather, in nature.

Eighth. You wonder that I could write the following: "To me there is nothing of any particular value in the Pentateuch. There is not, so far as I know, a line in the Book of Genesis calculated to make a human being better." You then call my attention to "The magnificent Psalm of Praise to the Creator with which Genesis opens; to the beautiful legend of the first sin and its fateful consequences; the inspiring story of Abraham—the first selfexile for conscience sake; the romantic story of Joseph the Peasant boy becoming a Prince," which you say "would have attraction for any one if he could have found a charm in, for example, the Legends of the Round Table."

The "magnificent Psalm of Praise to the Creator with which Genesis opens" is filled with magnificent mistakes, and is utterly absurd. "The beautiful legend of the first sin and its fateful consequences" is probably the most contemptible story that was ever written, and the treatment of the first pair by Jehovah is unparalleled in the cruelty of despotic governments. According to this infamous account, God cursed the mothers of the world, and added to the agonies of maternity. Not only so, but he made woman a slave, and man something, if possible, meaner—a master.

I must confess that I have very little admiration for Abraham. (Give reasons.)

So far as Joseph is concerned, let me give you the history of Joseph,—how he conspired with Pharaoh to enslave the people of Egypt.

You seem to be astonished that I am not in love with the character of Joseph, as pictured in the Bible. Let me tell you who Joseph was.

It seems, from the account, that Pharaoh had a dream. None of his wise men could give its meaning. He applied to Joseph, and Joseph, having been enlightened by Jehovah, gave the meaning of the dream to Pharaoh. He told the king that there would be in Egypt seven years of great plenty, and after these seven years of great plenty, there would be seven years of famine, and that the famine would consume the land. Thereupon Joseph gave to Pharaoh some advice. First, he was to take up a fifth part of the land of Egypt, in the seven plenteous years—he was to gather all the food of those good years, and lay up corn, and he was to keep this food in the cities. This food was to be a store to the land against the seven years of famine. And thereupon Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See I have set thee over all the land of Egypt."

We are further informed by the holy writer, that in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls, and that Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities, and

that he gathered corn as the sand of the sea. This was done through the seven plenteous years. Then commenced the years of dearth. Then the people of Egypt became hungry, and they cried to Pharaoh for bread, and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph. The famine was over all the face of the earth, and Joseph opened the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians, and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt. There was no bread in the land, and Egypt fainted by reason of the famine. And Joseph gathered up all the money that was found in the land of Egypt, by the sale of corn, and brought the money to Pharaoh's house. After a time the money failed in the land of Egypt, and the Egyptians came unto Joseph and said, "Give us bread; why should we die in thy presence? for the money faileth." And Joseph said, "Give your cattle, and I will give you for your cattle." And they brought their cattle unto Joseph, and he gave them bread in exchange for horses and flocks and herds, and he fed them with bread for all their cattle for that year. When the year was ended, they came unto him the second year, and said, "Our money is spent, our cattle are gone, naught is left but our bodies and our lands." And they said to Joseph, "Buy us, and our land, for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh; and give us seed that we may live and not die, that the land be not desolate." And Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptians sold every man his field, because the famine prevailed over them. So the land became Pharaoh's. Then Joseph said to the people, "I have bought you this day, and your land; lo, here is seed for you, and ye shall sow the land." And thereupon the people said, "Thou hast saved our lives; we will be Pharaoh's servants." "And Joseph made it a law over the land of Egypt unto this day, that Pharaoh should have the fifth part, *except the land of the priests only, which became not Pharaoh's.*"

Yet I am asked, by a minister of the nineteenth century, whether it is possible that I do not admire the character of Joseph. This man received information from God—and gave that information to Pharaoh, to the end that he might impoverish and enslave a nation. This man, by means of intelligence received from Jehovah, took from the people what they had, and compelled them at last to sell themselves, their wives and their children, and to become in fact bondmen forever. Yet I am asked by the successor of Henry Ward Beecher, if I do not admire the infamous wretch who was guilty of the greatest crime recorded in the literature of the world.

So, it is difficult for me to understand why you speak of Abraham as "a self-exile for conscience sake." If the king of England had told one of his favorites that if he would go to North America he would give him a territory hundreds of miles square, and would defend him in its possession, and that he there might build up an empire, and the favorite believed the king, and went, would you call him "a self-exile for conscience sake"?

According to the story in the Bible, the Lord promised Abraham that if he would leave his country and kindred, he would make of him a great nation, would bless him, and make his name great, that he would bless them that blessed Abraham, and that he would curse him whom Abraham cursed; and further, that in him all the families of the earth should be blest. If this is true, would you call Abraham "a self-exile for conscience sake"? If Abraham had only known that the Lord was not to keep his

promise, he probably would have remained where he was—the fact being, that every promise made by the Lord to Abraham, was broken.

Do you think that Abraham was "a self-exile for conscience sake" when he told Sarah, his wife, to say that she was his sister—in consequence of which she was taken into Pharaoh's house, and by reason of which Pharaoh made presents of sheep and oxen and man servants and maid servants to Abraham? What would you call such a proceeding now? What would you think of a man who was willing that his wife should become the mistress of the king, provided the king would make him presents?

Was it for conscience sake that the same subterfuge was adopted again, when Abraham said to Abimelech, the King of Gerar, She is my sister—in consequence of which Abimelech sent for Sarah and took her?

Mr. Ingersoll having been called to Montana, as counsel in a long and important law suit, never finished this article.

ANSWER TO ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, in the opening of his article, in a burst of confidence, takes occasion to let the world know how perfectly angelic he intends to be. He publicly proclaims that he can criticise the arguments of one with whom he disagrees, without resorting to invective, or becoming discourteous. Does he call attention to this because most theologians are hateful and ungentlemanly? Is it a rare thing for the pious to be candid? Why should an Archdeacon be cruel, or even ill-bred? Yet, in the very beginning, the Archdeacon in effect says: Behold, I show you a mystery—a Christian who can write about an infidel, without invective and without brutality. Is it then so difficult for those who love their enemies to keep within the bounds of decency when speaking of unbelievers who have never injured them?

As a matter of fact, I was somewhat surprised when I read the proclamation to the effect that the writer was not to use invective, and was to be guilty of no discourtesy; but on reading the article, and finding that he had failed to keep his promise, I was not surprised.

It is an old habit with theologians to beat the living with the bones of the dead. The arguments that cannot be answered provoke epithet.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR criticises several of my statements: *The same rules or laws of probability must govern in religious questions as in others.*

This apparently self-evident statement seems to excite almost the ire of this Archdeacon, and for the purpose of showing that it is not true, he states, first, that "the first postulate of revelation is that it appeals to man's spirit;" second, that "the spirit is a sphere of being which transcends the spheres of the senses and the understanding;" third, that "if a man denies the existence of a spiritual intuition, he is like a blind man criticising colors, or a deaf man criticising harmonies;" fourth, that "revelation must be judged by its own criteria;" and fifth, that "St. Paul draws a marked distinction between the spirit of the world and the spirit which is of God," and that the same Saint said that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the

spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Let us answer these objections in their order.

1. "The first postulate of revelation is that it appeals to man's spirit." What does the Archdeacon mean by "spirit"? A man says that he has received a revelation from God, and he wishes to convince another man that he has received a revelation—how does he proceed? Does he appeal to the man's reason? Will he tell him the circumstances under which he received the revelation? Will he tell him why he is convinced that it was from God? Will the Archdeacon be kind enough to tell how the spirit can be approached passing by the reason, the understanding, the judgment and the intellect? If the Archdeacon replies that the revelation itself will bear the evidence within itself, what then, I ask, does he mean by the word "evidence"? Evidence about what? Is it such evidence as satisfies the intelligence, convinces the reason, and is it in conformity with the known facts of the mind?

It may be said by the Archdeacon that anything that satisfies what he is pleased to call the spirit, that furnishes what it seems by nature to require, is of supernatural origin. We hear music, and this music seems to satisfy the desire for harmony—still, no one argues, from that fact, that music is of supernatural origin. It may satisfy a want in the brain—a want unknown until the music was heard—and yet we all agree in saying that music has been naturally produced, and no one claims that Beethoven, or Wagner, was inspired.

The same may be said of things that satisfy the palate—of statues, of paintings, that reveal to him who looks, the existence of that of which before that time he had not even dreamed. Why is it that we love color—that we are pleased with harmonies, or with a succession of sounds rising and falling at measured intervals? No one would answer this question by saying that sculptors and painters and musicians were inspired; neither would they say that the first postulate of art is that it appeals to man's spirit, and for that reason the rules or laws of probability have nothing to do with the question of art.

2. That "the spirit is a sphere of being which transcends the spheres of the senses and the understanding." Let us imagine a man without senses. He cannot feel, see, hear, taste, or smell. What is he? Would it be possible for him to have an idea? Would such a man have a spirit to which revelation could appeal, or would there be locked in the dungeon of his brain a spirit, that is to say, a "sphere of being which transcends the spheres of the senses and the understanding"? Admit that in the person supposed, the machinery of life goes on—what is he more than an inanimate machine?

3. That "if a man denies the very existence of a spiritual intuition, he is like a blind man criticising colors, or a deaf man criticising harmonies." What do you mean by "spiritual intuition"? When did this "spiritual intuition" become the property of man—before, or after, birth? Is it of supernatural, or miraculous, origin, and is it possible that this "spiritual intuition" is independent of the man? Is it based upon experience? Was it in any way born of the senses, or of the effect of nature upon the brain—that is to say, of things seen, or heard, or touched? Is a "spiritual intuition" an entity? If man can exist without the "spiritual intuition," do you insist that the "spiritual intuition" can exist without the man?

You may remember that Mr. Locke frequently remarked: “Define your terms.” It is to be regretted that in the hurry of writing your article, you forgot to give an explanation of “spiritual intuition.”

I will also take the liberty of asking you how a blind man could criticise colors, and how a deaf man could criticise harmonies. Possibly you may imagine that “spiritual intuition” can take cognizance of colors, as well as of harmonies. Let me ask: Why cannot a blind man criticise colors? Let me answer: For the same reason that Archdeacon Farrar can tell us nothing about an infinite personality.

4. That “revelation must be judged by its own criteria.” Suppose the Bible had taught that selfishness, larceny and murder were virtues; would you deny its inspiration? Would not your denial be based upon a conclusion that had been reached by your reason that no intelligent being could have been its author—that no good being could, by any possibility, uphold the commission of such crimes? In that case would you be guided by “spiritual intuition,” or by your reason?

When we examine the claims of a history—as, for instance, a history of England, or of America, are we to decide according to “spiritual intuition,” or in accordance with the laws or rules of probability? Is there a different standard for a history written in Hebrew, several thousand years ago, and one written in English in the nineteenth century? If a history should now be written in England, in which the most miraculous and impossible things should be related as facts, and if I should deny these alleged facts, would you consider that the author had overcome my denial by saying, “history must be judged by its own criteria”?

5. That “the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” The Archdeacon admits that the natural man cannot know the things of the spirit, because they are not naturally, but spiritually, discerned. On the next page we are told, that “the truths which Agnostics repudiate have been, and are, acknowledged by all except a fraction of the human race.” It goes without saying that a large majority of the human race are natural; consequently, the statement of the Archdeacon contradicts the statement of St. Paul. The Archdeacon insists that all except a fraction of the human race acknowledge the truths which Agnostics repudiate, and they must acknowledge them because they are by them spiritually discerned; and yet, St. Paul says that this is impossible, and insists that “the natural man cannot know the things of the spirit of God, because they are spiritually discerned.”

There is only one way to harmonize the statement of the Archdeacon and the Saint, and that is, by saying that nearly all of the human race are unnatural, and that only a small fraction are natural, and that the small fraction of men who are natural, are Agnostics, and only those who accept what the Archdeacon calls “truths” are unnatural to such a degree that they can discern spiritual things.

Upon this subject, the last things to which the Archdeacon appeals, are the very things that he, at first, utterly repudiated. He asks, “Are we contemptuously to reject the witness of innumerable multitudes of the good and wise, that—with a spiritual reality more convincing to them than the material evidences which converted the

apostles,"—they have seen, and heard, and their hands have handled the "Word of Life"? Thus at last the Archdeacon appeals to the evidences of the senses.

II.

THE Archdeacon then proceeds to attack the following statement: *There is no subject, and can be none, concerning which any human being is under any obligation to believe without evidence*.

One would suppose that it would be impossible to formulate an objection to this statement. What is or is not evidence, depends upon the mind to which it is presented. There is no possible "insinuation" in this statement, one way or the other. There is nothing sinister in it, any more than there would be in the statement that twice five are ten. How did it happen to occur to the Archdeacon that when I spoke of believing without evidence, I referred to all people who believe in the existence of a God, and that I intended to say "that one-third of the world's inhabitants had embraced the faith of Christians without evidence"?

Certain things may convince one mind and utterly fail to convince others. Undoubtedly the persons who have believed in the dogmas of Christianity have had what was sufficient evidence for them. All I said was, that "there is no subject, and can be none, concerning which any human being is under any obligation to believe without evidence." Does the Archdeacon insist that there is an obligation resting on any human mind to believe without evidence? Is he willing to go a step further and say that there is an obligation resting upon the minds of men to believe contrary to evidence? If one is under obligation to believe without evidence, it is just as reasonable to say that he is under obligation to believe in spite of evidence. What does the word "evidence" mean? A man in whose honesty I have great confidence, tells me that he saw a dead man raised to life. I do not believe him. Why? His statement is not evidence to my mind. Why? Because it contradicts all of my experience, and, as I believe, the experience of the intelligent world.

No one pretends that "one-third of the world's inhabitants have embraced the faith of Christians without evidence"—that is, that all Christians have embraced the faith without evidence. In the olden time, when hundreds of thousands of men were given their choice between being murdered and baptized, they generally accepted baptism—probably they accepted Christianity without critically examining the evidence.

Is it historically absurd that millions of people have believed in systems of religion without evidence? Thousands of millions have believed that Mohammed was a prophet of God. And not only so, but have believed in his miraculous power. Did they believe without evidence? Is it historically absurd to say that Mohammedanism is based upon mistake? What shall we say of the followers of Buddha, who far outnumber the followers of Christ? Have they believed without evidence? And is it historically absurd to say that our ancestors of a few hundred years ago were as credulous as the disciples of Buddha? Is it not true that the same gentlemen who believed thoroughly in all the miracles of the New Testament also believed the world to be flat, and were perfectly satisfied that the sun made its daily journey around the

earth? Did they have any evidence? Is it historically absurd to say that they believed without evidence?

III.

Neither is there any intelligent being who can by any possibility be flattered by the exercise of ignorant credulity.

THE Archdeacon asks what I "gain by stigmatizing as ignorant credulity that inspired, inspiring, invincible conviction—the formative principle of noble efforts and self-sacrificing lives, which at this moment, as during all the long millenniums of the past, has been held not only by the ignorant and the credulous, but by those whom all the ages have regarded as the ablest, the wisest, the most learned and the most gifted of mankind?"

Does the Archdeacon deny that credulity is ignorant? In this connection, what does the word "credulity" mean? It means that condition or state of the mind in which the impossible, or the absurd, is accepted as true. Is not such credulity ignorant? Do we speak of wise credulity—of intelligent credulity? We may say theological credulity, or Christian credulity, but certainly not intelligent credulity. Is the flattery of the ignorant and credulous—the flattery being based upon that which ignorance and credulity have accepted—acceptable to any intelligent being? Is it possible that we can flatter God by pretending to believe, or by believing, that which is repugnant to reason, that which upon examination is seen to be absurd? The Archdeacon admits that God cannot possibly be so flattered. If, then, he agrees with my statement, why endeavor to controvert it?

IV.

The man who without prejudice reads and understands the Old and New Testaments will cease to be an orthodox Christian.

THE Archdeacon says that he cannot pretend to imagine what my definition of an orthodox Christian is. I will use his own language to express my definition. "By an orthodox Christian I mean one who believes what is commonly called the Apostles' Creed. I also believe that the essential doctrines of the church must be judged by her universal formulae, not by the opinions of this or that theologian, however eminent, or even of any number of theologians, unless the church has stamped them with the sanction of her formal and distinct acceptance."

This is the language of the Archdeacon himself, and I accept it as a definition of orthodoxy. With this definition in mind, I say that the man who without prejudice reads and understands the Old and New Testaments will cease to be an orthodox Christian. By "prejudice," I mean the tendencies and trends given to his mind by heredity, by education, by the facts and circumstances entering into the life of man. We know how children are poisoned in the cradle, how they are deformed in the Sunday School, how they are misled by the pulpit. And we know how numberless interests unite and conspire to prevent the individual soul from examining for itself. We know that nearly all rewards are in the hands of Superstition—that she holds the sweet wreath, and that her hands lead the applause of what is called the civilized world. We know how many men give up their mental independence for the sake of

pelf and power. We know the influence of mothers and fathers—of Church and State—of Faith and Fashion. All these influences produce in honest minds what may be known as prejudice,—in other minds, what may be known as hypocrisy.

It is hardly worth my while to speak of the merits of students of Holy Writ "who," the Archdeacon was polite enough to say, "know ten thousand times more of the Scriptures" than I do. This, to say the least of it, is a gratuitous assertion, and one that does not tend to throw the slightest ray of light on any matter in controversy. Neither is it true that it was my "point" to say that all people are prejudiced, merely because they believe in God; it was my point to say that no man can read the miracles of the Old Testament, without prejudice, and believe them; it was my point to say that no man can read many of the cruel and barbarous laws said to have been given by God himself, and yet believe,—unless he was prejudiced,—that these laws were divinely given.

Neither do I believe that there is now beneath the cope of heaven an intelligent man, without prejudice, who believes in the inspiration of the Bible.

V.

The intelligent man who investigates the religion of any country, without fear and without prejudice, will not and cannot be a believer.

IN answering this statement the Archdeacon says: "*Argal*, every believer in any religion is either an incompetent idiot, or coward—with a dash of prejudice."

I hardly know what the gentleman means by an "incompetent idiot," as I know of no competent ones. It was not my intention to say that believers in religion are idiots or cowards. I did not mean, by using the word "fear," to say that persons actuated by fear are cowards. That was not in my mind. By "fear," I intended to convey that fear commonly called awe, or superstition,—that is to say, fear of the supernatural,—fear of the gods—fear of punishment in another world—fear of some Supreme Being; not fear of some other man—not the fear that is branded with cowardice. And, of course, the Archdeacon perfectly understood my meaning; but it was necessary to give another meaning in order to make the appearance of an answer possible.

By "prejudice," I mean that state of mind that accepts the false for the true. All prejudice is honest. And the probability is, that all men are more or less prejudiced on some subject. But on that account I do not call them "incompetent idiots, or cowards, with a dash of prejudice." I have no doubt that the Archdeacon himself believes that all Mahommedans are prejudiced, and that they are actuated more or less by fear, inculcated by their parents and by society at large. Neither have I any doubt that he regards all Catholics as prejudiced, and believes that they are governed more or less by fear. It is no answer to what I have said for the Archdeacon to say that "others have studied every form of religion with infinitely greater power than I have done." This is a personality that has nothing to do with the subject in hand. It is no argument to repeat a list of names. It is an old trick of the theologians to use names instead of arguments—to appeal to persons instead of principles—to rest their case upon the views of kings and nobles and others who pretend eminence in some department of human learning or ignorance, rather than on human knowledge.

This is the argument of the old against the new, and on this appeal the old must of necessity have the advantage. When some man announces the discovery of a new truth, or of some great fact contrary to the opinions of the learned, it is easy to overwhelm him with names. There is but one name on his side—that is to say, his own. All others who are living, and the dead, are on the other side. And if this argument is good, it ought to have ended all progress many thousands of years ago. If this argument is conclusive, the first man would have had freedom of opinion; the second man would have stood an equal chance; but if the third man differed from the other two, he would have been gone. Yet this is the argument of the church. They say to every man who advances something new: Are you greater than the dead? The man who is right is generally modest. Men in the wrong, as a rule, are arrogant; and arrogance is generally in the majority.

The Archdeacon appeals to certain names to show that I am wrong. In order for this argument to be good—that is to say, to be honest—he should agree with all the opinions of the men whose names he gives. He shows, or endeavors to show, that I am wrong, because I do not agree with St. Augustine. Does the Archdeacon agree with St. Augustine? Does he now believe that the bones of a saint were taken to Hippo—that being in the diocese of St. Augustine—and that five corpses, having been touched with these bones, were raised to life? Does he believe that a demoniac, on being touched with one of these bones, was relieved of a multitude of devils, and that these devils then and there testified to the genuineness of the bones, not only, but told the hearers that the doctrine of the Trinity was true? Does the Archdeacon agree with St. Augustine that over seventy miracles were performed with these bones, and that in a neighboring town many hundreds of miracles were performed? Does he agree with St. Augustine in his estimate of women—placing them on a par with beasts?

I admit that St. Augustine had great influence with the people of his day—but what people? I admit also that he was the founder of the first begging brotherhood—that he organized mendicancy—and that he most cheerfully lived on the labor of others.

If St. Augustine lived now he would be the inmate of an asylum. This same St. Augustine believed that the fire of hell was material—that the body itself having influenced the soul to sin, would be burned forever, and that God by a perpetual miracle would save the body from being annihilated and devoured in those eternal flames.

Let me ask the Archdeacon a question: Do you agree with St. Augustine? If you do not, do you claim to be a greater man? Is “your mole-hill higher than his Dhawalagiri”? Are you looking down upon him from the altitude of your own inferiority?

Precisely the same could be said of St. Jerome. The Archdeacon appeals to Charlemagne, one of the great generals of the world—a man who in his time shed rivers of blood, and who on one occasion massacred over four thousand helpless prisoners—a Christian gentleman who had, I think, about nine wives, and was the supposed father of some twenty children. ‘This same Charlemagne had laws against polygamy, and yet practiced it himself. Are we under the same obligation to share his

vices as his views? It is wonderful how the church has always appealed to the so-called great—how it has endeavored to get certificates from kings and queens, from successful soldiers and statesmen, to the truth of the Bible and the moral character of Christ! How the saints have crawled in the dust before the slayers of mankind! Think of proving the religion of love and forgiveness by Charlemagne and Napoleon!

An appeal is also made to Roger Bacon. Yet this man attained all his eminence by going contrary to the opinions and teachings of the church. In his time, it was matter of congratulation that you knew nothing of secular things. He was a student of Nature, an investigator, and by the very construction of his mind was opposed to the methods of Catholicism.

Copernicus was an astronomer, but he certainly did not get his astronomy from the church, nor from General Joshua, nor from the story of the Jewish king for whose benefit the sun was turned back in heaven ten degrees.

Neither did Kepler find his three laws in the Sermon on the Mount, nor were they the utterances of Jehovah on Mount Sinai. He did not make his discoveries because he was a Christian; but in spite of that fact.

As to Lord Bacon, let me ask, are you willing to accept his ideas? If not, why do you quote his name? Am I bound by the opinions of Bacon in matters of religion, and not in matters of science? Bacon denied the Coperni-can system, and died a believer in the Ptolemaic—died believing that the earth is stationary and that the sun and stars move around it as a center. Do you agree with Bacon? If not, do you pretend that your mind is greater? Would it be fair for a believer in Bacon to denounce you as an egotist and charge you with “obstreperousness” because you merely suggested that Mr. Bacon was a little off in his astronomical opinions? Do you not see that you have furnished the cord for me to tie your hands behind you?

I do not know how you ascertained that Shakespeare was what you call a believer. Substantially all that we know of Shakespeare is found in what we know as his “works” All else can be read in one minute. May I ask, how you know that Shakespeare was a believer? Do you prove it by the words he put in the mouths of his characters? If so, you can prove that he was anything, nothing, and everything. Have you literary bread to eat that I know not of? Whether Dante was, or was not, a Christian, I am not prepared to say. I have always admired him for one thing: he had the courage to see a pope in hell.

Probably you are not prepared to agree with Milton—especially in his opinion that marriage had better be by contract, for a limited time. And if you disagree with Milton on this point, do you thereby pretend to say that you could have written a better poem than Paradise Lost?

So Newton is supposed to have been a Trinitarian. And yet it is said that, after his death, there was found an article, which had been published by him in Holland, against the dogma of the Trinity.

After all, it is quite difficult to find out what the great men have believed. They have been actuated by so many unknown motives; they have wished for place; they have desired to be Archdeacons, Bishops, Cardinals, Popes; their material interests have

sometimes interfered with the expression of their thoughts. Most of the men to whom you have alluded lived at a time when the world was controlled by what may be called a Christian mob—when the expression of an honest thought would have cost the life of the one who expressed it—when the followers of Christ were ready with sword and fagot to exterminate philosophy and liberty from the world.

Is it possible that we are under any obligation to believe the Mosaic account of the Garden of Eden, or of the talking serpent, because "Whewell had an encyclopaedic range of knowledge"? Must we believe that Joshua stopped the sun, because Faraday was "the most eminent man of science of his day"? Shall we believe the story of the fiery furnace, because "Mr. Spottiswoode was president of the Royal Society"—had "rare mathematical genius"—so rare that he was actually "buried in Westminster Abbey"? Shall we believe that Jonah spent three days and nights in the inside of a whale because "Professor Clark Maxwell's death was mourned by all"?

Are we under any obligation to believe that an infinite God sent two she bears to tear forty children in pieces because they laughed at a prophet without hair? Must we believe this because "Sir Gabriel Stokes is the living president of the Royal Society, and a Churchman" besides? Are we bound to believe that Daniel spent one of the happiest evenings of his life in the lion's den, because "Sir William Dawson of Canada, two years ago, presided over the British Association"? And must we believe in the ten plagues of Egypt, including the lice, because "Professor Max Müller made an eloquent plea in Westminster Abbey in favor of Christian missions"? Possibly he wanted missionaries to visit heathen lands so that they could see the difference for themselves between theory and practice, in what is known as the Christian religion.

Must we believe the miracles of the New Testament—the casting out of devils—because "Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning stand far above all other poets of this generation in England," or because "Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell and Whittier" occupy the same position in America? Must we admit that devils entered into swine because "Bancroft and Parkman are the leading prose writers of America"—which I take this occasion to deny?

It is to be hoped that some time the Archdeacon will read that portion of Mr. Bancroft's history in which he gives the account of how the soldiers, commonly called Hessians, were raised by the British Government during the American Revolution.

These poor wretches were sold at so much apiece. For every one that was killed, so much was paid, and for every one that was wounded a certain amount was given. Mr. Bancroft tells us that God was not satisfied with this business, and although he did not interfere in any way to save the poor soldiers, he did visit the petty tyrants who made the bargains with his wrath. I remember that as a punishment to one of these, his wife was induced to leave him; another one died a good many years afterwards; and several of them had exceedingly bad luck.

After reading this philosophic dissertation on the dealings of Providence, I doubt if the Archdeacon will still remain of the opinion that Mr. Bancroft is one of the leading prose writers of America. If the Archdeacon will read a few of the sermons of Theodore Parker, and essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson, if he will read the life of

Voltaire by James Parton, he may change his opinion as to the great prose writers of America.

My argument against miracles is answered by reference to "Dr. Lightfoot, a man of such immense learning that he became the equal of his successor Dr. Westcott." And when I say that there are errors and imperfections in the Bible, I am told that Dr. Westcott "investigated the Christian religion and its earliest documents *au fond*, and was an orthodox believer." Of course the Archdeacon knows that no one now knows who wrote one of the books of the Bible. He knows that no one now lives who ever saw one of the original manuscripts, and that no one now lives who ever saw anybody who had seen anybody who had seen an original manuscript.

VI.

Is it possible for the human mind to conceive of an infinite personality?

THE Archdeacon says that it is, and yet in the same article he quotes the following from Job: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" "It is as high as Heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than Hell; what canst thou know?" And immediately after making these quotations, the Archdeacon takes the ground of the agnostic, and says, "with the wise ancient Rabbis, we learn to say, *I do not know*."

It is impossible for me to say what any other human being cannot conceive; but I am absolutely certain that my mind cannot conceive of an infinite personality—of an infinite Ego.

Man is conscious of his individuality. Man has wants. A multitude of things in nature seems to work against him; and others seem to be favorable to him. There is conflict between him and nature.

If man had no wants—if there were no conflict between him and any other being, or any other thing, he could not say "I"—that is to say, he could not be conscious of personality.

Now, it seems to me that an infinite personality is a contradiction in terms, says "I."

VII.

THE same line of argument applies to the next statement that is criticised by the Archdeacon: *Can the human mind conceive a beginningless being?*

We know that there is such a thing as matter, but we do not know that there is a beginningless being. We say, or some say, that matter is eternal, because the human mind cannot conceive of its commencing. Now, if we knew of the existence of an Infinite Being, we could not conceive of his commencing. But we know of no such being. We do know of the existence of matter; and my mind is so, that I cannot conceive of that matter having been created by a beginningless being. I do not say that there is not a beginningless being, but I do not believe there is, and it is beyond my power to conceive of such a being.

The Archdeacon also says that "space is quite as impossible to conceive as God." But nobody pretends to love space—no one gives intention and will to space—no one, so

far as I know, builds altars or temples to space. Now, if God is as inconceivable as space, why should we pray to God?

The Archdeacon, however, after quoting Sir William Hamilton as to the inconceivability of space as absolute or infinite, takes occasion to say that "space is an entity." May I be permitted to ask how he knows that space is an entity? As a matter of fact, the conception of infinite space is a necessity of the mind, the same as eternity is a necessity of the mind.

VIII.

THE next sentence or statement to which the Archdeacon objects is as follows:

He who cannot harmonize the cruelties of the Bible with the goodness of Jehovah, cannot harmonize the cruelties of Nature with the goodness or wisdom of a supposed Deity. He will find it impossible to account for pestilence and famine, for earthquake and storm, for slavery, and for the triumph of the strong over the weak.

One objection that he urges to this statement is that St. Paul had made a stronger one in the same direction. The Archdeacon however insists that "a world without a contingency, or an agony, could have had no hero and no saint," and that "science enables us to demonstrate that much of the apparent misery and anguish is transitory and even phantasmal; that many of the seeming forces of destruction are overruled to ends of beneficence; that most of man's disease and anguish is due to his own sin and folly and wilfulness."

I will not say that these things have been said before, but I will say that they have been answered before. The idea that the world is a school in which character is formed and in which men are educated is very old. If, however, the world is a school, and there is trouble and misfortune, and the object is to create character—that is to say, to produce heroes and saints—then the question arises, what becomes of those who die in infancy? They are left without the means of education. Are they to remain forever without character? Or is there some other world of suffering and sorrow?

Is it possible to form character in heaven? How did the angels become good? How do you account for the justice of God? Did he attain character through struggle and suffering?

What would you say of a school teacher who should kill one-third of the children on the morning of the first day? And what can you say of God,—if this world is a school,—who allows a large per cent, of his children to die in infancy—consequently without education—therefore, without character?

If the world is the result of infinite wisdom and goodness, why is the Christian Church engaged in endeavoring to make it better; or, rather, in an effort to change it? Why not leave it as an infinite God made it?

Is it true that most of man's diseases are due to his own sin and folly and wilfulness? Is it not true that no matter how good men are they must die, and will they not die of diseases? Is it true that the wickedness of man has created the microbe? Is it possible that the sinfulness of man created the countless enemies of human life that lurk in air and water and food? Certainly the wickedness of man has had very little influence on

tornadoes, earthquakes and floods. Is it true that “the signature of beauty with which God has stamped the visible world—alike in the sky and on the earth—alike in the majestic phenomena of an intelligent creation and in its humblest and most microscopic production—is a perpetual proof that God is a God of love”?

Let us see. The scientists tell us that there is a little microscopic animal, one who is very particular about his food—so particular, that he prefers to all other things the optic nerve, and after he has succeeded in destroying that nerve and covering the eye with the mask of blindness, he has intelligence enough to bore his way through the bones of the nose in search of the other optic nerve. Is it not somewhat difficult to discover “the signature of beauty with which God has stamped” this animal? For my part, I see but little beauty in poisonous serpents, in man-eating sharks, in crocodiles, in alligators. It would be impossible for me to gaze with admiration upon a cancer. Think, for a moment, of a God ingenious enough and good enough to feed a cancer with the quivering flesh of a human being, and to give for the sustenance of that cancer the life of a mother.

It is well enough to speak of “the myriad voices of nature in their mirth and sweetness,” and it is also well enough to think of the other side. The singing birds have a few notes of love—the rest are all of warning and of fear. Nature, apparently with infinite care, produces a living thing, and at the same time is just as diligently at work creating another living thing to devour the first, and at the same time a third to devour the second, and so on around the great circle of life and death, of agony and joy—tooth and claw, fang and tusk, hunger and rapine, massacre and murder, violence and vengeance and vice everywhere and through all time. [Here the manuscript ends, with the following notes.]

SAYINGS FROM THE INDIAN.

“The rain seems hardest when the wigwam leaks.”

“When the tracks get too large and too numerous, the wise Indian says that he is hunting something else.”

“A little crook in the arrow makes a great miss.”

“A great chief counts scalps, not hairs.”

“You cannot strengthen the bow by poisoning the arrows.”

“No one saves water in a flood.”

ORIGEN.

Origen considered that the punishment of the wicked consisted in separation from God. There was too much pity in his heart to believe in the flames of hell. But he was condemned as heretical by the Council of Carthage, A. D., 398, and afterwards by other councils.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

St. Augustine censures Origen for his merciful view, and says: “The church, not without reason, condemned him for this error.” He also held that hell was in the centre of the earth, and that God supplied the centre with perpetual fire by a miracle.

DANTE.

Dante is a wonderful mixture of melancholy and malice, of religion and revenge, and he represents himself as so pitiless that when he found his political opponents in hell, he struck their faces and pulled the hair of the tormented.

AQUINAS.

Aquinas believed the same. He was the loving gentleman who believed in the undying worm.

Is Corporal Punishment Degrading?

** This unfinished and unrevised article was found among Col. Ingersoll's papers, and is here reproduced without change.— It is a reply to the Dean of St Paul's Contribution to the North American Review for Dec., 1891, entitled: "Is Corporal Punishment Degrading?"*

THE Dean of St. Paul protests against the kindness of parents, guardians and teachers toward children, wards and pupils. He believes in the gospel of ferule and whips, and has perfect faith in the efficacy of flogging in homes and schools. He longs for the return of the good old days when fathers were severe, and children affectionate and obedient.

In America, for many years, even wife-beating has been somewhat unpopular, and the flogging of children has been considered cruel and unmanly. Wives with bruised and swollen faces, and children with lacerated backs, have excited pity for themselves rather than admiration for savage husbands and brutal fathers. It is also true that the church has far less power here than in England, and it may be that those who wander from the orthodox fold grow merciful and respect the rights even of the weakest.

But whatever the cause may be, the fact is that we, citizens of the Republic, feel that certain domestic brutalities are the children of monarchies and despotisms; that they were produced by superstition, ignorance, and savagery; and that they are not in accord with the free and superb spirit that founded and preserves the Great Republic.

Of late years, confidence in the power of kindness has greatly increased, and there is a wide-spread suspicion that cruelty and violence are not the instrumentalities of civilization.

Physicians no longer regard corporal punishment as a sure cure even for insanity—and it is generally admitted that the lash irritates rather than soothes the victim of melancholia.

Civilized men now insist that criminals cannot always be reformed even by the most ingenious instruments of torture. It is known that some convicts repay the smallest acts of kindness with the sincerest gratitude. Some of the best people go so far as to say that kindness is the sunshine in which the virtues grow. We know that for many ages governments tried to make men virtuous with dungeon and fagot and scaffold; that they tried to cure even disease of the mind with brandings and maimings and lashes on the naked flesh of men and women—and that kings endeavored to sow the seeds of patriotism—to plant and nurture them in the hearts of their subjects—with whip and chain.

In England, only a few years ago, there were hundreds of brave soldiers and daring sailors whose breasts were covered with honorable scars—witnesses of wounds received at Trafalgar and Balaklava—while on the backs of these same soldiers and sailors were the marks of English whips. These shameless cruelties were committed in the name of discipline, and were upheld by officers, statesmen and clergymen. The same is true of nearly all civilized nations. These crimes have been excused for the

reason that our ancestors were, at that time, in fact, barbarians—that they had no idea of justice, no comprehension of liberty, no conception of the rights of men, women, and children.

At that time the church was, in most countries, equal to, or superior to, the state, and was a firm believer in the civilizing influences of cruelty and torture.

According to the creeds of that day, God intended to torture the wicked forever, and the church, according to its power, did all that it could in the same direction. Learning their rights and duties from priests, fathers not only beat their children, but their wives. In those days most homes were penitentiaries, in which wives and children were the convicts and of which husbands and fathers were the wardens and turnkeys. The king imitated his supposed God, and imprisoned, flogged, branded, beheaded and burned his enemies, and the husbands and fathers imitated the king, and guardians and teachers imitated them.

Yet in spite of all the beatings and burnings, the whippings and hangings, the world was not reformed. Crimes increased, the cheeks of wives were furrowed with tears, the faces of children white with fear—fear of their own fathers; pity was almost driven from the heart of man and found refuge, for the most part, in the breasts of women, children, and dogs.

In those days, misfortunes were punished as crimes. Honest debtors were locked in loathsome dungeons, and trivial offences were punished with death. Worse than all that, thousands of men and women were destroyed, not because they were vicious, but because they were virtuous, honest and noble. Extremes beget obstructions. The victims at last became too numerous, and the result did not seem to justify the means. The good, the few, protested against the savagery of kings and fathers.

Nothing seems clearer to me than that the world has been gradually growing better for many years. Men have a clearer conception of rights and obligations—a higher philosophy—a far nobler ideal. Even kings admit that they should have some regard for the well-being of their subjects. Nations and individuals are slowly outgrowing the savagery of revenge, the desire to kill, and it is generally admitted that criminals should neither be imprisoned nor tortured for the gratification of the public. At last we are beginning to know that revenge is a mistake—that cruelty not only hardens the victim, but makes a criminal of him who inflicts it, and that mercy guided by intelligence is the highest form of justice.

The tendency of the world is toward kindness. The religious creeds are being changed or questioned, because they shock the heart of the present. All civilized churches, all humane Christians, have given up the dogma of eternal pain. This infamous doctrine has for many centuries polluted the imagination and hardened the heart. This coiled viper no longer inhabits the breast of a civilized man.

In all civilized countries slavery has been abolished, the honest debtor released, and all are allowed the liberty of speech.

Long ago flogging was abolished in our army and navy and all cruel and unusual punishments prohibited by law. In many parts of the Republic the whip has been banished from the public schools, the flogger of children is held in abhorrence, and

the wife-beater is regarded as a cowardly criminal. The gospel of kindness is not only preached, but practiced. Such has been the result of this advance of civilization—of this growth of kindness—of this bursting into blossom of the flower called pity, in the heart—that we treat our horses (thanks to Henry Bergh) better than our ancestors did their slaves, their servants or their tenants. The gentlemen of to-day show more affection for their dogs than most of the kings of England exhibited toward their wives. The great tide is toward mercy; the savage creeds are being changed; heartless laws have been repealed; shackles have been broken; torture abolished, and the keepers of prisons are no longer allowed to bruise and scar the flesh of convicts. The insane are treated with kindness—asylums are in the midst of beautiful grounds, the rooms are filled with flowers, and the wandering mind is called back by the golden voice of music.

In the midst of these tendencies—of these accomplishments—in the general harmony between the minds of men, acting together, to the end that the world may be governed by kindness through education and the blessed agencies of reformation and prevention, the Dean of St. Paul raises his voice in favor of the methods and brutalities of the past.

The reverend gentleman takes the ground that the effect of flogging on the flogged is not degrading; that the effect of corporal punishment is ennobling; that it tends to make boys manly by ennobling and teaching them to bear bodily pain with fortitude. To be flogged develops character, self-reliance, courage, contempt of pain and the highest heroism. The Dean therefore takes the ground that parents should flog their children, guardians their wards, and teachers their pupils.

If the Dean is wrong he goes too far, and if he is right he does not go far enough. He does not advocate the flogging of children who obey their parents, or of pupils who violate no rule. It follows then that such children are in great danger of growing up unmanly, without the courage and fortitude to bear bodily pain. If flogging is really a blessing it should not be withheld from the good and lavished on the unworthy. The Dean should have the courage of his convictions. The teacher should not make a pretext of the misconduct of the pupil to do him a great service. He should not be guilty of calling a benefit a punishment He should not deceive the children under his care and develop their better natures under false pretences. But what is to become of the boys and girls who “behave themselves,” who attend to their studies, and comply with the rules? They lose the benefits conferred on those who defy their parents and teachers, reach maturity without character, and so remain withered and worthless.

The Dean not only defends his position by an appeal to the Bible, the history of nations, but to his personal experience. In order to show the good effects of brutality and the bad consequences of kindness, he gives two instances that came under his observation. The first is that of an intelligent father who treated his sons with great kindness and yet these sons neglected their affectionate father in his old age. The second instance is that of a mother who beat her daughter. The wretched child, it seems, was sent out to gather sticks from the hedges, and when she brought home a large stick, the mother suspected that she had obtained it wrongfully and thereupon proceeded to beat the child. And yet the Dean tells us that this abused daughter treated the hyena mother with the greatest kindness, and loved her as no other

daughter ever loved a mother. In order to make this case strong and convincing the Dean states that this mother was a most excellent Christian.

From these two instances the Dean infers, and by these two instances proves, that kindness breeds bad sons, and that flogging makes affectionate daughters. The Dean says to the Christian mother: “If you wish to be loved by your daughter, you must beat her.” And to the Christian father he says: “If you want to be neglected in your old age by your sons, you will treat them with kindness.” The Dean does not follow his logic to the end. Let me give him two instances that support his theory.

A good man married a handsome woman. He was old, rich, kind and indulgent. He allowed his wife to have her own way. He never uttered a cross or cruel word. He never thought of beating her. And yet, as the Dean would say, in consequence of his kindness, she poisoned him, got his money and married another man.

In this city, not long ago, a man, a foreigner, beat his wife according to his habit. On this particular occasion the punishment was excessive. He beat her until she became unconscious; she was taken to a hospital and the physician said that she could not live. The husband was brought to the hospital and preparations were made to take her dying statement. After being told that she was dying, she was asked if her husband had beaten her. Her face was so bruised and swollen that the lids of her eyes had to be lifted in order that she might see the wretch who had killed her. She beckoned him to her side—threw her arms about his neck—drew his face to hers—kissed him, and said: “He is not the man. He did not do it”—then—died.

According to the philosophy of the Dean, these instances show that kindness causes crime, and that wife-beating cultivates in the highest degree the affectional nature of woman.

The Dean, if consistent, is a believer in slavery, because the lash judiciously applied brings out the finer feelings of the heart. Slaves have been known to die for their masters, while under similar circumstances hired men have sought safety in flight.

We all know of many instances where the abused, the maligned, and the tortured have returned good for evil—and many instances where the loved, the honored, and the trusted have turned against their benefactors, and yet we know that cruelty and torture are not superior to love and kindness. Yet, the Dean tries to show that severity is the real mother of affection, and that kindness breeds monsters. If kindness and affection on the part of parents demoralize children, will not kindness and affection on the part of children demoralize the parents?

When the children are young and weak, the parents who are strong beat the children in order that they may be affectionate. Now, when the children get strong and the parents are old and weak, ought not the children to beat them, so that they too may become kind and loving?

If you want an affectionate son, beat him. If you desire a loving wife, beat her.

This is really the advice of the Dean of St Paul. To me it is one of the most pathetic facts in nature that wives and children love husbands and fathers who are utterly

unworthy. It is enough to sadden a life to think of the affection that has been lavished upon the brutal, of the countless pearls that Love has thrown to swine.

The Dean, quoting from Hooker, insists that "the voice of man is as the sentence of God himself,"—in other words, that the general voice, practice and opinion of the human race are true.

And yet, cannibalism, slavery, polygamy, the worship of snakes and stones, the sacrifice of babes, have during vast periods of time been practiced and upheld by an overwhelming majority of mankind. Whether the "general voice" can be depended on depends much on the time, the epoch, during which the "general voice" was uttered. There was a time when the "general voice" was in accord with the appetite of man; when all nations were cannibals and lived on each other, and yet it can hardly be said that this voice and appetite were in exact accord with divine goodness. It is hardly safe to depend on the "general voice" of savages, no matter how numerous they may have been. Like most people who defend the cruel and absurd, the Dean appeals to the Bible as the supreme authority in the moral world,—and yet if the English Parliament should re-enact the Mosaic Code every member voting in the affirmative would be subjected to personal violence, and an effort to enforce that code would produce a revolution that could end only in the destruction of the government.

The morality of the Old Testament is not always of the purest; when Jehovah tried to induce Pharaoh to let the Hebrews go, he never took the ground that slavery was wrong. He did not seek to convince by argument, to soften by pity, or to persuade by kindness. He depended on miracles and plagues. He killed helpless babes and the innocent beasts of the fields. No wonder the Dean appeals to the Bible to justify the beating of children. So, too, we are told that "all sensible persons, Christian and otherwise, will admit that there are in every child born into the world tendencies to evil that need rooting out."

The Dean undoubtedly believes in the creed of the established church, and yet he does not hesitate to say that a God of infinite goodness and intelligence never created a child—never allowed one to be born into the world without planting in its little heart "tendencies to evil that need rooting out."

So, Solomon is quoted to the effect "that he that spareth his rod hateth his son." To me it has always been a matter of amazement why civilized people, living in the century of Darwin and Humboldt, should quote as authority the words of Solomon, a murderer, an ingrate, an idolater, and a polygamist—a man so steeped and sodden in ignorance that he really believed he could be happy with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. The Dean seems to regret that flogging is no longer practiced in the British navy, and quotes with great cheerfulness a passage from Deuteronomy to prove that forty lashes on the naked back will meet with the approval of God. He insists that St. Paul endured corporal punishment without the feeling of degradation not only, but that he remembered his sufferings with a sense of satisfaction. Does the Dean think that the satisfaction of St. Paul justified the wretches who beat and stoned him? Leaving the Hebrews, the Dean calls the Greeks as witnesses to establish the beneficence of flogging. They resorted to corporal

punishment in their schools, says the Dean and then naively remarks “that Plutarch was opposed to this.”

The Dean admits that in Rome it was found necessary to limit by law the punishment that a father might inflict upon his children, and yet he seems to regret that the legislature interfered. The Dean observes that “Quintillian severely censured corporal punishment” and then accounts for the weakness and folly of the censure, by saying that “Quintillian wrote in the days when the glories of Rome were departed.” And then adds these curiously savage words: “It is worthy of remark that no children treated their parents with greater tenderness and reverence than did those of Rome in the days when the father possessed the unlimited power of punishment.”

Not quite satisfied with the strength of his case although sustained by Moses and Solomon, St. Paul and several schoolmasters, he proceeds to show that God is thoroughly on his side, not only in theory, but in practice; “whom the Lord loveth lie chasteneth, and scourgeth every sou whom he receiveth.”.

The Dean asks this question: “Which custom, kindness or severity, does experience show to be the less dangerous?” And he answers from a new heart: “I fear that I must unhesitatingly give the palm to severity.”

“I have found that there have been more reverence and affection, more willingness to make sacrifices for parents, more pleasure in contributing to their pleasure or happiness in that life where the tendency has been to a severe method of treatment.”

Is it possible that any good mail exists who is willing to gain the affection of his children in that way? How could such a man beat and bruise the flesh of his babes, knowing that they would give him in return obedience and love; that they would fill the evening of his days—the leafless winter of his life—with perfect peace?

Think of being fed and clothed by children you had whipped—whose flesh you had scarred! Think of feeling in the hour of death upon your withered lips, your withered cheeks, the kisses and the tears of one whom, you had beaten—upon whose flesh were still the marks of your lash!

The whip degrades; a severe father teaches his children to dissemble; their love is pretence, and their obedience a species of self-defence. Fear is the father of lies.

Volume 7

My Reviewers Reviewed

** This lecture was delivered by Col. Ingersoll in San Francisco Cal., June 27, 1877. It was a reply to various clergymen of that city, who had made violent attacks upon him after the delivery of his lectures, "The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child," and "The Ghosts."*

I.

AGAINST the aspersions of the pulpit and the religious press, I offer in evidence this magnificent audience. Although I represent but a small part of the holy cause of intellectual liberty, even that part shall not be defiled or smirched by a single personality. Whatever I say, I shall say because I believe it will tend to make this world grander, man nearer just, the father kinder, the mother more loving, the children more affectionate, and because I believe it will make an additional flower bloom in the pathway of every one who hears me.

In the first place, what have I said? What has been my offence? What have I done? I am spoken of by the clergy as though I were a wolf that in the absence of the good shepherd had fattened upon his innocent flock. What have I said?

I delivered a lecture entitled, "The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child." In that lecture I said that man was entitled to physical and intellectual liberty. I defined physical liberty to be the right to do right; the right to do anything that did not interfere with the real happiness of others. I defined intellectual liberty to be the right to think right, and the right to think wrong—provided you did your best to think right.

This must be so, because thought is only an instrumentality by which we seek to ascertain the truth. Every man has the right to think, whether his thought is in reality right or wrong; and he cannot be accountable to any being for thinking wrong. There is upon man, so far as thought is concerned, the obligation to think the best he can, and to honestly express his best thought. Whenever he finds what is right, or what he honestly believes to be the right, he is less than a man if he fears to express his conviction before an assembled world.

The right to do right is my definition of physical liberty. "The right of one human being ceases where the right of another commences." My definition of intellectual liberty is, the right to think, whether you think right or wrong, provided you do your best to think right.

I believe in Liberty, Fraternity and Equality—the Blessed Trinity of Humanity.

I believe in Observation, Reason and Experience—the Blessed Trinity of Science.

I believe in Man, Woman and Child—the Blessed Trinity of Life and Joy.

I have said, and still say, that you have no right to endeavor by force to compel another to think your way—that man has no right to compel his fellow-man to adopt his creed, by torture or social ostracism. I have said, and still say, that even an infinite God has and can have no right to compel by force or threats even the meanest

of mankind to accept a dogma abhorrent to his mind. As a matter of fact such a power is incapable of being exercised. You may compel a man to say that he has changed his mind. You may force him to say that he agrees with you. In this way, however, you make hypocrites, not converts. Is it possible that a god wishes the worship of a slave? Does a god desire the homage of a coward? Does he really long for the adoration of a hypocrite? Is it possible that he requires the worship of one who dare not think? If I were a god it seems to me that I had rather have the esteem and love of one grand, brave man, with plenty of heart and plenty of brain, than the blind worship, the ignorant adoration, the trembling homage of a universe of men afraid to reason. And yet I am warned by the orthodox guardians of this great city not to think. I am told that I am in danger of hell; that for me to express my honest convictions is to excite the wrath of God. They inform me that unless I believe in a certain way, meaning their way, I am in danger of everlasting fire.

There was a time when these threats whitened the faces of men with fear. That time has substantially passed away. For a hundred years hell has been gradually growing cool, the flames have been slowly dying out, the brimstone is nearly exhausted, the fires have been burning lower and lower, and the climate gradually changing. To such an extent has the change already been effected that if I were going there to-night I would take an overcoat and a box of matches.

They say that the eternal future of man depends upon his belief. I deny it. A conclusion honestly arrived at by the brain cannot possibly be a crime; and the man who says it is, does not think so. The god who punishes it as a crime is simply an infamous tyrant. As for me, I would a thousand times rather go to perdition and suffer its torments with the brave, grand thinkers of the world, than go to heaven and keep the company of a god who would damn his children for an honest belief.

The next thing I have said is, that woman is the equal of man; that she has every right that man has, and one more—the right to be protected, because she is the weaker. I have said that marriage should be an absolutely perfect partnership of body and soul; that a man should treat his wife like a splendid flower, and that she should fill his life with perfume and with joy. I have said that a husband had no right to be morose; that he had no right to assassinate the sunshine and murder the joy of life.

I have said that when he went home he should go like a ray of light, and fill his house so full of joy that it would burst out of the doors and windows and illumine even the darkness of night. I said that marriage was the holiest, highest, the most sacred institution among men; that it took millions of years for woman to advance from the condition of absolute servitude, from the absolute slavery where the Bible found her and left her, up to the position she occupies at present. I have pleaded for the rights of woman, for the rights of wives, and what is more, for the rights of little children. I have said that they could be governed by affection, by love, and that my heart went out to all the children of poverty and of crime; to the children that live in the narrow streets and in the sub-cellars; to the children that run and hide when they hear the footsteps of a brutal father, the children that grow pale when they hear their names pronounced even by a mother; to all the little children, the flotsam and jetsam upon the wide, rude sea of life. I have said that my heart goes out to them one and all; I have asked fathers and mothers to cease beating their own flesh and blood. I have

said to them, When your child does wrong, put your arms around him; let him feel your heart beat against his. It is easier to control your child with a kiss than with a club.

For expressing these sentiments, I have been denounced by the religious press and by ministers in their pulpits as a demon, as an enemy of order, as a fiend, as an infamous man. Of this, however, I make no complaint. A few years ago they would have burned me at the stake and I should have been compelled to look upon their hypocritical faces through flame and smoke. They cannot do it now or they would. One hundred years ago I would have been burned, simply for pleading for the rights of men. Fifty years ago I would have been imprisoned. Fifty years ago my wife and my children would have been torn from my arms in the name of the most merciful God. Twenty-five years ago I could not have made a living in the United States at the practice of law; but I can now. I would not then have been allowed to express my thought; but I can now, and I will. And when I think about the liberty I now enjoy, the whole horizon is illuminated with glory and the air is filled with wings.

I then delivered another lecture entitled “Ghosts,” in which I sought to show that man had been controlled by phantoms of his own imagination; in which I sought to show these imps of darkness, these devils, had all been produced by superstition; in which I endeavored to prove that man had groveled in the dust before monsters of his own creation; in which I endeavored to demonstrate that the many had delved in the soil that the few might live in idleness, that the many had lived in caves and dens that the few might dwell in palaces of gold; in which I endeavored to show that man had received nothing from these ghosts except hatred, except ignorance, except unhappiness, and that in the name of phantoms man had covered the face of the world with tears. And for this, I have been assailed, in the name, I presume, of universal forgiveness. So far as any argument I have produced is concerned, it cannot in any way make the slightest difference whether I am a good or a bad man. It cannot in any way make the slightest difference whether my personal character is good or bad. That is not the question, though, so far as I am concerned, I am willing to stake the whole question upon that issue. That is not, however, the thing to be discussed, nor the thing to be decided. The question is, whether what I said is true.

I did say that from ghosts we had obtained certain things—among other things a book known as the Bible. From the ghosts we received that book; and the believers in ghosts pretend that upon that book rests the doctrine of the immortality of the human soul. This I deny.

Whether or not the soul is immortal is a fact in nature and cannot be changed by any book whatever. If I am immortal, I am. If am not, no book can render me so. It is no mure wonderful that I should live again than that I do live.

The doctrine of immortality is not based upon any book. The foundation of that idea is not a creed. The idea of immortality, which, like a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves of hope and fear against the shores and rocks of fate and time, was not born of any book, was not born of a creed. It is not the child of any religion. It was born of human affection; and it will continue to

ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. It is the eternal bow—Hope shining upon the tears of Grief.

I did say that these ghosts taught that human slavery was right. If there is a crime beneath the shining stars it is the crime of enslaving a human being. Slavery enslaves not only the slave, but the master as well. When you put a chain upon the limbs of another, you put a fetter also upon your own brain. I had rather be a slave than a slaveholder. The slave can at least be just—the slaveholder cannot. I had rather be robbed than be a robber. I had rather be stolen from than to be a thief. I have said, and I do say, that the Bible upheld, sustained and sanctioned the institution of human slavery; and before I get through I will prove it.

I said that to the same book we are indebted, to a great degree, for the doctrine of witchcraft. Relying upon its supposed sacred texts, people were hanged and their bodies burned for getting up storms at sea with the intent of drowning royal vermin. Every possible offence was punished under the name of witchcraft, from souring beer to high treason.

I also said, and I still say, that the book we obtained from the ghosts, for the guidance of man, upheld the infamy of infamies, called polygamy; and I will also prove that. And the same book teaches, not political liberty, but political tyranny.

I also said that the author of the book given us by the ghosts knew nothing about astronomy, still less about geology, still less, if possible, about medicine, and still less about legislation.

This is what I have said concerning the aristocracy of the air. I am well aware that having said it I ought to be able to prove the truth of my words. I have said these things. No one ever said them in better nature than I have. I have not the slightest malice—a victor never felt malice. As soon as I had said these things, various gentlemen felt called upon to answer me. I want to say that if there is anything I like in the world it is fairness. And one reason I like it so well is that I have had so little of it. I can say, if I wish, extremely mean and hateful things. I have read a great many religious papers and discussions and think that I now know all the infamous words in our language. I know how to account for every noble action by a mean and wretched motive, and that, in my judgment, embraces nearly the entire science of modern theology. The moment I delivered a lecture upon “The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child,” I was charged with having said that there is nothing back of nature, and that nature with its infinite arms embraces everything; and thereupon I was informed that I believed in nothing but matter and force, that I believed only in earth, that I did not believe in spirit. If by spirit you mean that which thinks, then I am a believer in spirit. If you mean by spirit the something that says “I,” the something that reasons, hopes, loves and aspires, then I am a believer in spirit. Whatever spirit there is in the universe must be a natural thing, and not superimposed upon nature. All that I can say is, that whatever is, is natural. And there is as much goodness, in my judgment, as much spirit in this world as in any other; and you are just as near the heart of the universe here as you can be anywhere. One of your clergymen says in answer, as he supposes, to me, that there is matter and force and spirit. Well, can matter exist without force? What would keep it together? What would keep the finest

possible conceivable atom together unless there was force? Can you imagine such a thing as matter without force? Can you conceive of force without matter? Can you conceive of force floating about attached to nothing? Can you possibly conceive of this? No human being can conceive of force without matter. “You cannot conceive of force being harnessed or hitched to matter as you would hitch horses to a carriage.” You cannot. Now, what is spirit? They say spirit is the first thing that was. It seems to me, however, as though spirit was the blossom, the fruit of all, not the commencement. They say it was first. Very well. Spirit without force, a spirit without any matter—what would that spirit do? No force, no matter!—a spirit living in an infinite vacuum. What would such a spirit turn its particular attention to? This spirit, according to these theologians, created the world, the universe; and if it did, there must have been a time when it commenced to create; and back of that there must have been an eternity spent in absolute idleness. Now, is it possible that a spirit existed during an eternity without any force and without any matter? Is it possible that force could exist without matter or spirit? Is it possible that matter could exist alone, if by matter you mean something without force? The only answer I can give to all these questions is, I do not know. For my part, I do not know what spirit is, if there is any. I do not know what matter is, neither am I acquainted with the elements of force. If you mean by matter that which I can touch, that which occupies space, then I believe in matter. If you mean by force anything that can overcome weight, that can overcome what we call gravity or inertia; if you mean by force that which moves the molecules of matter, or the movement itself, then I believe in force. If you mean by spirit that which thinks and loves, then I believe in spirit. There is, however, no propriety in wasting any time about the science of metaphysics. I will give you my definition of metaphysics: Two fools get together; each admits what neither can prove, and thereupon both of them say, “hence we infer.” That is all there is of metaphysics.

These gentlemen, however, say to me that all my doctrine about the treatment of wives and children, all my ideas of the rights of man, all these are wrong, because I am not exactly correct as to my notion 01 spirit. They say that spirit existed first, at least an eternity before there was any force or any matter. Exactly how spirit could act without force we do not understand. That we must take upon credit. How spirit could create matter without force is a serious question, and we are too reverent to press such an inquiry. We are bound to be satisfied, however, that spirit is entirely independent of force and matter, and any man who denies this must be “a malevolent and infamous wretch.”

Another reverend gentleman proceeds to denounce all I have said as the doctrine of negation. And we are informed by him—speaking I presume from experience—that negation is a poor thing to die by. He tells us that the last hours are the grand testing hours. They are the hours when atheists disown their principles and infidels bewail their folly—”that Voltaire and Thomas Paine wrote sharply against Christianity, but their death-bed scenes are too harrowing for recital”—He also states that “another French infidel philosopher tried in vain to fortify Voltaire, but that a stronger man than Voltaire had taken possession of him, and he cried ‘Retire! it is you that have brought me to my present state—Begone! what a rich glory you have brought me.’“ This, my friends, is the same old, old falsehood that has been repeated again and

again by the lips of hatred and hypocrisy. There is not in one of these stories a solitary word of truth; and every intelligent man knows all these death-bed accounts to be entirely and utterly false. They are taken, however, by the mass of the church as evidence that all opposition to Christianity, so-called, fills the bed of the dying infidel and scoffer with serpents and scorpions. So far as my experience goes, the bad die in many instances as placidly as the good. I have sometimes thought that a hardened wretch, upon whose memory is engraved the record of nearly every possible crime, dies without a shudder, without a tremor, while some grand, good man, remembering during his last moments an unkind word spoken to a stranger, it may be in the heat of anger, dies with remorseful words upon his lips. Nearly every murderer who is hanged, dies with an immensity of nerve, but I never thought it proved that he had lived a good and useful life. Neither have I imagined that it sanctified the crime for which he suffered death. The fact is, that when man approaches natural death, his powers, his intellectual faculties fail and grow dim. He becomes a child. He has less and less sense. And just in proportion as he loses his reasoning powers, he goes back to the superstitions of his childhood. The scenes of youth cluster about him and he is again in the lap of his mother. Of this very fact, there is not a more beautiful description than that given by Shakespeare when he takes that old mass of wit and filth, Jack Falstaff, in his arms, and Mrs Quickly says: “A’ made a finer end, and went away, an it had been my christom child; a’ parted ev’n just between twelve and one, ev’n at the turning o’ the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers’ end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a’ babbled of green fields.” As the genius of Shakespeare makes Falstaff a child again upon sunny slopes, decked with daisies, so death takes the dying back to the scenes of their childhood, and they are clasped once more to the breasts of mothers. They go back, for the reason that nearly every superstition in the world has been sanctified by some sweet and placid mother. Remember, the superstition has never sanctified the mother, but the mother has sanctified the superstition. The young Mohammedan, who now lies dying upon some field of battle, thinks sweet and tender thoughts of home and mother, and will, as the blood oozes from his veins, repeat some holy verse from the blessed Koran. Every superstition in the world that is now held sacred has been made so by mothers, by fathers, by the recollections of home. I know what it has cost the noble, the brave, the tender, to throw away every superstition, although sanctified by the memory of those they loved. Whoever has thrown away these superstitions has been pursued by his fellow-men, From the day of the death of Voltaire the church has pursued him as though he had been the vilest criminal. A little over one hundred years ago, Catholicism, the inventor of instruments of torture, red with the innocent blood of millions, felt in its heartless breast the dagger of Voltaire. From that blow the Catholic Church never can recover. Livid with hatred she launched at her assassin the curse of Rome, and ignorant Protestants have echoed that curse. For myself, I like Voltaire, and whenever I think of that name, it is to me as a plume floating above some grand knight—a knight who rides to a walled city and demands an unconditional surrender. I like him. He was once imprisoned in the Bastile, and while in that frightful fortress—and I like to tell it—he changed his name. His name was Francois Marie Arouet. In his gloomy cell he changed this name to Voltaire, and when some sixty years afterward the Bastile was torn down to the

very dust, “Voltaire” was the battle cry of the destroyers who did it. I like him because he did more for religious toleration than any other man who ever lived or died. I admire him because he did more to do away with torture in civil proceedings than any other man. I like him because he was always upon the side of justice, upon the side of progress. I like him in spite of his faults, because he had many and splendid virtues. I like him because his doctrines have never brought unhappiness to any country. I like him because he hated tyranny; and when he died he died as serenely as ever mortal died; he spoke to his servant recognizing him as a man. He said to him, calling him by name: “My friend, farewell.” These were the last words of Voltaire. And this was the only frightful scene enacted at his bed of death. I like Voltaire, because for half a century he was the intellectual emperor of Europe. I like him, because from his throne at the foot of the Alps he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Christendom.

I will give to any clergyman in the city of San Francisco a thousand dollars in gold to substantiate the story that the death of Voltaire was not as peaceful as the coming of the dawn. The same absurd story is told of Thomas Paine. Thomas Paine was a patriot—he was the first man in the world to write these words: “The Free and Independent States of America.” He was the first man to convince the American people that they ought to separate themselves from Great Britain. “His pen did as much, to say the least, for the liberty of America, as the sword of Washington.” The men who have enjoyed the benefit of his heroic services repay them with slander and calumny. If there is in this world a crime, ingratitude is a crime. And as for myself, I am not willing to receive anything from any man without making at least an acknowledgment of my obligation. Y et these clergymen, whose very right to stand in their pulpits and preach, was secured to them by such men as Thomas Paine, delight in slandering the reputation of that great man. They tell their hearers that he died in fear,—that he died in agony, hearing devils rattle chains, and that the infinite God condescended to frighten a dying man. I will give one thousand dollars in gold to any clergyman in San Francisco who will substantiate the truth of the absurd stories concerning the death of Thomas Paine. There is not one word of truth in these accounts; not one word.

Let me ask one thing, and let me ask it, if you please, in what is called a reverent spirit. Suppose that Voltaire and Thomas Paine, and Volney and Hume and Hobbes had cried out when dying “My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?” what would the clergymen of this city then have said?

To resort to these foolish calumnies about the great men who have opposed the superstitions of the world, is in my judgment, unbecoming any intelligent man. The real question is not, who is afraid to die? The question is, who is right? The great question is not, who died right, but who lived right? There is infinitely more responsibility in living than in dying. The moment of death is the most unimportant moment of life. Nothing can be done then. You cannot even do a favor for a friend, except to remember him in your will. It is a moment when life ceases to be of value. While living, while you have health and strength, you can augment the happiness of your fellow-men; and the man who has made others happy need not be afraid to die. Yet these believers, as they call themselves, these believers who hope for

immortality—thousands of them, will rob their neighbors, thousands of them will do numberless acts of injustice, when, according to their belief, the witnesses of their infamy will live forever; and the men whom they have injured and outraged, will meet them in every glittering star through all the ages yet to be.

As for me, I would rather do a generous action, and read the record in the grateful faces of my fellow-men.

These gentlemen who attack me are orthodox now, but the men who started their churches were heretics.

The first Presbyterian was a heretic. The first Baptist was a heretic. The first Congregationalist was a heretic. The first Christian was denounced as a blasphemer. And yet these heretics, the moment they get numerous enough to be in the majority in some locality, begin to call themselves orthodox. Can there be any impudence beyond this?

The first Baptist, as I said before, was a heretic; and he was the best Baptist that I have ever heard anything about. I always liked him. He was a good man—Roger Williams. He was the first man, so far as I know, in this country, who publicly said that the soul of man should be free. And it was a wonder to me that a man who had sense enough to say that, could think that any particular form of baptism was necessary to salvation. It does strike me that a man of great brain and thought could not possibly think the eternal welfare of a human being, the question whether he should dwell with angels, or be tossed upon eternal waves of fire, should be settled by the manner in which he had been baptized. That seems, to me so utterly destitute of thought and heart, that it is a matter of amazement to me that any man ever looked upon the ordinance of baptism as of any importance whatever. If we were at the judgment seat to-night, and the Supreme Being, in our hearing, should ask a man:

“Have you been a good man?” and the man replied:

“Tolerably good.”

“Did you love your wife and children?”

“Yes.”

“Did you try and make them happy?”

“Yes.”

“Did you try and make your neighbors happy?” “Yes, I paid my debts: I gave heaping measure, and I never cared whether I was thanked for it or not.”

Suppose the Supreme Being then should say:

“Were you ever baptized?” and the man should reply:

“I am sorry to say I never was.”

Could a solitary person of sense hear that question asked, by the Supreme Being, without laughing, even if he knew that his own case was to be called next?

I happened to be in the company of six or seven Baptist elders—how I ever got into such bad company, I don't know,—and one of them asked what I thought about baptism. Well, I never thought much about it; did not know much about it; didn't want to say anything, but they insisted upon it. I said, "Well, I'll give you my opinion—with soap, baptism is a good thing."

The Reverend Mr. Guard has answered me, as I am informed, upon several occasions. I have read the reports of his remarks, and have boiled them down. He said some things about me not entirely pleasant, which I do not wish to repeat. In his reply he takes the ground:

First. That the Bible is not an immoral book, because he swore upon it or by it when he joined the Masons.

Second. He excuses Solomon for all his crimes upon the supposition that he had softening of the brain, or a fatty degeneration of the heart.

Third. That the Hebrews had the right to slay all the inhabitants of Canaan, according to the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." He takes the ground that the destruction of these Canaanites, the ripping open of women with child by the sword of war, was an act of sublime mercy. He justifies a war of extermination; he applauds every act of cruelty and murder. He says that the Canaanites ought to have been turned from their homes; that men guilty of no crime except fighting for their country, old men with gray hairs, old mothers and little, dimpled, prattling children, ought to have been sacrificed upon the altar of war; that it was an act of sublime mercy to plunge the sword of religious persecution into the bodies of all, old and young. This is what the reverend gentleman is pleased to call mercy. If this is mercy let us have injustice. If there is in the heavens such a God I am sorry that man exists. All this, however, is justified upon the ground that God has the right to do as he pleases with the being he has created. This I deny. Such a doctrine is infamously false. Suppose I could take a stone and in one moment change it into a sentient, hoping, loving human being, would I have the right to torture it? Would I have the right to give it pain? No one but a fiend would either exercise or justify such a right. Even if there is a God who created us all he has no such right. Above any God that can exist, in the infinite serenity forever sits the figure of justice; and this God, no matter how great and infinite he may be, is bound to do justice.

Fourth. That God chose the Jews and governed them personally for thousands of years, and drove out the Canaanites in order that his peculiar people might not be corrupted by the example of idolaters; that he wished to make of the Hebrews a great nation, and that, consequently, he was justified in destroying the original inhabitants of that country. It seems to me that the end hardly justified the means. According to the account, God governed the Jews personally for many ages and succeeded in civilizing them to that degree, that they crucified him the first opportunity they had. Such an administration can hardly be called a success.

Fifth. The reverend gentleman seems to think that the practice of polygamy after all is not a bad thing when compared with the crime of exhibiting a picture of Antony and Cleopatra. Upon the corrupting influence of such pictures he descants at great length, and attacks with all the bitterness of the narrow theologian the masterpieces

of art. Allow me to say one word about art. That is one of the most beautiful words in our language—Art. And it never seemed to me necessary for art to go in partnership with a rag. I like the paintings of Angelo, of Raffaelle. I like the productions of those splendid souls that put their ideas of beauty upon the canvas uncovered.

"There are brave souls in every land
Who worship nature, grand and nude,
And who with swift indignant hand
Tear off the fig leaves of the prude."

Sixth. That it may be true that the Bible sanctions slavery, but that it is not an immoral book even if it does.

I can account for these statements, for these arguments, only as the reverend gentleman has accounted for the sins of Solomon—"by a softening of the brain, or a fatty degeneration of the heart."

It does seem to me that if I were a Christian, and really thought my fellow-man was going down to the bottomless pit; that he was going to misery and agony forever, it does seem to me that I would try and save him. It does seem to me, that instead of having my mouth filled with epithets and invectives; instead of drawing the lips of malice back from the teeth of hatred, it seems to me that my eyes would be filled with tears. It seems to me that I would do what little I could to reclaim him. I would talk to him and of him, in kindness. I would put the arms of affection about him. I would not speak of him as though he were a wild beast. I would not speak to him as though he were a brute. I would think of him as a man, as a man liable to eternal torture among the damned, and my heart would be filled with sympathy, not hatred—my eyes with tears, not scorn.

If there is anything pitiable, it is to see a man so narrowed and withered by the blight and breath of superstition, as cheerfully to defend the most frightful crimes of which we have a record—a man so hardened and petrified by creed and dogma that he hesitates not to defend even the institution of human slavery—so lost to all sense of pity that he applauds murder and rapine as though they were acts of the loftiest self-denial.

The next gentleman who has endeavored to answer what I have said, is the Rev. Samuel Robinson. This he has done in his sermon entitled "Ghosts against God or Ingersoll against Honesty." I presume he imagines himself to be the defendant in both cases.

This gentleman apologized for attending an infidel lecture, upon the ground that he had to contribute to the support of a "materialistic demon." To say the least, this is not charitable. But I am satisfied. I am willing to exchange facts for epithets. I fare so much better than did the infidels in the olden time that I am more than satisfied. It is a little thing that I bear.

The brave men of the past endured the instruments of torture. They were stretched upon racks; their feet were crushed in iron boots; they stood upon the shores of exile and gazed with tearful eyes toward home and native land. They were taken from their firesides, from their wives, from their children; they were taken to the public square;

they were chained to stakes, and their ashes were scattered by the countless hands of hatred. I am satisfied. The disciples of fear cannot touch me.

This gentlemen hated to contribute a cent to the support of a "materialistic demon." When I saw that statement I will tell you what I did. I knew the man's conscience must be writhing in his bosom to think that he had contributed a dollar toward my support, toward the support of a "materialistic demon." I wrote him a letter and I said:

"My Dear Sir: In order to relieve your conscience of the crime of having contributed to the support of an unbeliever in ghosts, I hereby enclose the amount you paid to attend my lecture." I then gave him a little good advice. I advised him to be charitable, to be kind, and regretted exceedingly that any man could listen to one of my talks for an hour and a half and not go away satisfied that all men had the same right to think.

This man denied having received the money, but it was traced to him through a blot on the envelope.

This gentleman avers that everything that I said about persecution is applicable to the Catholic Church only. That is what he says. The Catholics have probably persecuted more than any other church, simply because that church has had more power, simply because it has been more of a church. It has to-day a better organization, and as a rule, the Catholics come nearer believing what they say about their church than other Christians do. Was it a Catholic persecution that drove the Puritan fathers from England? Was it not the storm of Episcopal persecution that filled the sails of the Mayflower? Was it not a Protestant persecution that drove the Ark and Dove to America? Let us be honest. Who went to Scotland and persecuted the Presbyterians? Who was it that chained to the stake that splendid girl by the sands of the sea for not saying "God save the king"? She was worthy to have been the mother of Cæsar. She would not say "God save the king," but she would say "God save the king, if it be God's will." Protestants ordered her to say "God save the king," and no more. She said, "I will not," and they chained her to a stake in the sand and allowed her to be drowned by the rising of the inexorable tide. Who did this? Protestants. Who drove Roger Williams from Massachusetts? Protestants. Who sold white Quaker children into slavery? Protestants. Who cut out the tongues of Quakers? Who burned and destroyed men and women and children charged with impossible crimes? Protestants. The Protestants have persecuted exactly to the extent of their power. The Catholics have done the same.

I want, however, to be just. The first people to pass an act of religious toleration in the New World were the Catholics of Maryland. The next were the Baptists of Rhode Island, led by Roger Williams. The Catholics passed the act of religious toleration, and after the Protestants got into power again in England, and also in the colony of Maryland, they repealed the law of toleration and passed another law declaring the Catholics from under the protection of all law. Afterward, the Catholics again got into power and had the generosity and magnanimity to re-enact the old law. And, so far as I know, it is the only good record upon the subject of religious toleration the Catholics have in this world, and I am always willing to give them credit for it.

This gentleman also says that infidelity has done nothing for the world in the development of the arts and sciences. Does he not know that nearly every man who took a forward step was denounced by the church as a heretic and infidel? Does he not know that the church has in all ages persecuted the astronomers, the geologists, the logicians? Does he not know that even to-day the church slanders and maligns the foremost men? Has he ever heard of Tyndall, of Huxley? Is he acquainted with John W. Draper, one of the leading minds of the world? Did he ever hear of Auguste Comte, the great Frenchman? Did he ever hear of Descartes, of Laplace, of Spinoza? In short, has he ever heard of a man who took a step in advance of his time?

Orthodoxy never advances. When it advances, it ceases to be orthodoxy and becomes heresy. Orthodoxy is putrefaction. It is intellectual cloaca; it cannot advance. What the church calls infidelity is simply free thought. Every man who really owns his own brain is, in the estimation of the church, an infidel.

There is a paper published in this city called *The Occident*. The Editor has seen fit to speak of me, and of the people who have assembled to hear me, in the lowest, vilest and most scurrilous terms possible. I cannot afford to reply in the same spirit. He alleges that the people who assemble to hear me are the low, the debauched and the infamous. The man who reads that paper ought to read it with tongs. It is a Presbyterian sheet; and would gladly treat me as John Calvin treated Castalio. Castalio was the first minister in the history of Christendom who acknowledged the innocence of honest error, and John Calvin followed him like a sleuth-hound of perdition. He called him a “dog of Satan;” said that he had crucified Christ afresh; and pursued him to the very grave. The editor of this paper is still warming his hands at the fire that burned Servetus. He has in his heart the same fierce hatred of everything that is free. But what right have we to expect anything good of a man who believes in the eternal damnation of infants?

There may have been sometime in the history of the world a worse religion than Old School Presbyterianism, but if there ever was, from cannibalism to civilization, I have never heard of it.

I make a distinction between the members and the creed of that church. I know many who are a thousand times better than the creed—good, warm and splendid friends of mine. I would do anything in the world for them. And I have said to them a hundred times, “You are a thousand times better than your creed.” But when you come down to the doctrine of the damnation of infants, it is the deformity of deformities. The editor of this paper is engaged in giving the world the cheerful doctrines of fore-ordination and damnation—those twin comforts of the Presbyterian creed, and warning them against the frightful effects of reasoning in any manner for themselves. He regards the intellectually free as the lowest, the vilest and the meanest, as men who wish to sin, as men who are longing to commit crime, men who are anxious to throw off all restraint.

My friends, every chain thrown from the body puts an additional obligation upon the soul. Every man who is free, puts a responsibility upon his brain and upon his heart. You, who never want responsibility, give your souls to some church. You, who never want the feeling that you are under obligation to yourselves, give your souls away.

But if you are willing to feel and meet responsibility; if you feel that you must give an account not only to yourselves but to every human being whom you injure, then you must be free. Where there is no freedom, there can be no responsibility.

It is a mystery to me why the editors of religious papers are so malicious, why they endeavor to answer argument with calumny. Is it because they feel the sceptre slowly slipping from their hands? Is it the result of impotent rage? Is it because there is being written upon every orthodox brain a certificate of intellectual inferiority?

This same editor assures his readers that what I say is not worth answering, and yet he devotes column after column of his journal to that very purpose. He states that I am no speaker, no orator; and upon the same page admits that he did not hear me, giving as a reason that he does not think it right to pay money for such a purpose. Recollect, that in a religious paper, a man who professes honesty, criticises a statue or a painting, condemns it, and at the end of the criticism says that he never saw it. He criticises what he calls the oratory of a man, and at the end says, “I never heard him, and I never saw him.”

As a matter of fact, I have never heard of any of these gentlemen who thought it necessary to hear what any man said in order to answer him.

The next gentleman who answered me is the Rev. Mr. Ijams. And I must say, so far as I can see, in his argument, or in his mode of treatment, he is a kind and considerate gentleman. He makes several mistakes as to what I really said, but the fault I suppose must have been in the report. I am made to say in the report of his sermon, “There is no sacred place in all the universe.” What I did say was, “There is no sacred place in all the universe of thought. There is nothing too holy to be investigated, nothing too divine to be understood. The fields of thought are fenceless, and without a wall.” I say this to-night.

Mr. Ijams also says that I had declared that man had not only the right to do right, but also the right to do wrong. What I really said was, man has the right to do right, and the right to think right, and the right to think wrong. Thought is a means of ascertaining truth, a mode by which we arrive at conclusions. And if no one has a right to think, unless he thinks right, he would only have the right to think upon self-evident propositions. In all respects, with the exception of these misstatements to which I have called your attention, so far as I can see, Mr. Ijams was perfectly fair, and treated me as though I had the ordinary rights of a human being. I take this occasion to thank him.

A great many papers, a great many people, a good many ministers and a multitude of men, have had their say, and have expressed themselves with the utmost freedom. I cannot reply to them all. I can only reply to those who have made a parade of answering me. Many have said it is not worth answering, and then proceeded to answer. They have said, he has produced no argument, and then have endeavored to refute it. They have said it is simply the old straw that has been thrashed over and over again for years and years. If all I have said is nothing, if it is all idle and foolish, why do they take up the time of their fellow-men replying to me? Why do they fill their religious papers with criticisms, if all I have said and done reminds them, according to the Rev. Mr. Guard, of “some little dog barking at a railway train”? Why

stop the train, why send for the directors, why hold a consultation and finally say, we must settle with that dog or stop running these cars?

Probably the best way to answer them all, is to prove beyond cavil the truth of what I have said.

DOES THE BIBLE TEACH MAN TO ENSLAVE HIS BROTHER? II.

IF this "sacred" book teaches man to enslave his brother, it is not inspired. A god who would establish slavery is as cruel and heartless as any devil could be.

"Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land, and they shall be your possession.

"And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession. They shall be your bondmen forever.

"Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, *shall be* of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids."—Leviticus xxv.

This is white slavery. This allows one white man to buy another, to buy a woman, to separate families and rob a mother of her child. This makes the whip upon the naked backs of men and women a legal tender for labor performed. This is the kind of slavery established by the most merciful God. The reason given for all this, is, that the persons whom they enslaved were heathen. You may enslave them because they are not orthodox. If you can find anybody who does not believe in me, the God of the Jews, you may steal his wife from his arms, and her babe from the cradle. If you can find a woman that does not believe in the Hebrew Jehovah, you may steal her prattling child from her breast. Can any one conceive of anything more infamous? Can any one find in the literature of this world more frightful words ascribed even to a demon? And all this is found in that most beautiful and poetic chapter known as the 25th of Leviticus—from the Bible—from this sacred gift of God—this "Magna Charta of human freedom."

2. "If thou buy an Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve; and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing.

3. "If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself: if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him.

4. "If his master have given him a wife, and she hath borne him sons or daughters; the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself.

5. "And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and children; I w ill not go out free:

6. "Then his master shall bring him unto the judges: he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever."—*Exodus, xxi.*

The slave is allowed to have his liberty if he will give up his wife and children. He must remain in slavery for the sake of wife and child. This is another of the laws of the most merciful God. This God changes even love into a chain. Children are used by him as manacles and fetters, and wives become the keepers of prisons. Any man who believes that such hideous laws were made by an infinitely wise and benevolent God is, in my judgment, insane or totally depraved.

These are the doctrines of the Old Testament. What is the doctrine of the New? What message had he who came from heaven's throne for the oppressed of earth? What words of sympathy, what words of cheer, for those who labored and toiled without reward? Let us see:

"Servants, be obedient to them that are *your* masters, according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ."—*Ephesians, vi.*

This is the salutation of the most merciful God to a slave, to a woman who has been robbed of her child—to a man tracked by hounds through lonely swamps—to a girl with flesh torn and bleeding—to a mother weeping above an empty cradle.

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the fro ward."—*I Peter ii., 18.*

"For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully."—*I Peter ii., 19.*

It certainly must be an immense pleasure to God to see a man work patiently for nothing. It must please the Most High to see a slave with his wife and child sold upon the auction block. If this slave escapes from slavery and is pursued, how musical the baying of the bloodhound must be to the ears of this most merciful God. All this is simply infamous. On the throne of this universe there sits no such monster.

"Servants, obey in all things your masters, according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God."—*Col. iii., 22.*

The apostle here seems afraid that the slave would not work every moment that his strength permitted. He really seems to have feared that he might not at all times do the very best he could to promote the interests of the thief who claimed to own him. And speaking to all slaves, in the name of the Father of All, this apostle says: "Obey in all things your masters, not with eye-service, but with singleness of heart, fearing God." He says to them in substance, There is no way you can so well please God as to work honestly for a thief.

1. "Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and *his* doctrine be not blasphemed."

Think of serving God by honoring a robber! Think of bringing the name and doctrine of God into universal contempt by claiming to own yourself!

2. "And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are brethren; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit. These things teach and exhort."

That is to say, do not despise Christians who steal the labor of others. Do not hold in contempt the "faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit," who turn the cross of Christ into a whipping post.

3. "If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words *even* to words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness.

4. "He is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings,

5. "Perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness: from such withdraw thyself."

This seems to be the opinion the apostles entertained of the early abolitionists. Seeking to give human beings their rights, seeking to give labor its just reward, seeking to clothe all men with that divine garment of the soul, Liberty,—all this was denounced by the apostle as a simple strife of words, whereof cometh envy, railings, evil surmisings and perverse disputing, destitute of truth.

6. "But godliness with contentment is great gain.

7. "For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.

8. "And having food and raiment let us be therewith content."—*I Tim., vi.*

This was intended to make a slave satisfied to hear the clanking of his chains. This is the reason he should never try to better his condition. He should be contented simply with the right to work for nothing. If he only had food and raiment, and a thief to work for, he should be contented. He should solace himself with the apostolic reflection, that as he brought nothing into the world, he could carry nothing out, and that when dead he would be as happily situated as his master.

In order to show you what the inspired writer meant by the word *servant*, I will read from the 21st chapter of Exodus, verses 20 and 21:

"And if a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand; he shall be surely punished.

"Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for he *is* his money."

Yet, notwithstanding these passages the *Christian Advocate* says, "the Bible is the Magna Charta of our liberty."

After reading that, I was not surprised by the following in the same paper:

"We regret to record that Ingersoll is on a low plane of infidelity and atheism, not less offensive to good morals than have been the teachings of infidelity during the last century. France has been cursed with such teachings for a hundred years, and because of it, to-day her citizens are incapable of self-government."

What was the condition of France a century ago? Were they capable of self-government then? For fourteen hundred years the common people of France had suffered. For fourteen hundred years they had been robbed by the altar and by the

throne. They had been the prey of priests and nobles. All were exempt from taxation, except the common people. The cup of their suffering was full, and the French people arose in fury and frenzy, and tore the drapery from the altars of God, and filled the air with the dust of thrones.

Surely, the slavery of fourteen centuries had not been produced by the teachings of Voltaire. I stood only a little while ago at the place where once stood the Bastile. In my imagination I saw that prison standing as it stood of yore. I could see it attacked by the populace. I could see their stormy faces and hear their cries. And I saw that ancient fortification of tyranny go down forever. And now where once stood the Bastile stands the Column of July. Upon its summit is a magnificent statue of Liberty, holding in one hand a banner, in the other a broken chain, and upon its shining forehead is the star of progress. There it stands where once stood the Bastile. And France is as much superior to what it was when Voltaire was born, as that statue, surmounting the Column of July, is more beautiful than the Bastile that stood there once with its cells of darkness, and its dungeons of horror.

And yet we are now told that the French people have rendered themselves incapable of government, simply because they have listened to the voice of progress. There are magnificent men in France. From that country have come to the human race some of the grandest and holiest messages the ear of man has ever heard. The French people have given to history some of the most touching acts of self-sacrifice ever performed beneath the amazed stars.

For my part, I admire the French people. I cannot forget the Rue San Antoine, nor the red cap of liberty. I can never cease to remember that the tricolor was held aloft in Paris, while Europe was in chains, and while liberty, with a bleeding breast, was in the Inquisition of Spain. And yet we are now told by a religious paper, that France is not capable of self-government. I suppose it was capable of self-government under the old régime, at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. I suppose it was capable of self-government when women were seen yoked with cattle pulling plows. I suppose it was capable of self-government when all who labored were in a condition of slavery.

In the old times, even among the priests, there were some good, some sincere and most excellent men. I have read somewhere of a sermon preached by one of these in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. This old priest, among other things, said that the soul of a beggar was as dear to God as the soul of the richest of his people, and that Jesus Christ died as much for a beggar as for a prince. One French peasant, rough with labor, cried out: “I propose three cheers for Jesus Christ.” I like such things. I like to hear of them. I like to repeat them. Paris has been a kind of volcano, and has made the heavens lurid with its lava of hatred, but it has also contributed more than any other city to the intellectual development of man. France has produced some infamous men, among others John Calvin, but for one Calvin, she has produced a thousand benefactors of the human race.

The moment the French people rise above the superstitions of the church, they will be in the highest sense capable of self-government. The moment France succeeds in releasing herself from the coils of Catholicism—from the shadows of superstition—

from the foolish forms and mummeries of the church—from the intellectual tyranny of a thousand years—she will not only be capable of self-government, but will govern herself. Let the priests be usefully employed. We want no overseers of the mind; no slave-drivers for the soul. We cannot afford to pay hypocrites for depriving us of liberty. It is a waste of money to pay priests to frighten our children, and paralyze the intellect of women.

WAS THE WORLD CREATED IN SIX DAYS? III.

FOR hundreds of years it was contended by all Christians that the earth was made in six days, literal days of twenty-four hours each, and that on the seventh day the Lord rested from his labor. Geologists have driven the church from this position, and it is now claimed that the days mentioned in the Bible are periods of time. This is a simple evasion, not in any way supported by the Scriptures. The Bible distinctly and clearly says that the world was created in six days. There is not within its lids a clearer statement. It does not say six periods. It was made according to that book in six days:

31. "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."—*Genesis i.*

1. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

2. "And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3. "And God blessed the seventh day (not seventh period), and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."—*Genesis ii.*

From the following passages it seems clear what was meant by the word days:

15. "Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord: whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death."—Served him right!

16. "Wherefore, the children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath, to observe the Sabbath, throughout their generations, for a perpetual covenant.

17. "It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed.

18. "And he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon Mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God."—*Exodus xxxi.*

12. "Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.

13. "And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven; and hasted not to go down about a whole day.

14. “And there was no day like that before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel.”—*Josh. x.*

These passages must certainly convey the idea that this world was made in six days, not six periods. And the reason why they were to keep the Sabbath was because the Creator rested on the seventh day—not period. If you say six periods, instead of six days, what becomes of your Sabbath? The only reason given in the Bible for observing the Sabbath is that God observed it—that he rested from his work that day and was refreshed. Take this reason away and the sacredness of that day has no foundation in the Scriptures.

WHAT IS THE ASTRONOMY OF THE BIBLE? IV.

WHEN people were ignorant of all the sciences the Bible was understood by those who read it the same as by those who wrote it. From time to time discoveries were made that seemed inconsistent with the Scriptures. At first, theologians denounced the discoverers of all facts inconsistent with the Bible, as atheists and scoffers.

The Bible teaches us that the earth is the centre of the universe; that the sun and moon and stars revolve around this speck called the earth. The men who discovered that all this was a mistake were denounced by the ignorant clergy of that day, precisely as the ignorant clergy of our time denounce the advocates of free thought. When the doctrine of the earth’s place in the solar system was demonstrated; when persecution could no longer conceal the mighty truth, then it was that the church made an effort to harmonize the Scriptures with the discoveries of science. When the utter absurdity of the Mosaic account of creation became apparent to all thoughtful men, the church changed the reading of the Bible. Then it was pretended that the “days” of creation were vast periods of time. When it was shown to be utterly impossible that the sun revolved around the earth, then the account given by Joshua of the sun standing still for the space of a whole day, was changed into a figure of speech. It was said that Joshua merely conformed to the mode of speech common in his day; and that when he said the sun stood still, he merely intended to convey the idea that the earth ceased turning upon its axis. They admitted that stopping the sun could not lengthen the day, and for that reason it must have been the earth that stopped. But you will remember that the moon stood still in the valley of Ajalon—that the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.

One would naturally suppose that the sun would have given sufficient light to enable the Jews to avenge themselves upon their enemies without any assistance from the moon. Of course, if the moon had not stopped, the relations between the earth and moon would have been changed.

Is there a sensible man in the world who believes this wretched piece of ignorance? Is it possible that the religion of this nineteenth century has for its basis such childish absurdities? According to this account, what was the sun, or rather the earth, stopped for? It was stopped in order that the Hebrews might avenge themselves upon the Amorites. For the accomplishment of such a purpose the earth was made to pause. Why should an almost infinite force be expended simply for the purpose of destroying a handful of men? Why this waste of force? Let me explain. I strike my hands together. They feel a sudden Heat. Where did the heat come from? Motion has

been changed into heat. You will remember that there can be no destruction of force. It disappears in one form only to reappear in another. The earth, rotating at the rate of one thousand miles an hour, was stopped. The motion of this vast globe would have instantly been changed into heat. It has been calculated by one of the greatest scientists of the present day that to stop the earth would generate as much heat as could be produced by burning a world as large as this of solid coal. And yet, all this force was expended for the paltry purpose of defeating a few poor barbarians. The employment of so much force for the accomplishment of so insignificant an object would be as useless as bringing all the intellect of a great man to bear in answering the arguments of the clergymen of San Francisco.

The waste of that immense force in stopping the planets in their grand courses, for the purpose claimed, would be like using a Krupp gun to destroy an insect to which a single drop of water is “an unbounded world.” How is it possible for men of ordinary intellect, not only to endorse such ignorant falsehoods, but to malign those who do not? Can anything be more debasing to the intellect of man than a belief in the astronomy of the Bible? According to the Scriptures, the world was made out of nothing, and the sun, moon, and stars, of the nothing that happened to be left. To the writers of the Bible the firmament was solid, and in it were grooves along which the stars were pushed by angels. From the Bible Cosmas constructed his geography and astronomy. His book was passed upon by the church, and was declared to be the truth concerning the subjects upon which he treated.

This eminent geologist and astronomer, taking the Bible as his guide, found and taught: First, that the earth was flat; second, that it was a vast parallelogram; third, that in the middle there was a vast body of land, then a strip of water all around it, then a strip of land. He thought that on the outer strip of land people lived before the flood—that at the time of the flood, Noah in his Ark crossed the strip of water and landed on the shore of the country, in the middle of the world, where we now are. This great biblical scholar informed the true believers of his day that in the outer strip of land were mountains, around which the sun and moon revolved; that when the sun was on the side of the mountain next the land occupied by man, it was day, and when on the other side, it was night.

Mr. Cosmas believed the Bible, and regarded Joshua as the most eminent astronomer of his day. He also taught that the firmament was solid, and that the angels pushed and drew the stars. He tells us that these angels attended strictly to their business, that each one watched the motions of all the others so that proper distances might always be maintained, and all confusion avoided. All this was believed by the gentlemen who made most of our religion. The great argument made by Cosmas to show that the earth must be flat, was the fact that the Bible stated that when Christ should come the second time, in glory, the whole world should see him. “Now,” said Cosmas, “if the world is round, how could the people on the other side see the Lord when he comes?” This settled the question.

These were the ideas of the fathers of the church. These men have been for centuries regarded as almost divinely inspired. Long after they had become dust they governed the world. The superstitions they planted, their descendants watered with the best

and bravest blood. To maintain their ignorant theories, the brain of the world was dwarfed for a thousand years, and the infamous work is still being prosecuted.

The Bible was regarded as not only true, but as the best of all truth. Any new theory advanced, was immediately examined in the light, or rather in the darkness, of revelation, and if according to that test it was false, it was denounced, and the person bringing it forward forced to recant. It would have been a far better course to have discovered every theory found to be in harmony with the Scriptures.

And yet we are told by the clergy and religious press of this city, that the Bible is the foundation of all science.

DOES THE BIBLE TEACH THE EXISTENCE OF THAT IMPOSSIBLE CRIME CALLED WITCHCRAFT?

V.

IT was said by Sir Thomas More that to give up witchcraft was to give up the Bible itself. This idea was entertained by nearly all the eminent theologians of a hundred years ago. In my judgment, they were right. To give up witchcraft is to give up, in a great degree at least, the supernatural. To throw away the little ghosts simply prepares the mind of man to give up the great ones. The founders of nearly all creeds, and of all religions properly so called, have taught the existence of good and evil spirits. They have peopled the dark with devils and the light with angels. They have crowded hell with demons and heaven with seraphs. The moment these good and evil spirits, these angels and fiends, disappear from the imaginations of men, and phenomena are accounted for by natural rather than by supernatural means, a great step has been taken in the direction of what is now known as materialism. While the church believes in witchcraft, it is in a greatly modified form. The evil spirits are not as plenty as in former times, and more phenomena are accounted for by natural means. Just to the extent that belief has been lost in spirits, just to that extent the church has lost its power and authority. When men ceased to account for the happening of any event by ascribing it to the direct action of good or evil spirits, and began to reason from known premises, the chains of superstition began to grow weak. Into such disrepute has witchcraft at last fallen that many Christians not only deny the existence of these evil spirits, but take the ground that no such thing is taught in the Scriptures. Let us see:

“Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.”—*Exodus xxii., 18.*

7. “Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and enquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a spirit at Endor.

8. “And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night; and he said, I pray thee, divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me him up, whom I shall name unto thee.

9. “And the woman said unto him, Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land; wherefore, then, layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to die?

10. “And Saul sware to her by the Lord, saying, As the Lord liveth, there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing.

11. “Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel.

12. “And when the woman saw Samuel she cried with a loud voice: and the woman spake to Saul, saying, Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul.

13. “And the king said unto her, Be not afraid: for what sawest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth.

14. “And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

15. “And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?”—2 Samuels xxviii.

This reads very much like an account of a modern spiritual seance. Is it not one of the wonderful things of the world that men and women who believe this account of the witch of Endor, who believe all the miracles and all the ghost stories of the Bible, deny with all their force the truth of modern Spiritualism. So far as I am concerned, I would rather believe some one who has heard what he relates, who has seen what he tells, or at least thinks he has seen what he tells. I would rather believe somebody I know, whose reputation for truth is good among those who know him. I would rather believe these people than to take the words of those who have been in their graves for four thousand years, and about whom I know nothing.

31 “Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them; I am the Lord, your God.”—*Leviticus xix.*

6 “And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people.”—*Leviticus xx.*

10. “There shall not be found among you any one that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch,

11. “Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.

12. “For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord.”—*Deut. xviii.*

I have given you a few of the passages found in the Old Testament upon this subject, showing conclusively that the Bible teaches the existence of witches, wizards and those who have familiar spirits. In the New Testament there are passages equally strong, showing that the Savior himself was a believer in the existence of evil spirits, and in the existence of a personal devil. Nothing can be plainer than the teaching of the following:

1. “Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

2. “And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered.

3. “And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

4. “But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

5. “Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.

6. “And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7. “Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God.

8. “Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.

9. “And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

10. “Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

11. “Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.”—*Matt. iv.*

If this does not teach the existence of a personal devil, there is nothing within the lids of the Scriptures teaching the existence of a personal God. If this does not teach the existence of evil spirits, there is nothing in the Bible going to show that good spirits exist either in this world or the next.

16. “When the even was come they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick.”—*Matt. vii.*

1. “And they came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes.

2. “And when he was come out of the ship, immediately there met him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit,

3. “Who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains:

4. “Because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him.

5. “And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones.

6. “But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshipped him,

7. “And cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.

8. “For he said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit.

9. “And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion, for we are many.

11. “Now, there was nigh unto the mountains a great herd of swine feeding.

12. “And all the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them.

13. “And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine; and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and they were about two thousand; and were choked in the sea.”—*Mark v.*

The doctrine of witchcraft does not stop here. The power of casting out devils was bequeathed by the Savior to his apostles and followers, and to all who might believe in him throughout all the coming time:

17. “And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues.

18. “And they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.”—*Mark xvi.*

I would like to see the clergy who have been answering me, tested in this way: Let them drink poison, let them take up serpents, let them cure the sick by the laying on of hands, and I will then believe that they believe.

I deny the witchcraft stories of the world. Witches are born in the ignorant, frightened minds of men. Reason will exorcise them. “They are tales told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.” These devils have covered the world with blood and tears. They have filled the earth with fear. They have filled the lives of children with darkness and horror. They have peopled the sweet world of imagination with monsters. They have made religion a strange mingling of fear and ferocity. I am doing what I can to reave the heavens of these monsters. For my part, I laugh at them all. I hold them all in contempt, ancient and modern, great and small.

THE BIBLE IDEA OF THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN. VI.

ALL religion has for its basis the tyranny of God and the slavery of man.

18. “If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them.

19. “Then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto, the gate of his place.

20. “And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice, he is a glutton and a drunkard.

21. “And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die; so shalt thou put evil away from among you; and all Israel shall hear, and fear.”—*Deut. xxi.*

Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac as a sacrifice. He proceeded to obey. And the boy, being then about thirty years of age, was not consulted. At the command of a phantom of the air, a man was willing to offer upon the altar his only son. And such was the slavery of children, that the only son had not the spirit to resist.

Have you ever read the story of Jephthah?

30 “And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands,

31. “Then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord’s, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering.

32. “So Jephthah passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them; and the Lord delivered them into his hands.

33. “And he smote them from Aroer, even till thou come to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyards, with a very great slaughter. Thus the children of Ammon were subdued before the children of Israel.

34.”And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances; and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter.

35. “And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back....

39. “And it came to pass at the end of two months, that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed.”—*Judges xi.*

Is there in the history of the world a sadder thing than this? What can we think of a father who would sacrifice his daughter to a demon God? And what can we think of a God who would accept such a sacrifice? Can such a God be worthy of the worship of man? I plead for the rights of children. I plead for the government of kindness and love. I plead for the republic of home, the democracy of the fireside. I plead for affection. And for this I am pursued by invective. For this I am called a fiend, a devil, a monster, by Christian editors and clergymen, by those who pretend to love their enemies and pray for those that despitefully use them.

Allow me to give you another instance of affection related in the Scriptures. There was, it seems, a most excellent man by the name of Job. The Lord was walking up and down, and happening to meet Satan, said to him: “Are you acquainted with my servant Job? Have you noticed what an excellent man he is?” And Satan replied to

him and said: “Why should he not be an excellent man—you have given him everything he wants? Take from him what he has and he will curse you.” And thereupon the Lord gave Satan the power to destroy the property and children of Job. In a little while these high contracting parties met again; and the Lord seemed somewhat elated with his success, and called again the attention of Satan to the sinlessness of Job. Satan then told him to touch his body and he would curse him. And thereupon power was given to Satan over the body of Job, and he covered his body with boils. Yet in all this, Job did not sin with his lips.

This book seems to have been written to show the excellence of patience, and to prove that at last God will reward all who will bear the afflictions of heaven with fortitude and without complaint. The sons and daughters of Job had been slain, and then the Lord, in order to reward Job, gave him other children, other sons and other daughters—not the same ones he had lost; but others. And this, according to the writer, made ample amends. Is that the idea we now have of love? If I have a child, no matter how deformed that child may be, and if it dies, nobody can make the loss to me good by bringing a more beautiful child. I want the one I loved and the one I lost.

THE GALLANTRY OF GOD. VII.

I HAVE said that the Bible is a barbarous book; that it has no respect for the rights of woman. Now I propose to prove it. It takes something besides epithets and invectives to prove or disprove anything. Let us see what the sacred volume says concerning the mothers and daughters of the human race.

A man who does not in his heart of hearts respect woman, who has not there an altar at which he worships the memory of mother, is less than a man.

11. “Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection.

12. “But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.”

The reason given for this, and the only reason that occurred to the sacred writer, was:

13. “For Adam was first formed, then Eve.

14. “And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression.

15. “Notwithstanding, she shall be saved in child-bearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety.”—*1 Tim. ii.*

3. “But I would have you know, that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God.”

That is to say, the woman sustains the same relation to the man that man does to Christ, and man sustains the same relation to Christ that Christ does to God.

This places the woman infinitely below the man. And yet this barbarous idiocy is regarded as divinely inspired. How can any woman look other than with contempt

upon such passages? How can any woman believe that this is the will of a most merciful God?

7. “For a man, indeed, ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of man.”

And this is justified from the remarkable fact set forth in the next verse:

8. “For the man is not of the woman; but the woman of the man.”

This same chivalric gentleman also says:

9. “Neither was the man created for the woman; but the woman for the man.”—*1 Cor. xi.*

22. “Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.”

Is it possible for abject obedience to go beyond this?

23. “For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church, and he is the saviour of the body.

24. “Therefore, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything.”—*Eph. v.*

Even the Savior did not put man and woman upon an equality. A man could divorce his wife, but the wife could not divorce her husband.

Every noble woman should hold such apostles and such ideas in contempt. According to the Old Testament, woman had to ask pardon and had to be purified from the crime of having born sons and daughters. To make love and maternity crimes is infamous.

10. “When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive,

11. “And seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her, that thou wouldest have her to thy wife,

12. “Then thou shalt bring her home to thy house; and she shall shave her head, and pare her nails.”—*Deut. xxi.*

This is barbarism, no matter whether it came from heaven or from hell, from a God or from a devil, from the golden streets of the New Jerusalem or from the very Sodom of perdition. It is barbarism complete and utter.

DOES THE BIBLE SANCTION POLYGAMY AND CONCUBINAGE? VIII.

READ the infamous order of Moses in the 31st chapter of Numbers—an order unfit to be reproduced in print—an order which I am unwilling to repeat. Read the 31 st chapter of Exodus. Read the 21 st chapter of Deuteronomy. Read the-life of Abraham, of David, of Solomon, of Jacob, and then tell me the sacred Bible does not teach polygamy and concubinage. All the languages of the world are insufficient to express the filth of polygamy. It makes man a beast—woman a slave. It destroys the fireside. It makes virtue an outcast. It makes home a lair of wild beasts. It is the infamy of

infamies. Yet this is the doctrine of the Bible—a doctrine defended even by Luther and Melancthon. It is by the Bible that Brigham Young justifies the practice of this beastly horror. It takes from language those sweetest words, husband, wife, father mother, child and lover. It takes us back to the barbarism of animals, and leaves the heart a den in which crawl and hiss the slimy serpents of loathsome lust. Yet the book justifying this infamy is the book upon which rests the civilization of the nineteenth century. And because I denounce this frightful thing, the clergy denounce me as a demon, and the infamous *Christian Advocate* says that the moral sentiment of this State ought to denounce this Illinois Catiline for his blasphemous utterances and for his base and debasing scurrility.

DOES THE BIBLE UPHOLD AND JUSTIFY POLITICAL TYRANNY? IX.

FOR my part, I insist that man has not only the capacity, but the right to govern himself. All political authority is vested in the people themselves, They have the right to select their officers and agents, and these officers and agents are responsible to the people. Political authority does not come from the clouds. Man should not be governed by the aristocracy of the air. The Bible is not a Republican or Democratic book. Exactly the opposite doctrine is taught. From that volume we learn that the people have no power whatever; that all power and political authority comes from on high, and that all the kings, all the potentates and powers, have been ordained of God; that all the ignorant and cruel kings have been placed upon the world's thrones by the direct act of Deity. The Scriptures teach us that the common people have but one duty—the duty of obedience. Let me read to you some of the political ideas in the great "Magna Charta" of human liberty.

1. "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God.

2. "Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

According to this, George III. was ordained of God. He was King of Great Britian by divine right, and by divine right was the lawful King of the American Colonies. The leaders in the Revolutionary struggle resisted the power, and according to these passages, resisted the ordinances of God; and for that resistance they are promised the eternal recompense of damnation.

3. "For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same....

5. "Wherefore, ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.

6. "For, for this cause pay ye tribute also; for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing."—*Romans, xiii.*

13. "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king as supreme.

14. "Or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well.

15. “For so is the will of God.”—*1 Pet. ii.*

Had these ideas been carried out, political progress in the world would have been impossible. Upon the necks of the people still would have been the feet of kings. I deny this wretched, this infamous doctrine. Whether higher powers are ordained of God or not, if those higher powers endeavor to destroy the rights of man, I for one shall resist. Whenever and wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn in support of a human right, I am a rebel. The despicable doctrine of submission to titled wrong and robed injustice finds no lodgment in the brain of a man. The real rulers are the people, and the rulers so-called are but the servants of the people. They are not ordained of any God. All political power comes from and belongs to man. Upon these texts of Scripture rest the thrones of Europe. For fifteen hundred years these verses have been repeated by brainless kings and heardess priests. For fifteen hundred years each one of these texts has been a bastile in which has been imprisoned the pioneers of progress. Each one of these texts has been an obstruction on the highway of humanity. Each one has been a fortification behind which have crouched the sainted hypocrites and the titled robbers. According to these texts, a robber gets his right to rob from God. And it is the duty of the robbed to submit. The thief gets his right to steal from God. The king gets his right to trample upon human liberty from God. I say, fight the king—fight the priest.

THE RELIGIOUS LIBERTY OF GOD. X.

THE Bible denounces religious liberty. After covering the world with blood, after having made it almost hollow with graves, Christians are beginning to say that men have a right to differ upon religious questions provided the questions about which they differ are not considered of great importance. The motto of the Evangelical Alliance is: “In non-essentials, Liberty; in essentials, Unity.”

The Christian world have condescended to say that upon all non-essential points we shall have the right to think for ourselves; but upon matters of the least importance, they will think and speak for us. In this they are consistent. They but follow the teachings of the God they worship. They but adhere to the precepts and commands of the sacred Scriptures. Within that volume there is no such thing as religious toleration. Within that volume there is not one particle of mercy for an unbeliever. For all who think for themselves, for all who are the owners of their own souls, there are threatenings, curses and anathemas. Any Christian who to-day exercises the least toleration is to that extent false to his religion. Let us see what the “Magna Charta” of liberty says upon this subject:

6. “If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known, thou, nor thy fathers.

7. “Namely of the gods of the people which are round about you, nigh unto thee, or afar off from thee, from the one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth.

8. “Thou shalt not consent unto him; nor hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him; neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him.

9. “But thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people.

10. “And thou shalt stone him with stones, that he die; because he hath sought to thrust thee away from the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage.”—*Deut. xiii.*

That is the religious liberty of the Bible. If the wife of your bosom had said, “I like the religion of India better than the religion of Palestine,” it was then your duty to kill her, and the merciful Most High—understand me, I do not believe in any merciful Most High—said:

“Thou shalt not pity her but thou shalt surely kill; thy hand shall be the first upon her to put her to death.”

This I denounce as infamously infamous. If it is necessary to believe in such a God, if it is necessary to adore such a Deity in order to be saved, I will take my part joyfully in perdition. Let me read you a few more extracts from the “Magna Charta” of human liberty.

2. “If there be found among you, within any of thy gates which the Lord thy God giveth thee, man or woman that hath wrought wickedness in the sight of the Lord thy God, in transgressing his covenant,

3. “And hath gone and served other gods, and worshipped them, either the sun, or moon, or any of the host of heaven, which I have not commanded.

4. “And it be told thee, and thou hast heard of it, and enquired diligently, and behold, it be true, and the thing certain, that such abomination is wrought in Israel.

5. “Then shalt thou bring forth that man, or that woman, which have committed that wicked thing, unto thy gates, even that man or that woman, and shalt stone them with stones till they die.”

Under this law if the woman you loved had said: “Let us worship the sun; I am tired of this jealous and bloodthirsty Jehovah; let us worship the sun; let us kneel to it as it rises over the hills, filling the world with light and love, when the dawn stands jocund on the mountain’s misty top; it is the sun whose beams illumine and cover the earth with verdure and with beauty; it is the sun that covers the trees with leaves, that carpets the earth with grass and adorns the world with flowers; I adore the sun because in its light I have seen your eyes; it has given to me the face of my babe; it has clothed my life with joy; let us in gratitude fall down and worship the glorious beams of the sun.”

For this offence she deserved not only death, but death at your hands:

“Thine eye shall not pity her; neither shalt thou spare; neither shalt thou conceal her.

“But thou shalt surely kill her: thy hand shall be the first upon her to put her to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people.

“And thou shalt stone her with stones that she die.”

For my part I had a thousand times rather worship the sun than a God who would make such a law or give such a command. This you may say is the doctrine of the Old Testament—what is the doctrine of the New?

"He that believes and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

That is the religious liberty of the New Testament. That is the "tidings of great joy."

Every one of these words has been a chain upon the limbs, a whip upon the backs of men. Every one has been a fagot. Every one has been a sword. Every one has been a dungeon, a scaffold, a rack. Every one has been a fountain of tears. These words have filled the hearts of men with hatred. These words invented all the instruments of torture. These words covered the earth with blood.

For the sake of argument, suppose that the Bible is an inspired book. If then, as is contended, God gave these frightful laws commanding religious intolerance to his chosen people, and afterward this same God took upon himself flesh, and came among the Jews and taught a different religion, and they crucified him, did he not reap what he had sown?

DOES THE BIBLE DESCRIBE A GOD OF MERCY? XI.

IS it possible to conceive of a more jealous, revengeful, changeable, unjust, unreasonable, cruel being than the Jehovah of the Hebrews? Is it possible to read the words said to have been spoken by this Deity, without a shudder? Is it possible to contemplate his character without hatred?

"I will make mine arrows drunk with blood and my sword shall devour flesh."—*Deut. xxxii.*

Is this the language of an infinitely kind and tender parent to his weak, his wandering and suffering children?

"Thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same." *Psalms, lxviii.*

Is it possible that a God takes delight in seeing dogs lap the blood of his children?

22. "And the Lord thy God will put out those nations before thee by little and little; thou mayest not consume them at once, lest the beasts of the field increase upon thee.

23. "But the Lord thy God shall deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction, until they be destroyed.

24. "And he shall deliver their kings into thine hand, and thou shalt destroy their name from under heaven; there shall no man be able to stand before thee, until thou have destroyed them."—*Deut. vii.*

If these words had proceeded from the mouth of a demon, if they had been spoken by some enraged and infinitely malicious fiend, I should not have been surprised. But these things are attributed to a God of infinite mercy.

40. “So Joshua smote all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings; he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord God of Israel commanded.”—*Josh, x.*

14. “And all the spoil of these cities, and the cattle, the children of Israel took for a prey unto themselves; but every man they smote with the edge of the sword until they had destroyed them, neither left they any to breathe.”—*Josh. xi.*

19. “There was not a city that made peace with the children of Israel, save the Hivites, the inhabitants of Gibeon; all other they took in battle.

20. “For it was of the Lord to harden their hearts that they should come against Israel in battle, that he might destroy them utterly, and that they might have no favor, but that he might destroy them, as the Lord commanded Moses.”—*Josh. xi.*

There are no words in our language with which to express the indignation I feel when reading these cruel and heartless words.

“When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it. And it shall be if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be that all the people therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee. And if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt besiege it. And when the Lord thy God hath delivered it into thy hands, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the sword. But the women, *and the little ones*, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself, and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies, which the Lord thy God hath given thee.

“Thus shalt thou do unto all the cities which are very far off from thee, which are not of the cities of these nations. But of the cities of these people which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth.”

These terrible instructions were given to an army of invasion. The men who were thus ruthlessly murdered were fighting for their homes, their firesides, for their wives and for their little children. Yet these things, by the clergy of San Francisco, are called acts of sublime mercy.

All this is justified by the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The Old Testament is filled with anathemas, with curses, with words of vengeance, of revenge, of jealousy, of hatred and of almost infinite brutality. Do not, I pray you, pluck from the heart the sweet flower of pity and trample it in the bloody dust of superstition. Do not, I beseech you, justify the murder of women, the assassination of dimpled babes. Do not let the gaze of the gorgon of superstition turn your hearts to stone.

Is there an intelligent Christian in the world who would not with joy and gladness receive conclusive testimony to the effect that all the passages in the Bible upholding and sustaining polygamy and concubinage, political tyranny, the subjection of woman, the enslavement of children, establishing domestic and political tyranny, and that all the commands to destroy men, women and children, are but interpolations of kings and priests, made for the purpose of subjugating mankind

through the instrumentality of fear? Is there a Christian in the world who would not think vastly more of the Bible if all these infamous things were eliminated from it?

Surely the good things in that book are not rendered more sacred from the fact that in the same volume are found the frightful passages I have quoted. In my judgment the Bible should be read and studied precisely as we read and study any book whatever. The good in it should be preserved and cherished, and that which shocks the human heart should be cast aside forever.

While the Old Testament threatens men, women and children with disease, famine, war, pestilence and death, there are no threatenings of punishment beyond this life. The doctrine of eternal punishment is a dogma of the New Testament. This doctrine, the most cruel, the most infamous of which the human mind can conceive, is taught, if taught at all, in the Bible—in the New Testament. One cannot imagine what the human heart has suffered by reason of the frightful doctrine of eternal damnation. It is a doctrine so abhorrent to every drop of my blood, so infinitely cruel, that it is impossible for me to respect either the head or heart of any human being who teaches or fears it. This doctrine necessarily subverts all ideas of justice. To inflict infinite punishment for finite crimes, or rather for crimes committed by finite beings, is a proposition so monstrous that I am astonished it ever found lodgment in the brain of man. Whoever says that we can be happy in heaven while those we loved on earth are suffering infinite torments in eternal fire, defames and calumniates the human heart.

THE PLAN OF SALVATION. XII.

WE are told, however, that a way has been provided for the salvation of all men, and that in this plan the infinite mercy of God is made manifest to the children of men. According to the great scheme of the atonement, the innocent suffers for the guilty in order to satisfy a law. What kind of law must it be that is satisfied with the agony of innocence? Who made this law? If God made it he must have known that the innocent would have to suffer as a consequence. The whole scheme is to me a medley of contradictions, impossibilities and theological conclusions. We are told that if Adam and Eve had not sinned in the Garden of Eden death never would have entered the world. We are further informed that had it not been for the devil, Adam and Eve would not have been led astray; and if they had not, as I said before, death never would have touched with its icy hand the human heart. If our first parents had never sinned, and death never had entered the world, you and I never would have existed. The earth would have been filled thousands of generations before you and I were born. At the feast of life, death made seats vacant for us. According to this doctrine, we are indebted to the devil for our existence. Had he not tempted Eve—no sin. If there had been no sin—no death. If there had been no death the world would have been filled ages before you and I were born. Therefore, we owe our existence to the devil. We are further informed that as a consequence of original sin the scheme called the atonement became necessary; and that if the Savior had not taken upon himself flesh and come to this atom called the earth, and if he had not been crucified for us, we should all have been cast forever into hell. Had it not been for the bigotry of the Jews and the treachery of Judas Iscariot, Christ would not have been crucified;

and if he had not been crucified, all of us would have had our portion in the lake that burneth with eternal fire.

According to this great doctrine, according to this vast and most wonderful scheme, we owe, as I said before, our existence to the devil, our salvation to Judas Iscariot and the bigotry of the Jews.

So far as I am concerned, I fail to see any mercy in the plan of salvation. Is it mercy to reward a man forever in consideration of believing a certain thing, of the truth of which there is, to his mind, ample testimony? Is it mercy to punish a man with eternal fire simply because there is not testimony enough to satisfy his mind? Can there be such a thing as mercy in eternal punishment?

And yet this same Deity says to me, “resist not evil; pray for those that despitefully use you; love your enemies, but I will eternally damn mine.” It seems to me that even gods should practice what they preach.

All atonement, after all, is a kind of moral bankruptcy. Under its provisions, man is allowed the luxury of sinning upon a credit. Whenever he is guilty of a wicked action he says, “charge it.” This kind of bookkeeping, in my judgment, tends to breed extravagance in sin.

The truth is, most Christians are better than their creeds; most creeds are better than the Bible, and most men are better than their God.

OTHER RELIGIONS. XIII.

WE must remember that ours is not the only religion. Man has in all ages endeavored to answer the great questions Whence? and Whither? He has endeavored to read his destiny in the stars, to pluck the secret of his existence from the night. He has questioned the spectres of his own imagination. He has explored the mysterious avenues of dreams. He has peopled the heavens with spirits. He has mistaken his visions for realities. In the twilight of ignorance he has mistaken shadows for gods. In all ages he has been the slave of misery, the dupe of superstition and the fool of hope. He has suffered and aspired.

Religion is a thing of growth, of development. As we advance we throw aside the grosser and absurder forms of faith—practically at first by ceasing to observe them, and lastly, by denying them altogether. Every church necessarily by its constitution endeavors to prevent this natural growth or development. What has happened to other religions must happen to ours. Ours is not superior to many that have passed, or are passing away. Other religions have been lived for and died for by men as noble as ours can boast. Their dogmas and doctrines have, to say the least, been as reasonable, as full of spiritual grandeur, as ours.

Man has had beautiful thoughts. Man has tried to solve these questions in all the countries of the world, and I respect all such men and women; but let me tell you one little thing. I want to show you that in other countries there is something.

The Parsee sect of Persia say: A Persian saint ascended the three stairs that lead to heaven’s gate, and knocked; a voice said: “Who is there?” “Thy servant, O God!” But the gates would not open. For seven years he did every act of kindness; again he

came, and the voice said: “Who is there?” And he replied: “Thy slave, O God!” Yet the gates were shut. Yet seven other years of kindness, and the man again knocked; and the voice cried and said: “Who is there?” “Thyself, O God!” And the gates wide open flew.

I say there is no more beautiful Christian poem than this.

A Persian after having read our religion, with its frightful descriptions of perdition, wrote these words: “Two angels flying out from the blissful city of God—the angel of love and the angel of pity—hovered over the eternal pit where suffered the captives of hell. One smile of love illumined the darkness and one tear of pity extinguished all the fires.” Has orthodoxy produced anything as generously beautiful as this? Let me read you this: Sectarians, hear this: Believers in eternal damnation, hear this: Clergy of America who expect to have your happiness in heaven increased by seeing me burning in hell, hear this:

This is the prayer of the Brahmins—a prayer that has trembled from human lips toward heaven for more than four thousand years:

“Never will I seek or receive private individual salvation. Never will I enter into final bliss alone. But forever and everywhere will I labor and strive for the final redemption of every creature throughout all worlds, and until all are redeemed. Never will I wrongly leave this world to sin, sorrow and struggle, but will remain and work and suffer where I am.”

Has the orthodox religion produced a prayer like this? See the infinite charity, not only for every soul in this world, but of all the shining worlds of the universe. Think of that, ye parsons who imagine that a large majority are going to eternal ruin.

Compare it with the sermons of Jonathan Edwards, and compare it with the imprecation of Christ: “Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels;” with the ideas of Jeremy Taylor, with the creeds of Christendom, with all the prayers of all the saints, and in no church except the Universalist will you hear a prayer like this.

“When thou art in doubt as to whether an action is good or bad, abstain from it.”

Since the days of Zoroaster has there been any rule for human conduct given superior to this?

Are the principles taught by us superior to those of Confucius? He was asked if there was any single word comprising the duties of man. He replied: “Reciprocity.” Upon being asked what he thought of the doctrine of returning benefits for injuries, he replied: “That is not my doctrine. If you return benefits for injuries what do you propose for benefits? My doctrine is; For benefits return benefits; for injuries return justice without any admixture of revenge.”

To return good for evil is to pay a premium upon wickedness. I cannot put a man under obligation to do me a favor by doing him an injury.

Now, to-day, right now, what is the church doing? What is it doing, I ask you honestly? Does it satisfy the craving hearts of the nineteenth century? Are we

satisfied? I am not saying this except from the honesty of my heart. Are we satisfied? Is it a consolation to us now? Is it even a consolation when those we love die? The dead are so near and the promises are so far away. It is covered with the rubbish of the past. I ask you, is it all that is demanded by the brain and heart of the nineteenth century?

We want something better; we want something grander; we want something that has more brain in it, and more heart in it. We want to advance—that is what we want; and you cannot advance without being a heretic—you cannot do it.

Nearly all these religions have been upheld by persecution and bloodshed. They have been rendered stable by putting fetters upon the human brain. They have all, however, been perfectly natural productions, and under similar circumstances would all be reproduced. Only by intellectual development are the old superstitions outgrown. As only the few intellectually advance, the majority is left on the side of superstition, and remains there until the advanced ideas of the few thinkers become general; and by that time there are other thinkers still in advance.

And so the work of development and growth slowly and painfully proceeds from age to age. The pioneers are denounced as heretics, and the heretics denounce their denouncers as the disciples of superstition and ignorance. Christ was a heretic. Herod was orthodox. Socrates was a blasphemer. Anytus worshiped all the gods. Luther was a skeptic, while the sellers of indulgences were the best of Catholics. Roger Williams was a heretic, while the Puritans who drove him from Massachusetts were all orthodox. Every step in advance in the religious history of the world has been taken by heretics. No superstition has been destroyed except by a heretic. No creed has been bettered except by a heretic. Heretic is the name that the orthodox laggard hurls at the disappearing pioneer. It is shouted by the dwellers in swamps to the people upon the hills. It is the opinion that midnight entertains of the dawn. It is what the rotting says of the growing. Heretic is the name that a stench gives to a perfume.

With this word the coffin salutes the cradle. It is taken from the lips of the dead. Orthodoxy is a shroud—heresy is a banner. Orthodoxy is an epitaph—heresy is a prophecy. Orthodoxy is a cloud, a fog, a mist—heresy the star shining forever above the child of truth.

I am a believer in the eternity of progress. I do not believe that Want will forever extend its withered hand, its wan and shriveled palms, for charity. I do not believe that the children will forever be governed by cruelty and brute force. I do not believe that poverty will dwell with man forever. I do not believe that prisons will forever cover the earth, or that the shadow of the gallows will forever fall upon the ground. I do not believe that injustice will sit forever upon the bench, or that malice and superstition will forever stand in the pulpit.

I believe the time will come when there will be charity in every heart, when there will be love in every family, and when law and liberty and justice, like the atmosphere, will surround this world.

We have worshiped the ghosts long enough. We have prostrated ourselves before the ignorance of the past.

Let us stand erect and look with hopeful eyes toward the brightening future. Let us stand by our convictions. Let us not throw away our idea of justice for the sake of any book or of any religion whatever. Let us live according to our highest and noblest and purest ideal.

By this time we should know that the real Bible has not been written.

The real Bible is not the work of inspired men, or prophets, or apostles, or evangelists, or of Christs.

Every man who finds a fact, adds, as it were, a word to this great book. It is not attested by prophecy, by miracles, or signs. It makes no appeal to faith, to ignorance, to credulity or fear. It has no punishment for unbelief, and no reward for hypocrisy. It appeals to man in the name of demonstration. It has nothing to conceal. It has no fear of being read, of being contradicted, of being investigated and understood. It does not pretend to be holy, or sacred; it simply claims to be true. It challenges the scrutiny of all, and implores every reader to verify every line for himself. It is incapable of being blasphemed. This book appeals to all the surroundings of man. Each thing that exists testifies to its perfection. The earth, with its heart of fire and crowns of snow; with its forests and plains, its rocks and seas; with its every wave and cloud; with its every leaf and bud and flower, confirms its every word, and the solemn stars, shining in the infinite abysses, are the eternal witnesses of its truth.

Ladies and gentlemen you cannot tell how I thank you this evening; you cannot tell how I feel toward the intellectual hospitality of this great city by the Pacific sea. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you—I thank you again and again, a thousand times.

My Chicago Bible Class

** Chicago Times, 1879.*

To the Editor:—

NOTHING is more gratifying than to see ideas that were received with scorn, flourishing in the sunshine of approval. Only a few weeks ago, I stated that the Bible was not inspired; that Moses was mistaken; that the "flood" was a foolish myth; that the Tower of Babel existed only in credulity; that God did not create the universe from nothing, that he did not start the first woman with a rib; that he never upheld slavery; that he was not a polygamist; that he did not kill people for making hair-oil; that he did not order his generals to kill the dimpled babes; that he did not allow the roses of love and the violets of modesty to be trodden under the brutal feet of lust; that the Hebrew language was written without vowels; that the Bible was composed of many books, written by unknown men; that all translations differed from each other; and that this book had filled the world with agony and crime.

At that time I had not the remotest idea that the most learned clergymen in Chicago would substantially agree with me—in public. I have read the replies of the Rev. Robert Collyer, Dr. Thomas, Rabbi Kohler, Rev. Brooke Herford, Prof. Swing and Dr. Ryder, and will now ask them a few questions, answering them in their own words.

First. Rev. Robert Collyer.

Question. What is your opinion of the Bible? Answer. "It is a splendid book. It makes the noblest type of Catholics and the meanest bigots. Through this book men give their hearts for good to God, or for evil to the devil. The best argument for the intrinsic greatness of the book is that it can touch such wide extremes, and seem to maintain us in the most unparalleled cruelty, as well as the most tender mercy; that it can inspire purity like that of the great saints, and afford arguments in favor of polygamy. The Bible is the text book of ironclad Calvinism and sunny Universalism. It makes the Quaker quiet, and the Millerite crazy. It inspired the Union soldier to live and grandly die for the right, and Stonewall Jackson to live nobly, and die grandly for the wrong."

Question. But, Mr. Collyer, do you really think that a book with as many passages in favor of wrong as right, is inspired?

Answer. "I look upon the Old Testament as a rotting tree. When it falls it will fertilize a bank of violets."

Question. Do you believe that God upheld slavery and polygamy? Do you believe that he ordered the killing of babes and the violation of maidens?

Answer. "There is threefold inspiration in the Bible, the first, peerless and perfect, the word of God to man; *the second, simply and purely human, and then below this again, there is an inspiration born of an evil heart, ruthless and savage there and then as anything well can be*. A threefold inspiration, of heaven first, then of the

earth, and then of hell, all in the same book, all sometimes in the same chapter, and then, besides, a great many things that need no inspiration."

Question. Then after all you do not pretend that the Scriptures are really inspired?

Answer. "The Scriptures make no such claim for themselves as the church makes for them. They leave me free to say this is false, or this is true. The truth even within the Bible, dies and lives, makes on this side and loses on that."

Question. What do you say to the last verse in the Bible, where a curse is threatened to any man who takes from or adds to the book?

Answer. "I have but one answer to this question, and it is: Let who will have written this, I cannot for an instant believe that it was written by a divine inspiration. Such dogmas and threats as these are not of God, but of man, and not of any man of a free spirit and heart eager for the truth, but a narrow man who would cripple and confine the human soul in its quest after the whole truth of God, and back those who have done the shameful things in the name of the most high."

Question. Do you not regard such talk as "slang"?

(Supposed) Answer. If an infidel had said that the writer of Revelation was narrow and bigoted, I might have denounced his discourse as "slang," but I think that Unitarian ministers can do so with the greatest propriety.

Question. Do you believe in the stories of the Bible, about Jael, and the sun standing still, and the walls falling at the blowing of horns?

Answer. "They may be legends, myths, poems, or what they will, but they are not the word of God. So I say again, it was not the God and Father of us all, who inspired the woman to drive that nail crashing through the king's temple after she had given him that bowl of milk and bid him sleep in safety, but a very mean devil of hatred and revenge, that I should hardly expect to find in a squaw on the plains. It was not the ram's horns and the shouting before which the walls fell flat. If they went down at all, it was through good solid pounding. And not for an instant did the steady sun stand still or let his planet stand still while barbarian fought barbarian. He kept just the time then he keeps now. They might believe it who made the record. I do not. And since the whole Christian world might believe it, still we do not who gather in this church. A free and reasonable mind stands right in our way. Newton might believe it as a Christian, and disbelieve it as a philosopher. We stand then with the philosopher against the Christian, for we must believe what is true to us in the last test, and these things are not true."

Second. Rev. Dr. Thomas.

Question. What is your opinion of the Old Testament?

Answer. "My opinion is that it is not one book, but many—thirty-nine books bound up in one. The date and authorship of most of these books are wholly unknown. The Hebrews wrote without vowels, and without dividing the letters into syllables, words, or sentences. The books were gathered up by Ezra. At that time only two of the

Jewish tribes remained. All progress has ceased. In gathering up the sacred book, copyists exercised great liberty in making changes and additions."

Question. Yes, we know all that, but is the Old Testament inspired?

Answer. "There maybe the inspiration of art, of poetry, or oratory; of patriotism—and there are such inspirations. There are moments when great truths and principles come to men. They seek the man, and not the man them."

Question. Yes, we all admit that, but is the Bible inspired?

Answer. "But still I know of no way to convince anyone of spirit, and inspiration, and God, only as his reason may take hold of these things."

Question. Do you think the Old Testament true?

Answer. "The story of Eden may be an allegory. The history of the children of Israel may have mistakes."

Question. Must inspiration claim infallibility? Answer. "It is a mistake to say that if you believe one part of the Bible you must believe all. Some of the thirty-nine books may be inspired, others not; or there may be degrees of inspiration."

Question. Do you believe that God commanded the soldiers to kill the children and the married women, and save for themselves, the maidens, as recorded in *Numbers xxxi, 2*,

Do you believe that God upheld slavery?

Do you believe that God upheld polygamy?

Answer. "The Bible may be wrong in some statements. God and right cannot be wrong. We must not exalt the Bible above God. It may be that we have claimed too much for the Bible, and thereby given not a little occasion for such men as Mr. Ingersoll to appear at the other extreme, denying too much."

Question. What then shall be done?

Answer. "We must take a middle ground. It is not necessary to believe that the bears devoured the forty-two children, nor that Jonah was swallowed by the whale."

Third. Rev. Dr. Kohler.

Question. What is your opinion about the Old Testament?

Answer. "I will not make futile attempts of artificially interpreting the letter of the Bible so as to make it reflect the philosophical, moral and scientific views of our time. The Bible is a sacred record of humanity's childhood."

Question. Are you an orthodox Christian?

Answer. "No. Orthodoxy, with its face turned backward to a ruined temple or a dead Messiah, is fast becoming like Lot's wife, a pillar of salt."

Question. Do you really believe the Old Testament was inspired?

Answer. ”I greatly acknowledge our indebtedness to men like Voltaire and Thomas Paine, whose bold denial and cutting wit were so instrumental in bringing about this glorious era of freedom, so congenial and blissful, particularly to the long-abused Jewish race.”

Question. Do you believe in the inspiration of the Bible?

Answer. ”Of course there is a destructive axe needed to strike down the old building in order to make room for the grander new. The divine origin claimed by the Hebrews for their national literature, was claimed by all nations for their old records and laws as preserved by the priesthood. As Moses, the Hebrew law-giver, is represented as having received the law from God on the holy mountain, so is Zoroaster the Persian, Manu the Hindoo, Minos the Cretan, Lycurgus the Spartan, and Numa the Roman.”

Question. Do you believe all the stories in the Bible?

Answer. ”All that can and must be said against them is that they have been too long retained around the arms and limbs of grown-up manhood, to check the spiritual progress of religion; that by Jewish ritualism and Christian dogmatism they became fetters unto the soul, turning the light of heaven into a misty haze to blind the eye, and even into a hell-fire of fanaticism to consume souls.”

Question. Is the Bible inspired?

Answer. ”True, the Bible is not free from errors, nor is any work of man and time. It abounds in childish views and offensive matter. I trust that it will in a time not far off be presented for common use in families, schools, synagogues and churches, in a refined shape, cleansed from all dross and chaff, and stumbling blocks in which the scoffer delights to dwell.”

Fourth. Rev. Mr. Herford.

Question. Is the Bible true?

Answer. ”Ingersoll is very fond of saying ‘The question is not, is the Bible inspired, but is it true?’ That sounds very plausible, but you know as applied to *any ancient book* it is simply nonsense.”

Question. Do you think the stories in the Bible exaggerated?

Answer. ”I dare say the numbers are immensely exaggerated.”

Question. Do you think that God upheld polygamy?

Answer. ”The truth of which simply is, that four thousand years ago polygamy existed among the Jews, as everywhere else on earth then, and even their prophets did not come to the idea of its being wrong. *But what is there to be indignant* about in that?”

Question. And so you really wonder why any man should be indignant at the idea that God upheld and sanctioned that beastliness called polygamy?

Answer. ”What is there to be indignant about in that?”

Fifth. Prof. Swing.

Question. What is your idea of the Bible?

Answer. "I think it is a poem."

Sixth. Rev. Dr. Ryder.

Question. And what is your idea of the sacred Scriptures?

Answer. "Like other nations, the Hebrews had their patriotic, descriptive, didactic and lyrical poems in the same varieties as other nations; but with them, unlike other nations, whatever may be the form of their poetry, it always possesses the characteristic of religion."

Question. I suppose you fully appreciate the religious characteristics of the Song of Solomon.

No answer.

Question. Does the Bible uphold polygamy?

Answer. "The law of Moses did not forbid it, but contained many provisions against its worst abuses, and such as were intended to restrict it within narrow limits."

Question. So you think God corrected some of the worst abuses of polygamy, but preserved the institution itself?

I might question many others, but have concluded not to consider those as members of my Bible Class who deal in calumnies and epithets. From the so-called "replies" of such ministers, it appears that while Christianity changes the heart, it does not improve the manners, and that one can get into heaven in the next world without having been a gentleman in this.

It is difficult for me to express the deep and thrilling satisfaction I have experienced in reading the admissions of the clergy of Chicago. Surely, the battle of intellectual liberty is almost won, when ministers admit that the Bible is filled with ignorant and cruel mistakes; that each man has the right to think for himself, and that it is not necessary to believe the Scriptures in order to be saved. From the bottom of my heart I congratulate my pupils on the advance they have made, and hope soon to meet them on the serene heights of perfect freedom.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Washington, D. C., May 7, 1879.

To The Indianapolis Clergy

** The Iconoclast, Indianapolis, Indiana. 1883.*

THE following questions have been submitted to me by the Rev. David Walk, Dr. T. B. Taylor, the Rev. Myron W. Reed, and the Rev. D. O'Donaghue, of Indianapolis, with the request that I answer.

Question. Is the Character of Jesus of Nazareth, as described in the Four Gospels, Fictional or Real?—Rev. David Walk.

Answer. In all probability, there was a man by the name of Jesus Christ, who was, in his day and generation, a reformer—a man who was infinitely shocked at the religion of Jehovah—who became almost insane with pity as he contemplated the sufferings of the weak, the poor, and the ignorant at the hands of an intolerant, cruel, hypocritical, and bloodthirsty church. It is no wonder that such a man predicted the downfall of the temple. In all probability, he hated, at last, every pillar and stone in it, and despised even the "Holy of Holies." This man, of course, like other men, grew. He did not die with the opinion he held in his youth. He changed his views from time to time—fanned the spark of reason into a flame, and as he grew older his horizon extended and widened, and he became gradually a wiser, greater, and better man.

I find two or three Christs described in the four Gospels. In some portions you would imagine that he was an exceedingly pious Jew. When he says that people must not swear by Jerusalem, because it is God's holy city, certainly no Pharisee could have gone beyond that expression. So, too, when it is recorded that he drove the money changers from the temple. This, had it happened, would have been the act simply of one who had respect for this temple and not for the religion taught in it.

It would seem that, at first, Christ believed substantially in the religion of his time; that afterward, seeing its faults, he wished to reform it; and finally, comprehending it in all its enormity, he devoted his life to its destruction. This view shows that he "increased in stature and grew in knowledge."

This view is also supported by the fact that, at first, according to the account, Christ distinctly stated that his gospel was not for the Gentiles. At that time he had altogether more patriotism than philosophy. In my own opinion, he was driven to like the Gentiles by the persecution he endured at home. He found, as every Freethinker now finds, that there are many saints not in churches and many devils not out.

The character of Christ, in many particulars, as described in the Gospels, depends upon who wrote the Gospels. Each one endeavored to make a Christ to suit himself. So that Christ, after all, is a growth; and since the Gospels were finished, millions of men have been adding to and changing the character of Christ.

There is another thing that should not be forgotten, and that is that the Gospels were not written until after the Epistles. I take it for granted that Paul never saw any of the Gospels, for the reason that he quotes none of them. There is also this remarkable

fact: Paul quotes none of the miracles of the New Testament. He says not one word about the multitude being fed miraculously, not one word about the resurrection of Lazarus, nor of the widow's son. He had never heard of the lame, the halt, and the blind that had been cured; or if he had, he did not think these incidents of enough importance to be embalmed in an epistle.

So we find that none of the early fathers ever quoted from the four Gospels. Nothing can be more certain than that the four Gospels were not written until after the Epistles, and nothing can be more certain than that the early Christians knew nothing of what we call the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. All these things have been growths. At first it was believed that Christ was a direct descendant from David. At that time the disciples of Christ, of course, were Jews. The Messiah was expected through the blood of David.—For that reason, the genealogy of Joseph, a descendant of David, was given. It was not until long after, that the idea came into the minds of Christians that Christ was the son of the Holy Ghost. If they, at the time the genealogy was given, believed that Christ was in fact the son of the Holy Ghost, why did they give the genealogy of Joseph to show that Christ was related to David? In other words, why should the son of God attempt to get glory out of the fact that he had in his veins the blood of a barbarian king? There is only one answer to this. The Jews expected the Messiah through David, and in order to prove that Christ was the Messiah, they gave the genealogy of Joseph. Afterward, the idea became popularized that Christ was the son of God, and then were interpolated the words "as was supposed" in the genealogy of Christ. It was a long time before the disciples became great enough to include the world in their scheme, and before they thought it proper to tell the "glad tidings of great joy" beyond the limits of Judea.

My own opinion is that the man called Christ lived; but whether he lived in Palestine, or not, is of no importance. His life is worth its example, its moral force, its benevolence, its self-denial and heroism. It is of no earthly importance whether he changed water into wine or not. All his miracles are simply dust and darkness compared with what he actually said and actually did. We should be kind to each other whether Lazarus was raised or not. We should be just and forgiving whether Christ lived or not. All the miracles in the world are of no use to virtue, morality, or justice. Miracles belong to superstition, to ignorance, to fear and folly.

Neither does it make any difference who wrote the Gospels. They are worth the truth that is in them and no more.

The words of Paul are often quoted, that "all scripture is given by inspiration of God." Of course that could not have applied to anything written after that time. It could have applied only to the Scriptures then written and then known. It is perfectly clear that the four Gospels were not at that time written, and therefore this statement of Paul's does not apply to the four Gospels. Neither does it apply to anything written after that statement was written. Neither does it apply to that statement. If it applied to anything it was the Old Testament, and not the New.

Christ has been belittled by his worshipers. When stripped of the miraculous; when allowed to be, not divine but divinely human, he will have gained a thousandfold in the estimation of mankind. I think of him as I do of Buddha, as I do of Confucius, of

Epictetus, of Bruno. I place him with the great, the generous, the self-denying of the earth, and for the man Christ, I feel only admiration and respect. I think he was in many things mistaken. His reliance upon the goodness of God was perfect. He seemed to believe that his father in heaven would protect him. He thought that if God clothed the lilies of the field in beauty, if he provided for the sparrows, he would surely protect a perfectly just and loving man. In this he was mistaken; and in the darkness of death, overwhelmed, he cried out: “Why hast thou forsaken me?”

I do not believe that Christ ever claimed to be divine; ever claimed to be inspired; ever claimed to work a miracle. In short, I believe that he was an honest man. These claims were all put in his mouth by others—by mistaken friends, by ignorant worshipers, by zealous and credulous followers, and sometimes by dishonest and designing priests. This has happened to all the great men of the world. All historical characters are, in part, deformed or reformed by fiction. There was a man by the name of George Washington, but no such George Washington ever existed as we find portrayed in history. The historical Cæsar never lived. The historical Mohammed is simply a myth. It is the task of modern criticism to rescue these characters, and in the mass of superstitious rubbish to find the actual man. Christians borrowed the old clothes of the Olympian gods and gave them to Christ. To me, Christ the man is far greater than Christ the god.

To me, it has always been a matter of wonder that Christ said nothing as to the obligation man is under to his country, nothing as to the rights of the people as against the wish and will of kings, nothing against the frightful system of human slavery—almost universal in his time. What he did not say is altogether more wonderful than what he did say. It is marvelous that he said nothing upon the subject of intemperance, nothing about education, nothing about philosophy, nothing about nature, nothing about art. He said nothing in favor of the home, except to offer a reward to those who would desert their wives and families. Of course, I do not believe that he said the words that were attributed to him, in which a reward is offered to any man who will desert his kindred. But if we take the account given in the four Gospels as the true account, then Christ did offer a reward to a father who would desert his children. It has always been contended that he was a perfect example of mankind, and yet he never married. As a result of what he did not teach in connection with what he did teach, his followers saw no harm in slavery, no harm in polygamy. They belittled this world and exaggerated the importance of the next. They consoled the slave by telling him that in a little while he would exchange his chains for wings. They comforted the captive by saying that in a few days he would leave his dungeon for the bowers of Paradise. His followers believed that he had said that “Whosoever believeth not shall be damned.” This passage was the cross upon which intellectual liberty was crucified.

If Christ had given us the laws of health; if he had told us how to cure disease by natural means; if he had set the captive free; if he had crowned the people with their rightful power; if he had placed the home above the church; if he had broken all the mental chains; if he had flooded all the caves and dens of fear with light, and filled the future with a common joy, he would in truth have been the Savior of this world.

Question. How do you account for the difference between the Christian and other modern civilizations?

Answer. I account for the difference between men by the difference in their ancestry and surroundings—the difference in soil, climate, food, and employment. There would be no civilization in England were it not for the Gulf Stream. There would have been very little here had it not been for the discovery of Columbus. And even now on this continent there would be but little civilization had the soil been poor. I might ask: How do you account for the civilization of Egypt? At one time that was the greatest civilization in the world. Did that fact prove that the Egyptian religion was of divine origin? So, too, there was a time when the civilization of India was beyond all others. Does that prove that Vishnu was a God? Greece dominated the intellectual world for centuries. Does that fact absolutely prove that Zeus was the creator of heaven and earth? The same may be said of Rome. There was a time when Rome governed the world, and yet I have always had my doubts as to the truth of the Roman mythology. As a matter of fact, Rome was far better than any Christian nation ever was to the end of the seventeenth century. A thousand years of Christian rule produced no fellow for the greatest of Rome. There were no poets the equals of Horace or Virgil, no philosophers as great as Lucretius, no orators like Cicero, no emperors like Marcus Aurelius, no women like the mothers of Rome.

The civilization of a country may be hindered by a religion, but it has never been increased by any form of superstition. When America was discovered it had the same effect upon Europe that it would have, for instance, upon the city of Chicago to have Lake Michigan put the other side of it. The Mediterranean lost its trade. The centers of commerce became deserted. The prow of the world turned westward, and, as a result, France, England, and all countries bordering on the Atlantic became prosperous. The world has really been civilized by discoverers—by thinkers. The man who invented powder, and by that means released hundreds of thousands of men from the occupations of war, did more for mankind than religion. The inventor of paper—and he was not a Christian—did more than all the early fathers for mankind. The inventors of plows, of sickles, of cradles, of reapers; the inventors of wagons, coaches, locomotives; the inventors of skiffs, sail-vessels, steamships; the men who have made looms—in short, the inventors of all useful things—they are the civilizers taken in connection with the great thinkers, the poets, the musicians, the actors, the painters, the sculptors. The men who have invented the useful, and the men who have made the useful beautiful, are the real civilizers of mankind.

The priests, in all ages, have been hindrances—stumbling-blocks. They have prevented man from using his reason. They have told ghost stories to courage until courage became fear. They have done all in their power to keep men from growing intellectually, to keep the world in a state of childhood, that they themselves might be deemed great and good and wise. They have always known that their reputation for wisdom depended upon the ignorance of the people.

I account for the civilization of France by such men as Voltaire. He did good by assisting to destroy the church. Luther did good exactly in the same way. He did harm in building another church. I account, in part, for the civilization of England by the fact that she had interests greater than the church could control; and by the

further fact that her greatest men cared nothing for the church. I account in part for the civilization of America by the fact that our fathers were wise enough, and jealous of each other enough, to absolutely divorce church and state. They regarded the church as a dangerous mistress—one not fit to govern a president. This divorce was obtained because men like Jefferson and Paine were at that time prominent in the councils of the people. There is this peculiarity in our country—the only men who can be trusted with human liberty are the ones who are not to be angels hereafter. Liberty is safe so long as the sinners have an opportunity to be heard.

Neither must we imagine that our civilization is the only one in the world. They had no locks and keys in Japan until that country was visited by Christians, and they are now used only in those ports where Christians are allowed to enter. It has often been claimed that there is but one way to make a man temperate, and that is by making him a Christian; and this is claimed in face of the fact that Christian nations are the most intemperate in the world. For nearly thirteen centuries the followers of Mohammed have been absolute teetotalers—not one drunkard under the flag of the star and crescent. Wherever, in Turkey, a man is seen under the influence of liquor, they call him a Christian. You must also remember that almost every Christian nation has held slaves. Only a few years ago England was engaged in the slave trade. A little while before that our Puritan ancestors sold white Quaker children in the Barbadoes, and traded them for rum, sugar, and negro slaves. Even now the latest champion of Christianity upholds slavery, polygamy, and wars of extermination.

Sometimes I suspect that our own civilization is not altogether perfect. When I think of the penitentiaries crammed to suffocation, and of the many who ought to be in; of the want, the filth, the depravity of the great cities; of the starvation in the manufacturing centers of Great Britain, and, in fact, of all Europe; when I see women working like beasts of burden, and little children deprived, not simply of education, but of air, light and food, there is a suspicion in my mind that Christian civilization is not a complete and overwhelming success.

After all, I am compelled to account for the advance that we have made, by the discoveries and inventions of men of genius. For the future I rely upon the sciences; upon the cultivation of the intellect. I rely upon labor; upon human interests in this world; upon the love of wife and children and home. I do not rely upon sacred books, but upon good men and women. I do not rely upon superstition, but upon knowledge; not upon miracles, but upon facts; not upon the dead, but upon the living; and when we become absolutely civilized, we shall look back upon the superstitions of the world, not simply with contempt, but with pity.

Neither do I rely upon missionaries to convert those whom we are pleased to call “the heathen.” Honest commerce is the great civilizer. We exchange ideas when we exchange fabrics. The effort to force a religion upon the people always ends in war. Commerce, founded upon mutual advantage, makes peace. An honest merchant is better than a missionary.

Spain was blessed with what is called Christian civilization, and yet, for hundreds of years, that government was simply an organized crime. When one pronounces the name of Spain, he thinks of the invasion of the New World, the persecution in the

Netherlands, the expulsion of the Jews, and the Inquisition. Even to-day, the Christian nations of Europe preserve themselves from each other by bayonet and ball. Prussia has a standing army of six hundred thousand men, France a half million, and all their neighbors a like proportion. These countries are civilized. They are in the enjoyment of Christian governments—have their hundreds of a thousands of ministers, and the land covered with cathedrals and churches—and yet every nation is nearly beggared by keeping armies in the field. Christian kings have no confidence in the promises of each other. What they call peace is the little time necessarily spent in reloading their guns. England has hundreds of ships of war to protect her commerce from other Christians, and to force China to open her ports to the opium trade. Only the other day the Prime Minister of China, in one of his dispatches to the English government, used substantially the following language: "England regards the opium question simply as one of trade, but to China, it has a moral aspect." Think of Christian England carrying death and desolation to hundreds of thousands in the name of trade. Then think of heathen China protesting in the name of morality. At the same time England has the impudence to send missionaries to China.

What has been called Christianity has been a disturber of the public peace in all countries and at all times. Nothing has so alienated nations, nothing has so destroyed the natural justice of mankind, as what has been known as religion. The idea that all men must worship the same God, believe the same dogmas, has for thousands of years plucked with bloody hands the flower of pity from the human heart.

Our civilization is not Christian. It does not come from the skies. It is not a result of "inspiration." It is the child of invention, of discovery, of applied knowledge—that is to say, of science. When man becomes great and grand enough to admit that all have equal rights; when thought is untrammeled; when worship shall consist in doing useful things; when religion means the discharge of obligations to our fellow-men, then, and not until then, will the world be civilized.

Question. Since Laplace and other most distinguished astronomers hold to the theory that the earth was originally in a gaseous state, and then a molten mass in which the germs, even, of vegetable or animal life, could not exist, how do you account for the origin of life on this planet without a "Creator"?—Dr. T. B. Taylor.

Answer. Whether or not "the earth was originally in a gaseous state and afterwards a molten mass in which the germs of vegetable and animal life could not exist," I do not know. My belief is that the earth as it is, and as it was, taken in connection with the influence of the sun, and of other planets, produced whatever has existed or does exist on the earth. I do not see why gas would not need a "creator" as much as a vegetable. Neither can I imagine that there is any more necessity for some one to start life than to start a molten mass. There may be now portions of the world in which there is not one particle of vegetable life. It may be that on the wide waste fields of the Arctic zone there are places where no vegetable life exists, and there may be many thousand miles where no animal life can be found. But if the poles of the earth could be changed, and if the Arctic zone could be placed in a different relative position to the sun, the snows would melt, the hills would appear, and in a little while even the rocks would be clothed with vegetation. After a time vegetation would

produce more soil, and in a few thousand years forests would be filled with beasts and birds.

I think it was Sir William Thomson who, in his effort to account for the origin of life upon this earth, stated that it might have come from some meteoric stone falling from some other planet having in it the germs of life. What would you think of a farmer who would prepare his land and wait to have it planted by meteoric stones? So, what would you think of a Deity who would make a world like this, and allow it to whirl thousands and millions of years, barren as a gravestone, waiting for some vagrant comet to sow the seeds of life?

I believe that back of animal life is the vegetable, and back of the vegetable, it may be, is the mineral. It may be that crystallization is the first step toward what we call life, and yet I believe life is back of that. In my judgment, if the earth ever was in a gaseous state, it was filled with life. These are subjects about which we know but little. How do you account for chemistry? How do you account for the fact that just so many particles of one kind seek the society of just so many particles of another, and when they meet they instantly form a glad and lasting union? How do you know but atoms have love and hatred? How do you know that the vegetable does not enjoy growing, and that crystallization itself is not an expression of delight? How do you know that a vine bursting into flower does not feel a thrill? We find sex in the meanest weeds—how can you say they have no loves?

After all, of what use is it to search for a creator? The difficulty is not thus solved. You leave your creator as much in need of a creator as anything your creator is supposed to have created. The bottom of your stairs rests on nothing, and the top of your stairs leans upon nothing. You have reached no solution.

The word “God” is simply born of our ignorance. We go as far as we can, and we say the rest of the way is “God.” We look as far as we can, and beyond the horizon, where there is nought so far as we know but blindness, we place our Deity. We see an infinitesimal segment of a circle, and we say the rest is “God.”

Man must give up searching for the origin of anything. No one knows the origin of life, or of matter, or of what we call mind. The whence and the whither are questions that no man can answer. In the presence of these questions all intellects are upon a level. The barbarian knows exactly the same as the scientist, the fool as the philosopher. Only those who think that they have had some supernatural information pretend to answer these questions, and the unknowable, the impossible, the unfathomable, is the realm wholly occupied by the “inspired.”

We are satisfied that all organized things must have had a beginning, but we cannot conceive that matter commenced to be. Forms change, but substance remains eternally the same. A beginning of substance is unthinkable. It is just as easy to conceive of anything commencing to exist *without* a cause as *with* a cause. There must be something for cause to operate upon. Cause operating upon nothing—were such a thing possible—would produce nothing. There can be no relation between cause and nothing. We can understand how things can be arranged, joined or separated—and how relations can be changed or destroyed, but we cannot conceive

of creation—of nothing being changed into something, nor of something being made—except from preexisting materials.

Question. Since the universal testimony of the ages is in the affirmative of phenomena that attest the continued existence of man after death—which testimony is overwhelmingly sustained by the phenomena of the nineteenth century—what further evidence should thoughtful people require in order to settle the question, "Does death end all?"

Answer. I admit that in all ages men have believed in spooks and ghosts and signs and wonders. This, however, proves nothing. Men have for thousands of ages believed the impossible, and worshiped the absurd. Our ancestors have worshiped snakes and birds and beasts. I do not admit that any ghost ever existed. I know that no miracle was ever performed except in imagination; and what you are pleased to call the "phenomena of the nineteenth century," I fear are on an exact equality with the phenomena of the Dark Ages.

We do not yet understand the action of the brain. No one knows the origin of a thought. No one knows how he thinks, or why he thinks, any more than one knows why or how his heart beats. People, I imagine, have always had dreams. In dreams they often met persons whom they knew to be dead, and it may be that much of the philosophy of the present was born of dreams. I cannot admit that anything supernatural ever has happened or ever will happen. I cannot admit the truth of what you call the "phenomena of the nineteenth century," if by such "phenomena" you mean the reappearance of the dead. I do not deny the existence of a future state, because I do not know. Neither do I aver that there is one, because I do not know. Upon this question I am simply honest. I find that people who believe in immortality—or at least those who say they do—are just as afraid of death as anybody else. I find that the most devout Christian weeps as bitterly above his dead, as the man who says that death ends all. You see the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near. Still, I do not say that man is not immortal; but I do say that there is nothing in the Bible to show that he is. The Old Testament has not a word upon the subject—except to show us how we lost immortality. According to that book, man was driven from the Garden of Eden, lest he should put forth his hand and eat of the fruit of the tree of life and live forever. So the fact is, the Old Testament shows us how we lost immortality. In the New Testament we are told to seek for immortality, and it is also stated that "God alone hath immortality."

There is this curious thing about Christians and Spiritualists: The Spiritualists laugh at the Christians for believing the miracles of the New Testament; they laugh at them for believing the story about the witch of Endor. And then the Christians laugh at the Spiritualists for believing that the same kind of things happen now. As a matter of fact, the Spiritualists have the best of it, because their witnesses are now living, whereas the Christians take simply the word of the dead—of men they never saw and of men about whom they know nothing. The Spiritualist, at least, takes the testimony of men and women that he can cross-examine. It would seem as if these gentlemen ought to make common cause. Then the Christians could prove their miracles by the Spiritualists, and the Spiritualists could prove their "phenomena" by the Christians.

I believe that thoughtful people require some additional testimony in order to settle the question, "Does death end all?" If the dead return to this world they should bring us information of value.

There are thousands of questions that studious historians and savants are endeavoring to settle—questions of history, of philosophy, of law, of art, upon which a few intelligent dead ought to be able to shed a flood of light. All the questions of the past ought to be settled. Some modern ghosts ought to get acquainted with some of the Pharaohs, and give us an outline of the history of Egypt. They ought to be able to read the arrow-headed writing and all the records of the past. The hieroglyphics of all ancient peoples should be unlocked, and thoughts and facts that have been imprisoned for so many thousand years should be released and once again allowed to visit brains. The Spiritualists ought to be able to give us the history of buried cities. They should clothe with life the dust of all the past. If they could only bring us valuable information; if they could only tell us about some steamer in distress so that succor could be sent; if they could only do something useful, the world would cheerfully accept their theories and admit their "facts." I think that thoughtful people have the right to demand such evidence. I would like to have the spirits give us the history of all the books of the New Testament and tell us who first told of the miracles. If they could give us the history of any religion, or nation, or anything, I should have far more confidence in the "phenomena of the nineteenth century."

There is one thing about the Spiritualists I like, and that is, they are liberal. They give to others the rights they claim for themselves. They do not pollute their souls with the dogma of eternal pain. They do not slander and persecute even those who deny their "phenomena." But I cannot admit that they have furnished conclusive evidence that death does not end all. Beyond the horizon of this life we have not seen. From the mysterious beyond no messenger has come to me.

For the whole world I would not blot from the sky of the future a single star. Arched by the bow of hope let the dead sleep.

Question. How, when, where, and by whom was our present calendar originated,—that is "Anno Domini,"—and what event in the history of the nations does it establish as a fact, if not the birth of Jesus of Nazareth?

Answer. I have already said, in answer to a question by another gentleman, that I believe the man Jesus Christ existed, and we now date from somewhere near his birth. I very much doubt about his having been born on Christmas, because in reading other religions, I find that that time has been celebrated for thousands of years, and the cause of it is this:

About the 21st or 22d of December is the shortest day. After that the days begin to lengthen and the sun comes back, and for many centuries in most nations they had a festival in commemoration of that event. The Christians, I presume, adopted this day, and made the birth of Christ fit it. Three months afterward—the 21st of March—the days and nights again become equal, and the day then begins to lengthen. For centuries the nations living in the temperate zones have held festivals to commemorate the coming of spring—the yearly miracle of leaf, of bud and flower. This is the celebration known as Easter, and the Christians adopted that in

commemoration of Christ's resurrection. So that, as a matter of fact, these festivals of Christmas and Easter do not even tend to show that they stand for or are in any way connected with the birth or resurrection of Christ. In fact the evidence is overwhelmingly the other way.

While we are on the calendar business it may be well enough to say that we get our numerals from the Arabs, from whom also we obtained our ideas of algebra. The higher mathematics came to us from the same source. So from the Arabs we receive chemistry, and our first true notions of geography. They gave us also paper and cotton.

Owing to the fact that the earth does not make its circuit in the exact time of three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter, and owing to the fact that it was a long time before any near approach was made to the actual time, all calendars after awhile became too inaccurate for general use, and they were from time to time changed.

Right here, it may be well enough to remark, that all the monuments and festivals in the world are not sufficient to establish an impossible event. No amount of monumental testimony, no amount of living evidence, can substantiate a miracle. The monument only proves the *belief* of the builders.

If we rely upon the evidence of monuments, calendars, dates, and festivals, all the religions on the earth can be substantiated. Turkey is filled with such monuments and much of the time wasted in such festivals. We celebrate the Fourth of July, but such celebration does not even tend to prove that God, by his special providence, protected Washington from the arrows of an Indian. The Hebrews celebrate what is called the Passover, but this celebration does not even tend to prove that the angel of the Lord put blood on the door-posts in Egypt. The Mohammedans celebrate to-day the flight of Mohammed, but that does not tend to prove that Mohammed was inspired and was a prophet of God.

Nobody can change a falsehood to a truth by the erection of a monument. Monuments simply prove that people endeavor to substantiate truths and falsehoods by the same means.

Question. Letting the question as to hell hereafter rest for the present, how do you account for the hell here—namely, the existence of pain? There are people who, by no fault of their own, are at this present time in misery. If for these there is no life to come, their existence is a mistake; but if there is a life to come, it may be that the sequel to the acts of the play to come will justify the pain and misery of this present time?—Rev. Myron W. Reed.

Answer. There are four principal theories:

First—That there is behind the universe a being of infinite power and wisdom, kindness, and justice.

Second—That the universe has existed from eternity, and that it is the only eternal existence, and that behind it is no creator.

Third—That there is a God who made the universe, but who is not all-powerful and who is, under the circumstances, doing the best he can.

Fourth—That there is an all-powerful God who made the universe, and that there is also a nearly all-powerful devil, and this devil ravels about as fast as this God knits.

By the last theory, as taught by Plato, it is extremely easy to account for the misery in this world. If we admit that there is a malevolent being with power enough, and with cunning enough, to frequently circumvent God, the problem of evil becomes solved so far as this world is concerned. But why this being was evil is still unsolved; why the devil is malevolent is still a mystery. Consequently you will have to go back of this world, on that theory, to account for the origin of evil. If this devil always existed, then, of course, the universe at one time was inhabited only by this God and this devil.

If the third theory is correct, we can account for the fact that God does not see to it that justice is always done.

If the second theory is true, that the universe has existed from eternity, and is without a creator, then we must account for the existence of evil and good, not by personalities behind the universe, but by the nature of things.

If there is an infinitely good and wise being who created all, it seems to me that he should have made a world in which innocence should be a sufficient shield. He should have made a world where the just man should have nothing to fear.

My belief is this: We are surrounded by obstacles. We are filled with wants. We must have clothes. We must have food. We must protect ourselves from sun and storm, from heat and cold. In our conflict with these obstacles, with each other, and with what may be called the forces of nature, all do not succeed. It is a fact in nature that like begets like; that man gives his constitution, at least in part, to his children; that weakness and strength are in some degree both hereditary. This is a fact in nature. I do not hold any god responsible for this fact—filled as it is with pain and joy. But it seems to me that an infinite God should so have arranged matters that the bad would not pass—that it would die with its possessor—that the good should survive, and that the man should give to his son, not the result of his vices, but the fruit of his virtues.

I cannot see why we should expect an infinite God to do better in another world than he does in this. If he allows injustice to prevail here, why will he not allow the same thing in the world to come? If there is any being with power to prevent it, why is crime permitted? If a man standing upon the railway should ascertain that a bridge had been carried off by a flood, and if he also knew that the train was coming filled with men, women, and children; with husbands going to their wives, and wives rejoining their families; if he made no effort to stop that train; if he simply sat down by the roadside to witness the catastrophe, and so remained until the train dashed off the precipice, and its load of life became a mass of quivering flesh, he would be denounced by every good man as the most monstrous of human beings. And yet this is exactly what the supposed God does. He, if he exists, sees the train rushing to the gulf. He gives no notice. He sees the ship rushing for the hidden rock. He makes no sign. And he so constructed the world that assassins lurk in the air—hide even in the sunshine—and when we imagine that we are breathing the breath of life, we are taking into ourselves the seeds of death.

There are two facts inconsistent in my mind—a martyr and a God. Injustice upon earth renders the justice of heaven impossible.

I would not take from those suffering in this world the hope of happiness hereafter. My principal object has been to take away from them the fear of eternal pain hereafter. Still, it is impossible for me to explain the facts by which I am surrounded, if I admit the existence of an infinite Being. I find in this world that physical and mental evils afflict the good. It seems to me that I have the same reason to expect the bad to be rewarded hereafter. I have no right to suppose that infinite wisdom will ever know any more, or that infinite benevolence will increase in kindness, or that the justice of the eternal can change. If, then, this eternal being allows the good to suffer pain here, what right have we to say that he will not allow them to suffer forever?

Some people have insisted that this life is a kind of school for the production of self-denying men and women—that is, for the production of character. The statistics show that a large majority die under five years of age. What would we think of a schoolmaster who killed the most of his pupils the first day? If this doctrine is true, and if manhood cannot be produced in heaven, those who die in childhood are infinitely unfortunate.

I admit that, although I do not understand the subject, still, all pain, all misery may be for the best. I do not know. If there is an infinitely wise Being, who is also infinitely powerful, then everything that happens must be for the best. That philosophy of special providence, going to the extreme, is infinitely better than most of the Christian creeds. There seems to be no half-way house between special providence and atheism. You know some of the Buddhists say that when a man commits murder, that is the best thing he could have done, and that to be murdered was the best thing that could have happened to the killed. They insist that every step taken is the necessary step and the best step; that crimes are as necessary as virtues, and that the fruit of crime and virtue is finally the same.

But whatever theories we have, we have at last to be governed by the facts. We are in a world where vice, deformity, weakness, and disease are hereditary. In the presence of this immense and solemn truth rises the religion of the body. Every man should refuse to increase the misery of this world. And it may be that the time will come when man will be great enough and grand enough utterly to refrain from the propagation of disease and deformity, and when only the healthy will be fathers and mothers. We do know that the misery in this world can be lessened; consequently I believe in the religion of this world. And whether there is a heaven or hell here, or hereafter, every good man has enough to do to make this world a little better than it is. Millions of lives are wasted in the vain effort to find the origin of things, and the destiny of man. This world has been neglected. We have been taught that life should be merely a preparation for death.

To avoid pain we must know the conditions of health. For the accomplishment of this end we must rely upon investigation instead of faith, upon labor in place of prayer. Most misery is produced by ignorance. Passions sow the seeds of pain.

Question. State with what words you can comfort those who have, by their own fault, or by the fault of others, found this life not worth living?

Answer. If there is no life beyond this, and so believing I come to the bedside of the dying—of one whose life has been a failure—a "life not worth living," I could at least say to such an one, "Your failure ends with your death. Beyond the tomb there is nothing for you—neither pain nor misery, neither grief nor joy." But if I were a good orthodox Christen, then I would have to say to this man, "Your life has been a failure; you have not been a Christian, and the failure will be extended eternally; you have not only been a failure for a time, but you will be a failure forever."

Admitting that there is another world, and that the man's life had been a failure in this, then I should say to him, "If you live again, you will have the eternal opportunity to reform. There will be no time, no date, no matter how many millions and billions of ages may have passed away, at which you will not have the opportunity of doing right."

Under no circumstances could I consistently say to this man: "Although your life has been a failure; although you have made hundreds and thousands of others suffer; although you have deceived and betrayed the woman who loved you; although you have murdered your benefactor; still, if you will now repent and believe a something that is unreasonable or reasonable to your mind, you will, at the moment of death, be transferred to a world of eternal joy." This I could not say. I would tell him, "If you die a bad man here, you will commence the life to come with the same character you leave this. Character cannot be made by another for you. You must be the architect of your own." There is to me unspeakably more comfort in the idea that every failure ends here, than that it is to be perpetuated forever.

How can a Christian comfort the mother of a girl who has died without believing in Christ? What doctrine is there in Christianity to wipe away her tears? What words of comfort can you offer to the mother whose brave boy fell in defence of his country, she knowing and you knowing, that the boy was not a Christian, that he did not believe in the Bible, and had no faith in the blood of the atonement? What words of comfort have you for such fathers and for such mothers?

To me, there is no doctrine so infinitely absurd as the idea that this life is a probationary state—that the few moments spent here decide the fate of a human soul forever. Nothing can be conceived more merciless, more unjust. I am doing all I can to destroy that doctrine. I want, if possible, to get the shadow of hell from the human heart.

Why has any life been a failure here? If God is a being of infinite wisdom and kindness, why does he make failures? What excuse has infinite wisdom for peopling the world with savages? Why should one feel grateful to God for having made him with a poor, weak and diseased brain; for having allowed him to be the heir of consumption, of scrofula, or of insanity? Why should one thank God, who lived and died a slave?

After all, is it not of more importance to speak the absolute truth? Is it not manlier to tell the fact than to endeavor to convey comfort through falsehood? People must reap

not only what they sow, but what others have sown. The people of the whole world are united in spite of themselves.

Next to telling a man, whose life has been a failure, that he is to enjoy an immortality of delight—next to that, is to assure him that a place of eternal punishment does not exist.

After all, there are but few lives worth living in any great and splendid sense. Nature seems filled with failure, and she has made no exception in favor of man. To the greatest, to the most successful, there comes a time when the fevered lips of life long for the cool, delicious kiss of death—when, tired of the dust and glare of day, they hear with joy the rustling garments of the night.

Archibald Armstrong and Jonathan Newgate were fast friends. Their views in regard to the question of a future life, and the existence of a God, were in perfect accord. They said:

"'We know so little about these matters that we are not justified in giving them any serious consideration. Our motto and rule of life shall be for each one to make himself as comfortable as he can, and enjoy every pleasure within his reach, not allowing himself to be influenced at all by thoughts of a future life.'

"Both had some money. Archibald had a large amount. Once upon a time when no human eye saw him—and he had no belief in a God—Jonathan stole every dollar of his friend's wealth, leaving him penniless. He had no fear, no remorse; no one saw him do the deed. He became rich, enjoyed life immensely, lived in contentment and pleasure, until in mellow old age he went the way of all flesh. Archibald fared badly. The odds were against him.

"His money was gone. He lived in penury and discontent, dissatisfied with mankind and with himself, until at last, overcome by misfortune, and depressed by an incurable malady, he sought rest in painless suicide."

Question. What are we to think of the rule of life laid down by these men? Was either of them inconsistent or illogical? Is there no remedy to correct such irregularities?—Rev. D. O'Donaghue.

Answer. The Rev. Mr. O'Donaghue seems to entertain strange ideas as to right and wrong. He tells us that Archibald Armstrong and Jonathan Newgate concluded to make themselves as comfortable as they could and enjoy every pleasure within their reach, and the Rev. Mr. O'Donaghue states that one of the pleasures within the reach of Mr. Newgate was to steal what little money Mr. Armstrong had. Does the reverend gentleman think that Mr. Newgate made or could make himself comfortable in that way? He tells us that Mr. Newgate "had no remorse,"—that he "became rich and enjoyed life immensely,"—that he "lived in contentment and pleasure, until, in mellow old age, he went the way of all flesh."

Does the reverend gentleman really believe that a man can steal without fear, without remorse? Does he really suppose that one can enjoy the fruits of theft, that a criminal can live a contented and happy life, that one who has robbed his friend can reach a mellow and delightful old age? Is this the philosophy of the Rev. Mr. O'Donaghue?

And right here I may be permitted to ask, Why did the Rev. Mr. O'Donaghue's God allow a thief to live without fear, without remorse, to enjoy life immensely and to reach a mellow old age? And why did he allow Mr. Armstrong, who had been robbed, to live in penury and discontent, until at last, overcome by misfortune, he sought rest in suicide? Does the Rev. Mr. O'Donaghue mean to say that if there is no future life it is wise to steal in this? If the grave is the eternal home, would the Rev. Mr. O'Donaghue advise people to commit crimes in order that they may enjoy this life? Such is not my philosophy. Whether there is a God or not, truth is better than falsehood. Whether there is a heaven or hell, honesty is always the best policy. There is no world, and can be none, where vice can sow the seed of crime and reap the sheaves of joy.

According to my view, Mr. Armstrong was altogether more fortunate than Mr. Newgate. I had rather be robbed than to be a robber, and I had rather be of such a disposition that I would be driven to suicide by misfortune than to live in contentment upon the misfortunes of others. The reverend gentleman, however, should have made his question complete—he should have gone the entire distance. He should have added that Mr. Newgate, after having reached a mellow old age, was suddenly converted, joined the church, and died in the odor of sanctity on the very day that his victim committed suicide.

But I will answer the fable of the reverend gentleman with a fact.

A young man was in love with a girl. She was young, beautiful, and trustful. She belonged to no church—knew nothing about a future world—basked in the sunshine of this. All her life had been filled with gentle deeds. The tears of pity had sanctified her cheeks. She believed in no religion, worshiped no God, believed no Bible, but loved everything. Her lover in a fit of jealous rage murdered her. He was tried; convicted; a motion for a new trial overruled and a pardon refused. In his cell, in the shadow of death, he was converted—he became a Catholic. With the white lips of fear he confessed to a priest. He received the sacrament.

He was hanged, and from the rope's end winged his way to the realms of bliss. For months the murdered girl had suffered all the pains and pangs of hell.

The poor girl will endure the agony of the damned forever, while her murderer will be ravished with angelic chant and song. Such is the justice of the orthodox God.

Allow me to use the language of the reverend gentleman: "Is there no remedy to correct such irregularities?"

As long as the idea of eternal punishment remains a part of the Christian system, that system will be opposed by every man of heart and brain. Of all religious dogmas it is the most shocking, infamous, and absurd. The preachers of this doctrine are the enemies of human happiness; they are the assassins of natural joy. Every father, every mother, every good man, every loving woman, should hold this doctrine in abhorrence; they should refuse to pay men for preaching it; they should not build churches in which this infamy is taught; they should teach their little children that it is a lie; they should take this horror from childhood's heart—a horror that makes the cradle as terrible as the coffin.

The Brooklyn Divines

** Brooklyn Union, 1883.*

Question. The clergymen who have been interviewed, almost unanimously have declared that the church is suffering very little from the skepticism of the day, and that the influence of the scientific writers, whose opinions are regarded as atheistic or infidel, is not great; and that the books of such writers are not read as much as some people think they are. What is your opinion with regard to that subject?

Answer. It is natural for a man to defend his business, to stand by his class, his caste, his creed. And I suppose this accounts for the ministers all saying that infidelity is not on the increase. By comparing long periods of time, it is very easy to see the progress that has been made. Only a few years ago men who are now considered quite orthodox would have been imprisoned, or at least mobbed, for heresy. Only a few years ago men like Huxley and Tyndall and Spencer and Darwin and Humboldt would have been considered as the most infamous of monsters.

Only a few years ago science was superstition's hired man. The scientific men apologized for every fact they happened to find. With hat in hand they begged pardon of the parson for finding a fossil, and asked the forgiveness of God for making any discovery in nature. At that time every scientific discovery was something to be pardoned. Moses was authority in geology, and Joshua was considered the first astronomer of the world. Now everything has changed, and everybody knows it except the clergy. Now religion is taking off its hat to science. Religion is finding out new meanings for old texts. We are told that God spoke in the language of the common people; that he was not teaching any science; that he allowed his children not only to remain in error, but kept them there. It is now admitted that the Bible is no authority on any question of natural fact; it is inspired only in morality, in a spiritual way. All, except the Brooklyn ministers, see that the Bible has ceased to be regarded as authority. Nobody appeals to a passage to settle a dispute of fact. The most intellectual men of the world laugh at the idea of inspiration. Men of the greatest reputations hold all supernaturalism in contempt. Millions of people are reading the opinions of men who combat and deny the foundation of orthodox Christianity. Humboldt stands higher than all the apostles. Darwin has done more to change human thought than all the priests who have existed. Where there was one infidel twenty-five years ago, there are one hundred now. I can remember when I would be the only infidel in the town. Now I meet them thick as autumn leaves; they are everywhere. In all the professions, trades, and employments, the orthodox creeds are despised. They are not simply disbelieved; they are execrated. They are regarded, not with indifference, but with passionate hatred. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of mechanics in this country abhor orthodox Christianity. Millions of educated men hold in immeasurable contempt the doctrine of eternal punishment. The doctrine of atonement is regarded as absurd by millions. So with the dogma of imputed guilt, vicarious virtue, and vicarious vice. I see that the Rev. Dr. Eddy advises ministers not to answer the arguments of infidels in the pulpit, and gives this wonderful reason: That the hearers will get more doubts from the answer than from

reading the original arguments. So the Rev. Dr. Hawkins admits that he cannot defend Christianity from infidel attacks without creating more infidelity. So the Rev. Dr. Haynes admits that he cannot answer the theories of Robertson Smith in popular addresses. The only minister who feels absolutely safe on this subject, so far as his congregation is concerned, seems to be the Rev. Joseph Pullman. He declares that the young people in his church don't know enough to have intelligent doubts, and that the old people are substantially in the same condition. Mr. Pullman feels that he is behind a breastwork so strong that other defence is unnecessary. So the Rev. Mr. Foote thinks that infidelity should never be refuted in the pulpit. I admit that it never has been successfully done, but I did not suppose so many ministers admitted the impossibility. Mr. Foote is opposed to all public discussion. Dr. Wells tells us that scientific atheism should be ignored; that it should not be spoken of in the pulpit. The Rev, Dr. Van Dyke has the same feeling of security enjoyed by Dr. Pullman, and he declares that the great majority of the Christian people of to-day know nothing about current infidel theories. His idea is to let them remain in ignorance; that it would be dangerous for the Christian minister even to state the position of the infidel; that, after stating it, he might not, even with the help of God, successfully combat the theory. These ministers do not agree. Dr. Carpenter accounts for infidelity by nicotine in the blood. It is all smoke.

He thinks the blood of the human family has deteriorated. He thinks that the church is safe because the Christians read. He differs with his brothers Pullman and Van Dyke. So the Rev. George E. Reed believes that infidelity should be discussed in the pulpit. He has more confidence in his general and in the weapons of his warfare than some of his brethren. His confidence may arise from the fact that he has never had a discussion. The Rev. Dr. McClelland thinks the remedy is to stick by the catechism; that there is not now enough of authority; not enough of the brute force; thinks that the family, the church, and the state ought to use the rod; that the rod is the salvation of the world; that the rod is a divine institution; that fathers ought to have it for their children; that mothers ought to use it. This is a part of the religion of universal love. The man who cannot raise children without whipping them ought not to have them. The man who would mar the flesh of a boy or girl is unfit to have the control of a human being. The father who keeps a rod in his house keeps a relic of barbarism in his heart. There is nothing reformatory in punishment; nothing reformatory in fear. Kindness, guided by intelligence, is the only reforming force. An appeal to brute force is an abandonment of love and reason, and puts father and child upon a savage equality; the savageness in the heart of the father prompting the use of the rod or club, produces a like savageness in the victim; The old idea that a child's spirit must be broken is infamous. All this is passing away, however, with orthodox Christianity. That children are treated better than formerly shows conclusively the increase of what is called infidelity. Infidelity has always been a protest against tyranny in the state, against intolerance in the church, against barbarism in the family. It has always been an appeal for light, for justice, for universal kindness and tenderness.

Question. The ministers say, I believe, Colonel, that worldliness is the greatest foe to the church, and admit that it is on the increase?

Answer. I see that all the ministers you have interviewed regard worldliness as the great enemy of the church. What is worldliness? I suppose worldliness consists in paying attention to the affairs of this world; getting enjoyment out of this life; gratifying the senses, giving the ears music, the eyes painting and sculpture, the palate good food; cultivating the imagination; playing games of chance; adorning the person; developing the body; enriching the mind; investigating the facts by which we are surrounded; building homes; rocking cradles; thinking; working; inventing; buying; selling; hoping—all this, I suppose, is worldliness. These "worldly" people have cleared the forests, plowed the land, built the cities, the steamships, the telegraphs, and have produced all there is of worth and wonder in the world. Yet the preachers denounce them. Were it not for "worldly" people how would the preachers get along? Who would build the churches? Who would fill the contribution boxes and plates, and who (most serious of all questions) would pay the salaries? It is the habit of the ministers to belittle men who support them—to slander the spirit by which they live. "It is as though the mouth should tear the hand that feeds it." The nobility of the Old World hold the honest workingman in contempt, and yet are so contemptible themselves that they are willing to live upon his labor. And so the minister pretending to be spiritual—pretending to be a spiritual guide—looks with contempt upon the men who make it possible for him to live. It may be said by "worldliness" they only mean enjoyment—that is, hearing music, going to the theater and the opera, taking a Sunday excursion to the silvery margin of the sea. Of course, ministers look upon theaters as rival attractions, and most of their hatred is born of business views. They think people ought to be driven to church by having all other places closed. In my judgment the theater has done good, while the church has done harm. The drama never has insisted upon burning anybody. Persecution is not born of the stage. On the contrary, upon the stage have forever been found impersonations of patriotism, heroism, courage, fortitude, and justice, and these impersonations have always been applauded, and have been represented that they might be applauded. In the pulpit, hypocrites have been worshiped; upon the stage they have been held up to derision and execration. Shakespeare has done far more for the world than the Bible. The ministers keep talking about spirituality as opposed to worldliness. Nothing can be more absurd than this talk of spirituality. As though readers of the Bible, repeaters of texts, and sayers of prayers were engaged in a higher work than honest industry. Is there anything higher than human love? A man is in love with a girl, and he has determined to work for her and to give his life that she may have a life of joy. Is there anything more spiritual than that—anything higher? They marry. He clears some land. He fences a field. He builds a cabin; and she, of this hovel, makes a happy home. She plants flowers, puts a few simple things of beauty upon the walls. This is what the preachers call "worldliness." Is there anything more spiritual? In a little while, in this cabin, in this home, is heard the drowsy rhythm of the cradle's rock, while softly floats the lullaby upon the twilight air. Is there anything more spiritual, is there anything more infinitely tender than to see husband and wife bending, with clasped hands, over a cradle, gazing upon the dimpled miracle of love? I say it is spiritual to work for those you love; spiritual to improve the physical condition of mankind—for he who improves the physical condition improves the mental. I believe in the plowers instead of the prayers. I believe in the new firm of "Health & Heresy" rather than the old partnership of

"Disease & Divinity," doing business at the old sign of the "Skull & Crossbones." Some of the ministers that you have interviewed, or at least one of them, tells us the cure for worldliness. He says that God is sending fires, and cyclones, and things of that character for the purpose of making people spiritual; of calling their attention to the fact that everything in this world is of a transitory nature. The clergy have always had great faith in famine, in affliction, in pestilence. They know that a man is a thousand times more apt to thank God for a crust or a crumb than for a banquet. They know that prosperity has the same effect on the average Christian that thick soup has, according to Bumble, on the English pauper: "It makes 'em impudent." The devil made a mistake in not doubling Job's property instead of leaving him a pauper. In prosperity the ministers think that we forget death and are too happy. In the arms of those we love, the dogma of eternal fire is for the moment forgotten. According to the ministers, God kills our children in order that we may not forget him. They imagine that the man who goes into Dakota, cultivates the soil and rears him a little home, is getting too "worldly." And so God starts a cyclone to scatter his home and the limbs of wife and children upon the desolate plains, and the ministers in Brooklyn say this is done because we are getting too "worldly." They think we should be more "spiritual;" that is to say, willing to live upon the labor of others; willing to ask alms, saying, in the meantime, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If this is so, why not give the money back? "Spiritual" people are those who eat oatmeal and prunes, have great confidence in dried apples, read Cowper's "Task" and Pollok's "Course of Time," laugh at the jokes in *Harper's Monthly*, wear clothes shiny at the knees and elbows, and call all that has elevated the world "beggarly elements."

Question. Some of the clergymen who have been interviewed admit that the rich and poor no longer meet together, and deprecate the establishment of mission chapels in connection with the large and fashionable churches.

Answer. The early Christians supposed that the end of the world was at hand. They were all sitting on the dock waiting for the ship. In the presence of such a belief what are known as class distinctions could not easily exist. Most of them were exceedingly poor, and poverty is a bond of union. As a rule, people are hospitable in the proportion that they lack wealth. In old times, in the West, a stranger was always welcome. He took in part the place of the newspaper. He was a messenger from the older parts of the country. Life was monotonous. The appearance of the traveler gave variety. As people grow wealthy they grow exclusive. As they become educated there is a tendency to pick their society. It is the same in the church. The church no longer believes the creed, no longer acts as though the creed were true. If the rich man regarded the sermon as a means of grace, as a kind of rope thrown by the minister to a man just above the falls; if he regarded it as a lifeboat, or as a lighthouse, he would not allow his coachman to remain outside. If he really believed that the coachman had an immortal soul, capable of eternal joy, liable to everlasting pain, he would do his utmost to make the calling and election of the said coachman sure. As a matter of fact the rich man now cares but little for servants. They are not included in the scheme of salvation, except as a kind of job lot. The church has become a club. It is a social affair, and the rich do not care to associate in the week days with the poor they may happen to meet at church. As they expect to be in heaven together forever, they can afford to be separated here. There will certainly be time enough there to get

acquainted. Another thing is the magnificence of the churches. The church depends absolutely upon the rich. Poor people feel out of place in such magnificent buildings. They drop into the nearest seat; like poor relations, they sit on the extreme edge of the chair. At the table of Christ they are below the salt.

They are constantly humiliated. When subscriptions are asked for they feel ashamed to have their mite compared with the thousands given by the millionaire. The pennies feel ashamed to mingle with the silver in the contribution plate. The result is that most of them avoid the church. It costs too much to worship God in public. Good clothes are necessary, fashionably cut. The poor come in contact with too much silk, too many jewels, too many evidences of what is generally assumed to be superiority.

Question. Would this state of affairs be remedied if, instead of churches, we had societies of ethical culture? Would not the rich there predominate and the poor be just as much out of place?

Answer. I think the effect would be precisely the same, no matter what the society is, what object it has, if composed of rich and poor. Class distinctions, to a greater or less extent, will creep in—in fact, they do not have to creep in. They are there at the commencement, and they are born of the different conditions of the members.

These class distinctions are not always made by men of wealth. For instance, some men obtain money, and are what we call snobs. Others obtain it and retain their democratic principles, and meet men according to the law of affinity, or general intelligence, on intellectual grounds, for instance.

There is not only the distinction produced by wealth and power, but there are the distinctions born of intelligence, of culture, of character, of end, object, aim in life. No one can blame an honest mechanic for holding a wealthy snob in utter contempt. Neither can any one blame respectable poverty for declining to associate with arrogant wealth. The right to make the distinction is with all classes, and with the individuals of all classes. It is impossible to have any society for any purpose—that is, where they meet together—without certain embarrassments being produced by these distinctions. Nowt for instance, suppose there should be a society simply of intelligent and cultured people. There, wealth, to a great degree, would be disregarded. But, after all, the distinction that intelligence draws between talent and genius is as marked and cruel as was ever drawn between poverty and wealth. Wherever the accomplishment of some object is deemed of such vast importance that, for the moment, all minor distinctions are forgotten, then it is possible for the rich and poor, the ignorant and intelligent, to act in concert. This happens in political parties, in time of war, and it has also happened whenever a new religion has been founded. Whenever the rich wish the assistance of the poor, distinctions are forgotten. It is upon the same principle that we gave liberty to the slave during the Civil war, and clad him in the uniform of the nation; we wanted him, we needed him; and, for the time, we were perfectly willing to forget the distinction of color. Common peril produces pure democracy. It is with societies as with individuals. A poor young man coming to New York, bent upon making his fortune, begins to talk about the old fogies; holds in contempt many of the rules and regulations of the trade; is loud in his denunciation of monopoly; wants competition; shouts for fair play, and is a real

democrat. But let him succeed; let him have a palace in Fifth Avenue, with his monogram on spoons and coaches; then, instead of shouting for liberty, he will call for more police. He will then say: "We want protection; the rabble must be put down." We have an aristocracy of wealth. In some parts of our country an aristocracy of literature—men and women who imagine themselves writers and who hold in contempt all people who cannot express commonplaces in the most elegant diction—people who look upon a mistake in grammar as far worse than a crime. So, in some communities we have an aristocracy of muscle. The only true aristocracy, probably, is that of kindness. Intellect, without heart, is infinitely cruel; as cruel as wealth without a sense of justice; as cruel as muscle without mercy. So that, after all, the real aristocracy must be that of goodness where the intellect is directed by the heart.

Question. You say that the aristocracy of intellect is quite as cruel as the aristocracy of wealth—what do you mean by that?

Answer. By intellect, I mean simply intellect; that is to say, the aristocracy of education—of simple brain—expressed in innumerable ways—in invention, painting, sculpture, literature. And I meant to say that that aristocracy was as cruel as that of simple arrogant wealth. After all, why should a man be proud of something given him by nature—something that he did not earn, did not produce—something that he could not help? Is it not more reasonable to be proud of wealth which you have accumulated than of brain which nature gave you? And, to carry this idea clearly out, why should we be proud of anything? Is there any proper occasion on which to crow? If you succeed, your success crows for you; if you fail, certainly crowing is not in the best of taste. And why should a man be proud of brain? Why should he be proud of disposition or of good acts?

Question. You speak of the cruelty of the intellect, and yet, of course, you must recognize the right of every one to select his own companions. Would it be arrogant for the intellectual man to prefer the companionship of people of his own class in preference to commonplace and unintelligent persons?

Answer. All men should have the same rights, and one right that every man should have is to associate with congenial people. There are thousands of good men whose society I do not covet. They may be stupid, or they may be stupid only in the direction in which I am interested, and may be exceedingly intelligent as to matters about which I care nothing. In either case they are not congenial. They have the right to select congenial company; so have I. And while distinctions are thus made, they are not cruel; they are not heartless. They are for the good of all concerned, spring naturally from the circumstances, and are consistent with the highest philanthropy. Why we notice these distinctions in the church more than we do in the club is that the church talks one way and acts another; because the church insists that a certain line of conduct is essential to salvation, and that every human being is in danger of eternal pain. If the creed were true, then, in the presence of such an infinite verity, all earthly distinctions should instantly vanish. Every Christian should exert himself for the salvation of the soul of a beggar with the same degree of earnestness that he would show to save a king. The accidents of wealth, education, social position, should be esteemed as naught, and the richest should gladly work side by side with the poorest. The churches will never reach the poor as long as they sell pews; as long as

the rich members wear their best clothes on Sunday. As long as the fashions of the drawing-room are taken to the table of the last supper, the poor will remain in the highways and hedges. Present fashion is more powerful than faith. So long as the ministers shut up their churches, and allow the poor to go to hell in summer; as long as they leave the devil without a competitor for three months in the year, the churches will not materially impede the march of human progress. People often, unconsciously and without any malice, say something or do something that throws an unexpected light upon a question. The other day, in one of the New York comic papers, there was a picture representing the foremost preachers of the country at the seaside together. It was regarded as a joke that they could enjoy each others society. These ministers are supposed to be the apostles of the religion of kindness. They tell us to love even our enemies, and yet the idea that they could associate happily together is regarded as a joke! After all, churches are like other institutions, they have to be managed, and they now rely upon music and upon elocution rather than upon the gospel. They are becoming social affairs. They are giving up the doctrine of eternal punishment, and have consequently lost their hold. The orthodox churches used to tell us there was to be a fire, and they offered to insure; and as long as the fire was expected the premiums were paid and the policies were issued. Then came the Universalist Church, saying that there would be no fire, and yet asking the people to insure. For such a church there is no basis. It undoubtedly did good by its influence upon other churches. So with the Unitarian. That church has no basis for organization; no reason, because no hell is threatened, and heaven is but faintly promised. Just as the churches have lost their belief in eternal fire, they have lost their influence, and the reason they have lost their belief is on account of the diffusion of knowledge. That doctrine is becoming absurd and infamous. Intelligent people are ashamed to broach it. Intelligent people can no longer believe it. It is regarded with horror, and the churches must finally abandon it, and when they do, that is the end of the church militant.

Question. What do you say to the progress of the Roman Catholic Church, in view of the fact that they have not changed their belief, in any particular, in regard to future punishment?

Answer. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism will ever win another battle. The last victory of Protestantism was won in Holland. Nations have not been converted since then. The time has passed to preach with sword and gun, and for that reason Catholicism can win no more victories. That church increases in this country mostly from immigration. Catholicism does not belong to the New World. It is at war with the idea of our Government, antagonistic to true republicanism, and is in every sense anti-American. The Catholic Church does not control its members. That church prevents no crime. It is not in favor of education. It is not the friend of liberty. In Europe it is now used as a political power, but here it dare not assert itself. There are thousands of good Catholics. As a rule they probably believe the creed of the church. That church has lost the power to anathematize. It can no longer burn. It must now depend upon other forces—upon persuasion, sophistry, ignorance, fear, and heredity.

Question. You have stated your objections to the churches, what would you have to take their place?

Answer. There was a time when men had to meet together for the purpose of being told the law. This was before printing, and for hundreds and hundreds of years most people depended for their information on what they heard. The ear was the avenue to the brain. There was a time, of course, when Freemasonry was necessary, so that a man could carry, not only all over his own country, but to another, a certificate that he was a gentleman; that he was an honest man. There was a time, and it was necessary, for the people to assemble. They had no books, no papers, no way of reaching each other. But now all that is changed. The daily press gives you the happenings of the world. The libraries give you the thoughts of the greatest and best. Every man of moderate means can command the principal sources of information. There is no necessity for going to the church and hearing the same story forever. Let the minister write what he wishes to say. Let him publish it. If it is worth buying, people will read it. It is hardly fair to get them in a church in the name of duty and there inflict upon them a sermon that under no circumstances they would read. Of course, there will always be meetings, occasions when people come together to exchange ideas, to hear what a man has to say upon some questions, but the idea of going fifty-two days in a year to hear anybody on the same subject is absurd.

Question. Would you include a man like Henry Ward Beecher in that statement?

Answer. Beecher is interesting just in proportion that he is not orthodox, and he is altogether more interesting when talking against his creed. He delivered a sermon the other day in Chicago, in which he takes the ground that Christianity is kindness, and that, consequently, no one could be an infidel. Every one believes in kindness, at least theoretically. In that sermon he throws away all creed, and comes to the conclusion that Christianity is a life, not an aggregation of intellectual convictions upon certain subjects. The more sermons like that are preached, probably the better. What I intended was the eternal repetition of the old story: That God made the world and a man, and then allowed the devil to tempt him, and then thought of a scheme of salvation, of vicarious atonement, 1500 years afterwards; drowned everybody except Noah and his family, and afterward, when he failed to civilize the Jewish people, came in person and suffered death, and announced the doctrine that all who believed on him would be saved, and those who did not, eternally lost. Now, this story, with occasional references to the patriarchs and the New Jerusalem, and the exceeding heat of perdition, and the wonderful joys of Paradise, is the average sermon, and this story is told again, again, and again, by the same men, listened to by the same people without any effect except to tire the speaker and the hearer. If all the ministers would take their texts from Shakespeare; if they would read every Sunday a selection from some of the great plays, the result would be infinitely better. They would all learn something; the mind would be enlarged, and the sermon would appear short. Nothing has shown more clearly the intellectual barrenness of the pulpit than baccalaureate sermons lately delivered. The dignified dullness, the solemn stupidity of these addresses has never been excelled. No question was met. The poor candidates for the ministry were given no new weapons. Armed with the theological flintlock of a century ago, they were ordered to do battle for doctrines older than their weapons. They were told to rely on prayer, to answer all arguments by keeping out of discussions, and to overwhelm the skeptic by ignoring the facts. There was a time when the Protestant clergy were in favor of education; that is to say, education

enough to make a Catholic a Protestant, but not enough to make a Protestant a philosopher. The Catholics are also in favor of education enough to make a savage a Catholic, and there they stop. The Christian should never unsettle his belief. If he studies, if he reads, he is in danger. A new idea is a doubt; a doubt is the threshold of infidelity. The young ministers are warned against inquiry. They are educated like robins; they swallow whatever is thrown in the mouth, worms or shingle-nails, it makes no difference, and they are expected to get their revenge by treating their flocks precisely as the professors treated them. The creeds of the churches are being laughed at. Thousands of young men say nothing, because they do not wish to hurt the feelings of mothers and maiden aunts.

Thousands of business men say nothing, for fear it may interfere with trade. Politicians keep quiet for fear of losing influence. But when you get at the real opinions of people, a vast majority have outgrown the doctrines of orthodox Christianity. Some people think these things good for women and children, and use the Lord as an immense policeman to keep order. Every day ministers are uttering a declaration of independence. They are being examined by synods and committees of ministers, and they are beginning everywhere to say that they do not regard this life as a probationary stage; that the doctrine of eternal punishment is too bad; that the Bible is, in many things, foolish, absurd, and infamous; that it must have been written by men. And the people at large are beginning to find that the ministers have kept back the facts; have not told the history of the Bible; have not given to their congregations the latest advices, and so the feeling is becoming almost general that orthodox Christianity has outlived its usefulness. The church has a great deal to contend with. The scientific men are not religious. Geology laughs at Genesis, and astronomy has concluded that Joshua knew but very little of the motions of heavenly bodies. Statesmen do not approve of the laws of Moses; the intellect of the world is on the other side. There is something besides preaching on Sunday. The newspaper is the rival of the pulpit. Nearly all the cars are running on that blessed day. Steamers take hundreds of thousands of excursionists. The man who has been at work all the week seeks the sight of the sea, and this has become so universal that the preacher is following his example. The flock has ceased to be afraid of the wolf, and the shepherd deserts the sheep. In a little while all the libraries will be open—all the museums. There will be music in the public parks; the opera, the theater. And what will churches do then? The cardinal points will be demonstrated to empty pews, unless the church is wise enough to meet the intellectual demands of the present.

Question. You speak as if the influences working against Christianity to-day will tend to crush it out of existence. Do you think that Christianity is any worse off now than it was during the French Revolution, when the priests were banished from the country and reason was worshiped; or in England, a hundred years ago, when Hume, Bolingbroke, and others made their attacks upon it?

Answer. You must remember that the French Revolution was produced by Catholicism; that it was a reaction; that it went to infinite extremes; that it was a revolution seeking revenge. It is not hard to understand those times, provided you know the history of the Catholic Church. The seeds of the French Revolution were sown by priests and kings. The people had suffered the miseries of slavery for a

thousand years, and the French Revolution came because human nature could bear the wrongs no longer. It was something not reasoned; it was felt. Only a few acted from intellectual convictions. The most were stung to madness, and were carried away with the desire to destroy. They wanted to shed blood, to tear down palaces, to cut throats, and in some way avenge the wrongs of all the centuries. Catholicism has never recovered—it never will. The dagger of Voltaire struck the heart; the wound was mortal. Catholicism has staggered from that day to this.

It has been losing power every moment. At the death of Voltaire there were twenty millions less Catholics than when he was born. In the French Revolution muscle outran mind; revenge anticipated reason. There was destruction without the genius of construction. They had to use materials that had been rendered worthless by ages of Catholicism.

The French Revolution was a failure because the French people were a failure, and the French people were a failure because Catholicism had made them so. The ministers attack Voltaire without reading him. Probably there are not a dozen orthodox ministers in the world who have read the works of Voltaire. I know of no one who has. Only a little while ago, a minister told me he had read Voltaire. I offered him one hundred dollars to repeat a paragraph, or to give the title, even, of one of Voltaire's volumes. Most ministers think he was an atheist. The trouble with the infidels in England a hundred years ago was that they did not go far enough. It may be that they could not have gone further and been allowed to live. Most of them took the ground that there was an infinite, all-wise, beneficent God, creator of the universe, and that this all-wise, beneficent God certainly was too good to be the author of the Bible. They, however, insisted that this good God was the author of nature, and the theologians completely turned the tables by showing that this god of nature was in the pestilence and plague business, manufactured earthquakes, overwhelmed towns and cities, and was, of necessity, the author of all pain and agony. In my judgment, the Deists were all successfully answered. The god of nature is certainly as bad as the God of the Old Testament. It is only when we discard the idea of a deity, the idea of cruelty or goodness in nature, that we are able ever to bear with patience the ills of life. I feel that I am neither a favorite nor a victim. Nature neither loves nor hates me. I do not believe in the existence of any personal god. I regard the universe as the one fact, as the one existence—that is, as the absolute thing. I am a part of this. I do not say that there is no God; I simply say that I do not believe there is. There may be millions of them. Neither do I say that man is not immortal. Upon that point I admit that I do not know, and the declarations of all the priests in the world upon that subject give me no light, and do not even tend to add to my information on the subject, because I know that they know that they do not know. The infidelity of a hundred years ago knew nothing, comparatively speaking, of geology; nothing of astronomy; nothing of the ideas of Lamarck and Darwin; nothing of evolution; nothing, comparatively speaking, of other religions; nothing of India, that womb of metaphysics; in other words, the infidels of a hundred years ago knew the creed of orthodox Christianity to be false, but had not the facts to demonstrate it. The infidels of to-day have the facts; that is the difference. A hundred years ago it was a guessing prophecy; to-day it is the fact and fulfillment. Everything in nature is working against superstition to-day. Superstition is like a thorn in the

flesh, and everything, from dust to stars, is working together to destroy the false. The smallest pebble answers the greatest parson. One blade of grass, rightly understood, destroys the orthodox creed.

Question. You say that the pews will be empty in the future unless the church meets the intellectual demands of the present. Are not the ministers of to-day, generally speaking, much more intellectual than those of a hundred years ago, and are not the "liberal" views in regard to the inspiration of the Bible, the atonement, future punishment, the fall of man, and the personal divinity of Christ which openly prevail in many churches, an indication that the church is meeting the demands of many people who do not care to be classed as out-and-out disbelievers in Christianity, but who have advanced views on those and other questions?

Answer. As to the first part of this question, I do not think the ministers of to-day are more intellectual than they were a hundred years ago; that is, I do not think they have greater brain capacity, but I think on the average, the congregations have a higher amount. The amelioration of orthodox Christianity is not by the intelligence in the pulpit, but by the brain in the pews. Another thing: One hundred years ago the church had intellectual honors to bestow. The pulpit opened a career. Not so now. There are too many avenues to distinction and wealth—too much worldliness. The best minds do not go into the pulpit. Martyrs had rather be burned than laughed at. Most ministers of to-day are not naturally adapted to other professions promising eminence. There are some great exceptions, but those exceptions are the ministers nearest infidels. Theodore Parker was a great man. Henry Ward Beecher is a great man—not the most consistent man in the world—but he is certainly a man of mark, a remarkable genius. If he could only get rid of the idea that Plymouth Church is necessary to him—after that time he would not utter an orthodox word. Chapin was a man of mind. I might mention some others, but, as a rule, the pulpit is not remarkable for intelligence. The intelligent men of the world do not believe in orthodox Christianity. It is to-day a symptom of intellectual decay. The conservative ministers are the stupid ones. The conservative professors are those upon whose ideas will be found the centuries' moss, old red sandstone theories, pre-historic silurian. Now, as to the second part of the question: The views of the church are changing, the clergy of Brooklyn to the contrary, notwithstanding. Orthodox religion is a kind of boa-constrictor; anything it can not dodge it will swallow. The church is bound to have something for sale that somebody wants to buy. According to the pew demand will be the pulpit supply. In old times the pulpit dictated to the pews. Things have changed. Theology is now run on business principles. The gentleman who pays for the theories insists on having them suit him. Ministers are intellectual gardeners, and they must supply the market with such religious vegetables as the congregations desire. Thousands have given up belief in the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christ, the atonement idea and original sin. Millions believe now, that this is not a state of probation; that a man, provided he is well off and has given liberally to the church, or whose wife has been a regular attendant, will, in the next world, have another chance; that he will be permitted to file a motion for a new trial. Others think that hell is not as warm as it used to be supposed; that, while it is very hot in the middle of the day, the nights are cool; and that, after all, there is not so much to fear from the future. They regard the old religion as very good for the poor, and they give

them the old ideas on the same principle that they give them their old clothes. These ideas, out at the elbows, out at the knees, buttons off, somewhat raveled, will, after all, do very well for paupers. There is a great trade of this kind going on now—selling old theological clothes to the colored people in the South. All I have said applies to all churches. The Catholic Church changes every day. It does not change its ceremonies; but the spirit that begot the ceremonies, the spirit that clothed the skeleton of ceremony with the flesh and blood and throb of life and love, is gone. The spirit that built the cathedrals, the spirit that emptied the wealth of the world into the lap of Rome, has turned in another direction. Of course, the churches are all going to endeavor to meet the demands of the hour. They will find new readings for old texts. They will re-punctuate and re-parse the Old Testament. They will find that "flat" meant "a little rounding;" that "six days" meant "six long times;" that the word "flood" should have been translated "dampness," "dew," or "threatened rain;" that Daniel in the lion's den was an historical myth; that Samson and his foxes had nothing to do with this world. All these things will be gradually explained and made to harmonize with the facts of modern science. They will not change the words of the creed; they will simply give "new meanings and the highest criticism to-day is that which confesses and avoids. In other words, the churches will change as the people change. They will keep for sale that which can be sold. Already the old goods are being "marked down." If, however, the church should fail, why then it must go. I see no reason, myself, for its existence. It apparently does no good; it devours without producing; it eats without planting, and is a perpetual burden. It teaches nothing of value. It misleads, mystifies, and misrepresents. It threatens without knowledge and promises without power. In my judgment, the quicker it goes the better for all mankind. But if it does not go in name, it must go in fact, because it must change; and, therefore, it is only a question of time when it ceases to divert from useful channels the blood and muscle of the world.

Question. You say that in the baccalaureate sermons delivered lately the theological students were told to answer arguments by keeping out of discussion. Is it not the fact that ministers have of late years preached very largely on scientific disbelief, agnosticism, and infidelity, so much so as to lead to their being reprimanded by some of their more conservative brethren?

Answer. Of course there are hundreds of thousands of ministers perpetually endeavoring to answer infidelity. Their answers have done so much harm that the more conservative among the clergy have advised them to stop. Thousands have answered me, and their answers, for the most part, are like this: Paine was a blackguard, therefore the geology of Genesis is on a scientific basis. We know the doctrine of the atonement is true, because in the French Revolution they worshiped reason. And we know, too, all about the fall of man and the Garden of Eden because Voltaire was nearly frightened to death when he came to die. These are the usual arguments, supplemented by a few words concerning myself. And, in my view, they are the best that can be made. Failing to answer a man's argument, the next best thing is to attack his character. "You have no case," said an attorney to the plaintiff. "No matter," said the plaintiff, "I want you to give the defendant the devil."

Question. What have you to say to the Rev. Dr. Baker's statement that he generally buys five or six tickets for your lectures and gives them to young men, who are shocked at the flippant way in which you are said to speak of the Bible?

Answer. Well, as to that, I have always wondered why I had such immense audiences in Brooklyn and New York. This tends to clear away the mystery. If all the clergy follow the example of Dr. Baker, that accounts for the number seeking admission. Of course, Dr. Baker would not misrepresent a thing like that, and I shall always feel greatly indebted to him, shall hereafter regard him as one of my agents, and take this occasion to return my thanks. He is certainly welcome to all the converts to Christianity made by hearing me. Still, I hardly think it honest in young men to play a game like that on the doctor.

Question. You speak of the eternal repetition of the old story of Christianity and say that the more sermons like the one Mr. Beecher preached lately the better. Is it not the fact that ministers, at the present time, do preach very largely on questions of purely moral, social, and humanitarian interest, so much so, indeed, as to provoke criticism on the part of the secular newspaper press?

Answer. I admit that there is a general tendency in the pulpit to preach about things happening in this world; in other words, that the preachers themselves are beginning to be touched with worldliness. They find that the New Jerusalem has no particular interest for persons dealing in real estate in this world. And thousands of people are losing interest in Abraham, in David, Haggai, and take more interest in gentlemen who have the cheerful habit of living. They also find that their readers do not wish to be reminded perpetually of death and coffins; and worms and dust and gravestones and shrouds and epitaphs and hearses, biers, and cheerful subjects of that character. That they prefer to hear the minister speak about a topic in which they have a present interest, and about which something cheerful can be said. In fact, it is a relief to hear about politics, a little about art, something about stocks or the crops, and most ministers find it necessary to advertise that they are going to speak on something that has happened within the last eighteen hundred years, and that, for the time being, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego will be left in the furnace. Of course, I think that most ministers are reasonably honest. Maybe they don't tell all their doubts, but undoubtedly they are endeavoring to make the world better, and most of the church members think that they are doing the best that can be done. I am not criticising their motives, but their methods. I am not attacking the character or reputation of ministers, but simply giving my ideas, avoiding anything personal. I do not pretend to be very good, nor very bad—-just fair to middling.

Question. You say that Christians will not read for fear that they will unsettle their belief. Father Fransiola (Roman Catholic) said in the interview I had with him: "If you do not allow man to reason you crush his manhood. Therefore, he has to reason upon the credibility of his faith, and through reason, guided by faith, he discovers the truth, and so satisfies his wants."

Answer. Without calling in question the perfect sincerity of Father Fransiola, I think his statement is exactly the wrong end to. I do not think that reason should be guided by faith; I think that faith should be guided by reason. After all, the highest possible

conception of faith would be the science of probabilities, and the probable must not be based on what has not happened, but upon what has; not upon something we know nothing about, but the nature of the things with which we are acquainted. The foundation we must know something about, and whenever we reason, we must have something as a basis, something secular, something that we think we know. About these facts we reason, sometimes by analogy, and we say thus and so has happened, therefore thus and so may happen. We do not say thus and so *may* happen, therefore something else *has* happened. We must reason from the known to the unknown, not from the unknown to the known. This Father admits that if you do not allow a man to reason you crush his manhood. At the same time he says faith must govern reason. Who makes the faith? The church. And the church tells the man that he must take the faith, reason or no reason, and that he may afterward reason, taking the faith as a fact. This makes him an intellectual slave, and the poor devil mistakes for liberty the right to examine his own chains. These gentlemen endeavor to satisfy their prisoners by insisting that there is nothing beyond the walls.

Question. You criticise the church for not encouring the poor to mingle with the rich, and yet you defend the right of a man to choose his own company. Are not these same distinctions made by non-confessing Christians in real life, and will not there always be some greater, richer, wiser, than the rest?

Answer. I do not blame the church because there are these distinctions based on wealth, intelligence, and culture. What I blame the church for is pretending to do away with these distinctions. These distinctions in men are inherent; differences in brain, in race, in blood, in education, and they are differences that will eternally exist—that is, as long as the human race exists. Some will be fortunate, some unfortunate, some generous, some stingy, some rich, some poor. What I wish to do away with is the contempt and scorn and hatred existing between rich and poor. I want the democracy of kindness—what you might call the republicanism of justice. I do not have to associate with a man to keep from robbing him. I can give him his rights without enjoying his company, and he can give me my rights without inviting me to dinner. Why should not poverty have rights? And has not honest poverty the right to hold dishonest wealth in contempt, and will it not do it, whether it belongs to the same church or not? We cannot judge men by their wealth, or by the position they hold in society. I like every kind man; I hate every cruel one. I like the generous, whether they are poor or rich, ignorant or cultivated. I like men that love their families, that are kind to their wives, gentle with their children, no matter whether they are millionaires or mendicants. And to me the blossom of benevolence, of charity, is the fairest flower, no matter whether it blooms by the side of a hovel, or bursts from a vine climbing the marble pillar of a palace. I respect no man because he is rich; I hold in contempt no man because he is poor.

Question. Some of the clergymen say that the spread of infidelity is greatly exaggerated; that it makes more noise and creates more notice than conservative Christianity simply on account of its being outside of the accepted line of thought.

Answer. There was a time when an unbeliever, open and pronounced, was a wonder. At that time the church had great power; it could retaliate; it could destroy. The church abandoned the stake only when too many men objected to being burned. At

that time infidelity was clad not simply in novelty, but often in fire. Of late years the thoughts of men have been turned, by virtue of modern discoveries, as the result of countless influences, to an investigation of the foundation of orthodox religion. Other religions were put in the crucible of criticism, and nothing was found but dross. At last it occurred to the intelligent to examine our own religion, and this examination has excited great interest and great comment. People want to hear, and they want to hear because they have already about concluded themselves that the creeds are founded in error.

Thousands come to hear me because they are interested in the question, because they want to hear a man say what they think. They want to hear their own ideas from the lips of another. The tide has turned, and the spirit of investigation, the intelligence, the intellectual courage of the world is on the other side. A real good old-fashioned orthodox minister who believes the Thirty-nine articles with all his might, is regarded to-day as a theological mummy, a kind of corpse acted upon by the galvanic battery of faith, making strange motions, almost like those of life—not quite.

Question. How would you convey moral instruction from youth up, and what kind of instruction would you give?

Answer. I regard Christianity as a failure. Now, then, what is Christianity? I do not include in the word "Christianity" the average morality of the world or the morality taught in all systems of religion; that is, as distinctive Christianity. Christianity is this: A belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the atonement, the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, an eternal reward for the believers in Christ, and eternal punishment for the rest of us. Now, take from Christianity its miracles, its absurdities of the atonement and fall of man and the inspiration of the Scriptures, and I have no objection to it as I understand it. I believe, in the main, in the Christianity which I suppose Christ taught, that is, in kindness, gentleness, forgiveness. I do not believe in loving enemies; I have pretty hard work to love my friends. Neither do I believe in revenge. No man can afford to keep the viper of revenge in his heart. But I believe in justice, in self-defence. Christianity—that is, the miraculous part—must be abandoned. As to morality—morality is born, is born of the instinct of self-preservation. If man could not suffer, the word "conscience" never would have passed his lips. Self-preservation makes larceny a crime. Murder will be regarded as a bad thing as long as a majority object to being murdered. Morality does not come from the clouds; it is born of human want and human experience. We need no inspiration, no inspired work. The industrious man knows that the idle has no right to rob him of the product of his labor, and the idle man knows that he has no right to do it. It is not wrong because we find it in the Bible, but I presume it was put in the Bible because it is wrong. Then, you find in the Bible other things upheld that are infamous. And why? Because the writers of the Bible were barbarians, in many things, and because that book is a mixture of good and evil. I see no trouble in teaching morality without miracle. I see no use of miracle. What can men do with it? Credulity is not a virtue. The credulous are not necessarily charitable. Wonder is not the mother of wisdom. I believe children should be taught to investigate and to reason for themselves, and that there are facts enough to furnish a foundation for all human virtue. We will take two families; in the one, the father and mother are both

Christians, and they teach their children their creed; teach them that they are naturally totally depraved; that they can only hope for happiness in a future life by pleading the virtues of another, and that a certain belief is necessary to salvation; that God punishes his children forever. Such a home has a certain atmosphere. Take another family; the father and mother teach their children that they should be kind to each other because kindness produces happiness; that they should be gentle; that they should be just, because justice is the mother of joy. And suppose this father and mother say to their children: "If you are happy it must be as a result of your own actions; if you do wrong you must suffer the consequences. No Christ can redeem you; no savior can suffer for you. You must suffer the consequences of your own misdeeds. If you plant you must reap, and you must reap what you plant." And suppose these parents also say: "You must find out the conditions of happiness. You must investigate the circumstances by which you are surrounded. You must ascertain the nature and relation of things so that you can act in accordance with known facts, to the end that you may have health and peace." In such a family, there would be a certain atmosphere, in my judgment, a thousand times better and purer and sweeter than in the other. The church generally teaches that rascality pays in this world, but not in the next; that here virtue is a losing game, but the dividends will be large in another world. They tell the people that they must serve God on credit, but the devil pays cash here. That is not my doctrine. My doctrine is that a thing is right because it pays, in the highest sense. That is the reason it is right. The reason a thing is wrong is because it is the mother of misery. Virtue has its reward here and now. It means health; it means intelligence, contentment, success. Vice means exactly the opposite. Most of us have more passion than judgment, carry more sail than ballast, and by the tempest of passion we are blown from port, we are wrecked and lost. We cannot be saved by faith or by belief. It is a slower process: We must be saved by knowledge, by intelligence—the only lever capable of raising mankind.

Question. The shorter catechism, Colonel, you may remember says "that man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." What is your idea of the chief end of man?

Answer. It has always seemed a little curious to me that joy should be held in such contempt here, and yet promised hereafter as an eternal reward. Why not be happy here, as well as in heaven. Why not have joy here? Why not go to heaven now—that is, to-day? Why not enjoy the sunshine of this world, and all there is of good in it? It is bad enough; so bad that I do not believe it was ever created by a beneficent deity; but what little good there is in it, why not have it? Neither do I believe that it is the end of man to glorify God. How can the Infinite be glorified? Does he wish for reputation? He has no equals, no superiors. How can he have what we call reputation? How can he achieve what we call glory? Why should he wish the flattery of the average Presbyterian? What good will it do him to know that his course has been approved of by the Methodist Episcopal Church? What does he care, even, for the religious weeklies, or the presidents of religious colleges? I do not see how we can help God, or hurt him. If there be an infinite Being, certainly nothing we can do can in any way affect him. We can affect each other, and therefore man should be careful not to sin against man. For that reason I have said a hundred times, injustice is the only blasphemy. If there be a heaven I want to associate there with the ones who

have loved me here. I might not like the angels and the angels might not like me. I want to find old friends. I do not care to associate with the Infinite; there could be no freedom in such society. I suppose I am not spiritual enough, and am somewhat touched with worldliness. It seems to me that everybody ought to be honest enough to say about the Infinite “I know nothing of eternal joy, I have no conception about another world, I know nothing.” At the same time, I am not attacking anybody for believing in immortality. The more a man can hope, and the less he can fear, the better. I have done what I could to drive from the human heart the shadow of eternal pain. I want to put out the fires of an ignorant and revengeful hell.

The Limitations Of Toleration

** A discussion between Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Hon. Frederic R. Coudert, Ex-Gov. Stewart L. Woodford, before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 8, 1888. The points for discussion, as submitted in advance, were the following propositions:*

Colonel Ingersoll's Opening.

Ladies, Mr. President and Gentlemen:

I AM here to-night for the purpose of defending your right to differ with me. I want to convince you that you are under no compulsion to accept my creed; that you are, so far as I am concerned, absolutely free to follow the torch of your reason according to your conscience; and I believe that you are civilized to that degree that you will extend to me the right that you claim for yourselves.

First. Thought is a necessary natural product—the result of what is called impressions made through the medium of the senses upon the brain, not forgetting the Fact of heredity.

Second. No human being is accountable to any being-human or divine—for his thoughts.

Third. Human beings have a certain interest in the thoughts of each other, and one who undertakes to tell his thoughts should be honest.

Fourth. All have an equal right to express their thoughts upon all subjects.

Fifth. For one man to say to another, "I tolerate you," is an assumption of authority—not a disclaimer, but a waiver, of the right to persecute.

Sixth. Each man has the same right to express to the whole world his ideas, that the rest of the world have to express their thoughts to him.

Courtlandt Palmer, Esq., President of the Club, in introducing Mr. Ingersoll, among other things said:

"The inspiration of the orator of the evening seems to be that of the great Victor Hugo, who uttered the august saying, 'There shall be no slavery of the mind.'

"When I was in Paris, about a year ago, I visited the tomb of Victor Hugo. It was placed in a recess in the crypt of the Pantheon. Opposite it was the tomb of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Near by, in another recess, was the memorial statue of Voltaire; and I felt, as I looked at these three monuments, that had Colonel Ingersoll been born in France, and had he passed in his long life account, the acclaim of the liberal culture of France would have enlarged that trio into a quartette.

"Colonel Ingersoll has appeared in several important debates in print, notably with Judge Jeremiah S. Black formerly Attorney-General of the United States: lately in the pages of The North American Review with the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, and last but

not least the Right Hon. William E Gladstone, England's greatest citizen, has taken up the cudgel against him in behalf of his view of Orthodoxy To-night, I believe-for the first time, the colonel has consented to appear in a colloquial discussion. I have now the honor to introduce this distinguished orator."

I admit, at the very threshold, that every human being thinks as he must; and the first proposition really is, whether man has the right to think. It will bear but little discussion, for the reason that no man can control his thought. If you think you can, what are you going to think to-morrow? What are you going to think next year? If you can absolutely control your thought, can you stop thinking?

The question is, Has the will any power over the thought? What is thought? It is the result of nature—of the outer world—first upon the senses—those impressions left upon the brain as pictures of things in the outward world, and these pictures are transformed into, or produce, thought; and as long as the doors of the senses are open, thoughts will be produced. Whoever looks at anything in nature, thinks. Whoever hears any sound—or any symphony—no matter what—thinks. Whoever looks upon the sea, or on a star, or on a flower, or on the face of a fellow-man, thinks, and the result of that look is an absolute necessity. The thought produced will depend upon your brain, upon your experience, upon the history of your life.

One who looks upon the sea, knowing that the one he loved the best had been devoured by its hungry waves, will have certain thoughts; and he who sees it for the first time, will have different thoughts. In other words, no two brains are alike; no two lives have been or are or ever will be the same. Consequently, nature cannot produce the same effect upon any two brains, or upon any two hearts.

The only reason why we wish to exchange thoughts is that we are different. If we were all the same, we would die dumb. No thought would be expressed after we found that our thoughts were precisely alike. We differ—our thoughts are different. Therefore the commerce that we call conversation.

Back of language is thought. Back of language is the desire to express our thought to another. This desire not only gave us language—this desire has given us the libraries of the world. And not only the libraries; this desire to express thought, to show to others the splendid children of the brain, has written every book, formed every language, painted every picture, and chiseled every statue—this desire to express our thought to others, to reap the harvest of the brain.

If, then, thought is a necessity, "it follows as the night the day" that there is, there can be, no responsibility for thought to any being, human or divine.

A camera contains a sensitive plate. The light flashes upon it, and the sensitive plate receives a picture. Is it in fault, is it responsible, for the picture? So with the brain. An image is left on it, a picture is imprinted there. The plate may not be perfectly level—it may be too concave, or too convex, and the picture may be a deformity; so with the brain. But the man does not make his own brain, and the consequence is, if the picture is distorted it is not the fault of the brain.

We take then these two steps: first, thought is a necessity; and second, the thought depends upon the brain.

Each brain is a kind of field where nature sows with careless hands the seeds of thought. Some brains are poor and barren fields, producing weeds and thorns, and some are like the tropic world where grow the palm and pine—children of the sun and soil.

You read Shakespeare. What do you get out of Shakespeare? All that your brain is able to hold. It depends upon your brain. If you are great—if you have been cultivated—if the wings of your imagination have been spread—if you have had great, free, and splendid thoughts—'r you have stood upon the edge of things—if you have had the courage to meet all that can come—you get an immensity from Shakespeare. If you have lived nobly—if you have loved with every drop of your blood and every fibre of your being—if you have suffered—if you have enjoyed—then you get an immensity from Shakespeare. But if you have lived a poor, little, mean, wasted, barren, weedy life—you get very little from that immortal man.

So it is from every source in nature—what you get depends upon what you are.

Take then the second step. If thought is a necessity, there can be no responsibility for thought. And why has man ever believed that his fellow-man was responsible for his thought?

Everything that is, everything that has been, has been naturally produced. Man has acted as, under the same circumstances, we would have acted; because when you say "under the circumstances," it is the same as to say that you would do exactly as they have done.

There has always been in men the instinct of self-preservation. There was a time when men believed, and honestly believed, that there was above them a God. Sometimes they believed in many, but it will be sufficient for my illustration to say, one. Man believed that there was in the sky above him a God who attended to the affairs of men. He believed that that God, sitting upon his throne, rewarded virtue and punished vice. He believed also, that that God held the community responsible for the sins of individuals. He honestly believed it. When the flood came, or when the earthquake devoured, he really believed that some God was filled with anger—with holy indignation—at his children. He believed it, and so he looked about among his neighbors to see who was in fault, and if there was any man who had failed to bring his sacrifice to the altar, had failed to kneel, it may be to the priest, failed to be present in the temple, or had given it as his opinion that the God of that tribe or of that nation was of no use, then, in order to placate the God, they seized the neighbor and sacrificed him on the altar of their ignorance and of their fear.

They believed when the lightning leaped from the cloud and left its blackened mark upon the man, that he had done something—that he had excited the wrath of the gods.

And while man so believed, while he believed that it was necessary, in order to defend himself, to kill his neighbor—he acted simply according to the dictates of his nature.

What I claim is that we have nov-advanced far enough not only to think, but to know, that the conduct of man has nothing to do with the phenomena of nature. We are

now advanced far enough to absolutely know that no man can be bad enough and no nation infamous enough to cause an earthquake. I think we have got to that point that we absolutely know that no man can be wicked enough to entice one of the bolts from heaven—that no man can be cruel enough to cause a drought—and that you could not have infidels enough on the earth to cause another flood. I think we have advanced far enough not only to say that, but to absolutely know it—I mean people who have thought, and in whose minds there is something like reasoning.

We know, if we know anything, that the lightning is just as apt to hit a good man as a bad man. We know it. We know that the earthquake is just as liable to swallow virtue as to swallow vice. And you know just as well as I do that a ship loaded with pirates is just as apt to outride the storm as one crowded with missionaries. You know it.

I am now speaking of the phenomena of nature. I believe, as much as I believe that I live, that the reason a thing is right is because it tends to the happiness of mankind. I believe, as much as I be-believe that I live, that on the average the good man is not only the happier man, but that no man is happy who is not good.

If then we have gotten over that frightful, that awful superstition—we are ready to enjoy hearing the thoughts of each other.

I do not say, neither do I intend to be understood as saying, that there is no God. All I intend to say is, that so far as we can see, no man is punished, no nation is punished by lightning, or famine, or storm. Everything happens to the one as to the other.

Now, let us admit that there is an infinite God. That has nothing to do with the sinlessness of thought—nothing to do with the fact that no man is accountable to any being, human or divine, for what he thinks. And let me tell you why.

If there be an infinite God, leave him to deal with men who sin against him. You can trust him, if you believe in him. He has the power. He has a heaven full of bolts. Trust him. And now that you are satisfied that the earthquake will not swallow you, or the lightning strike you, simply because you tell your thoughts, if one of your neighbors differs with you, and acts improperly or thinks or speaks improperly of your God, leave him with your God—he can attend to him a thousand times better than you can, He has the time. He lives from eternity to eternity. More than that, he has the means. So that, whether there be this Being or not, you have no right to interfere with your neighbor.

The next proposition is, that I have the same right to express my thought to the whole world, that the whole world has to express its thought to me.

I believe that this realm of thought is not a democracy, where the majority rule; it is not a republic. It is a country with one inhabitant. This brain is the world in which my mind lives, and my mind is the sovereign of that realm. We are all kings, and one man balances the rest of the world as one drop of water balances the sea. Each soul is crowned. Each soul wears the purple and the tiara; and only those are good citizens of the intellectual world who give to every other human being every right that they claim for themselves, and only those are traitors in the great realm of thought who abandon reason and appeal to force.

If now I have got out of your minds the idea that you must abuse your neighbors to keep on good terms with God, then the question of religion is exactly like every question—I mean of thought, of mind—I have nothing to say now about action.

Is there authority in the world of art? Can a legislature pass a law that a certain picture is beautiful, and can it pass a law putting in the penitentiary any impudent artistic wretch who says that to him it is not beautiful? Precisely the same with music. Our ears are not all the same; we are not touched by the same sounds—the same beautiful memories* do not arise. Suppose you have an authority in music? You may make men, it may be, by offering them office or by threatening them with punishment, swear that they all like that tune—but you never will know till the day of your death whether they do or not. The moment you introduce a despotism in the world of thought, you succeed in making hypocrites—and you get in such a position that you never know what your neighbor thinks.

So in the great realm of religion, there can be no force. No one can be compelled to pray. No matter how you tie him down, or crush him down on his face or on his knees, it is above the power of the human race to put in that man, by force, the spirit of prayer. You cannot do it. Neither can you compel anybody to worship a God. Worship rises from the heart like perfume from a flower. It cannot obey; it cannot do that which some one else commands. It must be absolutely true to the law of its own nature. And do you think any God would be satisfied with compulsory worship? Would he like to see long rows of poor, ignorant slaves on their terrified knees repeating words without a soul—giving him what you might call the shucks of sound? Will any God be satisfied with that? And so I say, we must be as free in one department of thought as another.

Now, I take the next step, and that is, that the rights of all are absolutely equal.

I have the same right to give you my opinion that you have to give me yours. I have no right to compel you to hear, if you do not want to. I have no right to compel you to speak if you do not want to. If you do not wish to know my thought, I have no right to force it upon you.

The next thing is, that this liberty of thought, this liberty of expression, is of more value than any other thing beneath the stars. Of more value than any religion, of more value than any government, of more value than all the constitutions that man has written and all the laws that he has passed, is this liberty—the absolute liberty of the human mind. Take away that word from language, and all other words become meaningless sounds, and there is then no reason for a man being and living upon the earth.

So then, I am simply in favor of intellectual hospitality—that is all. You come to me with a new idea. I invite you into the house. Let us see what you have. Let us talk it over. If I do not like your thought, I will bid it a polite “good day.” If I do like it, I will say: “Sit down; stay with me, and become a part of the intellectual wealth of my world.” That is all.

And how any human being ever has had the impudence to speak against the right to speak, is beyond the power of my imagination. Here is a man who speaks—who

exercises a right that he, by his speech, denies. Can liberty go further than that? Is there any toleration possible beyond the liberty to speak against liberty—the real believer in free speech allowing others to speak against the right to speak? Is there any limitation beyond that?

So, whoever has spoken against the right to speak has admitted that he violated his own doctrine. No man can open his mouth against the freedom of speech without denying every argument he may put forward. Why? He is exercising the right that he denies. How did he get it? Suppose there is one man on an island. You will all admit now that he would have the right to do his own thinking. You will all admit that he has the right to express his thought. Now, will somebody tell me how many men would have to emigrate to that island before the original settler would lose his right to think and his right to express himself?

If there be an infinite Being—and it is a question that I know nothing about—you would be perfectly astonished to know how little I do know on that subject, and yet I know as much as the aggregated world knows, and as little as the smallest insect that ever fanned with happy wings the summer air—if there be such a Being, I have the same right to think that he has simply because it is a necessity of my nature—because I cannot help it. And the Infinite would be just as responsible to the smallest intelligence living in the infinite spaces—he would be just as responsible to that intelligence as that intelligence can be to him, provided that intelligence thinks as a necessity of his nature.

There is another phrase to which I object—"toleration." "The limits of toleration." Why say "toleration"? I will tell you why. When the thinkers were in the minority—when the philosophers were vagabonds—when the men with brains furnished fuel for bonfires—when the majority were ignorantly orthodox—when they hated the heretic as a last year's leaf hates a this year's bud—in that delightful time these poor people in the minority had to say to ignorant power, to conscientious rascality, to cruelty born of universal love: "Don't kill us; don't be so arrogantly meek as to burn us; tolerate us." At that time the minority was too small to talk about rights, and the great big ignorant majority when tired of shedding blood, said: "Well, we will tolerate you; we can afford to wait; you will not live long, and when the Being of infinite compassion gets hold of you we will glut our revenge through an eternity of joy; we will ask you every now and then, 'What is your opinion now?'"

Both feeling absolutely sure that infinite goodness would have his revenge, they "tolerated" these thinkers, and that word finally took the place almost of liberty. But I do not like it. When you say "I tolerate," you do not say you have no right to punish, no right to persecute. It is only a disclaimer for a few moments and for a few years, but you retain the right. I deny it.

And let me say here to-night—it is your experience, it is mine—that the bigger a man is the more charitable he is; you know it. The more brain he has, the more excuses he finds for all the world; you know it. And if there be in heaven an infinite Being, he must be grander than any man; he must have a thousand times more charity than the human heart can hold, and is it possible that he is going to hold his ignorant children

responsible for the impressions made by nature upon their brain? Let us have some sense.

There is another side to this question, and that is with regard to the freedom of thought and expression in matters pertaining to this world.

No man has a right to hurt the character of a neighbor. He has no right to utter slander. He has no right to bear false witness. He has no right to be actuated by any motive except for the general good—but the things he does here to his neighbor—these are easily defined and easily punished. All that I object to is setting up a standard of authority in the world of art, the world of beauty, the world of poetry, the world of worship, the world of religion, and the world of metaphysics. That is what I object to; and if the old doctrines had been carried out, every human being that has benefited this world would have been destroyed. If the people who believe that a certain belief is necessary to insure salvation had had control of this world, we would have been as ignorant to-night as wild beasts. Every step in advance has been made in spite of them. There has not been a book of any value printed since the invention of that art—and when I say "of value," I mean that contained new and splendid truths—that was not anathematized by the gentlemen who believed that man is responsible for his thought. Every step has been taken in spite of that doctrine.

Consequently I simply believe in absolute liberty of mind. And I have no fear about any other world—not the slightest. When I get there, I will give my honest opinion of that country; I will give my honest thought there; and if for that I lose my soul, I will keep at least my self-respect.

A man tells me a story. I believe it, or disbelieve it. I cannot help it. I read a story—no matter whether in the original Hebrew, or whether it has been translated. I believe it or I disbelieve it. No matter whether it is written in a very solemn or a very flippant manner—I have my idea about its truth. And I insist that each man has the right to judge that for himself, and for that reason, as I have already said, I am defending your right to differ with me—that is all. And if you do differ with me, all that it proves is that I do not agree with you. There is no man that lives to-night beneath the stars—there is no being—that can force my soul upon its knees, unless the reason is given. I will be no slave. I do not care how big my master is, I am just as small, if a slave, as though the master were small. It is not the greatness of the master that can honor the slave. In other words, I am going to act according to my right, as I understand it, without interfering with any other human being. And now, if you think—any of you, that you can control your thought, I want you to try it. There is not one here who can by any possibility think, only as he must.

You remember the story of the Methodist minister who insisted that he could control his thoughts. A man said to him, "Nobody can control his own mind." "Oh, yes, he can," the preacher replied. "My dear sir," said the man, "you cannot even say the Lord's Prayer without thinking of something else." "Oh, yes, I can." "Well, if you will do it, I will give you that horse, the best riding horse in this county." "Well, who is to judge?" said the preacher. "I will take your own word for it, and if you say the Lord's Prayer through without thinking of anything else, I will give you that horse." So the minister shut his eyes and began: "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy

name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done,"—"I suppose you will throw in the saddle and bridle?"

I say to you to-night, ladies and gentlemen, that I feel more interest in the freedom of thought and speech than in all other questions, knowing, as I do, that it is the condition of great and splendid progress for the race; remembering, as I do, that the opposite idea has covered the cheek of the world with tears; remembering, and knowing, as I do, that the enemies of free thought and free speech have covered this world with blood. These men have filled the heavens with an infinite monster; they have filled the future with fire and flame, and they have made the present, when they have had the power, a perdition. These men, these doctrines, have carried fagots to the feet of philosophy. These men, these doctrines, have hated to see the dawn of an intellectual day. These men, these doctrines, have denied every science, and denounced and killed every philosopher they could lay their bloody, cruel, ignorant hands upon.

And for that reason, I am for absolute liberty of thought, everywhere, in every department, domain, and realm of the human mind.

REMARKS OF MR. COUDERT.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Mr. President: It is not only "the sense of the church" that I am lacking now, I am afraid it is any sense at all; and I am only wondering how a reasonably intelligent being—meaning myself—could in view of the misfortune that befell Mr. Kernan, have undertaken to speak to-night.

This is a new experience. I have never sung in any of Verdi's operas—I have never listened to one through—but I think I would prefer to try all three of these performances rather than go on with this duty which, in a vain moment of deluded vanity, I heedlessly undertook.

I am in a new field here. I feel very much like the master of a ship who thinks that he can safely guide his bark. (I am not alluding to the traditional bark of St. Peter, in which I hope that I am and will always be, but the ordinary bark that requires a compass and a rudder and a guide.) And I find that all these ordinary things, which we generally take for granted, and which are as necessary to our safety as the air which we breathe, or the sunshine that we enjoy, have been quietly, pleasantly, and smilingly thrown overboard by the gentleman who has just preceded me.

Carlyle once said—and the thought came to me as the gentleman was speaking—"A Comic History of England!"—for some wretch had just written such a book—(talk of free thought and free speech when men do such things!)—"A Comic History of England!" The next thing we shall hear of will be "A Comic History of the Bible!" I think we have heard the first chapter of that comic history to-night; and the only comfort that I have—and possibly some other antiquated and superannuated persons of either sex, if such there be within my hearing—is that such things as have seemed to me charmingly to partake of the order of blasphemy, have been uttered with such charming bonhomie, and received with such enthusiastic admiration, that I have wondered whether we are in a Christian audience of the nineteenth century, or in a possible Ingersollian audience of the twenty-third.

And let me first, before I enter upon the very few and desultory remarks, which are the only ones that I can make now and with which I may claim your polite attention—let me say a word about the comparison with which your worthy President opened these proceedings.

There are two or three things upon which I am a little sensitive: One, aspersions upon the land of my birth—the city of New York; the next, the land of my fathers; and the next, the bark that I was just speaking of.

Now your worthy President, in his well-meant efforts to exhibit in the best possible style the new actor upon his stage, said that he had seen Victor Hugo's remains, and Voltaire's, and Jean Jacques Rousseau's, and that he thought the niche might well be filled by Colonel Ingersoll. If that had been merely the expression of a natural desire to see him speedily annihilated, I might perhaps in the interests of the Christian community have thought, but not said, "Amen!" (Here you will at once observe the distinction I make between free thought and free speech!)

I do not think, and I beg that none of you, and particularly the eloquent rhetorician who preceded me, will think, that in anything I may say I intend any personal discourtesy, for I do believe to some extent in freedom of speech upon a platform like this. Such a debate as this rises entirely above and beyond the plane of personalities.

I suppose that your President intended to compare Colonel Ingersoll to Voltaire, to Hugo and to Rousseau. I have no retainer from either of those gentlemen, but for the reason that I just gave you, I wish to defend their memory from what I consider a great wrong. And so I do not think—with all respect to the eloquent and learned gentleman—that he is entitled to a place in that niche. Voltaire did many wrong things. He did them for many reasons, and chiefly because he was human. But Voltaire did a great deal to build up. Leaving aside his noble tragedies, which charmed and delighted his audiences, and dignified the stage, throughout his work was some effort to ameliorate the condition of the human race. He fought against torture; he fought against persecution; he fought against bigotry; he clamored and wrote against littleness and fanaticism in every way, and he was not ashamed when he entered upon his domains at Fernay, to erect a church to the God of whom the most our friend can say is, "I do not know whether he exists or not."

Rousseau did many noble things, but he was a madman, and in our day would probably have been locked up in an asylum and treated by intelligent doctors. His works, however, bear the impress of a religious education, and if there be in his works or sayings anything to parallel what we have heard tonight—whether a parody on divine revelation, or a parody upon the prayer of prayers—I have not seen it.

Victor Hugo has enriched the literature of his day with prose and poetry that have made him the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century—poems as deeply imbued with a devout sense of responsibility to the Almighty as the writings of an archbishop or a cardinal. He has left the traces of his beneficent action all over the literature of his day, of his country, and of his race.

All these men, then, have built up something. Will anyone, the most ardent admirer of Colonel Ingersoll, tell me what he has built up?

To go now to the argument. The learned gentleman says that freedom of thought is a grand thing. Unfortunately, freedom of thought exists. What one of us would not put manacles and fetters upon his thoughts, if he only could? What persecution have any of us suffered to compare with the involuntary recurrence of these demons that enter our brain—that bring back past events that we would wipe out with our tears, or even with our blood—and make us slaves of a power unseen but uncontrollable and uncontrolled? Is it not unworthy of so eloquent and intelligent a man to preach before you here to-night that thought must always be free?

When in the history of the world has thought ever been fettered? If there be a page in history upon which such an absurdity is written, I have failed to find it.

Thought is beyond the domain of man. The most cruel and arbitrary ruler can no more penetrate into your bosom and mine and extract the inner workings of our brain, than he can scale the stars or pull down the sun from its seat. Thought must be free. Thought is unseen, unhandled and untouched, and no despot has yet been able to reach it, except when the thoughts burst into words. And therefore, may we not consider now, and say, that liberty of word is what he wants, and not liberty of thought, which no one has ever gainsaid, or disputed?

Liberty of speech!—and the gentleman generously tells us, “Why, I only ask for myself what I would cheerfully extend to you. I wish you to be free; and you can even entertain those old delusions which your mothers taught, and look with envious admiration upon me while I scale the giddy heights of Olympus, gather the honey and approach the stars and tell you how pure the air is in those upper regions which you are unable to reach.”

Thanks for his kindness! But I think that it is one thing for us to extend to him that liberty that he asks for—the liberty to destroy—and another thing for him to give us the liberty which we claim—the liberty to conserve.

Oh, destruction is so easy, destruction is so pleasant! It marks the footsteps all through our life. The baby begins by destroying his bib; the older child by destroying his horse, and when the man is grown up and he joins the regiment with the latent instinct that when he gets a chance he will destroy human life.

This building cost many thousand days’ work. It was planned by more or less skillful architects (ignorant of ventilation, but well-meaning). Men lavished their thought, and men lavished their sweat for a pittance, upon this building. It took months and possibly years to build it and to adorn it and to beautify it. And yet, as it stands complete tonight with all of you here in the vigor of your life and in the enjoyment of such entertainment as you may get here this evening, I will find a dozen men who with a few pounds of dynamite will reduce it and all of us to instant destruction.

The dynamite man may say to me, “I give you full liberty to build and occupy and insure, if you will give me liberty to blow up.” Is that a fair bargain? Am I bound in conscience and in good sense to accept it? Liberty of speech! Tell me where liberty of speech has ever existed. There have been free societies, England was a free country. France has struggled through crisis after crisis to obtain liberty of speech. We think we have liberty of speech, as we understand it, and yet who would undertake to say

that our society could live with liberty of speech? We have gone through many crises in our short history, and we know that thought is nothing before the law, but the word is an act—as guilty at times as the act of killing, or burglary, or any of the violent crimes that disgrace humanity and require the police.

A word is an act—an act of the tongue; and why should my tongue go unpunished, and I who wield it mercilessly toward those who are weaker than I, escape, if my arm is to be punished when I use it tyrannously? Whom would you punish for the murder of Desdemona—is it Iago, or Othello? Who was the villain, who was the criminal, who deserved the scaffold—who but free speech? Iago exercised free speech. He poisoned the ear of Othello and nerved his arm and Othello was the murderer—but Iago went scot free. That was a word.

"Oh," says the counsel, "but that does not apply to individuals; be tender and charitable to individuals." Tender and charitable to men if they endeavor to destroy all that you love and venerate and respect!

Are you tender and charitable to me if you enter my house, my castle, and debauch my children from the faith that they have been taught? Are you tender and charitable to them and to me when you teach them that I have instructed them in falsehood, that their mother has rocked them in blasphemy, and that they are now among the fools and the witlings of the world because they believe in my precepts? Is that the charity that you speak of? Heaven forbid that liberty of speech such as that, should ever invade my home or yours!

We all understand, and the learned gentleman will admit, that his discourse is but an eloquent apology for blasphemy. And when I say this, I beg you to believe me incapable of resorting to the cheap artifice of strong words to give point to a pointless argument, or to offend a courteous adversary. I think if I put it to him he would, with characteristic candor, say, "Yes, that is what I claim—the liberty to blaspheme; the world has outgrown these things; and I claim to-day, as I claimed a few months ago in the neighboring gallant little State of New Jersey, that while you cannot slander man, your tongue is free to revile and insult man's maker." New Jersey was behind in the race for progress, and did not accept his argument. His unfortunate client was convicted and had to pay the fine which the press—which is seldom mistaken—says came from the pocket of his generous counsel.

The argument was a strong one; the argument was brilliant, and was able; and I say now, with all my predilections for the church of my fathers, and for your church (because it is not a question of our differences, but it is a question whether the tree shall be torn up by the roots, not what branches may bear richer fruit or deserve to be lopped off)—I say, why has every Christian State passed these statutes against blasphemy? Turning into ridicule sacred things—firing off the Lord's Prayer as you would a joke from Joe Miller or a comic poem—that is what I mean by blasphemy. If there is any other or better definition, give it me, and I will use it.

Now understand. All these States of ours care not one fig what our religion is. Behave yourselves properly, obey the laws, do not require the intervention of the police, and the majesty of your conscience will be as exalted as the sun. But the wisest men and the best men—possibly not so eloquent as the orator, but I may say it without offence

to him—other names that shine brightly in the galaxy of our best men, have insisted and maintained that the Christian faith was the ligament that kept our modern society together, and our laws have said, and the laws of most of our States say, to this day, “Think what you like, but do not, like Samson, pull the pillars down upon us all.”

If I had anything to say, ladies and gentlemen, it is time that I should say it now. My exordium has been very long, but it was no longer than the dignity of the subject, perhaps, demanded.

Free speech we all have. Absolute liberty of speech we never had. Did we have it before the war? Many of us here remember that if you crossed an imaginary line and went among some of the noblest and best men that ever adorned this continent, one word against slavery meant death. And if you say that that was the influence of slavery, I will carry you to Boston, that city which numbers within its walls as many intelligent people to the acre as any city on the globe—was it different there?

Why, the fugitive, beaten, blood-stained slave, when he got there, was seized and turned back; and when a few good and brave men, in defence of free speech, undertook to defend the slave and to try and give him liberty, they were mobbed and pelted and driven through the city. You may say, “That proves there was no liberty of speech.” No; it proves this: that wherever, and wheresoever, and whenever, liberty of speech is incompatible with the safety of the State, liberty of speech must fall back and give way, in order that the State may be preserved.

First, above everything, above all things, the safety of the people is the supreme law. And if rhetoricians, anxious to tear down, anxious to pluck the faith from the young ones who are unable to defend it, come forward with nickel-plated platitudes and commonplaces clothed in second-hand purple and tinsel, and try to tear down the temple, then it is time, I shall not say for good men—for I know so few they make a small battalion—but for good women, to come to the rescue.

GENERAL WOODFORD’S SPEECH.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen>: At this late hour, I could not attempt—even if I would—the eloquence of my friend Colonel Ingersoll; nor the wit and rapier-like sarcasm of my other valued friend Mr. Coudert. But there are some things so serious about this subject that we discuss to-night, that I crave your pardon if, without preface, and without rhetoric, I get at once to what from my Protestant standpoint seems the fatal logical error of Mr. Inger-soll’s position.

Mr. Ingersoll starts with the statement—and that I may not, for I could not, do him injustice, nor myself injustice, in the quotation, I will give it as he stated it—he starts with this statement: that thought is a necessary natural product, the result of what we call impressions made through the medium of the senses upon the brain.

Do you think that is thought? Now stop—turn right into your own minds—is that thought? Does not will power take hold? Does not reason take hold? Does not memory take hold, and is not thought the action of the brain based upon the impression and assisted or directed by manifold and varying influences?

Secondly, our friend Mr. Ingersoll says that no human being is accountable to any being, human or divine, for his thought.

He starts with the assumption that thought is the inevitable impression burnt upon the mind at once, and then jumps to the conclusion that there is no responsibility. Now, is not that a fair logical analysis of what he has said?

My senses leave upon my mind an impression, and then my mind, out of that impression, works good or evil. The glass of brandy, being presented to my physical sense, inspires thirst—inspires the thought of thirst—inspires the instinct of debauchery. Am I not accountable for the result of the mind given me, whether I yield to the debauch, or rise to the dignity of self-control?

Every thing of sense leaves its impression upon the mind. If there be no responsibility anywhere, then is this world blind chance. If there be no responsibility anywhere, then my friend deserves no credit if he be guiding you in the path of truth, and I deserve no censure if I be carrying you back into the path of superstition. Why, admit for a moment that a man has no control over his thought, and you destroy absolutely the power of regenerating the world, the power of improving the world. The world swings one way, or it swings the other. If it be true that in all these ages we have come nearer and nearer to a perfect liberty, that is true simply and alone because the mind of man through reason, through memory, through a thousand inspirations and desires and hopes, has ever tended toward better results and higher achievements.

No accountability? I speak not for my friend, but I recognize that I am accountable to myself; I recognize that whether I rise or fall, that whether my life goes upward or downward, I am responsible to myself. And so, in spite of all sophistry, so in spite of all dream, so in spite of all eloquence, each woman, each man within this audience is responsible—first of all to herself and himself—whether when bad thoughts, when passion, when murder, when evil come into the heart or brain he harbors them there or he casts them out.

I am responsible further—I am responsible to my neighbor. I know that I am my neighbor's keeper, I know that as I touch your life, as you touch mine, I am responsible every moment, every hour, every day, for my influence upon you. I am either helping you up, or I am dragging you down; you are either helping me up or you are dragging me down—and you know it. Sophistry cannot get away from this; eloquence cannot seduce us from it. You know that if you look back through the record of your life, there are lives that you have helped and lives that you have hurt. You know that there are lives on the downward plane that went down because in an evil hour you pushed them; you know, perhaps with blessing, lives that have gone up because you have reached out to them a helping hand. That responsibility for your neighbor is a responsibility and an accountability that you and I cannot avoid or evade.

I believe one thing further: that because there is a creation there is a Creator. I believe that because there is force, there is a Projector of force; because there is matter, there is spirit. I reverently believe these things. I am not angry with my neighbor because he does not; it may be that he is right, that I am wrong; but if there

be a Power that sent me into this world, so far as that Power has given me wrong direction, or permitted wrong direction, that Power will judge me justly. So far as I disregard the light that I have, whatever it may be—whether it br light of reason, light of conscience, light of history—so far as I do that which my judgment tells me is wrong, I am responsible and I am accountable.

Now the Protestant theory, as I understand it, is simply this: It would vary from the theory as taught by the mother church—it certainly swings far away from the theory as suggested by my friend; I understand the Protestant theory to be this: That every man is responsible to himself, to his neighbor, and to his God, for his thought. Not for the first impression—but for that impression, for that direction and result which he intelligently gives to the first impression or deduces from it. I understand that the Protestant idea is this: that man may think—we know he will think—for himself; but that he is responsible for it. That a man may speak his thought, so long as he does not hurt his neighbor. He must use his own liberty so that he shall not injure the well-being of any other one—so that when using this liberty, when exercising this freedom, he is accountable at the last to his God. And so Protestantism sends me into the world with this terrible and solemn responsibility.

It leaves Mr. Ingersoll free to speak his thought at the bar of his conscience, before the bar of his fellow-man, but it holds him in the inevitable grip of absolute responsibility for every light word idly spoken.

God grant that he may use that power so that he can face that responsibility at the last!

It leaves to every churchman liberty to believe and stand by his church according to his own conviction.

It stands for this; the absolute liberty of each individual man to think, to write, to speak, to act, according to the best light within him; limited as to his fellows, by the condition that he shall not use that liberty so as to injure them; limited in the other direction, by those tremendous laws which are laws in spite of all rhetoric, and in spite of all logic.

If I put my finger into the fire, that fire burns. If I do a wrong, that wrong remains. If I hurt my neighbor, the wrong reacts upon myself. If I would try to escape what you call judgment, what you call penalty, I cannot escape the working of the inevitable-law that follows a cause by effect; I cannot escape that inevitable law—not the creation of some dark monster flashing through the skies—but, as I believe, the beneficent creation which puts into the spiritual life the same control of law that guides the material life, which wisely makes me responsible, that in the solemnity of that responsibility I am bound to lift my brother up and never to drag my brother down.

REPLY OF COLONEL INGERSOLL.

The first gentleman who replied to me took the ground boldly that expression is not free—that no man has the right to express his real thoughts—and I suppose that he acted in accordance with that idea. How are you to know whether he thought a solitary thing that he said, or not? How is it possible for us to ascertain whether he is

simply the mouthpiece of some other? Whether he is a free man, or whether he says that which he does not believe, it is impossible for us to ascertain.

He tells you that I am about to take away the religion of your mothers. I have heard that said a great many times. No doubt Mr. Coudert has the religion of his mother, and judging from the argument he made, his mother knew at least as much about these questions as her son. I believe that every good father and good mother wants to see the son and the daughter climb higher upon the great and splendid mount of thought than they reached.

You never can honor your father by going around swearing to his mistakes. You never can honor your mother by saying that ignorance is blessed because she did not know everything. I want to honor my parents by finding out more than they did.

There is another thing that I was a little astonished at—that Mr. Coudert, knowing that he would be in eternal felicity with his harp in his hand, seeing me in the world of the damned, could yet grow envious here to-night at my imaginary monument.

And he tells you—this Catholic—that Voltaire was an exceedingly good Christian compared with me. Do you know I am glad that I have compelled a Catholic—one who does not believe he has the right to express his honest thoughts—to pay a compliment to Voltaire simply because he thought it was at my expense?

I have an almost infinite admiration for Voltaire; and when I hear that name pronounced, I think of a plume floating over a mailed knight—I think of a man that rode to the beleaguered City of Catholicism and demanded a surrender—I think of a great man who thrust the dagger of assassination into your Mother Church, and from that wound she never will recover.

One word more. This gentleman says that children are destructive—that the first thing they do is to destroy their bibs. The gentleman, I should think from his talk, has preserved his!

They talk about blasphemy. What is blasphemy? Let us be honest with each other. Whoever lives upon the unpaid labor of others is a blasphemer. Whoever slanders, maligns, and betrays is a blasphemer. Whoever denies to others the rights that he claims for himself is a blasphemer.

Who is a worshiper? One who makes a happy home—one who fills the lives of wife and children with sunlight—one who has a heart where the flowers of kindness burst into blossom and fill the air with perfume—the man who sits beside his wife, prematurely old and wasted, and holds her thin hands in his and kisses them as passionately and loves her as truly and as rapturously as when she was a bride—he is a worshiper—that is worship.

And the gentleman brought forward as a reason why we should not have free speech, that only a few years ago some of the best men in the world, if you said a word in favor of liberty, would shoot you down. What an argument was that! They were not good men. They were the whippers of women and the stealers of babes—robbers of the trundlebed—assassins of human liberty. They knew no better, but I do not propose to follow the example of a barbarian because he was honestly a barbarian.

So much for debauching his family by telling them that his precepts are false. If he has taught them as he has taught us to-night, he has debauched their minds. I would be honest at the cradle. I would not tell a child anything as a certainty that I did not know. I would be absolutely honest.

But he says that thought is absolutely free—nobody can control thought. Let me tell him: Superstition is the jailer of the mind. You can so stuff a child with superstition that its poor little brain is a bastile and its poor little soul a convict. Fear is the jailer of the mind, and superstition is the assassin of liberty.

So when anybody goes into his family and tells these great and shining truths, instead of debauching his children they will kill the snakes that crawl in their cradles. Let us be honest and free.

And now, coming to the second gentleman. He is a Protestant. The Catholic Church says: "Don't think; pay your fare; this is a through ticket, and we will look out for your baggage." The Protestant Church says: "Read that Bible for yourselves; think for yourselves; but if you do not come to a right conclusion you will be eternally damned." Any sensible man will say, "Then I won't read it—I'll believe it without reading it." And that is the only way you can be sure you will believe it; don't read it.

Governor Woodford says that we are responsible for our thoughts. Why? Could you help thinking as you did on this subject? No, Could you help believing the Bible? I suppose not. Could you help believing that story of Jonah? Certainly not—it looks reasonable in Brooklyn.

I stated that thought was the result of the impressions of nature upon the mind through the medium of the senses. He says you cannot have thought without memory. How did you get the first one?

Of course I intended to be understood—and the language is clear—that there could be no thought except through the impressions made upon the brain by nature through the avenues called the senses. Take away the senses, how would you think then? If you thought at all, I think you would agree with Mr. Coudert.

Now, I admit—so we need never have a contradiction about it—I admit that every human being is responsible to the person he injures. If he injures any man, woman, or child, or any dog, or the lowest animal that crawls, he is responsible to that animal, to that being—in other words, he is responsible to any being that he has injured.

But you cannot injure an infinite Being, if there be one. I will tell you why. You cannot help him, and you cannot hurt him. If there be an infinite Being, he is conditionless—he does not want anything—he has it. You cannot help anybody that does not want something—you cannot help him. You cannot hurt anybody unless he is a conditioned being and you change his condition so as to inflict a harm. But if God be conditionless, you cannot hurt him, and you cannot help him. So do not trouble yourselves about the Infinite. All our duties lie within reach—all our duties are right here; and my religion is simply this:

First. Give to every other human being every right that you claim for yourself.

Second. If you tell your thought at all, tell your honest thought. Do not be a parrot—do not be an instrumentality for an organization. Tell your own thought, honor bright, what you think.

My next idea is, that the only possible good in the universe is happiness. The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to try and make somebody else so.

My good friend General Woodford—and he is a good man telling the best he knows—says that I will be accountable at the bar up yonder. I am ready to settle that account now, and expect to be, every moment of my life—and when that settlement comes, if it does come, I do not believe that a solitary being can rise and say that I ever injured him or her.

But no matter what they say. Let me tell you a story, how we will settle if we do get there.

You remember the story told about the Mexican who believed that his country was the only one in the world, and said so. The priest told him that there was another country where a man lived who was eleven or twelve feet high, that made the whole world, and if he denied it, when that man got hold of him he would not leave a whole bone in his body. But he denied it. He was one of those men who would not believe further than his vision extended.

So one day in his boat, he was rocking away when the wind suddenly arose and he was blown out of sight of his home. After several days he was blown so far that he saw the shores of another country. Then he said, “My Lord; I am gone! I have been swearing all my life that there was no other country, and here it is!” So he did his best—paddled with what little strength he had left, reached the shore, and got out of his boat. Sure enough, there came down a man to meet him about twelve feet high. The poor little wretch was frightened almost to death, so he said to the tall man as he saw him coming down: “Mister, whoever you are, I denied your existence—I did not believe you lived; I swore there was no such country as this; but I see I was mistaken, and I am gone. You are going to kill me, and the quicker you do it the better and get me out of my misery. Do it now!”

The great man just looked at the little fellow, and said nothing, till he asked, “What are you going to do with me, because over in that other country I denied your existence?” “What am I going to do with you?” said the supposed God. “Now that you have got here, if you behave yourself I am going to treat you well.”

A Christmas Sermon

** This is the famous Christmas Sermon written by Colonel Ingersoll and printed in the Evening Telegram, on December 19,1891.*

I.

THE good part of Christmas is not always Christian—it is generally Pagan; that is to say, human, natural.

Christianity did not come with tidings of great joy, but with a message of eternal grief. It came with the threat of everlasting torture on its lips. It meant war on earth and perdition hereafter.

It taught some good things—the beauty of love and kindness in man. But as a torch-bearer, as a bringer of joy, it has been a failure. It has given infinite consequences to the acts of finite beings, crushing the soul with a responsibility too great for mortals to bear. It has filled the future with fear and flame, and made God the keeper of an eternal penitentiary, destined to be the home of nearly all the sons of men. Not satisfied with that, it has deprived God of the pardoning power.

In answer to this “Christmas Sermon” the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, the recognized organ of the Methodist Church, wrote an article, calling upon the public to boycott the Evening Telegram for publishing such a “sermon.”

This attack was headed “Lies That Are Mountainous.” The Telegram promptly accepted the issue raised by Dr. Buckley and dared him to do his utmost. On the very same day it published an answer from Colonel Ingersoll that echoed throughout America.’

And yet it may have done some good by borrowing from the Pagan world the old festival called Christmas.

Long before Christ was born the Sun-God triumphed over the powers of Darkness. About the time that we call Christmas the days begin perceptibly to lengthen. Our barbarian ancestors were worshipers of the sun, and they celebrated his victory over the hosts of night. Such a festival was natural and beautiful. The most natural of all religions is the worship of the sun. Christianity adopted this festival. It borrowed from the Pagans the best it has.

I believe in Christmas and in every day that has been set apart for joy. We in America have too much work and not enough play. We are too much like the English.

I think it was Heinrich Heine who said that he thought a blaspheming Frenchman was a more pleasing object to God than a praying Englishman. We take our joys too sadly. I am in favor of all the good free days—the more the better.

Christmas is a good day to forgive and forget—a good day to throw away prejudices and hatreds—a good day to fill your heart and your house, and the hearts and houses of others, with sunshine.

R. G Ingersoll.

COL. INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO Dr. BUCKLEY.

II.

WHENEVER an orthodox editor attacks an unbeliever, look out for kindness, charity and love.

The gentle editor of the *Christian Advocate* charges me with having written three "gigantic falsehoods," and he points them out as follows: *First*—"Christianity did not come with tidings of great joy? but with a message of eternal grief."

Second—"It [Christianity] has filled the future with fear and flame, and made God the keeper of an eternal penitentiary, destined to be the home of nearly all the sons of men."

Third—"Not satisfied with that, it [Christianity] has deprived God of the pardoning power."

Now, let us take up these "gigantic falsehoods" in their order and see whether they are in accord with the New Testament or not—whether they are supported by the creed of the Methodist Church.

I insist that Christianity did not come with tidings of great joy, but with a message of eternal grief.

According to the orthodox creeds, Christianity came with the tidings that the human race was totally depraved, and that all men were in a lost condition, and that all who rejected or failed to believe the new religion, would be tormented in eternal fire.

These were not "tidings of great joy."

If the passengers on some great ship were told that the ship was to be wrecked, that a few would be saved and that nearly all would go to the bottom, would they talk about "tidings of great joy"? It is to be presumed that Christ knew what his mission was, and what he came for. He says: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother." In my judgment, these are not "tidings of great joy."

Now, as to the message of eternal grief:

"Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous [meaning the Methodists] into life eternal."

"He that believeth not shall be damned."

“He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.”

“Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.”

“And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.”

Knowing, as we do, that but few people have been believers, that during the last eighteen hundred years not one in a hundred has died in the faith, and that consequently nearly all the dead are in hell, it can truthfully be said that Christianity came with a message of eternal grief.

Now, as to the second “gigantic falsehood,” to the effect that Christianity filled the future with fear and flame, and made God the keeper of an eternal penitentiary, destined to be the home of nearly all the sons of men.

In the Old Testament there is nothing about punishment in some other world, nothing about the flames and torments of hell. When Jehovah killed one of his enemies he was satisfied. His revenge was glutted when the victim was dead. The Old Testament gave the future to sleep and oblivion. But in the New Testament we are told that the punishment in another world is everlasting, and that “the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.”

This awful doctrine, these frightful texts, filled the future with fear and flame. Building on these passages, the orthodox churches have constructed a penitentiary, in which nearly all the sons of men are to be imprisoned and tormented forever, and of this prison God is the keeper. The doors are opened only to receive.

The doctrine of eternal punishment is the infamy of infamies. As I have often said, the man who believes in eternal torment, in the justice of endless pain, is suffering from at least two diseases—petrifaction of the heart and putrefaction of the brain.

The next question is whether Christianity has deprived God of the pardoning power.

The Methodist Church and every orthodox church teaches that this life is a period of probation; that there is no chance given for reformation after death; that God gives no opportunity to repent in another world.

This is the doctrine of the Christian world. If this dogma be true, then God will never release a soul from hell—the pardoning power will never be exercised.

How happy God will be and how happy all the saved will be, knowing that billions and billions of his children, of their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and children are convicts in the eternal dungeons, and that the words of pardon will never be spoken!

Yet this is in accordance with the promise contained in the New Testament, of happiness here and eternal joy hereafter, to those who would desert brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children.

It seems to me clear that Christianity did not bring “tidings of great joy,” but that it came with a “message of eternal grief”—that it did “fill the future with fear and

flame," that it did make God "the keeper of an eternal penitentiary," that the penitentiary "was destined to be the home of nearly all the sons of men," and that "it deprived God of the pardoning power."

Of course you can find passages full of peace, in the Bible, others of war—some filled with mercy, and others cruel as the fangs of a wild beast.

According to the Methodists, God has an eternal prison—an everlasting Siberia. There is to be an eternity of grief, of agony and shame.

What do I think of what the Doctor says about the *Telegram* for having published my Christmas sermon?

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* has no idea of what intellectual liberty means. He ought to know that a man should not be insulted because another man disagrees with him.

What right has Dr. Buckley to disagree with Cardinal Gibbons, and what right has Cardinal Gibbons to disagree with Dr. Buckley? The same right that I have to disagree with them both.

I do not warn people against reading Catholic or Methodist papers or books. But I do tell them to investigate for themselves—to stand by what they believe to be true, to deny the false, and, above all things, to preserve their mental manhood. The good Doctor wants the *Telegram* destroyed—wants all religious people to unite for the purpose of punishing the *Telegram*—because it published something with which the reverend Doctor does not agree, or rather that does not agree with the Doctor.

It is too late. That day has faded in the West of the past. The doctor of theology has lost his power. Theological thunder has lost its lightning—it is nothing now but noise, pleasing those who make it and amusing those who hear.

The *Telegram* has nothing to fear. It is, in the highest sense, a newspaper—wide-awake, alive, always on time, good to its friends, fair with its enemies, and true to the public.

What have I to say to the Doctor's personal abuse?

Nothing. A man may call me a devil, or the devil, or he may say that I am incapable of telling the truth, or that I tell lies, and yet all this proves nothing. My arguments remain unanswered.

I cannot afford to call Dr. Buckley names, I have good mental manners. The cause I represent (in part) is too great, too sacred, to be stained by an ignorant or a malicious personality.

I know that men do as they must with the light they have, and so I say—More light!

III.

THE Rev. James M. King—who seems to have taken this occasion to become known—finds fault because "blasphemous utterances concerning Christmas" were

published in the *Telegram*, and were allowed "to greet the eyes of innocent children and pure women."

How is it possible to blaspheme a day? One day is not, in and of itself, holier than another—that is to say, two equal spaces of time are substantially alike. We call a day "good" or "bad" according to what happens in the day. A day filled with happiness, with kind words, with noble deeds, is a good day. A day filled with misfortunes and anger and misery we call a bad day. But how is it possible to blaspheme a day?

A man may or may not believe that Christ was born on the 2 5th of December, and yet he may fill that day, so far as he is concerned, with good thoughts and words and deeds. Another may really believe that Christ was born on that day, and yet do his worst to make all his friends unhappy. But how can the rights of what are called "clean families" be violated by reading the honest opinions of others as to whether Christmas is kept in honor of the birth of Christ, or in honor of the triumph of the sun over the hosts of darkness? Are Christian families so weak intellectually that they cannot bear to hear the other side? Or is their case so weak that the slightest evidence overthrows it? Why do all these ministers insist that it is ill-bred to even raise a question as to the truth of the improbable, or as to the improbability of the impossible?

A minister says to me that I am going to hell—that I am bound to be punished forever and ever—and thereupon I say to him: "There is no hell you are mistaken; your Bible is not inspired; no human being is to suffer agony forever;" and thereupon, with an injured look, he asks me this question: "Why do you hurt my feelings?" It does not occur to him that I have the slightest right to object to his sentence of eternal grief.

Does the gentleman imagine that true men and pure women cannot differ with him? There are many thousands of people who love and honor the memory of Jesus Christ, who yet have not the slightest belief in his divine origin, and who do not for one moment imagine that he was other than a good and heroic man. And there are thousands of people who admire the character of Jesus Christ who do not believe that he ever existed—who admire the character of Christ as they admire Imogen, or Per-dita, not believing that any of the characters mentioned actually lived.

And it may be well enough here to state that no human being hates any really good man or good woman—that is, no human being hates a man known to be good—a woman known to be pure and good. No human being hates a lovable character.

It is perfectly easy for any one with the slightest imagination to understand how other people differ from him. I do not attribute a bad motive to a man simply because he disagrees with me. I do not say that a man is a Christian or a Mohammedan "for revenue only." I do not say that a man joins the Democratic party simply for office, or that he marches with the Republicans simply for position. I am willing to hear his reasons—with his motives I have nothing to do.

Mr. King imagines that I have denounced Christianity "for revenue only." Is he willing to admit that we have drifted so far from orthodox religion that the way to make money is to denounce Christianity? I can hardly believe, for joy, that liberty of thought has advanced so far. I regret exceedingly that there is not an absolute

foundation for his remark. I am indeed sorry that it is possible in this world of ours for any human being to make a living out of the ignorance and fear of his fellow-men. Still, it gives me great hope for the future to read, even in this ignorant present, that there is one man, and that man myself, who advocates human liberty—the absolute enfranchisement of the soul—and does it "for revenue"—because this charge is such a splendid compliment to my fellow-men.

Possibly the remark of the Rev. Mr. King will be gratifying to the *Telegram* and will satisfy that brave and progressive sheet that it is in harmony with the intelligence of the age.

My opinion is that the *Telegram* will receive the praise of enlightened and generous people.

Personally I judge a man not so much by his theories as by his practice, and I would much rather meet on the desert—were I about to perish for want of water—a Mohammedan who would give me a drink than a Christian who would not; because, after all is said and done, we are compelled to judge people by their actions.

I do not know what takes place in the invisible world called the brain, inhabited by the invisible something we call the mind. All that takes place there is invisible and soundless. This mind, hidden in this brain, masked by flesh, remains forever unseen, and the only evidence we can possibly have as to what occurs in that world, we obtain from the actions of the man, of the woman. By these actions we judge of the character, of the soul. So I make up my mind as to whether a man is good or bad, not by his theories, but by his actions.

Under no circumstances can the expression of an honest opinion, couched in becoming language, amount to blasphemy. And right here it may be well enough to inquire: What is blasphemy?

A man who knowingly assaults the true, who knowingly endeavors to stain the pure, who knowingly maligns the good and noble, is a blasphemer. A man who deserts the truth because it is unpopular is a blasphemer. He who runs with the hounds knowing that the hare is in the right is a blasphemer.

In the soul of every man, or in the temple inhabited by the soul, there is one niche in which can be found the statue of the ideal. In the presence of this statue the good man worships—the bad man blasphemes—that is to say, he is not true to the ideal.

A man who slanders a pure woman or an honest man is a blasphemer. So, too, a man who does not give the honest transcript of his mind is a blasphemer. If a man really thinks the character of Jehovah, as portrayed in the Old Testament, is good, and he denounces Jehovah as bad, he is a blasphemer. If he really believes that the character of Jehovah, as portrayed in the Old Testament, is bad, and he pronounces it good, he is a blasphemer and a coward.

All laws against "blasphemy" have been passed by the numerically strong and intellectually weak. These laws have been passed by those who, finding no help in logic, appealed to the legislature.

Back of all these superstitions you will find some self-interest. I do not say that this is true in every case, but I do say that if priests had not been fond of mutton, lambs never would have been sacrificed to God. Nothing was ever carried to the temple that the priest could not use, and it always so happened that God wanted what his agents liked.

Now, I will not say that all priests have been priests "for revenue only," but I must say that the history of the world tends to show that the sacerdotal class prefer revenue without religion to religion without revenue.

I am much obliged to the Rev. Mr. King for admitting that an infidel has a right to publish his views at his own expense, and with the utmost cheerfulness I accord that right to a Christian. The only thing I have ever objected to is the publication of his views at the expense of others.

I cannot admit, however, that the ideas contained in what is known as the Christmas Sermon are "revolting to a vast majority of the people who give character to the community in which we live." I suppose that a very large majority of men and women who disagree with me are perfectly satisfied that I have the right to disagree with them, and that I do not disagree with them to any greater degree than they disagree with me. And I also imagine that a very large majority of intelligent people are perfectly willing to hear the other side.

I do not regard religious opinions or political opinions as exotics that have to be kept under glass, protected from the frosts of common sense or the tyrannous north wind of logic. Such plants are hardly worth preserving. They certainly ought to be hardy enough to stand the climate of free discussion, and if they cannot, the sooner they die the better.

I do not think there was anything blasphemous or impure in the words published by, the *Telegram*. The most that can possibly be said against them, calculated to excite the prejudice of Christians, is that they were true—that they cannot be answered except by abuse.

It is not possible, in this day and generation, to stay the rising flood of intellectual freedom by keeping the names of thinkers out of print. The church has had the field for eighteen hundred years. For most of this time it has held the sword and purse of the world. For many centuries it controlled colleges and universities and schools. It had within its gift wealth and honor. It held the keys, so far as this world is concerned, of heaven and hell—that is to say, of prosperity and misfortune. It pursued its enemies even to the grave. It reddened the scaffold with the best blood, and kept the sword of persecution wet for many centuries. Thousands and thousands have died in its dungeons. Millions of reputations have been blasted by its slanders. It has made millions of widows and orphans, and it has not only ruled this world, but it has pretended to hold the keys of eternity, and under this pretence it has sentenced countless millions to eternal flames.

At last the spirit of independence rose against its monstrous assumptions. It has been growing some-what weaker. It has been for many years gradually losing its power. The sword of the state belongs now to the people. The partnership between altar and

throne has in many countries been dissolved. The adulterous marriage of church and state has ceased to exist. Men are beginning to express their honest thoughts. In the arena where speech is free, superstition is driven to the wall. Man relies more and more on the facts in nature, and the real priest is the interpreter of nature. The pulpit is losing its power. In a little while religion will take its place with astrology, with the black art, and its ministers will take rank with magicians and sleight-of-hand performers.

With regard to the letter of the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., I have but little to say.

I am glad that he believes in a free platform and a free press—that he, like Lucretia Mott, believes in "truth for authority, and not authority for truth." At the same time I do not see how the fact that I am not a scientist has the slightest bearing upon the question; but if there is any fact that I have avoided or misstated, then I wish that fact to be pointed out. I admit also, that I am a "sentimentalist"—that is, that I am governed, to a certain extent, by sentiment—that my mind is so that cruelty is revolting and that mercy excites my love and admiration. I admit that I am so much of "a sentimentalist" that I have no love for the Jehovah of the Old Testament, and that it is impossible for me to believe a creed that fills the prison house of hell with countless billions of men, women and children.

I am also glad that the reverend gentleman admits that I have "stabbed to the heart hundreds of superstitions and lies," and I hope to stab many, many more, and if I succeed in stabbing all lies to the heart there will be no foundation left for what I called "orthodox" Christianity—but goodness will survive, justice will live, and the flower of mercy will shed its perfume forever.

When we take into consideration the fact that the Rev. Mr. Dixon is a minister and believes that he is called upon to deliver to the people a divine message, I do not wonder that he makes the following assertion: "If God could choose Balaam's ass to speak a divine message, I do not see why he could not utilize the Colonel." It is natural for a man to justify himself and to defend his own occupation. Mr. Dixon, however, will remember that the ass was much superior to the prophet of God, and that the argument was all on the side of the ass. And, furthermore, that the spiritual discernment of the ass far exceeded that of the prophet. It was the ass who saw the angel when the prophet's eye was dim. I suggest to the Rev. Mr. Dixon that he read the account once more, and he will find:—

First, that the ass *first* saw the angel of the Lord; *second*, that the prophet Balaam was cruel, unreasonable, and brutal; *third*, that the prophet so lost his temper that he wanted to kill the innocent ass, and the ass, not losing her temper, reasoned with the prophet and demonstrated not only her intellectual but her moral superiority. In addition to all this the angel of the Lord had to open the eyes of the prophet—in other words, had to work a miracle—in order to make the prophet equal to the ass, and not only so, but rebuked him for his cruelty. And this same angel admitted that without any miracle whatever the ass saw him—the angel—showing that the spiritual discernment of the ass in those days was far superior to that of the prophet.

I regret that the Rev. Mr. King loses his temper and that the Rev. Mr. Dixon is not quite polite.

All of us should remember that passion clouds the judgment, and that he who seeks for victory loses sight of the cause.

And there is another thing: He who has absolute confidence in the justice of his position can afford to be good-natured. Strength is the foundation of kindness; weakness is often malignant, and when argument fails passion comes to the rescue.

Let us be good-natured. Let us have respect for the rights of each other.

The course pursued by the *Telegram* is worthy of all praise. It has not only been just to both sides, but it has been—as is its custom—true to the public.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

INGERSOLL AGAIN ANSWERS HIS CRITICS. IV.

To the Editor of the Evening Telegram :

SOME of the gentlemen who have given their ideas through the columns of the *Telegram* have wandered from the questions under discussion. It may be well enough to state what is really in dispute.

I was called to account for having stated that Christianity did not bring "tidings of great joy," but a message of eternal grief—that it filled the future with fear and flame—made God the keeper of an eternal penitentiary, in which most of the children of men were to be imprisoned forever, and that, not satisfied with that, it had deprived God of the pardoning power.

These statements were called "mountainous lies" by the Rev. Dr. Buckley, and because the *Telegram* had published the "Christmas Sermon" containing these statements, he insisted that such a paper should not be allowed in the families of Christians or of Jews—in other words, that the *Telegram* should be punished, and that good people should refuse to allow that sheet to come into their homes.

It will probably be admitted by all fair-minded people that if the orthodox creeds be true, then Christianity was and is the bearer of a message of eternal grief, and a large majority of the human race are to become eternal convicts, and God has deprived himself of the pardoning power. According to those creeds, no word of mercy to any of the lost can ever fall from the lips of the Infinite.

The Universalists deny that such was or is the real message of Christianity. They insist that all are finally to be saved. If that doctrine be true, then I admit that Christianity came with "tidings of great joy."

Personally I have no quarrel with the Univer-salist Church. I have no quarrel with any creed that expresses hope for all of the human race. I find fault with no one for filling the future with joy—for dreaming splendid dreams and for uttering splendid prophecies. I do not object to Christianity because it promises heaven to a few, but because it threatens the many with perdition.

It does not seem possible to me that a God who loved men to that degree that he died that they might be saved, abandons his children the moment they are dead. It seems

to me that an infinite God might do something for a soul after it has reached the other world.

Is it possible that infinite wisdom can do no more than is done for a majority of souls in this world?

Think of the millions born in ignorance and filth, raised in poverty and crime. Think of the millions who are only partially developed in this world. Think of the weakness of the will, of the power of passion. Think of the temptations innumerable. Think, too, of the tyranny of man, of the arrogance of wealth and position, of the sufferings of the weak—and can we then say that an infinite God has done, in this world, all that could be done for the salvation of his children? Is it not barely possible that something may be done in another world? Is there nothing left for God to do for a poor, ignorant, criminal human soul after it leaves this world? Can God do nothing except to pronounce the sentence of eternal pain?

I insist that if the orthodox creed be true, Christianity did not come with "tidings of great joy," but that its message was and is one of eternal grief.

If the orthodox creed be true, the universe is a vast blunder—an infinite crime. Better, a thousand times, that every pulse of life should cease—better that all the gods should fall palsied from their thrones, than that the creed of Christendom should be true.

There is another question and that involves the freedom of the press.

The *Telegram* has acted with the utmost fairness and with the highest courage. After all, the American people admire the man who takes his stand and bravely meets all comers. To be an instrumentality of progress, the press must be free. Only the free can carry a torch. Liberty sheds light.

The editor or manager of a newspaper occupies a public position, and he must not treat his patrons as though they were weak and ignorant children. He must not, in the supposed interest of any ism, suppress the truth—neither must he be dictated to by any church or any society of believers or unbelievers. The *Telegram*, by its course, has given a certificate of its manliness, and the public, by its course, has certified that it appreciates true courage.

All Christians should remember that facts are not sectarian, and that the sciences are not bound by the creeds. We should remember that there are no such things as Methodist mathematics, or Baptist botany, or Catholic chemistry. The sciences are secular. .

The Rev. Mr. Peters seems to have mistaken the issues—and yet, in some things, I agree with him. He is certainly right when he says that "Mr. Buckley's cry to boycott the Telegram is unmanly and un-American," but I am not certain that he is right when he says that it is un-Christian.

The church has not been in the habit of pursuing enemies with kind words and charitable deeds. To tell the truth, it has always been rather relentless. It has preached forgiveness, but it has never forgiven. There is in the history of

Christendom no instance where the church has extended the hand of friendship to a man who denied the truth of its creed.

There is in the church no spirit—no climate—of compromise. In the nature of things there can be none, because the church claims that it is absolutely right—that there is only one road leading to heaven. It demands unconditional surrender. It will not bear contradiction. It claims to have the absolute truth. For these reasons it cannot consistently compromise, any more than a mathematician could change the multiplication table to meet the view of some one who should deny that five times five are twenty-five.

The church does not give its opinion—it claims to know—it demands belief. Honesty, industry, generosity count for nothing in the absence of belief. It has taught and still teaches that no man can reach heaven simply through good and honest deeds. It believes and teaches that the man who relies upon himself will be eternally punished—and why should the church forgive a man whom it thinks its God is waiting somewhat impatiently to damn?

The Rev. Mr. Peters asks—and probably honestly thinks that the questions are pertinent to the issues involved—"What has infidelity done for the world? What colleges, hospitals, and schools has it founded? What has it done for the elevation of public morals?" And he inquires what science or art has been originated by infidelity. He asks how many slaves it has liberated, how many inebriates it has reclaimed, how many fallen women it has restored, and what it did for the relief of the wounded and dying soldiers; and concludes by asking what life it ever assisted to higher holiness, and what death it has ever cheered.

Although these questions have nothing whatever to do with the matters under discussion, still it may be well enough to answer them.

It is cheerfully admitted that hospitals and asylums have been built by Christians in Christian countries, and it is also admitted that hospitals and asylums have been built in countries not Christian; that there were such institutions in China thousands of years before Christ was born, and that many centuries before the establishment of any orthodox church there were asylums on the banks of the Nile—asylums for the old, the poor, the infirm—asylums for the blind and for the insane, and that the Egyptians, even of those days, endeavored to cure insanity with kindness and affection. The same is true of India and probably of most ancient nations.

There has always been more or less humanity in man—more or less goodness in the human heart. So far as we know, mothers have always loved their children. There must always have been more good than evil, otherwise the human race would have perished. The best things in the Christian religion came from the heart of man. Pagan lips uttered the sublimest of truths, and all ages have been redeemed by honesty, heroism, and love.

But let me answer these questions in their order.

First—As to the schools.

It is most cheerfully admitted that the Catholics have always been in favor of education—that is to say, of education enough to make a Catholic out of a heathen. It is also admitted that Protestants have always been in favor of enough education to make a Protestant out of a Catholic. Many schools and many colleges have been established for the spread of what is called the Gospel and for the education of the clergy. Presbyterians have founded schools for the benefit of their creed. The Methodists have established colleges for the purpose of making Methodists. The same is true of nearly all the sects. As a matter of fact, these schools have in many important directions hindered rather than helped the cause of real education. The pupils were not taught to investigate for themselves. They were not allowed to think. They were told that thought is dangerous. They were stuffed and crammed with creeds—with the ideas of others. Their credulity was applauded and their curiosity condemned. If all the people had been educated in these sectarian schools, all the people would have been far more ignorant than they are. These schools have been, and most of them still are, the enemies of higher education, and just to the extent that they are under the control of theologians they are hindrances, and just to the extent that they have become secularized they have been and are a benefit.

Our public-school system is not Christian. It is secular. Yet I admit that it never could have been established without the assistance of Christians—neither could it have been supported without the assistance of others. But such is the value placed upon education that people of nearly all denominations, and of nearly all religions, and of nearly all opinions, for the most part agree that the children of a nation should be educated by the nation. Some religious people are opposed to these schools because they are not religious—because they do not teach some creed—but a large majority of the people stand by the public schools as they are. These schools are growing better and better, simply because they are growing less and less theological, more and more secular.

Infidelity, or agnosticism, or free thought, has insisted that only that should be taught in schools which somebody knows or has good reason to believe.

The greatest professors in our colleges to-day are those who have the least confidence in the supernatural, and the schools that stand highest in the estimation of the most intelligent are those that have drifted farthest from the orthodox creeds. Free thought has always been and ever must be the friend of education. Without free thought there can be no such thing—in the highest sense—as a school. Unless the mind is free, there are no teachers and there are no pupils, in any just and splendid sense.

The church has been and still is the enemy of education, because it has been in favor of intellectual slavery, and the theological schools have been what might be called the deformatories of the human mind.

For instance: A man is graduated from an orthodox university. In this university he has studied astronomy, and yet he believes that Joshua stopped the sun. He has studied geology, and yet he asserts the truth of the Mosaic cosmogony. He has studied chemistry, and yet believes that water was turned into wine. He has been taught the ordinary theory of cause and effect, and at the same time he thoroughly

believes in the miraculous multiplication of loaves and fishes. Can such an institution, with any propriety, be called a seat of learning? Can we not say of such a university what Bruno said of Oxford: “Learning is dead and Oxford is its widow.”

Year after year the religious colleges are improving—simply because they are becoming more and more secular, less and less theological. Whether infidelity has founded universities or not, it can truthfully be said that the spirit of investigation, the spirit of free thought, the attitude of mental independence, contended for by those who are called infidels, have made schools useful instead of hurtful.

Can it be shown that any infidel has ever raised his voice against education? Can there be found in the literature of free thought one line against the enlightenment of the human race? Has free thought ever endeavored to hide or distort, a fact? Has it not always appealed to the senses—to demonstration? It has not said, “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,” but it has said, “He that hath brains to think, let him think.”

The object of a school should be to ascertain truth in every direction, to the end that man may know the conditions of happiness—and every school should be absolutely free. No teacher should be bound by anything except a perceived fact. He should not be the slave of a creed, engaged in the business of enslaving others.

So much for schools.

Second—As to public morals.

Christianity teaches that all offences can be forgiven. Every church unconsciously allows people to commit crimes on a credit. I do not mean by this that any church consciously advocates immorality. I most cheerfully admit that thousands and thousands of ministers are endeavoring to do good—that they are pure, self-denying men, trying to make this world better. But there is a frightful defect in their philosophy. They say to the bank cashier: You must not steal, you must not take a dollar—larceny is wrong, it is contrary to all law, human and divine—but if you do steal every cent in the bank, God will as gladly, quickly forgive you in Canada as he will in the United States. On the other hand, what is called infidelity says: There is no being in the universe who rewards, and there is no being who punishes—every act has its consequences. If the act is good, the consequences are good; if the act is bad, the consequences are bad; and these consequences must be borne by the actor. It says to every human being: You must reap what you sow. There is no reward, there is no punishment, but there are consequences, and these consequences are the invisible and implacable police of nature. They cannot be avoided. They cannot be bribed. No power can awe them, and there is not gold enough in the world to make them pause. Even a God cannot induce them to release for one instant their victim.

This great truth is, in my judgment, the gospel of morality. If all men knew that they must inevitably bear the consequences of their own actions—if they absolutely knew that they could not injure another without injuring themselves, the world, in my judgment, would be far better than it is.

Free thought has attacked the morality of what is called the atonement. The innocent should not suffer for the guilty, and if the innocent does suffer for the guilty, that

cannot by any possibility justify the guilty. The reason a thing is wrong is because it, in some way, causes the innocent to suffer. This being the very essence of wrong, how can the suffering of innocence justify the guilty? If there be a world of joy, he who is worthy to enter that world must be willing to carry his own burdens in this.

So much for morality.

Third—As to sciences and art.

I do not believe that we are indebted to Christianity for any science. I do not remember that one science is mentioned in the New Testament. There is not one word, so far as I remember, about education—nothing about any science, nothing about art. The writers of the New Testament seem to have thought that the world was about coming to an end. This world was to be sacrificed absolutely to the next. The affairs of this life were not worth speaking of. All people were exhorted to prepare at once for the other life.

The sciences have advanced in the proportion that they did not interfere with orthodox theology. To the extent that they were supposed to interfere with theology they have been obstructed and denounced. Astronomy was found to be inconsistent with the Scriptures, and the astronomers were imprisoned and despised. Geology contradicted the Mosaic account, and the geologists were denounced and persecuted. Every step taken in astronomy was taken in spite of the church, and every fact in geology had to fight its way. The same is true as to the science of medicine. The church wished to cure disease by necromancy, by charm and prayer, and with the bones of the saints. The church wished man to rely entirely upon God—that is to say, upon the church—and not upon himself. The physician interfered with the power and prosperity of the priest, and those who appealed to physicians were denounced as lacking faith in God. This state of things existed even in the Old Testament times. A king failed to send for the prophets, but sent for a physician, and then comes this piece of grim humor: “And Asa slept with his fathers.”

The great names in science are not those of recognized saints.

Bruno—one of the greatest and bravest of men—greatest of all martyrs—perished at the stake, because he insisted on the existence of other worlds and taught the astronomy of Galileo.

Humboldt—in some respects the wisest man known to the scientific world—denied the existence of the supernatural and “the truths of revealed religion,” and yet he revolutionized the thought of his day and left a legacy of intellectual glory to the race.

Darwin—greatest of scientists—so great that our time will probably be known as “Darwin’s Century”—had not the slightest confidence in any possible phase of the so-called supernatural. This great man left the creed of Christendom without a foundation. He brought as witnesses against the inspiration of the Scriptures such a multitude of facts, such an overwhelming amount of testimony, that it seems impossible to me that any unprejudiced man can, after hearing the testimony, remain a believer in evangelical religion. He accomplished more than all the schools, colleges, and universities that Christianity has founded. He revolutionized the philosophy of the civilized world.

The writers who have done most for science have been the most bitterly opposed by the church. There is hardly a valuable book in the libraries of the world that cannot be found on the "Index Expurgatorius." Kant and Fichte and Spinoza were far above and beyond the orthodox-world. Voltaire did more for freedom than any other man, and yet the church denounced him with a fury amounting to insanity—called him an atheist, although he believed not only in God, but in special providence. He was opposed to the church—that is to say, opposed to slavery, and for that reason he was despised.

And what shall I say of D'Holbach, of Hume, of Buckle, of Draper, of Haeckel, of Büchner, of Tyndall and Huxley, of Auguste Comte, and hundreds and thousands of others who have filled the scientific world with light and the heart of man with love and kindness?

It may be well enough, in regard to art, to say that Christianity is indebted to Greece and Rome for its highest conceptions, and it may be well to add that for many centuries Christianity did the best it could to destroy the priceless marbles of Greece and Rome. A few were buried, and in that way were saved from Christian fury.

The same is true of the literature of the classic world. A few fragments were rescued, and these became the seeds of modern literature. A few statues were preserved, and they are to-day models for all the world.

Of course it will be admitted that there is much art in Christian lands, because, in spite of the creeds, Christians, so-called, have turned their attention to this world. They have beautified their homes, they have endeavored to clothe themselves in purple and fine linen. They have been forced from banquets or from luxury by the difficulty of camels going through the eyes of needles or the impossibility of carrying water to the rich man. They have cultivated this world, and the arts have lived. Did they obey the precepts that they find in their sacred writings there would be no art, they would "take no thought for the morrow," they would "consider the lilies of the field."

Fourth—As to the liberation of slaves.

It was exceedingly unfortunate for the Rev. Mr. Peters that he spoke of slavery. The Bible upholds human slavery—white slavery. The Bible was quoted by all slaveholders and slave-traders. The man who went to Africa to steal women and children took the Bible with him. He planted himself firmly on the Word of God. As Whittier says of Whitefield:

"He bade the slave ship speed from coast to coast,
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost."

So when the poor wretches were sold to the planters, the planters defended their action by reading the Bible. When a poor woman was sold, her children torn from her breast, the auction block on which she stood was the Bible; the auctioneer who sold her quoted the Scriptures; the man who bought her repeated the quotations, and the ministers from the pulpit said to the weeping woman, as her child was carried away: "Servants, be obedient unto your masters."

Freethinkers in all ages have been opposed to slavery. Thomas Paine did more for human liberty than any other man who ever stood upon the western world. The first article he ever wrote in this country was one against the institution of slavery. Freethinkers have also been in favor of free bodies. Freethinkers have always said "free hands," and the infidels, the wide world over, have been friends of freedom.

Fifth—As to the reclamation of inebriates.

Much has been said, and for many years, on the subject of temperance—much has been uttered by priests and laymen—and yet there seems to be a subtle relation between rum and religion. Scotland is extremely orthodox, yet it is not extremely temperate. England is nothing if not religious, and London is, par excellence, the Christian city of the world, and yet it is the most intemperate. The Mohammedans—followers of a false prophet—do not drink.

Sixth—As to the humanity of infidelity.

Can it be said that people have cared for the wounded and dying only because they were orthodox?

Is it not true that religion, in its efforts to propagate the creed of forgiveness by the sword, has caused the death of more than one hundred and fifty millions of human beings? Is it not true that where the church has cared for one orphan it has created hundreds? Can Christianity afford to speak of war?

The Christian nations of the world to-day are armed against each other. In Europe, all that can be gathered by taxation—all that can be borrowed by pledging the prosperity of the future—the labor of those yet unborn—is used for the purpose of keeping Christians in the field, to the end that they may destroy other Christians, or at least prevent other Christians from destroying them. Europe is covered with churches and fortifications, with temples and with forts—hundreds of thousands of priests, millions of soldiers, countless Bibles and countless bayonets—and that whole country is oppressed and impoverished for the purpose of carrying on war. The people have become deformed by labor, and yet Christianity boasts of peace.

Seventh—"And what death has infidelity ever cheered?"

Is it possible for the orthodox Christian to cheer the dying when the dying is told that there is a world of eternal pain, and that he, unless he has been forgiven, is to be an eternal convict? Will it cheer him to know that, even if he is to be saved, countless millions are to be lost? Is it possible for the Christian religion to put a smile upon the face of death?

On the other hand, what is called infidelity says to the dying: What happens to you will happen to all. If there be another world of joy, it is for all. If there is another life, every human being will have the eternal opportunity of doing right—the eternal opportunity to live, to reform, to enjoy. There is no monster in the sky. There is no Moloch who delights in the agony of his children. These frightful things are savage dreams.

Infidelity puts out the fires of hell with the tears of pity.

Infidelity puts the seven-hued arch of Hope over every grave.

Let us then, gentlemen, come back to the real questions under discussion. Let us not wander away.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Jan'y 9, 1891.

INGERSOLL CONTINUES THE BATTLE. V.

NO one objects to the morality of Christianity.

The industrious people of the world—those who have anything—are, as a rule, opposed to larceny; a very large majority of people object to being murdered, and so we have laws against larceny and murder. A large majority of people believe in what they call, or what they understand to be, justice—at least as between others. There is no very great difference of opinion among civilized people as to what is or is not moral.

It cannot truthfully be said that the man who attacks Buddhism attacks all morality. He does not attack goodness, justice, mercy, or anything that tends in his judgment to the welfare of mankind; but he attacks Buddhism. So one attacking what is called Christianity does not attack kindness, charity, or any virtue. He attacks something that has been added to the virtues. He does not attack the flower, but what he believes to be the parasite.

If people, when they speak of Christianity, include the virtues common to all religions, they should not give Christianity credit for all the good that has been done. There were millions of virtuous men and women, millions of heroic and self-denying souls before Christianity was known.

It does not seen possible to me that love, kindness, justice, or charity ever caused any one who possessed and practiced these virtues to persecute his fellow-man on account of a difference of belief. If Christianity has persecuted, some reason must exist outside of the virtues it has inculcated. If this reason—this cause—is inherent in that something else, which has been added to the ordinary virtues, then Christianity can properly be held accountable for the persecution. Of course back of Christianity is the nature of man, and, primarily, it may be responsible.

Is there anything in Christianity that will account for such persecutions—for the Inquisition? It certainly was taught by the church that belief was necessary to salvation, and it was thought at the same time that the fate of man was eternal punishment; that the state of man was that of depravity, and that there was but one way by which he could be saved, and that was through belief—through faith. As long as this was honestly believed, Christians would not allow heretics or infidels to preach a doctrine to their wives, to their children, or to themselves which, in their judgment, would result in the damnation of souls.

The law gives a father the right to kill one who is about to do great bodily harm to his son. Now, if a father has the right to take the life of a man simply because he is

attacking the body of his son, how much more would he have the right to take the life of one who was about to assassinate the soul of his son!

Christians reasoned in this way. In addition to this, they felt that God would hold the community responsible if the community allowed a blasphemer to attack the true religion. Therefore they killed the freethinker, or rather the free talker, in self-defence.

At the bottom of religious persecution is the doctrine of self-defence; that is to say, the defence of the soul. If the founder of Christianity had plainly said: "It is not necessary to believe in order to be saved; it is only necessary to do, and he who really loves his fellow-men, who is kind, honest, just and charitable, is to be forever blest"—if he had only said that, there would probably have been but little persecution.

If he had added to this: "You must not persecute in my name. The religion I teach is the Religion of Love—not the Religion of Force and Hatred. You must not imprison your fellow-men. You must not stretch them upon racks, or crush their bones in iron boots. You must not flay them alive. You must not cut off their eyelids, or pour molten lead into their ears. You must treat all with absolute kindness. If you cannot convert your neighbor by example, persuasion, argument, that is the end. You must never resort to force, and, whether he believes as you do or not, treat him always with kindness"—his followers then would not have murdered their fellows in his name.

If Christ was in fact God, he knew the persecutions that would be carried on in his name; he knew the millions that would suffer death through torture; and yet he died without saying one word to prevent what he must have known, if he were God, would happen.

All that Christianity has added to morality is worthless and useless. Not only so—it has been hurtful. Take Christianity from morality and the useful is left, but take morality from Christianity and the useless remains.

Now, falling back on the old assertion, "By its fruits we may know Christianity," then I think we are justified in saying that, as Christianity consists of a mixture of morality and *something else*, and as morality never has persecuted a human being, and as Christianity has persecuted millions, the cause of the persecution must be the *something else* that was added to morality.

I cannot agree with the reverend gentleman when he says that "Christianity has taught mankind the priceless value and dignity of human nature." On the other hand, Christianity has taught that the whole human race is by nature depraved, and that if God should act in accordance with his sense of justice, all the sons of men would be doomed to eternal pain. Human nature has been derided, has been held up to contempt and scorn, all our desires and passions denounced as wicked and filthy.

Dr. Da Costa asserts that Christianity has taught mankind the value of freedom. It certainly has not been the advocate of free thought; and what is freedom worth if the mind is to be enslaved?

Dr. Da Costa knows that millions have been sacrificed in their efforts to be free; that is, millions have been sacrificed for exercising their freedom as against the church.

It is not true that the church "has taught and established the fact of human brotherhood." This has been the result of a civilization to which Christianity itself has been hostile.

Can we prove that "the church established human brotherhood" by banishing the Jews from Spain; by driving out the Moors; by the tortures of the Inquisition; by butchering the Covenanters of Scotland; by the burning of Bruno and Servetus; by the persecution of the Irish; by whipping and hanging Quakers in New England; by the slave trade; and by the hundreds of wars waged in the name of Christ?

We all know that the Bible upholds slavery in its very worst and most cruel form; and how it can be said that a religion founded upon a Bible that upholds the institution of slavery has taught and established the fact of human brotherhood, is beyond my imagination to conceive.

Neither do I think it true that "we are indebted to Christianity for the advancement of science, art, philosophy, letters and learning."

I cheerfully admit that we are indebted to Christianity for some learning, and that the human mind has been developed by the discussion of the absurdities of superstition. Certainly millions and millions have had what might be called mental exercise, and their minds may have been somewhat broadened by the examination, even, of these absurdities, contradictions, and impossibilities. The church was not the friend of science or learning when it burned Vanini for writing his "Dialogues Concerning Nature." What shall we say of the "Index Expurgatorius"? For hundreds of years all books of any particular value were placed on the "Index," and good Catholics forbidden to read them. Was this in favor of science and learning?

That we are indebted to Christianity for the advancement of science seems absurd. What science? Christianity was certainly the enemy of astronomy, and I believe that it was Mr. Draper who said that astronomy took her revenge, so that not a star that glitters in all the heavens bears a Christian name.

Can it be said that the church has been the friend of geology, or of any true philosophy? Let me show how this is impossible.

The church accepts the Bible as an inspired book. Then the only object is to find its meaning, and if that meaning is opposed to any result that the human mind may have reached, the meaning stands and the result reached by the mind must be abandoned.

For hundreds of years the Bible was the standard, and whenever anything was asserted in any science contrary to-the Bible, the church immediately denounced the scientist. I admit the standard has been changed, and ministers are very busy, not trying to show that science does not agree with the Bible, but that the Bible agrees with science.

Certainly Christianity has done little for art. The early Christians destroyed all the marbles of Greece and Rome upon which they could lay their violent hands; and nothing has been produced by the Christian world equal to the fragments that were accidentally preserved. There have been many artists who were Christians; but they

were not artists because they were Christians; because there have been many Christians who were not artists. It cannot be said that art is born of any creed. The mode of expression may be determined, and probably is to a certain degree, by the belief of the artist; but not his artistic perception and feeling.

So, Galileo did not make his discoveries because he was a Christian, but in spite of it. His Bible was the other way, and so was his creed. Consequently, they could not by any possibility have assisted him. Kepler did not discover or announce what are known as the "Three Laws" because he was a Christian; but, as I said about Galileo, in spite of his creed.

Every Christian who has really found out and demonstrated and clung to a fact inconsistent with the absolute inspiration of the Scriptures, has done so certainly without the assistance of his creed.

Let me illustrate this: When our ancestors were burning each other to please God; when they were ready to destroy a man with sword and flame for teaching the rotundity of the world, the Moors in Spain were teaching geography to their children with brass globes. So, too, they had observatories and knew something of the orbits of the stars.

They did not find out these things because they were Mohammedans, or on account of their belief in the impossible. They were far beyond the Christians, intellectually, and it has been very poetically said by Mrs. Browning, that "Science was thrust into the brain of Europe on the point of a Moorish lance."

From the Arabs we got our numerals, making mathematics of the higher branches practical. We also got from them the art of making cotton paper, which is almost at the foundation of modern intelligence. We learned from them to make cotton cloth, making cleanliness possible in Christendom.

So from among people of different religions we have learned many useful things; but they did not discover them on account of their religion.

It will not do to say that the religion of Greece was true because the Greeks were the greatest sculptors. Neither is it an argument in favor of monarchy that Shakespeare, the greatest of men, was born and lived in a monarchy.

Dr. Da Costa takes one of the effects of a general cause, or of a vast number of causes, and makes it the cause, not only of other effects, but of the general cause. He seems to think that all events for many centuries, and especially all the good ones, were caused by Christianity.

As a matter of fact, the civilization of our time is the result of countless causes with which Christianity had little to do, except by way of hindrance.

Does the Doctor think that the material progress of the world was caused by this passage: "Take no thought for the morrow"?

Does he seriously insist that the wealth of Christendom rests on this inspired declaration: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven"?

The Rev. Mr. Peters, in answer, takes the ground that the Bible has produced the richest and most varied literature the world has ever seen.

This, I think, is hardly true. Has not most of modern literature been produced in spite of the Bible? Did not Christians, for many generations, take the ground that the Bible was the only important book, and that books differing from the Bible should be destroyed?

If Christianity—Catholic and Protestant—could have had its way, the works of Voltaire, Spinoza, Hume, Paine, Humboldt, Darwin, Haeckel, Spencer, Comte, Huxley, Tyndall, Draper, Goethe, Gibbon, Buckle and Büchner would not have been published. In short, the philosophy that enlightens and the fiction that enriches the brain would not exist.

The greatest literature the world has ever seen is, in my judgment, the poetic—the dramatic; that is to say, the literature of fiction in its widest sense. Certainly if the church could have had control, the plays of Shakespeare never would have been written; the literature of the stage could not have existed; most works of fiction, and nearly all poetry, would have perished in the brain. So I think it hardly fair to say that "the Bible has produced the richest and most varied literature the world has ever seen."

Thousands of theological books have been written on thousands of questions of no possible importance. Libraries have been printed on subjects not worth discussing—not worth thinking about—and that will, in a few years, be regarded as puerile by the whole world.

Mr. Peters, in his enthusiasm, asks this question:

"Who raised our great institutions of learning? Infidels never a stone of them!"

Stephen Girard founded the best institution of learning, the best charity, the noblest ever founded in this or any other land; and under the roof built by his wisdom and his wealth many thousands of orphans have been reared, clothed, fed and educated, not only in books, but in avocations, and become happy and useful citizens. Under his will there has been distributed to the poor, fuel to the value of more than $500,000; and this distribution goes on year after year.

One of the best observatories in the world was built by the generosity of James Lick, an infidel. I call attention to these two cases simply to show that the gentleman is mistaken, and that he was somewhat carried away by his zeal.

So, too, Mr. Peters takes the ground that "we are indebted to Christianity for our chronology."

According to Christianity this world has been peopled about six thousand years. Christian chronology gives the age of the first man, and then gives the line from father to son down to the flood, and from the flood down to the coming of Christ, showing that men have been upon the earth only about six thousand years. This chronology is infinitely absurd, and I do not believe that there is an intelligent, well-educated Christian in the world, having examined the subject, who will say that the Christian chronology is correct.

Neither can it, I think, truthfully be said that “we are indebted to Christianity for the continuation of history.” The best modern historians of whom I have any knowledge are Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Buckle and Draper.

Neither can I admit that “we are indebted to Christianity for natural philosophy.”

I do not deny that some natural philosophers have also been Christians, or, rather, that some Christians have been natural philosophers to the extent that their Christianity permitted. But Lamarck and Humboldt and Darwin and Spencer and Haeckel and Huxley and Tyndall have done far more for natural philosophy than they have for orthodox religion.

Whoever believes in the miraculous must be the enemy of natural philosophy. To him there is something above nature, liable to interfere with nature. Such a man has two classes of ideas in his mind, each inconsistent with the other. To the extent that he believes in the supernatural he is incapacitated for dealing with the natural, and to that extent fails to be a philosopher. Philosophy does not include the caprice of the Infinite. It is founded on the absolute integrity and invariability of nature.

Neither do I agree with the reverend gentleman when he says that “we are indebted to Christianity for our knowledge of philology.”

The church taught for a long time that Hebrew was the first language and that other languages had been derived from that; and for hundreds and hundreds of years the efforts of philologists were arrested simply because they started with that absurd assumption and believed in the Tower of Babel.

Christianity cannot now take the credit for “metaphysical research.” It has always been the enemy of metaphysical research. It never has said to any human being, “Think!” It has always said, “Hear!” It does not ask anybody to investigate. It lays down certain doctrines as absolutely true, and, instead of asking investigation, it threatens every investigator with eternal pain. Metaphysical research is destroying what has been called Christianity, and Christians have always feared it.

This gentleman makes another mistake, and a very common one. This is his argument: Christian countries are the most intelligent; therefore they owe that intelligence to Christianity. Then the next step is taken. Christianity, being the best, having produced these results, must have been of divine origin.

Let us see what this proves. There was a time when Egypt was the first nation in the world. Could not an Egyptian, at that time have used the same arguments that Mr. Peters uses now, to prove that the religion of Egypt was divine? Could he not then have said: “Egypt is the most intelligent, the most civilized and the richest of all nations; it has been made so by its religion; its religion is, therefore, divine”?

So there was a time when a Hindoo could have made the same argument. Certainly this argument could have been made by a Greek. It could have been repeated by a Roman. And yet Mr. Peters will not admit that the religion of Egypt was divine, or that the mythology of Greece was true, or that Jupiter was in fact a god.

Is it not evident to all that if the churches in Europe had been institutions of learning; if the domes of cathedrals had been observatories; if priests had been

teachers of the facts in nature, the world would have been far in advance of what it is to-day?

Countries depend on something besides their religion for progress. Nations with a good soil can get along quite well with an exceedingly poor religion; and no religion yet has been good enough to give wealth or happiness to human beings where the climate and soil were bad and barren.

Religion supports nobody. It has to be supported. It produces no wheat, no corn; it ploughs no land; it fells no forests. It is a perpetual mendicant. It lives on the labor of others, and then has the arrogance to pretend that it supports the giver.

Mr. Peters makes this exceedingly strange statement: “Every discovery in science, invention and art has been the work of Christian men. Infidels have contributed their share, but never one of them has reached the grandeur of originality.”

This, I think, so far as invention is concerned, can be answered with one name—John Ericsson, one of the profoundest agnostics I ever met.

I am almost certain that Humboldt and Goethe were original. Darwin was certainly regarded as such.

I do not wish to differ unnecessarily with Mr. Peters, but I have some doubts about Morse having been the inventor of the telegraph.

Neither can I admit that Christianity abolished slavery. Many of the abolitionists in this country were infidels; many of them were Christians. But the church itself did not stand for liberty. The Quakers, I admit, were, as a rule, on the side of freedom. But the Christians of New England persecuted these Quakers, whipped them from town to town, lacerated their naked backs, and maimed their bodied, not only, but took their lives.

Mr. Peters asks: “What name is there among the world’s emancipators after which you cannot write the name ‘Christian?‘“ Well, let me give him a few—Voltaire, Jefferson, Paine, Franklin, Lincoln, Darwin.

Mr. Peters asks: “Why is it that in Christian countries you find the greatest amount of physical and intellectual liberty, the greatest freedom of thought, speech, and action?”

Is this true of all? How about Spain and Portugal? There is more infidelity in France than in Spain, and there is far more liberty in France than in Spain.

There is far more infidelity in England than there was a century ago, and there is far more liberty than there was a century ago. There is far more infidelity in the United States than there was fifty years ago, and a hundred infidels to-day where there was one fifty years ago; and there is far more intellectual liberty, far greater freedom of speech and action, than ever before.

A few years ago Italy was a Christian country to the fullest extent. Now there are a thousand times more liberty and a thousand times less religion.

Orthodoxy is dying; Liberty is growing.

Mr. Ballou, a grandson, or grand-nephew, of Hosea Ballou, seems to have wandered from the faith. As a rule, Christians insist that when one denies the religion of Christian parents he is an exceedingly bad man, but when he denies the religion of parents not Christians, and becomes a Christian, that he is a very faithful, good and loving son.

Mr. Ballou insists that God has the same right to punish us that Nature has, or that the State has. I do not think he understands what I have said. The State ought not to punish for the sake of punishment. The State may imprison, or inflict what is called punishment, first, for its own protection, and, secondly, for the reformation of the punished. If no one could do the State any injury, certainly the State would have no right to punish under the plea of protection; and if no human being could by any possibility be reformed, then the excuse of reformation could not be given.

Let us apply this: If God be infinite, no one can injure him. Therefore he need not punish anybody or damn anybody or burn anybody for his protection.

Let us take another step. Punishment being justified only on two grounds—that is, the protection of society and the reformation of the punished—how can eternal punishment be justified? In the first place, God does not punish to protect himself, and, in the second place, if the punishment is to be forever, he does not punish to reform the punished. What excuse then is left?

Let us take still another step. If, instead of punishment, we say “consequences,” and that every good man has the right to reap the good consequences of good actions, and that every bad man must bear the consequences of bad actions, then you must say to the good: If you stop doing good you will lose the harvest. You must say to the bad: If you stop doing bad you need not increase your burdens. And if it be a fact in Nature that all must reap what they sow, there is neither mercy nor cruelty in this fact, and I hold no God responsible for it. The trouble with the Christian creed is that God is described as the one who gives rewards and the one who inflicts eternal pain.

There is still another trouble. This God, if infinite, must have known when he created man, exactly who would be eternally damned. What right had he to create men, knowing that they were to be damned?

So much for Mr. Ballou.

The Rev. Dr. Hillier seems to reason in a kind of circle. He takes the ground, in the first place, that “infidelity, Christianity, science, and experience all agree, without the slightest tremor of uncertainty, in the inexorable law that whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap.” He then takes the ground that, “if we wish to be rid of the harvest, we must not sow the seed; if we would avoid the result, we must remove the cause; the only way to be rid of hell is to stop doing evil; that this, and this only, is the way to abolish an eternal penitentiary.”

Very good; but that is not the point. The real thing under discussion is this: Is this life a state of probation, and if a man fails to live a good life here, will he have no opportunity for reformation in another world, if there be one? Can he cease to do evil in the eternal penitentiary? and if he does, can he be pardoned—can he be released?

It is admitted that man must bear the consequences of his acts. If the consequences are good, then the acts are good. If the consequences are bad, the acts are bad. Through experience we find that certain acts tend to unhappiness and others to happiness.

Now, the only question is whether we have wisdom enough to live in harmony with our conditions here; and if we fail here, will we have an opportunity of reforming in another world? If not, then the few years that we live here determine whether we shall be angels or devils forever.

It seems to me, if there be another life, that in that life men may do good, and men may do evil; and if they may do good it seems to me that they may reform.

I do not see why God, if there be one, should lose all interest in his children, simply because they leave this world and go where he is. Is it possible that an infinite God does all for his children here, in this poor ignorant world, that it is possible for him to do, and that if he fails to reform them here, nothing is left to do except to make them eternal convicts?

The Rev. Mr. Haldeman mistakes my position. I do not admit that "an infinite God, as revealed in Nature, has allowed men to grow up under conditions which no ordinary mortal can look at in all their concentrated agony and not break his heart."

I do not confess that God reveals himself in Nature as an infinite God, without mercy. I do not admit that there is an infinite Being anywhere responsible for the agonies and tears, for the barbarities and horrors of this life. I cannot believe that there is in the universe a Being with power to prevent these things. I hold no God responsible. I attribute neither cruelty nor mercy to Nature. Nature neither weeps nor rejoices. I cannot believe that this world, as it now is, as it has been, was created by an infinitely wise, powerful, and benevolent God. But it is far better that we should all go down "with souls unsatisfied" to the dreamless grave, to the tongueless silence of the voiceless dust, than that countless millions of human souls should suffer forever.

Eternal sleep is better than eternal pain. Eternal punishment is eternal revenge, and can be inflicted only by an eternal monster.

Mr. George A. Locey endeavors to put his case in an extremely small compass, and satisfies himself with really one question, and that is: "If a man in good health is stricken with disease, is assured that a physician can cure him, but refuses to take the medicine and dies, ought there to be any escape?"

He concludes that the physician has done his duty; that the patient was obdurate and suffered the penalty.

The application he makes is this:

"The Christian's 'tidings of great joy' is the message that the Great Physician tendered freely. Its acceptance is a cure certain, and a life of eternal happiness the reward. If the soul accepts, are they not tidings of great joy; and if the soul rejects, is it not unreasonable on the part of Colonel Ingersoll to try and sneak out and throw the blame on God?"

The answer to this seems easy. The cases are not parallel. If an infinite God created us all, he knew exactly what we would do. If he gave us free will it does not change the result, because he knew how we would use the free will.

Now, if he knew that billions upon billions would refuse to take the remedy, and consequently would suffer eternal pain, why create them? There would have been much less misery in the world had he left them dust.

What right has a God to make a failure? Why should he change dust into a sentient being, knowing that that being was to be the heir of endless agony?

If the supposed physician had created the patient who refused to take the medicine, and had so created him that he knew he would refuse to take it, the cases might be parallel.

According to the orthodox creed, millions are to be damned who never heard of the medicine or of the "Great Physician."

There is one thing said by the Rev. Mr. Talmage that I hardly think he could have intended. Possibly there has been a misprint. It is the following paragraph:

"Who" (speaking of Jesus) "has such an eye to our need; such a lip to kiss away our sorrow; such a hand to snatch us out of the fire; *such a foot to trample our enemies*; such a heart to embrace all our necessities?"

What does the reverend gentleman mean by "*such a foot to trample our enemies*"?

This, to me, is a terrible line. But it is in accordance with the history of the church. In the name of its founder it has "trampled on its enemies," and beneath its cruel feet have perished the noblest of the world.

The Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, of Brooklyn, comes into this discussion with a great deal of heat and considerable fury. He states that "Infidelity is the creed of prosperity, but when sickness or trouble or sorrow comes he" (meaning the infidel) "does not paw nor mock nor cry 'Ha! ha!' He sneaks and cringes like a whipped cur, and trembles and whines and howls."

The spirit of Mr. Hamilton is not altogether admirable. He seems to think that a man establishes the truth of his religion by being brave, or demonstrates its falsity by trembling in the presence of death.

Thousands of people have died for false religions and in honor of false gods. Their heroism did not prove the truth of the religion, but it did prove the sincerity of their convictions.

A great many murderers have been hanged who exhibited on the scaffold the utmost contempt of death; and yet this courage exhibited by dying murderers has never been appealed to in justification of murder.

The reverend gentleman tells again the story of the agonies endured by Thomas Paine when dying; tells us that he then said that he wished his work had been thrown into the fire, and that if the devil ever had any agency in any work he had in the

writing of that book (meaning “The Age of Reason,”) and that he frequently asked the Lord Jesus to have mercy upon him.

Of course there is not a word of truth in this story. Its falsity has been demonstrated thousands and thousands of times, and yet ministers of the Gospel go right on repeating it just the same.

So this gentleman tells us that Voltaire was accustomed to close his letters with the words, “Crush the wretch!” (meaning Christ). This is not so. He referred to superstition, to religion, not to Christ.

This gentleman also says that “Voltaire was the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating and blaspheming God; that he complained that he was abandoned by God; that when he died his friends fled from the room, declaring the sight too terrible to be endured.”

There is not one word of truth in this. Everybody who has read the life of Voltaire knows that he died with the utmost serenity.

Let me tell you how Voltaire died.

He was an old man of eighty-four. He had been surrounded by the comforts of life. He was a man of wealth—of genius. Among the literary men of the world he stood first. God had allowed him to have the appearance of success. His last years were filled with the intoxication of flattery. He stood at the summit of his age. The priests became anxious. They began to fear that God would forget, in a multiplicity of business, to make a terrible example of Voltaire.

Toward the last of May, 1788, it was whispered in Paris that Voltaire was dying. Upon the fences of expectation gathered the unclean birds of superstition, impatiently waiting for their prey.

“Two days before his death his nephew went to seek the Curé of St. Sulpice and the Abbé Gautier, and brought them into his uncle’s sick-chamber, who was informed that they were there.

“‘Ah, well,’ said Voltaire; ‘give them my compliments and my thanks.’

“The abbé spoke some words to Voltaire, exhorting him to patience. The Curé of St. Sulpice then came forward, having announced himself, and asked Voltaire, lifting his voice, if he acknowledged the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The sick man pushed one of his hands against the curé’s coif shoving him back, and cried, turning abruptly to the other side:

“‘Let me die in peace!’

“The curé seemingly considered his person soiled and his coif dishonored by the touch of the philosopher. He made the nurse give him a little brushing and went out with the Abbé Gautier.

“He expired,” says Wagniere, “on the 30th of May, 1788, at about a quarter past eleven at night, with the most perfect tranquillity.

"Ten minutes before his last breath he took the hand of Morand, his *valet-de-chambre*, who was watching by him, pressed it and said: 'Adieu, my dear Morand. I am gone!'

"These were his last words."

From this death, so simple and serene, so natural and peaceful—from these words so utterly destitute of cant or dramatic touch—all the frightful pictures, all the despairing utterances have been drawn and made. From these materials, and from these alone, have been constructed all the shameless calumnies about the death of this great and wonderful man.

Voltaire was the intellectual autocrat of his time. From his throne at the foot of the Alps he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. He was the pioneer of his century. He was the assassin of superstition. Through the shadows of faith and fable; through the darkness of myth and miracle; through the midnight of Christianity; through the blackness of bigotry; past cathedral and dungeon; past rack and stake; past altar and throne, he carried, with chivalric hands, the sacred torch of Reason.

Let me also tell you about the death of Thomas Paine. After the publication of his "Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason", every falsehood that malignity could coin and malice pass, was given to the world. On his return to America, although Thomas Jefferson, another infidel, was President, it was hardly safe for Paine to appear in the public streets.

Under the very flag he had helped to put in heaven, his rights were not respected. Under the Constitution that he had first suggested, his life was insecure. He had helped to give liberty to more than three millions of his fellow-citizens, and they were willing to deny it unto him.

He was deserted, ostracized, shunned, maligned and cursed. But he maintained his integrity. He stood by the convictions of his mind, and never for one moment did he hesitate or waver. He died almost alone.

The moment he died the pious commenced manufacturing horrors for his death-bed. They had his chamber filled with devils rattling chains, and these ancient falsehoods are certified to by the clergy even of the present day.

The truth is that Thomas Paine died as he had lived. Some ministers were impolite enough to visit him against his will. Several of them he ordered from his room. A couple of Catholic priests, in all the meekness of arrogance, called that they might enjoy the agonies of the dying friend of man. Thomas Paine, rising in his bed, the few moments of expiring life fanned into flame by the breath of indignation, had the goodness to curse them both.

His physician, who seems to have been a meddling fool, just as the cold hand of Death was touching the patriot's heart, whispered in the dulled ear of the dying man: "Do you believe, or do you wish to believe, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?"

And the reply was: "I have no wish to believe on that subject."

These were the last remembered words of Thomas Paine. He died as serenely as ever mortal passed away. He died in the full possession of his mind, and on the brink and edge of death proclaimed the doctrines of his life.

Every philanthropist, every believer in human liberty, every lover of the great Republic, should feel under obligation to Thomas Paine for the splendid services rendered by him in the darkest days of the American Revolution. In the midnight of Valley Forge, "The Crisis" was the first star that glittered in the wide horizon of despair.

We should remember that Thomas Paine was the first man to write these words: "The United States of America."

The Rev. Mr. Hamilton seems to take a kind of joy in imagining what infidels will suffer when they come to die, and he writes as though he would like to be present.

For my part I hope that all the sons and daughters of men will die in peace; that they will pass away as easily as twilight fades to night.

Of course when I said that "Christianity did not bring tidings of great joy, but a message of eternal grief," I meant orthodox Christianity; and when I said that "Christianity fills the future with fire and flame, and made God the keeper of an eternal penitentiary, in which most of the children of men were to be imprisoned forever," I was giving what I understood to be the Evangelical belief on that subject.

If the churches have given up the doctrine of eternal punishment, then for one I am delighted, and I shall feel that what little I have done toward that end has not been done in vain.

The Rev. Mr. Hamilton, enjoying my dying agony in imagination, says: "Let the world wait but for a few years at the most, when Death's icy fingers feel for the heartstrings of the boaster, and, as most of his like who have gone before him have done, he will sing another strain."

How shall I characterize the spirit that could prompt the writing of such a sentence?

The reverend gentleman "loves his enemies," and yet he is filled with glee when he thinks of the agonies I shall endure when Death's icy fingers feel for the strings of my heart! Yet I have done him no harm.

He then quotes, as being applicable to me, a passage from the prophet Isaiah, commencing: "The vile person will speak villainy."

Is this passage applicable only to me?

The Rev. Mr. Holloway is not satisfied with the "Christmas Sermon." For his benefit I repeat, in another form, what the "Christmas Sermon" contains:

If orthodox Christianity teaches that this life is a period of probation, that we settle here our eternal destiny, and that all who have heard the Gospel and who have failed to believe it are to be eternally lost, then I say that Christianity did not "bring tidings of great joy," but a Message of Eternal Grief. And if the orthodox churches are still preaching the doctrine of Endless Pain, then I say it would be far better if every

church crumbled into dust than that such preaching and such teaching should be continued.

It would be far better yet, however, if the ministers could be converted and their congregations enlightened.

I admit that the orthodox churches preach some things beside hell; but if they do not believe in the eternity of punishment they ought publicly to change their creeds.

I admit, also, that the average minister advises his congregation to be honest and to treat all with kindness, and I admit that many of these ministers fail to follow their own advice when they make what they call “replies” to me.

Of course there are many good things about the church. To the extent that it is charitable, or rather to the extent that it causes charity, it is good. To the extent that it causes men and women to lead moral lives it is good. But to the extent that it fills the future with fear it is bad. To the extent that it convinces any human being that there is any God who not only can, but will, inflict eternal torments on his own children, it is bad.

And such teaching does tend to blight humanity. Such teaching does pollute the imagination of childhood. Such teaching does furrow the cheeks of the best and tenderest with tears..Such teaching does rob old age of all its joy, and covers every cradle with a curse!

The Rev. Mr. Holloway seems to be extremely familiar with God. He says: “God seems to have delayed his advent through all the ages to give unto the world the fullest opportunity to do all that the human mind could suggest for the weal of the race.”

According to this gentleman, God just delayed his advent for the purpose of seeing what the world would do, *knowing all the time exactly what would be done*.

Let us make a suggestion: If the orthodox creed be true, then all people became tainted or corrupted or depraved, or in some way spoiled by what is known as “Original Sin.”

According to the Old Testament, these people kept getting worse and worse. It does not seem that Jehovah made any effort to improve them, but he patiently waited for about fifteen hundred years without having established any church, without having given them a Bible, and then he drowned all but eight persons.

Now, those eight persons were also depraved. The taint of Original Sin was also in their blood.

It seems to me that Jehovah made a mistake. He should also have killed the remaining eight, and started new, kept the serpent out of his garden, and furnished the first pair with a Bible and the Presbyterian Confession of Faith.

The Rev. Dr. Tyler takes it for granted that all charity and goodness are the children of Christianity. This is a mistake. All the virtues were in the world long before Christ came. Probably Mr. Tyler will be convinced by the words of Christ himself. He will

probably remember the story of the Good Samaritan, and if he does he will see that it is exactly in point. The Good Samaritan was not a Hebrew. He was not one of "the chosen people." He was a poor, "miserable heathen," who knew nothing about the Jehovah of the Old Testament, and who had never heard of the "scheme of salvation." And yet, according to Christ, he was far more charitable than the Levites—the priests of Jehovah, the highest of "the chosen people." Is it not perfectly plain from this story that charity was in the world before Christianity was established?

A great deal has been said about asylums and hospitals, as though the Christians are entitled to great credit on that score. If Dr. Tyler will read what is said in the British Encyclopaedia, under the head of "Mental Diseases," he will find that the Egyptians treated the insane with the utmost kindness, and that they called reason back to its throne by the voice of music; that the temples were resorted to by crowds of the insane; and that "whatever gifts of nature or productions of art were calculated to impress the imagination were there united. Games and recreations were instituted in the temples. Groves and gardens surrounded these holy retreats. Gayly decorated boats sometimes transported patients to breathe the pure breezes of the Nile."

So in ancient Greece it is said that "from the hands of the priest the cure of the disordered mind first passed into the domain of medicine, with the philosophers. Pythagoras is said to have employed music for the cure of mental diseases. The order of the day for his disciples exhibits a profound knowledge of the relations of body and mind. The early morning was divided between gentle exercise, conversation and music. Then came conversation, followed by gymnastic exercise and a temperate diet. Afterward, a bath and supper with a sparing allowance of wine; then reading, music and conversation concluded the day."

So "Asclepiades was celebrated for his treatment of mental disorders. He recommended that bodily restraint should be avoided as much as possible." It is also stated that "the philosophy and arts of Greece spread to Rome, and the first special treatise on insanity is that of Celsus, which distinguishes varieties of insanity and their proper treatment."

"Over the arts and sciences of Greece and Rome the errors and ignorance of the Middle Ages gradually crept, until they enveloped them in a cloud worse than Egyptian darkness. The insane were again consigned to the miracle-working-ordinances of o o priests or else totally neglected. Idiots and imbeciles were permitted to go clotheless and homeless. The frantic and furious were chained in lonesome dungeons and exhibited for money, like wild beasts. The monomaniacs became, according to circumstance, the objects of superstitious horror or reverence. They were regarded as possessed with demons and subjected either to priestly exorcism, or cruelly destroyed as wizards and witches. This cruel treatment of the insane continued with little or no alleviation down to the end of the last century in all the civilized countries of Europe."

Let me quote a description of these Christian asylums.

"Public asylums indeed existed in most of the metropolitan cities of Europe, but the insane were more generally, if at all troublesome, confined in jails, where they were chained in the lowest dungeons or made the butts and menials of the most debased

criminals. In public asylums the inmates were confined in cellars, isolated in cages, chained to floors or walls. These poor victims were exhibited to the public like wild beasts. They were often killed by the ignorance and brutality of their keepers."

I call particular attention to the following paragraph: "Such was the state of the insane generally throughout Europe at the commencement of this century. Such it continued to be in England so late as 1815 and in Ireland as 1817, as revealed by the inquiries of parliamentary commissions in those years respectively."

Dr. Tyler is entirely welcome to all the comfort these facts can give.

Not only were the Greeks and Romans and Egyptians far in advance of the Christians in the treatment of the mentally diseased, but even the Mohammedans were in advance of the Christians about 700 years, and in addition to this they treated their lunatics with great kindness.

The temple of Diana of Ephesus was a refuge for insolvent debtors, and the Thesium was a refuge for slaves.

Again, I say that hundreds of years before the establishment of Christianity there were in India not only hospitals and asylums for people, but even for animals. The great mistake of the Christian clergy is that they attribute all goodness to Christianity. They have always been engaged in maligning human nature—in attacking the human heart—in efforts to destroy all natural passions.

Perfect maxims for the conduct of life were uttered and repeated in India and China hundreds and hundreds of years before the Christian era. Every virtue was lauded and every vice denounced. All the good that Christianity has in it came from the human heart. Everything in that system of religion came from this world; and in it you will find not only the goodness of man, but the imperfections of man—not only the love of man, but the malice of man.

Let me tell you why the Christians for so many centuries neglected or abused the insane. They believed the New Testament, and honestly supposed that the insane were filled with devils.

In regard to the contest between Dr. Buckley, who, as I understand it, is a doctor of theology—and I should think such theology stood in need of a doctor—and the *Telegram*, I have nothing to say. There is only one side to that contest; and so far as the Doctor heretofore criticised what is known as the "Christmas Sermon," I have answered him, leaving but very little to which I care to reply in his last article.

Dr. Buckley, like many others, brings forward names instead of reasons—instead of arguments. Milton, Pascal, Elizabeth Fry, John Howard, and Michael Faraday are not arguments. They are only names; and, instead of giving the names, Dr. Buckley should give the reasons advanced by those whose names he pronounces.

Jonathan Edwards may have been a good man, but certainly his theology was infamous. So Father Mathew was a good man, but it was impossible for him to be good enough to convince Dr. Buckley of the doctrine of the "Real Presence."

Milton was a very good man, and he described God as a kind of brigadier-general, put the angels in uniform and had regular battles; but Milton's goodness can by no possibility establish the truth of his poetical and absurd vagaries.

All the self-denial and goodness in the world do not even tend to prove the existence of the supernatural or of the miraculous. Millions and millions of the most devoted men could not, by their devotion, substantiate the inspiration of the Scriptures.

There are, however, some misstatements in Dr. Buckley's article that ought not to be passed over in silence.

The first is to the effect that I was invited to write an article for the *North American Review*, Judge Jeremiah Black to reply, and that Judge Black was improperly treated.

Now, it is true that I was invited to write an article, and did write one; but I did not know at the time who was to reply. It is also true that Judge Black did reply, and that my article and his reply appeared in the same number of the *Review*.

Dr. Buckley alleges that the *North American Review* gave me an opportunity to review the Judge, but denied to Judge Black an opportunity to respond. This is without the slightest foundation in fact. Mr. Metcalf, who at that time was manager of the *Review*, is still living and will tell the facts. Personally I had nothing to do with it, one way or the other. I did not regard Judge Black's reply as formidable, and was not only willing that he should be heard again, but anxious that he should.

So much for that.

As to the debate, with Dr. Field and Mr. Gladstone, I leave them to say whether they were or were not fairly treated. Dr. Field, by his candor, by his fairness, and by the manly spirit he exhibited won my respect and love.

Most ministers imagine that any man who differs from them is a blasphemer. This word seems to leap unconsciously from their lips. They cannot imagine that another man loves liberty as much and with as sincere devotion as they love God. They cannot imagine that another prizes liberty above all gods, even if gods exist. They cannot imagine that any mind is so that it places Justice above all persons, a mind that cannot conceive even of a God who is not bound to do justice.

If God exists, above him, in eternal calm, is the figure of Justice.

Neither can some ministers understand a man who regards Jehovah and Jupiter as substantially the same, with this exception—that he thinks far more of Jupiter, because Jupiter had at least some human feelings.

I do not understand that a man can be guilty of blasphemy who states his honest thoughts in proper language, his object being, not to torture the feelings of others, but simply to give his thought—to find and establish the truth.

Dr. Buckley makes a charge that he ought to have known to be without foundation. Speaking of myself, he said: "In him the laws to prevent the circulation of obscene publications through the mails have found their most vigorous opponent."

It is hardly necessary for me to say that this is untrue. The facts are that an effort was made to classify obscene literature with what the pious call “blasphemous and immoral works.” A petition was forwarded to Congress to amend the law so that the literature of Freethought could not be thrown from the mails, asking that, if no separation could be made, the law should be repealed.

It was said that I had signed this petition, and I certainly should have done so had it been presented to me. The petition was absolutely proper.

A few years ago I found the petition, and discovered that while it bore my name it had never been signed by me. But for the purposes of this answer I am perfectly willing that the signature should be regarded as genuine, as there is nothing in the petition that should not have been granted.

The law as it stood was opposed by the Liberal League—but not a member of that society was in favor of the circulation of obscene literature; but they did think that the privacy of the mails had been violated, and that it was of the utmost importance to maintain the inviolability of the postal service.

I disagreed with these people, and favored the destruction of obscene literature not only, but that it be made a criminal offence to send it through the mails. As a matter of fact I drew up resolutions to that effect that were passed. Afterward they were changed, or some others were passed, and I resigned from the League on that account.

Nothing can be more absurd than that I was, directly or indirectly, or could have been, interested in the circulation of obscene publications through the mails; and I will pay a premium of $1,000 a word for each and every word I ever said or wrote in favor of sending obscene publications through the mails.

I might use much stronger language. I might follow the example of Dr. Buckley himself. But I think I have said enough to satisfy all unprejudiced people that the charge is absurdly false.

Now, as to the eulogy of whiskey. It gives me a certain pleasure to read that even now, and I believe the readers of the *Telegram* would like to read it once more; so here it is:

“I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from a feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields; the breath of June; the carol of the lark; the dews of night; the wealth of summer and autumn’s rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the ‘Harvest Home,’ mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the star-lit dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of men.”

I re-quote this for the reason that Dr. Buckley, who is not very accurate, made some mistakes in his version.

Now, in order to show the depth of degradation to which I have sunk in this direction, I will confess that I also wrote a eulogy of tobacco, and here it is:

“Nearly four centuries ago Columbus, the adventurous, in the blessed island of Cuba, saw happy people with rolled leaves between their lips. Above their heads were little clouds of smoke. Their faces were serene, and in their eyes was the autumnal heaven of content. These people were kind, innocent, gentle and loving.

“The climate of Cuba is the friendship of the earth and air, and of this climate the sacred leaves were born—the leaves that breed in the mind of him who uses them the cloudless, happy days in which they grew.

“These leaves make friends, and celebrate with gentle rites the vows of peace. They have given consolation to the world. They are the companions of the lonely—the friends of the imprisoned, of the exile, of workers in mines, of fellers of forests, of sailors on the desolate seas. They are the givers of strength and calm to the vexed and wearied minds of those who build with thought and dream the temples of the soul.

“They tell of hope and rest. They smooth the wrinkled brows of pain—drive fears and strange misshapen dreads from out the mind and fill the heart with rest and peace. Within their magic warp and woof some potent gracious spell imprisoned lies, that, when released by fire, doth softly steal within the fortress of the brain and bind in sleep the captured sentinels of care and grief.

“These leaves are the friends of the fireside, and their smoke, like incense, rises from myriads of happy homes. Cuba is the smile of the sea.”

There are some people so constituted that there is no room in the heaven of their minds for the butterflies and moths of fancy to spread their wings. Everything is taken in solemn and stupid earnest. Such men would hold Shakespeare responsible for what Falstaff said about “sack,” and for Mrs. Quickly’s notions of propriety.

There is an old Greek saying which is applicable here: “In the presence of human stupidity, even the gods stand helpless.”

John Wesley, founder of the Methodist Church, lacked all sense of humor. He preached a sermon on “The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes.” He insisted that they were caused by the wickedness of man, and that the only way to cure them was to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

The man who does not carry the torch of Humor is always in danger of falling into the pit of Absurdity.

The Rev. Charles Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, contributes his part to the discussion.

He took a text from John, as follows: “He that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.”

According to the orthodox creed of the Rev. Dr. Deems all have committed sin, and consequently all are of the devil. The Doctor is not a metaphysician. He does not care

to play at sleight of hand with words. He stands on bed-rock, and he asserts that the devil is no Persian myth, but a personality, who works unhindered by the limitations of a physical body, and gets human personalities to aid him in his works.

According to the text, it seems that the devil was a sinner from the beginning. I suppose that must mean from his beginning, or from the beginning of things. According to Dr. Deems' creed, his God is the Creator of all things, and consequently must have been the Creator of the devil. According to the Scriptures the devil is the father of lies, and Dr. Deems' God is the father of the devil—that is to say, the grandfather of lies. This strikes me as almost "blasphemous."

The Doctor also tells us "that Jesus believed as much in the personality of the devil as in that of Herod or Pilate or John or Peter."

That I admit. There is not the slightest doubt, if the New Testament be true, that Christ believed in a personal devil—a devil with whom he had conversations; a devil who took him to the pinnacle of the Temple and endeavored to induce him to leap to the earth below.

Of course he believed in a personal devil. Not only so; he believed in thousands of personal devils. He cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene. He cast a legion of devils out of the man in the tombs, or, rather, made a bargain with these last-mentioned devils that they might go into a drove or herd of swine, if they would leave the man.

I not only admit that Christ believed in devils, but he believed that some devils were deaf and dumb, and so declared.

Dr. Deems is right, and I hope he will defend against all comers the integrity of the New Testament.

The Doctor, however, not satisfied exactly with what he finds in the New Testament, draws a little on his own imagination. He says:

"The devil is an organizing, imperial intellect, vindictive, sharp, shrewd, persevering, the aim of whose works is to overthrow the authority of God's law."

How does the Doctor know that the devil has an organizing, imperial intellect? How does he know that he is vindictive and sharp and shrewd and persevering?

If the devil has an "imperial intellect," why does he attempt the impossible?

Robert Burns shocked Scotland by saying of the devil, or, rather, to the devil, that he was sorry for him, and hoped he would take a thought and mend.

Dr. Deems has gone far in advance of Burns. For a clergyman he seems to be exceedingly polite. Speaking of the "Arch Enemy of God"—of that "organizing, imperial intellect who is seeking to undermine the church"—the Doctor says:

"The devil may be conceded to be sincere."

It has been said:

“An honest God is the noblest work of man,” and it may now be added: A sincere devil is the noblest work of Dr. Deems.

But, with all the devil’s smartness, sharpness, and shrewdness, the Doctor says that he “cannot write a book; that he cannot deliver lectures” (like myself, I suppose), “edit a newspaper” (like the editor of the *Telegram*), “or make after-dinner speeches; but he can get his servants to do these things for him.”

There is one thing in the Doctor’s address that I feel like correcting (I quote from the *Telegram’s* report):

“Dr. Deems showed at length how the Son of God, the Christ of the Bible—*not the Christ of the lecture platform caricatures*—is operating to overcome all these works.”

I take it for granted that he refers to what he supposes I have said about Christ, and, for fear that he may not have read it, I give it here:

“And let me say here, once for all, that for the man Christ I have infinite respect. Let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man, is holy ground. And let me say, once for all, that to that great and serene man I gladly pay, the tribute of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in his day. He was an infidel in his time. He was regarded as a blasphemer, and his life was destroyed by hypocrites, who have, in all ages, done what they could to trample freedom and manhood out of the human mind. Had I lived at that time I would have been his friend, and should he come again he will not find a better friend than I will be. That is for the man. For the theological creation I have a different feeling.”

I have not answered each one who has attacked by name. Neither have I mentioned those who have agreed with me. But I do take this occasion to thank all, irrespective of their creeds, who have manfully advocated the right of free speech, and who have upheld the *Telegram* in the course it has taken.

I thank all who have said a kind word for me, and I also feel quite grateful to those who have failed to say unkind words. Epithets are not arguments. To abuse is not to convince. Anger is stupid and malice illogical.

And, after all that has appeared by way of reply, I still insist that orthodox Christianity did not come with “tidings of great joy,” but with a message of eternal grief.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

New York, February 5, 1892.

Suicide Of Judge Normile

**A reply to the Western Watchman, published in the St. Louis Globe Democrat, Sept. 1, 1892.*

Question. Have you read an article in the *Western Watchman*, entitled "Suicide of Judge Normile"? If so, what is your opinion of it?

Answer. I have read the article, and I think the spirit in which it is written is in exact accord with the creed, with the belief, that prompted it.

In this article the writer speaks not only of Judge Normile, but of Henry D'Arcy, and begins by saying that a Catholic community had been shocked, but that as a matter of fact the Catholics had no right "to feel special concern in the life or death of either," for the reason, "that both had ceased to be Catholics, and had lived as infidels and scoffers."

According to the Catholic creed all infidels and scoffers are on the direct road to eternal pain; and yet, if the *Watchman* is to be believed, Catholics have no right to have special concern for the fate of such people, even after their death.

The church has always proclaimed that it was seeking the lost—that it was trying in every way to convert the infidels and save the scoffers—that it cared less for the ninety-nine sheep safe in the fold than for the one that had strayed. We have been told that God so loved infidels and scoffers, that he came to this poor world and gave his life that they might be saved. But now we are told by the *Western Watchman* that the church, said to have been founded by Christ, has no right to feel any special concern about the fate of infidels and scoffers.

Possibly the *Watchman* only refers to the infidels and scoffers who were once Catholics.

If the New Testament is true, St. Peter was at one time a Christian; that is to say, a good Catholic, and yet he fell from grace and not only denied his Master, but went to the extent of swearing that he did not know him; that he never had made his acquaintance. And yet, this same Peter was taken back and became the rock on which the Catholic Church is supposed to rest.

Are the Catholics of St. Louis following the example of Christ, when they publicly declare that they care nothing for the fate of one who left the church and who died in his sins?

The *Watchman*, in order to show that it was simply doing its duty, and was not actuated by hatred or malice, assures us as follows: "A warm personal friendship existed between D'Arcy and Normile and the managers of this paper." What would the *Watchman* have said if these men had been the personal enemies of the managers of that paper? Two warm personal friends, once Catholics, had gone to hell; but the managers of the *Watchman*, "warm personal friends" of the dead, had no right to feel any special concern about these friends in the flames of perdition. One would think that pity had changed to piety.

Another wonderful statement is that "both of these men determined to go to hell, if there was a hell, and to forego the joys of heaven, if there was a heaven."

Admitting that heaven and hell exist, that heaven is a good place, and that hell, to say the least, is, and eternally will be, unpleasant, why should any sane man unalterably determine to go to hell? It is hard to think of any reason, unless he was afraid of meeting those Catholics in heaven who had been his "warm personal friends" in this world. The truth is that no one wishes to be unhappy in this or any other country. The truth is that Henry D'Arcy and Judge Normile both became convinced that the Catholic Church is of human origin, that its creed is not true, that it is the enemy of progress, and the foe of freedom. It may be that they were in part led to these conclusions by the conduct of their "warm personal friends."

It is claimed that these men, Henry D'Arcy and Judge Normile "studied" to convince themselves "that there was no God, that they went back to Paganism and lived among the ancients," and "that they soon revelled in the grossness of Paganism." If they went back to Paganism, they certainly found plenty of gods. The Pagans filled heaven and earth with deities. The Catholics have only three, while the Pagans had hundreds. And yet there were some very good Pagans. By associating with Socrates and Plato one would not necessarily become a groveling wretch. Zeno was not altogether abominable. He would compare favorably, at least, with the average pope. Aristotle was not entirely despicable, although wrong, it may be, in many things. Epicurus was temperate, frugal and serene. He perceived the beauty of use, and celebrated the marriage of virtue and joy. He did not teach his disciples to revel in grossness, although his maligners have made this charge. Cicero was a Pagan, and yet he uttered some very sublime and generous sentiments. Among other things, he said this: "When we say that we should love Romans, but not foreigners, we destroy the bond of universal brotherhood and drive from our hearts charity and justice."

Suppose a Pagan had written about "two warm personal friends" of his, who had joined the Catholic Church, and suppose he had said this: "Although our two warm personal friends have both died by their own hands, and although both have gone to the lowest hell, and are now suffering inconceivable agonies, we have no right to feel any special concern about them or about their sufferings; and, to speak frankly, we care nothing for their agonies, nothing for their tears, and we mention them only to keep other Pagans from joining that blasphemous and ignorant church. Both of our friends were raised as Pagans, both were educated in our holy religion, and both had read the works of our greatest and wisest authors, and yet they fell into apostasy, and studied day and night, in season and out of season, to convince themselves that a young carpenter of Palestine was in fact, Jupiter, whom we call Stator, the creator, the sustainer and governor of all."

It is probable that the editor of the *Watchman* was perfectly conscientious in his attack on the dead. Nothing but a sense of religious duty could induce any man to attack the character of a "warm personal friend," and to say that although the friend was in hell, he felt no special concern as to his fate.

The *Watchman* seems to think that it is hardly probable or possible that a sane Catholic should become an infidel. People of every religion feel substantially in this

way. It is probable that the Mohammedan is of the opinion that no sane believer in the religion of Islam could possibly become a Catholic. Probably there are no sane Mohammedans. I do not know.

Now, it seems to me, that when a sane Catholic reads the history of his church, of the Inquisition, of centuries of flame and sword, of philosophers and thinkers tortured, flayed and burned by the "Bride of God," and of all the cruelties of Christian years, he may reasonably come to the conclusion that the Church of Rome is not the best possible church in this, the best possible of all worlds.

It would hardly impeach his sanity if, after reading the history of superstition, he should denounce the Hierarchy, from priest to pope. The truth is, the real opinions of all men are perfectly honest no matter whether they are for or against the Catholic creed. All intelligent people are intellectually hospitable. Every man who knows something of the operations of his own mind is absolutely certain that his wish has not, to his knowledge, influenced his judgment. He may admit that his wish has influenced his speech, but he must certainly know that it has not affected his judgment.

In other words, a man cannot cheat himself in a game of solitaire and really believe that he has won the game. No matter what the appearance of the cards may be, he knows whether the game was lost or won. So, men may say that their judgment is a certain way, and they may so affirm in accordance with their wish, but neither the wish, nor the declaration can affect the real judgment. So, a man must know whether he believes a certain creed or not, or, at least, what the real state of his mind is. When a man tells me that he believes in the supernatural, in the miraculous, and in the inspiration of the Scriptures, I take it for granted that he is telling the truth, although it seems impossible to me that the man could reach that conclusion. When another tells me that he does not know whether there is a Supreme Being or not, but that he does not believe in the supernatural, and is perfectly satisfied that the Scriptures are for the most part false and barbarous, I implicitly believe every word he says.

I admit cheerfully that there are many millions of men and women who believe what to me seems impossible and infinitely absurd; and, undoubtedly, what I believe seems to them equally impossible.

Let us give to others the liberty which we claim for ourselves.

The *Watchman* seems to think that unbelief, especially when coupled with what they call "the sins of the flesh," is the lowest possible depth, and tells us that "robbers may be devout," "murderers penitent," and "drunkards reverential."

In some of these statements the *Watchman* is probably correct. There have been "devout robbers." There have been gentlemen of the highway, agents of the road, who carried sacred images, who bowed, at holy shrines for the purpose of securing success. For many centuries the devout Catholics robbed the Jews. The devout Ferdinand and Isabella were great robbers. A great many popes have indulged in this theological pastime, not to speak of the rank and file. Yes, the *Watchman* is right. There is nothing in robbery that necessarily interferes with devotion.

There have been penitent murderers, and most murderers, unless impelled by a religious sense of duty to God, have been penitent. David, with dying breath, advised his son to murder the old friends of his father. He certainly was not penitent. Undoubtedly Torquemada murdered without remorse, and Calvin burned his "warm personal friend" to gain the applause of God. Philip the Second was a murderer, not penitent, because he deemed it his duty. The same may be said of the Duke of Alva, and of thousands of others.

Robert Burns was not, according to his own account, strictly virtuous, and yet I like him better than I do those who planned and carried into bloody execution the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Undoubtedly murderers have been penitent. A man in California cut the throat of a woman, although she begged for mercy, saying at the same time that she was not prepared to die. He cared nothing for her prayers. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. He made a motion for a new trial. This was denied. He appealed to the governor, but the executive refused to interfere. Then he became penitent and experienced religion. On the scaffold he remarked that he was going to heaven; that his only regret was that he would not meet the woman he had murdered, as she was not a Christian when she died. Undoubtedly murderers can be penitent.

An old Spaniard was dying. He sent for a priest to administer the last sacraments of the church. The priest told him that he must forgive all his enemies. "I have no enemies," said the dying man, "I killed the last one three weeks ago." Undoubtedly murderers can be penitent.

So, I admit that drunkards have been pious and reverential, and I might add, honest and generous.

Some good Catholics and some good Protestants have enjoyed a hospitable glass, and there have been priests who used the blood of the grape for other than a sacramental purpose. Even Luther, a good Catholic in his day, a reformer, a Doctor of Divinity, gave to the world this couplet:

"Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Will live a fool his whole life long."

The *Watchman*, in effect, says that a devout robber is better than an infidel; that a penitent murderer is superior to a freethinker, in the sight of God.

Another curious thing in this article is that after sending both men to hell, the *Watchman* says: "As to their moral habits we know nothing."

It may then be taken for granted, if these "warm personal friends" knew nothing against the dead, that their lives were, at least, what the church calls moral. We know, if we know anything, that there is no necessary connection between what is called religion and morality. Certainly there were millions of moral people, those who loved mercy and dealt honestly, before the Catholic Church existed. The virtues were well known, and practiced, before a triple crown surrounded the cunning brain of an Italian Vicar of God, and before the flames of the *Auto da fé* delighted the hearts of a

Christian mob. Thousands of people died for the right, before the wrong organized the infallible church.

But why should any man deem it his duty or feel it a pleasure to say harsh and cruel things of the dead? Why pierce the brow of death with the thorns of hatred? Suppose the editor of the *Watchman* had died, and Judge Normile had been the survivor, would the infidel and scoffer have attacked the unreplying dead?

Henry D'Arcy I did not know; but Judge Normile was my friend and I was his. Although we met but a few times, he excited my admiration and respect. He impressed me as being an exceedingly intelligent man, well informed on many subjects, of varied reading, possessed of a clear and logical mind, a poetic temperament, enjoying the beautiful things in literature and art, and the noble things in life. He gave his opinions freely, but without the least arrogance, and seemed perfectly willing that others should enjoy the privilege of differing with him. He was, so far as I could perceive, a gentleman, tender of the feelings of others, free and manly in his bearing, "of most excellent fancy," and a most charming and agreeable companion.

According, however, to the *Watchman*, such a man is far below a "devout robber" or a "penitent murderer." Is it possible that an assassin like Ravillac is far better than a philosopher like Voltaire; and that all the Catholic robbers and murderers who retain their faith, give greater delight to God than the Humboldts, Haeckels and Darwins who have filled the world with intellectual light?

Possibly the Catholic Church is mistaken. Possibly the *Watchman* is in error, and possibly there may be for the erring, even in another world, some asylum besides hell.

Judge Normile died by his own hand. Certainly he was not afraid of the future. He was not appalled by death. He died by his own hand. Can anything be more pitiful—more terrible? How can a man in the flowing tide and noon of life destroy himself? What storms there must have been within the brain; what tempests must have raved and wrecked; what lightnings blinded and revealed; what hurrying clouds obscured and hid the stars; what monstrous shapes emerged from gloom; what darkness fell upon the day; what visions filled the night; how the light failed; how paths were lost; how highways disappeared; how chasms yawned; until one thought—the thought of death—swift, compassionate and endless—became the insane monarch of the mind.

Standing by the prostrate form of one who thus found death, it is far better to pity than to revile—to kiss the clay than curse the man.

The editor of the *Watchman* has done himself injustice. He has not injured the dead, but the living.

I am an infidel—an unbeliever—and yet I hope that all the children of men may find peace and joy. No matter how they leave this world, from altar or from scaffold, crowned with virtue or stained with crime, I hope that good may come to all.

R. G. Ingersoll.

Is Suicide A Sin?

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Col. Ingersoll's First Letter.

I DO not know whether self-killing is on the increase or not. If it is, then there must be, on the average, more trouble, more sorrow, more failure, and, consequently, more people are driven to despair. In civilized life there is a great struggle, great competition, and many fail. To fail in a great city is like being wrecked at sea. In the country a man has friends; he can get a little credit, a little help, but in the city it is different. The man is lost in the multitude. In the roar of the streets, his cry is not heard. Death becomes his only friend. Death promises release from want, from hunger and pain, and so the poor wretch lays down his burden, dashes it from his shoulders and falls asleep.

To me all this seems very natural. The wonder is that so many endure and suffer to the natural end, that so many nurse the spark of life in huts and prisons, keep it and guard it through years of misery and want; support it by beggary, by eating the crust found in the gutter, and to whom it only gives days of weariness and nights of fear and dread. Why should the man, sitting amid the wreck of all he had, the loved ones dead, friends lost, seek to lengthen, to preserve his life? What can the future have for him?

Under many circumstances a man has the right to kill himself. When life is of no value to him, when he can be of no real assistance to others, why should a man continue? When he is of no benefit, when he is a burden to those he loves, why should he remain? The old idea was that God made us and placed us here for a purpose and that it was our duty to remain until he called us. The world is outgrowing this absurdity. What pleasure can it give God to see a man devoured by a cancer; to see the quivering flesh slowly eaten; to see the nerves throbbing with pain? Is this a festival for God? Why should the poor wretch stay and suffer? A little morphine would give him sleep—the agony would be forgotten and he would pass unconsciously from happy dreams to painless death.

If God determines all births and deaths, of what use is medicine and why should doctors defy with pills and powders, the decrees of God? No one, except a few insane, act now according to this childish superstition. Why should a man, surrounded by flames, in the midst of a burning building, from which there is no escape, hesitate to put a bullet through his brain or a dagger in his heart? Would it give God pleasure to see him burn? When did the man lose the right of self-defence?

So, when a man has committed some awful crime, why should he stay and ruin his family and friends? Why should he add to the injury? Why should he live, filling his days and nights, and the days and nights of others, with grief and pain, with agony and tears?

Why should a man sentenced to imprisonment for life hesitate to still his heart? The grave is better than the cell. Sleep is sweeter than the ache of toil. The dead have no masters.

So the poor girl, betrayed and deserted, the door of home closed against her, the faces of friends averted, no hand that will help, no eye that will soften with pity, the future an abyss filled with monstrous shapes of dread and fear, her mind racked by fragments of thoughts like clouds broken by storm, pursued, surrounded by the serpents of remorse, flying from horrors too great to bear, rushes with joy through the welcome door of death.

Undoubtedly there are many cases of perfectly justifiable suicide—cases in which not to end life would be a mistake, sometimes almost a crime.

As to the necessity of death, each must decide for himself. And if a man honestly decides that death is best—best for him and others—and acts upon the decision, why should he be blamed?

Certainly the man who kills himself is not a physical coward. He may have lacked moral courage, but not physical. It may be said that some men fight duels because they are afraid to decline. They are between two fires—the chance of death and the certainty of dishonor, and they take the chance of death. So the Christian martyrs were, according to their belief, between two fires—the flames of the fagot that could burn but for a few moments, and the fires of God, that were eternal. And they chose the flames of the fagot.

Men who fear death to that degree that they will bear all the pains and pangs that nerves can feel, rather than die, cannot afford to call the suicide a coward. It does not seem to me that Brutus was a coward or that Seneca was. Surely Antony had nothing left to live for. Cato was not a craven. He acted on his judgment. So with hundreds of others who felt that they had reached the end—-that the journey was done, the voyage was over, and, so feeling, stopped. It seems certain that the man who commits suicide, who “does the thing that ends all other deeds, that shackles accident and bolts up change” is not lacking in physical courage.

If men had the courage, they would not linger in prisons, in almshouses, in hospitals; they would not bear the pangs of incurable disease, the stains of dishonor; they would not live in filth and want, in poverty and hunger, neither would they wear the chain of slavery. All this can be accounted for only by the fear of death or “of something after.”

Seneca, knowing that Nero intended to take his life, had no fear. He knew that he could defeat the Emperor. He knew that “at the bottom of every river, in the coil of every rope, on the point of every dagger, Liberty sat and smiled.” He knew that it was his own fault if he allowed himself to be tortured to death by his enemy. He said: “There is this blessing, that while life has but one entrance, it has exits innumerable, and as I choose the house in which I live, the ship in which I will sail, so will I choose the time and manner of my death.”

To me this is not cowardly, but manly and noble. Under the Roman law persons found guilty of certain offences were not only destroyed, but their blood was polluted

and their children became outcasts. If, however, they died before conviction their children were saved. Many committed suicide to save their babes. Certainly they were not cowards. Although guilty of great crimes they had enough of honor, of manhood, left to save their innocent children. This was not cowardice.

Without doubt many suicides are caused by insanity. Men lose their property. The fear of the future overpowers them. Things lose proportion, they lose poise and balance, and in a flash, a gleam of frenzy, kill themselves. The disappointed in love, broken in heart—the light fading from their lives—seek the refuge of death.

Those who take their lives in painful, barbarous ways—who mangle their throats with broken glass, dash themselves from towers and roofs, take poisons that torture like the rack—such persons must be insane. But those who take the facts into account, who weigh the arguments for and against, and who decide that death is best—the only good—and then resort to reasonable means, may be, so far as I can see, in full possession of their minds.

Life is not the same to all—to some a blessing, to some a curse, to some not much in any way. Some leave it with unspeakable regret, some with the keenest joy and some with indifference.

Religion, or the decadence of religion, has a bearing upon the number of suicides. The fear of God, of judgment, of eternal pain will stay the hand, and people so believing will suffer here until relieved by natural death. A belief in eternal agony beyond the grave will cause such believers to suffer the pangs of this life. When there is no fear of the future, when death is believed to be a dreamless sleep, men have less hesitation about ending their lives. On the other hand, orthodox religion has driven millions to insanity. It has caused parents to murder their children and many thousands to destroy themselves and others.

It seems probable that all real, genuine orthodox believers who kill themselves must be insane, and to such a degree that their belief is forgotten. God and hell are out of their minds.

I am satisfied that many who commit suicide are insane, many are in the twilight or dusk of insanity, and many are perfectly sane.

The law we have in this State making it a crime to attempt suicide is cruel and absurd and calculated to increase the number of successful suicides. When a man has suffered so much, when he has been so persecuted and pursued by disaster that he seeks the rest and sleep of death, why should the State add to the sufferings of that man? A man seeking death, knowing that he will be punished if he fails, will take extra pains and precautions to make death certain.

This law was born of superstition, passed by thoughtlessness and enforced by ignorance and cruelty.

When the house of life becomes a prison, when the horizon has shrunk and narrowed to a cell, and when the convict longs for the liberty of death, why should the effort to escape be regarded as a crime?

Of course, I regard life from a natural point of view. I do not take gods, heavens or hells into account. My horizon is the known, and my estimate of life is based upon what I know of life here in this world. People should not suffer for the sake of supernatural beings or for other worlds or the hopes and fears of some future state. Our joys, our sufferings and our duties are here.

The law of New York about the attempt to commit suicide and the law as to divorce are about equal. Both are idiotic. Law cannot prevent suicide. Those who have lost all fear of death, care nothing for law and its penalties. Death is liberty, absolute and eternal.

We should remember that nothing happens but the natural. Back of every suicide and every attempt to commit suicide is the natural and efficient cause. Nothing happens by chance. In this world the facts touch each other. There is no space between—no room for chance. Given a certain heart and brain, certain conditions, and suicide is the necessary result. If we wish to prevent suicide we must change conditions. We must by education, by invention, by art, by civilization, add to the value of the average life. We must cultivate the brain and heart—do away with false pride and false modesty. We must become generous enough to help our fellows without degrading them. We must make industry—useful work of all kinds—honorable. We must mingle a little affection with our charity—a little fellowship. We should allow those who have sinned to really reform. We should not think only of what the wicked have done, but we should think of what we have wanted to do. People do not hate the sick. Why should they despise the mentally weak—the diseased in brain?

Our actions are the fruit, the result, of circumstances—of conditions—and we do as we must.

This great truth should fill the heart with pity for the failures of our race.

Sometimes I have wondered that Christians denounced the suicide; that in olden times they buried him where the roads crossed, drove a stake through his body, and then took his property from his children and gave it to the State.

If Christians would only think, they would see that orthodox religion rests upon suicide—that man was redeemed by suicide, and that without suicide the whole world would have been lost.

If Christ were God, then he had the power to protect himself from the Jews without hurting them. But instead of using his power he allowed them to take his life.

If a strong man should allow a few little children to hack him to death with knives when he could easily have brushed them aside, would we not say that he committed suicide?

There is no escape. If Christ were, in fact, God, and allowed the Jews to kill him, then he consented to his own death—refused, though perfectly able, to defend and protect himself, and was, in fact, a suicide.

We cannot reform the world by law or by superstition. As long as there shall be pain and failure, want and sorrow, agony and crime, men and women will untie life's knot and seek the peace of death.

To the hopelessly imprisoned—to the dishonored and despised—to those who have failed, who have no future, no hope—to the abandoned, the brokenhearted, to those who are only remnants and fragments of men and women—how consoling, how enchanting is the thought of death!

And even to the most fortunate, death at last is a welcome deliverer. Death is as natural and as merciful as life. When we have journeyed long—when we are weary—when we wish for the twilight, for the dusk, for the cool kisses of the night—when the senses are dull—when the pulse is faint and low—when the mists gather on the mirror of memory—when the past is almost forgotten, the present hardly perceived—when the future has but empty hands—death is as welcome as a strain of music.

After all, death is not so terrible as joyless life. Next to eternal happiness is to sleep in the soft clasp of the cool earth, disturbed by no dream, by no thought, by no pain, by no fear, unconscious of all and forever.

The wonder is that so many live, that in spite of rags and want, in spite of tenement and gutter, of filth and pain, they, limp and stagger and crawl beneath their burdens to the natural end. The wonder is that so few of the miserable are brave enough to die—that so many are terrified by the "something after death"—by the spectres and phantoms of superstition.

Most people are in love with life. How they cling to it in the arctic snows—how they struggle in the waves and currents of the sea—how they linger in famine—how they fight disaster and despair! On the crumbling edge of death they keep the flag flying and go down at last full of hope and courage.

But many have not such natures. They cannot bear defeat. They are disheartened by disaster. They lie down on the field of conflict and give the earth their blood.

They are our unfortunate brothers and sisters. We should not curse or blame—we should pity. On their pallid faces our tears should fall.

One of the best men I ever knew, with an affectionate wife, a charming and loving daughter, committed suicide. He was a man of generous impulses. His heart was loving and tender. He was conscientious, and so sensitive that he blamed himself for having done what at the time he thought was wise and best. He was the victim of his virtues. Let us be merciful in our judgments.

All we can say is that the good and the bad, the loving and the malignant, the conscientious and the vicious, the educated and the ignorant, actuated by many motives, urged and pushed by circumstances and conditions—sometimes in the calm of judgment, sometimes in passion's storm and stress, sometimes in whirl and tempest of insanity—raise their hands against themselves and desperately put out the light of life.

Those who attempt suicide should not be punished. If they are insane they should if possible be restored to reason; if sane, they should be reasoned with, calmed and assisted.

R. G. Ingersoll.

COL. INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO HIS CRITICS.

IN the article written by me about suicide the ground was taken that "under many circumstances a man has the right to kill himself."

This has been attacked with great fury by clergymen, editors and the writers of letters. These people contend that the right of self-destruction does not and cannot exist. They insist that life is the gift of God, and that he only has the right to end the days of men; that it is our duty to bear the sorrows that he sends with grateful patience. Some have denounced suicide as the worst of crimes—worse than the murder of another.

The first question, then, is:

Has a man under any circumstances the right to kill himself?

A man is being slowly devoured by a cancer—his agony is intense—his suffering all that nerves can feel. His life is slowly being taken. Is this the work of the good God? Did the compassionate God create the cancer so that it might feed on the quiverering flesh of this victim?

This man, suffering agonies beyond the imagination to conceive, is of no use to himself. His life is but a succession of pangs. He is of no use to his wife, his children, his friends or society. Day after day he is rendered unconscious by drugs that numb the nerves and put the brain to sleep.

Has he the right to render himself unconscious? Is it proper for him to take refuge in sleep?

If there be a good God I cannot believe that he takes pleasure in the sufferings of men—that he gloats over the agonies of his children. If there be a good God, he will, to the extent of his power, lessen the evils of life.

So I insist that the man being eaten by the cancer—a burden to himself and others, useless in every way—has the right to end his pain and pass through happy sleep to dreamless rest.

But those who have answered me would say to this man: "It is your duty to be devoured. The good God wishes you to suffer. Your life is the gift of God. You hold it in trust and you have no right to end it. The cancer is the creation of God and it is your duty to furnish it with food."

Take another case: A man is on a burning ship, the crew and the rest of the passengers have escaped—gone in the lifeboats—and he is left alone. In the wide horizon there is no sail, no sign of help. He cannot swim. If he leaps into the sea he drowns, if he remains on the ship he burns. In any event he can live but a few moments.

Those who have answered me, those who insist that under no circumstances a man has the right to take his life, would say to this man on the deck, “Remain where you are. It is the desire of your loving, heavenly Father that you be clothed in flame—that you slowly roast—that your eyes be scorched to blindness and that you die insane with pain. Your life is not your own, only the agony is yours.”

I would say to this man: Do as you wish. If you prefer drowning to burning, leap into the sea. Between inevitable evils you have the right of choice. You can help no one, not even God, by allowing yourself to be burned, and you can injure no one, not even God, by choosing the easier death.

Let us suppose another case:

A man has been captured by savages in Central Africa. He is about to be tortured to death. His captors are going to thrust splinters of pine into his flesh and then set them on fire. He watches them as they make the preparations. He knows what they are about to do and what he is about to suffer. There is no hope of rescue, of help. He has a vial of poison. He knows that he can take it and in one moment pass beyond their power, leaving to them only the dead body.

Is this man under obligation to keep his life because God gave it, until the savages by torture take it? Are the savages the agents of the good God? Are they the servants of the Infinite? Is it the duty of this man to allow them to wrap his body in a garment of flame? Has he no right to defend himself? Is it the will of God that he die by torture? What would any man of ordinary intelligence do in a case like this? Is there room for discussion?

If the man took the poison, shortened his life a few moments, escaped the tortures of the savages, is it possible that he would in another world be tortured forever by an infinite savage?

Suppose another case: In the good old days, when the Inquisition flourished, when men loved their enemies and murdered their friends, many frightful and ingenious ways were devised to touch the nerves of pain.

Those who loved God, who had been “born twice,” would take a fellow-man who had been convicted of “heresy,” lay him upon the floor of a dungeon, secure his arms and legs with chains, fasten him to the earth so that he could not move, put an iron vessel, the opening downward, on his stomach, place in the vessel several rats, then tie it securely to his body. Then these worshipers of God would wait until the rats, seeking food and liberty, would gnaw through the body of the victim.

Now, if a man about to be subjected to this torture, had within his hand a dagger, would it excite the wrath of the “good God,” if with one quick stroke he found the protection of death?

To this question there can be but one answer.

In the cases I have supposed it seems to me that each person would have the right to destroy himself. It does not seem possible that the man was under obligation to be devoured by a cancer; to remain upon the ship and perish in flame; to throw away

the poison and be tortured to death by savages; to drop the dagger and endure the "mercies" of the church.

If, in the cases I have supposed, men would have the right to take their lives, then I was right when I said that "under many circumstances a man has a right to kill himself."

Second.—I denied that persons who killed themselves were physical cowards. They may lack moral courage; they may exaggerate their misfortunes, lose the sense of proportion, but the man who plunges the dagger in his heart, who sends the bullet through his brain, who leaps from some roof and dashes himself against the stones beneath, is not and cannot be a physical coward.

The basis of cowardice is the fear of injury or the fear of death, and when that fear is not only gone, but in its place is the desire to die, no matter by what means, it is impossible that cowardice should exist. The suicide wants the very thing that a coward fears. He seeks the very thing that cowardice endeavors to escape.

So, the man, forced to a choice of evils, choosing the less is not a coward, but a reasonable man.

It must be admitted that the suicide is honest with himself. He is to bear the injury; if it be one. Certainly there is no hypocrisy, and just as certainly there is no physical cowardice.

Is the man who takes morphine rather than be eaten to death by a cancer a coward?

Is the man who leaps into the sea rather than be burned a coward? Is the man that takes poison rather than be tortured to death by savages or "Christians" a coward?

Third.—I also took the position that some suicides were sane; that they acted on their best judgment, and that they were in full possession of their minds. Now, if under some circumstances, a man has the right to take his life, and, if, under such circumstances, he does take his life, then it cannot be said that he was insane.

Most of the persons who have tried to answer me have taken the ground that suicide is not only a crime, but some of them have said that it is the greatest of crimes. Now, if it be a crime, then the suicide must have been sane. So all persons who denounce the suicide as a criminal admit that he was sane. Under the law, an insane person is incapable of committing a crime. All the clergymen who have answered me, and who have passionately asserted that suicide is a crime, have by that assertion admitted that those who killed themselves were sane.

They agree with me, and not only admit, but assert that "some who have committed suicide were sane and in the full possession of their minds."

It seems to me that these three propositions have been demonstrated to be true: *First*, that under some circumstances a man has the right to take his life; *second*, that the man who commits suicide is not a physical coward, and, *third*, that some who have committed suicide were at the time sane and in full possession of their minds.

Fourth.—I insisted, and still insist, that suicide was and is the foundation of the Christian religion.

I still insist that if Christ were God he had the power to protect himself without injuring his assailants—that having that power it was his duty to use it, and that failing to use it he consented to his own death and was guilty of suicide.

To this the clergy answer that it was self-sacrifice for the redemption of man, that he made an atonement for the sins of believers. These ideas about redemption and atonement are born of a belief in the "fall of man," on account of the sins of our first "parents," and of the declaration that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." The foundation has crumbled. No intelligent person now believes in the "fall of man"—that our first parents were perfect, and that their descendants grew worse and worse, at least until the coming of Christ.

Intelligent men now believe that ages and ages before the dawn of history, man was a poor, naked, cruel, ignorant and degraded savage, whose language consisted of a few sounds of terror, of hatred and delight; that he devoured his fellow-man, having all the vices, but not all the virtues of the beasts; that the journey from the den to the home, the palace, has been long and painful, through many centuries of suffering, of cruelty and war; through many ages of discovery, invention, self-sacrifice and thought.

Redemption and atonement are left without a fact on which to rest. The idea that an infinite God, creator of all worlds, came to this grain of sand, learned the trade of a carpenter, discussed with Pharisees and scribes, and allowed a few infuriated Hebrews to put him to death that he might atone for the sins of men and redeem a few believers from the consequences of his own wrath, can find no lodgment in a good and natural brain.

In no mythology can anything more monstrously unbelievable be found.

But if Christ were a man and attacked the religion of his times because it was cruel and absurd; if he endeavored to found a religion of kindness, of good deeds, to take the place of heartlessness and ceremony, and if, rather than to deny what he believed to be right and true, he suffered death, then he was a noble man—a benefactor of his race. But if he were God there was no need of this. The Jews did not wish to kill God. If he had only made himself known all knees would have touched the ground. If he were God it required no heroism to die. He knew that what we call death is but the opening of the gates of eternal life. If he were God there was no self-sacrifice. He had no need to suffer pain. He could have changed the crucifixion to a joy.

Even the editors of religious weeklies see that there is no escape from these conclusions—from these arguments—and so, instead of attacking the arguments, they attack the man who makes them.

Fifth.—I denounced the law of New York that makes an attempt to commit suicide a crime.

It seems to me that one who has suffered so much that he passionately longs for death should be pitied, instead of punished—helped rather than imprisoned.

A despairing woman who had vainly sought for leave to toil, a woman without home, without friends, without bread, with clasped hands, with tear-filled eyes, with broken words of prayer, in the darkness of night leaps from the dock, hoping, longing for the tearless sleep of death. She is rescued by a kind, courageous man, handed over to the authorities, indicted, tried, convicted, clothed in a convict's garb and locked in a felon's cell.

To me this law seems barbarous and absurd, a law that only savages would enforce.

Sixth.—In this discussion a curious thing has happened. For several centuries the clergy have declared that while infidelity is a very good thing to live by, it is a bad support, a wretched consolation, in the hour of death. They have in spite of the truth, declared that all the great unbelievers died trembling with fear, asking God for mercy, surrounded by fiends, in the torments of despair. Think of the thousands and thousands of clergymen who have described the last agonies of Voltaire, who died as peacefully as a happy child smilingly passes from play to slumber; the final anguish of Hume, who fell into his last sleep as serenely as a river, running between green and shaded banks, reaches the sea; the despair of Thomas Paine, one of the bravest, one of the noblest men, who met the night of death untroubled as a star that meets the morning.

At the same time these ministers admitted that the average murderer could meet death on the scaffold with perfect serenity, and could smilingly ask the people who had gathered to see him killed to meet him in heaven.

But the honest man who had expressed his honest thoughts against the creed of the church in power could not die in peace. God would see to it that his last moments should be filled with the insanity of fear—that with his last breath he should utter the shriek of remorse, the cry for pardon.

This has all changed, and now the clergy, in their sermons answering me, declare that the atheists, the freethinkers, have no fear of death—that to avoid some little annoyance, a passing inconvenience, they gladly and cheerfully put out the light of life. It is now said that infidels believe that death is the end—that it is a dreamless sleep—that it is without pain—that therefore they have no fear, care nothing for gods, or heavens or hells, nothing for the threats of the pulpit, nothing for the day of judgment, and that when life becomes a burden they carelessly throw it down.

The infidels are so afraid of death that they commit suicide.

This certainly is a great change, and I congratulate myself on having forced the clergy to contradict themselves.

Seventh.—The clergy take the position that the atheist, the unbeliever, has no standard of morality—that he can have no real conception of right and wrong. They are of the opinion that it is impossible for one to be moral or good unless he believes in some Being far above himself.

In this connection we might ask how God can be moral or good unless he believes in some Being superior to himself?

What is morality? It is the best thing to do under the circumstances. What is the best thing to do under the circumstances? That which will increase the sum of human happiness—or lessen it the least. Happiness in its highest, noblest form, is the only good; that which increases or preserves or creates happiness is moral—that which decreases it, or puts it in peril, is immoral.

It is not hard for an atheist—for an unbeliever—to keep his hands out of the fire. He knows that burning his hands will not increase his well-being, and he is moral enough to keep them out of the flames.

So it may be said that each man acts according to his intelligence—so far as what he considers his own good is concerned. Sometimes he is swayed by passion, by prejudice, by ignorance—but when he is really intelligent, master of himself, he does what he believes is best for him. If he is intelligent enough he knows that what is really good for him is good for others—for all the world.

It is impossible for me to see' why any belief in the supernatural is necessary to have a keen perception of right and wrong. Every man who has the capacity to suffer and enjoy, and has imagination enough to give the same capacity to others, has within himself the natural basis of all morality. The idea of morality was born here, in this world, of the experience, the intelligence of mankind. Morality is not of supernatural origin. It did not fall from the clouds, and it needs no belief in the supernatural, no supernatural promises or threats, no supernatural heavens or hells to give it force and life. Subjects who are governed by the threats and promises of a king are merely slaves. They are not governed by the ideal, by noble views of right and wrong. They are obedient cowards, controlled by fear, or beggars governed by rewards—by alms.

Right and wrong exist in the nature of things. Murder was just as criminal before as after the promulgation of the Ten Commandments.

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Murder was just as criminal before as after the promulgation of the Ten Commandments.

Eighth.—Many of the clergy, some editors and some writers of letters who have answered me, have said that suicide is the worst of crimes—that a man had better murder somebody else than himself. One clergyman gives as a reason for this statement that the suicide dies in an act of sin, and therefore he had better kill another person. Probably he would commit a less crime if he would murder his wife or mother.

I do not see that it is any worse to die than to live in sin. To say that it is not as wicked to murder another as yourself seems absurd. The man about to kill himself wishes to die. Why is it better for him to kill another man, who wishes to live?

To my mind it seems clear that you had better injure yourself than another. Better be a spendthrift than a thief. Better throw away your own money than steal the money of another—better kill yourself if you wish to die than murder one whose life is full of joy.

The clergy tell us that God is everywhere, and that it is one of the greatest possible crimes to rush into his presence. It is wonderful how much they know about God and how little about their fellow-men. Wonderful the amount of their information about other worlds and how limited their knowledge is of this.

There may or may not be an infinite Being. I neither affirm nor deny. I am honest enough to say that I do not know. I am candid enough to admit that the question is beyond the limitations of my mind. Yet I think I know as much on that subject as any human being knows or ever knew, and that is—nothing. I do not say that there is not another world, another life; neither do I say that there is. I say that I do not know. It seems to me that every sane and honest man must say the same. But if there is an infinitely good God and another world, then the infinitely good God will be just as good to us in that world as he is in this. If this infinitely good God loves his children in this world, he will love them in another. If he loves a man when he is alive, he will not hate him the instant he is dead.

If we are the children of an infinitely wise and powerful God, he knew exactly what we would do—the temptations that we could and could not withstand—knew exactly the effect that everything would have upon us, knew under what circumstances we would take our lives—and produced such circumstances himself. It is perfectly apparent that there are many people incapable by nature of bearing the burdens of life, incapable of preserving their mental poise in stress and strain of disaster, disease and loss, and who by failure, by misfortune and want, are driven to despair and insanity, in whose darkened minds there comes like a flash of lightning in the night, the thought of death, a thought so strong, so vivid, that all fear is lost, all ties broken, all duties, all obligations, all hopes forgotten, and naught remains except a fierce and wild desire to die. Thousands and thousands become moody, melancholy, brood upon loss of money, of position, of friends, until reason abdicates and frenzy takes possession of the soul. If there be an infinitely wise and powerful God, all this was known to him from the beginning, and he so created things, established relations, put in operation causes and effects, that all that has happened was the necessary result of his own acts.

Ninth.—Nearly all who have tried to answer what I said have been exceedingly careful to misquote me, and then answer something that I never uttered. They have declared that I have advised people who were in trouble, somewhat annoyed, to kill themselves; that I have told men who have lost their money, who had failed in business, who were not good in health, to kill themselves at once, without taking into consideration any duty that they owed to wives, children, friends, or society.

No man has a right to leave his wife to fight the battle alone if he is able to help. No man has a right to desert his children if he can possibly be of use. As long as he can add to the comfort of those he loves, as long as he can stand between wife and misery, between child and want, as long as he can be of any use, it is his duty to remain.

I believe in the cheerful view, in looking at the sunny side of things, in bearing with fortitude the evils of life, in struggling against adversity, in finding the fuel of laughter even in disaster, in having confidence in to-morrow, in finding the pearl of joy among the flints and shards, and in changing by the alchemy of patience even evil things to good. I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness, of courage and good nature.

Of the future I have no fear. My fate is the fate of the world—of all that live. My anxieties are about this life, this world. About the phantoms called gods and their impossible hells, I have no care, no fear.

The existence of God I neither affirm nor deny, I wait. The immortality of the soul I neither affirm nor deny. I hope—hope for all of the children of men. I have never denied the existence of another world, nor the immortality of the soul. For many years I have said that the idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

What I deny is the immortality of pain, the eternity of torture.

After all, the instinct of self-preservation is strong. People do not kill themselves on the advice of friends or enemies. All wish to be happy, to enjoy life; all wish for food and roof and raiment, for friends, and as long as life gives joy, the idea of self-destruction never enters the human mind.

The oppressors, the tyrants, those who trample on the rights of others, the robbers of the poor, those who put wages below the living point, the ministers who make people insane by preaching the dogma of eternal pain; these are the men who drive the weak, the suffering and the helpless down to death.

It will not do to say that God has appointed a time for each to die. Of this there is, and there can be, no evidence. There is no evidence that any god takes any interest in the affairs of men—that any sides with the right or helps the weak, protects the innocent or rescues the oppressed. Even the clergy admit that their God, through all ages, has allowed his friends, his worshipers, to be imprisoned, tortured and murdered by his enemies. Such is the protection of God. Billions of prayers have been uttered; has one been answered? Who sends plague, pestilence and famine? Who bids the earthquake devour and the volcano to overwhelm?

Tenth.—Again, I say that it is wonderful to me that so many men, so many women endure and carry their burdens to the natural end; that so many, in spite of "age, ache and penury," guard with trembling hands the spark of life; that prisoners for life toil and suffer to the last; that the helpless wretches in poorhouses and asylums cling to life; that the exiles in Siberia, loaded with chains, scarred with the knout, live on; that the incurables, whose every breath is a pang, and for whom the future has only pain, should fear the merciful touch and clasp of death.

It is but a few steps at most from the cradle to the grave; a short journey. The suicide hastens, shortens the path, loses the afternoon, the twilight, the dusk of life's day; loses what he does not want, what he cannot bear. In the tempest of despair, in the blind fury of madness, or in the calm of thought and choice, the beleaguered soul finds the serenity of death.

Let us leave the dead where nature leaves them. We know nothing of any realm that lies beyond the horizon of the known, beyond the end of life. Let us be honest with ourselves and others. Let us pity the suffering, the despairing, the men and women hunted and pursued by grief and shame, by misery and want, by chance and fate until their only friend is death.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

SUICIDE A SIN.

Question. Do you think that what you have written about suicide has caused people to take their lives?

Answer. No, I do not. People do not kill themselves because of the ideas of others. They are the victims of misfortune.

Question. What do you consider the chief cause of suicide?

Answer. There are many causes. Some individuals are crossed in love, others are bankrupt in estate or reputation, still others are diseased in body and frequently in mind. There are a thousand and one causes that lead up to the final act.

Question. Do you consider that nationality plays a part in these tragedies?

Answer. No, it is a question of individuals. There are those whose sorrows are greater than they can bear. These sufferers seek the peace of death.

Question. Do you, then, advise suicide?

Answer. No, I have never done so, but I have said, and still say, that there are circumstances under which it is justifiable for a person to take his life.

Question. What do you think of the law which prohibits self-destruction?

Answer. That it is absurd and ridiculous. The other day a man was tried before Judge Goff for having tried to kill himself. I think he pleaded guilty, and the Judge, after speaking of the terrible crime of the poor wretch, sentenced him to the penitentiary for two years. This was an outrage; infamous in every way, and a disgrace to our civilization.

Question. Do you believe that such a law will prevent the frequency of suicides?

Answer. By no means. After this, persons in New York who have made up their minds to commit suicide will see to it that they succeed.

Question. Have your opinions been in any way modified since your first announcement of them?

Answer. No, I feel now as I have felt for many years. No one can answer my articles on suicide, because no one can satisfactorily refute them. Every man of sense knows that a person being devoured by a cancer has the right to take morphine, and pass from agony to dreamless sleep. So, too, there are circumstances under which a man has the right to end his pain of mind.

Question. Have you seen in the papers that many who have killed themselves have had on their persons some article of yours on suicide?

Answer. Yes, I have read such accounts, but I repeat that I do not think these persons were led to kill themselves by reading the articles. Many people who have killed themselves were found to have Bibles or tracts in their pockets.

Question. How do you account for the presence of the latter?

Answer. The reason of this is that the theologians know nothing. The pious imagine that their God has placed us here for some wise and inscrutable purpose, and that he will call for us when he wants us. All this is idiotic. When a man is of no use to himself or to others, when his days and nights are filled with pain and sorrow, why should he remain to endure them longer?

SUICIDE A SIN.

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL was seen at his house and asked if he had read the Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright's sermon.

Answer. Yes. I have read the sermon, and also an interview had with the reverend gentleman.

Long ago I gave my views about suicide, and I entertain the same views still. Mr. Wright's sermon has stirred up quite a commotion among the orthodox ministers. This commotion may always be expected when anything sensible comes from a pulpit. Mr. Wright has mixed a little common sense with his theology, and, of course this has displeased the truly orthodox.

Sense is the bitterest foe that theology has. No system of supernatural religion can outlive a good dose of real good sense. The orthodox ministers take the ground that an infinite Being created man, put him on the earth and determined his days. They say that God desires every person to live until he, God, calls for his soul. They insist that we are all on guard and must remain so until relieved by a higher power—the superior officer.

The trouble with this doctrine is that it proves too much. It proves that God kills every person who dies as we say, "according to nature." It proves that we ought to say, "according to God." It proves that God sends the earthquake, the cyclone, the pestilence, for the purpose of killing people. It proves that all diseases and all accidents are his messengers, and that all who do not kill themselves, die by the act, and in accordance with the will of God. It also shows that when a man is murdered, it is in harmony with, and a part of the divine plan. When God created the man who was murdered, he knew that he would be murdered, and when he made the man who committed the murder, he knew exactly what he would do. So that the murder was the act of God.

Can it be said that God intended that thousands should die of famine and that he, to accomplish his purpose, withheld the rain? Can we say that he intended that thousands of innocent men should die in dungeons and on scaffolds?

Is it possible that a man, "slowly being devoured by a cancer," whose days and nights are filled with torture, who is useless to himself and a burden to others, is carrying out the will of God? Does God enjoy his agony? Is God thrilled by the music of his moans—the melody of his shrieks?

This frightful doctrine makes God an infinite monster, and every human being a slave; a victim. This doctrine is not only infamous but it is idiotic. It makes God the only criminal in the universe.

Now, if we are governed by reason, if we use our senses and our minds, and have courage enough to be honest; if we know a little of the world's history, then we know—if we know anything—that man has taken his chances, precisely the same as other animals. He has been destroyed by heat and cold, by flood and fire, by storm and famine, by countless diseases, by numberless accidents. By his intelligence, his cunning, his strength, his foresight, he has managed to escape utter destruction. He has defended himself. He has received no supernatural aid. Neither has he been

attacked by any supernatural power. Nothing has ever happened in nature as the result of a purpose to benefit or injure the human race.

Consequently the question of the right or wrong of suicide is not in any way affected by a supposed obligation to the Infinite.

All theological considerations must be thrown aside because we see and know that the laws of life are the same for all living things—that when the conditions are favorable, the living multiply and life lengthens, and when the conditions are unfavorable, the living decrease and life shortens. We have no evidence of any interference of any power superior to nature. Taking into consideration the fact that all the duties and obligations of man must be to his fellows, to sentient beings, here in this world, and that he owes no duty and is under no obligation to any phantoms of the air, then it is easy to determine whether a man under certain circumstances has the right to end his life.

If he can be of no use to others—if he is of no use to himself—if he is a burden to others—a curse to himself—why should he remain? By ending his life he ends his sufferings and adds to the well-being of others. He lessens misery and increases happiness. Under such circumstances undoubtedly a man has the right to stop the pulse of pain and woo the sleep that has no dream.

I do not think that the discussion of this question is of much importance, but I am glad that a clergyman has taken a natural and a sensible position, and that he has reasoned not like a minister, but like a man.

When wisdom comes from the pulpit I am delighted and surprised. I feel then that there is a little light in the East, possibly the dawn of a better day.

I congratulate the Rev. Mr. Wright, and thank him for his brave and philosophic words.

There is still another thing. Certainly a man has the right to avoid death, to save himself from accident and disease. If he has this right, then the theologians must admit that God, in making his decrees, took into consideration the result of such actions. Now, if God knew that while most men would avoid death, some would seek it, and if his decrees were so made that they would harmonize with the acts of those who would avoid death, can we say that he did not, in making his decrees, take into consideration the acts of those who would seek death? Let us remember that all actions, good, bad and indifferent, are the necessary children of conditions—that there is no chance in the natural world in which we live.

So, we must keep in mind that all real opinions are honest, and that all have the same right to express their thoughts. Let us be charitable.

When some suffering wretch, wild with pain, crazed with regret, frenzied with fear, with desperate hand unties the knot of life, let us have pity—Let us be generous.

SUICIDE AND SANITY.

Question. Is a suicide necessarily insane? was the first question, to which Colonel Ingersoll replied:

Answer. No. At the same time I believe that a great majority of suicides are insane. There are circumstances under which suicide is natural, sensible and right. When a man is of no use to himself, when he can be of no use to others, when his life is filled with agony, when the future has no promise of relief, then I think he has the right to cast the burden of life away and seek the repose of death.

Question. Is a suicide necessarily a coward?

Answer. I cannot conceive of cowardice in connection with suicide. Of nearly all things death is the most feared. And the man who voluntarily enters the realm of death cannot properly be called a coward. Many men who kill themselves forget the duties they owe to others—forget their wives and children. Such men are heartless, wicked, brutal; but they are not cowards.

Question. When is the suicide of the sane justifiable?

Answer. To escape death by torture; to avoid being devoured by a cancer; to prevent being a burden on those you love; when you can be of no use to others or to yourself; when life is unbearable; when in all the horizon of the future there is no star of hope.

Question. Do you believe that any suicides have been caused or encouraged by your declaration three years ago that suicide sometimes was justifiable?

Answer. Many preachers talk as though I had inaugurated, invented, suicide, as though no one who had not read my ideas on suicide had ever taken his own life. Talk as long as language lasts, you cannot induce a man to kill himself. The man who takes his own life does not go to others to find reasons or excuses.

Question. On the whole is the world made better or worse by suicides?

Answer. Better by some and poorer by others.

Question. Why is it that Germany, said to be the most educated of civilized nations, leads the world in suicides?

Answer. I do not know that Germany is the most educated; neither do I know that suicide is more frequent there than in all other countries. I know that the struggle for life is severe in Germany, that the laws are unjust, that the government is oppressive, that the people are sentimental, that they brood over their troubles and easily become hopeless.

Question. If suicide is sometimes justifiable, is not killing of born idiots and infants hopelessly handicapped at birth equally so?

Answer. There is no relation between the questions—between suicides and killing idiots. Suicide may, under certain circumstances, be right and killing idiots may be wrong; killing idiots may be right and suicide may be wrong. When we look about us, when we read interviews with preachers about Jonah, we know that all the idiots have not been killed.

Question. Should suicide be forbidden by law?

Answer. No. A law that provides for the punishment of those who attempt to commit suicide is idiotic. Those who are willing to meet death are not afraid of law. The only effect of such a law would be to make the person who had concluded to kill himself a little more careful to succeed.

Question. What is your belief about virtue, morality and religion?

Answer. I believe that all actions that tend to the well-being of sentient beings are virtuous and moral. I believe that real religion consists in doing good. I do not believe in phantoms. I believe in the uniformity of nature; that matter will forever attract matter in proportion to mass and distance; that, under the same circumstances, falling bodies will attain the same speed, increasing in exact proportion to distance; that light will always, under the same circumstances, be reflected at the same angle; that it will always travel with the same velocity; that air will forever be lighter than water, and gold heavier than iron; that all substances will be true to their natures; that a certain degree of heat will always expand the metals and change water into steam; that a certain degree of cold will cause the metals to shrink and change water into ice; that all atoms will forever be in motion; that like causes will forever produce like effects, that force will be overcome only by force; that no atom of matter will ever be created or destroyed; that the energy in the universe will forever remain the same, nothing lost, nothing gained; that all that has been possible has happened, and that all that will be possible will happen; that the seeds and causes of all thoughts, dreams, fancies and actions, of all virtues and all vices, of all successes and all failures, are in nature; that there is in the universe no power superior to nature; that man is under no obligation to the imaginary gods; that all his obligations and duties are to be discharged and done in this world; that right and wrong do not depend on the will of an infinite Being, but on the consequences of actions, and that these consequences necessarily flow from the nature of things. I believe that the universe is natural.

Is Avarice Triumphant?

**A reply to General Rush Hawkins' article, "Brutality and Avarice Triumphant," published in the North American Review, June, 1891.*

THERE are many people, in all countries, who seem to enjoy individual and national decay. They love to prophesy the triumph of evil. They mistake the afternoon of their own lives for the evening of the world. To them everything has changed. Men are no longer honest or brave, and women have ceased to be beautiful. They are dyspeptic, and it gives them the greatest pleasure to say that the art of cooking has been lost.

For many generations many of these people occupied the pulpits. They lifted the hand of warning whenever the human race took a step in advance. As wealth increased, they declared that honesty and goodness and self-denial and charity were vanishing from the earth. They doubted the morality of well-dressed people—considered it impossible that the prosperous should be pious. Like owls sitting on the limbs of a dead tree, they hooted the obsequies of spring, believing it would come no more.

There are some patriots who think it their duty to malign and slander the land of their birth. They feel that they have a kind of Cassandra mission, and they really seem to enjoy their work. They honestly believe that every kind of crime is on the increase, that the courts are all corrupt, that the legislators are bribed, that the witnesses are suborned, that all holders of office are dishonest; and they feel like a modern Marius sitting amid the ruins of all the virtues.

It is useless to endeavor to persuade these people that they are wrong. They do not want arguments, because they will not heed them. They need medicine. Their case is not for a philosopher, but for a physician.

General Hawkins is probably right when he says that some fraudulent shoes, some useless muskets, and some worn-out vessels were sold to the Government during the war; but we must remember that there were millions and millions of as good shoes as art and honesty could make, millions of the best muskets ever constructed, and hundreds of the most magnificent ships ever built, sold to the Government during the same period. We must not mistake an eddy for the main stream. We must also remember another thing: there were millions of good, brave, and patriotic men to wear the shoes, to use the muskets, and to man the ships.

So it is probably true that Congress was extravagant in land subsidies voted to railroads; but that this legislation was secured by bribery is preposterous. It was all done in the light of noon. There is not the slightest evidence tending to show that the general policy of hastening the construction of railways through the Territories of the United States was corruptly adopted—not the slightest. At the same time, it may be that some members of Congress were induced by personal considerations to vote for such subsidies. As a matter of fact, the policy was wise, and through the granting of the subsidies thousands of miles of railways were built, and these railways have given to civilization vast territories which otherwise would have remained substantially

useless to the world. Where at that time was a wilderness, now are some of the most thriving cities in the United States—a great, an industrious, and a happy population. The results have justified the action of Congress.

It is also true that some railroads have been "wrecked" in the United States, but most of these wrecks have been the result of competition. It is the same with corporations as with individuals—the powerful combine against the weak. In the world of commerce and business is the great law of the survival of the strongest. Railroads are not eleemosynary institutions. They have but little regard for the rights of one another. Some fortunes have been made by the criminal "wrecking" of roads, but even in the business of corporations honesty is the best policy, and the companies that have acted in accordance with the highest standard, other things being equal, have reaped the richest harvest.

Many railways were built in advance of a demand; they had to develop the country through which they passed. While they waited for immigration, interest accumulated; as a result foreclosure took place; then reorganization. By that time the country had been populated; towns were springing up along the line; increased business was the result. On the new bonds and the new stock the company paid interest and dividends. Then the ones who first invested and lost their money felt that they had been defrauded.

So it is easy to say that certain men are guilty of crimes—easy to indict the entire nation, and at the same time impossible to substantiate one of the charges. Everyone who knows the history of the Star-Route trials knows that nothing was established against the defendants, knows that every effort was made by the Government to convict them, and also knows that an unprejudiced jury of twelve men, never suspected of being improperly influenced, after having heard the entire case, pronounced the defendants not guilty. After this, of course, any one can say, who knows nothing of the evidence and who cares nothing for the facts, that the defendants were all guilty.

It may also be true that some settlers in the far West have taken timber from the public lands, and it may be that it was a necessity. Our laws and regulations were such that where a settler was entitled to take up a certain amount of land he had to take it all in one place; he could not take a certain number of acres on the plains and a certain number of acres in the timber. The consequence was that when he settled upon the land—the land that he could cultivate—he took the timber that he needed from the Government land, and this has been called stealing. So I suppose it may be said that the cattle stole the Government's grass and possibly drank the Government's water.

It will also be admitted with pleasure that stock has been "watered" in this country. And what is the crime or practice known as watering stock?

For instance, you have a railroad one hundred miles long, worth, we will say, $3,000,000—able to pay interest on that sum at the rate of six per cent. Now, we all know that the amount of stock issued has nothing to do with the value of the thing represented by the stock. If there was one share of stock representing this railroad, it would be worth three million dollars, whether it said on its face it was one dollar or

one hundred dollars. If there were three million shares of stock issued on this property, they would be worth one dollar apiece, and, no matter whether it said on this stock that each share was a hundred dollars or a thousand dollars, the share would be worth one dollar—no more, no less. If any one wishes to find the value of stock, he should find the value of the thing represented by the stock. It is perfectly clear that, if a pie is worth one dollar, and you cut it into four pieces, each piece is worth twenty-five cents; and if you cut it in a thousand pieces, you do not increase the value of the pie.

If, then, you wish to find the value of a share of stock, find its relation to the thing represented by all the stock.

It can also be safely admitted that trusts have been formed. The reason is perfectly clear. Corporations are like individuals—they combine. Unfortunate corporations become socialistic, anarchistic, and cry out against the abuses of trusts. It is natural for corporations to defend themselves—natural for them to stop ruinous competition by a profitable pool; and when strong corporations combine, little corporations suffer. It is with corporations as with fishes—the large eat the little; and it may be that this will prove a public benefit in the end. When the large corporations have taken possession of the little ones, it may be that the Government will take possession of them—the Government being the largest corporation of them all.

It is to be regretted that all houses are not fireproof; but certainly no one imagines that the people of this country build houses for the purpose of having them burned, or that they erect hotels having in view the broiling of guests. Men act as they must; that is to say, according to wants and necessities. In a new country the buildings are cheaper than in an old one, money is scarcer, interest higher, and consequently people build cheaply and take the risks of fire. They do not do this on account of the Constitution of the United States, or the action of political parties, or the general idea that man is entitled to be free. In the hotels of Europe it may be that there is not as great danger of fire as of famine.

The destruction of game and of the singing birds is to be greatly regretted, not only in this country, but in all others. The people of America have been too busy felling forests, ploughing fields, and building houses, to cultivate, to the highest degree, the aesthetic side of their natures. Nature has been somewhat ruthless with us. The storms of winter breasted by the Western pioneer, the whirlwinds of summer, have tended, it may be, to harden somewhat the sensibilities; in consequence of which they have allowed their horses and cattle to bear the rigors of the same climate.

It is also true that the seal-fisheries are being destroyed, in the interest of the present, by those who care nothing for the future. All these things are to be deprecated, are to be spoken against; but we must not hint, provided we are lovers of the Republic, that such things are caused by free institutions.

General Hawkins asserts that “Christianity has neither preached nor practiced humanity towards animals,” while at the same time “Sunday school children by hundreds of thousands are taught what a terrible thing it is to break the Sabbath;” that “museum trustees tremble with pious horror at the suggestion of opening the doors leading to the collections on that day,” and that no protests have come “from

lawmakers or the Christian clergy." Few people will suspect me of going out of my way to take care of Christianity or of the clergy. At the same time, I can afford to state the truth. While there is not much in the Bible with regard to practicing humanity toward animals, there is at least this: "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Of course, I am not alluding now to the example set by Jehovah when he destroyed the cattle of the Egyptians with hailstones and diseases on account of the sins of their owners.

In regard to the treatment of animals Christians have been much like other people.

So, hundreds of lawmakers have not only protested against cruelty to animals, but enough have protested against it to secure the enactment of laws making cruelty toward animals a crime. Henry Bergh, who did as much good as any man who has lived in the nineteenth century, was seconded in his efforts by many of the Christian clergy not only, but by hundreds and thousands of professing Christians—probably millions. Let us be honest.

It is true that the clergy are apt to lose the distinction between offences and virtues, to regard the little as the important—that is to say, to invert the pyramid.

It is true that the Indians have been badly treated. It is true that the fringe of civilization has been composed of many low and cruel men. It is true that the red man has been demoralized by the vices of the white. It is a frightful fact that, when a superior race meets an inferior, the inferior imitates only the vices of the superior, and the superior those of the inferior. They exchange faults and failings. This is one of the most terrible facts in the history of the human race.

Nothing can be said to justify our treatment of the Indians. There is, however, this shadow of an excuse: In the old times, when we lived along the Atlantic, it hardly occurred to our ancestors that they could ever go beyond the Ohio; so the first treaty with the Indians drove them back but a few miles. In a little while, through immigration, the white race passed the line, and another treaty was made, forcing the Indians still further west; yet the tide of immigration kept on, and in a little while again the line was passed, the treaty violated. Another treaty was made, pushing the Indians still farther toward the Pacific, across the Illinois, across the Mississippi, across the Missouri, violating at every step some treaty made; and each treaty born of the incapacity of the white men who made it to foretell the growth of the Republic.

But the author of "Brutality and Avarice Triumphant" made a great mistake when he selected the last thirty years of our national life as the period within which the Americans have made a change of the national motto appropriate, and asserted that now there should be in place of the old motto the words, "Plundering Made Easy."

Most men believe in a sensible and manly patriotism. No one should be blind to the defects in the laws and institutions of his country. He should call attention to abuses, not for the purpose of bringing his country into disrepute, but that the abuses may cease and the defects be corrected. He should do what he can to make his country great, prosperous, just, and free. But it is hardly fair to exaggerate the faults of your country for the purpose of calling attention to your own virtues, or to earn the praise

of a nation that hates your own. This is what might be called wallowing in the gutter of reform.

The thirty years chosen as the time in which we as a nation have passed from virtue to the lowest depths of brutality and avarice are, in fact, the most glorious years in the life of this or of any other nation.

In 1861 slavery was, in a legal sense at least, a national institution. It was firmly imbedded in the Federal Constitution. The Fugitive Slave Law was in full force and effect. In all the Southern and in nearly all of the Northern States it was a crime to give food, shelter, or raiment to a man or woman seeking liberty by flight. Humanity was illegal, hospitality a misdemeanor, and charity a crime. Men and women were sold like beasts. Mothers were robbed of their babes while they stood under our flag. All the sacred relations of life were trampled beneath the bloody feet of brutality and avarice. Besides, so firmly was slavery fixed in law and creed, in statute and Scripture, that the tongues of honest men were imprisoned. Those who spoke for the slave were mobbed by Northern lovers of the "Union."

Now, it seems to me that those were the days when the motto could properly have been, "Plundering Made Easy." Those were the days of brutality, and the brutality was practiced to the end that we might make money out of the unpaid labor of others.

It is not necessary to go into details as to the cause of the then condition; it is enough to say that the whole nation, North and South, was responsible. There were many years of compromise, and thousands of statesmen, so-called, through conventions and platforms, did what they could to preserve slavery and keep the Union. These efforts corrupted politics, demoralized our statesmen, polluted our courts, and poisoned our literature. The Websters, Bentons, and Clays mistook temporary expedients for principles, and really thought that the progress of the world could be stopped by the resolutions of a packed political convention. Yet these men, mistaken as they really were, worked and wrought unconsciously in the cause of human freedom. They believed that the preservation of the Union was the one important thing, and that it could not be preserved unless slavery was protected—unless the North would be faithful to the bargain as written in the Constitution. For the purpose of keeping the nation true to the Union and false to itself, these men exerted every faculty and all their strength. They exhausted their genius in showing that slavery was not, after all, very bad, and that disunion was the most terrible calamity that could by any possibility befall the nation, and that the Union, even at the price of slavery, was the greatest possible blessing. They did not suspect that slavery would finally strike the blow for disunion. But when the time came and the South unsheathed the sword, the teachings of these men as to the infinite value of the Union gave to our flag millions of brave defenders.

Now, let us see what has been accomplished during the thirty years of "Brutality and Avarice."

The Republic has been rebuilt and reunited, and we shall remain one people for many centuries to come. The Mississippi is nature's protest against disunion. The Constitution of the United States is now the charter of human freedom, and all laws

inconsistent with the idea that all men are entitled to liberty have been repealed. The black man knows that the Constitution is his shield, that the laws protect him, that our flag is his, and the black mother feels that her babe belongs to her. Where the slave-pen used to be you will find the schoolhouse. The dealer in human flesh is now a teacher; instead of lacerating the back of a child, he develops and illumines the mind of a pupil.

There is now freedom of speech. Men are allowed to utter their thoughts. Lips are no longer sealed by mobs. Never before in the history of our world has so much been done for education.

The amount of business done in a country on credit is the measure of confidence, and confidence is based upon honesty. So it may truthfully be said that, where a vast deal of business is done on credit, an exceedingly large per cent. of the people are regarded as honest. In our country a very large per cent. of contracts are faithfully fulfilled. Probably there is no nation in the world where so much business is done on credit as in the United States. The fact that the credit of the Republic is second to that of no other nation on the globe would seem to be at least an indication of a somewhat general diffusion of honesty.

The author of “Brutality and Avarice Triumphant” seems to be of the opinion that our country was demoralized by the war. They who fight for the right are not degraded—they are ennobled. When men face death and march to the mouths of the guns for a principle, they grow great; and if they come out of the conflict, they come with added moral grandeur; they become better men, better citizens, and they love more intensely than ever the great cause for the success of which they put their lives in pawn.

The period of the Revolution produced great men. After the great victory the sons of the heroes degenerated, and some of the greatest principles involved in the Revolution were almost forgotten.

During the Civil war the North grew great and the South was educated. Never before in the history of mankind was there such a period of moral exaltation. The names that shed the brightest, the whitest light on the pages of our history became famous then. Against the few who were actuated by base and unworthy motives let us set the great army that fought for the Republic, the millions who bared their breasts to the storm, the hundreds and hundreds of thousands who did their duty honestly, nobly, and went back to their wives and children with no thought except to preserve the liberties of themselves and their fellow-men.

Of course there were some men who did not do their duty—some men false to themselves and to their country. No one expects to find sixty-five millions of saints in America. A few years ago a lady complained to the president of a Western railroad that a brakeman had spoken to her with great rudeness. The president expressed his regret at the incident, and said among other things: “Madam, you have no idea how difficult it is for us to get gentlemen to fill all those places.”

It is hardly to be expected that the American people should excel all others in the arts, in poetry, and in fiction. We have been very busy taking possession of the

Republic. It is hard to overestimate the courage, the industry, the self-denial it has required to fell the forests, to subdue the fields, to construct the roads, and to build the countless homes. What has been done is a certificate of the honesty and industry of our people.

It is not true that "one of the unwritten mottoes of our business morals seem to say in the plainest phraseology possible: 'Successful wrong is right.'" Men in this country are not esteemed simply because they are rich; inquiries are made as to how they made their money, as to how they use it. The American people do not fall upon their knees before the golden calf; the worst that can be said is that they think too much of the gold of the calf—and this distinction is seen by the calves themselves.

Nowhere in the world is honesty in business esteemed more highly than here. There are millions of business men—merchants, bankers, and men engaged in all trades and professions—to whom reputation is as dear as life.

There is one thing in the article "Brutality and Avarice Triumphant" that seems even more objectionable than the rest, and that is the statement, or, rather, the insinuation, that all the crimes and the shortcomings of the American people can be accounted for by the fact that our Government is a Republic. We are told that not long ago a French official complained to a friend that he was compelled to employ twenty clerks to do the work done by four under the empire, and on being asked the reason answered: "It is the Republic." He was told that, as he was the head of the bureau, he could prevent the abuse, to which he replied: "I know I have the power; but I have been in this position for more than thirty years, and am now too old to learn another occupation, and I *must* make places for the friends of the deputies." And then it is added by General Hawkins: "*And so it is here.*"

It seems to me that it cannot be fairly urged that we have abused the Indians because we contend that all men have equal rights before the law, or because we insist that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. The probability is that a careful reading of the history of the world will show that nations under the control of kings and emperors have been guilty of some cruelty. To account for the bad we do by the good we believe, is hardly logical. Our virtues should not be made responsible for our vices.

Is it possible that free institutions tend to the demoralization of men? Is a man dishonest because he is a man and maintains the rights of men? In order to be a moral nation must we be controlled by king or emperor? Is human liberty a mistake? Is it possible that a citizen of the great Republic attacks the liberty of his fellow-citizens? Is he willing to abdicate? Is he willing to admit that his rights are not equal to the rights of others? Is he, for the sake of what he calls morality, willing to become a serf, a servant or a slave?

Is it possible that "high character is impracticable" in this Republic? Is this the experience of the author of "Brutality and Avarice Triumphant"? Is it true that "intellectual achievement pays no dividends"? Is it not a fact that America is to-day the best market in the world for books, for music, and for art?

There is in our country no real foundation for these wide and sweeping slanders. This, in my judgment, is the best Government, the best country, in the world. The citizens of this Republic are, on the average, better clothed and fed and educated than any other people. They are fuller of life, more progressive, quicker to take advantage of the forces of nature, than any other of the children of men. Here the burdens of government are lightest, the responsibilities of the individual greatest, and here, in my judgment, are to be worked out the most important problems of social science.

Here in America is a finer sense of what is due from man to man than you will find in other lands. We do not cringe to those whom chance has crowned; we stand erect.

Our sympathies are strong and quick. Generosity is almost a national failing. The hand of honest want is rarely left unfilled. Great calamities open the hearts and hands of all.

Here you will find democracy in the family—republicanism by the fireside. Say what you will, the family is apt to be patterned after the government. If a king is at the head of the nation, the husband imagines himself the monarch of the home. In this country we have carried into the family the idea on which the Government is based. Here husbands and wives are beginning to be equals.

The highest test of civilization is the treatment of women and children. By this standard America stands first among nations.

There is a magnitude, a scope, a grandeur, about this country—an amplitude—that satisfies the heart and the imagination. We have our faults, we have our virtues, but our country is the best.

No American should ever write a line that can be sneeringly quoted by an enemy of the great Republic.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

A Reply To The Cincinnati Gazette And Catholic Telegraph

** The Cincinnati Gazette, 1878. An Interview.*

Question. Colonel, have you noticed the criticisms made on your lectures by the *Cincinnati Gazette* and the *Catholic Telegraph*?

Answer. I have read portions of the articles.

Question. What do you think of them?

Answer. Well, they are hardly of importance enough to form a distinct subject of thought.

Question. Well, what do you think of the attempted argument of the *Gazette* against your lecture on Moses?

Answer. The writer endeavors to show that considering the ignorance prevalent four thousand years ago, God did as well as one could reasonably expect; that God at that time did not have the advantage of telescope, microscope, and spectrum, and that for this reason a few mistakes need not excite our special wonder. He also shows that, although God was in favor of slavery he introduced some reforms; but whether the reforms were intended to perpetuate slavery or to help the slave is not stated. The article has nothing to do with my position. I am perfectly willing to admit that there is a land called Egypt; that the Jews were once slaves; that they got away and started a little country of their own. All this may be true without proving that they were miraculously fed in the wilderness, or that water ran up hill, or that God went into partnership with hornets or snakes. There may have been a man by the name of Moses without proving that sticks were turned into snakes.

A while ago a missionary addressed a Sunday school. In the course of his remarks he said that he had been to Mount Ararat, and had brought a stone from the mountain. He requested the children to pass in line before him so that they could all get a look at this wonderful stone. After they had all seen it he said: “You will as you grow up meet people who will deny that there ever was a flood, or that God saved Noah and the animals in the ark, and then you can tell them that you know better, because you saw a stone from the very mountain where the ark rested.”

That is precisely the kind of argument used in the *Gazette*. The article was written by some one who does not quite believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures himself, and were it not for the fear of hell, would probably say so.

I admit that there was such a man as Mohammed, such a city as Mecca, such a general as Omar, but I do not admit that God made known his will to Mohammed in any substantial manner. Of course the *Gazette* would answer all this by saying that Mohammed did exist, and that therefore God must have talked with him. I admit that there was such a general as Washington, but I do not admit that God kept him from being shot. I admit that there is a portrait of the Virgin Mary in Rome, but I do

not admit that it shed tears. I admit that there was such a man as Moses, but I do not admit that God hunted for him in a tavern to kill him. I admit that there was such a priest as St. Denis, but I do not admit that he carried his head in his hand, after it was cut off, and swam the river, and put his head on again and eventually recovered. I admit that the article appeared in the *Gazette*, but I do not admit that it amounted to anything whatever.

Question. Did you notice what the *Catholic Telegraph* said about your lecture being ungrammatical?

Answer. Yes; I saw an extract from it. In the *Catholic Telegraph* occurs the following: "The lecture was a failure as brilliant as Ingersoll's flashes of ungrammatical rhetoric." After making this statement with the hereditary arrogance of a priest, after finding fault with my "ungrammatical rhetoric" he then writes the following sentence: "It could not boast neither of novelty in argument or of attractive language." After this, nothing should be noticed that this gentleman says on the subject of grammar.

In this connection it may be proper for me to say that nothing is more remarkable than the fact that Christianity destroys manners. With one exception, no priest has ever written about me, so far as I know, except in an arrogant and insolent manner. They seem utterly devoid of the usual amenities of life. Every one who differs with them is vile, ignorant and malicious. But, after all, what can you expect of a gentleman who worships a God who will damn dimpled babes to an eternity of fire, simply because they were not baptized.

Question. This Catholic writer says that the oldest page of history and the newest page of science are nothing more than commentaries on the Mosaic Record. He says the Cosmogony of Moses has been believed in, and has been received as the highest truth by the very brightest names in science. What do you think of that statement?

Answer. I think it is without the least foundation in fact, and is substantially like the gentleman's theology, depending simply upon persistent assertion.

I see he quotes Cuvier as great authority. Cuvier denied that the fossil animals were in any way related to the animals now living, and believed that God had frequently destroyed all life upon the earth and then produced other forms. Agassiz was the last scientist of any standing who ventured to throw a crumb of comfort to this idea.

Question. Do you mean to say that all the great living scientists regard the Cosmogony of Moses as a myth?

Answer. I do. I say this: All men of science and men of sense look upon the Mosaic account as a simple myth. Humboldt, who stands in the same relation to science that Shakespeare did to the drama, held this opinion. The same is held by the best minds in Germany, by Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer in England, by John W. Draper and others in the United States. Whoever agrees with Moses is some poor frightened orthodox gentleman afraid of losing his soul or his salary, and as a rule, both are exceedingly small.

Question. Some people say that you slander the Bible in saying that God went into partnership with hornets, and declare that there is no such passage in the Bible.

Answer. Well, let them read the twenty-eighth verse of the twenty-third chapter of Exodus, "And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite and the Hittite from before thee."

Question. Do you find in lecturing through the country that your ideas are generally received with favor?

Answer. Astonishingly so. There are ten times as many freethinkers as there were five years ago. In five years more we will be in the majority.

Question. Is it true that the churches, as a general thing, make strong efforts, as I have seen it stated, to prevent people from going to hear you?

Answer. Yes; in many places ministers have advised their congregations to keep away, telling them I was an exceedingly dangerous man. The result has generally been a full house, and I have hardly ever failed to publicly return my thanks to the clergy for acting as my advance agents.

Question. Do you ever meet Christian people who try to convert you?

Answer. Not often. But I do receive a great many anonymous letters, threatening me with the wrath of God, and calling my attention to the uncertainty of life and the certainty of damnation. These letters are nearly all written in the ordinary Christian spirit; that is to say, full of hatred and impertinence.

Question. Don't you think it remarkable that the *Telegraph*, a Catholic paper, should quote with extravagant praise, an article from such an orthodox sheet as the *Gazette*?

Answer. I do not. All the churches must make common cause. All superstitions lead to Rome; all facts lead to science. In a few years all the churches will be united. This will unite all forms of liberalism. When that is done the days of superstition, of arrogance, of theology, will be numbered. It is very laughable to see a Catholic quoting scientific men in favor of Moses, when the same men would have taken great pleasure in swearing that the Catholic Church was the worst possible organization. That church should forever hold its peace. Wherever it has had authority it has destroyed human liberty. It reduced Italy to a hand organ, Spain to a guitar, Ireland to exile, Portugal to contempt. Catholicism is the upas tree in whose shade the intellect of man has withered. The recollection of the massacre of St. Bartholomew should make a priest silent, and the recollection of the same massacre should make a Protestant careful.

I can afford to be maligned by a priest, when the same party denounces Garibaldi, the hero of Italy, as a "pet tiger" to Victor Emmanuel. I could not afford to be praised by such a man. I thank him for his abuse.

Question. What do you think of the point that no one is able to judge of these things unless he is a Hebrew scholar?

Answer. I do not think it is necessary to understand Hebrew to decide as to the probability of springs gushing out of dead bones, or of the dead getting out of their graves, or of the probability of ravens keeping a hotel for wandering prophets. I hardly think it is necessary even to be a Greek scholar to make up my mind as to whether devils actually left a person and took refuge in the bodies of swine. Besides, if the Bible is not properly translated, the circulation ought to stop until the corrections are made. I am not accountable if God made a revelation to me in a language that he knew I never would understand. If he wishes to convey any information to my mind, he certainly should do it in English before he eternally damns me for paying no attention to it.

Question. Are not many of the contradictions in the Bible owing to mistranslations?

Answer. No. Nearly all of the mistranslations have been made to help out the text. It would be much worse, much more contradictory had it been correctly translated. Nearly all of the *mistakes*, as Mr. Weller would say, have been made for the purposes of harmony.

Question. How many errors do you suppose there are?

Answer. Well, I do not know. It has been reported that the American Bible Society appointed a committee to hunt for errors, and the said committee returned about twenty-four to twenty-five thousand. And thereupon the leading men said, to correct so many errors will destroy the confidence of the common people in the sacredness of the Scriptures. Thereupon it was decided not to correct any. I saw it stated the other day that a very prominent divine charged upon the Bible Society that they knew they were publishing a book full of errors.

Question. What is your opinion of the Bible anyhow?

Answer. My first objection is, it is not true.

Second.—It is not inspired.

Third.—It upholds human slavery.

Fourth.—It sanctions concubinage.

Fifth.—It commands the most infamously cruel acts of war, such as the utter destruction of old men and little children.

Sixth.—After killing fathers, mothers and brothers, it commands the generals to divide the girls among the soldiers and priests. Beyond this, infamy has never gone. If any God made this order I am opposed to him.

Seventh.—It upholds human sacrifice, or, at least, seems to, from the following:

“Notwithstanding no devoted thing that a man shall devote unto the Lord of all that he hath, both of *man* and *beast*, and of the field of his possession, shall be sold or redeemed; every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord.”

“None devoted, which shall be devoted, of men, shall be redeemed; but shall surely be put to death.” (Twenty-seventh Chapter of Leviticus, 28th and 29th verses.)

Eighth.—Its laws are absurd, and the punishments cruel and unjust. Think of killing a man for making hair oil! Think of killing a man for picking up sticks on Sunday!

Ninth.—It upholds polygamy.

Tenth.—It knows nothing of astronomy, nothing of geology, nothing of any science whatever.

Eleventh.—It is opposed to religious liberty, and teaches a man to kill his own wife if she differs with him on religion; that is to say, if he is orthodox. There is no book in the world in which can be found so much that is thoroughly despicable and infamous. Of course there are some good passages, some good sentiments. But they are, at least in the Old Testament, few and far between.

Twelfth.—It treats woman like a beast, and man like a slave. It fills heaven with tyranny, and earth with hypocrisy and grief.

Question. Do you think any book inspired?

Answer. No. I do not think any book is inspired. But, if it had been the intention of this God to give to man an inspired book, he should have waited until Shakespeare's time, and used Shakespeare as the instrument. Then there never would have been any doubt as to the inspiration of the book. There is more beauty, more goodness, more intelligence in Shakespeare than in all the sacred books of this world.

Question. What do you think as a freethinker of the Sunday question in Cincinnati?

Answer. I think that it is a good thing to have a day of recreation, a day of rest, a day of joy, not a day of dyspepsia and theology. I am in favor of operas and theaters, music and happiness on Sunday. I am opposed to all excesses on any day. If the clergy will take half the pains to make the people intelligent that they do to make them superstitious, the world will soon have advanced so far that it can enjoy itself without excess. The ministers want Sunday for themselves. They want everybody to come to church because they can go no where else. It is like the story of a man coming home at three o'clock in the morning, who, upon being asked by his wife how he could come at such a time of night, replied, "The fact is, every other place is shut up." The orthodox clergy know that their churches will remain empty if any other place remains open. Do not forget to say that I mean orthodox churches, orthodox clergy, because I have great respect for Unitarians and Universalists.

An Interview On Chief Justice Comegys

** Brooklyn Eagle, 1881.*

Question. I understand, Colonel Ingersoll, that you have been indicted in the State of Delaware for the crime of blasphemy?

Answer. Well, not exactly indicted. The Judge, who, I believe, is the Chief Justice of the State, dedicated the new court-house at Wilmington to the service of the Lord, by a charge to the grand jury, in which he almost commanded them to bring in a bill of indictment against me, for what he was pleased to call the crime of blasphemy. Now, as a matter of fact, there can be no crime committed by man against God, provided always that a correct definition of the Deity has been given by the orthodox churches. They say that he is infinite. If so, he is conditionless. I can injure a man by changing his conditions. Take from a man water, and he perishes of thirst; take from him air, and he suffocates; he may die from too much, or too little heat. That is because he is a conditioned being. But if God is conditionless, he cannot in any way be affected by what anybody else may do; and, consequently, a sin against God is as impossible as a sin against the principle of the lever or inclined plane. This crime called blasphemy was invented by priests for the purpose of defending doctrines not able to take care of themselves. Blasphemy is a kind of breastwork behind which hypocrisy has crouched for thousands of years. Injustice is the only blasphemy that can be committed, and justice is the only true worship. Man can sin against man, but not against God. But even if man could sin against God, it has always struck me that an infinite being would be entirely able to take care of himself without the assistance of a Chief Justice. Men have always been violating the rights of men, under the plea of defending the rights of God, and nothing, for ages, was so perfectly delightful to the average Christian as to gratify his revenge, and get God in his debt at the same time. Chief Justice Comegys has taken this occasion to lay up for himself what he calls treasures in heaven, and on the last great day he will probably rely on a certified copy of this charge. The fact that he thinks the Lord needs help satisfies me that in that particular neighborhood I am a little ahead.

The fact is, I never delivered but one lecture in Delaware. That lecture, however, had been preceded by a Republican stump speech; and, to tell you the truth, I imagine that the stump speech is what a Yankee would call the heft of the offence. It is really hard for me to tell whether I have blasphemed the Deity or the Democracy. Of course I have no personal feeling whatever against the Judge. In fact he has done me a favor. He has called the attention of the civilized world to certain barbarian laws that disfigure and disgrace the statute books of most of the States. These laws were passed when our honest ancestors were burning witches, trading Quaker children to the Barbadoes for rum and molasses, branding people upon the forehead, boring their tongues with hot irons, putting one another in the pillory, and, generally, in the name of God, making their neighbors as uncomfortable as possible. We have outgrown these laws without repealing them. They are, as a matter of fact, in most communities actually dead; but in some of the States, like Delaware, I suppose they could be enforced, though there might be trouble in selecting twelve men, even in

Delaware, without getting one man broad enough, sensible enough, and honest enough, to do justice. I hardly think it would be possible in any State to select a jury in the ordinary way that would convict any person charged with what is commonly known as blasphemy.

All the so-called Christian churches have accused each other of being blasphemers, in turn. The Catholics denounced the Presbyterians as blasphemers, the Presbyterians denounced the Baptists; the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the Catholics all united in denouncing the Quakers, and they all together denounced the Unitarians—called them blasphemers because they did not acknowledge the divinity of Jesus Christ—the Unitarians only insisting that three infinite beings were not necessary, that one infinite being could do all the business, and that the other two were absolutely useless. This was called blasphemy.

Then all the churches united to call the Universalists blasphemers. I can remember when a Uni-versalist was regarded with a thousand times more horror than an infidel is to-day. There is this strange thing about the history of theology—nobody has ever been charged with blasphemy who thought God bad. For instance, it never would have excited any theological hatred if a man had insisted that God would finally damn everybody. Nearly all heresy has consisted in making God better than the majority in the churches thought him to be. The orthodox Christian never will forgive the Univer-salist for saying that God is too good to damn anybody eternally. Now, all these sects have charged each other with blasphemy, without anyone of them knowing really what blasphemy is. I suppose they have occasionally been honest, because they have mostly been ignorant. It is said that Torquemada used to shed tears over the agonies of his victims and that he recommended slow burning, not because he wished to inflict pain, but because he really desired to give the gentleman or lady he was burning a chance to repent of his or her sins, and make his or her peace with God previous to becoming a cinder.

The root, foundation, germ and cause of nearly all religious persecution is the idea that some certain belief is necessary to salvation. If orthodox Christians are right in this idea, then persecution of all heretics and infidels is a duty. If I have the right to defend my body from attack, surely I should have a like right to defend my soul. Under our laws I could kill any man who was endeavoring, for example, to take the life of my child. How much more would I be justified in killing any wretch who was endeavoring to convince my child of the truth of a doctrine which, if believed, would result in the eternal damnation of that child's soul?

If the Christian religion, as it is commonly understood, is true, no infidel should be allowed to live; every heretic should be hunted from the wide world as you would hunt a wild beast. They should not be allowed to speak, they should not be allowed to poison the minds of women and children; in other words, they should not be allowed to empty heaven and fill hell. The reason I have liberty in this country is because the Christians of this country do not believe their doctrine. The passage from the Bible, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," coupled with the assurance that, "Whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and whoso believeth not shall be damned," is the foundation of most religious persecution. Every word in that passage has been fire and fagot, whip and sword, chain and

dungeon. That one passage has probably caused more agony among men, women and children, than all the passages of all other books that were ever printed. Now, this passage was not in the book of Mark when originally written, but was put there many years after the gentleman who evolved the book of Mark from his inner consciousness, had passed away. It was put there by the church—that is to say, by hypocrisy and priestly craft, to bind the consciences of men and force them to come under ecclesiastical and spiritual power; and that passage has been received and believed, and been made binding by law in most countries ever since.

What would you think of a law compelling a man to admire Shakespeare, or calling it blasphemy to laugh at Hamlet? Why is not a statute necessary to uphold the reputation of Raphael or of Michael Angelo? Is it possible that God cannot write a book good enough and great enough and grand enough not to excite the laughter of his children? Is it possible that he is compelled to have his literary reputation supported by the State of Delaware?

There is another very strange thing about this business. Admitting that the Bible is the work of God, it is not any more his work than are the sun, the moon and the stars or the earth, and if for disbelieving this Bible we are to be damned forever, we ought to be equally damned for a mistake in geology or astronomy. The idea of allowing a man to go to heaven who swears that the earth is flat, and damning a fellow who thinks it is round, but who-has his honest doubts about Joshua, seems to me to be perfectly absurd. It seems to me that in this view of it, it is just as necessary to be right on the subject of the equator as on the doctrine of infant baptism.

Question. What was in your judgment the motive of Judge Comegys? Is he a personal enemy of yours? Have you ever met him? Have you any idea what reason he had for attacking you?

Answer. I do not know the gentleman, personally. Outside of the political reason I have intimated, I do not know why he attacked me. I once delivered a lecture entitled "What must we do to be Saved?" in the city of Wilmington, and in that lecture I proceeded to show, or at least tried to show, that Matthew, Mark and Luke knew nothing about Christianity, as it is understood in Delaware; and I also endeavored to show that all men have an equal right to think, and that a man is only under obligations to be honest with himself, and with all men, and that he is not accountable for the amount of mind that he has been endowed with—otherwise it might be Judge Comegys himself would be damned—but that he is only accountable for the use he makes of what little mind he has received. I held that the safest thing for every man was to be absolutely honest, and to express his honest thought. After the delivery of this lecture various ministers in Wilmington began replying, and after the preaching of twenty or thirty sermons, not one of which, considered as a reply, was a success, I presume it occurred to these ministers that the shortest and easiest way would be to have me indicted and imprisoned.

In this I entirely agree with them. It is the old and time-honored way. I believe it is, as it always has been, easier to kill two infidels than to answer one; and if Christianity expects to stem the tide that is now slowly rising over the intellectual world, it must be done by brute force, and by brute force alone. And it must be done pretty soon, or

they will not have the brute force. It is doubtful if they have a majority of the civilized world on their side to-day. No heretic ever would have been burned if he could have been answered. No theologian ever called for the help of the law until his logic gave out.

I suppose Judge Comegys to be a Presbyterian. Where did he get his right to be a Presbyterian? Where did he get his right to decide which creed is the correct one? How did he dare to pit his little brain against the word of God? He may say that his father was a Presbyterian. But what was his grandfather? If he will only go back far enough he will, in all probability, find that his ancestors were Catholics, and if he will go back a little farther still, that they were barbarians; that at one time they were naked, and had snakes tattooed on their bodies. What right had they to change? Does he not perceive that had the savages passed the same kind of laws that now exist in Delaware, they could have prevented any change in belief? They would have had a whipping-post, too, and they would have said: "Any gentleman found without snakes tattooed upon his body shall be held guilty of blasphemy;" and all the ancestors of this Judge, and of these ministers, would have said, Amen!

What right had the first Presbyterian to be a Presbyterian? He must have been a blasphemer first. A small dose of pillory might have changed his religion. Does this Judge think that Delaware is incapable of any improvement in a religious point of view? Does he think that the Presbyterians of Delaware are not only the best now, but that they will forever be the best that God can make? Is there to be no advancement? Has there been no advancement? Are the pillory and the whipping-post to be used to prevent an excess of thought in the county of New Castle? Has the county ever been troubled that way? Has this Judge ever had symptoms of any such disease? Now, I want it understood that I like this Judge, and my principal reason for liking him is that he is the last of his race. He will be so inundated with the ridicule of mankind that no other Chief Justice in Delaware, or anywhere else, will ever follow his illustrious example. The next Judge will say: "So far as I am concerned, the Lord may attend to his own business, and deal with infidels as he may see proper." Thus great good has been accomplished by this Judge, which shows, as Burns puts it, "that a pot can be boiled, even if the devil tries to prevent it."

Question. How will this action of Delaware, in your opinion, affect the other States?

Answer. Probably a few other States needed an example exactly of this kind. New Jersey, in all probability, will say: "Delaware is perfectly ridiculous," and yet, had Delaware waited awhile, New Jersey might have done the same thing. Maryland will exclaim: "Did you ever see such a fool!" And yet I was threatened in that State. The average American citizen, taking into consideration the fact that we are blest, or cursed, with about one hundred thousand preachers, and that these preachers preach on the average one hundred thousand sermons a week—some of which are heard clear through—will unquestionably hold that a man who happens to differ with all these parsons, ought to have and shall have the privilege of expressing his mind; and that the one hundred thousand clergymen ought to be able to put down the one man who happens to disagree with them, without calling on the army or navy to do it, especially when it is taken into consideration that an infinite God is already on their side. Under these circumstances, the average American will say: "Let him talk, and

let the hundred thousand preachers answer him to their hearts' content." So that in my judgment the result of the action of Delaware will be: First, to liberalize all other States, and second, finally to liberalize Delaware itself. In many of the States they have the same idiotic kind of laws as those found in Delaware—with the exception of those blessed institutions for the spread of the Gospel, known as the pillory and the whipping-post. There is a law in Maine by which a man can be put into the penitentiary for denying the providence of God, and the day of judgment. There are similar laws in most of the New England States. One can be imprisoned in Maryland for a like offence.

In North Carolina no man can hold office that has not a certain religious belief; and so in several other of the Southern States. In half the States of this Union, if my wife and children should be murdered before my eyes, I would not be allowed in a court of justice to tell who the murderer was. You see that, for hundreds of years, Christianity has endeavored to put the brand of infamy on every intellectual brow.

Question. I see that one objection to your lectures urged by Judge Comegys on the grand jury is, that they tend to a breach of the peace—to riot and bloodshed.

Answer. Yes; Judge Comegys seems to be afraid that people who love their enemies will mob their friends. He is afraid that those disciples who, when smitten on one cheek turn the other to be smitten also, will get up a riot. He seems to imagine that good Christians feel called upon to violate the commands of the Lord in defence of the Lord's reputation. If Christianity produces people who cannot hear their doctrines discussed without raising mobs, and shedding blood, the sooner it is stopped being preached the better.

There is not the slightest danger of any infidel attacking a Christian for His belief, and there never will be an infidel mob for such a purpose. Christians can teach and preach their views to their hearts' content. They can send all unbelievers to an eternal hell, if it gives them the least pleasure, and they may bang their Bibles as long as their fists last, but no infidel will be in danger of raising a riot to stop them, or put them down by brute force, or even by an appeal to the law, and I would advise Judge Comegys, if he wishes to compliment Christianity, to change his language and say that he feared a breach of the peace might be committed by the infidels—not by the Christians. He may possibly have thought that it was my intention to attack his State. But I can assure him, that if ever I start a warfare of that kind, I shall take some State of my size. There is no glory to be won in wringing the neck of a "Blue Hen!"

Question. I should judge, Colonel, that you are prejudiced against the State of Delaware?

Answer. Not by any means. Oh, no! I know a great many splendid people in Delaware, and since I have known more of their surroundings, my admiration for them has increased. They are, on the whole, a very good people in that State. I heard a story the other day: An old fellow in Delaware has been for the last twenty or thirty years gathering peaches there in their season—a kind of peach tramp. One day last fall, just as the season closed, he was leaning sadly against a tree, "Boys!" said he, "I'd like to come back to Delaware a hundred years from now." The boys asked, "What for?" The old fellow replied: "Just to see how damned little they'd get the baskets by

that time." And it occurred to me that people who insist that twenty-two quarts make a bushel, should be as quiet as possible on the subject of blasphemy.

AN INTERVIEW ON CHIEF JUSTICE COMEGYS.

** Chicago Times, Feb. 14, 1881.*

Question. Have you read Chief Justice Comegys' compliments to you before the Delaware grand jury?

Answer. Yes, I have read his charge, in which he relies upon the law passed in 1740. After reading his charge it seemed to me as though he had died about the date of the law, had risen from the dead, and had gone right on where he had left off. I presume he is a good man, but compared with other men, is something like his State when compared with other States.

A great many people will probably regard the charge of Judge Comegys as unchristian, but I do not. I consider that the law of Delaware is in exact accord with the Bible, and that the pillory, the whip-ping-post, and the suppression of free speech are the natural fruit of the Old and New Testament.

Delaware is right. Christianity can not succeed, can not exist, without the protection of law. Take from orthodox Christianity the protection of law, and all church property would be taxed like other property. The Sabbath would be no longer a day devoted to superstition. Everyone could express his honest thought upon every possible subject. Everyone, notwithstanding his belief, could testify in a court of justice. In other words, honesty would be on an equality with hypocrisy. Science would stand on a level, so far as the law is concerned, with superstition. Whenever this happens the end of orthodox Christianity will be near.

By Christianity I do not mean charity, mercy, kindness, forgiveness. I mean no natural virtue, because all the natural virtues existed and had been practiced by hundreds and thousands of millions before Christ was born. There certainly were some good men even in the days of Christ in Jerusalem, before his death.

By Christianity I mean the ideas of redemption, atonement, a good man dying for a bad man, and the bad man getting a receipt in full. By Christianity I mean that system that insists that in the next world a few will be forever happy, while the many will be eternally miserable. Christianity, as I have explained it, must be protected, guarded, and sustained by law. It was founded by the sword that is to say, by physical force,—and must be preserved by like means.

In many of the States of the Union an infidel is not allowed to testify. In the State of Delaware, if Alexander von Humboldt were living, he could not be a witness, although he had more brains than the State of Delaware has ever produced, or is likely to produce as long as the laws of 1740 remain in force. Such men as Huxley, Tyndall and Haeckel could be fined and imprisoned in the State of Delaware, and, in fact, in many States of this Union.

Christianity, in order to defend itself, puts the brand of infamy on the brow of honesty. Christianity marks with a letter "C," standing for "convict" every brain that is great enough to discover the frauds. I have no doubt that Judge Comegys is a good

and sincere Christian. I believe that he, in his charge, gives an exact reflection of the Jewish Jehovah. I believe that every word he said was in exact accord with the spirit of orthodox Christianity. Against this man personally I have nothing to say. I know nothing of his character except as I gather it from this charge, and after reading the charge I am forced simply to say, Judge Comegys is a Christian.

It seems, however, that the grand jury dared to take no action, notwithstanding they had been counseled to do so by the Judge. Although the Judge had quoted to them the words of George I. of blessed memory; although he had quoted to them the words of Lord Mansfield, who became a Judge simply because of his hatred of the English colonists, simply because he despised liberty in the new world; notwithstanding the fact that I could have been punished with insult, with imprisonment, and with stripes, and with every form of degradation; notwithstanding that only a few years ago I could have been branded upon the forehead, bored through the tongue, maimed and disfigured, still, such has been the advance even in the State of Delaware, owing, it may be, in great part to the one lecture delivered by me, that the grand jury absolutely refused to indict me.

The grand jury satisfied themselves and their consciences simply by making a report in which they declared that my lecture had “no parallel in the habits of respectable vagabondism” that I was “an arch-blasphemer and reviler of God and religion,” and recommended that should I ever attempt to lecture again I should be taught that in Delaware blasphemy is a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment. I have no doubt that every member of the grand jury signing this report was entirely honest; that he acted in exact accord with what he understood to be the demand of the Christian religion. I must admit that for Christians, the report is exceedingly mild and gentle.

I have now in the house, letters that passed between certain bishops in the fifteenth century, in which they discussed the propriety of cutting out the tongues of heretics before they were burned. Some of the bishops were in favor of and some against it. One argument for cutting out their tongues which seemed to have settled the question was, that unless the tongues of heretics were cut out they might scandalize the gentlemen who were burning them, by blasphemous remarks during the fire. I would commend these letters to Judge Comegys and the members of the grand jury.

I want it distinctly understood that I have nothing against Judge Comegys or the grand jury. They act as ‘most anybody would, raised in Delaware, in the shadow of the whipping-post and the pillory. We must remember that Delaware was a slave State; that the Bible became extremely dear to the people because it upheld that peculiar institution. We must remember that the Bible was the block on which mother and child stood for sale when they were separated by the Christians of Delaware. The Bible was regarded as the title-pages to slavery, and as the book of all books that gave the right to masters to whip mothers and to sell children.

There are many offences now for which the punishment is whipping and standing in the pillory; where persons are convicted of certain crimes and sent to the penitentiary, and upon being discharged from the penitentiary are furnished by the State with a dark jacket plainly marked on the back with a large Roman “C,” the letter

to be of a light color. This they are to wear for six months after being discharged, and if they are found at any time without the dark jacket and the illuminated “C” they are to be punished with twenty lashes upon the bare back. The object, I presume, of this law, is to drive from the State all the discharged convicts for the benefit of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland—that is to say, other Christian communities. A cruel people make cruel laws.

The objection I have to the whipping-post is that it is a punishment which cannot be inflicted by a gentleman. The person who administers the punishment must, of necessity, be fully as degraded as the person who receives it. I am opposed to any kind of punishment that cannot be administered by a gentleman. I am opposed to corporal punishment everywhere. It should be taken from the asylums and penitentiaries, and any man who would apply the lash to the naked back of another is beneath the contempt of honest people.

Question. Have you seen that Henry Bergh has introduced in the New York Legislature a bill providing for whipping as a punishment for wife-beating?

Answer. The objection I have mentioned is fatal to Mr. Bergh’s bill. He will be able to get persons to beat wife-beaters, who, under the same circumstances, would be wife-beaters themselves. If they are not wife-beaters when they commence the business of beating others, they soon will be. I think that wife-beating in great cities could be stopped by putting all the wife-beaters at work at some government employment, the value of the work, however, to go to the wives and children. The trouble now is that most of the wife-beating is among the extremely poor, so that the wife by informing against her husband, takes the last crust out of her own mouth. If you substitute whipping or flogging for the prison here, you will in the first place prevent thousands of wives from informing, and in many cases, where the wife would inform, she would afterward be murdered by the flogged brute. This brute would naturally resort to the same means to reform his wife that the State had resorted to for the purpose of reforming him. Flogging would beget flogging. Mr. Bergh is a man of great kindness of heart. When he reads that a wife has been beaten, he says the husband deserves to be beaten himself. But if Mr. Bergh was to be the executioner, I imagine you could not prove by the back of the man that the punishment had been inflicted.

Another good remedy for wife-beating is the abolition of the Catholic Church. We should also do away with the idea that a marriage is a sacrament, and that there is any God who is rendered happy by seeing a husband and wife live together, although the husband gets most of his earthly enjoyment from whipping his wife. No woman should live with a man a moment after he has struck her. Just as the idea of liberty enlarges, confidence in the whip and fist, in the kick and blow, will diminish. Delaware occupies toward freethinkers precisely the same position that a wife-beater does toward the wife. Delaware knows that there are no reasons sufficient to uphold Christianity, consequently these reasons are supplemented with the pillory and the whipping-post. The whipping-post is considered one of God’s arguments, and the pillory is a kind of moral suasion, the use of which fills heaven with a kind of holy and serene delight. I am opposed to the religion of brute force, but all these frightful things have grown principally out of a belief in eternal punishment and out of the further idea that a certain belief is necessary to avoid eternal pain.

If Christianity is right, Delaware is right. If God will damn every body forever simply for being intellectually honest, surely he ought to allow the good people of Delaware to imprison the same gentleman for two months. Of course there are thousands and thousands of good people in Delaware, people who have been in other States, people who have listened to Republican speeches, people who have read the works of scientists, who hold the laws of 1740 in utter abhorrence; people who pity Judge Comegys and who have a kind of sympathy for the grand jury.

You will see that at the last election Delaware lacked only six or seven hundred of being a civilized State, and probably in 1884 will stand redeemed and regenerated, with the laws of 1740 expunged from the statute book. Delaware has not had the best of opportunities. You must remember that it is next to New Jersey, which is quite an obstacle in the path of progress. It is just beyond Maryland, which is another obstacle. I heard the other day that God originally made oysters with legs, and afterward took them off, knowing that the people of Delaware would starve to death before they would run to catch anything. Judge Comegys is the last judge who will make such a charge in the United States. He has immortalized himself as the last mile-stone on that road. He is the last of his race. No more can be born. Outside of this he probably was a very clever man, and it may be, he does not believe a word he utters. The probability is that he has underestimated the intelligence of the people of Delaware. I am afraid to think that he is entirely honest, for fear that I may underestimate him intellectually, and overestimate him morally. Nothing could tempt me to do this man injustice, though I could hardly add to the injury he has done himself. He has called attention to laws that ought to be repealed, and to lectures that ought to be repeated. I feel in my heart that he has done me a great service, second only to that for which I am indebted to the grand jury. Had the Judge known me personally he probably would have said nothing. Should I have the misfortune to be arrested in his State and sentenced to two months of solitary confinement, the Judge having become acquainted with me during the trial, would probably insist on spending most of his time in my cell. At the end of the two months he would, I think, lay himself liable to the charge of blasphemy, providing he had honor enough to express his honest thought. After all, it is all a question of honesty. Every man is right. I cannot convince myself there is any God who will ever damn a man for having been honest. This gives me a certain hope for the Judge and the grand jury.

For two or three days I have been thinking what joy there must have been in heaven when Jehovah heard that Delaware was on his side, and remarked to the angels in the language of the late Adjt. Gen. Thomas: “The eyes of all Delaware are upon you.”

A Reply To Rev. Drs. Thomas And Lorimer

** Col. Ingersoll filled McVickor's Theatre again yesterday afternoon, when he answered the question "What Must We Do to Be Saved?" But before doing so he replied to the recent criticisms of city clergymen on his "Talmagian Theology"—Chicago Tribune, Nov. 27, 1882.*

Ladies and Gentlemen:

WHEREVER I lecture, as a rule, some ministers think it their duty to reply for the purpose of showing either that I am unfair, or that I am blasphemous, or that I laugh. And laughing has always been considered by theologians as a crime. Ministers have always said you will have no respect for our ideas unless you are solemn. Solemnity is a condition precedent to believing anything without evidence. And if you can only get a man solemn enough, awed enough, he will believe anything.

In this city the Rev. Dr. Thomas has made a few remarks, and I may say by way of preface that I have always held him in the highest esteem. He struggles, according to his statement, with the problem of my sincerity, and he about half concludes that I am not sincere. There is a little of the minister left in Dr. Thomas. Ministers always account for a difference of opinion by attacking the motive. Now, to him, it makes no difference whether I am sincere or insincere; the question is, Can my argument be answered? Suppose you could prove that the maker of the multiplication table held mathematics in contempt; what of it? Ten times ten would be a hundred still.

My sincerity has nothing to do with the force of the argument—not the slightest. But this gentleman begins to suspect that I am doing what I do for the sake of applause. What a commentary on the Christian religion, that, after they have been preaching it for sixteen or eighteen hundred years, a man attacks it for the sake of popularity—a man attacks it for the purpose of winning applause! When I commenced to speak upon this subject there was no appreciable applause; most of my fellow-citizens differed with me; and I was denounced as though I had been a wild beast. But I have lived to see the majority of the men and women of intellect in the United States on my side; I have lived to see the church deny her creed; I have lived to see ministers apologize in public for what they preached; and a great and glorious work is going on until, in a little while, you will not find one of them, unless it is some old petrifaction of the red-stone period, who will admit that he ever believed in the Trinity, in the Atonement, or in the doctrine of Eternal Agony. The religion preached in the pulpits does not satisfy the intellect of America, and if Dr. Thomas wishes to know why people go to hear infidelity it is this: Because they are not satisfied with the orthodox Christianity of the day. That is the reason. They are beginning to hold it in contempt.

But this gentleman imagines that I am insincere because I attacked certain doctrines of the Bible. I attacked the doctrine of eternal pain. I hold it in infinite and utter abhorrence. And if there be a God in this universe who made a hell; if there be a God in this universe who denies to any human being the right of reformation, then that God is not good, that God is not just, and the future of man is infinitely dark. I despise that doctrine, and I have done what little I could to get that horror from the

cradle, that horror from the hearts of mothers, that horror from the hearts of husbands and fathers, and sons, and brothers, and sisters. It is a doctrine that turns to ashes all the humanities of life and all the hopes of mankind. I despise it.

And the gentleman also charges that I am wanting in reverence. I admit here to-day that I have no reverence for a falsehood. I do not care how old it is, and I do not care who told it, whether the men were inspired or not. I have no reverence for what I believe to be false, and in determining what is false I go by my reason. And whenever another man gives me an argument I examine it. If it is good I follow it. If it is bad I throw it away. I have no reverence for any book that upholds human slavery. I despise such a book. I have no reverence for any book that upholds or palliates the infamous institution of polygamy. I have no reverence for any book that tells a husband to kill his wife if she differs with him upon the subject of religion. I have no reverence for any book that defends wars of conquest and extermination. I have no reverence for a God that orders his legions to slay the old and helpless, and to whet the edge of the sword with the blood of mothers and babes. I have no reverence for such a book; neither have I any reverence for the author of that book. No matter whether he be God or man, I have no reverence. I have no reverence for the miracles of the Bible. I have no reverence for the story that God allowed bears to tear children in pieces. I have no reverence for the miraculous, but I have reverence for the truth, for justice, for charity, for humanity, for intellectual liberty, and for human progress.

I have the right to do my own thinking. I am going to do it. I have never met any minister that I thought had brain enough to think for himself and for me too. I do my own. I have no reverence for barbarism, no matter how ancient it may be, and no reverence for the savagery of the Old Testament; no reverence for the malice of the New. And let me tell you here to-night that the Old Testament is a thousand times better than the New. The Old Testament threatened no vengeance beyond the grave. God was satisfied when his enemy was? dead. It was reserved for the New Testament—it was reserved for universal benevolence—to rend the veil between time and eternity and fix the horrified gaze of man upon the abyss of hell. The New Testament is just as much worse than the Old, as hell is worse than sleep. And yet it is the fashion to say that the Old Testament is bad and that the New Testament is good. I have no reverence for any book that teaches a doctrine contrary to my reason; no reverence for any book that teaches a doctrine contrary to my heart; and, no matter how old it is, no matter how many have believed it, no matter how many have died on account of it, no matter how many live for it, I have no reverence for that book, and I am glad of it.

Dr. Thomas seems to think that I should approach these things with infinite care, that I should not attack slavery, or polygamy, or religious persecution, but that I should “mildly suggest”—mildly,—should not hurt anybody’s feelings. When I go to church the ministers tell me I am going to hell. When I meet one I tell him, “There is no hell,” and he says: “What do you want to hurt our feelings for?” He wishes me mildly to suggest that the sun and moon did not stop, that may be the bears only frightened the children, and that, after all, Lot’s wife was only scared. Why, there was a minister in this city of Chicago who imagined that his congregation were progressive, and, in his pulpit, he said that he did not believe the story of Lot’s wife—

said that he did not think that any sensible man would believe that a woman was changed into salt; and they tried him, and the congregation thought he was entirely too fresh. And finally he went before that church and admitted that he was mistaken, and owned up to the chloride of sodium, and said: "I not only take the Bible *cum grano salis*, but with a whole barrelful."

My doctrine is, if you do not believe a thing, say so, say so; no need of going away around the bush and suggesting may be, perhaps, possibly, peradventure. That is the ministerial way, but I do not like it.

I am also charged with making an onslaught upon the good as well as the bad. I say here today that never in my life have I said one word against honesty, one word against liberty, one word against charity, one word against any institution that is good. I attack the bad, not the good, and I would like to have some minister point out in some lecture or speech that I have delivered, one word against the good, against the highest happiness of the human race.

I have said all I was able to say in favor of justice, in favor of liberty, in favor of home, in favor of wife and children, in favor of progress, and in favor of universal kindness; but not one word in favor of the bad, and I never expect to.

Dr. Thomas also attacks my statement that the brain thinks in spite of us.

Doesn't it? Can any man tell what he is going to think to-morrow? You see, you hear, you taste, you feel, you smell—these are the avenues by which Nature approaches the brain, the consequence of this is thought, and you cannot by any possibility help thinking.

Neither can you determine what you will think. These impressions are made independently of your will. "But," says this reverend doctor, "Whence comes this conception of space?" I can tell him. There is such a thing as matter. We conceive that matter occupies room—space—and, in our minds, space is simply the opposite of matter. And it comes naturally—not supernaturally.

Does the gentleman contend there had to be a revelation of God for us to conceive of a place where there is nothing? We know there is something. We can think of the opposite of something, and therefore we say space. "But," says this gentleman, "Where do we get the idea of good and bad?" I can tell him; no trouble about that. Every man has the capacity to enjoy and the capacity to suffer—every man. Whenever a man enjoys himself he calls that good; whenever he suffers he calls that bad. The animals that are useful to him he calls good; the poisonous, the hurtful, he calls bad. The vegetables that he can eat and use he calls good; those that are of no use except to choke the growth of the good ones, he calls bad. When the sun shines, when everything in nature is out that ministers to him, he says "this is good;" when the storm comes and blows down his hut, when the frost comes and lays down his crop, he says "this is bad." And all phenomena that affect men well he calls good; all that affect him ill he calls bad.

Now, then, the foundation of the idea of right and wrong is the effect in nature that we are capable of enjoying or capable of suffering. That is the foundation of conscience; and if man could not suffer, if man could not enjoy, we never would have

dreamed of the word conscience; and the words right and wrong never could have passed human lips. There are no supernatural fields. We get our ideas from experience—some of them from our forefathers, many from experience. A man works—food does not come of itself. A man works to raise it, and, after he has worked in the sun and heat, do you think it is necessary that he should have a revelation from heaven before he thinks that he has a better right to it than the man who did not work? And yet, according to these gentlemen, we never would have known it was wrong to steal had not the Ten Commandments been given from Mount Sinai.

You go into a savage country where they never heard of the Bible, and let a man hunt all day for game, and finally get one little bird, and the hungry man that staid at home endeavor to take it from him, and you would see whether he would need a direct revelation from God in order to make up his mind who had the better right to that bird. Our ideas of right and wrong are born of our surroundings, and if a man will think for a moment he will see it. But they deny that the mind thinks in spite of us. I heard a story of a man who said, "No man can think of one thing a minute, he will think of something else." Well, there was a little Methodist preacher. He said he could think of a thing a minute—that he could say the Lord's Prayer and never think of another thing. "Well," said the man, "I'll tell you what I will do. There is the best road-horse in the country. I will give you that horse if you will just say the Lord's Prayer, and not think of another thing." And the little fellow shut up his eyes: "Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done—I suppose you will throw in the saddle and bridle?"

I have always insisted, and I shall always insist, until I find some fact in Nature correcting the statement, that Nature sows the seeds of thought—that every brain is a kind of field where the seeds are sown, and that some are very poor, and some are very barren, and some are very rich. That is my opinion.

Again he asks: "If one is not responsible for his thought, why is any one blamed for thinking as he does?" It is not a question of blame, it is a question of who is right—a question of who is wrong. Admit that every one thinks exactly as he must, that does not show that his thought is right; that does not show that his thought is the highest thought. Admit that every piece of land in the world produces what it must; that does not prove that the land covered with barren rocks and a little moss is just as good as the land covered with wheat or corn; neither does it prove that the mind has to act as the wheat or the corn; neither does it prove that the land had any choice as to what it would produce. I hold men responsible not for their thoughts; I hold men responsible for their actions. And I have said a thousand times: Physical liberty is this—the right to do anything that does not interfere with another—in other words, to act right; and intellectual liberty is this—the right to think right, and the right to think wrong, provided you do your best to think right. I have always said it, and I expect to say it always.

The reverend gentleman is also afflicted with the gradual theory. I believe in that theory.

If you will leave out inspiration, if you will leave out the direct interference of an infinite God, the gradual theory is right. It is a theory of evolution.

I admit that astronomy has been born of astrology, that chemistry came from the black art; and I also contend that religion will be lost in science. I believe in evolution. I believe in the budding of the seed, the shining of the sun, the dropping of the rain; I believe in the spreading and the growing; and that is as true in every other department of the world as it is in vegetation. I believe it; but that does not account for the Bible doctrine. We are told we have a book absolutely inspired, and it will not do to say God gradually grows. If he is infinite now, he knows as much as he ever will. If he has been always infinite, he knew as much at the time he wrote the Bible as he knows to-day; and, consequently, whatever he said then must be as true now as it was then. You see they mix up now a little bit of philosophy with religion—a little bit of science with the shreds and patches of the supernatural.

Hear this: I said in my lecture the other day that all the clergymen in the world could not get one drop of rain out of the sky. I insist on it. All the prayers on earth cannot produce one drop of rain. I also said all the clergymen of the world could not save one human life. They tried it last year. They tried it in the United States. The Christian world upon its knees implored God to save one life, and the man died. The man died! Had the man recovered the whole church would have claimed that it was in answer to prayer. The man having died, what does the church say now? What is the answer to this? The Rev. Dr. Thomas says: “There is prayer and there is rain.” Good. “Can he that is himself or any one else say there is no possible relation between one and the other?” I do. Let us put it another way. There is rain and there is infidelity; can any one say there is no possible relation between the two? How does Dr. Thomas know that he is not indebted to me for this year’s crops? And yet this gentleman really throws out the idea that there is some possible relation between prayer and rain, between rain and health; and he tells us that he would have died twenty-five years ago had it not been for prayer. I doubt it. Prayer is not a medicine. Life depends upon certain facts—not upon prayer. All the prayer in the world cannot take the place of the circulation of the blood. All the prayer in the world is no substitute for digestion. All the prayer in the world cannot take the place of food; and whenever a man lives by prayer you will find that he eats considerable besides. It will not do. Again: This reverend Doctor says: “Shall we say that all the love of the unseen world”—how does he know there is any love in the unseen world? “and the love of God”—how does he know there is any love in God? “heed not the cries and tears of earth?”

I do not know; but let the gentleman read the history of religious persecution. Let him read the history of those who were put in dungeons, of those who lifted their chained hands to God and mingled prayer with the clank of fetters; men that were in the dungeons simply for loving this God, simply for worshiping this God. And what did God do? Nothing. The chains remained upon the limbs of his worshipers. They remained in the dungeons built by theology, by malice, and hatred; and what did God do? Nothing. Thousands of men were taken from their homes, fagots were piled around their bodies; they were consumed to ashes, and what did God do? Nothing. The sword of extermination was unsheathed, hundreds and thousands of men, women and children perished. Women lifted their hands to God and implored him to protect their children, their daughters; and what did God do?

Nothing. Whole races were enslaved, and the cruel lash was put upon the naked back of toil. What did God do? Nothing. Children were sold from the arms of mothers. All the sweet humanities of life were trodden beneath the brutal foot of creed; and what did God do? Nothing. Human beings, his children, were tracked through swamps by bloodhounds; and what did God do? Nothing. Wild storms sweep over the earth and the shipwrecked go down in the billows; and what does God do? Nothing. There come plague and pestilence and famine. What does God do? Thousands and thousands perish. Little children die upon the withered breasts of mothers; and what does God do? Nothing.

What evidence has Dr. Thomas that the cries and tears of man have ever touched the heart of God? Let us be honest. I appeal to the history of the world; I appeal to the tears, and blood, and agony, and imprisonment, and death of hundreds and millions of the bravest and best. Have they ever touched the heart of the Infinite? Has the hand of help ever been reached from heaven? I do not know; but I do not believe it.

Dr. Thomas tells me that is orthodox Christianity. What right has he to tell what is orthodox Christianity? He is a heretic. He had too much brain to remain in the Methodist pulpit. He had a doubt—and a doubt is born of an idea. And his doctrine has been declared by his own church to be unorthodox. They have passed on his case and they have found him unconstitutional. What right has he to state what is orthodox? And here is what he says: “Christianity”—orthodox Christianity I suppose he means—”teaches, concerning the future world, that rewards and punishments are carried over from time to eternity; that the principles of the government of God are the same there as here; that character, and not profession determines destiny; and that Humboldt, and Dickens, and all others who have gone and shall go to that world shall receive their just rewards; that souls will always be in the place in which for the time, be it now or a million years hence, they are fitted. That is what Christianity teaches.”

If it does, never will I have another word to say against Christianity. It never has taught it. Christianity—orthodox Christianity—teaches that when you draw your last breath you have lost the last opportunity for reformation. Christianity teaches that this little world is the eternal line between time and eternity, and if you do not get religion in this life, you will be eternally damned in the next. That is Christianity. They say: “Now is the accepted time.” If you put it off until you die, that is too late; and the doctrine of the Christian world is that there is no opportunity for reformation in another world. The doctrine of orthodox Christianity is that you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ here in this life, and it will not do to believe on him in the next world. You must believe on him here and that if you fail here, God in his infinite wisdom will never give you another chance. That is orthodox Christianity; and according to orthodox Christianity, the greatest, the best and the sublimest of the world are now in hell. And why is it that they say it is not orthodox Christianity? I have made them ashamed of their doctrine. When I called to their attention the fact that such men as Darwin, such men as Emerson, Dickens, Longfellow, Laplace, Shakespeare, and Humboldt, were in hell, it struck them all at once that the company in heaven would not be very interesting with such men left out.

And now they begin to say: “We think the Lord will give those men another chance.” I have succeeded in my mission beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have made orthodox ministers deny their creeds; I have made them ashamed of their doctrine—and that is glory enough. They will let me in, a few years after I am dead. I admit that the doctrine that God will treat us as we treat others—I admit that is taught by Matthew, Mark, and Luke; but it is not taught by the Orthodox church. I want that understood. I admit also that Dr. Thomas is not orthodox, and that he was driven out of the church because he thought God too good to damn men forever without giving them the slightest chance. Why, the Catholic Church is a thousand times better than your Protestant Church upon that question. The Catholic Church believes in purgatory—that is, a place where a fellow can get a chance to make a motion for a new trial.

Dr. Thomas, all I ask of you is to tell all that you think. Tell your congregation whether you believe the Bible was written by divine inspiration. Have the courage and the grandeur to tell your people whether, in your judgment, God ever upheld slavery.

Do not shrink. Do not shirk. Tell your people whether God ever upheld polygamy. Do not shrink. Tell them whether God was ever in favor of religious persecution. Stand right to it. Then tell your people whether you honestly believe that a good man can suffer for a bad one and the bad one get the credit. Be honor bright. Tell what you really think and there will not be as much difference between you and myself as you imagine.

The next gentleman, I believe, is the Rev. Dr. Lorimer. He comes to the rescue, and I have an idea of his mental capacity from the fact that he is a Baptist. He believes that the infinite God has a choice as to the manner in which a man or babe shall be dampened. This gentleman regards modern infidelity as “pitifully shallow” as to its intellectual conceptions and as to its philosophical views of the universe and of the problems regarding man’s place in it and of his destiny. “Pitifully shallow!”

What is the modern conception of the universe? The modern conception is that the universe always has been and forever will be. The modern conception of the universe is that it embraces within its infinite arms all matter, all spirit, all forms of force, all that is, all that has been, all that can be. That is the modern conception of this universe. And this is called “pitiful.”

What is the Christian conception? It is that all the matter in the universe is dead, inert, and that back of it is a Jewish Jehovah who made it, and who is now engaged in managing the affairs of this world. And they even go so far as to say that that Being made experiments in which he signally failed. That Being made man and woman and put them in a garden and allowed them to become totally depraved. That Being of infinite wisdom made hundreds and millions of people when he knew he would have to drown them. That Being peopled a planet like this with men, women and children, knowing that he would have to consign most of them to eternal fire. That is a pitiful conception of the universe. That is an infamous conception of the universe. Give me rather the conception of Spinoza, the conception of Humboldt, of Darwin, of Huxley, of Tyndall and of every other man who has thought. I love to think of the whole

universe together as one eternal fact. I love to think that everything is alive; that crystallization is itself a step toward joy. I love to think that when a bud bursts into blossom it feels a thrill. I love to have the universe full of feeling and full of joy, and not full of simple dead, inert matter, managed by an old bachelor for all eternity.

Another thing to which this gentleman objects is that I propose to banish such awful thoughts as the mystery of our origin and our relations to the present and to the possible future from human thought.

I have never said so. Never. I have said, One world at a time. Why? Do not make yourself miserable about another. Why? Because I do not know anything about it, and it may be good. So do not worry. That is all. Y or do not know where you are going to land. It may be the happy port of heaven. Wait until you get there. It will be time enough to make trouble then. This is what I have said. I have said that the golden bridge of life from gloom emerges, and on shadow rests. I do not know. I admit it. Life is a shadowy strange and winding road on which we travel for a few short steps, just a little way from the cradle with its lullaby of love, to the low and quiet wayside inn where all at last must sleep, and where the only salutation is "Good-Night!" Whether there is a good morning I do not know, but I am willing to wait.

Let us think these high and splendid thoughts. Let us build palaces for the future, but do not let us spend time making dungeons for men who happen to differ from us. I am willing to take the conceptions of Humboldt and Darwin, of Haeckel and Spinoza, and I am willing to compare their splendid conceptions with the doctrine embraced in the Baptist creed. This gentleman has his ideas upon a variety of questions, and he tells me that, "No one has a right to say that Dickens, Longfellow, and Darwin are castaways!" Why not? They were not Christians. They did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. They did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. And, if orthodox religion be true, they are castaways. But he says: "No one has the right to say that orthodoxy condemns to perdition any man who has struggled toward the right, and who has tried to bless the earth he is raised on." That is what I say, but that is not what orthodoxy says. Orthodoxy says that the best man in the world, if he fails to believe in the existence of God, or in the divinity of Christ, will be eternally lost. Does it not say it? Is there an orthodox minister in this town now who will stand up and say that an honest atheist can be saved? He will not. Let any preacher say it, and he will be tried for heresy.

I will tell you what orthodoxy is. A man goes to the day of judgment, and they cross-examine him, and they say to him:

"Did you believe the Bible?"

"No."

"Did you belong to the church?"

"No."

"Did you take care of your wife and children?"

"Yes?"

“Pay your debts?”

“Yes.”

“Love your country?”

“Yes.”

“Love the whole world?”

“Yes.”

“Never made anybody unhappy?”

“Not that I know of. If there is any man or woman that I ever wronged let them stand up and say so. That is the kind of man I am; but,” said he, “I did not believe the Bible. I did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and, to tell you the truth, I did not believe in the existence of God. I now find I was mistaken; but that was my doctrine.” Now, I want to know what, according to the orthodox church, is done with that man?

He is sent to hell.

That is their doctrine.

Then the next fellow comes. He says:

“Where did you come from?”

And he looks off kind of stiffly, with his head on one side and he says:

“I came from the gallows. I was just hung.”

“What were you hung for?”

“Murdering my wife. She wasn’t a Christian either, she got left. The day I was hung I was washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

That is Christianity. And they say to him: “Come in! Let the band play!”

That is orthodox Christianity. Every man that is hanged—there is a minister there, and the minister tells him he is all right. All he has to do is just to believe on the Lord.

Another objection this gentleman has, and that is that I am scurrilous. Scurrilous! And the gentleman, in order to show that he is not scurrilous, calls infidels, “donkeys, serpents, buzzards.” That is simply to show that he is not scurrilous.

Dr. Lorimer is also of the opinion that the mind thinks independently of the will; and I propose to prove by him that it does. He is the last man in the world to controvert that doctrine—the last man. In spite of himself his mind absorbed the sermon of another man, and he repeated it as his own. I am satisfied he is an honest man; consequently his mind acted independently of his will, and he furnishes the strongest evidence in favor of my position that it is possible to conceive. I am infinitely obliged to him for the testimony he has unconsciously offered.

He also takes the ground that infidelity debases a man and renders him unfit for the discharge of the highest duties pertaining to life, and that we show the greatest

shallowness when we endeavor to overthrow Calvinism. What is Calvinism? It is the doctrine that an infinite God made millions of people, knowing that they would be damned. I have answered that a thousand times. I answer it again. No God has a right to make a mistake, and then damn the mistake. No God has a right to make a failure, and a man who is to be eternally damned is not a conspicuous success. No God has a right to make an investment that will not finally pay a dividend.

The world is getting better, and the ministers, all your life and all mine, have been crying out from the pulpit that we are all going wrong, that immorality was stalking through the land, that crime was about to engulf the world, and yet, in spite of all their prophecies, the world has steadily grown better, and there is more justice, more charity, more kindness, more goodness, and more liberty in the world to-day than ever before. And there is more infidelity in the world to-day than ever before.

A Reply To Rev. John Hall And Warner Van Norden

Colonel Robert Ingersoll was asked what he thought of such philosophy.—New York Morning Advertiser, March 10,1892.

Question. Have you read the article in the Morning Advertiser entitled “Workers Starving”?

Answer. I have read it, and was greatly surprised at the answers made to the reporter of the Advertiser.

Question. What do you think of the remarks of the Rev. John Hall and by Mr. Warner Van Norden, Treasurer of the “Church Extension Committee”?

Answer. My opinion is that Dr. Hall must have answered under some irritation, or that the reporter did not happen to take down all he said. It hardly seems probable that Dr. Hall should have said that he had no time to discuss the matter of aiding the needy poor, giving as a reason that there were so many other things that demanded his immediate attention. The church is always insisting that it is, above all things, a charitable institution; that it collects and distributes many millions every year for the relief of the needy, and it is always quoting: “Sell that thou hast and give to the poor.” It is hard to imagine anything of more importance than to relieve the needy, or to succor the oppressed. Of course, I know that the church itself produces nothing, and that it lives on contributions; but its claim is that it receives from those who are able to give, and gives to those who are in urgent need.

I have sometimes thought, that the most uncharitable thing in the world is an organized charity. It seems to have the peculiarities of a corporation, and becomes as soulless as its kindred. To use a very old phrase, it generally acts like “a beggar on horseback.”

Probably Dr. Hall, in fact, does a great deal for the poor, and I imagine that he must have been irritated or annoyed when he made the answer attributed to him in the *Advertiser*. The good Samaritan may have been in a hurry, but he said nothing about it. The Levites that passed by on the other side seemed to have had other business. Understand me, I am saying nothing against Dr. Hall, but it does seem to me that there are few other matters more important than assisting our needy fellow-men.

Question. What do you think of Mr. Warner Van Norden’s sentiments as expressed to the reporter?

Answer. In the first place, I think he is entirely mistaken. I do not think the cloakmakers brought their trouble upon themselves. The wages they receive were and are insufficient to support reasonable human beings. They work for almost nothing, and it is hard for me to understand why they live at all, when life is so expensive and death so cheap. All they can possibly do is to earn enough one day to buy food to enable them to work the next. Life with them is a perpetual struggle.

They live on the edge of death. Under their feet they must feel the side of the grave crumbling, and thus they go through, day by day, month by month, year by year. They are, I presume, sustained by a hope that is never realized.

Mr. Van Norden says that he is not in favor of helping the poor and needy of the city, save in the way employed by the church, and that the experience of centuries teaches us that the giving of alms to the poor only encourages them in their idleness and their crimes.

Is Mr. Van Norden ready to take the ground that when Christ said: "Sell that thou hast and give to the poor," he intended to encourage idleness and crime?

Is it possible that when it was said, "It is better to give than to receive," the real meaning was, It is better to encourage idleness and crime than to receive assistance?

For instance, a man falls into the water. Why should one standing on the shore attempt to rescue him? Could he not properly say: "If all who fall into the water are rescued, it will only encourage people to fall into the water; it will make sailors careless, and persons who stand on wharves, will care very little whether they fall in or not. Therefore, in order to make people careful who have not fallen into the water, let those in the water drown." In other words, why should anybody be assisted, if assistance encourages carelessness, or idleness, or negligence?

According to Mr. Van Norden, charity is out of place in this world, kindness is a mistake, and hospitality springs from a lack of philosophy. In other words, all should take the consequences of their acts, not only, but the consequences of the acts of others.

If I knew this doctrine to be true, I should still insist that men should be charitable on their own account. A man without pity, no matter how intelligent he may be, is at best only an intellectual beast, and if by withholding all assistance we could finally people the world with those who are actually self-supporting, we would have a population without sympathy, without charity—that is to say, without goodness. In my judgment, it would be far better that none should exist.

Mr. Van Norden takes the ground that the duty of the church is to save men's souls, and to minister to their bodies incidentally. I think that conditions have a vast deal to do with morality and goodness. If you wish to change the conduct of your fellow-men, the first thing to do is to change their conditions, their surroundings; in other words, to help them to help themselves—help them to get away from bad influences, away from the darkness of ignorance, away from the temptations of poverty and want, not only into the light intellectually, but into the climate of prosperity. It is useless to give a hungry man a religious tract, and it is almost useless to preach morality to those who are so situated that the necessity of the present, the hunger of the moment, overrides every other consideration. There is a vast deal of sophistry in hunger, and a good deal of persuasion in necessity.

Prosperity is apt to make men selfish. They imagine that because they have succeeded, others and all others, might or may succeed. If any man will go over his own life honestly, he will find that he has not always succeeded because he was good, or that he has always failed because he was bad. He will find that many things

happened with which he had nothing to do, for his benefit, and that, after all is said and done, he cannot account for all of his successes by his absolute goodness. So, if a man will think of all the bad things he has done—of all the bad things he wanted to do—of all the bad things he would have done had he had the chance, and had he known that detection was impossible, he will find but little foundation for egotism.

Question. What do you say to this language of Mr. Van Norden. "It is best to teach people to rely upon their own resources. If the poor felt that they could get material help they would want it always, and in this day, if a man and woman cannot get along, it is their own fault"?

Answer. All I can say is that I do not agree with him. Often there are many more men in a certain trade than there is work for such men. Often great factories shut down, leaving many thousands out of employment. You may say that it was the fault of these men that they learned that trade; that they might have known it would be overcrowded; so you may say it was the fault of the capitalist to start a factory in that particular line, because he should have known that it was to be overdone.

As no man can look very far into the future, the truth is it was nobody's fault, and without fault thousands and thousands are thrown out of employment. Competition is so sharp, wages are so small, that to be out of employment for a few weeks means want. You cannot say that this is the fault of the man who wants bread. He certainly did not wish to go hungry; neither did he deliberately plan a failure. He did the best he could. There are plenty of bankers who fail in business, not because they wish to fail; so there are plenty of professional men who cannot make a living, yet it may not be their fault; and there are others who get rich, and it may not be by reason of their virtues.

Without doubt, there are many people in the city of New York who cannot make a living. Competition is too sharp; life is too complex; consequently the percentage of failures is large. In savage life there are few failures, but in civilized life there are many. There are many thousands out of work and out of food in Berlin to-day. It can hardly be said to be their fault. So there are many thousands in London, and every other great city of the world. You cannot account for all this want by saying that the people who want are entirely to blame.

A man gets rich, and he is often egotistic enough to think that his wealth was the result of his own unaided efforts; and he is sometimes heartless enough to say that others should get rich by following his example.

Mr. Van Norden states that he has a typewriter who gets two dollars a day, and that she dresses better than the lords and ladies did of olden times. He must refer to the times of the Garden of Eden. Out of two dollars a day one must live, and there is very little left for gorgeous robes. I hardly think a lady is to be envied because she receives two dollars a day, and the probability is that the manner in which she dresses on that sum—having first deducted the expenses of living—is not calculated to excite envy.

The philosophy of Mr. Van Norden seems to be concentrated into this line: "Where people are poor it is their own fault." Of course this is the death of all charity.

We are then informed by this gentleman that “happiness does not lie in the enjoyment of material things—that it is the soul that makes life worth living.”

Is it the soul without pity that makes life worth living? Is it the soul in which the blossom of charity has never shed its perfume that makes life so desirable? Is it the soul, having all material things, wrapped in the robes of prosperity, and that says to all the poor: It is your own fault; die of hunger if you must—that makes life worth living?

It may be asked whether it is worth while for such a soul to live.

If this is the philosophy of Mr. Van Norden, I do not wish to visit his working girls’ club, or to “hear girls who have been working all day singing hymns and following the leader in prayer.” Why should a soul without pity pray? Why should any one ask God to be merciful to the poor if he is not merciful himself? For my own part, I would rather see poor people eat than to hear them pray. I would rather see them clothed comfortably than to see them shivering, and at the same time hear them sing hymns.

It does not seem possible that any man can say that there are no worthy poor in this city who need material help. Neither does it seem possible that any man can say to one who is starving that if he wants money he must work for it. There are hundreds and thousands in this city willing to work who can find no employment. There are good and pure women standing between their children and starvation, living in rooms worse than cells in penitentiaries—giving their own lives to their children—hundreds and hundreds of martyrs bearing the cross of every suffering, worthy of the reverence and love of mankind. So there are men wandering about these streets in search of work, willing to do anything to feed the ones they love.

Mr. Van Norden has not done himself justice. I do not believe that he expresses his real sentiments. But, after all, why should we expect charity in a church that believes in the dogma of eternal pain? Why cannot the rich be happy here in their palaces, while the poor suffer and starve in huts, when these same rich expect to enjoy heaven forever, with all the unbelievers in hell? Why should the agony of time interfere with their happiness, when the agonies of eternity will not and cannot affect their joy? But I have nothing against Dr. John Hall or Mr. Van Norden—only against their ideas.

A Reply To The Rev. Dr. Plumb

** Boston, 1898.*

Question. Last Sunday the Rev. Dr. Plumb paid some attention to the lecture which you delivered here on the 23rd of October. Have you read a report of it, and what have you to say?

Answer. Dr. Plumb attacks not only myself, but the Rev. Mr. Mills. I do not know the position that Mr. Mills takes, but from what Dr. Plumb says, I suppose that he has mingled a little philosophy with his religion and some science with his superstition. Dr. Plumb appears to have successfully avoided both. His manners do not appear to me to be of the best. Why should he call an opponent coarse and blasphemous, simply because he does not happen to believe as he does? Is it blasphemous to say that this "poor" world never was visited by a Redeemer from Heaven, a majestic being—unique—peculiar—who "trod the sea and hushed the storm and raised the dead"? Why does Dr. Plumb call this world a "poor" world? According to his creed, it was created by infinite wisdom, infinite goodness and infinite power. How dare he call the work of such a being "poor"?

Is it not blasphemous for a Boston minister to denounce the work of the Infinite and say to God that he made a "poor" world? If I believed this world had been made by an infinitely wise and good Being, I should certainly insist that this is not a poor world, but, on the contrary, a perfect world. I would insist that everything that happens is for the best. Whether it looks wise or foolish to us, I would insist that the fault we thought we saw, lies in us and not in the infinitely wise and benevolent Creator.

Dr. Plumb may love God, but he certainly regards him as a poor mechanic and a failure as a manufacturer. There Dr. Plumb, like all religious preachers, takes several things for granted; things that have not been established by evidence, and things which in their nature cannot be established.

He tells us that this poor world was visited by a mighty Redeemer from Heaven. How does he know? Does he know where heaven is? Does he know that any such place exists? Is he perfectly sure that an infinite God would be foolish enough to make people who needed a redeemer?

He also says that this Being "trod the sea, hushed the storm and raised the dead." Is there any evidence that this Being trod the sea? Any more evidence than that Venus rose from the foam of the ocean? Any evidence that he hushed the storm any more than there is that the storm comes from the cave of ?olus? Is there any evidence that he raised the dead? How would it be possible to prove that the dead were raised? How could we prove such a thing if it happened now? Who would believe the evidence? As a matter of fact, the witnesses themselves would not believe and could not believe until raising of the dead became so general as to be regarded as natural.

Dr. Plumb knows, if he knows anything, that gospel gossip is the only evidence he has, or anybody has, that Christ trod the sea, hushed the storm and raised the dead. He also knows, if he knows anything, that these stories were not written until Christ

himself had been dead for at least four generations. He knows also that these accounts were written at a time when the belief in miracles was almost universal, and when everything that actually happened was regarded of no particular importance, and only the things that did not happen were carefully written out with all the details.

So Dr. Plumb says that this man who hushed the storm "spake as never man spake." Did the Doctor ever read Zeno? Zeno, who denounced human slavery many years before Christ was born? Did he ever read Epicurus, one of the greatest of the Greeks? Has he read anything from Buddha? Has he read the dialogues between Arjuna and Krishna? If he has, he knows that every great and splendid utterance of Christ was uttered centuries before he lived. Did he ever read Lao-tsze? If he did—and this man lived many centuries before the coming of our Lord—he knows that Lao-tsze said "we should render benefits for injuries. We should love our enemies, and we should not resist evil." So it will hardly do now to say that Christ spake as never man spake, because he repeated the very things that other men had said.

So he says that I am endeavoring to carry people back to a dimly groping Socrates or a vague Confucius. Did Dr. Plumb ever read Confucius? Only a little while ago a book was published by Mr. For-long showing the origin of the principal religion and the creeds that have been taught. In this book you will find the cream of Buddha, of Christ, of Zoroaster, and you will also find a few pages devoted to the philosophy of Confucius; and after you have read the others, then read what Confucius says, and you will find that his philosophy rises like a monolith touching the clouds, while the creeds and sayings of the others appear like heaps of stone or piles of rubbish. The reason of this is that Confucius was not simply a sentimentalist. He was not controlled entirely by feeling, but he had intelligence—a great brain in which burned the torch of reason. Read Confucius, and you will think that he must have known the sciences of to-day; that is to say, the conclusions that have been reached by modern thinkers. It could have been easily said of Confucius in his day that he spake as never man had spoken, and it may be that after you read him you will change your mind just a little as to the wisdom and the intelligence contained in many of the sayings of our Lord.

Dr. Plumb charges that Mr. Mills is trying to reconstruct theology. Whether he is right in this charge I do not know, but I do know that I am not trying to reconstruct theology. I am endeavoring to destroy it. I have no more confidence in theology than I have in astrology or in the black art. Theology is a science that exists wholly independent of facts, and that reaches conclusions without the assistance of evidence. It also scorns experience and does what little it can to do away with thought.

I make a very great distinction between theology and real religion. I can conceive of no religion except usefulness. Now, here we are, men and women in this world, and we have certain faculties, certain senses. There are things that we can ascertain, and by developing our brain we can avoid mistakes, keep a few thorns out of our feet, a few thistles out of our hands, a few diseases from our flesh. In my judgment, we should use all our senses, gathering information from every possible quarter, and this information should be only used for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, for

finding out the conditions of well-being, to the end that we may add to the happiness of ourselves and fellows.

In other words, I believe in intellectual veracity and also in mental hospitality. To me reason is the final arbiter, and when I say reason, I mean my reason. It may be a very poor light, the flame small and flickering, but, after all, it is the only light I have, and never with my consent shall any preacher blow it out.

Now, Dr. Plumb thinks that I am trying to despoil my fellow-men of their greatest inheritance; that is to say, divine Christ. Why do you call Christ good? Is it because he was merciful? Then why do you put him above mercy? Why do you call Christ good? Is it because he was just? Why do you put him before justice? Suppose it should turn out that no such person as Christ ever lived. What harm would that do justice or mercy? Wouldn't the tear of pity be as pure as now, and wouldn't justice, holding aloft her scales, from which she blows even the dust of prejudice, be as noble, as admirable as now? Is it not better to love, justice and mercy than to love a name, and when you put a name above justice, above mercy, are you sure that you are benefiting your fellow-men?

If Dr. Plumb wanted to answer me, why did he not take my argument instead of my motive? Why did he not point out my weakness instead of telling the consequences that would follow from my action? We have nothing to do with the consequences. I said that to believe without evidence, or in spite of evidence, was superstition. If that definition is correct, Dr. Plumb is a superstitious man, because he believes at least without evidence. What evidence has he that Christ was God? In the nature of things, how could he have evidence? The only evidence he pretends to have is the dream of Joseph, and he does not know that Joseph ever dreamed the dream, because Joseph did not write an account of his dream, so that Dr. Plumb has only hearsay for the dream, and the dream is the foundation of his creed.

Now, when I say that that is superstition, Dr. Plumb charges me with being a burglar—a coarse, blasphemous burglar—who wishes to rob somebody of some great blessing. Dr. Plumb would not hesitate to tell a Mohammedan that Mohammed was an impostor. He would tell a Mormon in Utah that Joseph Smith was a vulgar liar and that Brigham Young was no better. In other words, if in Turkey, he would be a coarse and blasphemous burglar, and he would follow the same profession in Utah. So probably he would tell the Chinese that Confucius was an ignorant wretch and that their religion was idiotic, and the Chinese priest would denounce Dr. Plumb as a very coarse and blasphemous burglar, and Dr. Plumb would be perfectly astonished that a priest could be so low, so impudent and malicious.

Of course my wonder is not excited. I have become used to it.

If Dr. Plumb would think, if he would exercise his imagination a little and put himself in the place of others, he would think, in all probability, better things of his opponents. I do not know Dr. Plumb, and yet I have no doubt that he is a good and sincere man; a little superstitious, superficial, and possibly, mingled with his many virtues, there may be a little righteous malice.

The Rev. Mr. Mills used to believe as Dr. Plumb does now, and I suppose he has changed for reasons that were sufficient for him. So I believe him to be an honest, conscientious man, and so far as I am concerned, I have no objection to Mr. Mills doing what little he can to get all the churches to act together. He may never succeed, but I am not responsible for that.

So I have no objection to Dr. Plumb preaching what he believes to be the gospel. I admit that he is honest when he says that an infinitely good God made a poor world; that he made man and woman and put them in the Garden of Eden, and that this same God before that time had manufactured a devil, and that when he manufactured this devil, he knew that he would corrupt the man and woman that he had determined to make; that he could have defeated the devil, but that for a wise purpose, he allowed his Satanic Majesty to succeed; that at the time he allowed him to succeed, he knew that in consequence of his success that he (God) in about fifteen or sixteen hundred years would be compelled to drown the whole world with the exception of eight people. These eight people he kept for seed. At the time he kept them for seed, he knew that they were totally depraved, that they were saturated with the sin of Adam and Eve, and that their children would be their natural heirs. He also knew at the time he allowed the devil to succeed, that he (God), some four thousand years afterward, would be compelled to be born in Palestine as a babe, to learn the carpenter's trade, and to go about the country for three years preaching to the people and discussing with the rabbis of his chosen people, and he also knew that these chosen people—these people who had been governed and educated by him, to whom he had sent a multitude of prophets, would at that time be so savage that they would crucify him, although he would be at that time the only sinless being who had ever stood upon the earth. This he knew would be the effect of his government, of his education of his chosen people. He also knew at the time he allowed the devil to succeed, that in consequence of that success a vast majority of the human race would become eternal convicts in the prison of hell.

All this he knew, and yet Dr. Plumb insists that he was and is infinitely wise, infinitely powerful and infinitely good. What would this God have done if he had lacked wisdom, or power, or goodness?

Of all the religions that man has produced, of all the creeds of savagery, there is none more perfectly absurd than Christianity.

A Reply To The New York Clergy On Superstition

** New York Journal, 1898. An Interview.*

Question. Have you followed the controversy, or rather, the interest manifested in the letters to the *Journal* which have followed your lecture of Sunday, and what do you think of them?

Answer. I have read the letters and reports that have been published in the *Journal*. Some of them seem to be very sincere, some not quite honest, and some a little of both.

The Rev. Robert S. MacArthur takes the ground that very many Christians do not believe in a personal devil, but are still Christians. He states that they hold that the references in the New Testament to the devil are simply to personifications of evil, and do not apply to any personal existence. He says that he could give the names of a number of pastors who hold such views. He does not state what his view is. Consequently, I do not know whether he is a believer in a personal devil or not.

The statement that the references in the New Testament to a devil are simply to personifications of evil, not applying to any personal existence, seems to me utterly absurd.

The references to devils in the New Testament are certainly as good and satisfactory as the references to angels. Now, are the angels referred to in the New Testament simply personifications of good, and are there no such personal existences? If devils are only personifications of evil, how is it that these personifications of evil could hold arguments with Jesus Christ? How could they talk back? How could they publicly acknowledge the divinity of Christ? As a matter of fact, the best evidences of Christ's divinity in the New Testament are the declarations of devils. These devils were supposed to be acquainted with supernatural things, and consequently knew a God when they saw one, whereas the average Jew, not having been a citizen of the celestial world, was unable to recognize a deity when he met him.

Now, these personifications of evil, as Dr. Mac-Arthur calls them, were of various kinds. Some of them were dumb, while others could talk, and Christ said, speaking of the dumb devils, that they were very difficult to expel from the bodies of men; that it required fasting and prayer to get them out. Now, did Christ mean that these dumb devils did not exist? That they were only "personifications of evil"?

Now, we are also told in the New Testament that Christ was tempted by the devil; that is, by a "personification of evil," and that this personification took him to the pinnacle of the temple and tried to induce him to jump off. Now, where did this personification of evil come from? Was it an actual existence? Dr. MacArthur says that it may not have been. Then it did not come from the outside of Christ. If it existed it came from the inside of Christ, so that, according to MacArthur, Christ was the creator of his own devil.

I do not know that I have a right to say that this is Dr. MacArthur's opinion, as he has wisely refrained from giving his opinion. I hope some time he will tell us whether he really believes in a devil or not, or whether he thinks all allusions and references to devils in the New Testament can be explained away by calling the devils "personifications of evil." Then, of course, he will tell us whether it was a "personification of evil" that offered Christ all the kingdoms of the world, and whether Christ expelled seven "personifications of evil" from Mary Magdalene, and how did they come to count these "personifications of evil"? If the devils, after all, are only "personifications of evil," then, of course, they cannot be numbered. They are all one. There may be different manifestations, but, in fact, there can be but one, and yet Mary Magdalene had seven.

Dr. MacArthur states that I put up a man of straw, and then vigorously beat him down. Now, the question is, do I attack a man of straw? I take it for granted that Christians to some extent, at least, believe in their creeds. I suppose they regard the Bible as the inspired word of God; that they believe in the fall of man, in the atonement, in salvation by faith, in the resurrection and ascension of Christ. I take it for granted that they believe these things. Of course, the only evidence I have is what they say. Possibly that cannot be depended upon. They may be dealing only in the "personification of truth."

When I charge the orthodox Christians with believing these things, I am told that I am far behind the religious thinking of the hour, but after all, this "man of straw" is quite powerful. Prof. Briggs attacked this "man of straw," and the straw man turned on him and put him out. A preacher by the name of Smith, a teacher in some seminary out in Ohio, challenged this "man of straw," and the straw man put him out.

Both these reverend gentlemen were defeated by the straw man, and if the Rev. Dr. MacArthur will explain to his congregation, I mean only explain what he calls the "religious thinking of the hour," the "straw man" will put him out too.

Dr. MacArthur finds fault with me because I put into the minds of representative thinkers of to-day the opinions of medieval monks, which leading religious teachers long ago discarded. Will Dr. MacArthur have the goodness to point out one opinion that I have put into the minds of representative thinkers—that is, of orthodox thinkers—that any orthodox religious teacher of to-day has discarded? Will he have the kindness to give just one?

In my lecture on "Superstition" I did say that to deny the existence of evil spirits, or to deny the existence of the devil, is to deny the truth of the New Testament; and that to deny the existence of these imps of darkness is to contradict the words of Jesus Christ. I did say that if we give up the belief in devils we must give up the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments, and we must give up the divinity of Christ. Upon that declaration I stand, because if devils do not exist, then Jesus Christ was mistaken, or we have not in the New Testament a true account of what he said and of what he pretended to do. If the New Testament gives a true account of his words and pretended actions, then he did claim to cast out devils. That was his principal

business. That was his certificate of divinity, casting out devils. That authenticated his mission and proved that he was superior to the hosts of darkness.

Now, take the devil out of the New Testament, and you also take the veracity of Christ; with that veracity you take the divinity; with that divinity you take the atonement, and when you take the atonement, the great fabric known as Christianity becomes a shapeless ruin.

Now, let Dr. Mac Arthur answer this, and answer it not like a minister, but like a man. Ministers are unconsciously a little unfair. They have a little tendency to what might be called a natural crook. They become spiritual when they ought to be candid. They become a little ingenious and pious when they ought to be frank; and when really driven into a corner, they clasp their hands, they look upward, and they cry "*Blasphemy!*" I do not mean by this that they are dishonest. I simply mean that they are illogical.

Dr. MacArthur tells us also that Spain is not a representative of progressive religious teachers. I admit that. There are no progressive religious teachers in Spain, and right here let me make a remark. If religion rests on an inspired revelation, it is incapable of progress. It may be said that year after year we get to understand it better, but if it is not understood when given, why is it called a "revelation"? There is no progress in the multiplication table. Some men are better mathematicians than others, but the old multiplication table remains the same. So there can be no progress in a revelation from God.

Now, Spain—and that is the great mistake, the great misfortune—has remained orthodox. That is to say, the Spaniards have been true to their superstition. Of course the Rev. Dr. MacArthur will not admit that Catholicism is Christianity, and I suppose that the pope would hardly admit that a Baptist is a very successful Christian. The trouble with Spain is, and the trouble with the Baptist Church is, that neither of them has progressed to any great extent.

Now, in my judgment, what is called religion must grow better as man grows better, simply because it was produced by man and the better man is, the nearer civilized he is, the better, the nearer civilized, will be what he calls his religion; and if the Baptist religion has progressed, it is a demonstration that it was not originally founded on a revelation from God.

In my lecture I stated that we had no right to make any distinction between the actions of infinite wisdom and goodness, and that if God created and governs this world we ought to thank him, if we thanked him at all, for all that happens; that we should thank him just as heartily for famine and cyclone as for sunshine and harvest, and that if President McKinley thanked God for the victory at Santiago, he also should have thanked him for sending the yellow fever.

I stand by these words. A finite being has no right to make any distinction between the actions of the infinitely good and wise. If God governs this world, then everything that happens is the very best that could happen. When A murders B, the best thing that could happen to A is to be a murderer and the best thing that could have

happened to B was to be murdered. There is no escape from this if the world is governed by infinite wisdom and goodness.

It will not do to try and dodge by saying that man is free. This God who made man and made him free knew exactly how he would use his freedom, and consequently this God cannot escape the responsibility for the actions of men. He made them. He knew exactly what they would do. He is responsible.

If I could turn a piece of wood into a human being, and I knew that he would murder a man, who is the real murderer? But if Dr. MacArthur would think as much as he preaches, he would come much nearer agreeing with me.

The Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Parks is very sorry that he cannot discuss Ingersoll's address, because to do so would be dignifying Ingersoll. Of course I deeply regret the refusal of Dr. J. Lewis Parks to discuss the address. I dislike to be compelled to go to the end of my life without being dignified. At the same time I will forgive the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Parks for not answering me, because I know that he cannot.

The Rev. Dr. Moldehnke, whose name seems chiefly made of consonants, denounces me as a scoffer and as illogical, and says that Christianity is not founded upon the devil, but upon Christ. He further says that we do not believe in such a thing as a devil in human form, but we know that there is evil, and that evil we call the devil. He hides his head under the same leaf with Dr. MacArthur by calling the devil evil.

Now, is this gentleman willing to say that all the allusions to the devil in the Old and New Testaments can be harmonized with the idea that the devil is simply a personification of evil? Can he say this and say it honestly?

But the Rev. Dr. Moldehnke, I think, seems to be consistent; seems to go along with the logic of his creed. He says that the yellow fever, if it visited our soldiers, came from God, and that we should thank God for it. He does not say the soldiers should thank God for it, or that those who had it should thank God for it, but that we should thank God for it, and there is this wonderful thing about Christianity. It enables us to bear with great fortitude, with a kind of sublime patience, the misfortunes of others.

He says that this yellow fever works out God's purposes. Of course I am not as well acquainted with the Deity as the Rev. Moldehnke appears to be. I have not the faintest idea of what God's purposes are. He works, even according to his messengers, in such a mysterious way, that with the little reason I have I find it impossible to follow him. Why God should have any purpose that could be worked out with yellow fever, or cholera, or why he should ever ask the assistance of tapeworms, or go in partnership with cancers, or take in the plague as an assistant, I have never been able to understand. I do not pretend to know. I admit my ignorance, and after all, the Rev. Dr. Moldehnke may be right. It may be that everything that happens is for the best. At the same time, I do not believe it.

There is a little old story on this subject that throws some light on the workings of the average orthodox mind.

One morning the son of an old farmer came in and said to his father, "One of the ewe lambs is dead."

“Well,” said the father; “that is all for the best. Twins never do very well, any how.”

The next morning the son reported the death of the other lamb, and the old man said, “Well, that is all for the best; the old ewe will have more wool.”

The next morning the son said, “The old ewe is dead.”

“Well,” replied the old man; “that may be for the best, but I don’t see it this morning.”

The Rev. Mr. Hamlin has the goodness to say that my influence is on the wane. This is an admission that I have some, for which I am greatly obliged to him. He further states that all my arguments are easily refuted, but fails to refute them on the ground that such refutation might be an advertisement for me.

Now, if Mr. Hamlin would think a little, he would see that there are some things in the lecture on “Superstition” worth the while even of a Methodist minister to answer.

Does Mr. Hamlin believe in the existence of the devil? If he does, will he Have the goodness to say who created the devil? He may say that God created him, as he is the creator of all. Then I ask Mr. Hamlin this question: Why did God create a successful rival? When God created the devil, did he not know at that time that he was to make this world? That he was to create Adam and Eve and put them in the Garden of Eden, and did he not know that this devil would tempt this Adam and Eve? That in consequence of that they would fall? That in consequence of that he would have to drown all their descendants except eight? That in consequence of that he himself would have to be born into this world as a Judean peasant? That he would have to be crucified and suffer for the sins of these people who had been misled by this devil that he deliberately created, and that after all he would be able only to save a few Methodists?

Will the Rev. Mr. Hamlin have the goodness to answer this? He can answer it as mildly as he pleases, so that in any event it will be no advertisement for him.

The Rev. Mr. F. J. Belcher pays me a great compliment, for which I now return my thanks. He has the goodness to say, “Ingersoll in many respects is like Voltaire.” I think no finer compliment has been paid me by any gentleman occupying a pulpit, for many years, and again I thank the Rev. Mr. Belcher.

The Rev. W. D. Buchanan, does not seem to be quite fair. He says that every utterance of mine impresses men with my insincerity, and that every argument I bring forward is specious, and that I spend my time in ringing the changes on arguments that have been answered over and over again for hundreds of years.

Now, Dr. Buchanan should remember that he ought not to attack motives; that you cannot answer an argument by vilifying the man who makes it. You must answer not the man, but the argument.

Another thing this reverend gentleman should remember, and that is that no argument is old until it has been answered. An argument that has not been answered, although it has been put forward for many centuries, is still as fresh as a flower with the dew on its breast. It never is old until it has been answered.

It is well enough for this gentleman to say that these arguments have been answered, and if they have and he knows that they have, of course it will be but a little trouble to him to repeat these answers.

Now, my dear Dr. Buchanan, I wish to ask you some questions. Do you believe in a personal devil? Do you believe that the bodies of men and women become tenements for little imps and goblins and demons? Do you believe that the devil used to lead men and women astray? Do you believe the stories about devils that you find in the Old and New Testaments?

Now, do not tell me that these questions have been answered long ago. Answer them now. And if you say the devil does exist, that he is a person, that he is an enemy of God, then let me ask you another question: Why should this devil punish souls in hell for rebelling against God? Why should the devil, who is an enemy of God, help punish God's enemies? This may have been answered many times, but one more repetition will do but little harm.

Another thing: Do you believe in the eternity of punishment? Do you believe that God is the keeper of an eternal prison, the doors of which open only to receive sinners, and do you believe that eternal punishment is the highest expression of justice and mercy?

If you had the power to change a stone into a human being, and you knew that that human being would be a sinner and finally go to hell and suffer eternal torture, would you not leave it stone? And if, knowing this, you changed the stone into a man, would you not be a fiend? Now, answer this fairly. I want nothing spiritual; nothing with the Presbyterian flavor; just good, honest talk, and tell us how that is.

I say to you that if there is a place of eternal torment or misery for any of the children of men—I say to you that your God is a wild beast, an insane fiend, whom I abhor and despise with every drop of my blood.

At the same time you may say whether you are up, according to Dr. Mac Arthur, with the religious thinking of the hour.

The Rev. J. W. Campbell I rather like. He appears to be absolutely sincere. He is orthodox—true blue. He believes in a devil; in an acting, thinking devil, and a clever devil. Of course he does not think this devil is as stout as God, but he is quicker; not quite as wise, but a little more cunning.

According to Mr. Campbell, the devil is the bunco steerer of the universe—king of the green goods men; but, after all, Mr. Campbell will not admit that if this devil does not exist the Christian creeds all crumble, but I think he will admit that if the devil does not exist, then Christ was mistaken, or that the writers of the New Testament did not truthfully give us his utterances.

Now, if Christ was mistaken about the existence of the devil, may be he was mistaken about the existence of God. In other words, if Christ made a mistake, then he was ignorant. Then we cannot say he was divine, although ignorance has generally believed in divinity. So I do not see exactly how Mr. Campbell can say that if the devil

does not exist the Christian creeds do not crumble, and when I say Christian creeds I mean orthodox creeds. Is there any orthodox Christian creed without the devil in it?

Now, if we throw away the devil we throw away original sin, the fall of man, and we throw away the atonement. Of this arch the devil is the keystone. Remove him, the arch falls.

Now, how can you say that an orthodox Christian creed remains intact without crumbling when original sin, the fall of man, the atonement and the existence of the devil are all thrown aside?

Of course if you mean by Christianity, acting like Christ, being good, forgiving, that is another matter, but that is not Christianity. Orthodox Christians say that a man must believe on Christ, must have faith, and that to act as Christ did, is not enough; that a man who acts exactly as Christ did, dying without faith, would go to hell. So when Mr. Campbell speaks of a Christian, I suppose he means an orthodox Christian.

Now, Dr. Campbell not only knows that the devil exists, but he knows a good deal about him. He knows that he can assume every conceivable disguise or shape; that he can go about like a roaring lion; that at another time he is a god of this world; on another occasion a dragon, and in the afternoon of the same day may be Lucifer, an angel of light, and all the time, I guess, a prince of lies. So he often assumes the disguise of the serpent.

So the Doctor thinks that when the devil invited Christ into the wilderness to tempt him, that he adopted some disguise that made him more than usually attractive. Does the Doctor think that Christ could not see through the disguise? Was it possible for the devil with a mask to fool God, his creator? Was it possible for the devil to tempt Christ by offering him the kingdoms of the earth when they already belonged to Christ, and when Christ knew that the devil had no title, and when the devil knew that Christ knew that he had no title, and when the devil knew that Christ knew that he was the devil, and when the devil knew that he was Christ? Does the reverend gentleman still think that it was the disguise of the devil that tempted Christ?

I would like some of these questions answered, because I have a very inquiring mind.

So Mr. Campbell tells us—and it is very good and comforting of him—that there is a time coming when the devil shall deceive the nations no more. He also tells us that God is more powerful than the devil, and that he is going to put an end to him.

Will Mr. Campbell have the goodness to tell me why God made the devil? If he is going to put an end to him why did he start him? Was it not a waste of raw material to make him? Was it not unfair to let this devil, so powerful, so cunning, so attractive, into the Garden of Eden, and put Adam and Eve, who were then scarcely half dry, within his power, and not only Adam and Eve within his power, but their descendants, so that the slime of the serpent has been on every babe, and so that, in consequence of what happened in the Garden of Eden, flames will surround countless millions in the presence of the most merciful God?

Now, it may be that the Rev. Dr. Campbell can explain all these things. He may not care to do it for my benefit, but let him think of his own congregation; of the lambs he is protecting from the wolves of doubt and thought.

The Rev. Henry Frank appears to be a man of exceedingly good sense; one who thinks for himself, and who has the courage of his convictions. Of course I am sorry that he does not agree with me, but I have become used to that, and so I thank him for the truths he utters.

He does not believe in the existence of a personal devil, and I guess by following him up we would find that he did not believe in the existence of a personal God, or in the inspiration of the Scriptures. In fact, he tells us that he has given up the infallibility of the Bible. At the same time, he says it is the most perfect compendium of religious and moral thought. In that I think he is a little mistaken. There is a vast deal of irreligion in the Bible, and there is a good deal of immoral thought in the Bible; but I agree with him that it is neither inspired nor infallible.

The Rev. E. C. J. Kraeling, pastor of the Zion Lutheran Church, declares that those who do not believe in a personal God do not believe in a personal Satan, and *vice versa*. The one, he says, necessitates the other. In this I do not think he is quite correct. I think many people believe in a personal God who do not believe in a personal devil, but I know of none who do believe in a personal devil who do not also believe in a personal God. The orthodox generally believe in both of them, and for many centuries Christians spoke with great respect of the devil. They were afraid of him.

But I agree with the Rev. Mr. Kraeling when he says that to deny a personal Satan is to deny the infallibility of God's word. I agree with this because I suppose by "God's word" he means the Bible.

He further says, and I agree with him, that a "Christian" needs no scientific argument on which to base his belief in the personality of Satan. That certainly is true, and if a Christian does need a scientific argument it is equally true that he never will have one.

You see this word "Science" means something that somebody knows; not something that somebody guesses, or wishes, or hopes, or believes, but something that somebody knows.

Of course there cannot be any scientific argument proving the existence of the devil. At the same time I admit, as the Rev. Mr. Kraeling says, and I thank him for his candor, that the Bible does prove the existence of the devil from Genesis to the. Apocalypse, and I do agree with him that the "revealed word" teaches the existence of a personal devil, and that all truly orthodox Christians believe that there is a personal devil, and the Rev. Mr. Kraeling proves this by the fall of man, and he proves that without this devil there could be no redemption for the evil spirits; so he brings forward the temptation of Christ in the wilderness. At the same time that Mr. Kraeling agrees with me as to what the Bible says, he insists that I bring no arguments, that I blaspheme, and then he drops into humor and says that if any further arguments are needed to prove the existence of the devil, that I furnish them.

How a man believing the creed of the orthodox Mr. Kraeling can have anything like a sense of humor is beyond even my imagination.

Now, I want to ask Mr. Kraeling a few questions, and I will ask him the same questions that I ask all orthodox people in my lecture on “Superstition.”

Now, Mr. Kraeling believes that this world was created by a being of infinite wisdom, power and goodness, and that the world he created has been governed by him.

Now, let me ask the reverend gentleman a few plain questions, with the request that he answer them without mist or mystery. If you, Mr. Kraeling, had the power to make a world, would you make an exact copy of this? Would you make a man and woman, put them in a garden, knowing that they would be deceived, knowing that they would fall? Knowing that all the consequences believed in by orthodox Christians would follow from that fall? Would you do it? And would you make your world so as to provide for earthquakes and cyclones? Would you create the seeds of disease and scatter them in the air and water? Would you so arrange matters as to produce cancers? Would you provide for plague and pestilence? Would you so make your world that life should feed on life, that the quivering flesh should be torn by tooth and beak and claw? Would you?

Now, answer fairly. Do not quote Scripture; just answer, and be honest.

Would you make different races of men? Would you make them of different colors, and would you so make them that they would persecute and enslave each other? Would you so arrange matters that millions and millions should toil through many generations, paid only by the lash on the back? Would you have it so that millions and millions of babes would be sold from the breasts of mothers? Be honest, would you provide for religious persecution? For the invention and use of instruments of torture? Would you see to it that the rack was not forgotten, and that the fagot was not overlooked or unlighted? Would you make a world in which the wrong would triumph? Would you make a world in which innocence would not be a shield? Would you make a world where the best would be loaded with chains? Where the best would die in the darkness of dungeons? Where the best would make scaffolds sacred with their blood?

Would you make a world where hypocrisy and cunning and fraud should represent God, and where meanness would suck the blood of honest credulity?

Would you provide for the settlement of all difficulties by war? Would you so make your world that the weak would bear the burdens, so that woman would be a slave, so that children would be trampled upon as though they were poisonous reptiles? Would you fill the woods with wild beasts? Would you make a few volcanoes to overwhelm your children? Would you provide for earthquakes that would swallow them? Would you make them ignorant, savage, and fill their minds with all the phantoms of horror? Would you?

Now, it will only take you a few moments to answer these questions, and if you say you would, then I shall be satisfied that you believe in the orthodox God, and that you are as bad as he. If you say you would not, I will admit that there is a little dawn of intelligence in your brain.

At the same time I want it understood with regard to all these ministers that I am a friend of theirs. I am trying to civilize their congregations, so that the congregations may allow the ministers to develop, to grow, to become really and truly intelligent. The process is slow, but it is sure.

Volume 8

The Bible And A Future Life

Question. Colonel, are your views of religion based upon the Bible?

Answer. I regard the Bible, especially the Old Testament, the same as I do most other ancient books, in which there is some truth, a great deal of error, considerable barbarism and a most plentiful lack of good sense.

Question. Have you found any other work, sacred or profane, which you regard as more reliable?

Answer. I know of no book less so, in my judgment.

Question. You have studied the Bible attentively, have you not?

Answer. I have read the Bible. I have heard it talked about a good deal, and am sufficiently well acquainted with it to justify my own mind in utterly rejecting all claims made for its divine origin.

Question. What do you base your views upon?

Answer. On reason, observation, experience, upon the discoveries in science, upon observed facts and the analogies properly growing out of such facts. I have no confidence in anything pretending to be outside, or independent of, or in any manner above nature.

Question. According to your views, what disposition is made of man after death?

Answer. Upon that subject I know nothing. It is no more wonderful that man should live again than he now lives; upon that question I know of no evidence. The doctrine of immortality rests upon human affection. We love, therefore we wish to live.

Question. Then you would not undertake to say what becomes of man after death?

Answer. If I told or pretended to know what becomes of man after death, I would be as dogmatic as are theologians upon this question. The difference between them and me is, I am honest. I admit that I do not know.

Question. Judging by your criticism of mankind, Colonel, in your recent lecture, you have not found his condition very satisfactory?

Answer. Nature, outside of man, so far as I know, is neither cruel nor merciful. I am not satisfied with the present condition of the human race, nor with the condition of man during any period of which we have any knowledge. I believe, however, the condition of man is improved, and this improvement is due to his own exertions. I do not make nature a being. I do not ascribe to nature intentions.

Question. Is your theory, Colonel, the result of investigation of the subject?

Answer. No one can control his own opinion or his own belief. My belief was forced upon me by my surroundings. I am the product of all circumstances that have in any way touched me. I believe in this world. I have no confidence in any religion

promising joys in another world at the expense of liberty and happiness in this. At the same time, I wish to give others all the rights I claim for myself.

Question. If I asked for proofs for your theory, what would you furnish?

Answer. The experience of every man who is honest with himself, every fact that has been discovered in nature. In addition to these, the utter and total failure of all religionists in all countries to produce one particle of evidence showing the existence of any supernatural power whatever, and the further fact that the people are not satisfied with their religion. They are continually asking for evidence. They are asking it in every imaginable way. The sects are continually dividing. There is no real religious serenity in the world. All religions are opponents of intellectual liberty. I believe in absolute mental freedom. Real religion with me is a thing not of the head, but of the heart; not a theory, not a creed, but a life.

Question. What punishment, then, is inflicted upon man for his crimes and wrongs committed in this life?

Answer. There is no such thing as intellectual crime. No man can commit a mental crime. To become a crime it must go beyond thought.

Question. What punishment is there for physical crime?

Answer. Such punishment as is necessary to protect society and for the reformation of the criminal.

Question. If there is only punishment in this world, will not some escape punishment?

Answer. I admit that all do not seem to be punished as they deserve. I also admit that all do not seem to be rewarded as they deserve; and there is in this world, apparently, as great failures in matter of reward as in matter of punishment. If there is another life, a man will be happier there for acting according to his highest ideal in this. But I do not discern in nature any effort to do justice.

—*The Post*, Washington, D. C., 1878.

Mrs. Van Cott, The Revivalist

Question. I see, Colonel, that in an interview published this morning, Mrs. Van Cott (the revivalist), calls you "a poor barking dog." Do you know her personally?

Answer. I have never met or seen her.

Question. Do you know the reason she applied the epithet?

Answer. I suppose it to be the natural result of what is called vital piety; that is to say, universal love breeds individual hatred.

Question. Do you intend making any reply to what she says?

Answer. I have written her a note of which this is a copy:

Buffalo, Feb. 24th, 1878.

MRS. VAN COTT;

My dear Madam:—Were you constrained by the love of Christ to call a man who has never injured you "a poor barking dog?" Did you make this remark as a Christian, or as a lady? Did you say these words to illustrate in some faint degree the refining influence upon women of the religion you preach?

What would you think of me if I should retort, using your language, changing only the sex of the last word?

I have the honor to remain,

Yours truly,

R. G. INGERSOLL

Question. Well, what do you think of the religious revival system generally?

Answer. The fire that has to be blown all the time is a poor thing to get warm by. I regard these revivals as essentially barbaric. I think they do no good, but much harm, they make innocent people think they are guilty, and very mean people think they are good.

Question. What is your opinion concerning women as conductors of these revivals?

Answer. I suppose those engaged in them think they are doing good. They are probably honest. I think, however, that neither men nor women should be engaged in frightening people into heaven. That is all I wish to say on the subject, as I do not think it worth talking about.

—*The Express*, Buffalo, New York, Feb., 1878.

European Trip And Greenback Question

***Question*. What did you do on your European trip, Colonel?**

Answer. I went with my family from New York to Southampton, England, thence to London, and from London to Edinburgh. In Scotland I visited every place where Burns had lived, from the cottage where he was born to the room where he died. I followed him from the cradle to the coffin. I went to Stratford-upon-Avon for the purpose of seeing all that I could in any way connected with Shakespeare; next to London, where we visited again all the places of interest, and thence to Paris, where we spent a couple of weeks in the Exposition.

Question. And what did you think of it?

Answer. So far as machinery—so far as the practical is concerned, it is not equal to ours in Philadelphia; in art it is incomparably beyond it. I was very much gratified to find so much evidence in favor of my theory that the golden age in art is in front of us; that mankind has been advancing, that we did not come from a perfect pair and immediately commence to degenerate. The modern painters and sculptors are far better and grander than the ancient. I think we excel in fine arts as much as we do in agricultural implements. Nothing pleased me more than the painting from Holland, because they idealized and rendered holy the ordinary avocations of life. They paint cottages with sweet mothers and children; they paint homes. They are not much on Ariadnes and Venuses, but they paint good women.

Question. What did you think of the American display?

Answer. Our part of the Exposition is good, but nothing to what is should and might have been, but we bring home nearly as many medals as we took things. We lead the world in machinery and in ingenious inventions, and some of our paintings were excellent.

Question. Colonel, crossing the Atlantic back to America, what do you think of the Greenback movement?

Answer. In regard to the Greenback party, in the first place, I am not a believer in miracles. I do not believe that something can be made out of nothing. The Government, in my judgment, cannot create money; the Government can give its note, like an individual, and the prospect of its being paid determines its value. We have already substantially resumed. Every piece of property that has been shrinking has simply been resuming. We expended during the war—not for the useful, but for the useless, not to build up, but to destroy—at least one thousand million dollars. The Government was an enormous purchaser; when the war ceased the industries of the country lost their greatest customer. As a consequence there was a surplus of production, and consequently a surplus of labor. At last we have gotten back, and the country since the war has produced over and above the cost of production, something near the amount that was lost during the war. Our exports are about two hundred million dollars more than our imports, and this is a healthy sign. There are, however, five or six hundred thousand men, probably, out of employment; as prosperity

increases this number will decrease. I am in favor of the Government doing something to ameliorate the condition of these men. I would like to see constructed the Northern and Southern Pacific railroads; this would give employment at once to many thousands, and homes after awhile to millions. All the signs of the times to me are good. The wretched bankrupt law, at last, is wiped from the statute books, and honest people in a short time can get plenty of credit. This law should have been repealed years before it was. It would have been far better to have had all who have gone into bankruptcy during these frightful years to have done so at once.

Question. What will be the political effect of the Greenback movement?

Answer. The effect in Maine has been to defeat the Republican party. I do not believe any party can permanently succeed in the United States that does not believe in and advocate actual money. I want to see the greenback equal with gold the world round. A money below par keeps the people below par. No man can possibly be proud of a country that is not willing to pay its debts. Several of the States this fall may be carried by the Greenback party, but if I have a correct understanding of their views, that party cannot hold any State for any great length of time. But all the men of wealth should remember that everybody in the community has got, in some way, to be supported. I want to see them so that they can support themselves by their own labor. In my judgment real prosperity will begin with actual resumption, because confidence will then return. If the workingmen of the United States cannot make their living, cannot have the opportunity to labor, they have got to be supported in some way, and in any event, I want to see a liberal policy inaugurated by the Government. I believe in improving rivers and harbors.

I do not believe the trans-continental commerce of this country should depend on one railroad. I want new territories opened. I want to see American steamships running to all the great ports of the world. I want to see our flag flying on all the seas and in all the harbors. We have the best country, and, in my judgment, the best people in the world, and we ought to be the most prosperous nation on the earth.

Question. Then you only consider the Greenback movement a temporary thing?

Answer. Yes; I do not believe that there is anything permanent in anything that is not sound, that has not a perfectly sound foundation, and I mean sound, sound in every sense of that word. It must be wise and honest. We have plenty of money; the trouble is to get it. If the Greenbackers will pass a law furnishing all of us with collaterals, there certainly would be no trouble about getting the money. Nothing can demonstrate more fully the plentifulness of money than the fact that millions of four per cent. bonds have been taken in the United States. The trouble is, business is scarce.

Question. But do you not think the Greenback movement will help the Democracy to success in 1880?

Answer. I think the Greenback movement will injure the Republican party much more than the Democratic party. Whether that injury will reach as far as 1880 depends simply upon one thing. If resumption—in spite of all the resolutions to the contrary— inaugurates an era of prosperity, as I believe and hope it will, then it

seems to me that the Republican party will be as strong in the North as in its palmiest days. Of course I regard most of the old issues as settled, and I make this statement simply because I regard the financial issue as the only living one.

Of course, I have no idea who will be the Democratic candidate, but I suppose the South will be solid for the Democratic nominee, unless the financial question divides that section of the country.

Question. With a solid South do you not think the Democratic nominee will stand a good chance?

Answer. Certainly, he will stand the best chance if the Democracy is right on the financial question; if it will cling to its old idea of hard money, he will. If the Democrats will recognize that the issues of the war are settled, then I think that party has the best chance.

Question. But if it clings to soft money?

Answer. Then I think it will be beaten, if by soft money it means the payment of one promise with another.

Question. You consider Greenbackers inflationists, do you not?

Answer. I suppose the Greenbackers to be the party of inflation. I am in favor of inflation produced by industry. I am in favor of the country being inflated with corn, with wheat, good houses, books, pictures, and plenty of labor for everybody. I am in favor of being inflated with gold and silver, but I do not believe in the inflation of promise, expectation and speculation. I sympathize with every man who is willing to work and cannot get it, and I sympathize to that degree that I would like to see the fortunate and prosperous taxed to support his unfortunate brother until labor could be found.

The Greenback party seems to think credit is just as good as gold. While the credit lasts this is so; but the trouble is, whenever it is ascertained that the gold is gone or cannot be produced the credit takes wings. The bill of a perfectly solvent bank may circulate for years. Now, because nobody demands the gold on that bill it doesn't follow that the bill would be just as good without any gold behind it. The idea that you can have the gold whenever you present the bill gives it its value. To illustrate: A poor man buys soup tickets. He is not hungry at the time of purchase, and will not be for some hours. During those hours the Greenback gentlemen argue that there is no use of keeping any soup on hand with which to redeem these tickets, and from this they further argue that if they can be good for a few hours without soup, why not forever? And they would be, only the holder gets hungry. Until he is hungry, of course, he does not care whether any soup is on hand or not, but when he presents his ticket he wants his soup, and the idea that he can have the soup when he does present the ticket gives it its value. And so I regard bank notes, without gold and silver, as of the same value as tickets without soup.

—*The Post*, Washington, D. C., 1878.

The Pre-Millennial Conference

Question. What do you think of the Pre-Millennial Conference that was held in New York City recently?

Answer. Well, I think that all who attended it were believers in the Bible, and any one who believes in prophecies and looks to their fulfillment will go insane. A man that tries from Daniel's ram with three horns and five tails and his deformed goats to ascertain the date of the second immigration of Christ to this world is already insane. It all shows that the moment we leave the realm of fact and law we are adrift on the wide and shoreless sea of theological speculation.

Question. Do you think there will be a second coming?

Answer. No, not as long as the church is in power. Christ will never again visit this earth until the Freethinkers have control. He will certainly never allow another church to get hold of him. The very persons who met in New York to fix the date of his coming would despise him and the feeling would probably be mutual. In his day Christ was an Infidel, and made himself unpopular by denouncing the church as it then existed. He called them liars, hypocrites, thieves, vipers, whited sepulchres and fools. From the description given of the church in that day, I am afraid that should he come again, he would be provoked into using similar language. Of course, I admit there are many good people in the church, just as there were some good Pharisees who were opposed to the crucifixion.

—*The Express*, Buffalo, New York, Nov. 4th, 1878.

The Solid South And Resumption

Question. Colonel, to start with, what do you think of the solid South?

Answer. I think the South is naturally opposed to the Republican party; more, I imagine, to the name, than to the personnel of the organization. But the South has just as good friends in the Republican party as in the Democratic party. I do not think there are any Republicans who would not rejoice to see the South prosperous and happy. I know of none, at least. They will have to get over the prejudices born of isolation. We lack direct and constant communication. I do not recollect having seen a newspaper from the Gulf States for a long time. They, down there, may imagine that the feeling in the North is the same as during the war. But it certainly is not. The Northern people are anxious to be friendly; and if they can be, without a violation of their principles, they will be. Whether it be true or not, however, most of the Republicans of the North believe that no Republican in the South is heartily welcome in that section, whether he goes there from the North, or is a Southern man. Personally, I do not care anything about partisan politics. I want to see every man in the United States guaranteed the right to express his choice at the ballot-box, and I do not want social ostracism to follow a man, no matter how he may vote. A solid South means a solid North. A hundred thousand Democratic majority in South Carolina means fifty thousand Republican majority in New York in 1880. I hope the sections will never divide, simply as sections. But if the Republican party is not allowed to live in the South, the Democratic party certainly will not be allowed to succeed in the North. I want to treat the people of the South precisely as though the Rebellion had never occurred. I want all that wiped from the slate of memory, and all I ask of the Southern people is to give the same rights to the Republicans that we are willing to give to them and have given to them.

Question. How do you account for the results of the recent elections?

Answer. The Republican party won the recent election simply because it was for honest money, and it was in favor of resumption. And if on the first of January next, we resume all right, and maintain resumption, I see no reason why the Republican party should not succeed in 1880. The Republican party came into power at the commencement of the Rebellion, and necessarily retained power until its close; and in my judgment, it will retain power so long as in the horizon of credit there is a cloud of repudiation as large as a man's hand.

Question. Do you think resumption will work out all right?

Answer. I do. I think that on the first of January the greenback will shake hands with gold on an equality, and in a few days thereafter will be worth just a little bit more. Everything has resumed, except the Government. All the property has resumed, all the lands, bonds and mortgages and stocks. All these things resumed long ago—that is to say, they have touched the bottom. Now, there is no doubt that the party that insists on the Government paying all its debts will hold control, and no one will get his hand on the wheel who advocates repudiation in any form. There is one thing we must do, though. We have got to put more silver in our dollars. I do not think you can

blame the New York banks—any bank —for refusing to take eighty-eight cents for a dollar. Neither can you blame any depositor who puts gold in the bank for demanding gold in return. Yes, we must have in the silver dollar a dollar's worth of silver.

—*The Commercial*, Cincinnati, Ohio, November, 1878.

The Sunday Laws Of Pittsburg

Question. Colonel, what do you think of the course the Mayor has pursued toward you in attempting to stop your lecture?

Answer. I know very little except what I have seen in the morning paper. As a general rule, laws should be enforced or repealed; and so far as I am personally concerned, I shall not so much complain of the enforcing of the law against Sabbath breaking as of the fact that such a law exists. We have fallen heir to these laws. They were passed by superstition, and the enlightened people of to-day should repeal them. Ministers should not expect to fill their churches by shutting up other places. They can only increase their congregations by improving their sermons. They will have more hearers when they say more worth hearing. I have no idea that the Mayor has any prejudice against me personally and if he only enforces the law, I shall have none against him. If my lectures were free the ministers might have the right to object, but as I charge one dollar admission and they nothing, they ought certainly be able to compete with me.

Question. Don't you think it is the duty of the Mayor, as chief executive of the city laws, to enforce the ordinances and pay no attention to what the statutes say?

Answer. I suppose it to be the duty of the Mayor to enforce the ordinance of the city and if the ordinance of the city covers the same ground as the law of the State, a conviction under the ordinance would be a bar to prosecution under the State law.

Question. If the ordinance exempts scientific, literary and historical lectures, as it is said it does, will not that exempt you?

Answer. Yes, all my lectures are historical; that is, I speak of many things that have happened. They are scientific because they are filled with facts, and they are literary of course. I can conceive of no address that is neither historical nor scientific, except sermons. They fail to be historical because they treat of things that never happened and they are certainly not scientific, as they contain no facts.

Question. Suppose they arrest you what will you do?

Answer. I will examine the law and if convicted will pay the fine, unless I think I can reverse the case by appeal. Of course I would like to see all these foolish laws wiped from the statute books. I want the law so that everybody can do just as he pleases on Sunday, provided he does not interfere with the rights of others. I want the Christian, the Jew, the Deist and the Atheist to be exactly equal before the law. I would fight for the right of the Christian to worship God in his own way just as quick as I would for the Atheist to enjoy music, flowers and fields. I hope to see the time when even the poor people can hear the music of the finest operas on Sunday. One grand opera with all its thrilling tones, will do more good in touching and elevating the world than ten thousand sermons on the agonies of hell.

Question. Have you ever been interfered with before in delivering Sunday lectures?

Answer. No, I postponed a lecture in Baltimore at the request of the owners of a theatre because they were afraid some action might be taken. That is the only case. I have delivered lectures on Sunday in the principal cities of the United States, in New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati and many other places. I lectured here last winter; it was on Sunday and I heard nothing of its being contrary to law. I always supposed my lectures were good enough to be delivered on the most sacred days.

—*The Leader*, Pittsburg, Pa., October 27, 1879.

Political And Religious

Question. What do you think about the recent election, and what will be its effect upon political matters and the issues and candidates of 1880?

Answer. I think the Republicans have met with this almost universal success on account, first, of the position taken by the Democracy on the currency question; that is to say, that party was divided, and was willing to go in partnership with anybody, whatever their doctrines might be, for the sake of success in that particular locality. The Republican party felt it of paramount importance not only to pay the debt, but to pay it in that which the world regards as money. The next reason for the victory is the position assumed by the Democracy in Congress during the called session. The threats they then made of what they would do in the event that the executive did not comply with their demands, showed that the spirit of the party had not been chastened to any considerable extent by the late war. The people of this country will not, in my judgment, allow the South to take charge of this country until they show their ability to protect the rights of citizens in their respective States.

Question. Then, as you regard the victories, they are largely due to a firm adherence to principle, and the failure of the Democratic party is due to their abandonment of principle, and their desire to unite with anybody and everything, at the sacrifice of principle, to attain success?

Answer. Yes. The Democratic party is a general desire for office without organization. Most people are Democrats because they hate something, most people are Republicans because they love something.

Question. Do you think the election has brought about any particular change in the issues that will be involved in the campaign of 1880?

Answer. I think the only issue is who shall rule the country.

Question. Do you think, then, the question of State Rights, hard or soft money and other questions that have been prominent in the campaign are practically settled, and so regarded by the people?

Answer. I think the money question is, absolutely. I think the question of State Rights is dead, except that it can still be used to defeat the Democracy. It is what might be called a convenient political corpse.

Question. Now, to leave the political field and go to the religious at one jump—since your last visit here much has been said and written and published to the effect that a great change, or a considerable change at least, had taken place in your religious, or irreligious views. I would like to know if that is so?

Answer. The only change that has occurred in my religious views is the result of finding more and more arguments in favor of my position, and, as a consequence, if there is any difference, I am stronger in my convictions than ever before.

Question. I would like to know something of the history of your religious views?

Answer. I may say right here that the Christian idea that any God can make me his friend by killing mine is about a great mistake as could be made. They seem to have the idea that just as soon as God kills all the people that a person loves, he will then begin to love the Lord. What drew my attention first to these questions was the doctrine of eternal punishment. This was so abhorrent to my mind that I began to hate the book in which it was taught. Then, in reading law, going back to find the origin of laws, I found one had to go but a little way before the legislator and priest united. This led me to a study of a good many of the religions of the world. At first I was greatly astonished to find most of them better than ours. I then studied our own system to the best of my ability, and found that people were palming off upon children and upon one another as the inspired word of God a book that upheld slavery, polygamy and almost every other crime. Whether I am right or wrong, I became convinced that the Bible is not an inspired book; and then the only question for me to settle was as to whether I should say what I believed or not. This really was not the question in my mind, because, before even thinking of such a question, I expressed my belief, and I simply claim that right and expect to exercise it as long as I live. I may be damned for it in the next world, but it is a great source of pleasure to me in this.

Question. It is reported that you are the son of a Presbyterian minister?

Answer. Yes, I am the son of a New School Presbyterian minister.

Question. About what age were you when you began this investigation which led to your present convictions?

Answer. I cannot remember when I believed the Bible doctrine of eternal punishment. I have a dim recollection of hating Jehovah when I was exceedingly small.

Question. Then your present convictions began to form themselves while you were listening to the teachings of religion as taught by your father?

Answer. Yes, they did.

Question. Did you discuss the matter with him?

Answer. I did for many years, and before he died he utterly gave up the idea that this life is a period of probation. He utterly gave up the idea of eternal punishment, and before he died he had the happiness of believing that God was almost as good and generous as he was himself.

Question. I suppose this gossip about a change in your religious views arose or was created by the expression used at your brother's funeral, "In the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing"?

Answer. I never willingly will destroy a solitary human hope. I have always said that I did not know whether man was or was not immortal, but years before my brother died, in a lecture entitled "The Ghosts," which has since been published, I used the following words: "The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear, beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any

religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. It is the rainbow—Hope, shining upon the tears of grief."

Question. The great objection to your teaching urged by your enemies is that you constantly tear down, and never build up?

Answer. I have just published a little book entitled, "Some Mistakes of Moses," in which I have endeavored to give most of the arguments I have urged against the Pentateuch in a lecture I delivered under that title. The motto on the title page is, "A destroyer of weeds, thistles and thorns is a benefactor, whether he soweth grain or not." I cannot for my life see why one should be charged with tearing down and not rebuilding simply because he exposes a sham, or detects a lie. I do not feel under any obligation to build something in the place of a detected falsehood. All I think I am under obligation to put in the place of a detected lie is the detection. Most religionists talk as if mistakes were valuable things and they did not wish to part with them without a consideration. Just how much they regard lies worth a dozen I do not know. If the price is reasonable I am perfectly willing to give it, rather than to see them live and give their lives to the defence of delusions. I am firmly convinced that to be happy here will not in the least detract from our happiness in another world should we be so fortunate as to reach another world; and I cannot see the value of any philosophy that reaches beyond the intelligent happiness of the present. There may be a God who will make us happy in another world. If he does, it will be more than he has accomplished in this. I suppose that he will never have more than infinite power and never have less than infinite wisdom, and why people should expect that he should do better in another world than he has in this is something that I have never been able to explain. A being who has the power to prevent it and yet who allows thousands and millions of his children to starve; who devours them with earthquakes; who allows whole nations to be enslaved, cannot in my judgment be implicitly be depended upon to do justice in another world.

Question. How do the clergy generally treat you?

Answer. Well, of course there are the same distinctions among clergymen as among other people. Some of them are quite respectable gentlemen, especially those with whom I am not acquainted. I think that since the loss of my brother nothing could exceed the heartlessness of the remarks made by the average clergyman. There have been some noble exceptions, to whom I feel not only thankful but grateful; but a very large majority have taken this occasion to say most unfeeling and brutal things. I do not ask the clergy to forgive me, but I do request that they will so act that I will not have to forgive them. I have always insisted that those who love their enemies should at least tell the truth about their friends, but I suppose, after all, that religion must be supported by the same means as those by which it was founded. Of course, there are thousands of good ministers, men who are endeavoring to make the world better, and whose failure is no particular fault of their own. I have always been in doubt as to whether the clergy were a necessary or an unnecessary evil.

Question. I would like to have a positive expression of your views as to a future state?

Answer. Somebody asked Confucius about another world, and his reply was: "How should I know anything about another world when I know so little of this?" For my part, I know nothing of any other state of existence, either before or after this, and I have never become personally acquainted with anybody that did. There may be another life, and if there is, the best way to prepare for it is by making somebody happy in this. God certainly cannot afford to put a man in hell who has made a little heaven in this world. I propose simply to take my chances with the rest of the folks, and prepare to go where the people I am best acquainted with will probably settle. I cannot afford to leave the great ship and sneak off to shore in some orthodox canoe. I hope there is another life, for I would like to see how things come out in the world when I am dead. There are some people I would like to see again, and hope there are some who would not object to seeing me; but if there is no other life I shall never know it. I do not remember a time when I did not exist; and if, when I die, that is the end, I shall not know it, because the last thing I shall know is that I am alive, and if nothing is left, nothing will be left to know that I am dead; so that so far as I am concerned I am immortal; that is to say, I cannot recollect when I did not exist, and there never will be a time when I shall remember that I do not exist. I would like to have several millions of dollars, and I may say that I have a lively hope that some day I may be rich, but to tell you the truth I have very little evidence of it. Our hope of immortality does not come from any religion, but nearly all religions come from that hope. The Old Testament, instead of telling us that we are immortal, tells us how we lost immortality. You will recollect that if Adam and Eve could have gotten to the Tree of Life, they would have eaten of its fruit and would have lived forever; but for the purpose of preventing immortality God turned them out of the Garden of Eden, and put certain angels with swords or sabres at the gate to keep them from getting back. The Old Testament proves, if it proves anything—which I do not think it does—that there is no life after this; and the New Testament is not very specific on the subject. There were a great many opportunities for the Saviour and his apostles to tell us about another world, but they did not improve them to any great extent; and the only evidence, so far as I know, about another life is, first, that we have no evidence; and, secondly, that we are rather sorry that we have not, and wish we had. That is about my position.

Question. According to your observation of men, and your reading in relation to the men and women of the world and of the church, if there is another world divided according to orthodox principles between the orthodox and heterodox, which of the two that are known as heaven and hell would contain, in your judgment, the most good society?

Answer. Since hanging has got to be a means of grace, I would prefer hell. I had a thousand times rather associate with the Pagan philosophers than with the inquisitors of the Middle Ages. I certainly should prefer the worst man in Greek or Roman history to John Calvin; and I can imagine no man in the world that I would not rather sit on the same bench with than the Puritan fathers and the founders of orthodox churches. I would trade off my harp any minute for a seat in the other country. All the poets will be in perdition, and the greatest thinkers, and, I should think, most of the women whose society would tend to increase the happiness of man; nearly all the painters, nearly all the sculptors, nearly all the writers of plays,

nearly all the great actors, most of the best musicians, and nearly all the good fellows—the persons who know stories, who can sing songs, or who will loan a friend a dollar. They will mostly all be in that country, and if I did not live there permanently, I certainly would want it so I could spend my winter months there. But, after all, what I really want to do is to destroy the idea of eternal punishment. That doctrine subverts all ideas of justice. That doctrine fills hell with honest men, and heaven with intellectual and moral paupers. That doctrine allows people to sin on credit. That doctrine allows the basest to be eternally happy and the most honorable to suffer eternal pain. I think of all doctrines it is the most infinitely infamous, and would disgrace the lowest savage; and any man who believes it, and has imagination enough to understand it, has the heart of a serpent and the conscience of a hyena.

Question. Your objective point is to destroy the doctrine of hell, is it?

Answer. Yes, because the destruction of that doctrine will do away with all cant and all pretence. It will do away with all religious bigotry and persecution. It will allow every man to think and to express his thought. It will do away with bigotry in all its slimy and offensive forms.

—*Chicago Tribune*, November 14, 1879.

Politics And Gen. Grant

Question. Some people have made comparisons between the late Senators O. P. Morton and Zach. Chandler. What did you think of them, Colonel?

Answer. I think Morton had the best intellectual grasp of a question of any man I ever saw. There was an infinite difference between the two men. Morton's strength lay in proving a thing; Chandler's in asserting it. But Chandler was a strong man and no hypocrite.

Question. Have you any objection to being interviewed as to your ideas of Grant, and his position before the people?

Answer. I have no reason for withholding my views on that or any other subject that is under public discussion. My idea is that Grant can afford to regard the presidency as a broken toy. It would add nothing to his fame if he were again elected, and would add nothing to the debt of gratitude which the people feel they owe him. I do not think he will be a candidate. I do not think he wants it. There are men who are pushing him on their own account. Grant was a great soldier. He won the respect of the civilized world. He commanded the largest army that ever fought for freedom, and to make him President would not add a solitary leaf to the wreath of fame already on his brow; and should he be elected, the only thing he could do would be to keep the old wreath from fading.

I do not think his reputation can ever be as great in any direction as in the direction of war. He has made his reputation and has lived his great life. I regard him, confessedly, as the best soldier the Anglo-Saxon blood has produced. I do not know that it necessarily follows because he is a great soldier he is great in other directions. Probably some of the greatest statesmen in the world would have been the worst soldiers.

Question. Do you regard him as more popular now than ever before?

Answer. I think that his reputation is certainly greater and higher than when he left the presidency, and mainly because he has represented this country with so much discretion and with such quiet, poised dignity all around the world. He has measured himself with kings, and was able to look over the heads of every one of them. They were not quite as tall as he was, even adding the crown to their original height. I think he represented us abroad with wonderful success. One thing that touched me very much was, that at a reception given him by the workingmen of Birmingham, after he had been received by royalty, he had the courage to say that that reception gave him more pleasure than any other. He has been throughout perfectly true to the genius of our institutions, and has not upon any occasion exhibited the slightest toadyism. Grant is a man who is not greatly affected by either flattery or abuse.

Question. What do you believe to be his position in regard to the presidency?

Answer. My own judgment is that he does not care. I do not think he has any enemies to punish, and I think that while he was President he certainly rewarded most of his friends.

Question. What are your views as to a third term?

Answer. I have no objection to a third term on principle, but so many men want the presidency that it seems almost cruel to give a third term to anyone.

Question. Then, if there is no objection to a third term, what about a fourth?

Answer. I do not know that that could be objected to, either. We have to admit, after all, that the American people, or at least a majority of them, have a right to elect one man as often as they please. Personally, I think it should not be done unless in the case of a man who is prominent above the rest of his fellow-citizens, and whose election appears absolutely necessary. But I frankly confess I cannot conceive of any political situation where one man is a necessity. I do not believe in the one-man-on-horseback idea, because I believe in all the people being on horseback.

Question. What will be the effect of the enthusiastic receptions that are being given to General Grant?

Answer. I think these ovations show that the people are resolved not to lose the results of the great victories of the war, and that they make known this determination by their attention to General Grant. I think that if he goes through the principal cities of this country the old spirit will be revived everywhere, and whether it makes him President or not the result will be to make the election go Republican. The revival of the memories of the war will bring the people of the North together as closely as at any time since that great conflict closed, not in the spirit of hatred, or malice or envy, but in generous emulation to preserve that which was fairly won. I do not think there is any hatred about it, but we are beginning to see that we must save the South ourselves, and that that is the only way we can save the nation.

Question. But suppose they give the same receptions in the South?

Answer. So much the better.

Question. Is there any split in the solid South?

Answer. Some of the very best people in the South are apparently disgusted with following the Democracy any longer, and would hail with delight any opportunity they could reasonably take advantage of to leave the organization, if they could do so without making it appear that they were going back on Southern interests, and this opportunity will come when the South becomes enlightened, and sees that it has no interests except in common with the whole country. That I think they are beginning to see.

Question. How do you like the administration of President Hayes?

Answer. I think its attitude has greatly improved of late. There are certain games of cards—pedro, for instance, where you can not only fail to make something, but be set back. I think that Hayes's veto messages very nearly got him back to the

commencement of the game—that he is now almost ready to commence counting, and make some points. His position before the country has greatly improved, but he will not develop into a dark horse. My preference is, of course, still for Blaine.

Question. Where do you think it is necessary the Republican candidate should come from to insure success?

Answer. Somewhere out of Ohio. I think it will go to Maine, and for this reason: First of all, Blaine is certainly a competent man of affairs, a man who knows what to do at the time; and then he has acted in such a chivalric way ever since the convention at Cincinnati, that those who opposed him most bitterly, now have for him nothing but admiration. I think John Sherman is a man of decided ability, but I do not believe the American people would make one brother President, while the other is General of the Army. It would be giving too much power to one family.

Question. What are your conclusions as to the future of the Democratic party?

Answer. I think the Democratic party ought to disband. I think they would be a great deal stronger disbanded, because they would get rid of their reputation without decreasing.

Question. But if they will not disband?

Answer. Then the next campaign depends undoubtedly upon New York and Indiana. I do not see how they can very well help nominating a man from Indiana, and by that I mean Hendricks. You see the South has one hundred and thirty-eight votes, all supposed to be Democratic; with the thirty-five from New York and fifteen from Indiana they would have just three to spare. Now, I take it, that the fifteen from Indiana are just about as essential as the thirty- five from New York. To lack fifteen votes is nearly as bad as being thirty-five short, and so far as drawing salary is concerned it is quite as bad. Mr. Hendricks ought to know that he holds the key to Indiana, and that there cannot be any possibility of carrying this State for Democracy without him. He has tried running for the vice-presidency, which is not much of a place anyhow—I would about as soon be vice-mother-in-law—and my judgment is that he knows exactly the value of his geographical position. New York is divided to that degree that it would be unsafe to take a candidate from that State; and besides, New York has become famous for furnishing defeated candidates for the Democracy. I think the man must come from Indiana.

Question. Would the Democracy of New York unite on Seymour?

Answer. You recollect what Lincoln said about the powder that had been shot off once. I do not remember any man who has once made a race for the presidency and been defeated ever being again nominated.

Question. What about Bayard and Hancock as candidates?

Answer. I do not see how Bayard could possibly carry Indiana, while his own State is too small and too solidly Democratic. My idea of Bayard is that he has not been good enough to be popular, and not bad enough to be famous. The American people will never elect a President from a State with a whipping-post. As to General Hancock, you may set it down as certain that the South will never lend their aid to elect a man

who helped to put down the Rebellion. It would be just the same as the effort to elect Greeley. It cannot be done. I see, by the way, that I am reported as having said that David Davis, as the Democratic candidate, could carry Illinois. I did say that in 1876, he could have carried it against Hayes; but whether he could carry Illinois in 1880 would depend altogether upon who runs against him. The condition of things has changed greatly in our favor since 1876.

—*The Journal*, Indianapolis, Ind., November, 1879.

Politics, Religion And Thomas Paine

Question. You have traveled about this State more or less, lately, and have, of course, observed political affairs here. Do you think that Senator Logan will be able to deliver this State to the Grant movement according to the understood plan?

Answer. If the State is really for Grant, he will, and if it is not, he will not. Illinois is as little "owned" as any State in this Union. Illinois would naturally be for Grant, other things being equal, because he is regarded as a citizen of this State, and it is very hard for a State to give up the patronage naturally growing out of the fact that the President comes from that State.

Question. Will the instructions given to delegates be final?

Answer. I do not think they will be considered final at all; neither do I think they will be considered of any force. It was decided at the last convention, in Cincinnati, that the delegates had a right to vote as they pleased; that each delegate represented the district of the State that sent him. The idea that a State convention can instruct them as against the wishes of their constituents smacks a little too much of State sovereignty. The President should be nominated by the districts of the whole country, and not by massing the votes by a little chicanery at a State convention, and every delegate ought to vote what he really believes to be the sentiment of his constituents, irrespective of what the State convention may order him to do. He is not responsible to the State convention, and it is none of the State convention's business. This does not apply, it may be, to the delegates at large, but to all the others it certainly must apply. It was so decided at the Cincinnati convention, and decided on a question arising about this same Pennsylvania delegation.

Question. Can you guess as to what the platform in going to contain?

Answer. I suppose it will be a substantial copy of the old one. I am satisfied with the old one with one addition. I want a plank to the effect that no man shall be deprived of any civil or political right on account of his religious or irreligious opinions. The Republican party having been foremost in freeing the body ought to do just a little something now for the mind. After having wasted rivers of blood and treasure uncounted, and almost uncountable, to free the cage, I propose that something ought to be done for the bird. Every decent man in the United States would support that plank. People should have a right to testify in courts, whatever their opinions may be, on any subject. Justice should not shut any door leading to truth, and as long as just views neither affect a man's eyesight or his memory, he should be allowed to tell his story. And there are two sides to this question, too. The man is not only deprived of his testimony, but the commonwealth is deprived of it. There should be no religious test in this country for office; and if Jehovah cannot support his religion without going into partnership with a State Legislature, I think he ought to give it up.

Question. Is there anything new about religion since you were last here?

Answer. Since I was here I have spoken in a great many cities, and to-morrow I am going to do some missionary work at Milwaukee. Many who have come to scoff have

remained to pray, and I think that my labors are being greatly blessed, and all attacks on me so far have been overruled for good. I happened to come in contact with a revival of religion, and I believe what they call an "outpouring" at Detroit, under the leadership of a gentleman by the name of Pentecost. He denounced me as God's greatest enemy. I had always supposed that the Devil occupied that exalted position, but it seems that I have, in some way, fallen heir to his shoes. Mr. Pentecost also denounced all business men who would allow any advertisements or lithographs of mine to hang in their places of business, and several of these gentlemen thus appealed to took the advertisements away. The result of all this was that I had the largest house that ever attended a lecture in Detroit. Feeling that ingratitude is a crime, I publicly returned thanks to the clergy for the pains they had taken to give me an audience. And I may say, in this connection, that if the ministers do God as little good as they do me harm, they had better let both of us alone. I regard them as very good, but exceedingly mistaken men. They do not come much in contact with the world, and get most of their views by talking with the women and children of their congregations. They are not permitted to mingle freely with society. They cannot attend plays nor hear operas. I believe some of them have ventured to minstrel shows and menageries, where they confine themselves strictly to the animal part of the entertainment. But, as a rule, they have very few opportunities of ascertaining what the real public opinion is. They read religious papers, edited by gentlemen who know as little about the world as themselves, and the result of all this is that they are rather behind the times. They are good men, and would like to do right if they only knew it, but they are a little behind the times. There is an old story told of a fellow who had a post-office in a small town in North Carolina, and he being the only man in the town who could read, a few people used to gather in the post-office on Sunday, and he would read to them a weekly paper that was published in Washington. He commenced always at the top of the first column and read right straight through, articles, advertisements, and all, and whenever they got a little tired of reading he would make a mark of red ochre and commence at that place the next Sunday. The result was that the papers came a great deal faster than he read them, and it was about 1817 when they struck the war of 1812. The moment they got to that, every one of them jumped up and offered to volunteer. All of which shows that they were patriotic people, but a little show, and somewhat behind the times.

Question. How were you pleased with the Paine meeting here, and its results?

Answer. I was gratified to see so many people willing at last to do justice to a great and a maligned man. Of course I do not claim that Paine was perfect. All I claim is that he was a patriot and a political philosopher; that he was a revolutionist and an agitator; that he was infinitely full of suggestive thought, and that he did more than any man to convince the people of American not only that they ought to separate from Great Britain, but that they ought to found a representative government. He has been despised simply because he did not believe the Bible. I wish to do what I can to rescue his name from theological defamation. I think the day has come when Thomas Paine will be remembered with Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, and that the American people will wonder that their fathers could have been guilty of such base ingratitude.

—*Chicago Times*, February 8, 1880.

Reply To Chicago Critics

Question. Have you read the replies of the clergy to your recent lecture in this city on "What Must we do to be Saved?" and if so what do you think of them?

Answer. I think they dodge the point. The real point is this: If salvation by faith is the real doctrine of Christianity, I asked on Sunday before last, and I still ask, why didn't Matthew tell it? I still insist that Mark should have remembered it, and I shall always believe that Luke ought, at least, to have noticed it. I was endeavoring to show that modern Christianity has for its basis an interpolation. I think I showed it. The only gospel on the orthodox side is that of John, and that was certainly not written, or did not appear in its present form, until long after the others were written.

I know very well that the Catholic Church claimed during the Dark Ages, and still claims, that references had been made to the gospels by persons living in the first, second, and third centuries; but I believe such manuscripts were manufactured by the Catholic Church. For many years in Europe there was not one person in twenty thousand who could read and write. During that time the church had in its keeping the literature of our world. They interpolated as they pleased. They created. They destroyed. In other words, they did whatever in their opinion was necessary to substantiate the faith.

The gentlemen who saw fit to reply did not answer the question, and I again call upon the clergy to explain to the people why, if salvation depends upon belief on the Lord Jesus Christ, Matthew didn't mention it. Some one has said that Christ didn't make known this doctrine of salvation by belief or faith until after his resurrection. Certainly none of the gospels were written until after his resurrection; and if he made that doctrine known after his resurrection, and before his ascension, it should have been in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, as well as in John.

The replies of the clergy show that they have not investigated the subject; that they are not well acquainted with the New Testament. In other words, they have not read it except with the regulation theological bias.

There is one thing I wish to correct here. In an editorial in the *Tribune* it was stated that I had admitted that Christ was beyond and above Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, and others. I did not say so. Another point was made against me, and those who made it seemed to think it was a good one. In my lecture I asked why it was that the disciples of Christ wrote in Greek, whereas, if fact, they understood only Hebrew. It is now claimed that Greek was the language of Jerusalem at that time; that Hebrew had fallen into disuse; that no one understood it except the literati and the highly educated. If I fell into an error upon this point it was because I relied upon the New Testament. I find in the twenty-first chapter of the Acts an account of Paul having been mobbed in the city of Jerusalem; that he was protected by a chief captain and some soldiers; that, while upon the stairs of the castle to which he was being taken for protection, he obtained leave from the captain to speak unto the people. In the fortieth verse of that chapter I find the following:

“And when he had given him license, Paul stood on the stairs and beckoned with the hand unto the people. And when there was made a great silence, he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue, saying,”

And then follows the speech of Paul, wherein he gives an account of his conversion. It seems a little curious to me that Paul, for the purpose of quieting a mob, would speak to that mob in an unknown language. If I were mobbed in the city of Chicago, and wished to defend myself with an explanation, I certainly would not make that explanation in Choctaw, even if I understood that tongue. My present opinion is that I would speak in English; and the reason I would speak in English is because that language is generally understood in this city, and so I conclude from the account in the twenty-first chapter of the Acts that Hebrew was the language of Jerusalem at that time, or Paul would not have addressed the mob in that tongue.

Question. Did you read Mr. Courtney’s answer?

Answer. I read what Mr. Courtney read from others, and think some of his quotations very good; and have no doubt that the authors will feel complimented by being quoted. There certainly is no need of my answering Dr. Courtney; sometime I may answer the French gentlemen from whom he quoted.

Question. But what about there being “belief” in Matthew?

Answer. Mr. Courtney says that certain people were cured of diseases on account of faith. Admitting that mumps, measles, and whooping-cough could be cured in that way, there is not even a suggestion that salvation depended upon a like faith. I think he can hardly afford to rely upon the miracles of the New Testament to prove his doctrine. There is one instance in which a miracle was performed by Christ without his knowledge; and I hardly think that even Mr. Courtney would insist that any faith could have been great enough for that. The fact is, I believe that all these miracles were ascribed to Christ long after his death, and that Christ never, at any time or place, pretended to have any supernatural power whatever. Neither do I believe that he claimed any supernatural origin. He claimed simply to be a man; no less, no more. I do not believe Mr. Courtney is satisfied with his own reply.

Question. And now as to Prof. Swing?

Answer. Mr. Swing has been out of the orthodox church so long that he seems to have forgotten the reasons for which he left it. I do not believe there is an orthodox minister in the city of Chicago who will agree with Mr. Swing that salvation by faith is no longer preached. Prof. Swing seems to think it of no importance who wrote the gospel of Matthew. In this I agree with him. Judging from what he said there is hardly difference enough of opinion between us to justify a reply on his part. He, however, makes one mistake. I did not in the lecture say one word about tearing down churches. I have no objection to people building all the churches they wish. While I admit it is a pretty sight to see children on a morning in June going through the fields to the country church, I still insist that the beauty of that sight does not answer the question how it is that Matthew forgot to say anything about salvation through Christ. Prof. Swing is a man of poetic temperament, but this is not a poetic question.

Question. How did the card of Dr. Thomas strike you?

Answer. I think the reply of Dr. Thomas is in the best possible spirit. I regard him to-day as the best intellect in the Methodist denomination. He seems to have what is generally understood as a Christian spirit. He has always treated me with perfect fairness, and I should have said long ago many grateful things, had I not feared I might hurt him with his own people. He seems to be by nature a perfectly fair man; and I know of no man in the United States for whom I have a profounder respect. Of course, I don't agree with Dr. Thomas. I think in many things he is mistaken. But I believe him to be perfectly sincere. There is one trouble about him—he is growing; and this fact will no doubt give great trouble to many of his brethren. Certain Methodist hazel-brush feel a little uneasy in the shadow of this oak. To see the difference between him and some others, all that is necessary is to read his reply, and then read the remarks made at the Methodist ministers' meeting on the Monday following. Compared with Dr. Thomas, they are as puddles by the sea. There is the same difference that there is between sewers and rivers, cesspools and springs.

Question. What have you to say to the remarks of the Rev. Dr. Jewett before the Methodist ministers' meeting?

Answer. I think Dr. Jewett is extremely foolish. I did not say that I would commence suit against a minister for libel. I can hardly conceive of a proceeding that would be less liable to produce a dividend. The fact about it is, that the Rev. Mr. Jewett seems to think anything true that he hears against me. Mr. Jewett is probably ashamed of what he said by this time. He must have known it to be entirely false. It seems to me by this time even the most bigoted should lose their confidence in falsehood. Of course there are times when a falsehood well told bridges over quite a difficulty, but in the long run you had better tell the truth, even if you swim the creek. I am astonished that these ministers were willing to exhibit their wounds to the world. I supposed of course I would hit some, but I had no idea of wounding so many.

Question. Mr. Crafts stated that you were in the habit of swearing in company and before your family?

Answer. I often swear. In other words, I take the name of God in vain; that is to say, I take it without any practical thing resulting from it, and in that sense I think most ministers are guilty of the same thing. I heard an old story of a clergyman who rebuked a neighbor for swearing, to whom the neighbor replied, "You pray and I swear, but as a matter of fact neither of us means anything by it." As to the charge that I am in the habit of using indecent language in my family, no reply is needed. I am willing to leave that question to the people who know us both. Mr. Crafts says he was told this by a lady. This cannot by any possibility be true, for no lady will tell a falsehood. Besides, if this woman of whom he speaks was a lady, how did she happen to stay where obscene language was being used? No lady ever told Mr. Crafts any such thing. It may be that a lady did tell him that I used profane language. I admit that I have not always spoken of the Devil in a respectful way; that I have sometimes referred to his residence when it was not a necessary part of the conversation, and that a divers times I have used a good deal of the terminology of the theologian when the exact words of the scientist might have done as well. But if by swearing is meant

the use of God's name in vain, there are very few preachers who do not swear more than I do, if by "in vain" is meant without any practical result. I leave Mr. Crafts to cultivate the acquaintance of the unknown lady, knowing as I do, that after they have talked this matter over again they will find that both have been mistaken.

I sincerely regret that clergymen who really believe that an infinite God is on their side think it necessary to resort to such things to defeat one man. According to their idea, God is against me, and they ought to have confidence in this infinite wisdom and strength to suppose that he could dispose of one man, even if they failed to say a word against me. Had you not asked me I should have said nothing to you on these topics. Such charges cannot hurt me. I do not believe it possible for such men to injure me. No one believes what they say, and the testimony of such clergymen against an Infidel is no longer considered of value. I believe it was Goethe who said, "I always know that I am traveling when I hear the dogs bark."

Question. Are you going to make a formal reply to their sermons?

Answer. Not unless something better is done than has been. Of course, I don't know what another Sabbath may bring forth. I am waiting. But of one thing I feel perfectly assured; that no man in the United States, or in the world, can account for the fact, if we are to be saved only by faith in Christ, that Matthew forgot it, that Luke said nothing about it, and that Mark never mentioned it except in two passages written by *another* person. Until that is answered, as one grave-digger says to the other in "Hamlet," I shall say, "Ay, tell me that and unyoke." In the meantime I wish to keep on the best terms with all parties concerned. I cannot see why my forgiving spirit fails to gain their sincere praise.

—*Chicago Tribune*, September 30, 1880.

The Republican Victory

Question. Do you really think, Colonel, that the country has just passed through a crisis?

Answer. Yes; there was a crisis and a great one. The question was whether a Northern or Southern idea of the powers and duties of the Federal Government was to prevail. The great victory of yesterday means that the Rebellion was not put down on the field of war alone, but that we have conquered in the realm of thought. The bayonet has been justified by argument. No party can ever succeed in this country that even whispers "State Sovereignty." That doctrine has become odious. The sovereignty of the State means a Government without power, and citizens without protection.

Question. Can you see any further significance in the present Republican victory other than that the people do not wish to change the general policy of the present administration?

Answer. Yes; the people have concluded that the lips of America shall be free. There never was free speech at the South, and there never will be until the people of that section admit that the Nation is superior to the State, and that all citizens have equal rights. I know of hundreds who voted the Republican ticket because they regarded the South as hostile to free speech. The people were satisfied with the financial policy of the Republicans, and they feared a change. The North wants honest money—gold and silver. The people are in favor of honest votes, and they feared the practices of the Democratic party. The tissue ballot and shotgun policy made them hesitate to put power in the hands of the South. Besides, the tariff question made thousands and thousands of votes. As long as Europe has slave labor, and wherever kings and priests rule, the laborer will be substantially a slave. We must protect ourselves. If the world were free, trade would be free, and the seas would be the free highways of the world. The great objects of the Republican party are to preserve all the liberty we have, protect American labor, and to make it the undisputed duty of the Government to protect every citizen at home and abroad.

Question. What do you think was the main cause of the Republican sweep?

Answer. The wisdom of the Republicans and the mistakes of the Democrats. The Democratic party has for twenty years underrated the intelligence, the patriotism and the honesty of the American people. That party has always looked upon politics as a trade, and success as the last act of a cunning trick. It has had no principles, fixed or otherwise. It has always been willing to abandon everything but its prejudices. It generally commences where it left off and then goes backward. In this campaign English was a mistake, Hancock was another. Nothing could have been more incongruous than yoking a Federal soldier with a peace-at-any-price Democrat. Neither could praise the other without slandering himself, and the blindest partisan could not like them both. But, after all, I regard the military record of English as fully equal to the views of General Hancock on the tariff. The greatest mistake that the Democratic party made was to suppose that a campaign could be fought and won by

slander. The American people like fair play and they abhor ignorant and absurd vituperation. The continent knew that General Garfield was an honest man; that he was in the grandest sense a gentleman; that he was patriotic, profound and learned; that his private life was pure; that his home life was good and kind and true, and all the charges made and howled and screeched and printed and sworn to harmed only those who did the making and the howling, the screeching and the swearing. I never knew a man in whose perfect integrity I had more perfect confidence, and in less than one year even the men who have slandered him will agree with me.

Question. How about that "personal and confidential letter"? (The Morey letter.)

Answer. It was as stupid, as devilish, as basely born as godfathered. It is an exploded forgery, and the explosion leaves dead and torn upon the field the author and his witnesses.

Question. Is there anything in the charge that the Republican party seeks to change our form of government by gradual centralization?

Answer. Nothing whatever. We want power enough in the Government to protect, not to destroy, the liberties of the people. The history of the world shows that burglars have always opposed an increase of the police.

—*New York Herald*, November 5, 1880.

Ingersoll And Beecher

[The sensation created by the speech of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, when he uttered a brilliant eulogy of Col. Robert Ingersoll and publicly shook hands with him has not yet subsided. A portion of the religious world is thoroughly stirred up at what it considers a gross breach of orthodox propriety.*

This feeling is especially strong among the class of positivists who believe that

"An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended."

Many believe that Mr. Beecher is at heart in full sympathy and accord with Ingersoll's teachings, but has not courage enough to say so at the sacrifice of his pastoral position. The fact that these two men are the very head and front of their respective schools of thought makes the matter an important one. The denouncement of the doctrine of eternal punishment, followed by the scene at the Academy, has about it an aroma of suggestiveness that might work much harm without an explanation. Since Colonel Ingersoll's recent attack upon the personnel of the clergy through the "Shorter Catechism" the pulpit has been remarkably silent regarding the great atheist. "Is the keen logic and broad humanity of Ingersoll converting the brain and heart of Christendom?" was recently asked. Did the hand that was stretched out to him on the stage of the Academy reach across the chasm which separates orthodoxy from infidelity?

Desiring to answer the last question if possible, a Herald reporter visited Mr. Beecher and Colonel Ingersoll to learn their opinion of each other. Neither of the gentlemen was aware that the other was being interviewed.]

Question. What is your opinion of Mr. Beecher?

Answer. I regard him as the greatest man in any pulpit of the world. He treated me with a generosity that nothing can exceed. He rose grandly above the prejudices supposed to belong to his class, and acted as only a man could act without a chain upon his brain and only kindness in his heart.

I told him that night that I congratulated the world that it had a minister with an intellectual horizon broad enough and a mental sky studded with stars of genius enough to hold all creeds in scorn that shocked the heart of man. I think that Mr. Beecher has liberalized the English-speaking people of the world.

I do not think he agrees with me. He holds to many things that I most passionately deny. But in common, we believe in the liberty of thought.

My principal objections to orthodox religion are two—slavery here and hell hereafter. I do not believe that Mr. Beecher on these points can disagree with me. The real difference between us is— he says God, I say Nature. The real agreement between us is—we both say—Liberty.

Question. What is his forte?

Answer. He is of a wonderfully poetic temperament. In pursuing any course of thought his mind is like a stream flowing through the scenery of fairyland. The stream murmurs and laughs while the banks grow green and the vines blossom.

His brain is controlled by his heart. He thinks in pictures. With him logic means mental melody. The discordant is the absurd.

For years he has endeavored to hide the dungeon of orthodoxy with the ivy of imagination. Now and then he pulls for a moment the leafy curtain aside and is horrified to see the lizards, snakes, basilisks and abnormal monsters of the orthodox age, and then he utters a great cry, the protest of a loving, throbbing heart.

He is a great thinker, a marvelous orator, and, in my judgment, greater and grander than any creed of any church.

Besides all this, he treated me like a king. Manhood is his forte, and I expect to live and die his friend.

BEECHER ON INGERSOLL.

Question. What is your opinion of Colonel Ingersoll?

Answer. I do not think there should be any misconception as to my motive for indorsing Mr. Ingersoll. I never saw him before that night, when I clasped his hand in the presence of an assemblage of citizens. Yet I regard him as one of the greatest men of this age.

Question. Is his influence upon the world good or otherwise?

Answer. I am an ordained clergyman and believe in revealed religion. I am, therefore, bound to regard all persons who do not believe in revealed religion as in error. But on the broad platform of human liberty and progress I was bound to give him the right hand of fellowship. I would do it a thousand times over. I do not know Colonel Ingersoll's religious views precisely, but I have a general knowledge of them. He has the same right to free thought and free speech that I have. I am not that kind of a coward who has to kick a man before he shakes hands with him. If I did so I would have to kick the Methodists, Roman Catholics and all other creeds. I will not pitch into any man's religion as an excuse for giving him my hand. I admire Ingersoll because he is not afraid to speak what he honestly thinks, and I am only sorry that he does not think as I do. I never heard so much brilliancy and pith put into a two hour speech as I did on that night. I wish my whole congregation had been there to hear it. I regret that there are not more men like Ingersoll interested in the affairs of the nation. I do not wish to be understood as indorsing skepticism in any form.

—*New York Herald*, November 7, 1880.

Political

Question. Is it true, as rumored, that you intend to leave Washington and reside in New York?

Answer. No, I expect to remain here for years to come, so far as I can now see. My present intention is certainly to stay here during the coming winter.

Question. Is this because you regard Washington as the pleasantest and most advantageous city for a residence?

Answer. Well, in the first place, I dislike to move. In the next place, the climate is good. In the third place, the political atmosphere has been growing better of late, and when you consider that I avoid one dislike and reap the benefits of two likes, you can see why I remain.

Question. Do you think that the moral atmosphere will improve with the political atmosphere?

Answer. I would hate to say that this city is capable of any improvement in the way of morality. We have a great many churches, a great many ministers, and, I believe, some retired chaplains, so I take it that the moral tone of the place could hardly be bettered. One majority in the Senate might help it. Seriously, however, I think that Washington has as high a standard of morality as any city in the Union. And it is one of the best towns in which to loan money without collateral in the world.

Question. Do you know this from experience?

Answer. This I have been told [was the solemn answer.]

Question. Do you think that the political features of the incoming administration will differ from the present?

Answer. Of course, I have no right to speak for General Garfield. I believe his administration will be Republican, at the same time perfectly kind, manly, and generous. He is a man to harbor no resentment. He knows that it is the duty of statesmanship to remove causes of irritation rather then punish the irritated.

Question. Do I understand you to imply that there will be a neutral policy, as it were, towards the South?

Answer. No, I think that there will be nothing neutral about it. I think that the next administration will be one-sided—that is, it will be on the right side. I know of no better definition for a compromise than to say it is a proceeding in which hypocrites deceive each other. I do not believe that the incoming administration will be neutral in anything. The American people do not like neutrality. They would rather a man were on the wrong side than on neither. And, in my judgment, there is no paper so utterly unfair, malicious and devilish, as one that claims to be neutral. No politician is as bitter as a neutral politician. Neutrality is generally used as a mask to hide unusual bitterness. Sometimes it hides what it is—nothing. It always stands for

hollowness of head or bitterness of heart, sometimes for both. My idea is—and that is the only reason I have the right to express it—that General Garfield believes in the platform adopted by the Republican party. He believes in free speech, in honest money, in divorce of church and state, and he believes in the protection of American citizens by the Federal Government wherever the flag flies. He believes that the Federal Government is as much bound to protect the citizen at home as abroad. I believe he will do the very best he can to carry these great ideas into execution and make them living realities in the United States. Personally, I have no hatred toward the Southern people. I have no hatred toward any class. I hate tyranny, no matter whether it is South or North; I hate hypocrisy, and I hate above all things, the spirit of caste. If the Southern people could only see that they gained as great a victory in the Rebellion as the North did, and some day they will see it, the whole question would be settled. The South has reaped a far greater benefit from being defeated than the North has from being successful, and I believe some day the South will be great enough to appreciate that fact. I have always insisted that to be beaten by the right is to be a victor. The Southern people must get over the idea that they are insulted simply because they are out-voted, and they ought by this time to know that the Republicans of the North, not only do not wish them harm, but really wish them the utmost success.

Question. But has the Republican party all the good and the Democratic all the bad?

Answer. No, I do not think that the Republican party has all the good, nor do I pretend that the Democratic party has all the bad; though I may say that each party comes pretty near it. I admit that there are thousands of really good fellows in the Democratic party, and there are some pretty bad people in the Republican party. But I honestly believe that within the latter are most of the progressive men of this country. That party has in it the elements of growth. It is full of hope. It anticipates. The Democratic party remembers. It is always talking about the past. It is the possessor of a vast amount of political rubbish, and I really believe it has outlived its usefulness. I firmly believe that your editor, Mr. Hutchings, could start a better organization, if he would only turn his attention to it. Just think for a moment of the number you could get rid of by starting a new party. A hundred names will probably suggest themselves to any intelligent Democrat, the loss of which would almost insure success. Some one has said that a tailor in Boston made a fortune by advertising that he did not cut the breeches of Webster's statue. A new party by advertising that certain men would not belong to it, would have an advantage in the next race.

Question. What, in your opinion, were the causes which led to the Democratic defeat?

Answer. I think the nomination of English was exceedingly unfortunate. Indiana, being an October State, the best man in that State should have been nominated either for President or Vice- President. Personally, I know nothing of Mr. English, but I have the right to say that he was exceedingly unpopular. That was mistake number one. Mistake number two was putting a plank in the platform insisting upon a tariff for revenue only. That little word "only" was one of the most frightful mistakes ever made by a political party. That little word "only" was a millstone

around the neck of the entire campaign. The third mistake was Hancock's definition of the tariff. It was exceedingly unfortunate, exceedingly laughable, and came just in the nick of time. The fourth mistake was the speech of Wade Hampton, I mean the speech that the Republican papers claim he made. Of course I do not know, personally, whether it was made or not. If made, it was a great mistake. Mistake number five was made in Alabama, where they refused to allow a Greenbacker to express his opinion. That lost the Democrats enough Greenbackers to turn the scale in Maine, and enough in Indiana to change that election. Mistake number six was in the charges made against General Garfield. They were insisted upon, magnified and multiplied until at last the whole thing assumed the proportions of a malicious libel. This was a great mistake, for the reason that a number of Democrats in the United States had most heartily and cordially indorsed General Garfield as a man of integrity and great ability. Such indorsements had been made by the leading Democrats of the North and South, among them Governor Hendricks and many others I might name. Jere Black had also certified to the integrity and intellectual grandeur of General Garfield, and when afterward he certified to the exact contrary, the people believed that it was a persecution. The next mistake, number seven, was the Chinese letter. While it lost Garfield California, Nevada, and probably New Jersey, it did him good in New York. This letter was the greatest mistake made, because a crime is greater than a mistake. These, in my judgment, are the principal mistakes made by the Democratic party in the campaign. Had McDonald been on the ticket the result might have been different, or had the party united on some man in New York, satisfactory to the factions, it might have succeeded. The truth, however, is that the North to-day is Republican, and it may be that had the Democratic party made no mistakes whatever the result would have been the same. But that mistakes were made is now perfectly evident to the blindest partisan. If the ticket originally suggested, Seymour and McDonald, had been nominated on an unobjectionable platform, the result might have been different. One of the happiest days in my life was the day on which the Cincinnati convention did not nominate Seymour and did nominate English. I regard General Hancock as a good soldier, but not particularly qualified to act as President. He has neither the intellectual training nor the experience to qualify him for that place.

Question. You have doubtless heard of a new party, Colonel. What is your idea in regard to it?

Answer. I have heard two or three speak of a new party to be called the National party, or National Union party, but whether there is anything in such a movement I have no means of knowing. Any party in opposition to the Republican, no matter what it may be called, must win on a new issue, and that new issue will determine the new party. Parties cannot be made to order. They must grow. They are the natural offspring of national events. They must embody certain hopes, they must gratify, or promise to gratify, the feelings of a vast number of people. No man can make a party, and if a new party springs into existence it will not be brought forth to gratify the wishes of a few, but the wants of the many. It has seemed to me for years that the Democratic party carried too great a load in the shape of record; that its autobiography was nearly killing it all the time, and that if it could die just long enough to assume another form at the resurrection, just long enough to leave a grave

stone to mark the end of its history, to get a cemetery back of it, that it might hope for something like success. In other words, that there must be a funeral before there can be victory. Most of its leaders are worn out. They have become so accustomed to defeat that they take it as a matter of course; they expect it in the beginning and seem unconsciously to work for it. There must be some new ideas, and this only can happen when the party as such has been gathered to its fathers. I do not think that the advice of Senator Hill will be followed. He is willing to kill the Democratic party in the South if we will kill the Republican party in the North. This puts me in mind of what the rooster said to the horse: "Let us agree not to step on each other's feet."

Question. Your views of the country's future and prospects must naturally be rose colored?

Answer. Of course, I look at things through Republican eyes and may be prejudiced without knowing it. But it really seems to me that the future is full of great promise. The South, after all, is growing more prosperous. It is producing more and more every year, until in time it will become wealthy. The West is growing almost beyond the imagination of a speculator, and the Eastern and Middle States are much more than holding their own. We have now fifty millions of people and in a few years will have a hundred. That we are a Nation I think is now settled. Our growth will be unparalleled. I myself expect to live to see as many ships on the Pacific as on the Atlantic. In a few years there will probably be ten millions of people living along the Rocky and Sierra Mountains. It will not be long until Illinois will find her market west of her. In fifty years this will be the greatest nation on the earth, and the most populous in the civilized world. China is slowly awakening from the lethargy of centuries. It will soon have the wants of Europe, and America will supply those wants. This is a nation of inventors and there is more mechanical ingenuity in the United States than on the rest of the globe. In my judgment this country will in a short time add to its customers hundreds of millions of the people of the Celestial Empire. So you see, to me, the future is exceedingly bright. And besides all this, I must not forget the thing that is always nearest my heart. There is more intellectual liberty in the United States to-day than ever before. The people are beginning to see that every citizen ought to have the right to express himself freely upon every possible subject. In a little while, all the barbarous laws that now disgrace the statute books of the States by discriminating against a man simply because he is honest, will be repealed, and there will be one country where all citizens will have and enjoy not only equal rights, but all rights. Nothing gratifies me so much as the growth of intellectual liberty. After all, the true civilization is where every man gives to every other, every right that he claims for himself.

—*The Post*, Washington, D. C., November 14, 1880.

Religion In Politics

***Question*. How do you regard the present political situation?**

Answer. My opinion is that the ideas the North fought for upon the field have at last triumphed at the ballot-box. For several years after the Rebellion was put down the Southern ideas traveled North. We lost West Virginia, New Jersey, Connecticut, New York and a great many congressional districts in other States. We lost both houses of Congress and every Southern State. The Southern ideas reached their climax in 1876. In my judgment the tide has turned, and hereafter the Northern idea is going South. The young men are on the Republican side. The old Democrats are dying. The cradle is beating the coffin. It is a case of life and death, and life is ahead. The heirs outnumber the administrators.

Question. What kind of a President will Garfield make?

Answer. My opinion is that he will make as good a President as this nation ever had. He is fully equipped. He is a trained statesman. He has discussed all the great questions that have arisen for the last eighteen years, and with great ability. He is a thorough scholar, a conscientious student, and takes an exceedingly comprehensive survey of all questions. He is genial, generous and candid, and has all the necessary qualities of heart and brain to make a great President. He has no prejudices. Prejudice is the child and flatterer of ignorance. He is firm, but not obstinate. The obstinate man wants his own way; the firm man stands by the right. Andrew Johnson was obstinate—Lincoln was firm.

Question. How do you think he will treat the South?

Answer. Just the same as the North. He will be the President of the whole country. He will not execute the laws by the compass, but according to the Constitution. I do not speak for General Garfield, nor by any authority from his friends. No one wishes to injure the South. The Republican party feels in honor bound to protect all citizens, white and black. It must do this in order to keep its self-respect. It must throw the shield of the Nation over the weakest, the humblest and the blackest citizen. Any other course is suicide. No thoughtful Southern man can object to this, and a Northern Democrat knows that it is right.

Question. Is there a probability that Mr. Sherman will be retained in the Cabinet?

Answer. I have no knowledge upon that question, and consequently have nothing to say. My opinion about the Cabinet is, that General Garfield is well enough acquainted with public men to choose a Cabinet that will suit him and the country. I have never regarded it as the proper thing to try and force a Cabinet upon a President. He has the right to be surrounded by his friends, by men in whose judgment and in whose friendship he has the utmost confidence, and I would no more think of trying to put some man in the Cabinet that I would think of signing a petition that a man should marry a certain woman. General Garfield will, I believe, select his own constitutional advisers, and he will take the best he knows.

Question. What, in your opinion, is the condition of the Democratic party at present?

Answer. It must get a new set of principles, and throw away its prejudices. It must demonstrate its capacity to govern the country by governing the States where it is in power. In the presence of rebellion it gave up the ship. The South must become Republican before the North will willingly give it power; that is, the great ideas of nationality are greater than parties, and if our flag is not large enough to protect every citizen, we must add a few more stars and stripes. Personally I have no hatreds in this matter. The present is not only the child of the past, but the necessary child. A statesman must deal with things as they are. He must not be like Gladstone, who divides his time between foreign wars and amendments to the English Book of Common Prayer.

Question. How do you regard the religious question in politics?

Answer. Religion is a personal matter—a matter that each individual soul should be allowed to settle for itself. No man shod in the brogans of impudence should walk into the temple of another man's soul. While every man should be governed by the highest possible considerations of the public weal, no one has the right to ask for legal assistance in the support of his particular sect. If Catholics oppose the public schools I would not oppose them because they are Catholics, but because I am in favor of the schools. I regard the public school as the intellectual bread of life. Personally I have no confidence in any religion that can be demonstrated only to children. I suspect all creeds that rely implicitly on mothers and nurses. That religion is the best that commends itself the strongest to men and women of education and genius. After all, the prejudices of infancy and the ignorance of the aged are a poor foundation for any system of morals or faith. I respect every honest man, and I think more of a liberal Catholic than of an illiberal Infidel. The religious question should be left out of politics. You might as well decide questions of art and music by a ward caucus as to govern the longings and dreams of the soul by law. I believe in letting the sun shine whether the weeds grow or not. I can never side with Protestants if they try to put Catholics down by law, and I expect to oppose both of these until religious intolerance is regarded as a crime.

Question. Is the religious movement of which you are the chief exponent spreading?

Answer. There are ten times as many Freethinkers this year as there were last. Civilization is the child of free thought. The new world has drifted away from the rotting wharf of superstition. The politics of this country are being settled by the new ideas of individual liberty; and parties and churches that cannot accept the new truths must perish. I want it perfectly understood that I am not a politician. I believe in liberty and I want to see the time when every man, woman and child will enjoy every human right.

The election is over, the passions aroused by the campaign will soon subside, the sober judgment of the people will, in my opinion, indorse the result, and time will indorse the indorsement.

—*The Evening Express*, New York City, November 19, 1880.

Miracles And Immortality

Question. You have seen some accounts of the recent sermon of Dr. Tyng on "Miracles," I presume, and if so, what is your opinion of the sermon, and also what is your opinion of miracles?

Answer. From an orthodox standpoint, I think the Rev. Dr. Tyng is right. If miracles were necessary eighteen hundred years ago, before scientific facts enough were known to overthrow hundreds and thousands of passages in the Bible, certainly they are necessary now. Dr. Tyng sees clearly that the old miracles are nearly worn out, and that some new ones are absolutely essential. He takes for granted that, if God would do a miracle to found his gospel, he certainly would do some more to preserve it, and that it is in need of preservation about now is evident. I am amazed that the religious world should laugh at him for believing in miracles. It seems to me just as reasonable that the deaf, dumb, blind and lame, should be cured at Lourdes as at Palestine. It certainly is no more wonderful that the law of nature should be broken now than that it was broken several thousand years ago. Dr. Tyng also has this advantage. The witnesses by whom he proves these miracles are alive. An unbeliever can have the opportunity of cross- examination. Whereas, the miracles in the New Testament are substantiated only by the dead. It is just as reasonable to me that blind people receive their sight in France as that devils were made to vacate human bodies in the holy land.

For one I am exceedingly glad that Dr. Tyng has taken this position. It shows that he is a believer in a personal God, in a God who is attending a little to the affairs of this world, and in a God who did not exhaust his supplies in the apostolic age. It is refreshing to me to find in this scientific age a gentleman who still believes in miracles. My opinion is that all thorough religionists will have to take the ground and admit that a supernatural religion must be supernaturally preserved.

I have been asking for a miracle for several years, and have in a very mild, gentle and loving way, taunted the church for not producing a little one. I have had the impudence to ask any number of them to join in a prayer asking anything they desire for the purpose of testing the efficiency of what is known as supplication. They answer me by calling my attention to the miracles recorded in the New Testament. I insist, however, on a new miracle, and, personally, I would like to see one now. Certainly, the Infinite has not lost his power, and certainly the Infinite knows that thousands and hundreds of thousands, if the Bible is true, are now pouring over the precipice of unbelief into the gulf of hell. One little miracle would save thousands. One little miracle in Pittsburg, well authenticated, would do more good than all the preaching ever heard in this sooty town. The Rev. Dr. Tyng clearly sees this, and he has been driven to the conclusion, first, that God can do miracles; second, that he ought to, third, that he has. In this he is perfectly logical. After a man believes the Bible, after he believes in the flood and in the story of Jonah, certainly he ought not to hesitate at a miracle of to-day. When I say I want a miracle, I mean by that, I want a good one. All the miracles recorded in the New Testament could have been simulated. A fellow could have pretended to be dead, or blind, or dumb, or deaf. I

want to see a good miracle. I want to see a man with one leg, and then I want to see the other leg grow out.

I would like to see a miracle like that performed in North Carolina. Two men were disputing about the relative merits of the salve they had for sale. One of the men, in order to demonstrate that his salve was better than any other, cut off a dog's tail and applied a little of the salve to the stump, and, in the presence of the spectators, a new tail grew out. But the other man, who also had salve for sale, took up the piece of tail that had been cast away, put a little salve at the end of that, and a new dog grew out, and the last heard of those parties they were quarrelling as to who owned the second dog. Something like that is what I call a miracle.

Question. What do you believe about the immortality of the soul? Do you believe that the spirit lives as an individual after the body is dead?

Answer. I have said a great many times that it is no more wonderful that we should live again than that we do live. Sometimes I have thought it not quite so wonderful for the reason that we have a start. But upon that subject I have not the slightest information. Whether man lives again or not I cannot pretend to say. There may be another world and there may not be. If there is another world we ought to make the best of it after arriving there. If there is not another world, or if there is another world, we ought to make the best of this. And since nobody knows, all should be permitted to have their opinions, and my opinion is that nobody knows.

If we take the Old Testament for authority, man is not immortal. The Old Testament shows man how he lost immortality. According to Genesis, God prevented man from putting forth his hand and eating of the Tree of Life. It is there stated, had he succeeded, man would have lived forever. God drove him from the garden, preventing him eating of this tree, and in consequence man became mortal; so that if we go by the Old Testament we are compelled to give up immortality. The New Testament has but little on the subject. In one place we are told to seek for immortality. If we are already immortal, it is hard to see why we should go on seeking for it. In another place we are told that they who are worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection of the dead, are not given in marriage. From this one would infer there would be some unworthy to be raised from the dead. Upon the question of immortality, the Old Testament throws but little satisfactory light. I do not deny immortality, nor would I endeavor to shake the belief of anybody in another life. What I am endeavoring to do is to put out the fires of hell. If we cannot have heaven without hell, I am in favor of abolishing heaven. I do not want to go to heaven if one soul is doomed to agony. I would rather be annihilated.

My opinion of immortality is this:

First.—I live, and that of itself is infinitely wonderful.

Second.—There was a time when I was not, and after I was not, I was. Third.—Now that I am, I may be again; and it is no more wonderful that I may be again, if I have been, than that I am, having once been nothing. If the churches advocated immortality, if they advocated eternal justice, if they said that man would be rewarded and punished according to deeds; if they admitted that some time in

eternity there would be an opportunity given to lift up souls, and that throughout all the ages the angels of progress and virtue would beckon the fallen upward; and that some time, and no matter how far away they might put off the time, all the children of men would be reasonably happy, I never would say a solitary word against the church, but just as long as they preach that the majority of mankind will suffer eternal pain, just so long I shall oppose them; that is to say, as long as I live.

Question. Do you believe in a God; and, if so, what kind of a God?

Answer. Let me, in the first place, lay a foundation for an answer.

First.—Man gets all food for thought through the medium of the senses. The effect of nature upon the senses, and through the senses upon the brain, must be natural. All food for thought, then, is natural. As a consequence of this, there can be no supernatural idea in the human brain. Whatever idea there is must have been a natural product. If, then, there is no supernatural idea in the human brain, then there cannot be in the human brain an idea of the supernatural. If we can have no idea of the supernatural, and if the God of whom you spoke is admitted to be supernatural, then, of course, I can have no idea of him, and I certainly can have no very fixed belief on any subject about which I have no idea.

There may be a God for all I know. There may be thousands of them. But the idea of an infinite Being outside and independent of nature is inconceivable. I do not know of any word that would explain my doctrine or my views upon the subject. I suppose Pantheism is as near as I could go. I believe in the eternity of matter and in the eternity of intelligence, but I do not believe in any Being outside of nature. I do not believe in any personal Deity. I do not believe in any aristocracy of the air. I know nothing about origin or destiny. Between these two horizons I live, whether I wish to or not, and must be satisfied with what I find between these two horizons. I have never heard any God described that I believe in. I have never heard any religion explained that I accept. To make something out of nothing cannot be more absurd than that an infinite intelligence made this world, and proceeded to fill it with crime and want and agony, and then, not satisfied with the evil he had wrought, made a hell in which to consummate the great mistake.

Question. Do you believe that the world, and all that is in it came by chance?

Answer. I do not believe anything comes by chance. I regard the present as the necessary child of a necessary past. I believe matter is eternal; that it has eternally existed and eternally will exist. I believe that in all matter, in some way, there is what we call force; that one of the forms of force is intelligence. I believe that whatever is in the universe has existed from eternity and will forever exist.

Secondly.—I exclude from my philosophy all ideas of chance. Matter changes eternally its form, never its essence. You cannot conceive of anything being created. No one can conceive of anything existing without a cause or with a cause. Let me explain; a thing is not a cause until an effect has been produced; so that, after all, cause and effect are twins coming into life at precisely the same instant, born of the womb of an unknown mother. The Universe in the only fact, and everything that ever

has happened, is happening, or will happen, are but the different aspects of the one eternal fact.

—*The Dispatch*, Pittsburg, Pa., December 11, 1880.

The Political Outlook

Question. What phases will the Southern question assume in the next four years?

Answer. The next Congress should promptly unseat every member of Congress in whose district there was not a fair and honest election. That is the first hard work to be done. Let notice, in this way, be given to the whole country, that fraud cannot succeed. No man should be allowed to hold a seat by force or fraud. Just as soon as it is understood that fraud is useless it will be abandoned. In that way the honest voters of the whole country can be protected.

An honest vote settles the Southern question, and Congress has the power to compel an honest vote, or to leave the dishonest districts without representation. I want this policy adopted, not only in the South, but in the North. No man touched or stained with fraud should be allowed to hold his seat. Send such men home, and let them stay there until sent back by honest votes. The Southern question is a Northern question, and the Republican party must settle it for all time. We must have honest elections, or the Republic must fall. Illegal voting must be considered and punished as a crime.

Taking one hundred and seventy thousand as the basis of representation, the South, through her astounding increase of colored population, gains three electoral votes, while the North and East lose three. Garfield was elected by the thirty thousand colored votes cast in New York.

Question. Will the negro continue to be the balance of power, and if so, will it inure to his benefit?

Answer. The more political power the colored man has the better he will be treated, and if he ever holds the balance of power he will be treated as well as the balance of our citizens. My idea is that the colored man should stand on an equality with the white before the law; that he should honestly be protected in all his rights; that he should be allowed to vote, and that his vote should be counted. It is a simple question of honesty. The colored people are doing well; they are industrious; they are trying to get an education, and, on the whole, I think they are behaving fully as well as the whites. They are the most forgiving people in the world, and about the only real Christians in our country. They have suffered enough, and for one I am on their side. I think more of honest black people than of dishonest whites, to say the least of it.

Question. Do you apprehend any trouble from the Southern leaders in this closing session of Congress, in attempts to force pernicious legislation?

Answer. I do not. The Southern leaders know that the doctrine of State Sovereignty is dead. They know that they cannot depend upon the Northern Democrat, and they know that the best interests of the South can only be preserved by admitting that the war settled the questions and ideas fought for and against. They know that this country is a Nation, and that no party can possibly succeed that advocates anything contrary to that. My own opinion is that most of the Southern leaders are heartily

ashamed of the course pursued by their Northern friends, and will take the first opportunity to say so.

Question. In what light do you regard the Chinaman?

Answer. I am opposed to compulsory immigration, or cooley or slave immigration. If Chinamen are sent to this country by corporations or companies under contracts that amount to slavery or anything like it or near it, then I am opposed to it. But I am not prepared to say that I would be opposed to voluntary immigration. I see by the papers that a new treaty has been agreed upon that will probably be ratified and be satisfactory to all parties. We ought to treat China with the utmost fairness. If our treaty is wrong, amend it, but do so according to the recognized usage of nations. After what has been said and done in this country I think there is very little danger of any Chinaman voluntarily coming here. By this time China must have an exceedingly exalted opinion of our religion, and of the justice and hospitality born of our most holy faith.

Question. What is your opinion of making ex-Presidents Senators for life?

Answer. I am opposed to it. I am against any man holding office for life. And I see no more reason for making ex-Presidents Senators, than for making ex-Senators Presidents. To me the idea is preposterous. Why should ex-Presidents be taken care of? In this country labor is not disgraceful, and after a man has been President he has still the right to be useful. I am personally acquainted with several men who will agree, in consideration of being elected to the presidency, not to ask for another office during their natural lives. The people of this country should never allow a great man to suffer. The hand, not of charity, but of justice and generosity, should be forever open to those who have performed great public service.

But the ex-Presidents of the future may not all be great and good men, and bad ex-Presidents will not make good Senators. If the nation does anything, let it give a reasonable pension to ex- Presidents. No man feels like giving pension, power, or place to General Grant simply because he was once President, but because he was a great soldier, and led the armies of the nation to victory. Make him a General, and retire him with the highest military title. Let him grandly wear the laurels he so nobly won, and should the sky at any time be darkened with a cloud of foreign war, this country will again hand him the sword. Such a course honors the nation and the man.

Question. Are we not entering upon the era of our greatest prosperity?

Answer. We are just beginning to be prosperous. The Northern Pacific Railroad is to be completed. Forty millions of dollars have just been raised by that company, and new States will soon be born in the great Northwest. The Texas Pacific will be pushed to San Diego, and in a few years we will ride in a Pullman car from Chicago to the City of Mexico. The gold and silver mines are yielding more and more, and within the last ten years more than forty million acres of land have been changed from wilderness to farms. This country is beginning to grow. We have just fairly entered upon what I believe will be the grandest period of national development and prosperity. With the Republican party in power; with good money; with unlimited

credit; with the best land in the world; with ninety thousand miles of railway; with mountains of gold and silver; with hundreds of thousands of square miles of coal fields; with iron enough for the whole world; with the best system of common schools; with telegraph wires reaching every city and town, so that no two citizens are an hour apart; with the telephone, that makes everybody in the city live next door, and with the best folks in the world, how can we help prospering until the continent is covered with happy homes?

Question. What do you think of civil service reform?

Answer. I am in favor of it. I want such civil service reform that all the offices will be filled with good and competent Republicans. The majority should rule, and the men who are in favor of the views of the majority should hold the offices. I am utterly opposed to the idea that a party should show its liberality at the expense of its principles. Men holding office can afford to take their chances with the rest of us. If they are Democrats, they should not expect to succeed when their party is defeated. I believe that there are enough good and honest Republicans in this country to fill all the offices, and I am opposed to taking any Democrats until the Republican supply is exhausted.

Men should not join the Republican party to get office. Such men are contemptible to the last degree. Neither should a Republican administration compel a man to leave the party to get a Federal appointment. After a great battle has been fought I do not believe that the victorious general should reward the officers of the conquered army. My doctrine is, rewards for friends.

—*The Commercial*, Cincinnati, Ohio, December 6, 1880.

Mr. Beecher, Moses And The Negro

***Question*. Mr. Beecher is here. Have you seen him?**

Answer. No, I did not meet Mr. Beecher. Neither did I hear him lecture. The fact is, that long ago I made up my mind that under no circumstances would I attend any lecture or other entertainment given at Lincoln Hall. First, because the hall has been denied me, and secondly, because I regard it as extremely unsafe. The hall is up several stories from the ground, and in case of the slightest panic, in my judgment, many lives would be lost. Had it not been for this, and for the fact that the persons owning it imagined that because they had control, the brick and mortar had some kind of holy and sacred quality, and that this holiness is of such a wonderful character that it would not be proper for a man in that hall to tell his honest thoughts, I would have heard him.

Question. Then I assume that you and Mr. Beecher have made up?

Answer. There is nothing to be made up for so far as I know. Mr. Beecher has treated me very well, and, I believe, a little too well for his own peace of mind. I have been informed that some members of Plymouth Church felt exceedingly hurt that their pastor should so far forget himself as to extend the right hand of fellowship to one who differs from him upon what they consider very essential points in theology. You see I have denied with all my might, a great many times, the infamous doctrine of eternal punishment. I have also had the temerity to suggest that I did not believe that a being of infinite justice and mercy was the author of all that I find in the Old Testament. As, for instance, I have insisted that God never commanded anybody to butcher women or to cut the throats of prattling babes. These orthodox gentlemen have rushed to the rescue of Jehovah by insisting that he did all these horrible things. I have also maintained that God never sanctioned or upheld human slavery; that he never would make one child to own and beat another.

I have also expressed some doubts as to whether this same God ever established the institution of polygamy. I have insisted that the institution is simply infamous; that it destroys the idea of home; that it turns to ashes the most sacred words in our language, and leaves the world a kind of den in which crawl the serpents of selfishness and lust. I have been informed that after Mr. Beecher had treated me kindly a few members of his congregation objected, and really felt ashamed that he had so forgotten himself. After that, Mr. Beecher saw fit to give his ideas of the position I had taken. In this he was not exceedingly kind, nor was his justice very conspicuous. But I cared nothing about that, not the least. As I have said before, whenever Mr. Beecher says a good thing I give him credit. Whenever he does an unfair or unjust thing I charge it to the account of his religion. I have insisted, and I still insist, that Mr. Beecher is far better than his creed. I do not believe that he believes in the doctrine of eternal punishment. Neither do I believe that he believes in the literal truth of the Scriptures. And, after all, if the Bible is not true, it is hardly worth while to insist upon its inspiration. An inspired lie is not better than an uninspired one. If the Bible is true it does not need to be inspired. If it is not true,

inspiration does not help it. So that after all it is simply a question of fact. Is it true? I believe Mr. Beecher stated that one of my grievous faults was that I picked out the bad things in the Bible. How an infinitely good and wise God came to put bad things in his book Mr. Beecher does not explain. I have insisted that the Bible is not inspired, and, in order to prove that, have pointed out such passages as I deemed unworthy to have been written even by a civilized man or a savage. I certainly would not endeavor to prove that the Bible is uninspired by picking out its best passages. I admit that there are many good things in the Bible. The fact that there are good things in it does not prove its inspiration, because there are thousands of other books containing good things, and yet no one claims they are inspired. Shakespeare's works contain a thousand times more good things than the Bible, but no one claims he was an inspired man. It is also true that there are many bad things in Shakespeare—many passages which I wish he had never written. But I can excuse Shakespeare, because he did not rise absolutely above his time. That is to say, he was a man; that is to say, he was imperfect. If anybody claimed now that Shakespeare was actually inspired, that claim would be answered by pointing to certain weak or bad or vulgar passages in his works. But every Christian will say that it is a certain kind of blasphemy to impute vulgarity or weakness to God, as they are all obliged to defend the weak, the bad and the vulgar, so long as they insist upon the inspiration of the Bible. Now, I pursued the same course with the Bible that Mr. Beecher has pursued with me. Why did he want to pick out my bad things? Is it possible that he is a kind of vulture that sees only the carrion of another? After all, has he not pursued the same method with me that he blames me for pursuing in regard to the Bible? Of course he must pursue that method. He could not object to me and then point out passages that were not objectionable. If he found fault he had to find faults in order to sustain his ground. That is exactly what I have done with Scriptures—nothing more and nothing less. The reason I have thrown away the Bible is that in many places it is harsh, cruel, unjust, coarse, vulgar, atrocious, infamous. At the same time, I admit that it contains many passages of an excellent and splendid character —many good things, wise sayings, and many excellent and just laws.

But I would like to ask this: Suppose there were no passages in the Bible except those upholding slavery, polygamy and wars of extermination; would anybody then claim that it was the word of God? I would like to ask if there is a Christian in the world who would not be overjoyed to find that every one of these passages was an interpolation? I would also like to ask Mr. Beecher if he would not be greatly gratified to find that after God had written the Bible the Devil had got hold of it, and interpolated all these passages about slavery, polygamy, the slaughter of women and babes and the doctrine of eternal punishment? Suppose, as a matter of fact, the Devil did get hold of it; what part of the Bible would Mr. Beecher pick out as having been written by the Devil? And if he picks out these passages could not the Devil answer him by saying, "You, Mr. Beecher, are like a vulture, a kind of buzzard, flying through the tainted air of inspiration, and pouncing down upon the carrion. Why do you not fly like a dove, and why do you not have the innocent ignorance of the dove, so that you could light upon a carcass and imagine that you were surrounded by the perfume of violets?" The fact is that good things in a book do not prove that it is inspired, but the presence of bad things does prove that it is not.

Question. What was the real difficulty between you and Moses, Colonel, a man who has been dead for thousands of years?

Answer. We never had any difficulty. I have always taken pains to say that Moses had nothing to do with the Pentateuch. Those books, in my judgment, were written several centuries after Moses had become dust in his unknown sepulchre. No doubt Moses was quite a man in his day, if he ever existed at all. Some people say that Moses is exactly the same as "law-giver;" that is to say, as Legislature, that is to say as Congress. Imagine somebody in the future as regarding the Congress of the United States as one person! And then imagine that somebody endeavoring to prove that Congress was always consistent. But, whether Moses lived or not makes but little difference to me. I presume he filled the place and did the work that he was compelled to do, and although according to the account God had much to say to him with regard to the making of altars, tongs, snuffers and candlesticks, there is much left for nature still to tell. Thinking of Moses as a man, admitting that he was above his fellows, that he was in his day and generation a leader, and, in a certain narrow sense, a patriot, that he was the founder of the Jewish people; that he found them barbarians and endeavored to control them by thunder and lightning, and found it necessary to pretend that he was in partnership with the power governing the universe; that he took advantage of their ignorance and fear, just as politicians do now, and as theologians always will, still, I see no evidence that the man Moses was any nearer to God than his descendants, who are still warring against the Philistines in every civilized part of the globe. Moses was a believer in slavery, in polygamy, in wars of extermination, in religious persecution and intolerance and in almost everything that is now regarded with loathing, contempt and scorn. The Jehovah of whom he speaks violated, or commands the violation of at least nine of the Ten Commandments he gave. There is one thing, however, that can be said of Moses that cannot be said of any person who now insists that he was inspired, and that is, he was in advance of his time.

Question. What do you think of the Buckner Bill for the colonization of the negroes in Mexico?

Answer. Where does Mr. Buckner propose to colonize the white people, and what right has he to propose the colonization of six millions of people? Should we not have other bills to colonize the Germans, the Swedes, the Irish, and then, may be, another bill to drive the Chinese into the sea? Where do we get the right to say that the negroes must emigrate?

All such schemes will, in my judgment, prove utterly futile. Perhaps the history of the world does not give an instance of the emigration of six millions of people. Notwithstanding the treatment that Ireland has received from England, which may be designated as a crime of three hundred years, the Irish still love Ireland. All the despotism in the world will never crush out of the Irish heart the love of home—the adoration of the old sod. The negroes of the South have certainly suffered enough to drive them into other countries; but after all, they prefer to stay where they were born. They prefer to live where their ancestors were slaves, where fathers and mothers were sold and whipped; and I don't believe it will be possible to induce a majority of them to leave that land. Of course, thousands may leave, and in process

of time millions may go, but I don't believe emigration will ever equal their natural increase. As the whites of the South become civilized the reason for going will be less and less.

I see no reason why the white and black men cannot live together in the same land, under the same flag. The beauty of liberty is you cannot have it unless you give it away, and the more you give away the more you have. I know that my liberty is secure only because others are free.

I am perfectly willing to live in a country with such men as Frederick Douglass and Senator Bruce. I have always preferred a good, clever black man to a mean white man, and I am of the opinion that I shall continue in that preference. Now, if we could only have a colonization bill that would get rid of all the rowdies, all the rascals and hypocrites, I would like to see it carried out, thought some people might insist that it would amount to a repudiation of the national debt and that hardly enough would be left to pay the interest. No, talk as we will, the colored people helped to save this Nation. They have been at all times and in all places the friends of our flag; a flag that never really protected them. And for my part, I am willing that they should stand forever beneath that flag, the equal in rights of all other people. Politically, if any black men are to be sent away, I want it understood that each one is to be accompanied by a Democrat, so that the balance of power, especially in New York, will not be disturbed.

Question. I notice that leading Republican newspapers are advising General Garfield to cut loose from the machine in politics; what do you regard as the machine?

Answer. All defeated candidates regard the persons who defeated them as constituting a machine, and always imagine that there is some wicked conspiracy at the bottom of the machine. Some of the recent reformers regard the people who take part in the early stages of a political campaign—who attend caucuses and primaries, who speak of politics to their neighbors, as members and parts of the machine, and regard only those as good and reliable American citizens who take no part whatever, simply reserving the right to grumble after the work has been done by others. Not much can be accomplished in politics without an organization, and the moment an organization is formed, and, you might say, just a little before, leading spirits will be developed. Certain men will take the lead, and the weaker men will in a short time, unless they get all the loaves and fishes, denounce the whole thing as a machine, and, to show how thoroughly and honestly they detest the machine in politics, will endeavor to organize a little machine themselves. General Garfield has been in politics for many years. He knows the principal men in both parties. He knows the men who have not only done something, but who are capable of doing something, and such men will not, in my opinion, be neglected. I do not believe that General Garfield will do any act calculated to divide the Republican party. No thoroughly great man carries personal prejudice into the administration of public affairs. Of course, thousands of people will be prophesying that this man is to be snubbed and another to be paid; but, in my judgment, after the 4th of March most people will say that General Garfield has used his power wisely and that he has neither sought nor shunned men simply because he wished to pay debts—either of love or hatred.

—Washington correspondent, *Brooklyn Eagle*, January 31, 1881.

Hades, Delaware And Freethought

Question. Now that a lull has come in politics, I thought I would come and see what is going on in the religious world?

Answer. Well, from what little I learn, there has not been much going on during the last year. There are five hundred and twenty- six Congregational Churches in Massachusetts, and two hundred of these churches have not received a new member for an entire year, and the others have scarcely held their own. In Illinois there are four hundred and eighty-three Presbyterian Churches, and they have now fewer members than they had in 1879, and of the four hundred and eighty-three, one hundred and eighty-three have not received a single new member for twelve months. A report has been made, under the auspices of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, to the effect that there are in the whole world about three millions of Presbyterians. This is about one-fifth of one per cent. of the inhabitants of the world. The probability is that of the three million nominal Presbyterians, not more than two or three hundred thousand actually believe the doctrine, and of the two or three hundred thousand, not more than five or six hundred have any true conception of what the doctrine is. As the Presbyterian Church has only been able to induce one-fifth of one per cent. of the people to even call themselves Presbyterians, about how long will it take, at this rate, to convert mankind? The fact is, there seems to be a general lull along the entire line, and just at present very little is being done by the orthodox people to keep their fellow-citizens out of hell.

Question. Do you really think that the orthodox people now believe in the old doctrine of eternal punishment, and that they really think there is a kind of hell that our ancestors so carefully described?

Answer. I am afraid that the old idea is dying out, and that many Christians are slowly giving up the consolations naturally springing from the old belief. Another terrible blow to the old infamy is the fact that in the revised New Testament the word Hades has been substituted. As nobody knows exactly what Hades means, it will not be quite so easy to frighten people at revivals by threatening them with something that they don't clearly understand. After this, when the impassioned orator cries out that all the unconverted will be sent to Hades, the poor sinners, instead of getting frightened, will begin to ask each other what and where that is. It will take many years of preaching to clothe that word in all the terrors and horrors, pains, and penalties and pangs of hell. Hades is a compromise. It is a concession to the philosophy of our day. It is a graceful acknowledgment to the growing spirit of investigation, that hell, after all, is a barbaric mistake. Hades is the death of revivals. It cannot be used in song. It won't rhyme with anything with the same force that hell does. It is altogether more shadowy than hot. It is not associated with brimstone and flame. It sounds somewhat indistinct, somewhat lonesome, a little desolate, but not altogether uncomfortable. For revival purposes, Hades is simply useless, and few conversions will be made in the old way under the revised Testament.

Question. Do you really think that the church is losing ground?

Answer. I am not, as you probably know, connected with any orthodox organization, and consequently have to rely upon them for my information. If they can be believed, the church is certainly in an extremely bad condition. I find that the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, only a few days ago, speaking of the religious condition of Brooklyn —and Brooklyn, you know, has been called the City of Churches— states that the great mass of that Christian city was out of Christ, and that more professing Christians went to the theatre than to the prayer meeting. This, certainly, from their standpoint, is a most terrible declaration. Brooklyn, you know, is one of the great religious centres of the world—a city in which nearly all the people are engaged either in delivering or in hearing sermons; a city filled with the editors of religious periodicals; a city of prayer and praise; and yet, while prayer meetings are free, the theatres, with the free list entirely suspended, catch more Christians than the churches; and this happens while all the pulpits thunder against the stage, and the stage remains silent as to the pulpit. At the same meeting in which the Rev. Dr. Cuyler made his astounding statements the Rev. Mr. Pentecost was the bearer of the happy news that four out of five persons living in the city of Brooklyn were going down to hell with no God and with no hope. If he had read the revised Testament he would have said “Hades,” and the effect of the statement would have been entirely lost. If four-fifths of the people of that great city are destined to eternal pain, certainly we cannot depend upon churches for the salvation of the world. At the meeting of the Brooklyn pastors they were in doubt as to whether they should depend upon further meetings, or upon a day of fasting and prayer for the purpose of converting the city.

In my judgment, it would be much better to devise ways and means to keep a good many people from fasting in Brooklyn. If they had more meat, they could get along with less meeting. If fasting would save a city, there are always plenty of hungry folks even in that Christian town. The real trouble with the church of to-day is, that it is behind the intelligence of the people. Its doctrines no longer satisfy the brains of the nineteenth century; and if the church proposes to hold its power, it must lose its superstitions. The day of revivals is gone. Only the ignorant and unthinking can hereafter be impressed by hearing the orthodox creed. Fear has in it no reformatory power, and the more intelligent the world grows the more despicable and contemptible the doctrine of eternal misery will become. The tendency of the age is toward intellectual liberty, toward personal investigation. Authority is no longer taken for truth. People are beginning to find that all the great and good are not dead—that some good people are alive, and that the demonstrations of to-day are fully equal to the mistaken theories of the past.

Question. How are you getting along with Delaware?

Answer. First rate. You know I have been wondering where Comegys came from, and at last I have made the discovery. I was told the other day by a gentleman from Delaware that many years ago Colonel Hazelitt died; that Colonel Hazelitt was an old Revolutionary officer, and that when they were digging his grave they dug up Comegys. Back of that no one knows anything of his history. The only thing they know about him certainly, is, that he has never changed one of his views since he was found, and that he never will. I am inclined to think, however, that he lives in a community congenial to him. For instance, I saw in a paper the other day that within

a radius of thirty miles around Georgetown, Delaware, there are about two hundred orphan and friendless children. These children, it seems, were indentured to Delaware farmers by the managers of orphan asylums and other public institutions in and about Philadelphia. It is stated in the paper, that:

"Many of these farmers are rough task-masters, and if a boy fails to perform the work of an adult, he is almost certain to be cruelly treated, half starved, and in the coldest weather wretchedly clad. If he does the work, his life is not likely to be much happier, for as a rule he will receive more kicks than candy. The result in either case is almost certain to be wrecked constitutions, dwarfed bodies, rounded shoulders, and limbs crippled or rendered useless by frost or rheumatism. The principal diet of these boys is corn pone. A few days ago, Constable W. H. Johnston went to the house of Reuben Taylor, and on entering the sitting room his attention was attracted by the moans of its only occupant, a little colored boy, who was lying on the hearth in front of the fireplace. The boy's head was covered with ashes from the fire, and he did not pay the slightest attention to the visitor, until Johnston asked what made him cry. Then the little fellow sat up and drawing on old rag off his foot said, 'Look there.' The sight that met Johnston's eye was horrible beyond description. The poor boy's feet were so horribly frozen that the flesh had dropped off the toes until the bones protruded. The flesh on the sides, bottoms, and tops of his feet was swollen until the skin cracked in many places, and the inflamed flesh was sloughing off in great flakes. The frost-bitten flesh extended to his knees, the joints of which were terribly inflamed. The right one had already begun suppurating. This poor little black boy, covered with nothing but a cotton shirt, drilling pants, a pair of nearly worn out brogans and a battered old hat, on the morning of December 30th, the coldest day of the season, when the mercury was seventeen degrees below zero, in the face of a driving snow storm, was sent half a mile from home to protect his master's unshucked corn from the depredations of marauding cows and crows. He remained standing around in the snow until four o'clock, then he drove the cows home, received a piece of cold corn pone, and was sent out in the snow again to chop stove wood till dark. Having no bed, he slept that night in front of the fireplace, with his frozen feet buried in the ashes. Dr. C. H. Richards found it necessary to cut off the boy's feet as far back as the ankle and the instep."

This was but one case in several. Personally, I have no doubt that Mr. Reuben Taylor entirely agrees with Chief Justice Comegys on the great question of blasphemy, and probably nothing would so gratify Mr. Reuben Taylor as to see some man in a Delaware jail for the crime of having expressed an honest thought. No wonder that in the State of Delaware the Christ of intellectual liberty has been crucified between the pillory and the whipping-post. Of course I know that there are thousands of most excellent people in that State—people who believe in intellectual liberty, and who only need a little help—and I am doing what I can in that direction —to repeal the laws that now disgrace the statute book of that little commonwealth. I have seen many people from that State lately who really wish that Colonel Hazelitt had never died.

Question. What has the press generally said with regard to the action of Judge Comegys? Do they, so far as you know, justify his charge?

Answer. A great many papers having articles upon the subject have been sent to me. A few of the religious papers seem to think that the Judge did the best he knew, and there is one secular paper called the *Evening News*, published at Chester, Pa., that thinks "that the rebuke from so high a source of authority will have a most excellent effect, and will check religious blasphemers from parading their immoral creeds before the people." The editor of this paper should at once emigrate to the State of Delaware, where he properly belongs. He is either a native of Delaware, or most of his subscribers are citizens of that country; or, it may be that he is a lineal descendant of some Hessian, who deserted during the Revolutionary war. Most of the newspapers in the United States are advocates of mental freedom. Probably nothing on earth has been so potent for good as an untrammeled, fearless press. Among the papers of importance there is not a solitary exception. No leading journal in the United States can be found upon the side of intellectual slavery. Of course, a few rural sheets edited by gentlemen, as Mr. Greeley would say, "whom God in his inscrutable wisdom had allowed to exist," may be found upon the other side, and may be small enough, weak enough and mean enough to pander to the lowest and basest prejudices of their most ignorant subscribers. These editors disgrace their profession and exert about the same influence upon the heads as upon the pockets of their subscribers —that is to say, they get little and give less.

Question. Do you not think after all, the people who are in favor of having you arrested for blasphemy, are acting in accordance with the real spirit of the Old and New Testaments?

Answer. Of course, they act in exact accordance with many of the commands in the Old Testament, and in accordance with several passages in the New. At the same time, it may be said that they violate passages in both. If the Old Testament is true, and if it is the inspired word of God, of course, an Infidel ought not be allowed to live; and if the New Testament is true, an unbeliever should not be permitted to speak. There are many passages, though, in the New Testament, that should protect even an Infidel. Among them is this: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." But that is a passage that has probably had as little effect upon the church as any other in the Bible. So far as I am concerned, I am willing to adopt that passage, and I am willing to extend to every other human being every right that I claim for myself. If the churches would act upon this principle, if they would say—every soul, every mind, may think and investigate for itself; and around all, and over all, shall be thrown the sacred shield of liberty, I should be on their side.

Question. How do you stand with the clergymen, and what is their opinion of you and of your views?

Answer. Most of them envy me; envy my independence; envy my success; think that I ought to starve; that the people should not hear me; say that I do what I do for money, for popularity; that I am actuated by hatred of all that is good and tender and holy in human nature; think that I wish to tear down the churches, destroy all morality and goodness, and usher in the reign of crime and chaos. They know that shepherds are unnecessary in the absence of wolves, and it is to their interest to convince their sheep that they, the sheep, need protection. This they are willing to give them for half the wool. No doubt, most of these minsters are honest, and are

doing what they consider their duty. Be this as it may, they feel the power slipping from their hands. They know that the idea is slowly growing that they are not absolutely necessary for the protection of society. They know that the intellectual world cares little for what they say, and that the great tide of human progress flows on careless of their help or hindrance. So long as they insist upon the inspiration of the Bible, they are compelled to take the ground that slavery was once a divine institution; they are forced to defend cruelties that would shock the heart of a savage, and besides, they are bound to teach the eternal horror of everlasting punishment.

They poison the minds of children; they deform the brain and pollute the imagination by teaching the frightful and infamous dogma of endless misery. Even the laws of Delaware shock the enlightened public of to-day. In that State they simply fine and imprison a man for expressing his honest thoughts; and yet, if the churches are right, God will damn a man forever for the same offence. The brain and heart of our time cannot be satisfied with the ancient creeds. The Bible must be revised again. Most of the creeds must be blotted out. Humanity must take the place of theology. Intellectual liberty must stand in every pulpit. There must be freedom in all the pews, and every human soul must have the right to express its honest thought.

—Washington correspondent, *Brooklyn Eagle*, March 19, 1881.

A Reply To The Rev. Mr. Lansing

[Rev. Isaac J. Lansing of Meriden, Conn., recently denounced Col. Robert G. Ingersoll from the pulpit of the Meriden Methodist Church, and had the Opera House closed against him. This led a Union reporter to show Colonel Ingersoll what Mr. Lansing had said and to interrogate him with the following result.]*

Question. Did you favor the sending of obscene matter through the mails as alleged by the Rev. Mr. Lansing?

Answer. Of course not, and no honest man ever thought that I did. This charge is too malicious and silly to be answered. Mr. Lansing knows better. He has made this charge many times and he will make it again.

Question. Is it a fact that there are thousands of clergymen in the country whom you would fear to meet in fair debate?

Answer. No; the fact is I would like to meet them all in one. The pulpit is not burdened with genius. There a few great men engaged in preaching, but they are not orthodox. I cannot conceive that a Freethinker has anything to fear from the pulpit, except misrepresentation. Of course, there are thousands of ministers too small to discuss with—ministers who stand for nothing in the church—and with such clergymen I cannot afford to discuss anything. If the Presbyterians, or the Congregationalists, or the Methodists would select some man, and endorse him as their champion, I would like to meet him in debate. Such a man I will pay to discuss with me. I will give him most excellent wages, and pay all the expenses at the discussion besides. There is but one safe course for the ministers—they must assert. They must declare. They must swear to it and stick to it, but they must not try to reason.

Question. You have never seen Rev. Mr. Lansing. To the people of Meriden and thereabouts he is well-known. Judging from what has been told you of his utterances and actions, what kind of a man would you take him to be?

Answer. I would take him to be a Christian. He talks like one, and he acts like one. If Christianity is right, Lansing is right. If salvation depends upon belief, and if unbelievers are to be eternally damned, then an Infidel has no right to speak. He should not be allowed to murder the souls of his fellow-men. Lansing does the best he knows how. He thinks that God hates an unbeliever, and he tries to act like God. Lansing knows that he must have the right to slander a man whom God is to eternally damn.

Question. Mr. Lansing speaks of you as a wolf coming with fangs sharpened by three hundred dollars a night to tear the lambs of his flock. What do you say to that?

Answer. All I have to say is, that I often get three times that amount, and sometimes much more. I guess his lambs can take care of themselves. I am not very fond of mutton anyway. Such talk Mr. Lansing ought to be ashamed of. The idea that he is a shepherd —that he is on guard—is simply preposterous. He has few sheep in his

congregation that know as little on the wolf question as he does. He ought to know that his sheep support him—his sheep protect him; and without the sheep poor Lansing would be devoured by the wolves himself.

Question. Shall you sue the Opera House management for breach of contract?

Answer. I guess not; but I may pay Lansing something for advertising my lecture. I suppose Mr. Wilcox (who controls the Opera House) did what he thought was right. I hear he is a good man. He probably got a little frightened and began to think about the day of judgment. He could not help it, and I cannot help laughing at him.

Question. Those in Meriden who most strongly oppose you are radical Republicans. Is it not a fact that you possess the confidence and friendship of some of the most respected leaders of that party?

Answer. I think that all the respectable ones are friends of mine. I am a Republican because I believe in the liberty of the body, and I am an Infidel because I believe in the liberty of the mind. There is no need of freeing cages. Let us free the birds. If Mr. Lansing knew me, he would be a great friend. He would probably annoy me by the frequency and length of his visits.

Question. During the recent presidential campaign did any clergymen denounce you for your teachings, that you are aware of?

Answer. Some did, but they would not if they had been running for office on the Republican ticket.

Question. What is most needed in our public men?

Answer. Hearts and brains.

Question. Would people be any more moral solely because of a disbelief in orthodox teaching and in the Bible as an inspired book, in your opinion?

Answer. Yes; if a man really believes that God once upheld slavery; that he commanded soldiers to kill women and babes; that he believed in polygamy; that he persecuted for opinion's sake; that he will punish forever, and that he hates an unbeliever, the effect in my judgment will be bad. It always has been bad. This belief built the dungeons of the Inquisition. This belief made the Puritan murder the Quaker, and this belief has raised the devil with Mr. Lansing.

Question. Do you believe there will ever be a millennium, and if so how will it come about?

Answer. It will probably start in Meriden, as I have been informed that Lansing is going to leave.

Question. Is there anything else bearing upon the question at issue or that would make good reading, that I have forgotten, that you would like to say?

Answer. Yes. Good-bye.

—*The Sunday Union*, New Haven, Conn., April 10, 1881.

Beaconsfield, Lent And Revivals

Question. What have you to say about the attack of Dr. Buckley on you, and your lecture?

Answer. I never heard of Dr. Buckley until after I had lectured in Brooklyn. He seems to think that it was extremely ill bred in me to deliver a lecture on the "Liberty of Man, Woman and Child," during Lent. Lent is just as good as any other part of the year, and no part can be too good to do good. It was not a part of my object to hurt the feelings of the Episcopalians and Catholics. If they think that there is some subtle relation between hunger and heaven, or that faith depends upon, or is strengthened by famine, or that veal, during Lent, is the enemy of virtue, or that beef breeds blasphemy, while fish feeds faith—of course, all this is nothing to me. They have a right to say that vice depends upon victuals, sanctity on soup, religion on rice and chastity on cheese, but they have no right to say that a lecture on liberty is an insult to them because they are hungry. I suppose that Lent was instituted in memory of the Savior's fast. At one time it was supposed that only a divine being could live forty days without food. This supposition has been overthrown.

It has been demonstrated by Dr. Tanner to be utterly without foundation. What possible good did it do the world for Christ to go without food for forty days? Why should we follow such an example? As a rule, hungry people are cross, contrary, obstinate, peevish and unpleasant. A good dinner puts a man at peace with all the world—makes him generous, good natured and happy. He feels like kissing his wife and children. The future looks bright. He wants to help the needy. The good in him predominates, and he wonders that any man was ever stingy or cruel. Your good cook is a civilizer, and without good food, well prepared, intellectual progress is simply impossible. Most of the orthodox creeds were born of bad cooking. Bad food produced dyspepsia, and dyspepsia produced Calvinism, and Calvinism is the cancer of Christianity. Oatmeal is responsible for the worst features of Scotch Presbyterianism. Half cooked beans account for the religion of the Puritans. Fried bacon and saleratus biscuit underlie the doctrine of State Rights. Lent is a mistake, fasting is a blunder, and bad cooking is a crime.

Question. It is stated that you went to Brooklyn while Beecher and Talmage were holding revivals, and that you did so for the purpose of breaking them up. How is this?

Answer. I had not the slightest idea of interfering with the revivals. They amounted to nothing. They were not alive enough to be killed. Surely one lecture could not destroy two revivals. Still, I think that if all the persons engaged in the revivals had spent the same length of time in cleaning the streets, the good result would have been more apparent. The truth is, that the old way of converting people will have to be abandoned. The Americans are getting hard to scare, and a revival without the "scare" is scarcely worth holding. Such maniacs as Hammond and the "Boy Preacher" fill asylums and terrify children. After saying what he has about hell, Mr. Beecher ought to know that he is not the man to conduct a revival. A revival sermon with hell

left out—with the brimstone gone—with the worm that never dies, dead, and the Devil absent—is the broadest farce. Mr. Talmage believes in the ancient way. With him hell is a burning reality. He can hear the shrieks and groans. He is of that order of mind that rejoices in these things. If he could only convince others, he would be a great revivalist. He cannot terrify, he astonishes. He is the clown of the horrible—one of Jehovah's jesters. I am not responsible for the revival failure in Brooklyn. I wish I were. I would have the happiness of knowing that I had been instrumental in preserving the sanity of my fellow-men.

Question. How do you account for these attacks?

Answer. It was not so much what I said that excited the wrath of the reverend gentlemen as the fact that I had a great house. They contrasted their failure with my success. The fact is, the people are getting tired of the old ideas. They are beginning to think for themselves. Eternal punishment seems to them like eternal revenge. They see that Christ could not atone for the sins of others; that belief ought not to be rewarded and honest doubt punished forever; that good deeds are better than bad creeds, and that liberty is the rightful heritage of every soul.

Question. Were you an admirer of Lord Beaconsfield?

Answer. In some respects. He was on our side during the war, and gave it as his opinion that the Union would be preserved. Mr. Gladstone congratulated Jefferson Davis on having founded a new nation. I shall never forget Beaconsfield for his kindness, nor Gladstone for his malice. Beaconsfield was an intellectual gymnast, a political athlete, one of the most adroit men in the world. He had the persistence of his race. In spite of the prejudices of eighteen hundred years, he rose to the highest position that can be occupied by a citizen. During his administration England again became a Continental power and played her game of European chess. I have never regarded Beaconsfield as a man controlled by principle, or by his heart. He was strictly a politician. He always acted as though he thought the clubs were looking at him. He knew all the arts belonging to his trade. He would have succeeded anywhere, if by "succeeding" is meant the attainment of position and power. But after all, such men are splendid failures. They give themselves and others a great deal of trouble—they wear the tinsel crown of temporary success and then fade from public view. They astonish the pit, they gain the applause of the galleries, but when the curtain falls there is nothing left to benefit mankind. Beaconsfield held convictions somewhat in contempt. He had the imagination of the East united with the ambition of an Englishman. With him, to succeed was to have done right.

Question. What do you think of him as an author?

Answer. Most of his characters are like himself—puppets moved by the string of self-interest. The men are adroit, the women mostly heartless. They catch each other with false bait. They have great worldly wisdom. Their virtue and vice are mechanical. They have hearts like clocks—filled with wheels and springs. The author winds them up. In his novels Disræli allows us to enter the greenroom of his heart. We see the ropes, the pulleys and the old masks. In all things, in politics and in literature, he was cold, cunning, accurate, able and successful. His books will, in a little while, follow their author to their grave. After all, the good will live longest.

—Washington correspondent, *Brooklyn Eagle*, April 24, 1881.

Answering The New York Ministers

[Ever since Colonel Ingersoll began the delivery of his lecture called The Great Infidels, the ministers of the country have made him the subject of special attack. One week ago last Sunday the majority of the leading ministers in New York made replies to Ingersoll's latest lecture. What he has to say to these replies will be found in a report of an interview with Colonel Ingersoll.*

No man is harder to pin down for a long talk than the Colonel. He is so beset with visitors and eager office seekers anxious for help, that he can hardly find five minutes unoccupied during an entire day. Through the shelter of a private room and the guardianship of a stout colored servant, the Colonel was able to escape the crowd of seekers after his personal charity long enough to give some time to answer some of the ministerial arguments advanced against him in New York.]

Question. Have you seen the attacks made upon you by certain ministers of New York, published in the *Herald* last Sunday?

Answer. Yes, I read, or heard read, what was in Monday's *Herald*. I do not know that you could hardly call them attacks. They are substantially a repetition of what the pulpit has been saying for a great many hundred years, and what the pulpit will say just so long as men are paid for suppressing truth and for defending superstition. One of these gentlemen tells the lambs of his flock that three thousand men and a few women—probably with quite an emphasis on the word "Few"—gave one dollar each to hear their Maker cursed and their Savior ridiculed. Probably nothing is so hard for the average preacher to bear as the fact that people are not only willing to hear the other side, but absolutely anxious to pay for it. The dollar that these people paid hurt their feelings vastly more than what was said after they were in. Of course, it is a frightful commentary on the average intellect of the pulpit that a minister cannot get so large an audience when he preaches for nothing, as an Infidel can draw at a dollar a head. If I depended upon a contribution box, or upon passing a saucer that would come back to the stage enriched with a few five cent pieces, eight or ten dimes, and a lonesome quarter, these gentlemen would, in all probability, imagine Infidelity was not to be feared.

The churches were all open on that Sunday, and all could go who desired. Yet they were not full, and the pews were nearly as empty of people as the pulpit of ideas. The truth is, the story is growing old, the ideas somewhat moss-covered, and everything has a wrinkled and withered appearance. This gentleman says that these people went to hear their Maker cursed and their Savior ridiculed. Is it possible that in a city where so many steeples pierce the air, and hundreds of sermons are preached every Sunday, there are three thousand men, and a few women, so anxious to hear "their Maker cursed and their Savior ridiculed" that they are willing to pay a dollar each? The gentleman knew that nobody cursed anybody's Maker. He knew that the statement was utterly false and without the slightest foundation. He also knew that nobody had ridiculed the Savior of anybody, but, on the contrary, that I had paid a greater tribute to the character of Jesus Christ than any minister in New York has the capacity to do. Certainly it is not cursing the Maker of anybody to say that the God

described in the Old Testament is not the real God. Certainly it is not cursing God to declare that the real God never sanctioned slavery or polygamy, or commanded wars of extermination, or told a husband to separate from his wife if she differed with him in religion. The people who say these things of God—if there is any God at all—do what little there is in their power, unwittingly of course, to destroy his reputation. But I have done something to rescue the reputation of the Deity from the slanders of the pulpit. If there is any God, I expect to find myself credited on the heavenly books for my defence of him. I did say that our civilization is due not to piety, but to Infidelity. I did say that every great reformer had been denounced as an Infidel in his day and generation. I did say that Christ was an Infidel, and that he was treated in his day very much as the orthodox preachers treat an honest man now. I did say that he was tried for blasphemy and crucified by bigots. I did say that he hated and despised the church of his time, and that he denounced the most pious people of Jerusalem as thieves and vipers. And I suggested that should he come again he might have occasion to repeat the remarks that he then made. At the same time I admitted that there are thousands and thousands of Christians who are exceedingly good people. I never did pretend that the fact that a man was a Christian even tended to show that he was a bad man. Neither have I ever insisted that the fact that a man is an Infidel even tends to show what, in other respects, his character is. But I always have said, and I always expect to say, that a Christian who does not believe in absolute intellectual liberty is a curse to mankind, and that an Infidel who does believe in absolute intellectual liberty is a blessing to this world. We cannot expect all Infidels to be good, nor all Christians to be bad, and we might make some mistakes even if we selected these people ourselves. It is admitted by the Christians that Christ made a great mistake when he selected Judas. This was a mistake of over eight per cent.

Chaplain Newman takes pains to compare some great Christians with some great Infidels. He compares Washington with Julian, and insists, I suppose, that Washington was a great Christian. Certainly he is not very familiar with the history of Washington, or he never would claim that he was particularly distinguished in his day for what is generally known as vital piety. That he went through the ordinary forms of Christianity nobody disputes. That he listened to sermons without paying any particular attention to them, no one will deny. Julian, of course, was somewhat prejudiced against Christianity, but that he was one of the greatest men of antiquity no one acquainted with the history of Rome can honestly dispute. When he was made emperor he found at the palace hundreds of gentlemen who acted as barbers, hair-combers, and brushers for the emperor. He dismissed them all, remarking that he was able to wash himself. These dismissed office-holders started the story that he was dirty in his habits, and a minister of the nineteenth century was found silly enough to believe the story. Another thing that probably got him into disrepute in that day, he had no private chaplains. As a matter of fact, Julian was forced to pretend that he was a Christian in order to save his life. The Christians of that day were of such a loving nature that any man who differed with them was forced to either fall a victim to their ferocity or seek safety in subterfuge. The real crime that Julian committed, and the only one that has burned itself into the very heart and conscience of the Christian world, is, that he transferred the revenues of the Christian churches to heathen priests. Whoever stands between a priest and his

salary will find that he has committed the unpardonable sin commonly known as the sin against the Holy Ghost.

This gentleman also compares Luther with Voltaire. If he will read the life of Luther by Lord Brougham, he will find that in his ordinary conversation he was exceedingly low and vulgar, and that no respectable English publisher could be found who would soil paper with the translation. If he will take the pains to read an essay by Macaulay, he will find that twenty years after the death of Luther there were more Catholics than when he was born. And that twenty years after the death of Voltaire there were millions less than when he was born. If he will take just a few moments to think, he will find that the last victory of Protestantism was in Holland; that there has never been one since, and will never be another. If he would really like to think, and enjoy for a few moments the luxury of having an idea, let him ponder for a little while over the instructive fact that languages having their root in the Latin have generally been spoken in Catholic countries, and that those languages having their root in the ancient German are now mostly spoken by people of Protestant proclivities. It may occur to him, after thinking of this a while, that there is something deeper in the question than he has as yet perceived. Luther's last victory, as I said before, was in Holland; but the victory of Voltaire goes on from day to day. Protestantism is not holding its own with Catholicism, even in the United States. I saw the other day the statistics, I believe, of the city of Chicago, showing that, while the city had increased two or three hundred per cent., Protestantism had lagged behind at the rate of twelve per cent. I am willing for one, to have the whole question depend upon a comparison of the worth and work of Voltaire and Luther. It may be, too, that the gentleman forgot to tell us that Luther himself gave consent to a person high in office to have two wives, but prudently suggested to him that he had better keep it as still as possible. Luther was, also, a believer in a personal Devil. He thought that deformed children had been begotten by an evil spirit. On one occasion he told a mother that, in his judgment, she had better drown her child; that he had no doubt that the Devil was its father. This same Luther made this observation: "Universal toleration is universal error, and universal error is universal hell." From this you will see that he was an exceedingly good man, but mistaken upon many questions. So, too, he laughed at the Copernican system, and wanted to know if those fool astronomers could undo the work of God. He probably knew as little about science as the reverend gentleman does about history.

Question. Does he compare any other Infidels with Christians?

Answer. Oh, yes; he compares Lord Bacon with Diderot. I have never claimed that Diderot was a saint. I have simply insisted that he was a great man; that he was grand enough to say that "incredulity is the beginning of philosophy;" that he had sense enough to know that the God described by the Catholics and Protestants of his day was simply an impossible monster; and that he also had the brain to see that the little selfish heaven occupied by a few monks and nuns and idiots they had fleeced, was hardly worth going to; in other words, that he was a man of common sense, greatly in advance of his time, and that he did what he could to increase the sum of human enjoyment to the end that there might be more happiness in this world.

The gentleman compares him with Lord Bacon, and yet, if he will read the trials of that day—I think in the year 1620—he will find that the Christian Lord Bacon, the pious Lord Bacon, was charged with receiving pay for his opinions, and, in some instances, pay from both sides; that the Christian Lord Bacon, at first upon his honor as a Christian lord, denied the whole business; that afterward the Christian Lord Bacon, upon his honor as a Christian lord, admitted the truth of the whole business, and that, therefore, the Christian Lord Bacon was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of forty thousand pounds, and rendered infamous and incapable of holding any office. Now, understand me, I do not think Bacon took bribes because he was a Christian, because there have been many Christian judges perfectly honest; but, if the statement of the reverend gentlemen of New York is true, his being a Christian did not prevent his taking bribes. And right here allow me to thank the gentleman with all my heart for having spoken of Lord Bacon in this connection. I have always admired the genius of Bacon, and have always thought of his fall with an aching heart, and would not now have spoken of his crime had not his character been flung in my face by a gentleman who asks his God to kill me for having expressed my honest thought.

The same gentleman compares Newton with Spinoza. In the first place, there is no ground of parallel. Newton was a very great man and a very justly celebrated mathematician. As a matter of fact, he is not celebrated for having discovered the law of gravitation. That was known for thousands of years before he was born; and if the reverend gentleman would read a little more he would find that Newton's discovery was not that there is such a law as gravitation, but that bodies attract each other "with a force proportional directly to the quantity of matter they contain, and inversely to the squares of their distances." I do not think he made the discoveries on account of his Christianity. Laplace was certainly in many respects as great a mathematician and astronomer, but he was not a Christian.

Descartes was certainly not much inferior to Newton as a mathematician, and thousands insist that he was his superior; yet he was not a Christian. Euclid, if I remember right, was not a Christian, and yet he had quite a turn for mathematics. As a matter of fact, Christianity got its idea of algebra from the Mohammedans, and, without algebra, astronomical knowledge of to-day would have been impossible. Christianity did not even invent figures. We got those from the Arabs. The very word "algebra" is Arabic. The decimal system, I believe, however, was due to a German, but whether he was a Christian or not, I do not know.

We find that the Chinese calculated eclipses long before Christ was born; and, exactness being the rule at that time, there is an account of two astronomers having been beheaded for failing to tell the coming of an eclipse to the minute; yet they were not Christians. There is another fact connected with Newton, and that is that he wrote a commentary on the Book of Revelation. The probability is that a sillier commentary was never written. It was so perfectly absurd and laughable that some one—I believe it was Voltaire—said that while Newton had excited the envy of the intellectual world by his mathematical accomplishments, it had gotten even with him the moment his commentaries were published. Spinoza was not a mathematician, particularly. He was a metaphysician, an honest thinker, whose influence is felt, and

will be felt so long as these great questions have the slightest interest for the human brain.

He also compares Chalmers with Hume. Chalmers gained his notoriety from preaching what are known as the astronomical sermons, and, I suppose, was quite a preacher in his day.

But Hume was a thinker, and his works will live for ages after Mr. Chalmers' sermons will have been forgotten. Mr. Chalmers has never been prominent enough to have been well known by many people. He may have been an exceedingly good man, and derived, during his life, great consolation from a belief in the damnation of infants.

Mr. Newman also compares Wesley with Thomas Paine. When Thomas Paine was in favor of human liberty, Wesley was against it. Thomas Paine wrote a pamphlet called "Common Sense," urging the colonies to separate themselves from Great Britain. Wesley wrote a treatise on the other side. He was the enemy of human liberty; and if his advice could have been followed we would have been the colonies of Great Britain still. We never would have had a President in need of a private chaplain. Mr. Wesley had not a scientific mind. He preached a sermon once on the cause and cure of earthquakes, taking the ground that earthquakes were caused by sins, and that the only way to stop them was to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He also laid down some excellent rules for rearing children, that is, from a Methodist standpoint. His rules amounted to about this:

First. Never give them what they want.

Second. Never give them what you intend to give them, at the time they want it.

Third. Break their wills at the earliest possible moment.

Mr. Wesley made every family an inquisition, every father and mother inquisitors, and all the children helpless victims. One of his homes would give an exceedingly vivid idea of hell. At the same time, Mr. Wesley was a believer in witches and wizards, and knew all about the Devil. At his request God performed many miracles. On several occasions he cured his horse of lameness. On others, dissipated Mr. Wesley's headaches. Now and then he put off rain on account of a camp meeting, and at other times stopped the wind blowing at the special request of Mr. Wesley. I have no doubt that Mr. Wesley was honest in all this,—just as honest as he was mistaken. And I also admit that he was the founder of a church that does extremely well in new countries, and that thousands of Methodists have been exceedingly good men. But I deny that he ever did anything for human liberty. While Mr. Wesley was fighting the Devil and giving his experience with witches and wizards, Thomas Paine helped to found a free nation, helped to enrich the air with another flag. Wesley was right on one thing, though. He was opposed to slavery, and, I believe, called it the sum of all villainies. I have always been obliged to him for that. I do not think he said it because he was a Methodist; but Methodism, as he understood it, did not prevent his saying it, and Methodism as others understood it, did not prevent men from being slaveholders, did not prevent them from selling babes from mothers, and in the name of God beating the naked back of toil. I think, on the whole, Paine did more for the world than Mr. Wesley. The difference between an average Methodist and an average Episcopalian is not worth quarreling about. But the difference between a man who

believes in despotism and one who believes in liberty is almost infinite. Wesley changed Episcopalians into Methodists; Paine turned lickspittles into men. Let it be understood, once for all, that I have never claimed that Paine was perfect. I was very glad that the reverend gentleman admitted that he was a patriot and the foe of tyrants; that he sympathized with the oppressed, and befriended the helpless; that he favored religious toleration, and that he weakened the power of the Catholic Church. I am glad that he made these admissions. Whenever it can be truthfully said of a man that he loved his country, hated tyranny, sympathized with the oppressed, and befriended the helpless, nothing more is necessary. If God can afford to damn such a man, such a man can afford to be damned. While Paine was the foe of tyrants, Christians were the tyrants. When he sympathized with the oppressed, the oppressed were the victims of Christians. When he befriended the helpless, the helpless were the victims of Christians. Paine never founded an inquisition; never tortured a human being; never hoped that anybody's tongue would be paralyzed, and was always opposed to private chaplains.

It might be well for the reverend gentleman to continue his comparisons, and find eminent Christians to put, for instance, along with Humboldt, the Shakespeare of science; somebody by the side of Darwin, as a naturalist; some gentleman in England to stand with Tyndall, or Huxley; some Christian German to stand with Haeckel and Helmholtz. May be he knows some Christian statesman that he would compare with Gambetta. I would advise him to continue his parallels.

Question. What have you to say of the Rev. Dr. Fulton?

Answer. The Rev. Dr. Fulton is a great friend of mine. I am extremely sorry to find that he still believes in a personal Devil, and I greatly regret that he imagines that this Devil has so much power that he can take possession of a human being and deprive God of their services. It is in sorrow and not in anger, that I find that he still believes in this ancient superstition. I also regret that he imagines that I am leading young men to eternal ruin. It occurs to me that if there is an infinite God, he ought not to allow anybody to lead young men to eternal ruin. If anything I have said, or am going to say, has a tendency to lead young men to eternal ruin, I hope that if there is a God with the power to prevent me, that he will use it. Dr. Fulton admits that in politics I am on the right side. I presume he makes this concession because he is a Republican. I am in favor of universal education, of absolute intellectual liberty. I am in favor, also, of equal rights to all. As I have said before we have spent millions and millions of dollars and rivers of blood to free the bodies of men; in other words, we have been freeing the cages. My proposition now is to give a little liberty to the birds. I am not willing to stop where a man can simply reap the fruit of his hand. I wish him, also, to enjoy the liberty of his brain. I am not against any truth in the New Testament. I did say that I objected to religion because it made enemies and not friends. The Rev. Dr. says that is one reason why he likes religion. Dr. Fulton tells me that the Bible is the gift of God to man. He also tells me that the Bible is true, and that God is its author. If the Bible is true and God is its author, then God was in favor of slavery four thousand years ago. He was also in favor of polygamy and religious intolerance. In other words, four thousand years ago he occupied the exact position the Devil is supposed to occupy now. If the Bible teaches anything it teaches man to

enslave his brother, that is to say, if his brother is a heathen. The God of the Bible always hated heathens. Dr. Fulton also says that the Bible is the basis of all law. Yet, if the Legislature of New York would re-enact next winter the Mosaic code, the members might consider themselves lucky if they were not hung upon their return home. Probably Dr. Fulton thinks that had it not been for the Ten Commandments, nobody would ever have thought that stealing was wrong. I have always had an idea that men objected to stealing because the industrious did not wish to support the idle; and I have a notion that there has always been a law against murder, because a large majority of people have always objected to being murdered. If he will read his Old Testament with care, he will find that God violated most of his own commandments—all except that "Thou shalt worship no other God before me," and, may be, the commandment against work on the Sabbath day. With these two exceptions I am satisfied that God himself violated all the rest. He told his chosen people to rob the Gentiles; that violated the commandment against stealing. He said himself that he had sent out lying spirits; that certainly was a violation of another commandment. He ordered soldiers to kill men, women and babes; that was a violation of another. He also told them to divide the maidens among the soldiers; that was a substantial violation of another. One of the commandments was that you should not covet your neighbor's property. In that commandment you will find that a man's wife is put on an equality with his ox. Yet his chosen people were allowed not only to covet the property of the Gentiles, but to take it. If Dr. Fulton will read a little more, he will find that all the good laws in the Decalogue had been in force in Egypt a century before Moses was born. He will find that like laws and many better ones were in force in India and China, long before Moses knew what a bulrush was. If he will think a little while, he will find that one of the Ten Commandments, the one on the subject of graven images, was bad. The result of that was that Palestine never produced a painter, or a sculptor, and that no Jew became famous in art until long after the destruction of Jerusalem. A commandment that robs a people of painting and statuary is not a good one. The idea of the Bible being the basis of law is almost too silly to be seriously refuted. I admit that I did say that Shakespeare was the greatest man who ever lived; and Dr. Fulton says in regard to this statement, "What foolishness!" He then proceeds to insult his audience by telling them that while many of them have copies of Shakespeare's works in their houses, they have not read twenty pages of them. This fact may account for their attending his church and being satisfied with that sermon. I do not believe to-day that Shakespeare is more influential than the Bible, but what influence Shakespeare has, is for good. No man can read it without having his intellectual wealth increased. When you read it, it is not necessary to throw away your reason. Neither will you be damned if you do not understand it. It is a book that appeals to everything in the human brain. In that book can be found the wisdom of all ages. Long after the Bible has passed out of existence, the name of Shakespeare will lead the intellectual roster of the world. Dr. Fulton says there is not one work in the Bible that teaches that slavery or polygamy is right. He also states that I know it. If language has meaning—if words have sense, or the power to convey thought,—what did God mean when he told the Israelites to buy of the heathen round about, and that the heathen should be their bondmen and bondmaids forever?

What did God mean when he said, If a man strike his servant so he dies, he should not be punished, because his servant was his money? Passages like these can be quoted beyond the space that any paper is willing to give. Yet the Rev. Dr. Fulton denies that the Old Testament upholds slavery. I would like to ask him if the Old Testament is in favor of religious toleration? If God wrote the Old Testament and afterward came upon the earth as Jesus Christ, and taught a new religion, and the Jews crucified him, was this not in accordance with his own law, and was he not, after all, the victim of himself?

Question. What about the other ministers?

Answer. Well, I see in the *Herald* that some ten have said that they would reply to me. I have selected the two, simply because they came first. I think they are about as poor as any; and you know it is natural to attack those who are the easiest answered. All these ministers are now acting as my agents, and are doing me all the good they can by saying all the bad things about me they can think of. They imagine that their congregations have not grown, and they talk to them as though they were living in the seventeenth instead of the nineteenth century. The truth is, the pews are beyond the pulpit, and the modern sheep are now protecting the shepherds.

Question. Have you noticed a great change in public sentiment in the last three or four years?

Answer. Yes, I think there are ten times as many Infidels to- day as there were ten years ago. I am amazed at the great change that has taken place in public opinion. The churches are not getting along well. There are hundreds and hundreds who have not had a new member in a year. The young men are not satisfied with the old ideas. They find that the church, after all, is opposed to learning; that it is the enemy of progress; that it says to every young man, “Go slow. Don’t allow your knowledge to puff you up. Recollect that reason is a dangerous thing. You had better be a little ignorant here for the sake of being an angel hereafter, than quite a smart young man and get damned at last.” The church warns them against Humboldt and Darwin, and tells them how much nobler it is to come from mud than from monkeys; that they were made from mud. Every college professor is afraid to tell what he thinks, and every student detects the cowardice. The result is that the young men have lost confidence in the creeds of the day and propose to do a little thinking for themselves. They still have a kind of tender pity for the old folks, and pretend to believe some things they do not, rather than hurt grandmother’s feelings. In the presence of the preachers they talk about the weather or other harmless subjects, for fear of bruising the spirit of their pastor. Every minister likes to consider himself as a brave shepherd leading the lambs through the green pastures and defending them at night from Infidel wolves. All this he does for a certain share of the wool. Others regard the church as a kind of social organization, as a good way to get into society. They wish to attend sociables, drink tea, and contribute for the conversion of the heathen. It is always so pleasant to think that there is somebody worse than you are, whose reformation you can help pay for. I find, too, that the young women are getting tired of the old doctrines, and that everywhere, all over this country, the power of the pulpit wanes and weakens. I find in my lectures that the applause is just in proportion to the radicalism of the thought expressed. Our war was a great educator,

when the whole people of the North rose up grandly in favor of human liberty. For many years the great question of human rights was discussed from every stump. Every paper was filled with splendid sentiments. An application of those doctrines—doctrines born in war—will forever do away with the bondage of superstition. When man has been free in body for a little time, he will become free in mind, and the man who says, "I have a equal right with other men to work and reap the reward of my labor," will say, "I have, also, an equal right to think and reap the reward of my thought."

In old times there was a great difference between a clergyman and a layman. The clergyman was educated; the peasant was ignorant. The tables have been turned. The thought of the world is with the laymen. They are the intellectual pioneers, the mental leaders, and the ministers are following on behind, predicting failure and disaster, sighing for the good old times when their word ended discussion. There is another good thing, and that is the revision of the Bible. Hundreds of passages have been found to be interpolations, and future revisers will find hundreds more. The foundation crumbles. That book, called the basis of all law and civilization, has to be civilized itself. We have outgrown it. Our laws are better; our institutions grander; our objects and aims nobler and higher.

Question. Do many people write to you upon this subject; and what spirit do they manifest?

Answer. Yes, I get a great many anonymous letters—some letters in which God is asked to strike me dead, others of an exceedingly insulting character, others almost idiotic, others exceedingly malicious, and others insane, others written in an exceedingly good spirit, winding up with the information that I must certainly be damned. Others express wonder that God allowed me to live at all, and that, having made the mistake, he does not instantly correct it by killing me. Others prophesy that I will yet be a minister of the gospel; but, as there has never been any softening of the brain in our family, I imagine that the prophecy will never by fulfilled. Lately, on opening a letter and seeing that it is upon this subject, and without a signature, I throw it aside without reading. I have so often found them to be so grossly ignorant, insulting and malicious, that as a rule I read them no more.

Question. Of the hundreds of people who call upon you nearly every day to ask your help, do any of them ever discriminate against you on account of your Infidelity?

Answer. No one who has asked a favor of me objects to my religion, or, rather, to my lack of it. A great many people do come to me for assistance of one kind or another. But I have never yet asked a man or woman whether they were religious or not, to what church they belonged, or any questions upon the subject. I think I have done favors for persons of most denominations. It never occurs to me whether they are Christians or Infidels. I do not care. Of course, I do not expect that Christians will treat me the same as though I belonged to their church. I have never expected it. In some instances I have been disappointed. I have some excellent friends who disagree with me entirely upon the subject of religion. My real opinion is that secretly they like me because I am not a Christian, and those who do not like me envy the liberty I enjoy.

—New York correspondent, *Chicago Times*, May 29, 1881.

Guiteau And His Crime

[Our "Royal Bob" was found by The Gazette, in the gloaming of a delicious evening, during the past week, within the open portals of his friendly residence, dedicated by the gracious presence within to a simple and cordial hospitality, to the charms of friendship and the freedom of an abounding comradeship. With intellectual and untrammeled life, a generous, wise and genial host, whoever enters finds a welcome, seasoned with kindly wit and Attic humor, a poetic insight and a delicious frankness which renders an evening there a veritable symposium. The wayfarer who passes is charmed, and he who comes frequently, goes always away with delighted memories.*

What matters it that we differ? such as he and his make our common life the sweeter. An hour or two spent in the attractive parlors of the Ingersoll homestead, amid that rare group, lends a newer meaning to the idea of home and a more secure beauty to the fact of family life. During the past exciting three weeks Colonel Ingersoll has been a busy man. He holds no office. No position could lend him an additional crown and even recognition is no longer necessary. But it has been well that amid the first fierce fury of anger and excitement, and the subsequent more bitter if not as noble outpouring of faction's suspicions and innuendoes, that so manly a man, so sagacious a counsellor, has been enabled to hold so positive a balance. Cabinet officers, legal functionaries, detectives, citizens—all have felt the wise, humane instincts, and the capacious brain of this marked man affecting and influencing for this fair equipoise and calmer judgment.

Conversing freely on the evening of this visit, Colonel Ingersoll, in the abundance of his pleasure at the White House news, submitted to be interviewed, and with the following result.]

Question. By-the-way, Colonel, you knew Guiteau slightly, we believe. Are you aware that it has been attempted to show that some money loaned or given him by yourself was really what he purchased the pistol with?

Answer. I knew Guiteau slightly; I saw him for the first time a few days after the inauguration. He wanted a consulate, and asked me to give him a letter to Secretary Blaine. I refused, on the ground that I didn't know him. Afterwards he wanted me to lend him twenty-five dollars, and I declined. I never loaned him a dollar in the world. If I had, I should not feel that I was guilty of trying to kill the President. On the principle that one would hold the man guilty who had innocently loaned the money with which he bought the pistol, you might convict the tailor who made his clothes. If he had had no clothes he would not have gone to the depot naked, and the crime would not have been committed. It is hard enough for the man who did lend him the money to lose that, without losing his reputation besides. Nothing can exceed the utter absurdity of what has been said upon this subject.

Question. How did Guiteau impress you and what have you remembered, Colonel, of his efforts to reply to your lectures?

Answer. I do not know that Guiteau impressed me in any way. He appeared like most other folks in search of a place or employment. I suppose he was in need. He talked

about the same as other people, and claimed that I ought to help him because he was from Chicago. The second time he came to see me he said that he hoped I had no prejudice against him on account of what he had said about me. I told him that I never knew he had said anything against me. I suppose now that he referred to what he had said in his lectures. He went about the country replying to me. I have seen one or two of his lectures. He used about the same arguments that Mr. Black uses in his reply to my article in the *North American Review*, and denounced me in about the same terms. He is undoubtedly a man who firmly believes in the Old Testament, and has no doubt concerning the New. I understand that he puts in most of his time now reading the Bible and rebuking people who use profane language in his presence.

Question. You most certainly do not see any foundation for the accusations of preachers like Sunderland, Newman and Power, *et al*, that the teaching of a secular liberalism has had anything to do with the shaping of Guiteau's character or the actions of his vagabond life or the inciting to his murderous deeds?

Answer. I do not think that the sermon of Mr. Power was in good taste. It is utterly foolish to charge the "Stalwarts" with committing or inciting the crime against the life of the President. Ministers, though, as a rule, know but little of public affairs, and they always account for the actions of people they do not like or agree with, by attributing to them the lowest and basest motives. This is the fault of the pulpit—always has been, and probably always will be. The Rev. Dr. Newman of New York, tells us that the crime of Guiteau shows three things: First, that ignorant men should not be allowed to vote; second, that foreigners should not be allowed to vote; and third, that there should not be so much religious liberty.

It turns out, first, the Guiteau is not an ignorant man; second, that he is not a foreigner; and third, that he is a Christian. Now, because an intelligent American Christian tries to murder the President, this person says we ought to do something with ignorant foreigners and Infidels. This is about the average pulpit logic. Of course, all the ministers hate to admit the Guiteau was a Christian; that he belonged to the Young Men's Christian Association, or at least was generally found in their rooms; that he was a follower of Moody and Sankey, and probably instrumental in the salvation of a great many souls. I do not blame them for wishing to get rid of this record. What I blame them for is that they are impudent enough to charge the crime of Guiteau upon Infidelity. Infidels and Atheists have often killed tyrants. They have often committed crimes to increase the liberty of mankind; but the history of the world will not show an instance where an Infidel or an Atheist has assassinated any man in the interest of human slavery. Of course, I am exceedingly glad that Guiteau is not an Infidel. I am glad that he believes the Bible, glad that he has delivered lectures against what he calls Infidelity, and glad that he has been working for years with the missionaries and evangelists of the United States. He is a man of small brain, badly balanced. He believes the Bible to be the word of God. He believes in the reality of heaven and hell. He believes in the miraculous. He is surrounded by the supernatural, and when a man throws away his reason, of course no one can tell what he will do. He is liable to become a devotee or an assassin, a saint or a murderer; he may die in a monastery or in a penitentiary.

Question. According to your view, then, the species of fanaticism taught in sectarian Christianity, by which Guiteau was led to assert that Garfield dead would be better off then living—being in Paradise —is more responsible than office seeking or political factionalism for his deed?

Answer. Guiteau seemed to think that the killing of the President would only open the gates of Paradise to him, and that, after all, under such circumstances, murder was hardly a crime. This same kind of reasoning is resorted to in the pulpit to account for death. If Guiteau had succeeded in killing the President, hundreds of ministers would have said, "After all, it may be that the President has lost nothing; it may be that our loss is his eternal gain; and although it seems cruel that Providence should allow a man like him to be murdered, still, it may have been the very kindest thing that could have been done for him." Guiteau reasoned in this way, and probably convinced himself, judging from his own life, that this world was, after all, of very little worth. We are apt to measure others by ourselves. Of course, I do not think Christianity is responsible for this crime. Superstition may have been, in part — probably was. But no man believes in Christianity because he thinks it sanctions murder. At the same time, an absolute belief in the Bible sometimes produces the worst form of murder. Take that of Mr. Freeman, of Poeasset, who stabbed his little daughter to the heart in accordance with what he believed to be the command of God. This poor man imitated Abraham; and, for that matter, Jehovah himself. There have been in the history of Christianity thousands and thousands of such instances, and there will probably be many thousands more that have been and will be produced by throwing away our own reason and taking the word of some one else — often a word that we do not understand.

Question. What is your opinion as to the effect of praying for the recovery of the President, and have you any confidence that prayers are answered?

Answer. My opinion as to the value of prayer is well known. I take it that every one who prays for the President shows at least his sympathy and good will. Personally, I have no objection to anybody's praying. Those who think their prayers are answered should pray. For all who honestly believe this, and who honestly implore their Deity to watch over, protect, and save the life of the President, I have only the kindliest feelings.

It may be that a few will pray to be seen of men; but I suppose that most people on a subject like this are honest. Personally, I have not the slightest idea of the existence of the supernatural. Prayer may affect the person who prays. It may put him in such a frame of mind that he can better bear disappointment than if he had not prayed; but I cannot believe that there is any being who hears and answers prayer.

When we remember the earthquakes that have devoured, the pestilences that have covered the earth with corpses, and all the crimes and agonies that have been inflicted upon the good and weak by the bad and strong, it does not seem possible that anything can be accomplished by prayer. I do not wish to hurt the feelings of anyone, but I imagine that I have a right to my own opinion. If the President gets well it will be because the bullet did not strike an absolutely vital part; it will be because he has been well cared for; because he has had about him intelligent and skillful

physicians, men who understood their profession. No doubt he has received great support from the universal expression of sympathy and kindness. The knowledge that fifty millions of people are his friends has given him nerve and hope. Some of the ministers, I see, think that God was actually present and deflected the ball. Another minister tells us that the President would have been assassinated in a church, but that God determined not to allow so frightful a crime to be committed in so sacred an edifice. All this sounds to me like perfect absurdity—simple noise. Yet, I presume that those who talk in this way are good people and believe what they say. Of course, they can give no reason why God did not deflect the ball when Lincoln was assassinated. The truth is, the pulpit first endeavors to find out the facts, and then to make a theory to fit them. Whoever believes in a special providence must, of necessity, by illogical and absurd; because it is impossible to make any theological theory that some facts will not contradict.

Question. Won't you give us, then, Colonel, your analysis of this act, and the motives leading to it?

Answer. I think Guiteau wanted an office and was refused. He became importunate. He was, substantially, put out of the White House. He became malicious. He made up his mind to be revenged. This, in my judgment, is the diagnosis of his case. Since he has been in jail he has never said one word about having been put out of the White House; he is lawyer enough to know he must not furnish any ground for malice. He is a miserable, malicious and worthless wretch, infinitely egotistical, imagines that he did a great deal toward the election of Garfield, and upon being refused the house a serpent of malice coiled in his heart, and he determined to be revenged. That is all!

Question. Do you, in any way, see any reason or foundation for the severe and bitter criticisms made against the Stalwart leaders in connection with this crime? As you are well known to be a friend of the administration, while not unfriendly to Mr. Conkling and those acting with him, would you mind giving the public your opinion on this point?

Answer. Of course, I do not hold Arthur, Conkling and Platt responsible for Guiteau's action. In the first excitement a thousand unreasonable things were said; and when passion has possession of the brain, suspicion is a welcome visitor.

I do not think that any friend of the administration really believes Conkling, Platt and Arthur responsible in the slightest degree. Conkling wished to prevent the appointment of Robertson. The President stood by his friend. One thing brought on another, Mr. Conkling petulantly resigned, and made the mistake of his life. There was a good deal of feeling, but, of course, no one dreamed that the wretch, Guiteau, was lying in wait for the President's life. In the first place, Guiteau was on the President's side, and was bitterly opposed to Conkling. Guiteau did what he did from malice and personal spite. I think the sermon preached last Sunday in the Campbellite Church was unwise, ill advised, and calculated to make enemies instead of friends. Mr. Conkling has been beaten. He has paid for the mistake he made. If he can stand it, I can; and why should there be any malice on the subject? Exceedingly good men have made mistakes, and afterward corrected them.

Question. Is it not true, Colonel Ingersoll, that the lesson of this deed is to point the real and overwhelming need of re-knitting and harmonizing the factions?

Answer. There is hardly enough faction left for "knitting." The party is in harmony now. All that is necessary is to stop talking. The people of this country care very little as to who holds any particular office. They wish to have the Government administered in accordance with certain great principles, and they leave the fields, the shops, and the stores once in four years, for the purpose of attending to that business. In the meantime, politicians quarrel about offices. The people go on. They plow fields, they build homes, they open mines, they enrich the world, they cover our country with prosperity, and enjoy the aforesaid quarrels. But when the time comes, these gentlemen are forgotten.

Principles take the place of politicians, and the people settle these questions for themselves.

—*Sunday Gazette*, Washington, D. C., July 24, 1881.

District Suffrage

Question. You have heretofore incidentally expressed yourself on the matter of local suffrage in the District of Columbia. Have you any objections to giving your present views of the question?

Answer. I am still in favor of suffrage in the District. The real trouble is, that before any substantial relief can be reached, there must be a change in the Constitution of the United States. The mere right to elect aldermen and mayors and policemen is of no great importance. It is a mistake to take all political power from the citizens of the District. Americans want to help rule the country. The District ought to have at least one Representative in Congress, and should elect one presidential elector. The people here should have a voice. They should feel that they are a part of this country. They should have the right to sue in all Federal courts, precisely as though they were citizens of a State. This city ought to have half a million of inhabitants. Thousands would come here every year from every part of the Union, were it not for the fact that they do not wish to become political nothings. They think that citizenship is worth something, and they preserve it by staying away from Washington. This city is a "flag of truce" where wounded and dead politicians congregate; the Mecca of failures, the perdition of claimants, the purgatory of seekers after place, and the heaven only of those who neither want nor do anything. Nothing is manufactured, no solid business is done in this city, and there never will be until energetic, thrifty people wish to make it their home, and they will not wish that until the people of the District have something like the rights and political prospects of other citizens. It is hard to see why the right to representation should be taken from citizens living in the Capital of the Nation. The believers in free government should believe in a free capital.

Question. Are there any valid reasons why the constitutional limitations to the elective franchise in the District of Columbia should not be removed by an amendment to that instrument?

Answer. I cannot imagine one. If our Government is founded upon a correct principle there can be no objection urged against suffrage in the District that cannot, with equal force, be urged against every part of the country. If freedom is dangerous here, it is safe nowhere. If a man cannot be trusted in the District, he is dangerous in the State. We do not trust the place where the man happens to be; we trust the man. The people of this District cannot remain in their present condition without becoming dishonored. The idea of allowing themselves to be governed by commissioners, in whose selection they have no part, is monstrous. The people here beg, implore, request, ask, pray, beseech, intercede, crave, urge, entreat, supplicate, memorialize and most humbly petition, but they neither vote nor demand. They are not allowed to enter the Temple of Liberty; they stay in the lobby or sit on the steps.

Question. They say Paris is France, because her electors or citizens control that municipality. Do you foresee any danger of centralization in the full enfranchisement of the citizens of Washington?

Answer. There was a time when the intelligence of France was in Paris. The country was besotted, ignorant, Catholic; Paris was alive, educated, Infidel, full of new theories, of passion and heroism. For two hundred years Paris was an athlete chained to a corpse. The corpse was the rest of France. It is different now, and the whole country is at last filling with light. Besides, Paris has two millions of people. It is filled with factories. It is not only the intellectual center, but the center of money and business as well. Let the *Corps Legislatif* meet anywhere, and Paris will continue to be in a certain splendid sense—France. Nothing like that can ever happen here unless you expect Washington to outstrip New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. If allowing the people of the District of Columbia to vote was the only danger to the Republic, I should be politically the happiest of men. I think it somewhat dangerous to deprive even one American citizen of the right to govern himself.

Question. Would you have Government clerks and officials appointed to office here given the franchise in the District? and should this, if given, include the women clerks?

Answer. Citizenship should be determined here as in the States. Clerks should not be allowed to vote unless their intention is to make the District their home. When I make a government I shall give one vote to each family. The unmarried should not be represented except by parents. Let the family be the unit of representation. Give each hearthstone a vote.

Question. How do you regard the opposition of the local clergy and of the Bourbon Democracy to enfranchising the citizens of the District?

Answer. I did not know that the clergy did oppose it. If, as you say, they do oppose it because they fear it will extend the liquor traffic, I think their reason exceedingly stupid. You cannot make men temperate by shutting up a few of the saloons and leaving others wide open. Intemperance must be met with other weapons. The church ought not to appeal to force. What would the clergy of Washington think should the miracle of Cana be repeated in their day? Had they been in that country, with their present ideas, what would they have said? After all there is a great deal of philosophy in the following: “Better have the whole world voluntarily drunk then sober on compulsion.” Of course the Bourbons object. Objecting is the business of a Bourbon. He always objects. If he does not understand the question he objects because he does not, and if he does understand he objects because he does. With him the reason for objecting is the fact that he does.

Question. What effect, if any, would the complete franchise to our citizens have upon real estate and business in Washington?

Answer. If the people here had representation according to numbers—if the avenues to political preferment were open—if men here could take part in the real government of the country, if they could bring with them all their rights, this would be a great and splendid Capital. We ought to have here a University, the best in the world, a library second to none, and here should be gathered the treasures of American art. The Federal Government has been infinitely economical in the direction of information. I hope the time will come when our Government will give as much to educate two men as to kill one.

—*The Capital*, Washington, D. C., December 18, 1881.

Funeral Of John G. Mills And Immortality

[Robert G. Ingersoll rarely takes the trouble to answer critics. His recent address over the dead body of his friend John G. Mills has called forth a storm of denunciation from nearly every pulpit in the country. The writer called at the Colonel's office in New York Avenue yesterday and asked him to reply to some of the points made against him. Reluctantly he assented.]*

Question. Have you seen the recent clerical strictures upon your doctrines?

Answer. There are always people kind enough to send me anything they have the slightest reason to think I do not care to read. They seem to be animated by a missionary spirit, and apparently want to be in a position when they see me in hell to exclaim: "You can't blame me. I sent you all the impudent articles I saw, and if you died unconverted it was no fault of mine."

Question. Did you notice that a Washington clergyman said that the very fact that you were allowed to speak at the funeral was in itself a sacrilege, and that you ought to have been stopped?

Answer. Yes, I saw some such story. Of course, the clergy regard marriages and funerals as the perquisites of the pulpit, and they resent any interference on the part of the pews. They look at these matters from a business point of view. They made the same cry against civil marriages. They denied that marriage was a contract, and insisted that it was a sacrament, and that it was hardly binding unless a priest had blessed it. They used to bury in consecrated ground, and had marks upon the graves, so that Gabriel might know the ones to waken. The clergy wish to make themselves essential. They must christen the babe—this gives them possession of the cradle. They must perform the ceremony of marriage —this gives them possession of the family. They must pronounce the funeral discourse—this gives them possession of the dead. Formerly they denied baptism to the children of the unbeliever, marriage to him who denied the dogmas of the church, and burial to honest men. The church wishes to control the world, and wishes to sacrifice this world for the next. Of course I am in favor of the utmost liberty upon all these questions. When a Presbyterian dies, let a follower of John Calvin console the living by setting forth the "Five Points." When a Catholic becomes clay, let a priest perform such ceremonies as his creed demands, and let him picture the delights of purgatory for the gratification of the living. And when one dies who does not believe in any religion, having expressed a wish that somebody say a few words above his remains, I see no reason why such a proceeding should be stopped, and, for my part, I see no sacrilege in it. Why should the reputations of the dead, and the feelings of those who live, be placed at the mercy of the ministers? A man dies not having been a Christian, and who, according to the Christian doctrine, is doomed to eternal fire. How would an honest Christian minister console the widow and the fatherless children? How would he dare to tell what he claims to be truth in the presence of the living? The truth is, the Christian minister in the presence of death abandons his Christianity. He dare not say above the coffin, "the soul that once inhabited this body is now in hell." He would be

denounced as a brutal savage. Now and then a minister at a funeral has been brave enough and unmannerly enough to express his doctrine in all its hideousness of hate. I was told that in Chicago, many years ago, a young man, member of a volunteer fire company, was killed by the falling of a wall, and at the very moment the wall struck him he was uttering a curse. He was a brave and splendid man. An orthodox minister said above his coffin, in the presence of his mother and mourning friends, that he saw no hope for the soul of that young man. The mother, who was also orthodox, refused to have her boy buried with such a sermon—stopped the funeral, took the corpse home, engaged a Universalist preacher, and, on the next day having heard this man say that there was no place in the wide universe of God without hope, and that her son would finally stand among the redeemed, this mother laid her son away, put flowers upon his grave, and was satisfied.

Question. What have you to say to the charge that you are preaching the doctrine of despair and hopelessness, when they have the comforting assurances of the Christian religion to offer?

Answer. All I have to say is this: If the Christian religion is true, as commonly preached—and when I speak of Christianity, I speak of the orthodox Christianity of the day—if that be true, those whom I have loved the best are now in torment. Those to whom I am most deeply indebted are now suffering the vengeance of God. If this religion be true, the future is of no value to me. I care nothing about heaven, unless the ones I love and have loved are there. I know nothing about the angels. I might not like them, and they might not like me. I would rather meet there the ones who have loved me here—the ones who would have died for me, and for whom I would have died; and if we are to be eternally divided —not because we differed in our views of justice, not because we differed about friendship or love or candor, or the nobility of human action, but because we differed in belief about the atonement or baptism or the inspiration of the Scriptures—and if some of us are to be in heaven, and some in hell, then, for my part, I prefer eternal sleep. To me the doctrine of annihilation is infinitely more consoling, than the probable separation preached by the orthodox clergy of our time. Of course, even if there be a God, I like persons that I know, better than I can like him—we have more in common—I know more about them; and how is it possible for me to love the infinite and unknown better than the ones I know? Why not have the courage to say that if there be a God, all I know about him I know by knowing myself and my friends—by knowing others? And, after all, is not a noble man, is not a pure woman, the finest revelation we have of God—if there be one? Of what use is it to be false to ourselves? What moral quality is there in theological pretence? Why should a man say that he loves God better than he does his wife or his children or his brother or his sister or his warm, true friend? Several ministers have objected to what I said about my friend Mr. Mills, on the ground that it was not calculated to console the living. Mr. Mills was not a Christian. He denied the inspiration of the Scriptures. He believed that restitution was the best repentance, and that, after all, sin is a mistake. He was not a believer in total depravity, or in the atonement. He denied these things. He was an unbeliever. Now, let me ask, what consolation could a Christian minister have given to his family? He could have said to the widow and the orphans, to the brother and sister: “Your husband, your father, your brother, is now in hell; dry your tears; weep not for him, but try and save

yourselves. He has been damned as a warning to you, care no more for him, why should you weep over the grave of a man whom God thinks fit only to be eternally tormented? Why should you love the memory of one whom God hates?" The minister could have said: "He had an opportunity—he did not take it. The life-boat was lowered—he would not get in—he has been drowned, and the waves of God's wrath will sweep over him forever." This is the consolation of Christianity and the only honest consolation that Christianity can have for the widow and orphans of an unbeliever. Suppose, however, that the Christian minister has too tender a heart to tell what he believes to be the truth—then he can say to the sorrowing friends: "Perhaps the man repented before he died; perhaps he is not in hell, perhaps you may meet him in heaven;" and this "perhaps" is a consolation not growing out of Christianity, but out of the politeness of the preacher—out of paganism.

Question. Do you not think that the Bible has consolation for those who have lost their friends?

Answer. There is about the Old Testament this strange fact—I find in it no burial service. There is in it, I believe, from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi, not one word said over the dead as to their place and state. When Abraham died, nobody said: "He is still alive—he is in another world." When the prophets passed away, not one word was said as to the heaven to which they had gone. In the Old Testament, Saul inquired of the witch, and Samuel rose. Samuel did not pretend that he had been living, or that he was alive, but asked: "Why hast thou disquieted me?" He did not pretend to have come from another world. And when David speaks of his son, saying that he could not come back to him, but that he, David, could go to his son, that is but saying that he, too, must die. There is not in the Old Testament one hope of immortality. It is expressly asserted that there is no difference between the man and beast—that as the one dieth so dieth the other. There is one little passage in Job which commentators have endeavored to twist into a hope of immortality. Here is a book of hundreds and hundreds of pages, and hundreds and hundreds of chapters—a revelation from God—and in it one little passage, which, by a mistranslation, is tortured into saying something about another life. And this is the Old Testament. I have sometimes thought that the Jews, when slaves in Egypt, were mostly occupied in building tombs for mummies, and that they became so utterly disgusted with that kind of work, that the moment they founded a nation for themselves they went out of the tomb business. The Egyptians were believers in immortality, and spent almost their entire substance upon the dead. The living were impoverished to enrich the dead. The grave absorbed the wealth of Egypt. The industry of a nation was buried. Certainly the Old Testament has nothing clearly in favor of immortality. In the New Testament we are told about the "kingdom of heaven,"—that it is at hand—and about who shall be worthy, but it is hard to tell what is meant by the kingdom of heaven. The kingdom of heaven was apparently to be in this world, and it was about to commence. The Devil was to be chained for a thousand years, the wicked were to be burned up, and Christ and his followers were to enjoy the earth. This certainly was the doctrine of Paul when he says: "Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all *sleep*, but we shall all be *changed*. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the *dead* shall be *raised* incorruptible, and *we* shall be *changed*. For this corruptible

must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." According to this doctrine, those who were alive were to be changed, and those who had died were to be raised from the dead. Paul certainly did not refer to any other world beyond this. All these things were to happen here. The New Testament is made up of the fragments of many religions. It is utterly inconsistent with itself; and there is not a particle of evidence of the resurrection and ascension of Christ—neither in the nature of things could there be. It is a thousand times more probable that people were mistaken than that such things occurred. If Christ really rose from the dead, he should have shown himself, not simply to his disciples, but to the very men who crucified him—to Herod, to the high priest, to Pilate. He should have made a triumphal entry into Jerusalem after his resurrection, instead of before. He should have shown himself to the Sadducees,—to those who denied the existence of spirit. Take from the New Testament its doctrine of eternal pain—the idea that we can please God by acts of self-denial that can do no good to others—take away all its miracles, and I have no objection to all the good things in it—no objection to the hope of a future life, if such a hope is expressed—not the slightest. And I would not for the world say anything to take from any mind a hope in which dwells the least comfort, but a doctrine that dooms a large majority of mankind to eternal flames ought not to be called a consolation. What I say is, that the writers of the New Testament knew no more about the future state than I do, and no less. The horizon of life has never been pierced. The veil between time and what is called eternity, has never been raised, so far as I know; and I say of the dead what all others must say if they say only what they know. There is no particular consolation in a guess. Not knowing what the future has in store for the human race, it is far better to prophesy good than evil. It is better to hope that the night has a dawn, that the sky has a star, than to build a heaven for the few, and a hell for the many. It is better to leave your dead in doubt than in fire—better that they should sleep in shadow than in the lurid flames of perdition. And so I say, and always have said, let us hope for the best. The minister asks: "What right have you to hope? It is sacrilegious in you!" But, whether the clergy like it or not, I shall always express my real opinion, and shall always be glad to say to those who mourn: "There is in death, as I believe, nothing worse than sleep. Hope for as much better as you can. Under the seven-hued arch let the dead rest." Throw away the Bible, and you throw away the fear of hell, but the hope of another life remains, because the hope does not depend upon a book—it depends upon the heart—upon human affection. The fear, so far as this generation is concerned, is born of the book, and that part of the book was born of savagery. Whatever of hope is in the book is born, as I said before, of human affection, and the higher our civilization the greater the affection. I had rather rest my hope of something beyond the grave upon the human heart, than upon what they call the Scriptures, because there I find mingled with the hope of something good the threat of infinite evil. Among the thistles, thorns and briers of the Bible is one pale and sickly flower of hope. Among all its wild beasts and fowls, only one bird flies heavenward. I prefer the hope without the thorns, without the briers, thistles, hyenas, and serpents.

Question. Do you not know that it is claimed that immortality was brought to light in the New Testament, that that, in fact, was the principal mission of Christ?

Answer. I know that Christians claim that the doctrine of immortality was first taught in the New Testament. They also claim that the highest morality was found there. Both these claims are utterly without foundation. Thousands of years before Christ was born—thousands of years before Moses saw the light—the doctrine of immortality was preached by the priests of Osiris and Isis. Funeral discourses were pronounced over the dead, ages before Abraham existed. When a man died in Egypt, before he was taken across the sacred lake, he had a trial. Witnesses appeared, and if he had done anything wrong, for which he had not done restitution, he was not taken across the lake. The living friends, in disgrace, carried the body back, and it was buried outside of what might be called consecrated ground, while the ghost was supposed to wander for a hundred years. Often the children of the dead would endeavor to redeem the poor ghost by acts of love and kindness. When he came to the spirit world there was the god Anubis, who weighed his heart in the scales of eternal justice, and if the good deed preponderated he entered the gates of Paradise; if the evil, he had to go back to the world, and be born in the bodies of animals for the purpose of final purification. At last, the good deeds would outweigh the evil, and, according to the religion of Egypt, the latch-string of heaven would never be drawn in until the last wanderer got home. Immortality was also taught in India, and, in fact, in all the countries of antiquity. Wherever men have loved, wherever they have dreamed, wherever hope has spread its wings, the idea of immortality has existed. But nothing could be worse than the immortality promised in the New Testament—admitting that it is so promised—eternal joy side by side with eternal pain. Think of living forever, knowing that countless millions are suffering eternal pain! How much better it would be for God to commit suicide and let all life and motion cease! Christianity has no consolation except for the Christian, and if a Christian minister endeavors to console the widow of an unbeliever he must resort, not to his religion, but to his sympathy—to the natural promptings of the heart. He is compelled to say: "After all, may be God is not so bad as we think," or, "May be your husband was better than he appeared; perhaps somehow, in some way, the dear man has squeezed in; he was a good husband, he was a kind father, and even if he is in hell, may be he is in the temperate zone, where they have occasional showers, and where, if the days are hot, the nights are reasonably cool." All I ask of Christian ministers is to tell what they believe to be the truth—not to borrow ideas from the pagans—not to preach the mercy born of unregenerate sympathy. Let them tell their real doctrines. If they will do that, they will not have much influence. If orthodox Christianity is true, a large majority of the man who have made this world fit to live in are now in perdition. A majority of the Revolutionary soldiers have been damned. A majority of the man who fought for the integrity of this Union—a majority who were starved at Libby and Andersonville are now in hell.

Question. Do you deny the immortality of the soul?

Answer. I have never denied the immortality of the soul. I have simply been honest. I have said: "I do not know." Long ago, in my lecture on "The Ghosts," I used the following language: "The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath

the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. It is the rainbow Hope, shining upon the tears of grief."

—*The Post*, Washington, D. C., April 30, 1883.

Star Route And Politics

[Col. Ingersoll entertains very pronounced ideas concerning President Arthur, Attorney-General Brewster and divers other people, which will be found presented herewith in characteristically piquant style. With his family, the eloquent advocate has a cottage here, and finds brain and body rest and refreshment in the tumbling waves. This noon, in the height of a tremendous thunder storm, I bumped against his burly figure in the roaring crest, and, after the first shock had passed, determined to utilize the providential coincidence. The water was warm, our clothes were in the bathing houses, and comfort was more certain where we were than anywhere else. The Colonel is an expert swimmer and as a floater he cannot be beaten. He was floating when we bumped. Spouting a pint of salt water from his mouth, he nearly choked with laughter as in answer to my question he said:]*

No, I do not believe there will be any more Star Route trials. There is so much talk about the last one, there will not be time for another.

Question. Did you anticipate a verdict?

Answer. I did anticipate a verdict, and one of acquittal. I knew that the defendants were entitled to such a verdict. I knew that the Government had signally failed to prove a case. There was nothing but suspicion, from which malice was inferred. The direct proof was utterly unworthy of belief. The direct witness was caught with letters he had forged. This one fact was enough to cover the prosecution with confusion. The fact that Rerdell sat with the other defendants and reported to the Government from day to day satisfied the jury as to the value of his testimony, and the animus of the Department of Justice. Besides, Rerdell had offered to challenge such jurors as the Government might select. He handed counsel for defendants a list of four names that he wanted challenged. At that time it was supposed that each defendant would be allowed to challenge four jurors. Afterward the Court decided that all the defendants must be considered as one party and had the right to challenge four and no more. Of the four names on Rerdell's list the Government challenged three and Rerdell tried to challenge the other. This was what is called a coincidence. Another thing had great influence with the jury—the evidence of the defendants was upon all material points so candid and so natural, so devoid of all coloring, that the jury could not help believing. If the people knew the evidence they would agree with the jury. When we remember that there were over ten thousand star routes, it is not to be wondered at that some mistakes were made—that in some instances too much was paid and in others too little.

Question. What has been the attitude of President Arthur?

Answer. We asked nothing from the President. We wanted no help from him. We expected that he would take no part—that he would simply allow the matter to be settled by the court in the usual way. I think that he made one very serious mistake. He removed officers on false charges without giving them a hearing. He deposed Marshal Henry because somebody said that he was the friend of the defendants. Henry was a good officer and an honest man. The President removed Ainger for the

same reason. This was a mistake. Ainger should have been heard. There is always time to do justice. No day is too short for justice, and eternity is not long enough to commit a wrong. It was thought that the community could be terrorized:—

First. The President dismissed Henry and Ainger.

Second. The Attorney-General wrote a letter denouncing the defendants as thieves and robbers.

Third. Other letters from Bliss and MacVeagh were published.

Fourth. Dixon, the foreman of the first jury, was indicted.

Fifth. Members of the first jury voting "guilty" were in various ways rewarded.

Sixth. Bargains were made with Boone and Rerdell. The cases against Boone were to be dismissed and Rerdell was promised immunity. Under these circumstances the second trial commenced. But of all the people in this country the citizens of Washington care least for Presidents and members of the Cabinets. They know what these officers are made of. They know that they are simply folks—that they do not hold office forever—that the Jupiters of to-day are often the pygmies of to-morrow. They have seen too many people come in with trumpets and flags and go out with hisses and rags to be overawed by the deities of a day. They have seen Lincoln and they are not to be frightened by his successors. Arthur took part to the extent of turning out men suspected of being friendly to the defence. Arthur was in a difficult place. He was understood to be the friend of Dorsey and, of course, had to do something. Nothing is more dangerous than a friend in power. He is obliged to show that he is impartial, and it always takes a good deal of injustice to establish a reputation for fairness.

Question. Was there any ground to expect aid or any different action on Arthur's part?

Answer. All we expected was that Arthur would do as the soldier wanted the Lord to do at New Orleans—"Just take neither side."

Question. Why did not Brewster speak?

Answer. The Court would not allow two closings. The Attorney- General did not care to speak in the "middle." He wished to close, and as he could not do that without putting Mr. Merrick out, he concluded to remain silent. The defendants had no objection to his speaking, but they objected to two closing arguments for the Government, and the Court decided they were right. Of course, I understand nothing about the way in which the attorneys for the prosecution arranged their difficulties. That was nothing to me; neither do I care what money they received—all that is for the next Congress. It is not for me to speak of those questions.

Question. Will there be other trials?

Answer. I think not. It does not seem likely that other attorneys will want to try, and the old ones have. My opinion is that we have had the last of the Star Route trials. It was claimed that the one tried was the strongest. If this is so the rest had better be

dismissed. I think the people are tired of the whole business. It now seems probable that all the time for the next few years will be taken up in telling about the case that was tried. I see that Cook is telling about MacVeagh and James and Brewster and Bliss; Walsh is giving his opinion of Kellogg and Foster; Bliss is saying a few words about Cook and Gibson; Brewster is telling what Bliss told him; Gibson will have his say about Garfield and MacVeagh, and it now seems probable that we shall get the bottom facts about the other jury—the actions of Messrs. Hoover, Bowen, Brewster Cameron and others. Personally I have no interest in the business.

Question. How does the next campaign look?

Answer. The Republicans are making all the mistakes they can, and the only question now is, Can the Democrats make more? The tariff will be one of the great questions, and may be the only one except success. The Democrats are on both sides of the question. They hate to give up the word "only." Only for that word they might have succeeded in 1880. If they can let "only" alone, and say they want "a tariff for revenue" they will do better. The fact is the people are not in favor of free trade, neither do they want a tariff high enough to crush a class, but they do want a tariff to raise a revenue and to protect our industries. I am for protection because it diversifies industries and develops brain—allows us to utilize all the muscle and brain we have. A party attacking the manufacturing interests of this country will fail. There are too many millions of dollars invested and too many millions of people interested. The country is becoming alike interested in this question. We are no longer divided, as in slavery times, into manufacturing and agricultural districts or sections. Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana and Texas have manufacturing interests. And the Western States believe in the protection of their industries. The American people have a genius for manufacturing, a genius for invention. We are not the greatest painters or sculptors or scientists, but we are without doubt the greatest inventors. If we were all engaged in one business we would become stupid. Agricultural countries produce great wealth, but are never rich. To get rich it is necessary to mix thought with labor. To raise the raw material is a question of strength; to manufacture, to put it in useful and beautiful forms, is a question of mind. There is a vast difference between the value of, say, a milestone and a statue, and yet the labor expended in getting the raw material is about the same. The point, after all, is this: First, we must have revenue; second, shall we get this by direct taxation or shall we tax imports and at the same time protect American labor? The party that advocates reasonable protection will succeed.

Question. In view of all this, where do you think the presidential candidate will come from?

Answer. From the West.

Question. Why so?

Answer. The South and East must compromise. Both can trust the West. The West represents the whole country. There is no provincialism in the West. The West is not old enough to have the prejudice of section; it is too prosperous to have hatred, too great to feel envy.

Question. You do not seem to think that Arthur has a chance?

Answer. No Vice-President was ever made President by the people. It is natural to resent the accident that gave the Vice-President the place. They regard the Vice-President as children do a stepmother. He is looked upon as temporary—a device to save the election—a something to stop a gap—a lighter—a political raft. He holds the horse until another rider is found. People do not wish death to suggest nominees for the presidency. I do not believe it will be possible for Mr. Arthur, no matter how well he acts, to overcome this feeling. The people like a new man. There is some excitement in the campaign, and besides they can have the luxury of believing that the new man is a great man.

Question. Do you not think Arthur has grown and is a greater man than when he was elected?

Answer. Arthur was placed in very trying circumstances, and, I think, behaved with great discretion. But he was Vice-President, and that is a vice that people will not pardon.

Question. How do you regard the situation in Ohio?

Answer. I hear that the Republicans are attacking Hoadly, saying that he is an Infidel. I know nothing about Mr. Hoadly's theological sentiments, but he certainly has the right to have and express his own views. If the Republicans of Ohio have made up their minds to disfranchise the Liberals, the sooner they are beaten the better. Why should the Republican party be so particular about religious belief? Was Lincoln an orthodox Christian? Were the founders of the party—the men who gave it heart and brain—conspicuous for piety? Were the abolitionists all believers in the inspiration of the Bible? Is Judge Hoadly to be attacked because he exercises the liberty that he gives to others? Has not the Republican party trouble enough with the spirituous to let the spiritual alone? If the religious issue is made, I hope that the party making it will be defeated. I know nothing about the effect of the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio. It is a very curious decision and seems to avoid the Constitution with neatness and despatch. The decision seems to rest on the difference between the words tax and license—*I. e.*, between allowing a man to sell whiskey for a tax of one hundred dollars or giving him a license to sell whiskey and charging him one hundred dollars. In this, the difference is in the law instead of the money. So far all the prohibitory legislation on the liquor question has been a failure. Beer is victorious, and Gambrinus now has Olympus all to himself. On his side is the "bail"—

Question. But who will win?

Answer. The present indications are favorable to Judge Hoadly. It is an off year. The Ohio leaders on one side are not in perfect harmony. The Germans are afraid, and they generally vote the Democratic ticket when in doubt. The effort to enforce the Sunday law, to close the gardens, to make one day in the week desolate and doleful, will give the Republicans a great deal of hard work.

Question. How about Illinois?

Answer. Republican always. The Supreme Court of Illinois has just made a good decision. That Court decided that a contract made on Sunday can be enforced. In other words, that Sunday is not holy enough to sanctify fraud. You can rely on a State with a Court like that. There is very little rivalry in Illinois. I think that General Oglesby will be the next Governor. He is one of the best men in that State or any other.

Question. What about Indiana?

Answer. In that State I think General Gresham is the coming man. He was a brave soldier, an able, honest judge, and he will fill with honor any position he may be placed in. He is an excellent lawyer, and has as much will as was ever put in one man. McDonald is the most available man for the Democrats. He is safe and in every respect reliable. He is without doubt the most popular man in his party.

Question. Well, Colonel, what are you up to?

Answer. Nothing. I am surrounded by sand, sea and sky. I listen to music, bathe in the surf and enjoy myself. I am wondering why people take interest in politics; why anybody cares about anything; why everybody is not contented; why people want to climb the greased pole of office and then dodge the brickbats of enemies and rivals; why any man wishes to be President, or a member of Congress, or in the Cabinet, or do anything except to live with the ones he loves, and enjoy twenty-four hours every day. I wonder why all New York does not come to Long Beach and hear Schreiner's Band play the music of Wagner, the greatest of all composers. Finally, in the language of Walt Whitman, "I loaf and invite my soul."

—*The Herald*, New York, July 1, 1883.

The Interviewer

Question. What do you think of newspaper interviewing?

Answer. I believe that James Redpath claims to have invented the "interview." This system opens all doors, does away with political pretence, batters down the fortifications of dignity and official importance, pulls masks from solemn faces, compels everybody to show his hand. The interviewer seems to be omnipresent. He is the next man after the accident. If a man should be blown up he would likely fall on an interviewer. He is the universal interrogation point. He asks questions for a living. If the interviewer is fair and honest he is useful, if the other way, he is still interesting. On the whole, I regard the interviewer as an exceedingly important person. But whether he is good or bad, he has come to stay. He will interview us until we die, and then ask the "friends" a few questions just to round the subject off.

Question. What do you think of the tendency of newspapers is at present?

Answer. The papers of the future, I think, will be "news" papers. The editorial is getting shorter and shorter. The paragraphist is taking the place of the heavy man. People rather form their own opinions from the facts. Of course good articles will always find readers, but the dreary, doleful, philosophical dissertation has had its day. The magazines will fall heir to such articles; then religious weeklies will take them up, and then they will cease altogether.

Question. Do you think the people lead the newspapers, or do the newspapers lead them?

Answer. The papers lead and are led. Most papers have for sale what people want to buy. As a rule the people who buy determine the character of the thing sold. The reading public grow more discriminating every year, and, as a result, are less and less "led." Violent papers—those that most freely attack private character—are becoming less hurtful, because they are losing their own reputations. Evil tends to correct itself. People do not believe all they read, and there is a growing tendency to wait and hear from the other side.

Question. Do newspapers to-day exercise as much influence as they did twenty-five years ago?

Answer. More, by the facts published, and less, by editorials. As we become more civilized we are governed less by persons and more by principles—less by faith and more by fact. The best of all leaders is the man who teaches people to lead themselves.

Question. What would you define public opinion to be?

Answer. First, in the widest sense, the opinion of the majority, including all kinds of people. Second, in a narrower sense, the opinion of the majority of the intellectual. Third, in actual practice, the opinion of those who make the most noise. Fourth, public opinion is generally a mistake, which history records and posterity repeats.

Question. What do you regard as the result of your lectures?

Answer. In the last fifteen years I have delivered several hundred lectures. The world is growing more and more liberal every day. The man who is now considered orthodox, a few years ago would have been denounced as an Infidel. People are thinking more and believing less. The pulpit is losing influence. In the light of modern discovery the creeds are growing laughable. A theologian is an intellectual mummy, and excites attention only as a curiosity. Supernatural religion has outlived its usefulness. The miracles and wonders of the ancients will soon occupy the same tent. Jonah and Jack the Giant Killer, Joshua and Red Riding Hood, Noah and Neptune, will all go into the collection of the famous Mother Hubbard.

—*The Morning Journal*, New York, July 3, 1883.

Politics And Prohibition

Question. What do you think of the result in Ohio?

Answer. In Ohio prohibition did more harm to the Republican chances than anything else. The Germans hold the Republicans responsible. The German people believe in personal liberty. They came to America to get it, and they regard any interference in the manner or quantity of their food and drink as an invasion of personal rights. They claim they are not questions to be regulated by law, and I agree with them. I believe that people will finally learn to use spirits temperately and without abuse, but teetotalism is intemperance in itself, which breeds resistance, and without destroying the rivulet of the appetite only dams it and makes it liable to break out at any moment. You can prevent a man from stealing by tying his hands behind him, but you cannot make him honest. Prohibition breeds too many spies and informers, and makes neighbors afraid of each other. It kills hospitality. Again, the Republican party in Ohio is endeavoring to have Sunday sanctified by the Legislature. The working people want freedom on Sunday. They wish to enjoy themselves, and all laws now making to prevent innocent amusement, beget a spirit of resentment among the common people. I feel like resenting all such laws, and unless the Republican party reforms in that particular, it ought to be defeated. I regard those two things as the principal causes of the Republican party's defeat in Ohio.

Question. Do you believe that the Democratic success was due to the possession of reverse principles?

Answer. I do not think that the Democratic party is in favor of liberty of thought and action in these two regards, from principle, but rather from policy. Finding the course pursued by the Republicans unpopular, they adopted the opposite mode, and their success is a proof of the truth of what I contend. One great trouble in the Republican party is bigotry. The pulpit is always trying to take charge. The same thing exists in the Democratic party to a less degree. The great trouble here is that its worst element—Catholicism —is endeavoring to get control.

Question. What causes operated for the Republican success in Iowa?

Answer. Iowa is a prohibition State and almost any law on earth as against anything to drink, can be carried there. There are no large cities in the State and it is much easier to govern, but even there the prohibition law is bound to be a failure. It will breed deceit and hypocrisy, and in the long run the influence will be bad.

Question. Will these two considerations cut any figure in the presidential campaign of 1884?

Answer. The party, as a party, will have nothing to do with these questions. These matters are local. Whether the Republicans are successful will depend more upon the country's prosperity. If things should be generally in pretty good shape in 1884, the people will allow the party to remain in power. Changes of administration depend a great deal on the feeling of the country. If crops are bad and money is tight, the

people blame the administration, whether it is responsible or not. If a ship going down the river strikes a snag, or encounters a storm, a cry goes up against the captain. It may not have been his fault, but he is blamed, all the same, and the passengers at once clamor for another captain. So it is in politics.

If nothing interferes between this and 1884, the Republican party will continue. Otherwise it will be otherwise. But the principle of prosperity as applied to administrative change is strong. If the panic of 1873 had occurred in 1876 there would have been no occasion for a commission to sit on Tilden. If it had struck us in 1880, Hancock would have been elected. Neither result would have its occasion in the superiority of the Democratic party, but in the belief that the Republican party was in some vague way blamable for the condition of things, and there should be a change. The Republican party is not as strong as it used to be. The old leaders have dropped out and no persons have yet taken their places. Blaine has dropped out, and is now writing a book. Conkling dropped out and is now practicing law, and so I might go on enumerating leaders who have severed their connection with the party and are no longer identified with it.

Question. What is your opinion regarding the Republican nomination for President?

Answer. My belief is that the Republicans will have to nominate some man who has not been conspicuous in any faction, and upon whom all can unite. As a consequence he must be a new man. The Democrats must do the same. They must nominate a new man. The old ones have been defeated so often that they start handicapped with their own histories, and failure in the past is very poor raw material out of which to manufacture faith for the future. My own judgment is that for the Democrats, McDonald is as strong a man as they can get. He is a man of most excellent sense and would be regarded as a safe man. Tilden? He is dead, and he occupies no stronger place in the general heart than a graven image. With no magnetism, he has nothing save his smartness to recommend him.

Question. What are your views, generally expressed, on the tariff?

Answer. There are a great many Democrats for protection and a great many for so-called free trade. I think the large majority of American people favor a reasonable tariff for raising our revenue and protecting our manufactures. I do not believe in tariff for revenue only, but for revenue and protection. The Democrats would have carried the country had they combined revenue and incidental protection.

Question. Are they rectifying the error now?

Answer. I believe they are, already. They will do it next fall. If they do not put it in their platform they will embody it in their speeches. I do not regard the tariff as a local, but a national issue, notwithstanding Hancock inclined to the belief that it was the former.

—*The Times*, Chicago, Illinois, October 13, 1883.

The Republican Defeat In Ohio

Question. What is your explanation of the Republican disaster last Tuesday?

Answer. Too much praying and not enough paying, is my explanation of the Republican defeat.

First. I think the attempt to pass the Prohibition Amendment lost thousands of votes. The people of this country, no matter how much they may deplore the evils of intemperance, are not yet willing to set on foot a system of spying into each other's affairs. They know that prohibition would need thousands of officers—that it would breed informers and spies and peekers and skulkers by the hundred in every county. They know that laws do not of themselves make good people. Good people make good laws. Americans do not wish to be temperate upon compulsion. The spirit that resents interference in these matters is the same spirit that made and keeps this a free country. All this crusade and prayer-meeting business will not do in politics. We must depend upon the countless influences of civilization, upon science, art, music—upon the softening influences of kindness and argument. As life becomes valuable people will take care of it. Temperance upon compulsion destroys something more valuable than itself—liberty. I am for the largest liberty in all things.

Second. The Prohibitionists, in my opinion, traded with Democrats. The Democrats were smart enough to know that prohibition could not carry, and that they could safely trade. The Prohibitionists were insane enough to vote for their worst enemies, just for the sake of polling a large vote for prohibition, and were fooled as usual.

Thirdly. Certain personal hatreds of certain Republican politicians. These were the causes which led to Republican defeat in Ohio.

Question. Will it necessitate the nomination of an Ohio Republican next year?

Answer. I do not think so. Defeat is apt to breed dissension, and on account of that dissension the party will have to take a man from some other State. One politician will say to another, "You did it," and another will reply, "You are the man who ruined the party." I think we have given Ohio her share; certainly she has given us ours.

Question. Will this reverse seriously affect Republican chances next year?

Answer. If the country is prosperous next year, if the crops are good, if prices are fair, if Pittsburg is covered with smoke, if the song of the spindle is heard in Lowell, if stocks are healthy, the Republicans will again succeed. If the reverse as to crops and forges and spindles, then the Democrats will win. It is a question of "chich-bugs," and floods and drouths.

Question. Who, in your judgment, would be the strongest man the Republicans could put up?

Answer. Last year I thought General Sherman, but he has gone to Missouri, and now I am looking around. The first day I find out I will telegraph you.

—*The Democrat*, Dayton, Ohio, October 15, 1883.

The Civil Rights Bill

Question. What do you think of the recent opinion of the Supreme Court touching the rights of the colored man?

Answer. I think it is all wrong. The intention of the framers of the amendment, by virtue of which the law was passed, was that no distinction should be made in inns, in hotels, cars, or in theatres; in short, in public places, on account of color, race, or previous condition. The object of the men who framed that amendment to the Constitution was perfectly clear, perfectly well known, perfectly understood. They intended to secure, by an amendment to the fundamental law, what had been fought for by hundreds of thousands of men. They knew that the institution of slavery had cost rebellion; the also knew that the spirit of caste was only slavery in another form. They intended to kill that spirit. Their object was that the law, like the sun, should shine upon all, and that no man keeping a hotel, no corporation running cars, no person managing a theatre should make any distinction on account of race or color. This amendment is above all praise. It was the result of a moral exaltation, such as the world never before had seen. There were years during the war, and after, when the American people were simply sublime; when their generosity was boundless; when they were willing to endure any hardship to make this an absolutely free country.

This decision of the Supreme Court puts the best people of the colored race at the mercy of the meanest portion of the white race. It allows a contemptible white man to trample upon a good colored man. I believe in drawing a line between good and bad, between clean and unclean, but I do not believe in drawing a color line which is as cruel as the lash of slavery.

I am willing to be on an equality in all hotels, in all cars, in all theatres, with colored people. I make no distinction of race. Those make the distinction who cannot afford not to. If nature has made no distinction between me and some others, I do not ask the aid of the Legislature. I am willing to associate with all good, clean persons, irrespective of complexion.

This decision virtually gives away one of the great principles for which the war was fought. It carries the doctrine of “State Rights” to the Democratic extreme, and renders necessary either another amendment or a new court.

I agree with Justice Harlan. He has taken a noble and patriotic stand. Kentucky rebukes Massachusetts! I am waiting with some impatience—impatient because I anticipate a pleasure—for his dissenting opinion. Only a little while ago Justice Harlan took a very noble stand on the Virginia Coupon cases, in which was involved the right of a State to repudiate its debts. Now he has taken a stand in favor of the civil rights of the colored man; and in both instances I think he is right.

This decision may, after all, help the Republican party. A decision of the Supreme Court aroused the indignation of the entire North, and I hope the present decision will have a like effect. The good people of this country will not be satisfied until every

man beneath the flag, without the slightest respect to his complexion, stands on a perfect equality before the law with every other. Any government that makes a distinction on account of color, is a disgrace to the age in which we live. The idea that a man like Frederick Douglass can be denied entrance to a car, that the doors of a hotel can be shut in his face; that he may be prevented from entering a theatre; the idea that there shall be some ignominious corner into which such a man can be thrown simply by a decision of the Supreme Court! This idea is simply absurd.

Question. What remains to be done now, and who is going to do it?

Answer. For a good while people have been saying that the Republican party has outlived its usefulness; that there is very little difference now between the parties; that there is hardly enough left to talk about. This decision opens the whole question. This decision says to the Republican party, "Your mission is not yet ended. This is not a free country. Our flag does not protect the rights of a human being." This decision is the tap of a drum. The old veterans will fall into line. This decision gives the issue for the next campaign, and it may be that the Supreme Court has builded wiser than it knew. This is a greater question than the tariff or free trade. It is a question of freedom, of human rights, of the sacredness of humanity.

The real Americans, the real believers in Liberty, will give three cheers for Judge Harlan.

One word more. The Government is bound to protect its citizens, not only when they are away from home, but when they are under the flag. In time of war the Government has a right to draft any citizen; to put that citizen in the line of battle, and compel him to fight for the nation. If the Government when imperiled has the right to compel a citizen, whether white or black, to defend with his blood the flag, that citizen, when imperiled, has the right to demand protection from the Nation. The Nation cannot then say, "You must appeal to your State." If the citizen must appeal to the State for redress, then the citizen should defend the State and not the General Government, and the doctrine of State Rights then becomes complete.

—*The National Republican*, Washington, D. C., October 17, 1883.

Justice Harlan And The Civil Rights Bill

Question. What do you think of Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion in the Civil Rights case?

Answer. I have just read it and think it admirable in every respect. It is unanswerable. He has given to words their natural meaning. He has recognized the intention of the framers of the recent amendments. There is nothing in this opinion that is strained, insincere, or artificial. It is frank and manly. It is solid masonry, without crack or flaw. He does not resort to legal paint or putty, or to verbal varnish or veneer. He states the position of his brethren of the bench with perfect fairness, and overturns it with perfect ease. He has drawn an instructive parallel between the decisions of the olden time, upholding the power of Congress to deal with individuals in the interests of slavery, and the power conferred on Congress by the recent amendments. He has shown by the old decisions, that when a duty is enjoined upon Congress, ability to perform it is given; that when a certain end is required, all necessary means are granted. He also shows that the Fugitive Slave Acts of 1793 and of 1850, rested entirely upon the implied power of Congress to enforce a master's rights; and that power was once implied in favor of slavery against human rights, and implied from language shadowy, feeble and uncertain when compared with the language of the recent amendments. He has shown, too, that Congress exercised the utmost ingenuity in devising laws to enforce the master's claim. Implication was held ample to deprive a human being of his liberty, but to secure freedom, the doctrine of implication is abandoned. As a foundation for wrong, implication was their rock. As a foundation for right, it is now sand. Implied power then was sufficient to enslave, while power expressly given is now impotent to protect.

Question. What do you think of the use he has made of the Dred Scott decision?

Answer. Well, I think he has shown conclusively that the present decision, under the present circumstances, is far worse than the Dred Scott decision was under the then circumstances. The Dred Scott decision was a libel upon the best men of the Revolutionary period. That decision asserted broadly that our forefathers regarded the negroes as having no rights which white men were bound to respect; that the negroes were merely merchandise, and that that opinion was fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race, and that no one thought of disputing it. Yet Franklin contended that slavery might be abolished under the preamble of the Constitution. Thomas Jefferson said that if the slave should rise to cut the throat of his master, God had no attribute that would side against the slave. Thomas Paine attacked the institution with all the intensity and passion of his nature. John Adams regarded the institution with horror. So did every civilized man, South and North.

Justice Harlan shows conclusively that the Thirteenth Amendment was adopted in the light of the Dred Scott decision; that it overturned and destroyed, not simply the decision, but the reasoning upon which it was based; that it proceeded upon the ground that the colored people had rights that white men were bound to respect, not only, but that the Nation was bound to protect. He takes the ground that the

amendment was suggested by the condition of that race, which had been declared by the Supreme Court of the United States to have no rights which white men were bound to respect; that it was made to protect people whose rights had been invaded, and whose strong arms had assisted in the overthrow of the Rebellion; that it was made for the purpose of putting these men upon a legal authority with white citizens.

Justice Harland also shows that while legislation of Congress to enforce a master's right was upheld by implication, the rights of the negro do not depend upon that doctrine; that the Thirteenth Amendment does not rest upon implication, or upon inference; that by its terms it places the power in Congress beyond the possibility of a doubt—conferring the power to enforce the amendment by appropriate legislation in express terms; and he also shows that the Supreme Court has admitted that legislation for that purpose may be direct and primary. Had not the power been given in express terms, Justice Harlan contends that the sweeping declaration that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist would by implication confer the power. He also shows conclusively that, under the Thirteenth Amendment, Congress has the right by appropriate legislation to protect the colored people against the deprivation of any right on account of their race, and that Congress is not necessarily restricted, under the Thirteenth Amendment, to legislation against slavery as an institution, but that power may be exerted to the extent of protecting the race from discrimination in respect to such rights as belong to freemen, where such discrimination is based on race or color.

If Justice Harlan is wrong the amendments are left without force and Congress without power. No purpose can be assigned for their adoption. No object can be guessed that was to be accomplished. They become words, so arranged that they sound like sense, but when examined fall meaninglessly apart. Under the decision of the Supreme Court they are Quaker cannon—cloud forts—"property" for political stage scenery—coats of mail made of bronzed paper— shields of gilded pasteboard—swords of lath.

Question. Do you wish to say anything as to the reasoning of Justice Harlan on the rights of colored people on railways, in inns and theatres?

Answer. Yes, I do. That part of the opinion is especially strong. He shows conclusively that a common carrier is in the exercise of a sort of public office and has public duties to perform, and that he cannot exonerate himself from the performance of these duties without the consent of the parties concerned. He also shows that railroads are public highways, and that the railway company is the agent of the State, and that a railway, although built by private capital, is just as public in its nature as though constructed by the State itself. He shows that the railway is devoted to public use, and subject to be controlled by the State for the public benefit, and that for these reasons the colored man has the same rights upon the railway that he has upon the public highway.

Justice Harlan shows that the same law is applicable to inns that is applicable to railways; that an inn-keeper is bound to take all travelers if he can accommodate them; that he is not to select his guests; that he has not right to say to one "you may come in," and to another "you shall not;" that every one who conducts himself in a

proper manner has a right to be received. He shows conclusively that an inn-keeper is a sort of public servant; that he is in the exercise of a *quasi* public employment, that he is given special privileges, and charged with duties of a public character.

As to theatres, I think his argument most happy. It is this: Theatres are licensed by law. The authority to maintain them comes from the public. The colored race being a part of the public, representing the power granting the license, why should the colored people license a manager to open his doors to the white man and shut them in the face of the black man? Why should they be compelled to license that which they are not permitted to enjoy? Justice Harlan shows that Congress has the power to prevent discrimination on account of race or color on railways, at inns, and in places of public amusements, and has this power under the Thirteenth Amendment.

In discussing the Fourteenth Amendment, Justice Harlan points out that a prohibition upon a State is not a power in Congress or the National Government, but is simply a denial of power to the State; that such was the Constitution before the Fourteenth Amendment. He shows, however, that the Fourteenth Amendment presents the first instance in our history of the investiture of Congress with affirmative power by legislation to enforce an express prohibition upon the States. This is an important point. It is stated with great clearness, and defended with great force. He shows that the first clause of the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment is of a distinctly affirmative character, and that Congress would have had the power to legislate directly as to that section simply by implication, but that as to that as well as the express prohibitions upon the States, express power to legislate was given.

There is one other point made by Justice Harlan which transfixes as with a spear the decision of the Court. It is this: As soon as the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments were adopted the colored citizen was entitled to the protection of section two, article four, namely: “The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States.” Now, suppose a colored citizen of Mississippi moves to Tennessee. Then, under the section last quoted, he would immediately become invested with all the privileges and immunities of a white citizen of Tennessee. Although denied these privileges and immunities in the State from which he emigrated, in the State to which he immigrates he could not be discriminated against on account of his color under the second section of the fourth article. Now, is it possible that he gets additional rights by immigration? Is it possible that the General Government is under a greater obligation to protect him in a State of which he is not a citizen than in a State of which he is a citizen? Must he leave home for protection, and after he has lived long enough in the State to which he immigrates to become a citizen there, must he again move in order to protect his rights? Must one adopt the doctrine of peripatetic protection—the doctrine that the Constitution is good only *in transitu*, and that when the citizen stops, the Constitution goes on and leaves him without protection?

Justice Harlan shows that Congress had the right to legislate directly while that power was only implied, but that the moment this power was conferred in express terms, then according to the Supreme Court, it was lost.

There is another splendid definition given by Justice Harlan—a line drawn as broad as the Mississippi. It is the distinction between the rights conferred by a State and rights conferred by the Nation. Admitting that many rights conferred by a State cannot be enforced directly by Congress, Justice Harlan shows that rights granted by the Nation to an individual may be protected by direct legislation. This is a distinction that should not be forgotten, and it is a definition clear and perfect.

Justice Harlan has shown that the Supreme Court failed to take into consideration the intention of the framers of the amendment; failed to see that the powers of Congress were given by express terms and did not rest upon implication; failed to see that the Thirteenth Amendment was broad enough to cover the Civil Rights Act; failed to see that under the three amendments rights and privileges were conferred by the Nation on citizens of the several States, and that these rights are under the perpetual protection of the General Government, and that for their enforcement Congress has the right to legislate directly; failed to see that all implications are now in favor of liberty instead of slavery; failed to comprehend that we have a new nation with a new foundation, with different objects, ends, and aims, for the attainment of which we use different means and have been clothed with greater powers; failed to see that the Republic changed front; failed to appreciate the real reasons for the adoption of the amendments, and failed to understand that the Civil Rights Act was passed in order that a citizen of the United States might appeal from local prejudice to national justice.

Justice Harlan shows that it was the object to accomplish for the black man what had been accomplished for the white man—that is, to protect all their rights as free men and citizens; and that the one underlying purpose of the amendments and of the congressional legislation has been to clothe the black race with all the rights of citizenship, and to compel a recognition of their rights by citizens and States—that the object was to do away with class tyranny, the meanest and basest form of oppression.

If Justice Harlan was wrong in his position, then, it may truthfully be said of the three amendments that:

"The law hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them."

The decision of the Supreme Court denies the protection of the Nation to the citizens of the Nation. That decision has already borne fruit—the massacre at Danville. The protection of the Nation having been withdrawn, the colored man was left to the mercy of local prejudices and hatreds. He is without appeal, without redress. The Supreme Court tells him that he must depend upon his enemies for justice.

Question. You seem to agree with all that Justice Harlan has said, and to have the greatest admiration for his opinion?

Answer. Yes, a man rises from reading this dissenting opinion refreshed, invigorated, and strengthened. It is a mental and moral tonic. It was produced after a clear head had held conference with a good heart. It will furnish a perfectly clear plank, without knot or wind-shake, for the next Republican platform. It is written in good plain

English, and ornamented with good sound sense. The average man can and will understand its every word. There is no subterfuge in it.

Each position is taken in the open field. There is no resort to quibbles or technicalities—no hiding. Nothing is secreted in the sleeve—no searching for blind paths—no stooping and looking for ancient tracks, grass-grown and dim. Each argument travels the highway—"the big road." It is logical. The facts and conclusions agree, and fall naturally into line of battle. It is sincere and candid—unpretentious and unanswerable. It is a grand defence of human rights—a brave and manly plea for universal justice. It leaves the decision of the Supreme Court without argument, without reason, and without excuse. Such an exhibition of independence, courage and ability has won for Justice Harlan the respect and admiration of "both sides," and places him in the front rank of constitutional lawyers.

—*The Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, Illinois, November 29, 1883.

Politics And Theology

Question. What is your opinion of Brewster's administration?

Answer. I hardly think I ought to say much about the administration of Mr. Brewster. Of course many things have been done that I thought, and still think, extremely bad; but whether Mr. Brewster was responsible for the things done, or not, I do not pretend to say. When he was appointed to his present position, there was great excitement in the country about the Star Route cases, and Mr. Brewster was expected to prosecute everybody and everything to the extent of the law; in fact, I believe he was appointed by reason of having made such a promise. At that time there were hundreds of people interested in exaggerating all the facts connected with the Star Route cases, and when there were no facts to be exaggerated, they made some, and exaggerated them afterward. It may be that the Attorney-General was misled, and he really supposed that all he heard was true. My objection to the administration of the Department of Justice is, that a resort was had to spies and detectives. The battle was not fought in the open field. Influences were brought to bear. Nearly all departments of the Government were enlisted. Everything was done to create a public opinion in favor of the prosecution. Everything was done that the cases might be decided on prejudice instead of upon facts.

Everything was done to demoralize, frighten and overawe judges, witnesses and jurors. I do not pretend to say who was responsible, possibly I am not an impartial judge. I was deeply interested at the time, and felt all of these things, rather than reasoned about them.

Possibly I cannot give a perfectly unbiased opinion. Personally, I have no feeling now upon the subject.

The Department of Justice, in spite of its methods, did not succeed. That was enough for me. I think, however, when the country knows the facts, that the people will not approve of what was done. I do not believe in trying cases in the newspapers before they are submitted to jurors. That is a little too early. Neither do I believe in trying them in the newspapers after the verdicts have been rendered. That is a little too late.

Question. What are Mr. Blaine's chances for the presidency?

Answer. My understanding is that Mr. Blaine is not a candidate for the nomination; that he does not wish his name to be used in that connection. He ought to have been nominated in 1876, and if he were a candidate, he would probably have the largest following; but my understanding is, that he does not, in any event, wish to be a candidate. He is a man perfectly familiar with the politics of this country, knows its history by heart, and is in every respect probably as well qualified to act as its Chief Magistrate as any man in the nation. He is a man of ideas, of action, and has positive qualities. He would not wait for something to turn up, and things would not have to wait long for him to turn them up.

Question. Who do you think will be nominated at Chicago?

Answer. Of course I have not the slightest idea who will be nominated. I may have an opinion as to who ought to be nominated, and yet I may be greatly mistaken in that opinion. There are hundreds of men in the Republican party, any one of whom, if elected, would make a good, substantial President, and there are many thousands of men about whom I know nothing, any one of whom would in all probability make a good President. We do not want any man to govern this country. This country governs itself. We want a President who will honestly and faithfully execute the laws, who will appoint postmasters and do the requisite amount of handshaking on public occasions, and we have thousands of men who can discharge the duties of that position. Washington is probably the worst place to find out anything definite upon the subject of presidential booms. I have thought for a long time that one of the most valuable men in the country was General Sherman. Everybody knows who and what he is. He has one great advantage—he is a frank and outspoken man. He has opinions and he never hesitates about letting them be known. There is considerable talk about Judge Harlan. His dissenting opinion in the Civil Rights case has made every colored man his friend, and I think it will take considerable public patronage to prevent a good many delegates from the Southern States voting for him.

Question. What are your present views on theology?

Answer. Well, I think my views have not undergone any change that I know of. I still insist that observation, reason and experience are the things to be depended upon in this world. I still deny the existence of the supernatural. I still insist that nobody can be good for you, or bad for you; that you cannot be punished for the crimes of others, nor rewarded for their virtues. I still insist that the consequences of good actions are always good, and those of bad actions always bad. I insist that nobody can plant thistles and gather figs; neither can they plant figs and gather thistles. I still deny that a finite being can commit an infinite sin; but I continue to insist that a God who would punish a man forever is an infinite tyrant. My views have undergone no change, except that the evidence of that truth constantly increases, and the dogmas of the church look, if possible, a little absurder every day. Theology, you know, is not a science. It stops at the grave; and faith is the end of theology. Ministers have not even the advantage of the doctors; the doctors sometimes can tell by a post-mortem examination whether they killed the man or not; but by cutting a man open after he is dead, the wisest theologians cannot tell what has become of his soul, and whether it was injured or helped by a belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures. Theology depends on assertion for evidence, and on faith for disciples.

—*The Tribune*, Denver, Colorado, January 17, 1886.

Morality And Immortality

Question. I see that the clergy are still making all kinds of charges against you and your doctrines.

Answer. Yes. Some of the charges are true and some of them are not. I suppose that they intend to get in the vicinity of veracity, and are probably stating my belief as it is honestly misunderstood by them. I admit that I have said and that I still think that Christianity is a blunder. But the question arises, What is Christianity? I do not mean, when I say that Christianity is a blunder, that the morality taught by Christians is a mistake. Morality is not distinctively Christian, any more than it is Mohammedan. Morality is human, it belongs to no ism, and does not depend for a foundation upon the supernatural, or upon any book, or upon any creed. Morality is itself a foundation. When I say that Christianity is a blunder, I mean all those things distinctively Christian are blunders. It is a blunder to say that an infinite being lived in Palestine, learned the carpenter's trade, raised the dead, cured the blind, and cast out devils, and that this God was finally assassinated by the Jews. This is absurd. All these statements are blunders, if not worse. I do not believe that Christ ever claimed that he was of supernatural origin, or that he wrought miracles, or that he would rise from the dead. If he did, he was mistaken—honestly mistaken, perhaps, but still mistaken.

The morality inculcated by Mohammed is good. The immorality inculcated by Mohammed is bad. If Mohammed was a prophet of God, it does not make the morality he taught any better, neither does it make the immorality any better or any worse.

By this time the whole world ought to know that morality does not need to go into partnership with miracles. Morality is based upon the experience of mankind. It does not have to learn of inspired writers, or of gods, or of divine persons. It is a lesson that the whole human race has been learning and learning from experience. He who upholds, or believes in, or teaches, the miraculous, commits a blunder.

Now, what is morality? Morality is the best thing to do under the circumstances. Anything that tends to the happiness of mankind is moral. Anything that tends to unhappiness is immoral. We apply to the moral world rules and regulations as we do in the physical world. The man who does justice, or tries to do so—who is honest and kind and gives to others what he claims for himself, is a moral man. All actions must be judged by their consequences. Where the consequences are good, the actions are good. Where the consequences are bad, the actions are bad; and all consequences are learned from experience. After we have had a certain amount of experience, we then reason from analogy. We apply our logic and say that a certain course will bring destruction, another course will bring happiness. There is nothing inspired about morality—nothing supernatural. It is simply good, common sense, going hand in hand with kindness.

Morality is capable of being demonstrated. You do not have to take the word of anybody; you can observe and examine for yourself. Larceny is the enemy of

industry, and industry is good; therefore larceny is immoral. The family is the unit of good government; anything that tends to destroy the family is immoral. Honesty is the mother of confidence; it united, combines and solidifies society. Dishonesty is disintegration; it destroys confidence; it brings social chaos; it is therefore immoral.

I also admit that I regard the Mosaic account of the creation as an absurdity—as a series of blunders. Probably Moses did the best he could. He had never talked with Humboldt or Laplace. He knew nothing of geology or astronomy. He had not the slightest suspicion of Kepler's Three Laws. He never saw a copy of Newton's Principia. Taking all these things into consideration, I think Moses did the best he could.

The religious people say now that "days" did not mean days. Of these "six days" they make a kind of telescope, which you can push in or draw out at pleasure. If the geologists find that more time was necessary they will stretch them out. Should it turn out that the world is not quite as old as some think, they will push them up. The "six days" can now be made to suit any period of time. Nothing can be more childish, frivolous or contradictory.

Only a few years ago the Mosaic account was considered true, and Moses was regarded as a scientific authority. Geology and astronomy were measured by the Mosaic standard. The opposite is now true. The church has changed; and instead of trying to prove that modern astronomy and geology are false, because they do not agree with Moses, it is now endeavoring to prove that the account by Moses is true, because it agrees with modern astronomy and geology. In other words, the standard has changed; the ancient is measured by the modern, and where the literal statement in the Bible does not agree with modern discoveries, they do not change the discoveries, but give new meanings to the old account. We are not now endeavoring to reconcile science with the Bible, but to reconcile the Bible with science.

Nothing shows the extent of modern doubt more than the eagerness with which Christians search for some new testimony. Luther answered Copernicus with a passage of Scripture, and he answered him to the satisfaction of orthodox ignorance.

The truth is that the Jews adopted the stories of Creation, the Garden of Eden, Forbidden Fruit, and the Fall of Man. They were told by older barbarians than they, and the Jews gave them to us.

I never said that the Bible is all bad. I have always admitted that there are many good and splendid things in the Jewish Scriptures, and many bad things. What I insist is that we should have the courage and the common sense to accept the good, and throw away the bad. Evil is not good because found in good company, and truth is still truth, even when surrounded by falsehood.

Question. I see that you are frequently charged with disrespect toward your parents—with lack of reverence for the opinions of your father?

Answer. I think my father and mother upon several religious questions were mistaken. In fact, I have no doubt that they were; but I never felt under the slightest obligation to defend my father's mistakes. No one can defend what he thinks is a mistake, without being dishonest. That is a poor way to show respect for parents.

Every Protestant clergyman asks men and women who had Catholic parents to desert the church in which they were raised. They have no hesitation in saying to these people that their fathers and mothers were mistaken, and that they were deceived by priests and popes.

The probability is that we are all mistaken about almost everything; but it is impossible for a man to be respectable enough to make a mistake respectable. There is nothing remarkably holy in a blunder, or praiseworthy in stubbing the toe of the mind against a mistake. Is it possible that logic stands paralyzed in the presence of paternal absurdity? Suppose a man has a bad father; is he bound by the bad father's opinion, when he is satisfied that the opinion is wrong? How good does a father have to be, in order to put his son under obligation to defend his blunders? Suppose the father thinks one way, and the mother the other; what are the children to do? Suppose the father changes his opinion; what then? Suppose the father thinks one way and the mother the other, and they both die when the boy is young; and the boy is bound out; whose mistakes is he then bound to follow? Our missionaries tell the barbarian boy that his parents are mistaken, that they know nothing, and that the wooden god is nothing but a senseless idol. They do not hesitate to tell this boy that his mother believed lies, and hugged, it may be to her dying heart, a miserable delusion. Why should a barbarian boy cast reproach upon his parents?

I believe it was Christ who commanded his disciples to leave father and mother; not only to leave them, but to desert them; and not only to desert father and mother, but to desert wives and children. It is also told of Christ that he said that he came to set fathers against children and children against fathers. Strange that a follower of his should object to a man differing in opinion from his parents! The truth is, logic knows nothing of consanguinity; facts have no relatives but other facts; and these facts do not depend upon the character of the person who states them, or upon the position of the discoverer. And this leads me to another branch of the same subject.

The ministers are continually saying that certain great men—kings, presidents, statesmen, millionaires—have believed in the inspiration of the Bible. Only the other day, I read a sermon in which Carlyle was quoted as having said that "the Bible is a noble book." That all may be and yet the book not be inspired. But what is the simple assertion of Thomas Carlyle worth? If the assertion is based upon a reason, then it is worth simply the value of the reason, and the reason is worth just as much without the assertion, but without the reason the assertion is worthless. Thomas Carlyle thought, and solemnly put the thought in print, that his father was a greater man than Robert Burns. His opinion did Burns no harm, and his father no good. Since reading his "Reminiscences," I have no great opinion of his opinion. In some respects he was undoubtedly a great man, in others a small one.

No man should give the opinion of another as authority and in place of fact and reason, unless he is willing to take all the opinions of that man. An opinion is worth the warp and woof of fact and logic in it and no more. A man cannot add to the truthfulness of truth. In the ordinary business of life, we give certain weight to the opinion of specialists—to the opinion of doctors, lawyers, scientists, and historians. Within the domain of the natural, we take the opinions of our fellow-men; but we do not feel that we are absolutely bound by these opinions. We have the right to re-

examine them, and if we find they are wrong we feel at liberty to say so. A doctor is supposed to have studied medicine; to have examined and explored the questions entering into his profession; but we know that doctors are often mistaken. We also know that there are many schools of medicine; that these schools disagree with one another, and that the doctors of each school disagree with one another. We also know that many patients die, and so far as we know, these patients have not come back to tell us whether the doctors killed them or not. The grave generally prevents a demonstration. It is exactly the same with the clergy. They have many schools of theology, all despising each other. Probably no two members of the same church exactly agree. They cannot demonstrate their propositions, because between the premise and the logical conclusion or demonstration, stands the tomb. A gravestone marks the end of theology. In some cases, the physician can, by a post- mortem examination, find what killed the patient, but there is no theological post-mortem. It is impossible, by cutting a body open, to find where the soul has gone; or whether baptism, or the lack of it, had the slightest effect upon final destiny. The church, knowing that there are no facts beyond the coffin, relies upon opinions, assertions and theories. For this reason it is always asking alms of distinguished people. Some President wishes to be re-elected, and thereupon speaks about the Bible as “the corner- stone of American Liberty.” This sentence is a mouth large enough to swallow any church, and from that time forward the religious people will be citing that remark of the politician to substantiate the inspiration of the Scriptures.

The man who accepts opinions because they have been entertained by distinguished people, is a mental snob. When we blindly follow authority we are serfs. When our reason is convinced we are freemen. It is rare to find a fully rounded and complete man. A man may be a great doctor and a poor mechanic, a successful politician and a poor metaphysician, a poor painter and a good poet.

The rarest thing in the world is a logician—that is to say, a man who knows the value of a fact. It is hard to find mental proportion. Theories may be established by names, but facts cannot be demonstrated in that way. Very small people are sometimes right, and very great people are sometimes wrong. Ministers are sometimes right.

In all the philosophies of the world there are undoubtedly contradictions and absurdities. The mind of man is imperfect and perfect results are impossible. A mirror, in order to reflect a perfect picture, a perfect copy, must itself be perfect. The mind is a little piece of intellectual glass the surface of which is not true, not perfect. In consequence of this, every image is more or less distorted. The less we know, the more we imagine that we can know; but the more we know, the smaller seems the sum of knowledge. The less we know, the more we expect, the more we hope for, and the more seems within the range of probability. The less we have, the more we want. There never was a banquet magnificent enough to gratify the imagination of a beggar. The moment people begin to reason about what they call the supernatural, they seem to lose their minds. People seem to have lost their reason in religious matters, very much as the dodo is said to have lost its wings; they have been restricted to a little inspired island, and by disuse their reason has been lost.

In the Jewish Scriptures you will find simply the literature of the Jews. You will find there the tears and anguish of captivity, patriotic fervor, national aspiration,

proverbs for the conduct of daily life, laws, regulations, customs, legends, philosophy and folly. These books, of course, were not written by one man, but by many authors. They do not agree, having been written in different centuries, under different circumstances. I see that Mr. Beecher has at last concluded that the Old Testament does not teach the doctrine of immortality. He admits that from Mount Sinai came no hope for the dead. It is very curious that we find in the Old Testament no funeral service. No one stands by the dead and predicts another life. In the Old Testament there is no promise of another world. I have sometimes thought that while the Jews were slaves in Egypt, the doctrine of immortality became hateful. They built so many tombs; they carried so many burdens to commemorate the dead; the saw a nation waste its wealth to adorn its graves, and leave the living naked to embalm the dead, that they concluded the doctrine was a curse and never should be taught.

Question. If the Jews did not believe in immortality, how do you account for the allusions made to witches and wizards and things of that nature?

Answer. When Saul visited the Witch of Endor, and she, by some magic spell, called up Samuel, the prophet said: "Why hast thou disquieted me, to call me up?" He did not say: Why have you called me from another world? The idea expressed is: I was asleep, why did you disturb that repose which should be eternal? The ancient Jews believed in witches and wizards and familiar spirits; but they did not seem to think that these spirits had once been men and women. They spoke to them as belonging to another world, a world to which man would never find his way. At that time it was supposed that Jehovah and his angels lived in the sky, but that region was not spoken of as the destined home of man. Jacob saw angels going up and down the ladder, but not the spirits of those he had known. There are two cases where it seems that men were good enough to be adopted into the family of heaven. Enoch was translated, and Elijah was taken up in a chariot of fire. As it is exceedingly cold at the height of a few miles, it is easy to see why the chariot was of fire, and the same fact explains another circumstance—the dropping of the mantle. The Jews probably believed in the existence of other beings—that is to say, in angels and gods and evil spirits —and that they lived in other worlds—but there is no passage showing that they believed in what we call the immortality of the soul.

Question. Do you believe, or disbelieve, in the immortality of the soul?

Answer. I neither assert nor deny; I simply admit that I do not know. Upon that subject I am absolutely without evidence. This is the only world that I was ever in. There may be spirits, but I have never met them, and do not know that I would recognize a spirit. I can form no conception of what is called spiritual life. It may be that I am deficient in imagination, and that ministers have no difficulty in conceiving of angels and disembodied souls. I have not the slightest idea how a soul looks, what shape it is, how it goes from one place to another, whether it walks or flies. I cannot conceive of the immaterial having form; neither can I conceive of anything existing without form, and yet the fact that I cannot conceive of a thing does not prove that the thing does not exist, but it does prove that I know nothing about it, and that being so, I ought to admit my ignorance. I am satisfied of a good many things that I do not know. I am satisfied that there is no place of eternal torment. I am satisfied that that doctrine has done more harm than all the religious ideas, other than that,

have done good. I do not want to take any hope from any human heart. I have no objection to people believing in any good thing—no objection to their expecting a crown of infinite joy for every human being. Many people imagine that immortality must be an infinite good; but, after all, there is something terrible in the idea of endless life. Think of a river that never reaches the sea; of a bird that never folds its wings; of a journey that never ends. Most people find great pleasure in thinking about and in believing in another world. There the prisoner expects to be free; the slave to find liberty; the poor man expects wealth; the rich man happiness; the peasant dreams of power, and the king of contentment. They expect to find there what they lack here. I do not wish to destroy these dreams. I am endeavoring to put out the everlasting fires. A good, cool grave is infinitely better than the fiery furnace of Jehovah's wrath. Eternal sleep is better than eternal pain. For my part I would rather be annihilated than to be an angel, with all the privileges of heaven, and yet have within my breast a heart that could be happy while those who had loved me in this world were in perdition.

I most sincerely hope that the future life will fulfill all splendid dreams; but in the religion of the present day there is no joy. Nothing is so devoid of comfort, when bending above our dead, as the assertions of theology unsupported by a single fact. The promises are so far away, and the dead are so near. From words spoken eighteen centuries ago, the echoes are so weak, and the sounds of the clods on the coffin are so loud. Above the grave what can the honest minister say? If the dead were not a Christian, what then? What comfort can the orthodox clergyman give to the widow of an honest unbeliever? If Christianity is true, the other world will be worse than this. There the many will be miserable, only the few happy; there the miserable cannot better their condition; the future has no star of hope, and in the east of eternity there can never be a dawn.

Question. If you take away the idea of eternal punishment, how do you propose to restrain men; in what way will you influence conduct for good?

Answer. Well, the trouble with religion is that it postpones punishment and reward to another world. Wrong is wrong, because it breeds unhappiness. Right is right, because it tends to the happiness of man. These facts are the basis of what I call the religion of this world. When a man does wrong, the consequences follow, and between the cause and effect, a Redeemer cannot step. Forgiveness cannot form a breastwork between act and consequence.

There should be a religion of the body—a religion that will prevent deformity, that will refuse to multiply insanity, that will not propagate disease—a religion that is judged by its consequences in this world. Orthodox Christianity has taught, and still teaches, that in this world the difference between the good and the bad is that the bad enjoy themselves, while the good carry the cross of virtue with bleeding brows bound and pierced with the thorns of honesty and kindness. All this, in my judgment, is immoral. The man who does wrong carries a cross. There is no world, no star, in which the result of wrong is real happiness. There is no world, no star, in which the result of doing right is unhappiness. Virtue and vice must be the same everywhere.

Vice must be vice everywhere, because its consequences are evil; and virtue must be virtue everywhere, because its consequences are good. There can be no such thing as forgiveness. These facts are the only restraining influences possible—the innocent man cannot suffer for the guilty and satisfy the law.

Question. How do you answer the argument, or the fact, that the church is constantly increasing, and that there are now four hundred millions of Christians?

Answer. That is what I call the argument of numbers. If that argument is good now, it was always good. If Christians were at any time in the minority, then, according to this argument, Christianity was wrong. Every religion that has succeeded has appealed to the argument of numbers. There was a time when Buddhism was in a majority. Buddha not only had, but has more followers then Christ. Success is not a demonstration. Mohammed was a success, and a success from the commencement. Upon a thousand fields he was victor. Of the scattered tribes of the desert, he made a nation, and this nation took the fairest part of Europe from the followers of the cross. In the history of the world, the success of Mohammed is unparalleled, but this success does not establish that he was the prophet of God.

Now, it is claimed that there are some four hundred millions of Christians. To make that total I am counted as a Christian; I am one of the fifty or sixty millions of Christians in the United States—excluding Indians, not taxed. By this census report, we are all going to heaven—we are all orthodox. At the last great day we can refer with confidence to the ponderous volumes containing the statistics of the United States. As a matter of fact, how many Christians are there in the United States—how many believers in the inspiration of the Scriptures—how many real followers of Christ? I will not pretend to give the number, but I will venture to say that there are not fifty millions. How many in England? Where are the four hundred millions found? To make this immense number, they have counted all the Heretics, all the Catholics, all the Jews, Spiritualists, Universalists and Unitarians, all the babes, all the idiotic and insane, all the Infidels, all the scientists, all the unbelievers. As a matter of fact, they have no right to count any except the orthodox members of the orthodox churches. There may be more “members” now than formerly, and this increase of members is due to a decrease of religion. Thousands of members are only nominal Christians, wearing the old uniform simply because they do not wish to be charged with desertion. The church, too, is a kind of social institution, a club with a creed instead of by-laws, and the creed is never defended unless attacked by an outsider. No objection is made to the minister because he is liberal, if he says nothing about it in his pulpit. A man like Mr. Beecher draws a congregation, not because he is a Christian, but because he is a genius; not because he is orthodox, but because he has something to say. He is an intellectual athlete. He is full of pathos and poetry. He has more description than divinity; more charity than creed, and altogether more common sense than theology. For these reasons thousands of people love to hear him. On the other hand, there are many people who have a morbid desire for the abnormal—for intellectual deformities—for thoughts that have two heads. This accounts for the success of some of Mr. Beecher’s rivals.

Christians claim that success is a test of truth. Has any church succeeded as well as the Catholic? Was the tragedy of the Garden of Eden a success? Who succeeded

there? The last best thought is not a success, if you mean that only that is a success which has succeeded, and if you mean by succeeding, that it has won the assent of the majority. Besides there is no time fixed for the test. Is that true which succeeds to-day, or next year, or in the next century? Once the Copernican system was not a success. There is no time fixed. The result is that we have to wait. A thing to exist at all has to be, to a certain extent, a success. A thing cannot even die without having been a success. It certainly succeeded enough to have life. Presbyterians should remember, while arguing the majority argument, and the success argument, that there are far more Catholics than Protestants, and that the Catholics can give a longer list of distinguished names.

My answer to all this, however, is that the history of the world shows that ignorance has always been in the majority. There is one right road; numberless paths that are wrong. Truth is one; error is many. When a great truth has been discovered, one man has pitted himself against the world. A few think; the many believe. The few lead; the many follow. The light of the new day, as it looks over the window sill of the east, falls at first on only one forehead.

There is another thing. A great many people pass for Christians who are not. Only a little while ago a couple of ladies were returning from church in a carriage. They had listened to a good orthodox sermon. One said to the other: “I am going to tell you something—I am going to shock you—I do not believe in the Bible.” And the other replied: “Neither do I.”

—*The News*, Detroit, Michigan, January 6, 1884.

Politics, Mormonism And Mr. Beecher

Question. What will be the main issues in the next presidential campaign?

Answer. I think that the principal issues will be civil rights and protection for American industries. The Democratic party is not a unit on the tariff question—neither is the Republican; but I think that a majority of the Democrats are in favor of free trade and a majority of Republicans in favor of a protective tariff. The Democratic Congressmen will talk just enough about free trade to frighten the manufacturing interests of the country, and probably not quite enough to satisfy the free traders. The result will be that the Democrats will talk about reforming the tariff, but will do nothing but talk. I think the tariff ought to be reformed in many particulars; but as long as we need to raise a great revenue my idea is that it ought to be so arranged as to protect to the utmost, without producing monopoly in American manufacturers. I am in favor of protection because it multiplies industries; and I am in favor of a great number of industries because they develop the brain, because they give employment to all and allow us to utilize all the muscle and all the sense we have. If we were all farmers we would grow stupid. If we all worked at one kind of mechanic art we would grow dull. But with a variety of industries, with a constant premium upon ingenuity, with the promise of wealth as the reward of success in any direction, the people become intelligent, and while we are protecting our industries we develop our brains. So I am in favor of the protection of civil rights by the Federal Government, and that, in my judgment, will be one of the great issues in the next campaign.

Question. I see that you say that one of the great issues in the coming campaign will be civil rights; what do you mean by that?

Answer. Well, I mean this. The Supreme Court has recently decided that a colored man whose rights are trampled upon, in a State, cannot appeal to the Federal Government for protection. The decision amounts to this: That Congress has no right until a State has acted, and has acted contrary to the Constitution. Now, if a State refuses to do anything upon the subject, what is the citizen to do? My opinion is that the Government is bound to protect its citizens, and as a consideration for this protection, the citizen is bound to stand by the Government. When the nation calls for troops, the citizen of each State is bound to respond, no matter what his State may think. This doctrine must be maintained, or the United States ceases to be a nation. If a man looks to his State for protection, then he must go with his State. My doctrine is, that there should be patriotism upon the one hand, and protection upon the other. If a State endeavors to secede from the Union, a citizen of that State should be in a position to defy the State and appeal to the Nation for protection. The doctrine now is, that the General Government turns the citizen over to the State for protection, and if the State does not protect him, that is his misfortune; and the consequence of this doctrine will be to build up the old heresy of State Sovereignty—a doctrine that was never appealed to except in the interest of thieving or robbery. That doctrine was first appealed to when the Constitution was formed, because they were afraid the National Government would interfere with the slave trade. It was next

appealed to, to uphold the Fugitive Slave Law. It was next appealed to, to give the territories of the United States to slavery. Then it was appealed to, to support rebellion, and now out of this doctrine they attempt to build a breastwork, behind which they can trample upon the rights of free colored men.

I believe in the sovereignty of the Nation. A nation that cannot protect its citizens ought to stop playing nation. In the old times the Supreme Court found no difficulty in supporting slavery by "inference," by "intendment," but now that liberty has become national, the Court is driven to less than a literal interpretation. If the Constitution does not support liberty, it is of no use. To maintain liberty is the only legitimate object of human government. I hope the time will come when the judges of the Supreme Court will be elected, say for a period of ten years. I do not believe in the legal monk system. I believe in judges still maintaining an interest in human affairs.

Question. What do you think of the Mormon question?

Answer. I do not believe in the bayonet plan. Mormonism must be done away with by the thousand influences of civilization, by education, by the elevation of the people. Of course, a gentleman would rather have one noble woman than a hundred females. I hate the system of polygamy. Nothing is more infamous. I admit that the Old Testament upholds it. I admit that the patriarchs were mostly polygamists. I admit that Solomon was mistaken on that subject. But notwithstanding the fact that polygamy is upheld by the Jewish Scriptures, I believe it to be a great wrong. At the same time if you undertake to get the idea out of the Mormons by force you will not succeed. I think a good way to do away with that institution would be for all the churches to unite, bear the expense, and send missionaries to Utah; let these ministers call the people together and read to them the lives of David, Solomon, Abraham and other patriarchs. Let all the missionaries be called home from foreign fields and teach these people that they should not imitate the only men with whom God ever condescended to hold intercourse. Let these frightful examples be held up to these people, and if it is done earnestly, it seems to me that the result would be good.

Polygamy exists. All laws upon the subject should take that fact into consideration, and punishment should be provided for offences thereafter committed. The children of Mormons should be legitimized. In other words, in attempting to settle this question, we should accomplish all the good possible, with the least possible harm.

I agree mostly with Mr. Beecher, and I utterly disagree with the Rev. Mr. Newman. Mr. Newman wants to kill and slay. He does not rely upon Christianity, but upon brute force. He has lost his confidence in example, and appeals to the bayonet. Mr. Newman had a discussion with one of the Mormon elders, and was put to ignominious flight; no wonder that he appeals to force. Having failed in argument, he calls for artillery; having been worsted in the appeal to Scripture, he asks for the sword. He says, failing to convert, let us kill; and he takes this position in the name of the religion of kindness and forgiveness.

Strange that a minister now should throw away the Bible and yell for a bayonet; that he should desert the Scriptures and call for soldiers; that he should lose confidence in

the power of the Spirit and trust in a sword. I recommend that Mormonism be done away with by distributing the Old Testament throughout Utah.

Question. What do you think of the investigation of the Department of Justice now going on?

Answer. The result, in my judgment, will depend on its thoroughness. If Mr. Springer succeeds in proving exactly what the Department of Justice did, the methods pursued, if he finds out what their spies and detectives and agents were instructed to do, then I think the result will be as disastrous to the Department as beneficial to the country. The people seem to have forgotten that a little while after the first Star Route trial three of the agents of the Department of Justice were indicted for endeavoring to bribe the jury. They forget that Mr. Bowen, an agent of the Department of Justice, is a fugitive, because he endeavored to bribe the foreman of the jury. They seem to forget that the Department of Justice, in order to cover its own tracks, had the foreman of the jury indicted because one of its agents endeavored to bribe him. Probably this investigation will nudge the ribs of the public enough to make people remember these things. Personally, I have no feelings on the subject. It was enough for me that we succeeded in thwarting its methods, in spite of the detectives, spies, and informers.

The Department is already beginning to dissolve. Brewster Cameron has left it, and as a reward has been exiled to Arizona. Mr. Brewster will probably be the next to pack his official valise. A few men endeavored to win popularity by pursuing a few others, and thus far they have been conspicuous failures. MacVeagh and James are to-day enjoying the oblivion earned by misdirected energy, and Mr. Brewster will soon keep them company. The history of the world does not furnish an instance of more flagrant abuse of power. There never was a trial as shamelessly conducted by a government. But, as I said before, I have no feeling now except that of pity.

Question. I see that Mr. Beecher is coming round to your views on theology?

Answer. I would not have the egotism to say that he was coming round to my views, but evidently Mr. Beecher has been growing. His head has been instructed by his heart; and if a man will allow even the poor plant of pity to grow in his heart he will hold in infinite execration all orthodox religion. The moment he will allow himself to think that eternal consequences depend upon human life; that the few short years we live in the world determine for an eternity the question of infinite joy or infinite pain; the moment he thinks of that he will see that it is an infinite absurdity. For instance, a man is born in Arkansas and lives there to be seventeen or eighteen years of age, is it possible that he can be truthfully told at the day of judgment that he had a fair chance? Just imagine a man being held eternally responsible for his conduct in Delaware! Mr. Beecher is a man of great genius—full of poetry and pathos. Every now and then he is driven back by the orthodox members of his congregation toward the old religion, and for the benefit of those weak disciples he will preach what is called “a doctrinal sermon;” but before he gets through with it, seeing that it is infinitely cruel, he utters a cry of horror, and protests with all the strength of his nature against the cruelty of the creed. I imagine that he has always thought that he was under great obligation to Plymouth Church, but the truth is that the church depends upon him;

that church gets its character from Mr. Beecher. He has done a vast deal to ameliorate the condition of the average orthodox mind. He excites the envy of the mediocre minister, and he excites the hatred of the really orthodox, but he receives the approbation of good and generous men everywhere. For my part, I have no quarrel with any religion that does not threaten eternal punishment to very good people, and that does not promise eternal reward to very bad people. If orthodox Christianity is true, some of the best people I know are going to hell, and some of the meanest I have ever known are either in heaven or on the road. Of course, I admit that there are thousands and millions of good Christians—honest and noble people, but in my judgment, Mr. Beecher is the greatest man in the world who now occupies a pulpit.

Speaking of a man's living in Delaware, a young man, some time ago, came up to me on the street, in an Eastern city and asked for money. "What is your business," I asked. "I am a waiter by profession." "Where do you come from?" "Delaware." "Well, what was the matter —did you drink, or cheat your employer, or were you idle?" "No." "What was the trouble?" "Well, the truth is, the State is so small they don't need any waiters; they all reach for what they want."

Question. Do you not think there are some dangerous tendencies in Liberalism?

Answer. I will first state this proposition: The credit system in morals, as in business, breeds extravagance. The cash system in morals, as well as in business, breeds economy. We will suppose a community in which everybody is bound to sell on credit, and in which every creditor can take the benefit of the bankrupt law every Saturday night, and the constable pays the costs. In my judgment that community would be extravagant as long as the merchants lasted. We will take another community in which everybody has to pay cash, and in my judgment that community will be a very economical one. Now, then, let us apply this to morals. Christianity allows everybody to sin on a credit, and allows a man who has lived, we will say sixty-nine years, what Christians are pleased to call a worldly life, an immoral life. They allow him on his death-bed, between the last dose of medicine and the last breath, to be converted, and that man who has done nothing except evil, becomes an angel. Here is another man who has lived the same length of time, doing all the good he possibly could do, but not meeting with what they are pleased to call "a change of heart;" he goes to a world of pain. Now, my doctrine is that everybody must reap exactly what he sows, other things being equal. If he acts badly he will not be very happy; if he acts well he will not be very sad. I believe in the doctrine of consequences, and that every man must stand the consequences of his own acts. It seems to me that that fact will have a greater restraining influence than the idea that you can, just before you leave this world, shift your burden on to somebody else. I am a believer in the restraining influences of liberty, because responsibility goes hand in hand with freedom. I do not believe that the gallows is the last step between earth and heaven. I do not believe in the conversion and salvation of murderers while their innocent victims are in hell. The church has taught so long that he who acts virtuously carries a cross, and that only sinners enjoy themselves, that it may be that for a little while after men leave the church they may go to extremes until they demonstrate for themselves that the path of vice is the path of thorns, and that only

along the wayside of virtue grow the flowers of joy. The church has depicted virtue as a sour, wrinkled termagant; an old woman with nothing but skin and bones, and a temper beyond description; and at the same time vice has been painted in all the voluptuous outlines of a Greek statue. The truth is exactly the other way. A thing is right because it pays; a thing is wrong because it does not; and when I use the word "pays," I mean in the highest and noblest sense.

—*The Daily News*, Denver, Colorado, January 17, 1884.

Free Trade And Christianity

Question. Who will be the Republican nominee for President?

Answer. The correct answer to this question would make so many men unhappy that I have concluded not to give it.

Question. Has not the Democracy injured itself irretrievably by permitting the free trade element to rule it?

Answer. I do not think that the Democratic party weakened itself by electing Carlisle, Speaker. I think him an excellent man, an exceedingly candid man, and one who will do what he believes ought to be done. I have a very high opinion of Mr. Carlisle. I do not suppose any party in this country is really for free trade. I find that all writers upon the subject, no matter which side they are on, are on that side with certain exceptions. Adam Smith was in favor of free trade, with a few exceptions, and those exceptions were in matters where he thought it was for England's interest not to have free trade. The same may be said of all writers. So far as I can see, the free traders have all the arguments and the protectionists all the facts. The free trade theories are splendid, but they will not work; the results are disastrous. We find by actual experiment that it is better to protect home industries. It was once said that protection created nothing but monopoly; the argument was that way, but the facts are not. Take, for instance, steel rails; when we bought them of England we paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars a ton. I believe there was a tariff of twenty-eight or twenty-nine dollars a ton, and yet in spite of all the arguments going to show that protection would simply increase prices in America, would simply enrich the capitalists and impoverish the consumer, steel rails are now produced, I believe, right here in Colorado for forty-two dollars a ton.

After all, it is a question of labor; a question of prices that shall be paid the laboring man; a question of what the laboring man shall eat; whether he shall eat meat or soup made from the bones. Very few people take into consideration the value of raw material and the value of labor. Take, for instance, your ton of steel rails worth forty-two dollars. The iron in the earth is not worth twenty-five cents. The coal in the earth and the lime in the ledge together are not worth twenty-five cents. Now, then, of the forty-two dollars, forty-one and a half is labor. There is not two dollars' worth of raw material in a locomotive worth fifteen thousand dollars. By raw material I mean the material in the earth. There is not in the works of a watch which will sell for fifteen dollars, raw material of the value of one-half cent. All the rest is labor. A ship, a man-of-war that costs one million dollars— the raw material in the earth is not worth, in my judgment, one thousand dollars. All the rest is labor. If there is any way to protect American labor, I am in favor of it. If the present tariff does not do it, then I am in favor of changing to one that will. If the Democratic party takes a stand for free trade or anything like it, they will need protection; they will need protection at the polls; that is to say, they will meet only with defeat and disaster.

Question. What should be done with the surplus revenue?

Answer. My answer to that is, reduce internal revenue taxation until the present surplus is exhausted, and then endeavor so to arrange your tariff that you will not produce more than you need. I think the easiest question to grapple with on this earth is a surplus of money.

I do not believe in distributing it among the States. I do not think there could be a better certificate of the prosperity of our country than the fact that we are troubled with a surplus revenue; that we have the machinery for collecting taxes in such perfect order, so ingeniously contrived, that it cannot be stopped; that it goes right on collecting money, whether we want it or not; and the wonderful thing about it is that nobody complains. If nothing else can be done with the surplus revenue, probably we had better pay some of our debts. I would suggest, as a last resort, to pay a few honest claims.

Question. Are you getting nearer to or farther away from God, Christianity and the Bible?

Answer. In the first place, as Mr. Locke so often remarked, we will define our terms. If by the word "God" is meant a person, a being, who existed before the creation of the universe, and who controls all that is, except himself, I do not believe in such a being; but if by the word God is meant all that is, that is to say, the universe, including every atom and every star, then I am a believer. I suppose the word that would nearest describe me is "Pantheist." I cannot believe that a being existed from eternity, and who finally created this universe after having wasted an eternity in idleness; but upon this subject I know just as little as anybody ever did or ever will, and, in my judgment, just as much. My intellectual horizon is somewhat limited, and, to tell you the truth, this is the only world that I was ever in. I am what might be called a representative of a rural district, and, as a matter of fact, I know very little about the district. I believe it was Confucius who said: "How should I know anything about another world when I know so little of this?"

The greatest intellects of the world have endeavored to find words to express their conception of God, of the first cause, or of the science of being, but they have never succeeded. I find in the old Confession of Faith, in the old Catechism, for instance, this description: That God is a being without body, parts or passions. I think it would trouble anybody to find a better definition of nothing. That describes a vacuum, that is to say, that describes the absence of everything. I find that theology is a subject that only the most ignorant are certain about, and that the more a man thinks, the less he knows.

From the Bible God, I do not know that I am going farther and farther away. I have been about as far as a man could get for many years. I do not believe in the God of the Old Testament.

Now, as to the next branch of your question, Christianity.

The question arises, What is Christianity? I have no objection to the morality taught as a part of Christianity, no objection to its charity, its forgiveness, its kindness; no objection to its hope for this world and another, not the slightest, but all these things do not make Christianity. Mohammed taught certain doctrines that are good, but the

good in the teachings of Mohammed is not Mohammedism. When I speak of Christianity I speak of that which is distinctly Christian. For instance, the idea that the Infinite God was born in Palestine, learned the carpenter's trade, disputed with the parsons of his time, excited the wrath of the theological bigots, and was finally crucified; that afterward he was raised from the dead, and that if anybody believes this he will be saved and if he fails to believe it, he will be lost; in other words, that which is distinctly Christian in the Christian system, is its supernaturalism, its miracles, its absurdity. Truth does not need to go into partnership with the supernatural. What Christ said is worth the reason it contains. If a man raises the dead and then says twice two are five, that changes no rule in mathematics. If a multiplication table was divinely inspired, that does no good. The question is, is it correct? So I think that in the world of morals, we must prove that a thing is right or wrong by experience, by analogy, not by miracles. There is no fact in physical science that can be supernaturally demonstrated. Neither is there any fact in the moral world that could be substantiated by miracles. Now, then, keeping in mind that by Christianity I mean the supernatural in that system, of course I am just as far away from it as I can get. For the man Christ I have respect. He was an infidel in his day, and the ministers of his day cried out blasphemy, as they have been crying ever since, against every person who has suggested a new thought or shown the worthlessness of an old one.

Now, as to the third part of the question, the Bible. People say that the Bible is inspired. Well, what does inspiration mean? Did God write it? No; but the men who did write it were guided by the Holy Spirit. Very well. Did they write exactly what the Holy Spirit wanted them to write? Well, religious people say, yes. At the same time they admit that the gentlemen who were collecting, or taking down in shorthand what was said, had to use their own words. Now, we all know that the same words do not have the same meaning to all people. It is impossible to convey the same thoughts to all minds by the same language, and it is for that reason that the Bible has produced so many sects, not only disagreeing with each other, but disagreeing among themselves.

We find, then, that it is utterly impossible for God (admitting that there is one) to convey the same thoughts in human language to all people. No two persons understand the same language alike. A man's understanding depends upon his experience, upon his capacity, upon the particular bent of his mind—in fact, upon the countless influences that have made him what he is. Everything in nature tells everyone who sees it a story, but that story depends upon the capacity of the one to whom it is told. The sea says one thing to the ordinary man, and another thing to Shakespeare. The stars have not the same language for all people. The consequence is that no book can tell the same story to any two persons. The Jewish Scriptures are like other books, written by different men in different ages of the world, hundreds of years apart, filled with contradictions. They embody, I presume, fairly enough, the wisdom and ignorance, the reason and prejudice, of the times in which they were written. They are worth the good that is in them, and the question is whether we will take the good and throw the bad away. There are good laws and bad laws. There are wise and foolish sayings. There are gentle and cruel passages, and you can find a text to suit almost any frame of mind; whether you wish to do an act of charity or murder

a neighbor's babe, you will find a passage that will exactly fit the case. So that I can say that I am still for the reasonable, for the natural; and am still opposed to the absurd and supernatural.

Question. Is there any better or more ennobling belief than Christianity; if so, what is it?

Answer. There are many good things, of course, in every religion, or they would not have existed; plenty of good precepts in Christianity, but the thing that I object to more than all others is the doctrine of eternal punishment, the idea of hell for many and heaven for the few. Take from Christianity the doctrine of eternal punishment and I have no particular objection to what is generally preached. If you will take that away, and all the supernatural connected with it, I have no objection; but that doctrine of eternal punishment tends to harden the human heart. It has produced more misery than all the other doctrines in the world. It has shed more blood; it has made more martyrs. It has lighted the fires of persecution and kept the sword of cruelty wet with heroic blood for at least a thousand years. There is no crime that that doctrine has not produced. I think it would be impossible for the imagination to conceive of a worse religion than orthodox Christianity—utterly impossible; a doctrine that divides this world, a doctrine that divides families, a doctrine that teaches the son that he can be happy, with his mother in perdition; the husband that he can be happy in heaven while his wife suffers the agonies of hell. This doctrine is infinite injustice, and tends to subvert all ideas of justice in the human heart. I think it would be impossible to conceive of a doctrine better calculated to make wild beasts of men than that; in fact, that doctrine was born of all the wild beast there is in man. It was born of infinite revenge.

Think of preaching that you must believe that a certain being was the son of God, no matter whether your reason is convinced or not. Suppose one should meet, we will say on London Bridge, a man clad in rags, and he should stop us and say, "My friend, I wish to talk with you a moment. I am the rightful King of Great Britain," and you should say to him, "Well, my dinner is waiting; I have no time to bother about who the King of England is," and then he should meet another and insist on his stopping while the pulled out some papers to show that he was the rightful King of England, and the other man should say, "I have got business here, my friend; I am selling goods, and I have no time to bother my head about who the King of England is. No doubt you are the King of England, but you don't look like him." And then suppose he stops another man, and makes the same statement to him, and the other man should laugh at him and say, "I don't want to hear anything on this subject; you are crazy; you ought to go to some insane asylum, or put something on your head to keep you cool." And suppose, after all, it should turn out that the man was King of England, and should afterward make his claim good and be crowned in Westminster. What would we think of that King if he should hunt up the gentlemen that he met on London Bridge, and have their heads cut off because they had no faith that he was the rightful heir? And what would we think of a God now who would damn a man eighteen hundred years after the event, because he did not believe that he was God at the time he was living in Jerusalem; not only damn the fellows that he met and who

did not believe him, but gentlemen who lived eighteen hundred years afterward, and who certainly could have known nothing of the facts except from hearsay?

The best religion, after all, is common sense; a religion for this world, one world at a time, a religion for to-day. We want a religion that will deal in questions in which we are interested. How are we to do away with crime? How are we to do away with pauperism? How are we to do away with want and misery in every civilized country? England is a Christian nation, and yet about one in six in the city of London dies in almshouses, asylums, prisons, hospitals and jails. We, I suppose, are a civilized nation, and yet all the penitentiaries are crammed; there is want on every hand, and my opinion is that we had better turn our attention to this world.

Christianity is charitable; Christianity spends a great deal of money; but I am somewhat doubtful as to the good that is accomplished. There ought to be some way to prevent crime; not simply to punish it. There ought to be some way to prevent pauperism, not simply to relieve temporarily a pauper, and if the ministers and good people belonging to the churches would spend their time investigating the affairs of this world and let the New Jerusalem take care of itself, I think it would be far better.

The church is guilty of one great contradiction. The ministers are always talking about worldly people, and yet, were it not for worldly people, who would pay the salary? How could the church live a minute unless somebody attended to the affairs of this world? The best religion, in my judgment, is common sense going along hand in hand with kindness, and not troubling ourselves about another world until we get there. I am willing for one, to wait and see what kind of a country it will be.

Question. Does the question of the inspiration of Scriptures affect the beauty and benefits of Christianity here and hereafter?

Answer. A belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures has done, in my judgment, great harm. The Bible has been the breastwork for nearly everything wrong. The defenders of slavery relied on the Bible. The Bible was the real auction block on which every negro stood when he was sold. I never knew a minister to preach in favor of slavery that did not take his text from the Bible. The Bible teaches persecution for opinion's sake. The Bible—that is the Old Testament—upholds polygamy, and just to the extent that men, through the Bible, have believed that slavery, religious persecution, wars of extermination and polygamy were taught by God, just to that extent the Bible has done great harm. The idea of inspiration enslaves the human mind and debauches the human heart.

Question. Is not Christianity and the belief in God a check upon mankind in general and thus a good thing in itself?

Answer. This, again, brings up the question of what you mean by Christianity, but taking it for granted that you mean by Christianity the church, then I answer, when the church had almost absolute authority, then the world was the worst.

Now, as to the other part of the question, "Is not a belief in God a check upon mankind in general?" That is owing to what kind of God the man believes in. When mankind believed in the God of the Old Testament, I think that belief was a bad thing; the tendency was bad. I think that John Calvin patterned after Jehovah as

nearly as his health and strength would permit. Man makes God in his own image, and bad men are not apt to have a very good God if they make him. I believe it is far better to have a real belief in goodness, in kindness, in honesty and in mankind than in any supernatural being whatever. I do not suppose it would do any harm for a man to believe in a real good God, a God without revenge, a God that was not very particular in having a man believe a doctrine whether he could understand it or not. I do not believe that a belief of that kind would do any particular harm.

There is a vast difference between the God of John Calvin and the God of Henry Ward Beecher, and a great difference between the God of Cardinal Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza and the God of Theodore Parker.

Question. Well, Colonel, is the world growing better or worse?

Answer. I think better in some respects and worse in others; but on the whole, better. I think that while events, like the pendulum of a clock, go backward and forward, man, like the hands, goes forward. I think there is more reason and less religion, more charity and less creed. I think the church is improving. Ministers are ashamed to preach the old doctrines with the old fervor. There was a time when the pulpit controlled the pews. It is so no longer. The pews know what they want, and if the minister does not furnish it they discharge him and employ another. He is no longer an autocrat; he must bring to the market what his customers are willing to buy.

Question. What are you going to do to be saved?

Answer. Well, I think I am safe, anyway. I suppose I have a right to rely on what Matthew says, that if I will forgive others God will forgive me. I suppose if there is another world I shall be treated very much as I treat others. I never expect to find perfect bliss anywhere; maybe I should tire of it if I should. What I have endeavored to do has been to put out the fires of an ignorant and cruel hell; to do what I could to destroy that dogma; to destroy the doctrine that makes the cradle as terrible as the coffin.

—*The Denver Republican*, Denver, Colorado, January 17, 1884.

The Oath Question

Question. I suppose that your attention has been called to the excitement in England over the oath question, and you have probably wondered that so much should have been made of so little?

Answer. Yes; I have read a few articles upon the subject, including one by Cardinal Newman. It is wonderful that so many people imagine that there is something miraculous in the oath. They seem to regard it as a kind of verbal fetich, a charm, an "open sesame" to be pronounced at the door of truth, a spell, a kind of moral thumbscrew, by means of which falsehood itself is compelled to turn informer.

The oath has outlived its brother, "the wager of battle." Both were born of the idea that God would interfere for the right and for the truth. Trial by fire and by water had the same origin. It was once believed that the man in the wrong could not kill the man in the right; but, experience having shown that he usually did, the belief gradually fell into disrepute. So it was once thought that a perjurer could not swallow a piece of sacramental bread; but, the fear that made the swallowing difficult having passed away, the appeal to the corsned was abolished. It was found that a brazen or a desperate man could eat himself out of the greatest difficulty with perfect ease, satisfying the law and his own hunger at the same time.

The oath is a relic of barbarous theology, of the belief that a personal God interferes in the affairs of men; that some God protects innocence and guards the right. The experience of the world has sadly demonstrated the folly of that belief. The testimony of a witness ought to be believed, not because it is given under the solemnities of an oath, but because it is reasonable. If unreasonable it ought to be thrown aside. The question ought not to be, "Has this been sworn to?" but, "Is this true?" The moment evidence is tested by the standard of reason, the oath becomes a useless ceremony. Let the man who gives false evidence be punished as the lawmaking power may prescribe. He should be punished because he commits a crime against society, and he should be punished in this world. All honest men will tell the truth if they can; therefore, oaths will have no effect upon them. Dishonest men will not tell the truth unless the truth happens to suit their purpose; therefore, oaths will have no effect upon them. We punish them, not for swearing to a lie, but for telling it, and we can make the punishment for telling the falsehood just as severe as we wish. If they are to be punished in another world, the probability is that the punishment there will be for having told the falsehood here. After all, a lie is made no worse by an oath, and the truth is made no better.

Question. You object then to the oath. Is your objection based on any religious grounds, or on any prejudice against the ceremony because of its religious origin; or what is your objection?

Answer. I care nothing about the origin of the ceremony. The objection to the oath is this: It furnishes a falsehood with a letter of credit. It supplies the wolf with sheep's clothing and covers the hands of Jacob with hair. It blows out the light, and in the darkness Leah is taken for Rachel. It puts upon each witness a kind of theological

gown. This gown hides the moral rags of the depraved wretch as well as the virtues of the honest man. The oath is a mask that falsehood puts on, and for a moment is mistaken for truth. It gives to dishonesty the advantage of solemnity. The tendency of the oath is to put all testimony on an equality. The obscure rascal and the man of sterling character both "swear," and jurors who attribute a miraculous quality to the oath, forget the real difference in the men, and give about the same weight to the evidence of each, because both were "sworn." A scoundrel is delighted with the opportunity of going through a ceremony that gives importance and dignity to his story, that clothes him for the moment with respectability, loans him the appearance of conscience, and gives the ring of true coin to the base metal. To him the oath is a shield. He is in partnership, for a moment, with God, and people who have no confidence in the witness credit the firm.

Question. Of course you know the religionists insist that people are more likely to tell the truth when "sworn," and that to take away the oath is to destroy the foundation of testimony?

Answer. If the use of the oath is defended on the ground that religious people need a stimulus to tell the truth, then I am compelled to say that religious people have been so badly educated that they mistake the nature of the crime.

They should be taught that to defeat justice by falsehood is the real offence. Besides, fear is not the natural foundation of virtue. Even with religious people fear cannot always last. Ananias and Sapphira have been dead so long, and since their time so many people have sworn falsely without affecting their health that the fear of sudden divine vengeance no longer pales the cheek of the perjurer. If the vengeance is not sudden, then, according to the church, the criminal will have plenty of time to repent; so that the oath no longer affects even the fearful. Would it not be better for the church to teach that telling the falsehood is the real crime, and that taking the oath neither adds to nor takes from its enormity? Would it not be better to teach that he who does wrong must suffer the consequences, whether God forgives him or not?

He who tries to injure another may or may not succeed, but he cannot by any possibility fail to injure himself. Men should be taught that there is no difference between truth-telling and truth-swearing. Nothing is more vicious than the idea that any ceremony or form of words—hand-lifting or book-kissing—can add, even in the slightest degree, to the perpetual obligation every human being is under to speak the truth.

The truth, plainly told, naturally commends itself to the intelligent. Every fact is a genuine link in the infinite chain, and will agree perfectly with every other fact. A fact asks to be inspected, asks to be understood. It needs no oath, no ceremony, no supernatural aid. It is independent of all the gods. A falsehood goes in partnership with theology, and depends on the partner for success.

To show how little influence for good has been attributed to the oath, it is only necessary to say that for centuries, in the Christian world, no person was allowed to testify who had the slightest pecuniary interest in the result of a suit.

The expectation of a farthing in this world was supposed to outweigh the fear of God's wrath in the next. All the pangs, pains, and penalties of perdition were considered as nothing when compared with pounds, shillings and pence in this world.

Question. You know that in nearly all deliberative bodies—in parliaments and congresses—an oath or an affirmation is required to support what is called the Constitution; and that all officers are required to swear or affirm that they will discharge their duties; do these oaths and affirmations, in your judgment, do any good?

Answer. Men have sought to make nations and institutions immortal by oaths. Subjects have sworn to obey kings, and kings have sworn to protect subjects, and yet the subjects have sometimes beheaded a king; and the king has often plundered the subjects. The oaths enabled them to deceive each other. Every absurdity in religion, and all tyrannical institutions, have been patched, buttressed, and reinforced by oaths; and yet the history of the world shows the utter futility of putting in the coffin of an oath the political and religious aspirations of the race.

Revolutions and reformations care little for "So help me God." Oaths have riveted shackles and sanctified abuses. People swear to support a constitution, and they will keep the oath as long as the constitution supports them. In 1776 the colonists cared nothing for the fact that they had sworn to support the British crown. All the oaths to defend the Constitution of the United States did not prevent the Civil War. We have at last learned that States may be kept together for a little time, by force; permanently only by mutual interests. We have found that the Delilah of superstition cannot bind with oaths the secular Samson.

Why should a member of Parliament or of Congress swear to maintain the Constitution? If he is a dishonest man, the oath will have no effect; if he is an honest patriot, it will have no effect. In both cases it is equally useless. If a member fails to support the Constitution the probability is that his constituents will treat him as he does the Constitution. In this country, after all the members of Congress have sworn or affirmed to defend the Constitution, each political party charges the other with a deliberate endeavor to destroy that "sacred instrument." Possibly the political oath was invented to prevent the free and natural development of a nation. Kings and nobles and priests wished to retain the property they had filched and clutched, and for that purpose they compelled the real owners to swear that they would support and defend the law under color of which the theft and robbery had been accomplished.

So, in the church, creeds have been protected by oaths. Priests and laymen solemnly swore that they would, under no circumstances, resort to reason; that they would overcome facts by faith, and strike down demonstrations with the "sword of the spirit." Professors of the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, swear to defend certain dogmas and to attack others. They swear sacredly to keep and guard the ignorance they have. With them, philosophy leads to perjury, and reason is the road to crime. While theological professors are not likely to make an intellectual

discovery, still it is unwise, by taking an oath, to render that certain which is only improbable.

If all witnesses sworn to tell the truth, did so, if all members of Parliament and of Congress, in taking the oath, became intelligent, patriotic, and honest, I should be in favor of retaining the ceremony; but we find that men who have taken the same oath advocate opposite ideas, and entertain different opinions, as to the meaning of constitutions and laws. The oath adds nothing to their intelligence; does not even tend to increase their patriotism, and certainly does not make the dishonest honest.

Question. Are not persons allowed to testify in the United States whether they believe in future rewards and punishments or not?

Answer. In this country, in most of the States, witnesses are allowed to testify whether they believe in perdition and paradise or not. In some States they are allowed to testify even if they deny the existence of God. We have found that religious belief does not compel people to tell the truth, and than an utter denial of every Christian creed does not even tend to make them dishonest. You see, a religious belief does not affect the senses. Justice should not shut any door that leads to truth. No one will pretend that, because you do not believe in hell, your sight is impaired, or your hearing dulled, or your memory rendered less retentive. A witness in a court is called upon to tell what he has seen, what he has heard, what he remembers, not what he believes about gods and devils and hells and heavens. A witness substantiates not a faith, but a fact. In order to ascertain whether a witness will tell the truth, you might with equal propriety examine him as to his ideas about music, painting or architecture, as theology. A man may have no ear for music, and yet remember what he hears. He may care nothing about painting, and yet is able to tell what he sees. So he may deny every creed, and yet be able to tell the facts as he remembers them.

Thomas Jefferson was wise enough so to frame the Constitution of Virginia that no person could be deprived of any civil right on account of his religious or irreligious belief. Through the influence of men like Paine, Franklin and Jefferson, it was provided in the Federal Constitution that officers elected under its authority could swear or affirm. This was the natural result of the separation of church and state.

Question. I see that your Presidents and Governors issue their proclamations calling on the people to assemble in their churches and offer thanks to God. How does this happen in a Government where church and state are not united?

Answer. Jefferson, when President, refused to issue what is known as the "Thanksgiving Proclamation," on the ground that the Federal Government had no right to interfere in religious matters; that the people owed no religious duties to the Government; that the Government derived its powers, not from priests or gods, but from the people, and was responsible alone to the source of its power. The truth is, the framers of our Constitution intended that the Government should be secular in the broadest and best sense; and yet there are thousands and thousands of religious people in this country who are greatly scandalized because there is no recognition of God in the Federal Constitution; and for several years a great many ministers have been endeavoring to have the Constitution amended so as to recognize the existence

of God and the divinity of Christ. A man by the name of Pollock was once superintendent of the mint of Philadelphia. He was almost insane about having God in the Constitution. Failing in that, he got the inscription on our money, “In God we Trust.” As our silver dollar is now, in fact, worth only eighty-five cents, it is claimed that the inscription means that we trust in God for the other fifteen cents.

There is a constant effort on the part of many Christians to have their religion in some way recognized by law. Proclamations are now issued calling upon the people to give thanks, and directing attention to the fact that, while God has scourged or neglected other nations, he has been remarkably attentive to the wants and wishes of the United States. Governors of States issue these documents written in a tone of pious insincerity. The year may or may not have been prosperous, yet the degree of thankfulness called for is always precisely the same.

A few years ago the Governor of Iowa issued an exceedingly rhetorical proclamation, in which the people were requested to thank God for the unparalleled blessings he had showered upon them. A private citizen, fearing that the Lord might be misled by official correspondence, issued his proclamation, in which he recounted with great particularity the hardships of the preceding year. He insisted that the weather had been of the poorest quality; that the spring came late, and the frost early; that the people were in debt; that the farms were mortgaged; that the merchants were bankrupt; and that everything was in the worst possible condition. He concluded by sincerely hoping that the Lord would pay no attention to the proclamation of the Governor, but would, if he had any doubt on the subject, come down and examine the State for himself.

These proclamations have always appeared to me absurdly egotistical. Why should God treat us any better than he does the rest of his children? Why should he send pestilence and famine to China, and health and plenty to us? Why give us corn, and Egypt cholera? All these proclamations grow out of egotism and selfishness, of ignorance and superstition, and are based upon the idea that God is a capricious monster; that he loves flattery; that he can be coaxed and cajoled.

The conclusion of the whole matter with me is this: For truth in courts we must depend upon the trained intelligence of judges, the right of cross-examination, the honesty and common sense of jurors, and upon an enlightened public opinion. As for members of Congress, we will trust to the wisdom and patriotism, not only of the members, but of their constituents. In religion we will give to all the luxury of absolute liberty.

The alchemist did not succeed in finding any stone the touch of which transmuted baser things to gold; and priests have not invented yet an oath with power to force from falsehood’s desperate lips the pearl of truth.

—*Secular Review*, London, England, 1884.

Wendell Phillips, Fitz John Porter And Bismarck

Question. Are you seeking to quit public lecturing on religious questions?

Answer. As long as I live I expect now and then to say my say against the religious bigotry and cruelty of the world. As long as the smallest coal is red in hell I am going to keep on. I never had the slightest idea of retiring. I expect the church to do the retiring.

Question. What do you think of Wendell Phillips as an orator?

Answer. He was a very great orator—one of the greatest that the world has produced. He rendered immense service in the cause of freedom. He was in the old days the thunderbolt that pierced the shield of the Constitution. One of the bravest soldiers that ever fought for human rights was Wendell Phillips.

Question. What do you think of the action of Congress on Fitz John Porter?

Answer. I think Congress did right. I think they should have taken this action long before. There was a question of his guilt, and he should have been given the benefit of a doubt. They say he could have defeated Longstreet. There are some people, you know, who would have it that an army could be whipped by a good general with six mules and a blunderbuss. But we do not regard those people. They know no more about it than a lady who talked to me about Porter's case. She argued the question of Porter's guilt for half an hour. I showed her where she was all wrong. When she found she was beaten she took refuge with "Oh, well, anyhow he had no genius." Well, if every man is to be shot who has no genius, I want to go into the coffin business.

Question. What, in your judgment, is necessary to be done to insure Republican success this fall?

Answer. It is only necessary for the Republican party to stand by its principles. We must be in favor of protecting American labor not only, but of protecting American capital, and we must be in favor of civil rights, and must advocate the doctrine that the Federal Government must protect all citizens. I am in favor of a tariff, not simply to raise a revenue—that I regard as incidental. The Democrats regard protection as incidental. The two principles should be, protection to American industry and protection to American citizens. So that, after all, there is but one issue—protection. As a matter of fact, that is all a government is for—to protect. The Republican party is stronger to-day than it was four years ago. The Republican party stands for the progressive ideas of the American people. It has been said that the administration will control the Southern delegates. I do not believe it. This administration has not been friendly to the Southern Republicans, and my opinion is there will be as much division in the Southern as in the Northern States. I believe Blaine will be a candidate, and I do not believe the Prohibitionists will put a ticket in the field, because they have no hope of success.

Question. What do you think generally of the revival of the bloody shirt? Do you think the investigations of the Republicans of the Danville and Copiah massacres will benefit them?

Answer. Well, I am in favor of the revival of that question just as often as a citizen of the Republic is murdered on account of his politics. If the South is sick of that question, let it stop persecuting men because they are Republicans. I do not believe, however, in simply investigating the question and then stopping after the guilty ones are found. I believe in indicting them, trying them, and convicting them. If the Government can do nothing except investigate, we might as well stop, and admit that we have no government. Thousands of people think that it is almost vulgar to take the part of the poor colored people in the South. What part should you take if not that of the weak? The strong do not need you. And I can tell the Southern people now, that as long as they persecute for opinion's sake they will never touch the reins of political power in this country.

Question. How do you regard the action of Bismarck in returning the Lasker resolutions? Was it the result of his hatred of the Jews?

Answer. Bismarck opposed a bill to do away with the disabilities of the Jews on the ground that Prussia is a Christian nation, founded for the purpose of spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ. I presume that it was his hatred of the Jews that caused him to return the resolutions. Bismarck should have lived several centuries ago. He belongs to the Dark Ages. He is a believer in the sword and the bayonet—in brute force. He was loved by Germany simply because he humiliated France. Germany gave her liberty for revenge. It is only necessary to compare Bismarck with Gambetta to see what a failure he really is. Germany was victorious and took from France the earnings of centuries; and yet Germany is to-day the least prosperous nation in Europe. France was prostrate, trampled into the earth, robbed, and yet, guided by Gambetta, is to-day the most prosperous nation in Europe. This shows the difference between brute force and brain.

—*The Times*, Chicago, Illinois, February 21, 1884.

General Subjects

Question. Do you enjoy lecturing?

Answer. Of course I enjoy lecturing. It is a great pleasure to drive the fiend of fear out of the hearts of men women and children. It is a positive joy to put out the fires of hell.

Question. Where do you meet with the bitterest opposition?

Answer. I meet with the bitterest opposition where the people are the most ignorant, where there is the least thought, where there are the fewest books. The old theology is becoming laughable. Very few ministers have the impudence to preach in the old way. They give new meanings to old words. They subscribe to the same creed, but preach exactly the other way. The clergy are ashamed to admit that they are orthodox, and they ought to be.

Question. Do liberal books, such as the works of Paine and Infidel scientists sell well?

Answer. Yes, they are about the only books on serious subjects that do sell well. The works of Darwin, Buckle, Draper, Haeckel, Tyndall, Humboldt and hundreds of others, are read by intelligent people the world over. Works of a religious character die on the shelves. The people want facts. They want to know about the world, about all forms of life. They want the mysteries of every day solved. They want honest thoughts about sensible questions. They are tired of the follies of faith and the falsehoods of superstition. They want a heaven here. In a few years the old theological books will be sold to make paper on which to print the discoveries of science.

Question. In what section of the country do you find the most liberality?

Answer. I find great freedom of thought in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, in fact, all over what we call the North. The West of course is liberal. The truth is that all the intelligent part of the country is liberal. The railroad, the telegraph, the daily paper, electric light, the telephone, and freedom of thought belong together.

Question. Is it true that you were once threatened with a criminal prosecution for libel on religion?

Answer. Yes, in Delaware. Chief Justice Comegys instructed the grand jury to indict me for blasphemy. I have taken by revenge on the State by leaving it in ignorance. Delaware is several centuries behind the times. It is as bigoted as it is small. Compare Kansas City with Wilmington and you will see the difference between liberalism and orthodoxy.

Question. This is Washington's birthday. What do you think of General Washington?

Answer. I suppose that Washington was what was called religious. He was not very strict in his conduct. He tried to have church and state united in Virginia and was

defeated by Jefferson. It should make no difference with us whether Washington was religious or not. Jefferson was by far the greater man. In intellect there was no comparison between Washington and Franklin. I do not prove the correctness of my ideas by names of dead people. I depend upon reason instead of gravestones. One fact is worth a cemetery full of distinguished corpses. We ask not for the belief of somebody, but for evidence, for facts. The church is a beggar at the door of respectability. The moment a man becomes famous, the church asks him for a certificate that the Bible is true. It passes its hat before generals and presidents, and kings while they are alive. It says nothing about thinkers and real philosophers while they live, except to slander them, but the moment they are dead it seeks among their words for a crumb of comfort.

Question. Will Liberalism ever organize in America?

Answer. I hope not. Organization means creed, and creed means petrifaction and tyranny. I believe in individuality. I will not join any society except an anti-society society.

Question. Do you consider the religion of Bhagavat Purana of the East as good as the Christian?

Answer. It is far more poetic. It has greater variety and shows vastly more thought. Like the Hebrew, it is poisoned with superstition, but it has more beauty. Nothing can be more barren than the theology of the Jews and Christians. One lonely God, a heaven filled with thoughtless angels, a hell with unfortunate souls. Nothing can be more desolate. The Greek mythology is infinitely better.

Question. Do you think that the marriage institution is held in less respect by Infidels than by Christians?

Answer. No; there was never a time when marriage was more believed in than now. Never were wives treated better and loved more; never were children happier than now. It is the ambition of the average American to have a good and happy home. The fireside was never more popular than now.

Question. What do you think of Beecher?

Answer. He is a great man, but the habit of his mind and the bent of his early education oppose his heart. He is growing and has been growing every day for many years. He has given up the idea of eternal punishment, and that of necessity destroys it all. The Christian religion is founded upon hell. When the foundation crumbles the fabric falls. Beecher was to have answered my article in the *North American Review*, but when it appeared and he saw it, he agreed with so much of it that he concluded that an answer would be useless.

—*The Times*, Kansas City, Missouri, February 23, 1884.

Reply To Kansas City Clergy

Question. Will you take any notice of Mr. Magrath's challenge?

Answer. I do not think it worth while to discuss with Mr. Magrath. I do not say this in disparagement of his ability, as I do not know the gentleman. He may be one of the greatest of men. I think, however, that Mr. Magrath might better answer what I have already said. If he succeeds in that, then I will meet him in public discussion. Of course he is an eminent theologian or he would not think of discussing these questions with anybody. I have never heard of him, but for all that he may be the most intelligent of men.

Question. How have the recently expressed opinions of our local clergy impressed you?

Answer. I suppose you refer to the preachers who have given their opinion of me. In the first place I am obliged to them for acting as my agents. I think Mr. Hogan has been imposed upon. Tacitus is a poor witness—about like Josephus. I say again that we have not a word about Christ written by any human being who lived in the time of Christ—not a solitary word, and Mr. Hogan ought to know it.

The Rev. Mr. Matthews is mistaken. If the Bible proves anything, it proves that the world was made in six days and that Adam and Eve were built on Saturday. The Bible gives the age of Adam when he died, and then gives the ages of others down to the flood, and then from that time at least to the return from the captivity. If the genealogy of the Bible is true it is about six thousand years since Adam was made, and the world is only five days older than Adam. It is nonsense to say that the days were long periods of time. If that is so, away goes the idea of Sunday. The only reason for keeping Sunday given in the Bible is that God made the world in six days and rested on the seventh. Mr. Mathews is not candid. He knows that he cannot answer the arguments I have urged against the Bible. He knows that the ancient Jews were barbarians, and that the Old Testament is a barbarous book. He knows that it upholds slavery and polygamy, and he probably feels ashamed of what he is compelled to preach.

Mr. Jardine takes a very cheerful view of the subject. He expects the light to dawn on the unbelievers. He speaks as though he were the superior of all Infidels. He claims to be a student of the evidences of Christianity. There are no evidences, consequently Mr. Jardine is a student of nothing. It is amazing how dignified some people can get on a small capital.

Mr. Haley has sense enough to tell the ministers not to attempt to answer me. That is good advice. The ministers had better keep still. It is the safer way. If they try to answer what I say, the "sheep" will see how foolish the "shepherds" are. The best way is for them to say, "that has been answered."

Mr. Wells agrees with Mr. Haley. He, too, thinks that silence is the best weapon. I agree with him. Let the clergy keep still; that is the best way. It is better to say

nothing than to talk absurdity. I am delighted to think that at last the ministers have concluded that they had better not answer Infidels.

Mr. Woods is fearful only for the young. He is afraid that I will hurt the children. He thinks that the mother ought to stoop over the cradle and in the ears of the babe shout, Hell! So he thinks in all probability that the same word ought to be repeated at the grave as a consolation to mourners.

I am glad that Mr. Mann thinks that I am doing neither good nor harm. This gives me great hope. If I do no harm, certainly I ought not to be eternally damned. It is very consoling to have an orthodox minister solemnly assert that I am doing no harm. I wish I could say as much for him.

The truth is, all these ministers have kept back their real thoughts. They do not tell their doubts—they know that orthodoxy is doomed —they know that the old doctrine excites laughter and scorn. They know that the fires of hell are dying out; that the Bible is ceasing to be an authority; and that the pulpit is growing feebler and feebler every day. Poor parsons!

Question. Would the Catholicism of General Sherman's family affect his chances for the presidency?

Answer. I do not think the religion of the family should have any weight one way or the other. It would make no difference with me; although I hate Catholicism with all my heart, I do not hate Catholics. Some people might be so prejudiced that they would not vote for a man whose wife belongs to the Catholic Church; but such people are too narrow to be consulted. General Sherman says that he wants no office. In that he shows his good sense. He is a great man and a great soldier. He has won laurels enough for one brow. He has the respect and admiration of the nation, and does not need the presidency to finish his career. He wishes to enjoy the honors he has won and the rest he deserves.

Question. What is your opinion of Matthew Arnold?

Answer. He is a man of talent, well educated, a little fussy, somewhat sentimental, but he is not a genius. He is not creative. He is a critic—not an originator. He will not compare with Emerson.

—*The Journal*, Kansas City, Missouri, February 23, 1884.

Swearing And Affirming

Question. What is the difference in the parliamentary oath of this country which saves us from such a squabble as they have had in England over the Bradlaugh case?

Answer. Our Constitution provides that a member of Congress may swear or affirm. The consequence is that we can have no such controversy as they have had in England. The framers of our Constitution wished forever to divorce church and state. They knew that it made no possible difference whether a man swore or affirmed, or whether he swore and affirmed to support the Constitution. All the Federal officers who went into the Rebellion had sworn or affirmed to support the Constitution. All that did no good. The entire oath business is a mistake. I think it would be a thousand times better to abolish all oaths in courts of justice. The oath allows a rascal to put on the garments of solemnity, the mask of piety, while he tells a lie. In other words, the oath allows the villain to give falsehood the appearance of truth. I think it would be far better to let each witness tell his story and leave his evidence to the intelligence of the jury and judge. The trouble about an oath is that its tendency is to put all witnesses on an equality; the jury says, “Why, he swore to it.” Now, if the oath were abolished, the jury would judge all testimony according to the witness, and then the evidence of one man of good reputation would outweigh the lies of thousands of nobodies.

It was at one time believed that there was something miraculous in the oath, that it was a kind of thumbscrew that would torture the truth out of a rascal, and at one time they believed that if a man swore falsely he might be struck by lightning or paralyzed. But so many people have sworn to lies without having their health impaired that the old superstition has very little weight with the average witness. I think it would be far better to let every man tell his story; let him be cross-examined, let the jury find out as much as they can of his character, of his standing among his neighbors—then weigh his testimony in the scale of reason. The oath is born of superstition, and everything born of superstition is bad. The oath gives the lie currency; it gives it for the moment the ring of true metal, and the ordinary average juror is imposed upon and justice in many instances defeated. Nothing can be more absurd than the swearing of a man to support the Constitution. Let him do what he likes. If he does not support the Constitution, the probability is that his constituents will refuse to support him. Every man who swears to support the Constitution swears to support it as he understands it, and no two understand it exactly alike. Now, if the oath brightened a man’s intellect or added to his information or increased his patriotism or gave him a little more honesty, it would be a good thing—but it doesn’t. And as a consequence it is a very useless and absurd proceeding. Nothing amuses me more in a court than to see one calf kissing the tanned skin of another.

—*The Courier*, Buffalo, New York, May 19, 1884.

Reply To A Buffalo Critic

Question. What have you to say in reply to the letter in to- day's *Times* signed R. H. S.?

Answer. I find that I am accused of "four flagrant wrongs," and while I am not as yet suffering from the qualms of conscience, nor do I feel called upon to confess and be forgiven, yet I have something to say in self-defence.

As to the first objection made by your correspondent, namely, that my doctrine deprives people of the hope that after this life is ended they will meet their fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, long since passed away, in the land beyond the grave, and there enjoy their company forever, I have this to say: If Christianity is true we are not quite certain of meeting our relatives and friends where we can enjoy their company forever. If Christianity is true most of our friends will be in hell. The ones I love best and whose memory I cherish will certainly be among the lost. The trouble about Christianity is that it is infinitely selfish. Each man thinks that if he can save his own little, shriveled, microscopic soul, that is enough. No matter what becomes of the rest. Christianity has no consolation for a generous man. I do not wish to go to heaven if the ones who have given me joy are to be lost. I would much rather go with them. The only thing that makes life endurable in this world is human love, and yet, according to Christianity, that is the very thing we are not to have in the other world. We are to be so taken up with Jesus and the angels, that we shall care nothing about our brothers and sisters that have been damned. We shall be so carried away with the music of the harp that we shall not even hear the wail of father or mother. Such a religion is a disgrace to human nature.

As to the second objection,—that society cannot be held together in peace and good order without hell and a belief in eternal torment, I would ask why an infinitely wise and good God should make people of so poor and mean a character that society cannot be held together without scaring them. Is it possible that God has so made the world that the threat of eternal punishment is necessary for the preservation of society?

The writer of the letter also says that it is necessary to believe that if a man commits murder here he is destined to be punished in hell for the offence. This is Christianity. Yet nearly every murderer goes directly from the gallows to God. Nearly every murderer takes it upon himself to lecture the assembled multitude who have gathered to see him hanged, and invite them to meet him in heaven. When the rope is about his neck he feels the wings growing. That is the trouble with the Christian doctrine. Every murderer is told he may repent and go to heaven, and have the happiness of seeing his victim in hell. Should heaven at any time become dull, the vein of pleasure can be re-thrilled by the sight of his victim wriggling on the gridiron of God's justice. Really, Christianity leads men to sin on credit. It sells rascality on time and tells all the devils they can have the benefit of the gospel bankrupt act.

The next point in the letter is that I do not preach for the benefit of mankind, but for the money which is the price of blood. Of course it makes no difference whether I

preach for money or not. That is to say, it makes no difference to the preached. The arguments I advance are either good or bad. If they are bad they can easily be answered by argument. If they are not they cannot be answered by personalities or by ascribing to me selfish motives. It is not a personal matter. It is a matter of logic, of sense— not a matter of slander, vituperation or hatred. The writer of the letter, R. H. S., may be an exceedingly good person, yet that will add no weight to his or her argument. He or she may be a very bad person, but that would not weaken the logic of the letter, if it had any logic to begin with. It is not for me to say what my motives are in what I do or say; it must be left to the judgment of mankind. I presume I am about as bad as most folks, and as good as some, but my goodness or badness has nothing to do with the question. I may have committed every crime in the world, yet that does not make the story of the flood reasonable, nor does it even tend to show that the three gentlemen in the furnace were not scorched. I may be the best man in the world, yet that does not go to prove that Jonah was swallowed by the whale. Let me say right here that if there is another world I believe that every soul who finds the way to that shore will have an everlasting opportunity to do right—of reforming. My objection to Christianity is that it is infinitely cruel, infinitely selfish, and I might add infinitely absurd. I deprive no one of any hope unless you call the expectation of eternal pain a hope.

Question. Have you read the Rev. Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll," and if so, what have you to say of them or in reply to them?

Answer. I have read a few pages or paragraphs of that pamphlet, and do not feel called upon to say anything. Mr. Lambert has the same right to publish his ideas that I have, and the readers must judge. People who believe his way will probably think that he has succeeded in answering me. After all, he must leave the public to decide. I have no anxiety about the decision. Day by day the people are advancing, and in a little while the sacred superstitions of to-day will be cast aside with the foolish myths and fables of the pagan world.

As a matter of fact there can be no argument in favor of the supernatural. Suppose you should ask if I had read the work of that gentleman who says that twice two are five. I should answer you that no gentleman can prove that twice two are five; and yet this is exactly as easy as to prove the existence of the supernatural. There are no arguments in favor of the supernatural. There are theories and fears and mistakes and prejudices and guesses, but no arguments—plenty of faith, but no facts; plenty of divine revelation, but no demonstration. The supernatural, in my judgment, is a mistake. I believe in the natural.

—*The Times*, Buffalo, New York, May 19, 1884.

Blasphemy

I did not suppose that anybody was idiotic enough to want me arrested for blasphemy. It seems to me that an infinite Being can take care of himself without the aid of any agent of a Bible society. Perhaps it is wrong for me to be here while the Methodist Conference is in session. Of course no one who differs from the Methodist ministers should ever visit Philadelphia while they are here. I most humbly hope to be forgiven.

Question. What do you think of the law of 1860?

Answer. It is exceedingly foolish. Surely, there is no need for the Legislature of Pennsylvania to protect an infinite God, and why should the Bible be protected by law? The most ignorant priest can hold Darwin up to orthodox scorn. This talk of the Rev. Mr. Torrence shows that my lectures are needed; that religious people do not know what real liberty is. I presume that the law of 1860 is an old one re-enacted. It is a survival of ancient ignorance and bigotry, and no one in the Legislature thought it worth while to fight it. It is the same as the law against swearing, both are dead letters and amount to nothing. They are not enforced and should not be. Public opinion will regulate such matters. If all who take the name of God in vain were imprisoned there would not be room in the jails to hold the ministers. They speak of God in the most flippant and snap-your-fingers way that can be conceived of. They speak to him as though he were an intimate chum, and metaphorically slap him on the back in the most familiar way possible.

Question. Have you ever had any similar experiences before?

Answer. Oh, yes—threats have been made, but I never was arrested. When Mr. Torrence gets cool he will see that he has made a mistake. People in Philadelphia have been in the habit of calling the citizens of Boston bigots—but there is more real freedom of thought and expression in Boston than in almost any other city of the world. I think that as I am to suffer in hell forever, Mr. Torrence ought to be satisfied and let me have a good time here. He can amuse himself through all eternity by seeing me in hell, and that ought to be enough to satisfy, not only an agent, but the whole Bible society. I never expected any trouble in this State, and most sincerely hope that Mr. Torrence will not trouble me and make the city a laughing stock.

Philadelphia has no time to waste in such foolish things. Let the Bible take its chances with other books. Let everybody feel that he has the right freely to express his opinions, provided he is decent and kind about it. Certainly the Christians now ought to treat Infidels as well as Penn did Indians.

Nothing could be more perfectly idiotic than in this day and generation to prosecute any man for giving his conclusions upon any religious subject. Mr. Torrence would have had Huxley and Haeckel and Tyndall arrested; would have had Humboldt and John Stuart Mill and Harriet Martineau and George Eliot locked up in the city jail. Mr. Torrence is a fossil from the old red sandstone of a mistake. Let him rest. To hear

these people talk you would suppose that God is some petty king, some Liliputian prince, who was about to be dethroned, and who was nearly wild for recruits.

Question. But what would you do if they should make an attempt to arrest you?

Answer. Nothing, except to defend myself in court.

—*Philadelphia Press*, May 24, 1884.

Politics And British Columbia

Question. I understand that there was some trouble in connection with your lecture in Victoria, B. C. What are the facts?

Answer. The published accounts, as circulated by the Associated Press, were greatly exaggerated. The affair was simply this: The authorities endeavored to prevent the lecture. They refused the license, on the ground that the theatre was unsafe, although it was on the ground floor, had many exits and entrances, not counting the windows. The theatre was changed to meet the objections of the fire commissioner, and the authorities expressed their satisfaction and issued the license. Afterward further objection was raised, and on the night of the lecture, when the building was about two- thirds full, the police appeared and said that the lecture would not be allowed to be delivered, because the house was unsafe. After a good deal of talk, the policeman in authority said that there should be another door, whereupon my friends, in a few minutes, made another door with an ax and a saw, the crowd was admitted and the lecture was delivered. The audience was well-behaved, intelligent and appreciative. Beyond some talking in the hall, and the natural indignation of those who had purchased tickets and were refused admittance, there was no disturbance. I understand that those who opposed the lecture are now heartily ashamed of the course pursued.

Question. Are you going to take any part in the campaign?

Answer. It is not my intention to make any political speeches. I have made a good many in the past, and, in my judgment, have done my part. I have no other interest in politics than every citizen should have. I want that party to triumph which, in my judgment, represents the best interests of the country. I have no doubt about the issue of the election. I believe that Mr. Blaine will be the next President. But there are plenty of talkers, and I really think that I have earned a vacation.

Question. What do you think Cleveland's chances are in New York?

Answer. At this distance it is hard to say. The recent action of Tammany complicates matters somewhat. But my opinion is that Blaine will carry the State. I had a letter yesterday from that State, giving the opinion of a gentleman well informed, that Blaine would carry New York by no less than fifty thousand majority.

Question. What figure will Butler cut in the campaign?

Answer. I hardly think that Butler will have many followers on the 4th of November. His forces will gradually go to one side or the other. It is only when some great principle is at stake that thousands of men are willing to vote with a known minority.

Question. But what about the Prohibitionists?

Answer. They have a very large following. They are fighting for something they believe to be of almost infinite consequence, and I can readily understand how a Prohibitionist is willing to be in the minority. It may be well enough for me to say here, that my course politically is not determined by my likes or dislikes of

individuals. I want to be governed by principles, not persons. If I really thought that in this campaign a real principle was at stake, I should take part. The only great question now is protection, and I am satisfied that it is in no possible danger.

Question. Not even in the case of a Democratic victory?

Answer. Not even in the event of a Democratic victory. No State in the Union is for free trade. Every free trader has an exception. These exceptions combined, control the tariff legislation of this country, and if the Democrats were in power to-day, with the control of the House and Senate and Executive, the exceptions would combine and protect protection. As long as the Federal Government collects taxes or revenue on imports, just so long these revenues will be arranged to protect home manufactures.

Question. You said that if there were a great principle at stake, you would take part in the campaign. You think, then, that there is no great principle involved?

Answer. If it were a matter of personal liberty, I should take part. If the Republican party had stood by the Civil Rights Bill, I should have taken part in the present campaign.

Question. Still, I suppose we can count on you as a Republican?

Answer. Certainly, I am a Republican.

—*Evening Post*, San Francisco, California, September 16, 1884.

Ingersoll Catechised

Question. Does Christianity advance or retard civilization?

Answer. If by Christianity you mean the orthodox church, then I unhesitatingly answer that it does retard civilization, always has retarded it, and always will. I can imagine no man who can be benefitted by being made a Catholic or a Presbyterian or a Baptist or a Methodist—or, in other words, by being made an orthodox Christian. But by Christianity I do not mean morality, kindness, forgiveness, justice. Those virtues are not distinctively Christian. They are claimed by Mohammedans and Buddhists, by Infidels and Atheists—and practiced by some of all classes. Christianity consists of the miraculous, the marvelous, and the impossible.

The one thing that I most seriously object to in Christianity is the doctrine of eternal punishment. That doctrine subverts every idea of justice. It teaches the infinite absurdity that a finite offence can be justly visited by eternal punishment. Another serious objection I have is, that Christianity endeavors to destroy intellectual liberty. Nothing is better calculated to retard civilization than to subvert the idea of justice. Nothing is better calculated to retain barbarism than to deny to every human being the right to think. Justice and Liberty are the two wings that bear man forward. The church, for a thousand years, did all within its power to prevent the expression of honest thought; and when the church had power, there was in this world no civilization. We have advanced just in the proportion that Christianity has lost power. Those nations in which the church is still powerful are still almost savage—Portugal, Spain, and many others I might name. Probably no country is more completely under the control of the religious idea than Russia. The Czar is the direct representative of God. He is the head of the church, as well as of the state. In Russia every mouth is a bastille and every tongue a convict. This Russian pope, this representative of God, has on earth his hell (Siberia), and he imitates the orthodox God to the extent of his health and strength.

Everywhere man advances as the church loses power. In my judgment, Ireland can never succeed until it ceases to be Catholic; and there can be no successful uprising while the confessional exists. At one time in New England the church had complete power. There was then no religious liberty. And so we might make a tour of the world, and find that superstition always has been, is, and forever will be, inconsistent with human advancement.

Question. Do not the evidences of design in the universe prove a Creator?

Answer. If there were any evidences of design in the universe, certainly they would tend to prove a designer, but they would not prove a Creator. Design does not prove creation. A man makes a machine. That does not prove that he made the material out of which the machine is constructed. You find the planets arranged in accordance with what you call a plan. That does not prove that they were created. It may prove that they are governed, but it certainly does not prove that they were created. Is it consistent to say that a design cannot exist without a designer, but that a designer can? Does not a designer need a design as much as a design needs a designer? Does

not a Creator need a Creator as much as the thing we think has been created? In other words, is not this simply a circle of human ignorance? Why not say that the universe has existed from eternity, as well as to say that a Creator has existed from eternity? And do you not thus avoid at least one absurdity by saying that the universe has existed from eternity, instead of saying that it was created by a Creator who existed from eternity? Because if your Creator existed from eternity, and created the universe, there was a time when he commenced; and back of that, according to Shelley, is "an eternity of idleness."

Some people say that God existed from eternity, and has created eternity. It is impossible to conceive of an act co-equal with eternity. If you say that God has existed forever, and has always acted, then you make the universe eternal, and you make the universe as old as God; and if the universe be as old as God, he certainly did not create it.

These questions of origin and destiny—of infinite gods—are beyond the powers of the human mind. They cannot be solved. We might as well try to travel fast enough to get beyond the horizon. It is like a man trying to run away from his girdle. Consequently, I believe in turning our attention to things of importance—to questions that may by some possibility be solved. It is of no importance to me whether God exists or not. I exist, and it is important to me to be happy while I exist. Therefore I had better turn my attention to finding out the secret of happiness, instead of trying to ascertain the secret of the universe.

I say with regard to God, I do not know; and therefore I am accused of being arrogant and egotistic. Religious papers say that I do know, because Webster told me. They use Webster as a witness to prove the divinity of Christ. They say that Webster was on the God side, and therefore I ought to be. I can hardly afford to take Webster's ideas of another world, when his ideas about this were so bad. When bloodhounds were pursuing a woman through the tangled swamps of the South—she hungry for liberty—Webster took the side of the bloodhounds. Such a man is no authority for me. Bacon denied the Copernican system of astronomy; he is an unsafe guide. Wesley believed in witches; I cannot follow him. No man should quote a name instead of an argument; no man should bring forward a person instead of a principle, unless he is willing to accept all the ideas of that person.

Question. Is not a pleasant illusion preferable to a dreary truth—a future life being in question?

Answer. I think it is. I think that a pleasing illusion is better then a terrible truth, so far as its immediate results are concerned. I would rather think the one I love living, than to think her dead. I would rather think that I had a large balance in bank than that my account was overdrawn. I would rather think I was healthy than to know that I had a cancer. But if we have an illusion, let us have it pleasing. The orthodox illusion is the worst that can possibly be conceived. Take hell out of that illusion, take eternal pain away from that dream, and say that the whole world is to be happy forever—then you might have an excuse for calling it a pleasant illusion; but it is, in fact, a nightmare —a perpetual horror—a cross, on which the happiness of man has been crucified.

Question. Are not religion and morals inseparable?

Answer. Religion and morality have nothing in common, and yet there is no religion except the practice of morality. But what you call religion is simply superstition. Religion as it is now taught teaches our duties toward God—our obligations to the Infinite, and the results of a failure to discharge those obligations. I believe that we are under no obligations to the Infinite; that we cannot be. All our obligations are to each other, and to sentient beings. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," has nothing to do with morality. "Do unto other as ye would that others should do unto you" has nothing to do with believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. Baptism has nothing to do with morality. "Pay your honest debts." That has nothing to do with baptism. What is called religion is simple superstition, with which morality has nothing to do.

The churches do not prevent people from committing natural offences, but restrain them from committing artificial ones. As for instance, the Catholic Church can prevent one of its members from eating meat on Friday, but not from whipping his wife. The Episcopal Church can prevent dancing, it may be, in Lent, but not slander. The Presbyterian can keep a man from working on Sunday, but not from practicing deceit on Monday. And so I might go through the churches. They lay the greater stress upon the artificial offences. Those countries that are the most religious are the most immoral. When the world was under the control of the Catholic Church, it reached the very pit of immorality, and nations have advanced in morals just in proportion that they have lost Christianity.

Question. It is frequently asserted that there is nothing new in your objections against Christianity. What is your reply to such assertions?

Answer. Of course, the editors of religious papers will say this; Christians will say this. In my opinion, an argument is new until it has been answered. An argument is absolutely fresh, and has upon its leaves the dew of morning, until it has been refuted. All men have experienced, it may be, in some degree, what we call love. Millions of men have written about it. The subject is of course old. It is only the presentation that can be new. Thousands of men have attacked superstition. The subject is old, but the manner in which the facts are handled, the arguments grouped—these may be forever new. Millions of men have preached Christianity. Certainly there is nothing new in the original ideas. Nothing can be new except the presentation, the grouping. The ideas may be old, but they may be clothed in new garments of passion; they may be given additional human interest. A man takes a fact, or an old subject, as a sculptor takes a rock; the rock is not new. Of this rock he makes a statue; the statue is new. And yet some orthodox man might say there is nothing new about that statue: "I know the man that dug the rock; I know the owner of the quarry." Substance is eternal; forms are new. So in the human mind certain ideas, or in the human heart certain passions, are forever old; but genius forever gives them new forms, new meanings; and this is the perpetual originality of genius.

Question. Do you consider that churches are injurious to the community?

Answer. In the exact proportion that churches teach falsehood; in the exact proportion that they destroy liberty of thought, the free action of the human mind; in

the exact proportion that they teach the doctrine of eternal pain, and convince people of its truth—they are injurious. In the proportion that they teach morality and justice, and practice kindness and charity—in that proportion they are a benefit. Every church, therefore, is a mixed problem—part good and part bad. In one direction it leads toward and sheds light; in the other direction its influence is entirely bad.

Now, I would like to civilize the churches, so that they will be able to do good deeds without building bad creeds. In other words, take out the superstitious and the miraculous, and leave the human and the moral.

Question. Why do you not respond to the occasional clergyman who replies to your lectures?

Answer. In the first place, no clergyman has ever replied to my lectures. In the second place, no clergyman ever will reply to my lectures. He does not answer my arguments—he attacks me; and the replies that I have seen are not worth answering. They are far below the dignity of the question under discussion. Most of them are ill-mannered, as abusive as illogical, and as malicious as weak. I cannot reply without feeling humiliated. I cannot use their weapons, and my weapons they do not understand. I attack Christianity because it is cruel, and they account for all my actions by putting behind them base motives. They make it at once a personal question. They imagine that epithets are good enough arguments with which to answer an Infidel. A few years ago they would have imprisoned me. A few years before that they would have burned me. We have advanced. Now they only slander; and I congratulate myself on the fact that even that is not believed. Ministers do not believe each other about each other. The truth has never yet been ascertained in any trial by a church. The longer the trial lasts, the obscurer is the truth. They will not believe each other, even on oath; and one of the most celebrated ministers of this country has publicly announced that there is no use in answering a lie started by his own church; that if he does answer it—if he does kill it—forty more lies will come to the funeral.

In this connection we must remember that the priests of one religion never credit the miracles of another religion. Is this because priests instinctively know priests? Now, when a Christian tells a Buddhist some of the miracles of the Testament, the Buddhist smiles. When a Buddhist tells a Christian the miracles performed by Buddha, the Christian laughs. This reminds me of an incident. A man told a most wonderful story. Everybody present expressed surprise and astonishment, except one man. He said nothing; he did not even change countenance. One who noticed that the story had no effect on this man, said to him: “You do not seem to be astonished in the least at this marvelous tale.” The man replied, “No; I am a liar myself.”

You see, I am not trying to answer individual ministers. I am attacking the whole body of superstition. I am trying to kill the entire dog, and I do not feel like wasting any time killing fleas on that dog. When the dog dies, the fleas will be out of provisions, and in that way we shall answer them all at once.

So, I do not bother myself answering religious newspapers. In the first place, they are not worth answering; and in the second place, to answer would only produce a new crop of falsehoods. You know, the editor of a religious newspaper, as a rule, is one

who has failed in the pulpit; and you can imagine the brains necessary to edit a religious weekly from this fact. I have known some good religious editors. By some I mean one. I do not say that there are not others, but I do say I do not know them. I might add, here, that the one I did know is dead.

Since I have been in this city there have been some "replies" to me. They have been almost idiotic. A Catholic priest asked me how I had the impudence to differ with Newton. Newton, he says, believed in a God; and I ask this Catholic priest how he has the impudence to differ with Newton. Newton was a Protestant. This simply shows the absurdity of using men's names for arguments. This same priest proves the existence of God by a pagan orator. Is it possible that God's last witness died with Cicero? If it is necessary to believe in a God now, the witnesses ought to be on hand now.

Another man, pretending to answer me, quotes Le Conte, a geologist; and according to this geologist we are "getting very near to the splendors of the great white throne." Where is the great white throne? Can any one, by studying geology, find the locality of the great white throne? To what stratum does it belong? In what geologic period was the great white throne formed? What on earth has geology to do with the throne of God?

The truth is, there can be no reply to the argument that man should be governed by his reason; that he should depend upon observation and experience; that he should use the faculties he has for his own benefit, and the benefit of his fellow-man. There is no answer. It is not within the power of man to substantiate the supernatural. It is beyond the power of evidence.

Question. Why do the theological seminaries find it difficult to get students?

Answer. I was told last spring, at New Haven, that the "theologs," as they call the young men there being fitted for the ministry, were not regarded as intellectual by all the other students. The orthodox pulpit has no rewards for genius. It has rewards only for stupidity, for belief—not for investigation, not for thought; and the consequence is that young men of talent avoid the pulpit. I think I heard the other day that of all the students at Harvard only nine are preparing for the ministry. The truth is, the ministry is not regarded as an intellectual occupation. The average church now consists of women and children. Men go to please their wives, or stay at home and subscribe to please their wives; and the wives are beginning to think, and many of them are staying at home. Many of them now prefer the theatre or the opera or the park or the seashore or the forest or the companionship of their husbands and children at home.

Question. How does the religious state of California compare with the rest of the Union?

Answer. I find that sensible people everywhere are about the same, and the proportion of Freethinkers depends on the proportion of sensible folks. I think that California has her full share of sensible people. I find everywhere the best people and the brightest people—the people with the most heart and the best brain—all tending toward free thought. Of course, a man of brain cannot believe the miracles of the Old

and New Testaments. A man of heart cannot believe in the doctrine of eternal pain. We have found that other religions are like ours, with precisely the same basis, the same idiotic miracles, the same Christ or Saviour. It will hardly do to say that all others like ours are false, and ours the only true one, when others substantially like it are thousands of years older. We have at last found that a religion is simply an effort on the part of man to account for what he sees, what he experiences, what he feels, what he fears, and what he hopes. Every savage has his philosophy. That is his religion and his science.

The religions of to-day are the sciences of the past; and it may be that the sciences of to-day will be the religions of the future, and that other sciences will be as far beyond them as the science of to-day is beyond the religion of to-day. As a rule, religion is a sanctified mistake, and heresy a slandered fact. In other words, the human mind grows—and as it grows it abandons the old, and the old gets its revenge by maligning the new.

—*The San Franciscan*, San Francisco, October 4, 1884.

Blaine's Defeat

Question. Colonel, the fact that you took no part in the late campaign, is a subject for general comment, and knowing your former enthusiastic advocacy and support of Blaine, the people are somewhat surprised, and would like to know why?

Answer. In the first place, it was generally supposed that Blaine needed no help. His friends were perfectly confident. They counted on a very large Catholic support. The Irish were supposed to be spoiling to vote for Blaine and Logan. All the Protestant ministers were also said to be solid for the ticket. Under these circumstances it was hardly prudent for me to say much.

I was for Blaine in 1876. In 1880 I was for Garfield, and in 1884 I was for Gresham or Harlan. I believed then and I believe now that either one of these men could have been elected. Blaine is an exceedingly able man, but he made some mistakes and some very unfortunate utterances. I took no part in the campaign; first, because there was no very important issue, no great principle at stake, and second, I thought that I had done enough, and, third, because I wanted to do something else.

Question. What, in your opinion, were the causes for Blaine's defeat?

Answer. First, because of dissension in the party. Second, because party ties have grown weak. Third, the Prohibition vote. Fourth, the Delmonico dinner—too many rich men. Fifth, the Rev. Dr. Burchard with his Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. Sixth, giving too much attention to Ohio and not enough to New York. Seventh, the unfortunate remark of Mr. Blaine, that "the State cannot get along without the Church." Eighth, the weakness of the present administration. Ninth, the abandonment by the party of the colored people of the South. Tenth, the feeling against monopolies, and not least, a general desire for a change.

Question. What, in your opinion, will be the result of Cleveland's election and administration upon the general political and business interests of the country?

Answer. The business interests will take care of themselves. A dollar has the instinct of self-preservation largely developed. The tariff will take care of itself. No State is absolutely for free trade. In each State there is an exception. The exceptions will combine, as they always have. Michigan will help Pennsylvania take care of iron, if Pennsylvania will help Michigan take care of salt and lumber. Louisiana will help Pennsylvania and Michigan if they help her take care of sugar. Colorado, California and Ohio will help the other States if they will help them about wool—and so I might make a tour of the States, ending with Vermont and maple sugar. I do not expect that Cleveland will do any great harm. The Democrats want to stay in power, and that desire will give security for good behavior.

Question. Will he listen to or grant any demands made of him by the alleged Independent Republicans of New York, either in his appointments or policies?

Answer. Of this I know nothing. The Independents—from what I know of them—will be too modest to claim credit or to ask office. They were actuated by pure principle.

They did what they did to purify the party, so that they could stay in it. Now that it has been purified they will remain, and hate the Democratic party as badly as ever. I hardly think that Cleveland would insult their motives by offering loaves and fishes. All they desire is the approval of their own consciences.

—*The Commonwealth*, Topeka, Kansas, November 21, 1884.

BLAINE'S DEFEAT.

Question. How do you account for the defeat of Mr. Blaine?

Answer. How do I account for the defeat of Mr. Blaine? I will answer: St. John, the Independents, Burchard, Butler and Cleveland did it. The truth is that during the war a majority of the people, counting those in the South, were opposed to putting down the Rebellion by force. It is also true that when the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued a majority of the people, counting the whole country, were opposed to it, and it is also true that when the colored people were made citizens a majority of the people, counting the whole country, were opposed to it.

Now, while, in my judgment, an overwhelming majority of the whole people have honestly acquiesced in the result of the war, and are now perfectly loyal to the Union, and have also acquiesced in the abolition of slavery, I doubt very much whether they are really in favor of giving the colored man the right to vote. Of course they have not the power now to take that right away, but they feel anything but kindly toward the party that gave the colored man that right. That is the only result of the war that is not fully accepted by the South and by many Democrats of the North.

Another thing, the Republican party was divided—divided too by personal hatreds. The party was greatly injured by the decision of the Supreme Court in which the Civil Rights Bill was held void. Now, a great many men who kept with the Republican party, did so because they believed that that party would protect the colored man in the South, but as soon as the Court decided that all the laws passed were unconstitutional, these men felt free to vote for the other side, feeling that it would make no difference. They reasoned this way: If the Republican party cannot defend the colored people, why make a pretence that excites hatred on one side and disarms the other? If the colored people have to depend upon the State for protection, and the Federal Government cannot interfere, why say any more about it?

I think that these men made a mistake and our party made a mistake in accepting without protest a decision that was far worse than the one delivered in the case of Dred Scott. By accepting this decision the most important issue was abandoned. The Republican party must take the old ground that it is the duty of the Federal Government to protect the citizens, and that it cannot simply leave that duty to the State. It must see to it that the State performs that duty.

Question. Have you seen the published report that Dorsey claims to have paid you one hundred thousand dollars for your services in the Star Route Cases?

Answer. I have seen the report, but Dorsey never said anything like that.

Question. Is there no truth in the statement, then?

Answer. Well, Dorsey never said anything of the kind.

Question. Then you do not deny that you received such an enormous fee?

Answer. All I say is that Dorsey did not say I did.

—*The Commercial*, Louisville, Kentucky, October 24, 1884.

Plagiarism And Politics

Question. What have you to say about the charges published in this morning's *Herald* to the effect that you copied your lecture about "Mistakes of Moses" from a chapter bearing the same title in a book called Hittell's "Evidences against Christianity"?

Answer. All I have to say is that the charge is utterly false. I will give a thousand dollars reward to any one who will furnish a book published before my lecture, in which that lecture can be found. It is wonderful how malicious the people are who love their enemies. This charge is wholly false, as all others of like nature are. I do not have to copy the writings of others. The Christians do not seem to see that they are constantly complimenting me by saying that what I write is so good that I must have stolen it. Poor old orthodoxy!

Question. What is your opinion of the incoming administration, and how will it affect the country?

Answer. I feel disposed to give Cleveland a chance. If he does the fair thing, then it is the duty of all good citizens to say so. I do not expect to see the whole country go to destruction because the Democratic party is in power. Neither do I believe that business is going to suffer on that account. The times are hard, and I fear will be much harder, but they would have been substantially the same if Blaine had been elected. I wanted the Republican party to succeed and fully expected to see Mr. Blaine President, but I believe in making the best of what has happened. I want no office, I want good government—wise legislation. I believe in protection, but I want the present tariff reformed and I hope the Democrats will be wise enough to do so.

Question. How will the Democratic victory affect the colored people in the South?

Answer. Certainly their condition will not be worse than it has been. The Supreme Court decided that the Civil Rights Bill was unconstitutional and that the Federal Government cannot interfere. That was a bad decision and our party made a mistake in not protesting against it. I believe it to be the duty of the Federal Government to protect all its citizens, at home as well as abroad. My hope is that there will be a division in the Democratic party. That party has something now to divide. At last it has a bone, and probably the fighting will commence. I hope that some new issue will take color out of politics, something about which both white and colored may divide. Of course nothing would please me better than to see the Democratic party become great and grand enough to give the colored people their rights.

Question. Why did you not take part in the campaign?

Answer. Well, I was afraid of frightening the preachers away. I might have done good by scaring one, but I did not know Burchard until it was too late. Seriously, I did not think that I was needed. I supposed that Blaine had a walkover, that he was certain to carry New York. I had business of my own to attend to and did not want to interfere with the campaign.

Question. What do you think of the policy of nominating Blaine in 1888, as has been proposed?

Answer. I think it too early to say what will be done in 1888. Parties do not exist for one man. Parties have certain ends in view and they choose men as instruments to accomplish these ends. Parties belong to principles, not persons. No party can afford to follow anybody. If in 1888 Mr. Blaine should appear to be the best man for the party then he will be nominated, otherwise not. I know nothing about any intention to nominate him again and have no idea whether he has that ambition. The Whig party was intensely loyal to Henry Clay and forgot the needs of the country, and allowed the Democrats to succeed with almost unknown men. Parties should not belong to persons, but persons should belong to parties. Let us not be too previous—let us wait.

Question. What do you think of the course pursued by the Rev. Drs. Ball and Burchard?

Answer. In politics the preacher is somewhat dangerous. He has a standard of his own; he has queer ideas of evidence, great reliance on hearsay; he is apt to believe things against candidates, just because he wants to. The preacher thinks that all who differ with him are instigated by the Devil—that their intentions are evil, and that when they behave themselves they are simply covering the poison with sugar. It would have been far better for the country if Mr. Ball had kept still. I do not pretend to say that his intentions were not good. He likely thought it his duty to lift a warning voice, to bawl aloud and to spare not, but I think he made a mistake, and he now probably thinks so himself. Mr. Burchard was bound to say a smart thing. It sounded well, and he allowed his ears to run away with his judgment. As a matter of fact, there is no connection between rum and Romanism. Catholic countries do not use as much alcohol as Protestant. England has far more drunkards than Spain. Scotland can discount Italy or Portugal in good, square drinking. So there is no connection between Romanism and rebellion. Ten times as many Methodists and twenty times as many Baptists went into the Rebellion as Catholics. Thousands of Catholics fought as bravely as Protestants for the preservation of the Union. No doubt Mr. Burchard intended well. He thought he was giving Blaine a battle-cry that would send consternation into the hearts of the opposition. My opinion is that in the next campaign the preachers will not be called to the front. Of course they have the same right to express their views that other people have, but other people have the right to avoid the responsibility of appearing to agree with them. I think though that it is about time to let up on Burchard. He has already unloaded on the Lord.

Question. Do you think Cleveland will put any Southern men in his Cabinet?

Answer. I do. Nothing could be in worse taste than to ignore the section that gave him three-fourths of his vote. The people have put the Democratic party in power. They intended to do what they did, and why should the South not be recognized? Garland would make a good Attorney-General; Lamar has the ability to fill any position in the Cabinet. I could name several others well qualified, and I suppose that two or three Southern men will be in the Cabinet. If they are good enough to elect a President they are good enough to be selected by a President.

Question. What do you think of Mr. Conkling's course?

Answer. Mr. Conkling certainly had the right to keep still. He was under no obligation to the party. The Republican papers have not tried to secure his services. He has been very generally and liberally denounced ever since his quarrel with Mr. Garfield, and it is only natural to resent what a man feels to be an injustice. I suppose he has done what he honestly thought was, under the circumstances, his duty. I believe him to be a man of stainless integrity, and he certainly has as much independence of character as one man can carry. It is time to put the party whip away. People can be driven from, but not to, the Republican party. If we expect to win in 1888 we must welcome recruits.

—*The Plain Dealer*, Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 11, 1884.

Religious Prejudice

Question. Will a time ever come when political campaigns will be conducted independently of religious prejudice?

Answer. As long as men are prejudiced, they will probably be religious, and certainly as long as they are religious they will be prejudiced, and every religionist who imagines the next world infinitely more important than this, and who imagines that he gets his orders from God instead of from his own reason, or from his fellow-citizens, and who thinks that he should do something for the glory of God instead of for the benefit of his fellow-citizens —just as long as they believe these things, just so long their prejudices will control their votes. Every good, ignorant, orthodox Christian places his Bible above laws and constitutions. Every good, sincere and ignorant Catholic puts pope above king and president, as well as above the legally expressed will of a majority of his countrymen. Every Christian believes God to be the source of all authority. I believe that the authority to govern comes from the consent of the governed. Man is the source of power, and to protect and increase human happiness should be the object of government. I think that religious prejudices are growing weaker because religious belief is growing weaker. And these prejudices — should men ever become really civilized—will finally fade away. I think that a Presbyterian, to-day, has no more prejudice against an Atheist than he has against a Catholic. A Catholic does not dislike an Infidel any more than he does a Presbyterian, and I believe, to-day, that most of the Presbyterians would rather see and Atheist President than a pronounced Catholic.

Question. Is Agnosticism gaining ground in the United States?

Answer. Of course, there are thousands and thousands of men who have now advanced intellectually to the point of perceiving the limit of human knowledge. In other words, at last they are beginning to know enough to know what can and cannot be known. Sensible men know that nobody knows whether an infinite God exists or not. Sensible men know that an infinite personality cannot, by human testimony, be established. Sensible men are giving up trying to answer the questions of origin and destiny, and are paying more attention to what happens between these questions—that is to say, to this world. Infidelity increases as knowledge increases, as fear dies, and as the brain develops. After all, it is a question of intelligence. Only cunning performs a miracle, only ignorance believes it.

Question. Do you think that evolution and revealed religion are compatible—that is to say, can a man be an evolutionist and a Christian?

Answer. Evolution and Christianity may be compatible, provided you take the ground that Christianity is only one of the links in the chain, one of the phases of civilization. But if you mean by Christianity what is generally understood, of course that and evolution are absolutely incompatible. Christianity pretends to be not only the truth, but, so far as religion is concerned, the whole truth. Christianity pretends to give a history of religion and a prophecy of destiny. As a philosophy, it is an absolute failure. As a history, it is false. There is no possible way by which Darwin

and Moses can be harmonized. There is an inexpressible conflict between Christianity and Science, and both cannot long inhabit the same brain. You cannot harmonize evolution and the atonement. The survival of the fittest does away with original sin.

Question. From your knowledge of the religious tendency in the United States, how long will orthodox religion be popular?

Answer. I do not think that orthodox religion is popular to-day. The ministers dare not preach the creed in all its naked deformity and horror. They are endeavoring with the vines of sentiment to cover up the caves and dens in which crawl the serpents of their creed. Very few ministers care now to speak of eternal pain. They leave out the lake of fire and brimstone. They are not fond of putting in the lips of Christ the loving words, "Depart from me, ye cursed." The miracles are avoided. In short, what is known as orthodoxy is already unpopular. Most ministers are endeavoring to harmonize what they are pleased to call science and Christianity, and nothing is now so welcome to the average Christian as some work tending to show that, after all, Joshua was an astronomer.

Question. What section of the United States, East, West, North, or South, is the most advanced in liberal religious ideas?

Answer. That section of the country in which there is the most intelligence is the most liberal. That section of the country where there is the most ignorance is the most prejudiced. The least brain is the most orthodox. There possibly is no more progressive city in the world, no more liberal, than Boston. Chicago is full of liberal people. So is San Francisco. The brain of New York is liberal. Every town, every city, is liberal in the precise proportion that it is intelligent.

Question. Will the religion of humanity be the religion of the future?

Answer. Yes; it is the only religion now. All other is superstition. What they call religion rests upon a supposed relation between man and God. In what they call religion man is asked to do something for God. As God wants nothing, and can by no possibility accept anything, such a religion is simply superstition. Humanity is the only possible religion. Whoever imagines that he can do anything for God is mistaken. Whoever imagines that he can add to his happiness in the next world by being useless in this, is also mistaken. And whoever thinks that any God cares how he cuts his hair or his clothes, or what he eats, or whether he fasts, or rings a bell, or puts holy water on his breast, or counts beads, or shuts his eyes and says words to the clouds, is laboring under a great mistake.

Question. A man in the Swaim Court Martial case was excluded as a witness because he was an Atheist. Do you think the law in the next decade will permit the affirmative oath?

Answer. If belief affected your eyes, your ears, any of your senses, or your memory, then, of course, no man ought to be a witness who had not the proper belief. But unless it can be shown that Atheism interferes with the sight, the hearing, or the memory, why should justice shut the door to truth?

In most of the States of this Union I could not give testimony. Should a man be murdered before my eyes I could not tell a jury who did it. Christianity endeavors to make an honest man an outlaw. Christianity has such a contemptible opinion of human nature that it does not believe a man can tell the truth unless frightened by a belief in God. No lower opinion of the human race has ever been expressed.

Question. Do you think that bigotry would persecute now for religious opinion's sake, if it were not for the law and the press?

Answer. I think that the church would persecute to-day if it had the power, just as it persecuted in the past. We are indebted for nearly all our religious liberty to the hypocrisy of the church. The church does not believe. Some in the church do, and if they had the power, they would torture and burn as of yore. Give the Presbyterian Church the power, and it would not allow an Infidel to live. Give the Methodist Church the power and the result would be the same. Give the Catholic Church the power—just the same. No church in the United States would be willing that any other church should have the power. The only men who are to be angels in the next world are the ones who cannot be trusted with human liberty in this; and the man who are destined to live forever in hell are the only gentlemen with whom human liberty is safe. Why should Christians refuse to persecute in this world, when their God is going to in the next?

—*Mail and Express*, New York, January 12, 1885.

Cleveland And His Cabinet

Question. What do you think of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet?

Answer. It is a very good Cabinet. Some objections have been made to Mr. Lamar, but I think he is one of the very best. He is a man of ability, of unquestioned integrity, and is well informed on national affairs. Ever since he delivered his eulogy on the life and services of Sumner, I have had great respect for Mr. Lamar. He is far beyond most of his constituents, and has done much to destroy the provincial prejudices of Mississippi. He will without doubt make an excellent Secretary of the Interior. The South has no better representative man, and I believe his appointment will, in a little while, be satisfactory to the whole country. Bayard stands high in his party, and will certainly do as well as his immediate predecessor. Nothing could be better than the change in the Department of Justice. Garland is an able lawyer, has been an influential Senator and will, in my judgment, make an excellent Attorney-General. The rest of the Cabinet I know little about, but from what I hear I believe they are men of ability and that they will discharge their duties well. Mr. Vilas has a great reputation in Wisconsin, and is one of the best and most forcible speakers in the country.

Question. Will Mr. Cleveland, in your opinion, carry out the civil service reform he professes to favor?

Answer. I have no reason to suspect even that he will not. He has promised to execute the law, and the promise is in words that do not admit of two interpretations. Of course he is sincere. He knows that this course will save him a world of trouble, and he knows that it makes no difference about the politics of a copyist. All the offices of importance will in all probability be filled by Democrats. The President will not put himself in the power of his opponents. If he is to be held responsible for the administration he must be permitted to choose his own assistants. This is too plain to talk about. Let us give Mr. Cleveland a fair show—and let us expect success instead of failure. I admit that many Presidents have violated their promises. There seems to be something in the atmosphere of Washington that breeds promise and prevents performance. I suppose it is some kind of political malarial microbe. I hope that some political Pasteur will, one of these days, discover the real disease so that candidates can be vaccinated during the campaign. Until them, presidential promises will be liable to a discount.

Question. Is the Republican party dead?

Answer. My belief is that the next President will be a Republican, and that both houses will be Republican in 1889. Mr. Blaine was defeated by an accident—by the slip of another man's tongue. But it matters little what party is in power if the Government is administered upon correct principles, and if the Democracy adopt the views of the Republicans and carry out Republican measures, it may be that they can keep in power—otherwise—otherwise. If the Democrats carry out real Democratic measures, then their defeat is certain.

Question. Do you think that the era of good feeling between the North and the South has set in with the appointment of ex-rebels to the Cabinet?

Answer. The war is over. The South failed. The Nation succeeded. We should stop talking about South and North. We are one people, and whether we agree or disagree one destiny awaits us. We cannot divide. We must live together. We must trust each other. Confidence begets confidence. The whole country was responsible for slavery. Slavery was rebellion. Slavery is dead—so is rebellion. Liberty has united the country and there is more real union, national sentiment to-day, North and South, than ever before.

Question. It is hinted that Mr. Tilden is really the power behind the throne. Do you think so?

Answer. I guess nobody has taken the hint. Of course Mr. Tilden has retired from politics. The probability is that many Democrats ask his advice, and some rely on his judgment. He is regarded as a piece of ancient wisdom—a phenomenal persistence of the Jeffersonian type—the connecting link with the framers, founders and fathers. The power behind the throne is the power that the present occupant supposes will determine who the next occupant shall be.

Question. With the introduction of the Democracy into power, what radical changes will take place in the Government, and what will be the result?

Answer. If the President carries out his inaugural promises there will be no radical changes, and if he does not there will be a very radical change at the next presidential election. The inaugural is a very good Republican document. There is nothing in it calculated to excite alarm. There is no dangerous policy suggested—no conceited vagaries—nothing but a plain statement of the situation and the duty of the Chief Magistrate as understood by the President. I think that the inaugural surprised the Democrats and the Republicans both, and if the President carries out the program he has laid down he will surprise and pacify a large majority of the American people.

—*Mail and Express*, New York, March 10, 1885.

Religion, Prohibition, And Gen. Grant

Question. What do you think of prohibition, and what do you think of its success in this State?

Answer. Few people understand the restraining influence of liberty. Moderation walks hand in hand with freedom. I do not mean the freedom springing from the sudden rupture of restraint. That kind of freedom usually rushes to extremes.

People must be educated to take care of themselves, and this education must commence in infancy. Self-restraint is the only kind that can always be depended upon. Of course intemperance is a great evil. It causes immense suffering—clothes wives and children in rags, and is accountable for many crimes, particularly those of violence. Laws to be of value must be honestly enforced. Laws that sleep had better be dead. Laws to be enforced must be honestly approved of and believed in by a large majority of the people. Unpopular laws make hypocrites, perjurers and official shirkers of duty. And if to the violation of such laws severe penalties attach, they are rarely enforced. Laws that create artificial crimes are the hardest to carry into effect. You can never convince a majority of people that it is as bad to import goods without paying the legal duty as to commit larceny. Neither can you convince a majority of people that it is a crime or sin, or even a mistake, to drink a glass of wine or beer. Thousands and thousands of people in this State honestly believe that prohibition is an interference with their natural rights, and they feel justified in resorting to almost any means to defeat the law.

In this way people become somewhat demoralized. It is unfortunate to pass laws that remain unenforced on account of their unpopularity. People who would on most subjects swear to the truth do not hesitate to testify falsely on a prohibition trial. In addition to this, every known device is resorted to, to sell in spite of the law, and when some want to sell and a great many want to buy, considerable business will be done, while there are fewer saloons and less liquor sold in them. The liquor is poorer and the price is higher. The consumer has to pay for the extra risk. More liquor finds its way to homes, more men buy by the bottle and gallon. In old times nearly everybody kept a little rum or whiskey on the sideboard. The great Washingtonian temperance movement drove liquor out of the home and increased the taverns and saloons. Now we are driving liquor back to the homes. In my opinion there is a vast difference between distilled spirits and the lighter drinks, such as wine and beer. Wine is a fireside and whiskey a conflagration. These lighter drinks are not unhealthful and do not, as I believe, create a craving for stronger beverages. You will, I think, find it almost impossible to enforce the present law against wine and beer. I was told yesterday that there are some sixty places in Cedar Rapids where whiskey is sold. It takes about as much ceremony to get a drink as it does to join the Masons, but they seem to like the ceremony. People seem to take delight in outwitting the State when it does not involve the commission of any natural offence, and when about to be caught, may not hesitate to swear falsely to the extent of “don’t remember,” or “can’t say positively,” or “can’t swear whether it was whiskey or not.”

One great trouble in Iowa is that the politicians, or many of them who openly advocate prohibition, are really opposed to it. They want to keep the German vote, and they do not want to lose native Republicans. They feel a "divided duty" to ride both horses. This causes the contrast between their conversation and their speeches. A few years ago I took dinner with a gentleman who had been elected Governor of one of our States on the Prohibition ticket. We had four kinds of wine during the meal, and a pony of brandy at the end. Prohibition will never be a success until it prohibits the Prohibitionists. And yet I most sincerely hope and believe that the time will come when drunkenness shall have perished from the earth. Let us cultivate the love of home. Let husbands and wives and children be companions. Let them seek amusements together. If it is a good place for father to go, it is a good place for mother and the children. I believe that a home can be made more attractive than a saloon. Let the boys and girls amuse themselves at home—play games, study music, read interesting books, and let the parents be their playfellows. The best temperance lecture, in the fewest words, you will find in Victor Hugo's great novel "Les Miserables." The grave digger is asked to take a drink. He refuses and gives this reason: "The hunger of my family is the enemy of my thirst."

Question. Many people wonder why you are out of politics. Will you give your reasons?

Answer. A few years ago great questions had to be settled. The life of the nation was at stake. Later the liberty of millions of slaves depended upon the action of the Government. Afterward reconstruction and the rights of citizens pressed themselves upon the people for solution. And last, the preservation of national honor and credit. These questions did not enter into the last campaign. They had all been settled, and properly settled, with the one exception of the duty of the nation to protect the colored citizens. The Supreme Court settled that, at least for a time, and settled it wrong. But the Republican party submitted to the civil rights decision, and so, as between the great parties, that question did not arise. This left only two questions—protection and office. But as a matter of fact, all Republicans were not for our present system of protection, and all Democrats were not against it. On that question each party was and is divided. On the other question—office—both parties were and are in perfect harmony. Nothing remains now for the Democrats to do except to give a "working" definition of "offensive partisanship."

Question. Do you think that the American people are seeking after truth, or do they want to be amused?

Answer. We have all kinds. Thousands are earnestly seeking for the truth. They are looking over the old creeds, they are studying the Bible for themselves, they have the candor born of courage, they are depending upon themselves instead of on the clergy. They have found out that the clergy do not know; that their sources of information are not reliable; that, like the politicians, many ministers preach one way and talk another. The doctrine of eternal pain has driven millions from the church. People with good hearts cannot get consolation out of that cruel lie. The ministers themselves are getting ashamed to call that doctrine "the tidings of great joy." The American people are a serious people. They want to know the truth. They fell that whatever the truth may be they have the courage to hear it. The American people also

have a sense of humor. They like to see old absurdities punctured and solemn stupidity held up to laughter. They are, on the average, the most intelligent people on the earth. They can see the point. Their wit is sharp, quick and logical. Nothing amuses them more that to see the mask pulled from the face of sham. The average American is generous, intelligent, level-headed, manly, and good- natured.

Question. What, in your judgment, is the source of the greatest trouble among men?

Answer. Superstition. That has caused more agony, more tears, persecution and real misery than all other causes combined. The other name for superstition is ignorance. When men learn that all sin is a mistake, that all dishonesty is a blunder, that even intelligent selfishness will protect the rights of others, there will be vastly more happiness in this world. Shakespeare says that "There is no darkness but ignorance." Sometime man will learn that when he steals from another, he robs himself—that the way to be happy is to make others so, and that it is far better to assist his fellow-man than to fast, say prayers, count beads or build temples to the Unknown. Some people tell us that selfishness is the only sin, but selfishness grows in the soil of ignorance. After all, education is the great lever, and the only one capable of raising mankind. People ignorant of their own rights are ignorant of the rights of others. Every tyrant is the slave of ignorance.

Question. How soon do you think we would have the millennium if every person attended strictly to his own business?

Answer. Now, if every person were intelligent enough to know his own business—to know just where his rights ended and the rights of others commenced, and then had the wisdom and honesty to act accordingly, we should have a very happy world. Most people like to control the conduct of others. They love to write rules, and pass laws for the benefit of their neighbors, and the neighbors are pretty busy at the same business. People, as a rule, think that they know the business of other people better than they do their own. A man watching others play checkers or chess always thinks he sees better moves than the players make. When all people attend to their own business they will know that a part of their own business is to increase the happiness of others.

Question. What is causing the development of this country?

Answer. Education, the free exchange of ideas, inventions by which the forces of nature become our servants, intellectual hospitality, a willingness to hear the other side, the richness of our soil, the extent of our territory, the diversity of climate and production, our system of government, the free discussion of political questions, our social freedom, and above all, the fact that labor is honorable.

Question. What is your opinion of the religious tendency of the people of this country?

Answer. Using the word religion in its highest and best sense, the people are becoming more religious. We are far more religious —using the word in its best sense—than when we believed in human slavery, but we are not as orthodox as we were then. We have more principle and less piety. We care more for the right and less for the creed. The old orthodox dogmas are mouldy. You will find moss on their

backs. They are only brought out when a new candidate for the ministry is to be examined. Only a little while ago in New York a candidate for the Presbyterian pulpit was examined and the following is a part of the examination:

Question. "Do you believe in eternal punishment, as set forth in the confession of faith?"

Answer. (With some hesitation) "Yes, I do."

Question. "Have you preached on that subject lately?"

Answer. "No. I prepared a sermon on hell, in which I took the ground that the punishment of the wicked will be endless, and have it with me."

Question. "Did you deliver it?"

Answer. "No. I thought that my congregation would not care to hear it. The doctrine is rather unpopular where I have been preaching, and I was afraid I might do harm, so I have not delivered it yet."

Question. "But you believe in eternal damnation, do you not?"

Answer. "O yes, with all my heart."

He was admitted, and the admission proves the dishonesty of the examiners and the examined. The new version of the Old and New Testaments has done much to weaken confidence in the doctrine of inspiration. It has occurred to a good many that if God took the pains to inspire men to write the Bible, he ought to have inspired others to translate it correctly. The general tendency today is toward science, toward naturalism, toward what is called Infidelity, but is in fact fidelity. Men are in a transition state, and the people, on the average, have more real good, sound sense to-day than ever before. The church is losing its power for evil. The old chains are wearing out, and new ones are not being made. The tendency is toward intellectual freedom, and that means the final destruction of the orthodox bastille.

Question. What is your opinion of General Grant as he stands before the people to-day?

Answer. I have always regarded General Grant as the greatest soldier this continent has produced. He is to-day the most distinguished son of the Republic. The people have the greatest confidence in his ability, his patriotism and his integrity. The financial disaster impoverished General Grant, but he did not stain the reputation of the grand soldier who led to many victories the greatest army that ever fought for the liberties of man.

—*Iowa State Register*, May 23, 1885.

Hell Or Sheol And Other Subjects

Question. Colonel, have you read the revised Testament?

Answer. Yes, but I don't believe the work has been fairly done. The clergy are not going to scrape the butter off their own bread. The clergy are offensive partisans, and those of each denomination will interpret the Scriptures their way. No Baptist minister would countenance a "Revision" that favored sprinkling, and no Catholic priest would admit that any version would be correct that destroyed the dogma of the "real presence." So I might go through all the denominations.

Question. Why was the word sheol introduced in place of hell, and how do you like the substitute?

Answer. The civilized world has outgrown the vulgar and brutal hell of their fathers and founders of the churches. The clergy are ashamed to preach about sulphurous flames and undying worms. The imagination of the world has been developed, the heart has grown tender, and the old dogma of eternal pain shocks all civilized people. It is becoming disgraceful either to preach or believe in such a beastly lie. The clergy are beginning to think that it is hardly manly to frighten children with a detected falsehood. Sheol is a great relief. It is not so hot as the old place. The nights are comfortable, and the society is quite refined. The worms are dead, and the air reasonably free from noxious vapors. It is a much worse word to hold a revival with, but much better for every day use. It will hardly take the place of the old word when people step on tacks, put up stoves, or sit on pins; but for use at church fairs and mite societies it will do about as well. We do not need revision; excision is what we want. The barbarism should be taken out of the Bible. Passages upholding polygamy, wars of extermination, slavery, and religious persecution should not be attributed to a perfect God. The good that is in the Bible will be saved for man, and man will be saved from the evil that is in that book. Why should we worship in God what we detest in man?

Question. Do you think the use of the word sheol will make any difference to the preachers?

Answer. Of course it will make no difference with Talmage. He will make sheol just as hot and smoky and uncomfortable as hell, but the congregations will laugh instead of tremble. The old shudder has gone. Beecher had demolished hell before sheol was adopted. According to his doctrine of evolution hell has been slowly growing cool. The cindered souls do not even perspire. Sheol is nothing to Mr. Beecher but a new name for an old mistake. As for the effect it will have on Heber Newton, I cannot tell, neither can he, until he asks his bishop. There are people who believe in witches and madstones and fiat money, and centuries hence it may be that people will exist who will believe as firmly in hell as Dr. Shedd does now.

Question. What about Beecher's sermons on "Evolution"?

Answer. Beecher's sermons on "Evolution" will do good. Millions of people believe that Mr. Beecher knows at least as much as the other preachers, and if he regards the

atonement as a dogma with a mistake for a foundation, they may conclude that the whole system is a mistake. But whether Mr. Beecher is mistaken or not, people know that honesty is a good thing, that gratitude is a virtue, that industry supports the world, and that whatever they believe about religion they are bound by every conceivable obligation to be just and generous. Mr. Beecher can no more succeed in reconciling science and religion, than he could in convincing the world that triangles and circles are exactly the same. There is the same relation between science and religion that there is between astronomy and astrology, between alchemy and chemistry, between orthodoxy and common sense.

Question. Have you read Miss Cleveland's book? She condemns George Eliot's poetry on the ground that it has no faith in it, nothing beyond. Do you imagine she would condemn Burns or Shelley for that reason?

Answer. I have not read Miss Cleveland's book; but, if the author condemns the poetry of George Eliot, she has made a mistake. There is no poem in our language more beautiful than "The Lovers," and none loftier or purer than "The Choir Invisible." There is no poetry in the "beyond." The poetry is here—here in this world, where love is in the heart. The poetry of the beyond is too far away, a little too general. Shelley's "Skylark" was in our sky, the daisy of Burns grew on our ground, and between that lark and that daisy is room for all the real poetry of the earth.

—*Evening Record*, Boston, Mass., 1885.

Interviewing, Politics And Spiritualism

Question. What is your opinion of the peculiar institution of American journalism known as interviewing?

Answer. If the interviewers are fair, if they know how to ask questions of a public nature, if they remember what is said, or write it at the time, and if the interviewed knows enough to answer questions in a way to amuse or instruct the public, then interviewing is a blessing. But if the representative of the press asks questions, either impudent or unimportant, and the answers are like the questions, then the institution is a failure. When the journalist fails to see the man he wishes to interview, or when the man refuses to be interviewed, and thereupon the aforesaid journalist writes up an interview, doing the talking for both sides, the institution is a success. Such interviews are always interesting, and, as a rule, the questions are to the point and the answers perfectly responsive. There is probably a little too much interviewing, and to many persons are asked questions upon subjects about which they know nothing. Mr. Smith makes some money in stocks or pork, visits London, and remains in that city for several weeks. On his return he is interviewd as to the institutions, laws and customs of the British Empire. Of course such an interview is exceedingly instructive. Lord Affanaff lands at the dock in North River, is driven to a hotel in a closed carriage, is interviewed a few minutes after by a representative of the *Herald* as to his view of the great Republic based upon what he has seen. Such an interview is also instructive. Interviews with candidates as to their chances of election is another favorite way of finding out their honest opinion, but people who rely on those interviews generally lose their bets. The most interesting interviews are generally denied. I have been expecting to see an interview with the Rev. Dr. Leonard on the medicinal properties of champagne and toast, or the relation between old ale and modern theology, and as to whether prohibition prohibits the Prohibitionists.

Question. Have you ever been misrepresented in interviews?

Answer. Several times. As a general rule, the clergy have selected these misrepresentations when answering me. I never blamed them, because it is much easier to answer something I did not say. Most reporters try to give my real words, but it is difficult to remember. They try to give the substance, and in that way change or destroy the sense. You remember the Frenchman who translated Shakespeare's great line in Macbeth—"Out, brief candle!"—into "Short candle, go out!" Another man, trying to give the last words of Webster—"I still live"—said "I aint dead yit." So that when they try to do their best they often make mistakes. Now and then interviews appear not one word of which I ever said, and sometimes when I really had an interview, another one has appeared. But generally the reporters treat me well, and most of them succeed in telling about what I said. Personally I have no cause for complaint.

Question. What do you think of the administration of President Cleveland?

Answer. I know but very little about it. I suppose that he is doing the best he can. He appears to be carrying out in good faith the principles laid down in the platform on

which he was elected. He is having a hard road to travel. To satisfy an old Democrat and a new mugwump is a difficult job. Cleveland appears to be the owner of himself—appears to be a man of great firmness and force of character. The best thing that I have heard about him is that he went fishing on Sunday. We have had so much mock morality, dude deportment and hypocritical respectability in public office, that a man with courage enough to enjoy himself on Sunday is a refreshing and healthy example. All things considered I do not see but that Cleveland is doing well enough. The attitude of the administration toward the colored people is manly and fair so far as I can see.

Question. Are you still a Republican in political belief?

Answer. I believe that this is a Nation. I believe in the equality of all men before the law, irrespective of race, religion or color. I believe that there should be a dollar's worth of silver in a silver dollar. I believe in a free ballot and a fair count. I believe in protecting those industries, and those only, that need protection. I believe in unrestricted coinage of gold and silver. I believe in the rights of the State, the rights of the citizen, and the sovereignty of the Nation. I believe in good times, good health, good crops, good prices, good wages, good food, good clothes and in the absolute and unqualified liberty of thought. If such belief makes a Republican, than that is what I am.

Question. Do you approve of John Sherman's policy in the present campaign with reference to the bloody shirt, which reports of his speeches show that he is waving?

Answer. I have not read Senator Sherman's speech. It seems to me that there is a better feeling between the North and South than ever before—better than at any time since the Revolutionary war. I believe in cultivating that feeling, and in doing and saying what we can to contribute to its growth. We have hated long enough and fought enough. The colored people never have been well treated but they are being better treated now than ever before. It takes a long time to do away with prejudices that were based upon religion and rascality—that is to say, inspiration and interest. We must remember that slavery was the crime of the whole country. Now, if Senator Sherman has made a speech calculated to excite the hatreds and prejudices of the North and South, I think that he has made a mistake. I do not say that he has made such a speech, because I have not read it. The war is over—it ended at Appomattox. Let us hope that the bitterness born of the conflict died out forever at Riverside. The people are tired almost to death of the old speeches. They have been worn out and patched, and even the patches are threadbare. The Supreme Court decided the Civil Rights Bill to be unconstitutional, and the Republican party submitted. I regarded the decision as monstrous, but the Republican party when in power said nothing and did nothing. I most sincerely hope that the Democratic party will protect the colored people at least as well as we did when we were in power. But I am out of politics and intend to keep politics out of me.

Question. We have been having the periodical revival of interest in Spiritualism. What do you think of "Spiritualism," as it is popularly termed?

Answer. I do not believe in the supernatural. One who does not believe in gods would hardly believe in ghosts. I am not a believer in any of the "wonders" and "miracles"

whether ancient or modern. There may be spirits, but I do not believe there are. They may communicate with some people, but thus far they have been successful in avoiding me. Of course, I know nothing for certain on the subject. I know a great many excellent people who are thoroughly convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. Christians laugh at the "miracles" to-day, attested by folks they know, but believe the miracles of long ago, attested by folks that they did not know. This is one of the contradictions in human nature. Most people are willing to believe that wonderful things happened long ago and will happen again in the far future; with them the present is the only time in which nature behaves herself with becoming sobriety.

In old times nature did all kinds of juggling tricks, and after a long while will do some more, but now she is attending strictly to business, depending upon cause and effect.

Question. Who, in your opinion, is the greatest leader of the "opposition" yclept the Christian religion?

Answer. I suppose that Mr. Beecher is the greatest man in the pulpit, but he thinks more of Darwin than he does of David and has an idea that the Old Testament is just a little too old. He has put evolution in the place of the atonement—has thrown away the Garden of Eden, snake, apples and all, and is endeavoring to save enough of the orthodox wreck to make a raft. I know of no other genius in the pulpit. There are plenty of theological doctors and bishops and all kinds of titled humility in the sacred profession, but men of genius are scarce. All the ministers, except Messrs. Moody and Jones, are busy explaining away the contradiction between inspiration and demonstration.

Question. What books would you recommend for the perusal of a young man of limited time and culture with reference to helping him in the development of intellect and good character?

Answer. The works of Darwin, Ernst Haeckel, Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," Lecky's "History of European Morals," Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," Büchner's "Force and Matter," "The History of the Christian Religion" by Waite; Paine's "Age of Reason," D'Holbach's "System of Nature," and, above all, Shakespeare. Do not forget Burns, Shelley, Dickens and Hugo.

Question. Will you lecture the coming winter?

Answer. Yes, about the same as usual. Woe is me if I preach not my gospel.

Question. Have you been invited to lecture in Europe? If so do you intend to accept the "call"?

Answer. Yes, often. The probability is that I shall go to England and Australia. I have not only had invitations but most excellent offers from both countries. There is, however, plenty to do here. This is the best country in the world and our people are eager to hear the other side.

The old kind of preaching is getting superannuated. It lags superfluous in the pulpit. Our people are outgrowing the cruelties and absurdities of the ancient Jews. The idea of hell has become shocking and vulgar. Eternal punishment is eternal injustice. It is

infinitely infamous. Most ministers are ashamed to preach the doctrine, and the congregations are ashamed to hear it preached. It is the essence of savagery.

—*Plain Dealer*, Cincinnati, Ohio, September 5, 1885.

My Belief

Question. It is said that in the past four or five years you have changed or modified your views upon the subject of religion; is this so?

Answer. It is not so. The only change, if that can be called a change, is, that I am more perfectly satisfied that I am right— satisfied that what is called orthodox religion is a simple fabrication of mistaken men; satisfied that there is no such thing as an inspired book and never will be; satisfied that a miracle never was and never will be performed; satisfied that no human being knows whether there is a God or not, whether there is another life or not; satisfied that the scheme of atonement is a mistake, that the innocent cannot, by suffering for the guilty, atone for the guilt; satisfied that the doctrine that salvation depends on belief, is cruel and absurd; satisfied that the doctrine of eternal punishment is infamously false; satisfied that superstition is of no use to the human race; satisfied that humanity is the only true and real religion.

No, I have not modified my views. I detect new absurdities every day in the popular belief. Every day the whole thing becomes more and more absurd. Of course there are hundreds and thousands of most excellent people who believe in orthodox religion; people for whose good qualities I have the greatest respect; people who have good ideas on most other subjects; good citizens, good fathers, husbands, wives and children—good in spite of their religion. I do not attack people. I attack the mistakes of people. Orthodoxy is getting weaker every day.

Question. Do you believe in the existence of a Supreme Being?

Answer. I do not believe in any Supreme personality or in any Supreme Being who made the universe and governs nature. I do not say that there is no such Being—all I say is that I do not believe that such a Being exists. I know nothing on the subject, except that I know that I do not know and that nobody else knows. But if there is such a Being, he certainly never wrote the Old Testament. You will understand my position. I do not say that a Supreme Being does not exist, but I do say that I do not believe such a Being exists. The universe—embracing all that is—all atoms, all stars, each grain of sand and all the constellations, each thought and dream of animal and man, all matter and all force, all doubt and all belief, all virtue and all crime, all joy and all pain, all growth and all decay—is all there is. It does not act because it is moved from without. It acts from within. It is actor and subject, means and end.

It is infinite; the infinite could not have been created. It is indestructible and that which cannot be destroyed was not created. I am a Pantheist.

Question. Don't you think the belief of the Agnostic is more satisfactory to the believer than that of the Atheist?

Answer. There is no difference. The Agnostic is an Atheist. The Atheist is an Agnostic. The Agnostic says: "I do not know, but I do not believe there is any God." The Atheist says the same. The orthodox Christian says he knows there is a God; but

we know that he does not know. He simply believes. He cannot know. The Atheist cannot know that God does not exist.

Question. Haven't you just the faintest glimmer of a hope that in some future state you will meet and be reunited to those who are dear to you in this?

Answer. I have no particular desire to be destroyed. I am willing to go to heaven if there be such a place, and enjoy myself for ever and ever. It would give me infinite satisfaction to know that all mankind are to be happy forever. Infidels love their wives and children as well as Christians do theirs. I have never said a word against heaven—never said a word against the idea of immortality. On the contrary, I have said all I could truthfully say in favor of the idea that we shall live again. I most sincerely hope that there is another world, better than this, where all the broken ties of love will be united. It is the other place I have been fighting. Better that all of us should sleep the sleep of death forever than that some should suffer pain forever. If in order to have a heaven there must be a hell, then I say away with them both. My doctrine puts the bow of hope over every grave; my doctrine takes from every mother's heart the fear of hell. No good man would enjoy himself in heaven with his friends in hell. No good God could enjoy himself in heaven with millions of his poor, helpless mistakes in hell. The orthodox idea of heaven—with God an eternal inquisitor, a few heartless angels and some redeemed orthodox, all enjoying themselves, while the vast multitude will weep in the rayless gloom of God's eternal dungeon—is not calculated to make man good or happy. I am doing what I can to civilize the churches, humanize the preachers and get the fear of hell out of the human heart. In this business I am meeting with great success.

—*Philadelphia Times*, September 25, 1885.

Some Live Topics

Question. Shall you attend the Albany Freethought Convention?

Answer. I have agreed to be present not only, but to address the convention, on Sunday, the 13th of September. I am greatly gratified to know that the interest in the question of intellectual liberty is growing from year to year. Everywhere I go it seems to be the topic of conversation. No matter upon what subject people begin to talk, in a little while the discussion takes a religious turn, and people who a few moments before had not the slightest thought of saying a word about the churches, or about the Bible, are giving their opinions in full. I hear discussions of this kind in all the public conveyances, at the hotels, on the piazzas at the seaside—and they are not discussions in which I take any part, because I rarely say anything upon these questions except in public, unless I am directly addressed.

There is a general feeling that the church has ruled the world long enough. People are beginning to see that no amount of eloquence, or faith, or erudition, or authority, can make the records of barbarism satisfactory to the heart and brain of this century. They have also found that a falsehood in Hebrew in no more credible than in plain English. People at last are beginning to be satisfied that cruel laws were never good laws, no matter whether inspired or uninspired. The Christian religion, like every other religion depending upon inspired writings, is wrecked upon the facts of nature. So long as inspired writers confined themselves to the supernatural world; so long as they talked about angels and Gods and heavens and hells; so long as they described only things that man has never seen, and never will see, they were safe, not from contradiction, but from demonstration. But these writings had to have a foundation, even for their falsehoods, and that foundation was in Nature. The foundation had to be something about which somebody knew something, or supposed they knew something. They told something about this world that agreed with the then general opinion. Had these inspired writers told the truth about Nature— had they said that the world revolved on its axis, and made a circuit about the sun—they could have gained no credence for their statements about other worlds. They were forced to agree with their contemporaries about this world, and there is where they made the fundamental mistake. Having grown in knowledge, the world has discovered that these inspired men knew nothing about this earth; that the inspired books are filled with mistakes—not only mistakes that we can contradict, but mistakes that we can demonstrate to be mistakes. Had they told the truth in their day, about this earth, they would not have been believed about other worlds, because their contemporaries would have used their own knowledge about this world to test the knowledge of these inspired men. We pursue the same course; and what we know about this world we use as the standard, and by that standard we have found that the inspired men knew nothing about Nature as it is. Finding that they were mistaken about this world, we have no confidence in what they have said about another. Every religion has had its philosophy about this world, and every one has been mistaken. As education becomes general, as scientific modes are adopted, this will become clearer and clearer, until “ignorant as inspiration” will be a comparison.

Question. Have you seen the memorial to the New York Legislature, to be presented this winter, asking for the repeal of such laws as practically unite church and state?

Answer. I have seen a memorial asking that church property be taxed like other property; that no more money should be appropriated from the public treasury for the support of institutions managed by and in the interest of sectarian denominations; for the repeal of all laws compelling the observance of Sunday as a religious day. Such memorials ought to be addressed to the Legislatures of all the States. The money of the public should only be used for the benefit of the public. Public money should not be used for what a few gentlemen think is for the benefit of the public. Personally, I think it would be for the benefit of the public to have Infidel or scientific—which is the same thing—lectures delivered in every town, in every State, on every Sunday; but knowing that a great many men disagree with me on this point, I do not claim that such lectures ought to be paid for with public money. The Methodist Church ought not to be sustained by taxation, nor the Catholic, nor any other church. To relieve their property from taxation is to appropriate money, to the extent of that tax, for the support of that church. Whenever a burden is lifted from one piece of property, it is distributed over the rest of the property of the State, and to release one kind of property is to increase the tax on all other kinds.

There was a time when people really supposed the churches were saving souls from the eternal wrath of a God of infinite love. Being engaged in such a philanthropic work, and at the time nobody having the courage to deny it—the church being all-powerful—all other property was taxed to support the church; but now the more civilized part of the community, being satisfied that a God of infinite love will not be eternally unjust, feel as though the church should support herself. To exempt the church from taxation is to pay a part of the priest's salary. The Catholic now objects to being taxed to support a school in which his religion is not taught. He is not satisfied with the school that says nothing on the subject of religion. He insists that it is an outrage to tax him to support a school where the teacher simply teaches what he knows. And yet this same Catholic wants his church exempted from taxation, and the tax of an Atheist or of a Jew increased, when he teaches in his untaxed church that the Atheist and Jew will both be eternally damned! Is it possible for impudence to go further?

I insist that no religion should be taught in any school supported by public money; and by religion I mean superstition. Only that should be taught in a school that somebody can learn and that somebody can know. In my judgment, every church should be taxed precisely the same as other property. The church may claim that it is one of the instruments of civilization and therefore should be exempt. If you exempt that which is useful, you exempt every trade and every profession. In my judgment, theatres have done more to civilize mankind than churches; that is to say, theatres have done something to civilize mankind—churches nothing. The effect of all superstition has been to render men barbarous. I do not believe in the civilizing effects of falsehood.

There was a time when ministers were supposed to be in the employ of God, and it was thought that God selected them with great care —that their profession had something sacred about it. These ideas are no longer entertained by sensible people.

Ministers should be paid like other professional men, and those who like their preaching should pay for the preach. They should depend, as actors do, upon their popularity, upon the amount of sense, or nonsense, that they have for sale. They should depend upon the market like other people, and if people do not want to hear sermons badly enough to build churches and pay for them, and pay the taxes on them, and hire the preacher, let the money be diverted to some other use. The pulpit should no longer be a pauper. I do not believe in carrying on any business with the contribution box. All the sectarian institutions ought to support themselves. These should be no Methodist or Catholic or Presbyterian hospitals or orphan asylums. All these should be supported by the State. There is no such thing as Catholic charity, or Methodist charity. Charity belongs to humanity, not to any particular form of faith or religion. You will find as charitable people who never heard of religion, as you can find in the church. The State should provide for those who ought to be provided for. A few Methodists beg of everybody they meet—send women with subscription papers, asking money from all classes of people, and nearly everybody gives something from politeness, or to keep from being annoyed; and when the institution is finished, it is pointed at as the result of Methodism.

Probably a majority of the people in this country suppose that there was no charity in the world until the Christian religion was founded. Great men have repeated this falsehood, until ignorance and thoughtlessness believe it. There were orphan asylums in China, in India, and in Egypt thousands of years before Christ was born; and there certainly never was a time in the history of the whole world when there was less charity in Europe than during the centuries when the Church of Christ had absolute power. There were hundreds of Mohammedan asylums before Christianity had built ten in the entire world.

All institutions for the care of unfortunate people should be secular—should be supported by the State. The money for the purpose should be raised by taxation, to the end that the burden may be borne by those able to bear it. As it is now, most of the money is paid, not by the rich, but by the generous, and those most able to help their needy fellow citizens are the very ones who do nothing. If the money is raised by taxation, then the burden will fall where it ought to fall, and these institutions will no longer be supported by the generous and emotional, and the rich and stingy will no longer be able to evade the duties of citizenship and of humanity.

Now, as to the Sunday laws, we know that they are only spasmodically enforced. Now and then a few people are arrested for selling papers or cigars. Some unfortunate barber is grabbed by a policeman because he has been caught shaving a Christian, Sunday morning. Now and then some poor fellow with a hack, trying to make a dollar or two to feed his horses, or to take care of his wife and children, is arrested as though he were a murderer. But in a few days the public are inconvenienced to that degree that the arrests stop and business goes on in its accustomed channels, Sunday and all.

Now and then society becomes so pious, so virtuous, that people are compelled to enter saloons by the back door; others are compelled to drink beer with the front shutters up; but otherwise the stream that goes down the thirsty throats is unbroken. The ministers have done their best to prevent all recreation on the Sabbath. They

would like to stop all the boats on the Hudson, and on the sea— stop all the excursion trains. They would like to compel every human being that lives in the city of New York to remain within its limits twenty-four hours every Sunday. They hate the parks; they hate music; they hate anything that keeps a man away from church. Most of the churches are empty during the summer, and now most of the ministers leave themselves, and give over the entire city to the Devil and his emissaries. And yet if the ministers had their way, there would be no form of human enjoyment except prayer, signing subscription papers, putting money in contribution boxes, listening to sermons, reading the cheerful histories of the Old Testament, imagining the joys of heaven and the torments of hell. The church is opposed to the theatre, is the enemy of the opera, looks upon dancing as a crime, hates billiards, despises cards, opposes roller-skating, and even entertains a certain kind of prejudice against croquet.

Question. Do you think that the orthodox church gets its ideas of the Sabbath from the teachings of Christ?

Answer. I do not hold Christ responsible for these idiotic ideas concerning the Sabbath. He regarded the Sabbath as something made for man—which was a very sensible view. The holiest day is the happiest day. The most sacred day is the one in which have been done the most good deeds. There are two reasons given in the Bible for keeping the Sabbath. One is that God made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh. Now that all the ministers admit that he did not make the world in six days, but that he made it in six "periods," this reason is no longer applicable. The other reason is that he brought the Jews out of Egypt with a "mighty hand." This may be a very good reason still for the observance of the Sabbath by the Jews, but the real Sabbath, that is to say, the day to be commemorated, is our Saturday, and why should we commemorate the wrong day? That disposes of the second reason.

Nothing can be more inconsistent than the theories and practice of the churches about the Sabbath. The cars run Sundays, and out of the profits hundreds of ministers are supported. The great iron and steel works fill with smoke and fire the Sabbath air, and the proprietors divide the profits with the churches. The printers of the city are busy Sunday afternoons and evenings, and the presses during the nights, so that the sermons of Sunday can reach the heathen on Monday. The servants of the rich are denied the privileges of the sanctuary. The coachman sits on the box out-doors, while his employer kneels in church preparing himself for the heavenly chariot. The iceman goes about on the holy day, keeping believers cool, they knowing at the same time that he is making it hot for himself in the world to come. Christians cross the Atlantic, knowing that the ship will pursue its way on the Sabbath. They write letters to their friends knowing that they will be carried in violation of Jehovah's law, by wicked men. Yet they hate to see a pale-faced sewing girl enjoying a few hours by the sea; a poor mechanic walking in the fields; or a tired mother watching her children playing on the grass. Nothing ever was, nothing ever will be, more utterly absurd and disgusting than a Puritan Sunday. Nothing ever did make a home more hateful than the strict observance of the Sabbath. It fills the house with hypocrisy and the meanest kind of petty tyranny. The parents look sour and stern, the children sad and sulky. They are compelled to talk upon subjects about which

they feel no interest, or to read books that are thought good only because they are so stupid.

Question. What have you to say about the growth of Catholicism, the activity of the Salvation Army, and the success of revivalists like the Rev. Samuel Jones? Is Christianity really gaining a strong hold on the masses?

Answer. Catholicism is growing in this country, and it is the only country on earth in which it is growing. Its growth here depends entirely upon immigration, not upon intellectual conquest. Catholic emigrants who leave their homes in the Old World because they have never had any liberty, and who are Catholics for the same reason, add to the number of Catholics here, but their children's children will not be Catholics. Their children will not be very good Catholics, and even these immigrants themselves, in a few years, will not grovel quite so low in the presence of a priest. The Catholic Church is gaining no ground in Catholic countries.

The Salvation Army is the result of two things—the general belief in what are known as the fundamentals of Christianity, and the heartlessness of the church. The church in England—that is to say, the Church of England—having succeeded—that is to say, being supported by general taxation—that is to say, being a successful, well-fed parasite—naturally neglected those who did not in any way contribute to its support. It became aristocratic. Splendid churches were built; younger sons with good voices were put in the pulpits; the pulpit became the asylum for aristocratic mediocrity, and in this way the Church of England lost interest in the masses and the masses lost interest in the Church of England. The neglected poor, who really had some belief in religion, and who had not been absolutely petrified by form and patronage, were ready for the Salvation Army. They were not at home in the church. They could not pay. They preferred the freedom of the street. They preferred to attend a church where rags were no objection. Had the church loved and labored with the poor the Salvation Army never would have existed. These people are simply giving their idea of Christianity, and in their way endeavoring to do what they consider good. I don't suppose the Salvation Army will accomplish much. To improve mankind you must change conditions. It is not enough to work simply upon the emotional nature. The surroundings must be such as naturally produce virtuous actions. If we are to believe recent reports from London, the Church of England, even with the assistance of the Salvation Army, has accomplished but little. It would be hard to find any country with less morality. You would search long in the jungles of Africa to find greater depravity.

I account for revivalists like the Rev. Samuel Jones in the same way. There is in every community an ignorant class—what you might call a literal class—who believe in the real blood atonement; who believe in heaven and hell, and harps and gridirons; who have never had their faith weakened by reading commentators or books harmonizing science and religion. They love to hear the good old doctrine; they want hell described; they want it described so that they can hear the moans and shrieks; they want heaven described; they want to see God on a throne, and they want to feel that they are finally to have the pleasure of looking over the battlements of heaven and seeing all their enemies among the damned. The Rev. Mr. Munger has suddenly become a revivalist. According to the papers he is sought for in every direction. His

popularity seems to rest upon the fact that he brutally beat a girl twelve years old because she did not say her prayers to suit him. Muscular Christianity is what the ignorant people want. I regard all these efforts—including those made by Mr. Moody and Mr. Hammond—as evidence that Christianity, as an intellectual factor, has almost spent its force. It no longer governs the intellectual world.

Question. Are not the Catholics the least progressive? And are they not, in spite of their professions to the contrary, enemies to republican liberty?

Answer. Every church that has a standard higher than human welfare is dangerous. A church that puts a book above the laws and constitution of its country, that puts a book above the welfare of mankind, is dangerous to human liberty. Every church that puts itself above the legally expressed will of the people is dangerous. Every church that holds itself under greater obligation to a pope than to a people is dangerous to human liberty. Every church that puts religion above humanity—above the well-being of man in this world—is dangerous. The Catholic Church may be more dangerous, not because its doctrines are more dangerous, but because, on the average, its members more sincerely believe its doctrines, and because that church can be hurled as a solid body in any given direction. For these reasons it is more dangerous than other churches; but the doctrines are no more dangerous than those of the Protestant churches. The man who would sacrifice the well- being of man to please an imaginary phantom that he calls God, is also dangerous. The only safe standard is the well-being of man in this world. Whenever this world is sacrificed for the sake of another, a mistake has been made. The only God that man can know is the aggregate of all beings capable of suffering and of joy within the reach of his influence. To increase the happiness of such beings is to worship the only God that man can know.

Question. What have you to say to the assertion of Dr. Deems that there were never so many Christians as now?

Answer. I suppose that the population of the earth is greater now than at any other time within the historic period. This being so, there may be more Christians, so-called, in this world than there were a hundred years ago. Of course, the reverend doctor, in making up his aggregate of Christians, counts all kinds and sects—Unitarians, Universalists, and all the other “ans” and “ists” and “ics” and “ites” and “ers.” But Dr. Deems must admit that only a few years ago most of the persons he now calls Christians would have been burnt as heretics and Infidels. Let us compare the average New York Christian with the Christian of two hundred years ago. It is probably safe to say that there is not now in the city of New York a genuine Presbyterian outside of an insane asylum. Probably no one could be found who will to-day admit that he believes absolutely in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. There is probably not an Episcopalian who believes in the Thirty-nine Articles. Probably there is not an intelligent minister in the city of New York, outside of the Catholic Church, who believes that everything in the Bible is true. Probably no clergyman, of any standing, would be willing to take the ground that everything in the Old Testament—leaving out the question of inspiration—is actually true. Very few ministers now preach the doctrine of eternal punishment. Most of them would be ashamed to utter that brutal falsehood. A large majority of gentlemen who attend

church take the liberty of disagreeing with the preacher. They would have been very poor Christians two hundred years ago. A majority of the ministers take the liberty of disagreeing, in many things, with their Presbyteries and Synods. They would have been very poor preachers two hundred years ago. Dr. Deems forgets that most Christians are only nominally so. Very few believe their creeds. Very few even try to live in accordance with what they call Christian doctrines. Nobody loves his enemies. No Christian when smitten on one cheek turns the other. Most Christians do take a little thought for the morrow. They do not depend entirely upon the providence of God. Most Christians now have greater confidence in the average life-insurance company than in God—feel easier when dying to know that they have a policy, through which they expect the widow will receive ten thousand dollars, than when thinking of all the Scripture promises. Even church-members do not trust in God to protect their own property. They insult heaven by putting lightning rods on their temples. They insure the churches against the act of God. The experience of man has shown the wisdom of relying on something that we know something about, instead of upon the shadowy supernatural. The poor wretches to-day in Spain, depending upon their priests, die like poisoned flies; die with prayers between their pallid lips; die in their filth and faith.

Question. What have you to say on the Mormon question?

Answer. The institution of polygamy is infamous and disgusting beyond expression. It destroys what we call, and all civilized people call, “the family.” It pollutes the fireside, and, above all, as Burns would say, “petrifies the feeling.” It is, however, one of the institutions of Jehovah. It is protected by the Bible. It has inspiration on its side. Sinai, with its barren, granite peaks, is a perpetual witness in its favor. The beloved of God practiced it, and, according to the sacred word, the wisest man had, I believe, about seven hundred wives. This man received his wisdom directly from God. It is hard for the average Bible worshiper to attack this institution without casting a certain stain upon his own book.

Only a few years ago slavery was upheld by the same Bible. Slavery having been abolished, the passages in the inspired volume upholding it have been mostly forgotten, but polygamy lives, and the polygamists, with great volubility, repeat the passages in their favor. We send our missionaries to Utah, with their Bibles, to convert the Mormons.

The Mormons show, by these very Bibles, that God is on their side. Nothing remain now for the missionaries except to get back their Bibles and come home. The preachers do not appeal to the Bible for the purpose of putting down Mormonism. They say: “Send the army.” If the people of this country could only be honest; if they would only admit that the Old Testament is but the record of a barbarous people; if the Samson of the nineteenth century would not allow its limbs to be bound by the Delilah of superstition, it could with one blow destroy this monster. What shall we say of the moral force of Christianity, when it utterly fails in the presence of Mormonism? What shall we say of a Bible that we dare not read to a Mormon as an argument against legalized lust, or as an argument against illegal lust?

I am opposed to polygamy. I want it exterminated by law; but I hate to see the exterminators insist that God, only a few thousand years ago, was as bad as the Mormons are to-day. In my judgment, such a God ought to be exterminated.

Question. What do you think of men like the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the Rev. R. Heber Newton? Do they deserve any credit for the course they have taken?

Answer. Mr. Beecher is evidently endeavoring to shore up the walls of the falling temple. He sees the cracks; he knows that the building is out of plumb; he feels that the foundation is insecure. Lies can take the place of stones only so long as they are thoroughly believed. Mr. Beecher is trying to do something to harmonize superstition and science. He is reading between the lines. He has discovered that Darwin is only a later Saint Paul, or that Saint Paul was the original Darwin. He is endeavoring to make the New Testament a scientific text-book. Of course he will fail. But his intentions are good. Thousands of people will read the New Testament with more freedom than heretofore. They will look for new meanings; and he who looks for new meanings will not be satisfied with the old ones. Mr. Beecher, instead of strengthening the walls, will make them weaker.

There is no harmony between religion and science. When science was a child, religion sought to strangle it in the cradle. Now that science has attained its youth, and superstition is in its dotage, the trembling, palsied wreck says to the athlete: “Let us be friends.” It reminds me of the bargain the cock wished to make with the horse: “Let us agree not to step on each other’s feet.” Mr. Beecher, having done away with hell, substitutes annihilation. His doctrine at present is that only a fortunate few are immortal, and that the great mass return to dreamless dust. This, of course, is far better than hell, and is a great improvement on the orthodox view. Mr. Beecher cannot believe that God would make such a mistake as to make men doomed to suffer eternal pain. Why, I ask, should God give life to men whom he knows are unworthy of life? Why should he annihilate his mistakes? Why should he make mistakes that need annihilation?

It can hardly be said that Mr. Beecher’s idea is a new one. It was taught, with an addition, thousands of years ago, in India, and the addition almost answers my objection. The old doctrine was that only the soul that bears fruit, only the soul that bursts into blossom, will at the death of the body rejoin the Infinite, and that all other souls—souls not having blossomed—will go back into low forms and make the journey up to man once more, and should they then blossom and bear fruit, will be held worthy to join the Infinite, but should they again fail, they again go back; and this process is repeated until they do blossom, and in this way all souls at last become perfect. I suggest that Mr. Beecher make at least this addition to his doctrine.

But allow me to say that, in my judgment, Mr. Beecher is doing great good. He may not convince many people that he is right, but he will certainly convince a great many people that Christianity is wrong.

Question. In what estimation do you hold Charles Watts and Samuel Putnam, and what do you think of their labors in the cause of Freethought?

Answer. Mr. Watts is an extremely logical man, with a direct and straightforward manner and mind. He has paid great attention to what is called “Secularism.” He thoroughly understands organization, and he is undoubtedly one of the strongest debaters in the field. He has had great experience. He has demolished more divines than any man of my acquaintance. I have read several of his debates. In discussion he is quick, pertinent, logical, and, above all, good natured.

There is not in all he says a touch of malice. He can afford to be generous to his antagonists, because he is always the victor, and is always sure of the victory. Last winter wherever I went, I heard the most favorable accounts of Mr. Watts. All who heard him were delighted.

Mr. Putnam is one of the most thorough believers in intellectual liberty in the world. He believes with all his heart, is full of enthusiasm, ready to make any sacrifice, and to endure any hardship. Had he lived a few years ago, he would have been a martyr. He has written some of the most stirring appeals to the Liberals of this country that I have ever read. He believes that Freethought has a future; that the time is coming when the superstitions of the world will either be forgotten, or remembered—some of them with smiles—most of them with tears. Mr. Putnam, although endowed with a poetic nature, with poetic insight, clings to the known, builds upon the experience of man, and believes in fancies only when they are used as the wings of a fact. I have never met a man who appeared to be more thoroughly devoted to the great cause of mental freedom. I have read his books with great interest, and find in them many pages filled with philosophy and pathos. I have met him often and I never heard him utter a harsh word about any human being. His good nature is as unfailing as the air. His abilities are of the highest order. It is a positive pleasure to meet him. He is so enthusiastic, so unselfish, so natural, so appreciative of others, so thoughtful for the cause, and so careless of himself, that he compels the admiration of every one who really loves the just and true.

—*The Truth Seeker*, New York, September 5, 1885.

The President And Senate

Question. What have you to say with reference to the respective attitudes of the President and Senate?

Answer. I don't think there is any doubt as to the right of the Senate to call on the President for information. Of course that means for what information he has. When a duty devolves upon two persons, one of them has no right to withhold any facts calculated to throw any light on the question that both are to decide. The President cannot appoint any officer who has to be confirmed by the Senate; he can simply nominate. The Senate cannot even suggest a name; it can only pass upon the person nominated. If it is called upon for counsel and advice, how can it give advice without knowing the facts and circumstances? The President must have a reason for wishing to make a change. He should give that reason to the Senate without waiting to be asked. He has assured the country that he is a civil service reformer; that no man is to be turned out because he is a Republican, and no man appointed because he is a Democrat. Now, the Senate has given the President an opportunity to prove that he has acted as he has talked. If the President feels that he is bound to carry out the civil-service law, ought not the Senate to feel in the same way? Is it not the duty of the Senate to see to it that the President does not, with its advice and consent, violate the civil service law? Is the consent of the Senate a mere matter of form? In these appointments the President is not independent of or above the Senate; they are equal, and each has the right to be "honor bright" with the other, at least.

As long as this foolish law is unrepealed it must be carried out. Neither party is in favor of civil service reform, and never was. The Republican party did not carry it out, and did not intend to. The President has the right to nominate. Under the law as it is now, when the President wants to appoint a clerk, or when one of his secretaries wants one, four names are sent, and from these four names a choice has to be made. This is clearly an invasion of the rights of the Executive. If they have the right to compel the President to choose from four, why not from three, or two? Why not name the one, and have done with it? The law is worse than unconstitutional—it is absurd.

But in this contest the Senate, in my judgment, is right. In my opinion, by the time Cleveland goes out most of the offices will be filled with Democrats. If the Republicans succeed next time, I know, and everybody knows, that they will never rest easy until they get the Democrats out. They will shout "offensive partisanship." The truth is, the theory is wrong. Every citizen should take an interest in politics. A good man should not agree to keep silent just for the sake of an office. A man owes his best thoughts to his country. If he ought to defend his country in time of war, and under certain circumstances give his life for it, can we say that in time of peace he is under no obligation to discharge what he believes to be a duty, if he happens to hold an office? Must he sell his birthright for the sake of being a doorkeeper? The whole doctrine is absurd and never will be carried out.

Question. What do you think as to the presidential race?

Answer. That is a good way off. I think the people can hardly be roused to enthusiasm by the old names. Our party must take another step forward. We cannot live on what we have done; we must seek power for the sake, not of power, but for the accomplishment of a purpose. We must reform the tariff. We must settle the question of silver. We must have sense enough to know what the country needs, and courage enough to tell it. By reforming the tariff, I mean protect that and that only that needs protection— laws for the country and not for the few. We want honest money; we want a dollar's worth of gold in a silver dollar, and a dollar's worth of silver in a gold dollar. We want to make them of equal value. Bi-metallism does not mean that eighty cents' worth of silver is worth one hundred in gold. The Republican party must get back its conscience and be guided by it in deciding the questions that arise. Great questions are pressing for solution. Thousands of working people are in want. Business is depressed. The future is filled with clouds. What does the Republican party propose? Must we wait for mobs to inaugurate reform? Must we depend on police or statesmen? Should we wait and crush by brute force or should we prevent?

The toilers demand that eight hours should constitute a day's work. Upon this question what does our party say? Labor saving machines ought to lighten the burdens of the laborers. It will not do to say "over production" and keep on inventing machines and refuse to shorten the hours. What does our party say? The rich can take care of themselves if the mob will let them alone, and there will be no mob if there is no widespread want. Hunger is a communist. The next candidate of the Republican party must be big enough and courageous enough to answer these questions. If we find that kind of a candidate we shall succeed—if we do not, we ought not.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*, February, 1886.

Atheism And Citizenship

Question. Have you noticed the decision of Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr., clerk of the Naturalization Bureau of the Court of Common Pleas, that an Atheist cannot become a citizen?

Answer. Yes, but I do not think it necessary for a man to be a theist in order to become or to remain a citizen of this country. The various laws, from 1790 up to 1828, provided that the person wishing to be naturalized might make oath or affirmation. The first exception you will find in the Revised Statutes of the United States passed in 1873-74, section 2,165, as follows:—"An alien may be admitted to become a citizen of the United States in the following manner, and not otherwise:—First, he shall declare on oath, before a Circuit or District Court of the United States, etc." I suppose Mr. Jarvis felt it to be his duty to comply with this section. In this section there is nothing about affirmation —only the word "oath" is used—and Mr. Jarvis came to the conclusion that an Atheist could not take an oath, and, therefore, could not declare his intention legally to become a citizen of the United States. Undoubtedly Mr. Jarvis felt it his duty to stand by the law and to see to it that nobody should become a citizen of this country who had not a well defined belief in the existence of a being that he could not define and that no man has ever been able to define. In other words, that he should be perfectly convinced that there is a being "without body, parts or passions," who presides over the destinies of this world, and more especially those of New York in and about that part known as City Hall Park.

Question. Was not Mr. Jarvis right in standing by the law?

Answer. If Mr. Jarvis is right, neither Humboldt nor Darwin could have become a citizen of the United States. Wagner, the greatest of musicians, not being able to take an oath, would have been left an alien. Under this ruling Haeckel, Spencer and Tyndall would be denied citizenship—that is to say, the six greatest men produced by the human race in the nineteenth century, were and are unfit to be citizens of the United States. Those who have placed the human race in debt cannot be citizens of the Republic. On the other hand, the ignorant wife beater, the criminal, the pauper raised in the workhouse, could take the necessary oath and would be welcomed by New York "with arms outstretched as she would fly."

Question. You have quoted one statute. Is there no other applicable to this case?

Answer. I am coming to that. If Mr. Jarvis will take the pains to read not only the law of naturalization in section 2,165 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, but the very first chapter in the book, "Title I.," he will find in the very first section this sentence: "The requirements of any 'oath' shall be deemed complied with by making affirmation in official form." This applies to section 2,165. Of course an Atheist can affirm, and the statute provides that wherever an oath is required affirmation may be made.

Question. Did you read the recent action of Judge O'Gorman, of the Superior Court, in refusing naturalization papers to an applicant because he had not read the Constitution of the United States?

Answer. I did. The United States Constitution is a very important document, a good, sound document, but it is talked about a great deal more than it is read. I'll venture that you may commence at the Battery to interview merchants and other business men about the Constitution and you will talk with a hundred before you will find one who has ever read it.

—*New York Herald*, August 8, 1886.

The Labor Question

Question. What is your remedy, Colonel, for the labor troubles of the day?

Answer. One remedy is this: I should like to see the laboring men succeed. I should like to see them have a majority in Congress and with a President of their own. I should like to see this so that they could satisfy themselves how little, after all, can be accomplished by legislation. The moment responsibility should touch their shoulders they would become conservative. They would find that making a living in this world is an individual affair, and that each man must look out for himself. They would soon find that the Government cannot take care of the people. The people must support the Government. Everything cannot be regulated by law. The factors entering into this problem are substantially infinite and beyond the intellectual grasp of any human being. Perhaps nothing in the world will convince the laboring man how little can be accomplished by law until there is opportunity of trying. To discuss the question will do good, so I am in favor of its discussion. To give the workingmen a trial will do good, so I am in favor of giving them a trial.

Question. But you have not answered my question: I asked you what could be done, and you have told me what could not be done. Now, is there not some better organization of society that will help in this trouble?

Answer. Undoubtedly. Unless humanity is a failure, society will improve from year to year and from age to age. There will be, as the years go by, less want, less injustice, and the gifts of nature will be more equally divided, but there will never come a time when the weak can do as much as the strong, or when the mentally weak can accomplish as much as the intellectually strong. There will forever be inequality in society; but, in my judgment, the time will come when an honest, industrious person need not want. In my judgment, that will come, not through governmental control, not through governmental slavery, not through what is called Socialism, but through liberty and through individuality. I can conceive of no greater slavery than to have everything done by the Government. I want free scope given to individual effort. In time some things that governments have done will be removed. The creation of a nobility, the giving of vast rights to corporations, and the bestowment of privileges on the few will be done away with. In other words, governmental interference will cease and man will be left more to himself. The future will not do away with want by charity, which generally creates more want than it alleviates, but by justice and intelligence. Shakespeare says, “There is no darkness but ignorance,” and it might be added that ignorance is the mother of most suffering.

—*The Enquirer*, Cincinnati, Ohio, September 30, 1886.

Railroads And Politics

Question. You are intimately acquainted with the great railroad managers and the great railroad systems, and what do you think is the great need of the railways to-day?

Answer. The great need of the railroads to-day is more business, more cars, better equipments, better pay for the men and less gambling in Wall Street.

Question. Is it your experience that public men usually ride on passes?

Answer. Yes, whenever they can get them. Passes are for the rich. Only those are expected to pay who can scarcely afford it. Nothing shortens a journey, nothing makes the road as smooth, nothing keeps down the dust and keeps out the smoke like a pass.

Question. Don't you think that the pass system is an injustice —that is, that ordinary travelers are taxed for the man who rides on a pass?

Answer. Certainly, those who pay, pay for those who do not. This is one of the misfortunes of the obscure. It is so with everything. The big fish live on the little ones.

Question. Are not parallel railroads an evil?

Answer. No, unless they are too near together. Competition does some good and some harm, but it must exist. All these things must be left to take care of themselves. If the Government interferes it is at the expense of the manhood and liberty of the people.

Question. But wouldn't it be better for the people if the railroads were managed by the Government as is the Post-Office?

Answer. No, everything that individual can do should be left to them. If the Government takes charge of the people they become weak and helpless. The people should take charge of the Government. Give the folks a chance.

Question. In the next presidential contest what will be the main issue?

Answer. The Maine issue!

Question. Would you again refuse to take the stump for Mr. Blaine if he should be renominated, and if so, why?

Answer. I do not expect to take the stump for anybody. Mr. Blaine is probably a candidate, and if he is nominated there will be plenty of people on the stump—or fence—or up a tree or somewhere in the woods.

Question. What are the most glaring mistakes of Cleveland's administration?

Answer. First, accepting the nomination. Second, taking the oath of office. Third, not resigning.

—*Times Star*, Cincinnati, September 30, 1886.

Prohibition

Question. How much importance do you attach to the present prohibition movement?

Answer. No particular importance. I am opposed to prohibition and always have been, and hope always to be. I do not want the Legislature to interfere in these matters. I do not believe that the people can be made temperate by law. Men and women are not made great and good by the law. There is no good in the world that cannot be abused. Prohibition fills the world with spies and tattlers, and, besides that, where a majority of the people are not in favor of it the law will not be enforced; and where a majority of the people are in favor of it there is not much need of the law. Where a majority are against it, juries will violate their oath, and witnesses will get around the truth, and the result is demoralization. Take wine and malt liquors out of the world and we shall lose a vast deal of good fellowship; the world would lose more than it would gain. There is a certain sociability about wine that I should hate to have taken from the earth. Strong liquors the folks had better let alone. If prohibition succeeds, and wines and malt liquors go, the next thing will be to take tobacco away, and the next thing all other pleasures, until prayer meetings will be the only places of enjoyment.

Question. Do you care to say who your choice is for Republican nominee for President in 1888?

Answer. I now promise that I will answer this question either in May or June, 1888. At present my choice is not fixed, and is liable to change at any moment, and I need to leave it free, so that it can change from time to time as the circumstances change. I will, however, tell you privately that I think it will probably be a new man, somebody on whom the Republicans can unite. I have made a good many inquiries myself to find out who this man is to be, but in every instance the answer has been determined by the location in which the gentleman lived who gave the answer. Let us wait.

Question. Do you think the Republican party should take a decided stand on the temperance issue?

Answer. I do; and that decided stand should be that temperance is an individual question, something with which the State and Nation have nothing to do. Temperance is a thing that the law cannot control. You might as well try to control music, painting, sculpture, or metaphysics, as the question of temperance. As life becomes more valuable, people will learn to take better care of it. There is something more to be desired even than temperance, and that is liberty. I do not believe in putting out the sun because weeds grow. I should rather have some weeds than go without wheat and corn. The Republican party should represent liberty and individuality; it should keep abreast of the real spirit of the age; the Republican party ought to be intelligent enough to know that progress has been marked not by the enactment of new laws, but by the repeal of old ones.

—*Evening Traveler*, Boston, October, 1886.

Henry George And Labor

Question. It is said, Colonel Ingersoll, that you are for Henry George?

Answer. Of course; I think it the duty of the Republicans to defeat the Democracy—a solemn duty—and I believe that they have a chance to elect George; that is to say, an opportunity to take New York from their old enemy. If the Republicans stand by George he will succeed. All the Democratic factions are going to unite to beat the workingmen. What a picture! Now is the time for the Republicans to show that all their sympathies are not given to bankers, corporations and millionaires. They were on the side of the slave—they gave liberty to millions. Let them take another step and extend their hands to the sons of toil.

My heart beats with those who bear the burdens of this poor world.

Question. Do you not think that capital is entitled to protection?

Answer. I am in favor of accomplishing all reforms in a legal and orderly way, and I want the laboring people of this country to appeal to the ballot. All classes and all interests must be content to abide the result.

I want the laboring people to show that they are intelligent enough to stand by each other. Henry George is their natural leader. Let them be true to themselves by being true to him. The great questions between capital and labor must be settled peaceably. There is no excuse for violence, and no excuse for contempt and scorn. No country can be prosperous while the workers want and the idlers waste. Those who do the most should have the most. There is no civilized country, so far as I know, but I believe there will be, and I want to hasten they day when the map of the world will give the boundaries of that blessed land.

Question. Do you agree with George's principles? Do you believe in socialism?

Answer. I do not understand that George is a Socialist. He is on the side of those that work—so am I. He wants to help those that need help—so do I. The rich can take care of themselves. I shed no tears over the miseries of capital. I think of the men in mines and factories, in huts, hovels and cellars; of the poor sewing women; of the poor, the hungry and the despairing. The world must be made better through intelligence. I do not go with the destroyers, with those that hate the successful, that hate the generous, simply because they are rich. Wealth is the surplus produced by labor, and the wealth of the world should keep the world from want.

—*New York Herald*, October 13, 1886.

Labor Question And Socialism

Question. What do you think of Henry George for mayor?

Answer. Several objections have been urged, not to what Mr. George has done, but to what Mr. George has thought, and he is the only candidate up to this time against whom a charge of this character could be made. Among other things, he seems to have entertained an idea to the effect that a few men should not own the entire earth; that a child coming into the world has a right to standing room, and that before he walks, his mother has a right to standing room while she holds him. He insists that if it were possible to bottle the air, and sell it as we do mineral water, it would be hardly fair for the capitalists of the world to embark in such a speculation, especially where millions were allowed to die simply because they were not able to buy breath at "pool prices." Mr. George seems to think that the time will come when capital will be intelligent enough and civilized enough to take care of itself. He has a dream that poverty and crime and all the evils that go hand in hand with partial famine, with lack of labor, and all the diseases born of living in huts and cellars, born of poor food and poor clothing and of bad habits, will disappear, and that the world will be really fit to live in. He goes so far as to insist that men ought to have more than twenty-three or twenty-four dollars a month for digging coal, and that they ought not to be compelled to spend that money in the store or saloon of the proprietor of the mine. He has also stated on several occasions that a man ought not to drive a street car for sixteen or eighteen hours a day—that even a street-car driver ought to have the privilege now and then of seeing his wife, or at least one of the children, awake. And he has gone so far as to say that a letter-carrier ought not to work longer in each day for the United States than he would for a civilized individual.

To people that imagine that this world is already perfection; that the condition of no one should be bettered except their own, these ideas seem dangerous. A man who has already amassed a million, and who has no fear for the future, and who says: "I will employ the cheapest labor and make men work as long as they can possibly endure the toil," will regard Mr. George as an impractical man. It is very probable that all of us will be dead before all the theories of Mr. George are put in practice. Some of them, however, may at some time benefit mankind; and so far as I am concerned, I am willing to help hasten the day, although it may not come while I live. I do not know that I agree with many of the theories of Mr. George. I know that I do not agree with some of them. But there is one thing in which I do agree with him, and that is, in his effort to benefit the human race, in his effort to do away with some of the evils that now afflict mankind. I sympathize with him in his endeavor to shorten the hours of labor, to increase the well- being of laboring men, to give them better houses, better food, and in every way to lighten the burdens that now bear upon their bowed backs. It may be that very little can be done by law, except to see that they are not absolutely abused; to see that the mines in which they work are supplied with air and with means of escape in time of danger; to prevent the deforming of children by forcing upon them the labor of men; to shorten the hours of toil, and to give all

laborers certain liens, above all other claims, for their work. It is easy to see that in this direction something may be done by law.

Question. Colonel Ingersoll, are you a Socialist?

Answer. I am an Individualist instead of a Socialist. I am a believer in individuality and in each individual taking care of himself, and I want the Government to do just as little as it can consistently with the safety of the nation, and I want as little law as possible—only as much as will protect life, reputation and property by punishing criminals and by enforcing honest contracts. But if a government gives privileges to a few, the few must not oppress the many. The Government has no right to bestow any privilege upon any man or upon any corporation, except for the public good. That which is a special privilege to the few, should be a special benefit to the many. And whenever the privileged few abuse the privilege so that it becomes a curse to the many, the privilege, whatever it is, should be withdrawn. I do not pretend to know enough to suggest a remedy for all the evils of society. I doubt if one human mind could take into consideration the almost infinite number of factors entering into such a problem. And this fact that no one knows, is the excuse for trying. While I may not believe that a certain theory will work, still, if I feel sure it will do no harm, I am willing to see it tried.

Question. Do you think that Mr. George would make a good mayor?

Answer. I presume he would. He is a thoughtful, prudent man. His reputation for honesty has never, so far as I know, been called in question. It certainly does not take a genius to be mayor of New York. If so, there have been some years when there was hardly a mayor. I take it that a clear-headed, honest man, whose only object is to do his duty, and with courage enough to stand by his conscience, would make a good mayor of New York or of any other city.

Question. Are you in sympathy with the workingmen and their objects?

Answer. I am in sympathy with laboring men of all kinds, whether they labor with hand or brain. The Knights of Labor, I believe, do not allow a lawyer to become a member. I am somewhat wider in my sympathies. No men in the world struggle more heroically; no men in the world have suffered more, or carried a heavier cross, or worn a sharper crown of thorns, than those that have produced what we call the literature of our race. So my sympathies extend all the way from hod-carriers to sculptors; from well-diggers to astronomers. If the objects of the laboring men are to improve their condition without injuring others; to have homes and firesides, and wives and children; plenty to eat, good clothes to wear; to develop their minds, to educate their children—in short, to become prosperous and civilized, I sympathize with them, and hope they will succeed. I have not the slightest sympathy with those that wish to accomplish all these objects through brute force. A Nihilist may be forgiven in Russia—may even be praised in Russia; a Socialist may be forgiven in Germany; and certainly a Home-ruler can be pardoned in Ireland, but in the United States there is no place for Anarchist, Socialist or Dynamiter. In this country the political power has been fairly divided. Poverty has just as many votes as wealth. No man can be so poor as not to have a ballot; no man is rich enough to have two; and no man can buy another vote, unless somebody is mean enough and contemptible

enough to sell; and if he does sell his vote, he never should complain about the laws or their administration. So the foolish and the wise are on an equality, and the political power of this country is divided so that each man is a sovereign.

Now, the laboring people are largely in the majority in this country. If there are any laws oppressing them, they should have them repealed. I want the laboring people—and by the word "laboring" now, I include only the men that they include by that word—to unite; I want them to show that they have the intelligence to act together, and sense enough to vote for a friend. I want them to convince both the other great parties that they cannot be purchased. This will be an immense step in the right direction.

I have sometimes thought that I should like to see the laboring men in power, so that they would realize how little, after all, can be done by law. All that any man should ask, so far as the Government is concerned, is a fair chance to compete with his neighbors. Personally, I am for the abolition of all special privileges that are not for the general good. My principal hope of the future is the civilization of my race; the development not only of the brain, but of the heart. I believe the time will come when we shall stop raising failures, when we shall know something of the laws governing human beings. I believe the time will come when we shall not produce deformed persons, natural criminals. In other words, I think the world is going to grow better and better. This may not happen to this nation or to what we call our race, but it may happen to some other race, and all that we do in the right direction hastens that day and that race.

Question. Do you think that the old parties are about to die?

Answer. It is very hard to say. The country is not old enough for tables of mortality to have been calculated upon parties. I suppose a party, like anything else, has a period of youth, of manhood and decay. The Democratic party is not dead. Some men grow physically strong as they grow mentally weak. The Democratic party lived out of office, and in disgrace, for twenty-five years, and lived to elect a President. If the Democratic party could live on disgrace for twenty-five years it now looks as though the Republican party, on the memory of its glory and of its wonderful and unparalleled achievements, might manage to creep along for a few years more.

—*New York World*, October 26, 1886.

Henry George And Socialism

Question. What is your opinion of the result of the election?

Answer. I find many dead on the field whose faces I recognize. I see that Morrison has taken a "horizontal" position. Free trade seems to have received an exceedingly black eye. Carlisle, in my judgment, one of the very best men in Congress, has been defeated simply because he is a free trader, and I suppose you can account for Hurd's defeat in the same way. The people believe in protection although they generally admit that the tariff ought to be reformed. I believe in protecting "infant industries," but I do not believe in rocking the cradle when the infant is seven feet high and wears number twelve boots.

Question. Do you sympathize with the Socialists, or do you think that the success of George would promote socialism?

Answer. I have said frequently that if I lived in Russia I should in all probability be a Nihilist. I can conceive of no government that would not be as good as that of Russia, and I would consider *no* government far preferable to that government. Any possible state of anarchy is better than organized crime, because in the chaos of anarchy justice may be done by accident, but in a government organized for the perpetuation of slavery, and for the purpose of crushing out of the human brain every noble thought, justice does not live. In Germany I would probably be a Socialist—to this extent, that I would want the political power honestly divided among the people. I can conceive of no circumstance in which I could support Bismarck. I regard Bismarck as a projection of the Middle Ages, as a shadow that has been thrown across the sunlight of modern civilization, and in that shadow grow all the bloodless crimes. Now, in Ireland, of course, I believe in home rule. In this country I am an Individualist. The political power here is equally divided. Poverty and wealth have the same power at the ballot-box. Intelligence and ignorance are on an equality here, simply because all men have a certain interest in the government where they live. I hate above all other things the tyranny of a government. I do not want a government to send a policeman along with me to keep me from buying eleven eggs for a dozen. I will take care of myself. I want the people to do everything they can do, and the Government to keep its hands off, because if the Government attends to all these matters the people lose manhood, and in a little while become serfs, and there will arise some strong mind and some powerful hand that will reduce them to actual slavery. So I am in favor or personal liberty to the largest extent. Whenever the Government grants privileges to the few, these privileges should be for the benefit of the many, and when they cease to be for the benefit of the many, they should be taken from the few and used by the government itself for the benefit of the whole people. And I want to see in this country the Government so administered that justice will be done to all as nearly as human institutions can produce such a result. Now, I understand that in any state of society there will be failures. We have failures among the working people. We have had some failures in Congress. I will not mention the names, because your space is limited. There have been failures in the pulpit, at the bar; in fact, in every pursuit of life you will presume we shall have

failures with us for a great while; at least until the establishment of the religion of the body, when we shall cease to produce failures; and I have faith enough in the human race to believe that that time will come, but I do not expect it during my life.

Question. What do you think of the income tax as a step toward the accomplishment of what you desire?

Answer. There are some objections to an income tax. First, the espionage that it produces on the part of the Government. Second, the amount of perjury that it annually produces. Men hate to have their business inquired into if they are not doing well. They often pay a very large tax to make their creditors think they are prosperous. Others by covering up, avoid the tax. But I will say this with regard to taxation: The great desideratum is stability. If we tax only the land, and that were the only tax, in a little while every other thing, and the value of every other thing, would adjust itself in relation to that tax, and perfect justice would be the result. That is to say, if it were stable long enough the burden would finally fall upon the right backs in every department. The trouble with taxation is that it is continually changing—not waiting for the adjustment that will naturally follow provided it is stable. I think the end, so far as land is concerned, could be reached by cumulative taxation—that is to say, a man with a certain amount of land paying a very small per cent., with more land, and increased per cent., and let that per cent. increase rapidly enough so that no man could afford to hold land that he did not have a use for. So I believe in cumulative taxation in regard to any kind of wealth. Let a man worth ten million dollars pay a greater per cent. than one worth one hundred thousand, because he is able to pay it. The other day a man was talking to me about having the dead pay the expenses of the Government; that whenever a man died worth say five million dollars, one million should go to the Government; that if he died worth ten million dollars, three millions should go to the Government; if he died worth twenty million dollars, eight million should go to the Government, and so on. He said that in this way the expenses of the Government could be borne by the dead. I should be in favor of cumulative taxation upon legacies— the greater the legacy, the greater the per cent. of taxation.

But, of course, I am not foolish enough to suppose that I understand these questions. I am giving you a few guesses. My only desire is to guess right. I want to see the people of this world live for this world, and I hope the time will come when a civilized man will understand that he cannot be perfectly happy while anybody else is miserable; that a perfectly civilized man could not enjoy a dinner knowing that others were starving; that he could not enjoy the richest robes if he knew that some of his fellow-men in rags and tatters were shivering in the blast. In other words, I want to carry out the idea there that I have so frequently uttered with regard to the other world; that is, that no gentleman angel could be perfectly happy knowing that somebody else was in hell.

Question. What are the chances for the Republican party in 1888?

Answer. If it will sympathize with the toilers, as it did with the slaves; if it will side with the needy; if it will only take the right side it will elect the next President. The poor should not resort to violence; the rich should appeal to the intelligence of the

working people. These questions cannot be settled by envy and scorn. The motto of both parties should be: “Come, let us reason together.” The Republican party was the grandest organization that ever existed. It was brave, intelligent and just. It sincerely loved the right. A certificate of membership was a patent of nobility. If it will only stand by the right again, its victorious banner will float over all the intelligent sons of toil.

—*The Times*, Chicago, Illinois, November 4, 1886.

Ingersoll On Mcglynn

The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in Dr. McGlynn's case is consistent with the history and constitution of the Catholic Church —perfectly consistent with its ends, its objects, and its means— and just as perfectly inconsistent with intellectual liberty and the real civilization of the human race.

When a man becomes a Catholic priest, he has been convinced that he ought not to think for himself upon religious questions. He has become convinced that the church is the only teacher—that he has a right to think only to enforce its teachings. From that moment he is a moral machine. The chief engineer resides at Rome, and he gives his orders through certain assistant engineers until the one is reached who turns the crank, and the machine has nothing to do one way or the other. This machine is paid for giving up his liberty by having machines under him who have also given up theirs. While somebody else turns his crank, he has the pleasure of turning a crank belonging to somebody below him.

Of course, the Catholic Church is supposed to be the only perfect institution on earth. All others are not only imperfect, but unnecessary. All others have been made either by man, or by the Devil, or by a partnership, and consequently cannot be depended upon for the civilization of man.

The Catholic Church gets its power directly from God, and is the only institution now in the world founded by God. There was never any other, so far as I know, except polygamy and slavery and a crude kind of monarchy, and they have been, for the most part, abolished.

The Catholic Church must be true to itself. It must claim everything, and get what it can. It alone is infallible. It alone has all the wisdom of this world. It alone has the right to exist. All other interests are secondary. To be a Catholic is of the first importance. Human liberty is nothing. Wealth, position, food, clothing, reputation, happiness—all these are less than worthless compared with what the Catholic Church promises to the man who will throw all these away.

A priest must preach what his bishop tells him. A bishop must preach what his archbishop tells him. The pope must preach what he says God tells him.

Dr. McGlynn cannot make a compromise with the Catholic Church. It never compromises when it is in the majority.

I do not mean by this that the Catholic Church is worse than any other. All are alike in this regard. Every sect, no matter how insignificant; every church, no matter how powerful, asks precisely the same thing from every member—that is to say, a surrender of intellectual freedom. The Catholic Church wants the same as the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Methodist—it wants the whole earth. It is ambitious to be the one supreme power. It hopes to see the world upon its knees, with all its tongues thrust out for wafers. It has the arrogance of humility and the ferocity of universal forgiveness. In this respect it resembles every other sect. Every religion is a system of slavery.

Of course, the religionists say that they do not believe in persecution; that they do not believe in burning and hanging and whipping or loading with chains a man simply because he is an Infidel. They are willing to leave all this with God, knowing that a being of infinite goodness will inflict all these horrors and tortures upon an honest man who differs with the church.

In case Dr. McGlynn is deprived of his priestly functions, it is hard to say what effect it will have upon his church and the labor party in the country.

So long as a man believes that a church has eternal joy in store for him, so long as he believes that a church holds within its hand the keys of heaven and hell, it will be hard to make him trade off the hope of everlasting happiness for a few good clothes and a little good food and higher wages here. He finally thinks that, after all, he had better work for less and go a little hungry, and be an angel forever.

I hope, however, that a good many people who have been supporting the Catholic Church by giving tithes of the wages of weariness will see, and clearly see, that Catholicism is not their friend; that the church cannot and will not support them; that, on the contrary, they must support the church. I hope they will see that all the prayers have to be paid for, although not one has ever been answered. I hope they will perceive that the church is on the side of wealth and power, that the mitre is the friend of the crown, that the altar is the sworn brother of the throne. I hope they will finally know that the church cares infinitely more for the money of the millionaire than for the souls of the poor.

Of course, there are thousands of individual exceptions. I am speaking of the church as an institution, as a corporation—and when I say the church, I include all churches. It is said of corporations in general, that they have no soul, and it may truthfully be said of the church that it has less than any other. It lives on alms. It gives nothing for what it gets. It has no sympathy. Beggars never weep over the misfortunes of other beggars.

Nothing could give me more pleasure than to see the Catholic Church on the side of human freedom; nothing more pleasure than to see the Catholics of the world—those who work and weep and toil— sensible enough to know that all the money paid for superstition is worse than lost. I wish they could see that the counting of beads, and the saying of prayers and celebrating of masses, and all the kneelings and censer-swingings and fastings and bell-ringing, amount to less than nothing—that all these things tend only to the degradation of mankind. It is hard, I know, to find an antidote for a poison that was mingled with a mother's milk.

The laboring masses, so far as the Catholics are concerned, are filled with awe and wonder and fear about the church. This fear began to grow while they were being rocked in their cradles, and they still imagine that the church has some mysterious power; that it is in direct communication with some infinite personality that could, if it desired, strike then dead, or damn their souls forever. Persons who have no such belief, who care nothing for popes or priests or churches or heavens or hells or devils or gods, have very little idea of the power of fear.

The old dogmas filled the brain with strange monsters. The soul of the orthodox Christian gropes and wanders and crawls in a kind of dungeon, where the strained eyes see fearful shapes, and the frightened flesh shrinks from the touch of serpents.

The good part of Christianity—that is to say, kindness, morality —will never go down. The cruel part ought to go down. And by the cruel part I mean the doctrine of eternal punishment—of allowing the good to suffer for the bad—allowing innocence to pay the debt of guilt. So the foolish part of Christianity—that is to say, the miraculous—will go down. The absurd part must perish. But there will be no war about it as there was in France. Nobody believes enough in the foolish part of Christianity now to fight for it. Nobody believes with intensity enough in miracles to shoulder a musket. There is probably not a Christian in New York willing to fight for any story, no matter if the story is so old that it is covered with moss. No mentally brave and intelligent man believes in miracles, and no intelligent man cares whether there was a miracle or not, for the reason that every intelligent man knows that the miraculous has no possible connection with the moral. “Thou shalt not steal,” is just as good a commandment if it should turn out that the flood was a drouth. “Thou shalt not murder,” is a good and just and righteous law, and whether any particular miracle was ever performed or not has nothing to do with the case. There is no possible relation between these things.

I am on the side not only of the physically oppressed, but of the mentally oppressed. I hate those who put lashes on the body, and I despise those who put the soul in chains. In other words, I am in favor of liberty. I do not wish that any man should be the slave of his fellow-men, or that the human race should be the slaves of any god, real or imaginary. Man has the right to think for himself, to work for himself, to take care of himself, to get bread for himself, to get a home for himself. He has a right to his own opinion about God, and heaven and hell; the right to learn any art or mystery or trade; the right to work for whom he will, for what he will, and when he will.

The world belongs to the human race. There is to be no war in this country on religious opinions, except a war of words—a conflict of thoughts, of facts; and in that conflict the hosts of superstition will go down. They may not be defeated to-day, or to-morrow, or next year, or during this century, but they are growing weaker day by day.

This priest, McGlynn, has the courage to stand up against the propaganda. What would have been his fate a few years ago? What would have happened to him in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy—in any other country that was Catholic—only a few years ago? Yet he stands here in New York, he refuses to obey God’s vicegerent; he freely gives his mind to an archbishop; he holds the holy Inquisition in contempt. He has done a great thing. He is undoubtedly an honest man. He never should have been a Catholic. He has no business in that church. He has ideas of his own—theories, and seems to be governed by principles. The Catholic Church is not his place. If he remains, he must submit, he must kneel in the humility of abjectness; he must receive on the back of his independence the lashes of the church. If he remains, he must ask the forgiveness of slaves for having been a man. If he refuses to submit, the church will not have him. He will be driven to take his choice— to remain a member, humiliated, shunned, or go out into the great, free world a citizen of the Republic, with the rights, responsibilities, and duties of an American citizen.

I believe that Dr. McGlynn is an honest man, and that he really believes in the land theories of Mr. George. I have no confidence in his theories, but I have confidence that he is actuated by the best and noblest motives.

Question. Are you to go on the lecture platform again?

Answer. I expect to after a while. I am now waiting for the church to catch up. I got so far ahead that I began almost to sympathize with the clergy. They looked so helpless and talked in such a weak, wandering, and wobbling kind of way that I felt as though I had been cruel. From the papers I see that they are busy trying to find out who the wife of Cain was. I see that the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of New York, is now wrestling with that problem. He begins to be in doubt whether Adam was the first man, whether Eve was the first woman; suspects that there were other races, and that Cain did not marry his sister, but somebody else's sister, and that the somebody else was not Cain's brother. One can hardly over- estimate the importance of these questions, they have such a direct bearing on the progress of the world. If it should turn out that Adam was the first man, or that he was not the first man, something might happen—I am not prepared to say what, but it might.

It is a curious kind of a spectacle to see a few hundred people paying a few thousand dollars a year for the purpose of hearing these great problems discussed: "Was Adam the first man?" "Who was Cain's wife?" "Has anyone seen a map of the land of Nod?" "Where are the four rivers that ran murmuring through the groves of Paradise?" "Who was the snake? How did he walk? What language did he speak?" This turns a church into a kind of nursery, makes a cradle of each pew, and gives to each member a rattle with which he can amuse what he calls his mind.

The great theologians of Andover—the gentlemen who wear the brass collars furnished by the dead founder—have been disputing among themselves as to what is to become of the heathen who fortunately died before meeting any missionary from that institution. One can almost afford to be damned hereafter for the sake of avoiding the dogmas of Andover here. Nothing more absurd and childish has ever happened—not in the intellectual, but in the theological world.

There is no need of the Freethinkers saying anything at present. The work is being done by the church members themselves. They are beginning to ask questions of the clergy. They are getting tired of the old ideas—tired of the consolations of eternal pain—tired of hearing about hell—tired of hearing the Bible quoted or talked about—tired of the scheme of redemption—tired of the Trinity, of the plenary inspiration of the barbarous records of a barbarous people—tired of the patriarchs and prophets—tired of Daniel and the goats with three horns, and the image with the clay feet, and the little stone that rolled down the hill—tired of the mud man and the rib woman—tired of the flood of Noah, of the astronomy of Joshua, the geology of Moses—tired of Kings and Chronicles and Lamentations—tired of the lachrymose Jeremiah—tired of the monstrous, the malicious, and the miraculous. In short, they are beginning to think. They have bowed their necks to the yoke of ignorance and fear and impudence and superstition, until they are weary. They long to be free. They are tired of the services— tired of the meaningless prayers—tired of hearing each other say, "Hear us, good Lord"—tired of the texts, tired of the sermons, tired of the lies about

spontaneous combustion as a punishment for blasphemy, tired of the bells, and they long to hear the doxology of superstition. They long to have Common Sense lift its hands in benediction and dismiss the congregation.

—*Brooklyn Citizen*, April, 1886.

Trial Of The Chicago Anarchists

Question. What do you think of the trial of the Chicago Anarchists and their chances for a new trial?

Answer. I have paid some attention to the evidence and to the rulings of the court, and I have read the opinion of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in which the conviction is affirmed. Of course these men were tried during a period of great excitement—tried when the press demanded their conviction—when it was asserted that society was on the edge of destruction unless these men were hanged. Under such circumstances, it is not easy to have a fair and impartial trial. A judge should either sit beyond the reach of prejudice, in some calm that storms cannot invade, or he should be a kind of oak that before any blast he would stand erect. It is hard to find such a place as I have suggested and not easy to find such a man. We are all influenced more or less by our surroundings, by the demands and opinions and feelings and prejudices of our fellow- citizens. There is a personality made up of many individuals known as society. This personality has prejudices like an individual. It often becomes enraged, acts without the slightest sense, and repents at its leisure. It is hard to reason with a mob whether organized or disorganized, whether acting in the name of the law or of simple brute force. But in any case, where people refuse to be governed by reason, they become a mob.

Question. Do you not think that these men had a fair trial?

Answer. I have no doubt that the court endeavored to be fair— no doubt that Judge Gary is a perfectly honest, upright man, but I think his instructions were wrong. He instructed the jury to the effect that where men have talked in a certain way, and where the jury believed that the result of such talk might be the commission of a crime, that such men are responsible for that crime. Of course, there is neither law nor sense in an instruction like this. I hold that it must have been the intention of the man making the remark, or publishing the article, or doing the thing—it must have been his intention that the crime should be committed. Men differ as to the effect of words, and a man may say a thing with the best intentions the result of which is a crime, and he may say a thing with the worst of intentions and the result may not be a crime. The Supreme Court of Illinois seemed to have admitted that the instructions were wrong, but took the ground that it made no difference with the verdict. This is a dangerous course for the court of last resort to pursue; neither is it very complimentary to the judge who tried the case, that his instructions had no effect upon the jury. Under the instructions of the court below, any man who had been arrested with the seven Anarchists and of whom it could be proved that he had ever said a word in favor of any change in government, or of other peculiar ideas, no matter whether he knew of the meeting at the Haymarket or not, would have been convicted.

I am satisfied that the defendant Fielden never intended to harm a human being. As a matter of fact, the evidence shows that he was making a speech in favor of peace at

the time of the occurrence. The evidence also shows that he was an exceedingly honest, industrious, and a very poor and philanthropic man.

Question. Do you uphold the Anarchists?

Answer. Certainly not. There is no place in this country for the Anarchist. The source of power here is the people, and to attack the political power is to attack the people. If the laws are oppressive, it is the fault of the oppressed. If the laws touch the poor and leave them without redress, it is the fault of the poor. They are in a majority. The men who work for their living are the very men who have the power to make every law that is made in the United States. There is no excuse for any resort to violence in this country. The boycotting by trades unions and by labor organizations is all wrong. Let them resort to legal methods and to no other. I have not the slightest sympathy with the methods that have been pursued by Anarchists, or by Socialists, or by any other class that has resorted to force or intimidation. The ballot-box is the place to assemble. The will of the people can be made known in that way, and their will can be executed. At the same time, I think I understand what has produced the Anarchist, the Socialist, and the agitator. In the old country, a laboring man, poorly clad, without quite enough to eat, with a wife in rags, with a few children asking for bread—this laboring man sees the idle enjoying every luxury of this life; he sees on the breast of "my lady" a bonfire of diamonds; he sees "my lord" riding in his park; he sees thousands of people who from the cradle to the grave do no useful act; add nothing to the intellectual or the physical wealth of the world; he sees labor living in the tenement house, in the hut; idleness and nobility in the mansion and the palace; the poor man a trespasser everywhere except upon the street, where he is told to "move on," and in the dusty highways of the country. That man naturally hates the government—the government of the few, the government that lives on the unpaid labor of the many, the government that takes the child from the parents, and puts him in the army to fight the child of another poor man and woman in some other country. These Anarchists, these Socialists, these agitators, have been naturally produced. All the things of which I have spoken sow in the breast of poverty the seeds of hatred and revolution. These poor men, hunted by the officers of the law, cornered, captured, imprisoned, excite the sympathy of other poor men, and if some are dragged to the gallows and hanged, or beheaded by the guillotine, they become saints and martyrs, and those who sympathize with them feel that they have the power, and only the power of hatred—the power of riot, of destruction—the power of the torch, of revolution, that is to say, of chaos and anarchy. The injustice of the higher classes makes the lower criminal. Then there is another thing. The misery of the poor excites in many noble breasts sympathy, and the men who thus sympathize wish to better the condition of their fellows. At first they depend upon reason, upon calling the attention of the educated and powerful to the miseries of the poor. Nothing happens, no result follows. The Juggernaut of society moves on, and the wretches are still crushed beneath the great wheels. These men who are really good at first, filled with sympathy, now become indignant—they are malicious, then destructive and criminal. I do not sympathize with these methods, but I do sympathize with the general object that all good and generous people seek to accomplish—namely, to better the condition of the human race. Only the other day, in Boston, I said that we ought to take into consideration the circumstances under

which the Anarchists were reared; that we ought to know that every man is necessarily produced; that man is what he is, not by accident, but necessity; that society raises its own criminals—that it plows the soil and cultivates and harvests the crop. And it was telegraphed that I had defended anarchy. Nothing was ever further from my mind. There is no place, as I said before, for anarchy in the United States. In Russia it is another question; in Germany another question. Every country that is governed by the one man, or governed by the few, is the victim of anarchy. That *is* anarchy. That is the worst possible form of socialism. The definition of socialism given by its bitterest enemy is, that idlers wish to live on the labor and on the money of others. Is not this definition—a definition given in hatred—a perfect definition of every monarchy and of nearly every government in the world? That is to say: The idle few live on the labor and the money of others.

Question. Will the Supreme Court take cognizance of this case and prevent the execution of the judgment?

Answer. Of course it is impossible for me to say. At the same time, judging from the action of Justice Miller in the case of *The People vs. Maxwell*, it seems probable that the Supreme Court may interfere, but I have not examined the question sufficiently to form an opinion. My feeling about the whole matter is this: That it will not tend to answer the ideas advanced by these men, to hang them. Their execution will excite sympathy among thousands and thousands of people who have never examined and knew nothing of the theories advanced by the Anarchists, or the Socialists, or other agitators. In my judgment, supposing the men to be guilty, it is far better to imprison them. Less harm will be done the cause of free government. We are not on the edge of any revolution. No other government is as firmly fixed as ours. No other government has such a broad and splendid foundation. We have nothing to fear. Courage and safety can afford to be generous—can afford to act without haste and without the feeling of revenge. So, for my part, I hope that the sentence may be commuted, and that these men, if found guilty at last, may be imprisoned. This course is, in my judgment, the safest to pursue. It may be that I am led to this conclusion, because of my belief that every man does as he must. This belief makes me charitable toward all the world. This belief makes me doubt the wisdom of revenge. This belief, so far as I am concerned, blots from our language the word "punishment." Society has a right to protect itself, and it is the duty of society to reform, in so far as it may be possible, any member who has committed what is called a crime. Where the criminal cannot be reformed, and the safety of society can be secured by his imprisonment, there is no possible excuse for destroying his life. After these six or seven men have been, in accordance with the forms of law, strangled to death, there will be a few pieces of clay, and about them will gather a few friends, a few admirers—and these pieces will be buried, and over the grave will be erected a monument, and those who were executed as criminals will be regarded by thousands as saints. It is far better for society to have a little mercy. The effect upon the community will be good. If these men are imprisoned, people will examine their teachings without prejudice. If they are executed, seen through the tears of pity, their virtues, their sufferings, their heroism, will be exaggerated; others may emulate their deeds, and the gulf between the rich and the poor will be widened—a gulf that may not close until it has devoured the noblest and the best.

—*The Mail and Express*, New York, November 3, 1887.

The Stage And The Pulpit

Question. What do you think of the Methodist minister at Nashville, Tenn., who, from his pulpit, denounced the theatrical profession, without exception, as vicious, and of the congregation which passed resolutions condemning Miss Emma Abbott for rising in church and contradicting him, and of the Methodist bishop who likened her to a "painted courtesan," and invoked the aid of the law "for the protection of public worship" against "strolling players"?

Answer. The Methodist minister of whom you speak, without doubt uttered his real sentiments. The church has always regarded the stage as a rival, and all its utterances have been as malicious as untrue. It has always felt that the money given to the stage was in some way taken from the pulpit. It is on this principle that the pulpit wishes everything, except the church, shut up on Sunday. It knows that it cannot stand free and open competition.

All well-educated ministers know that the Bible suffers by a comparison with Shakespeare. They know that there is nothing within the lids of what they call "the sacred book" that can for one moment stand side by side with "Lear" or "Hamlet" or "Julius Cæsar" or "Antony and Cleopatra" or with any other play written by the immortal man. They know what a poor figure the Davids and the Abrahams and the Jeremiahs and the Lots, the Jonahs, the Jobs and the Noahs cut when on the stage with the great characters of Shakespeare. For these reasons, among others, the pulpit is malicious and hateful when it thinks of the glories of the stage. What minister is there now living who could command the prices commanded by Edwin Booth or Joseph Jefferson; and what two clergymen, by making a combination, could contend successfully with Robson and Crane? How many clergymen would it take to command, at regular prices, the audiences that attend the presentation of Wagner's operas?

It is very easy to see why the pulpit attacks the stage. Nothing could have been in more wretched taste than for the minister to condemn Miss Emma Abbott for rising in church and defending not only herself, but other good women who are doing honest work for an honest living. Of course, no minister wishes to be answered; no minister wishes to have anyone in the congregation call for the proof. A few questions would break up all the theology in the world. Ministers can succeed only when congregations keep silent. When superstition succeeds, doubt must be dumb.

The Methodist bishop who attacked Miss Abbott simply repeated the language of several centuries ago. In the laws of England actors were described as "sturdy vagrants," and this bishop calls them "strolling players." If we only had some strolling preachers like Garrick, like Edwin Forrest, or Booth or Barrett, or some crusade sisters like Mrs. Siddons, Madam Ristori, Charlotte Cushman, or Madam Modjeska, how fortunate the church would be!

Question. What is your opinion of the relative merits of the pulpit and the stage, preachers and actors?

Answer. We must remember that the stage presents an ideal life. It is a world controlled by the imagination—a world in which the justice delayed in real life may be done, and in which that may happen which, according to the highest ideal, should happen. It is a world, for the most part, in which evil does not succeed, in which the vicious are foiled, in which the right, the honest, the sincere, and the good prevail. It cultivates the imagination, and in this respect is far better than the pulpit. The mission of the pulpit is to narrow and shrivel the human mind. The pulpit denounces the freedom of thought and of expression; but on the stage the mind is free, and for thousands of years the poor, the oppressed, the enslaved, have been permitted to witness plays wherein the slave was freed, wherein the oppressed became the victor, and where the downtrodden rose supreme.

And there is another thing. The stage has always laughed at the spirit of caste. The low-born lass has loved the prince. All human distinctions in this ideal world have for the moment vanished, while honesty and love have triumphed. The stage lightens the cares of life. The pulpit increases the tears and groans of man. There is this difference: The pretence of honesty and the honesty of pretence.

Question. How do you view the Episcopalian scheme of building a six-million-dollar untaxed cathedral in this city for the purpose of "uniting the sects," and, when that is accomplished, "unifying the world in the love of Christ," and thereby abolishing misery?

Answer. I regard the building of an Episcopal cathedral simply as a piece of religious folly. The world will never be converted by Christian palaces and temples. Every dollar used in its construction will be wasted. It will have no tendency to unite the various sects; on the contrary, it will excite the envy and jealousy of every other sect. It will widen the gulf between the Episcopalian and the Methodist, between the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian, and this hatred will continue until the other sects build a cathedral just a little larger, and then the envy and the hatred will be on the other side.

Religion will never unify the world, and never will give peace to mankind. There has been more war in the last eighteen hundred years than during any similar period within historic times. War will be abolished, if it ever is abolished, not by religion, but by intelligence. It will be abolished when the poor people of Germany, of France, of Spain, of England, and other countries find that they have no interest in war. When those who pay, and those who do the fighting, find that they are simply destroying their own interests, wars will cease.

There ought to be a national court to decide national difficulties. We consider a community civilized when the individuals of that community submit their differences to a legal tribunal; but there being no national court, nations now sustain, as to each other, the relation of savages—that is to say, each one must defend its rights by brute force. The establishment of a national court civilizes nations, and tends to do away with war.

Christianity caused so much war, so much bloodshed, that Christians were forced to interpolate a passage to account for their history, and the interpolated passage is, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." Suppose that all the money wasted in

cathedrals in the Middle Ages had been used for the construction of schoolhouses, academies, and universities, how much better the world would have been! Suppose that instead of supporting hundreds of thousands of idle priests, the money had been given to men of science, for the purpose of finding out something of benefit to the human race here in this world.

Question. What is your opinion of "Christian charity" and the "fatherhood of God" as an economic polity for abolishing poverty and misery?

Answer. Of course, the world is not to be civilized and clothed and fed through charity. Ordinary charity creates more want than it alleviates. The greatest possible charity is the greatest possible justice. When proper wages are paid, when every one is as willing to give what a thing is worth as he is now willing to get it for less, the world will be fed and clothed.

I believe in helping people to help themselves. I believe that corporations, and successful men, and superior men intellectually, should do all within their power to keep from robbing their fellow- men. The superior man should protect the inferior. The powerful should be the shield of the weak. To-day it is, for the most part, exactly the other way. The failures among men become the food of success.

The world is to grow better and better through intelligence, through a development of the brain, through taking advantage of the forces of nature, through science, through chemistry, and through the arts. Religion can do nothing except to sow the seeds of discord between men and nations. Commerce, manufactures, and the arts tend to peace and the well-being of the world. What is known as religion —that is to say, a system by which this world is wasted in preparation for another—a system in which the duties of men are greater to God than to his fellow-men—a system that denies the liberty of thought and expression—tends only to discord and retrogression. Of course, I know that religious people cling to the Bible on account of the good that is in it, and in spite of the bad, and I know that Freethinkers throw away the Bible on account of the bad that is in it, in spite of the good. I hope the time will come when that book will be treated like other books, and will be judged upon its merits, apart from the fiction of inspiration. The church has no right to speak of charity, because it is an object of charity itself. It gives nothing; all it can do is to receive. At best, it is only a respectable beggar. I never care to hear one who receives alms pay a tribute to charity. The one who gives alms should pay this tribute. The amount of money expended upon churches and priests and all the paraphernalia of superstition, is more than enough to drive the wolves from the doors of the world.

Question. Have you noticed the progress Catholics are making in the Northwest, discontinuing public schools, and forcing people to send their children to the parochial schools; also, at Pittsburg, Pa., a Roman Catholic priest has been elected principal of a public school, and he has appointed nuns as assistant teachers?

Answer. Sectarian schools ought not to be supported by public taxation. It is the very essence of religious tyranny to compel a Methodist to support a Catholic school, or to compel a Catholic to support a Baptist academy. Nothing should be taught in the public schools that the teachers do not know. Nothing should be taught about any religion, and nothing should be taught that can, in any way, be called sectarian. The

sciences are not religion. There is no such thing as Methodist mathematics, or Baptist botany. In other words, no religion has anything to do with facts. The facts are all secular; the sciences are all of this world. If Catholics wish to establish their own schools for the purpose of preserving their ignorance, they have the right to do so; so has any other denomination. But in this country the State has no right to teach any form of religion whatever. Persons of all religions have the right to advocate and defend any religion in which they believe, or they have the right to denounce all religions. If the Catholics establish parochial schools, let them support such schools; and if they do, they will simply lessen or shorten the longevity of that particular superstition. It has often been said that nothing will repeal a bad law as quickly as its enforcement. So, in my judgment, nothing will destroy any church as certainly, and as rapidly, as for the members of that church to live squarely up to the creed. The church is indebted to its hypocrisy to-day for its life. No orthodox church in the United States dare meet for the purpose of revising the creed. They know that the whole thing would fall to pieces.

Nothing could be more absurd than for a Roman Catholic priest to teach a public school, assisted by nuns. The Catholic Church is the enemy of human progress; it teaches every man to throw away his reason, to deny his observation and experience.

Question. Your opinions have frequently been quoted with regard to the Anarchists—with regard to their trial and execution. Have you any objection to stating your real opinion in regard to the matter?

Answer. Not in the least. I am perfectly willing that all civilized people should know my opinions on any question in which others than myself can have any interest.

I was anxious, in the first place, that the defendants should have a fair and impartial trial. The worst form of anarchy is when a judge violates his conscience and bows to a popular demand. A court should care nothing for public opinion. An honest judge decides the law, not as it ought to be, but as it is, and the state of the public mind throws no light upon the question of what the law then is.

I thought that some of the rulings on the trial of the Anarchists were contrary to law. I think so still. I have read the opinion of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and while the conclusion reached by that tribunal is the law of that case, I was not satisfied with the reasons given, and do not regard the opinion as good law. There is no place for an Anarchist in the United States. There is no excuse for any resort to force; and it is impossible to use language too harsh or too bitter in denouncing the spirit of anarchy in this country. But, no matter how bad a man is, he has the right to be fairly tried; and if he cannot be fairly tried, then there is anarchy on the bench. So I was opposed to the execution of these men. I thought it would have been far better to commute the punishment to imprisonment, and I said so; and I not only said so, but I wrote a letter to Governor Oglesby, in which I urged the commutation of the death sentence. In my judgment, a great mistake was made. I am on the side of mercy, and if I ever make mistakes, I hope they will all be made on that side. I have not the slightest sympathy with the feeling of revenge. Neither have I ever admitted, and I never shall, that every citizen has not the right to give his opinion on all that may be done by any servant of the people, by any judge, or by any court, by any officer—however small or

however great. Each man in the United States is a sovereign, and a king can freely speak his mind.

Words were put in my mouth that I never uttered with regard to the Anarchists. I never said that they were saints, or that they would be martyrs. What I said was that they would be regarded as saints and martyrs by many people if they were executed, and that has happened which I said would happen. I am, so far as I know, on the side of the right. I wish, above all things, for the preservation of human liberty. This Government is the best, and we should not lose confidence in liberty. Property is of very little value in comparison with freedom. A civilization that rests on slavery is utterly worthless. I do not believe in sacrificing all there is of value in the human heart, or in the human brain, for the preservation of what is called property, or rather, on account of the fear that what is called "property" may perish. Property is in no danger while man is free. It is the freedom of man that gives value to property. It is the happiness of the human race that creates what we call value. If we preserve liberty, the spirit of progress, the conditions of development, property will take care of itself.

Question. The Christian press during the past few months has been very solicitous as to your health, and has reported you weak and feeble physically, and not only so, but asserts that there is a growing disposition on your part to lay down your arms, and even to join the church.

Answer. I do not think the Christian press has been very solicitous about my *health*. Neither do I think that my health will ever add to theirs. The fact is, I am exceedingly well, and my throat is better than it has been for many years. Any one who imagines that I am disposed to lay down my arms can read by Reply to Dr. Field in the November number of the *North American Review*. I see no particular difference in myself, except this; that my hatred of superstition becomes a little more and more intense; on the other hand, I see more clearly, that all the superstitions were naturally produced, and I am now satisfied that every man does as he must, including priests and editors of religious papers.

This gives me hope for the future. We find that certain soil, with a certain amount of moisture and heat, produces good corn, and we find when the soil is poor, or when the ground is too wet, or too dry, that no amount of care can, by any possibility, produce good corn. In other words, we find that the fruit, that is to say, the result, whatever it may be, depends absolutely upon the conditions. This being so, we will in time find out the conditions that produce good, intelligent, honest men. This is the hope for the future. We shall know better than to rely on what is called reformation, or regeneration, or a resolution born of ignorant excitement. We shall rely, then, on the eternal foundation—the fact in nature— that like causes produce like results, and that good conditions will produce good people.

Question. Every now and then some one challenges you to a discussion, and nearly every one who delivers lectures, or speeches, attacking you, or your views, says that you are afraid publicly to debate these questions. Why do you not meet these men, and why do you not answer these attacks?

Answer. In the first place, it would be a physical impossibility to reply to all the attacks that have been made—to all the "answers." I receive these attacks, and these answers, and these lectures almost every day. Hundreds of them are delivered every year. A great many are put in pamphlet form, and, of course, copies are received by me. Some of them I read, at least I look them over, and I have never yet received one worthy of the slightest notice, never one in which the writer showed the slightest appreciation of the questions under discussion. All these pamphlets are about the same, and they could, for the matter, have all been produced by one person. They are impudent, shallow, abusive, illogical, and in most respects, ignorant. So far as the lecturers are concerned, I know of no one who has yet said anything that challenges a reply. I do not think a single paragraph has been produced by any of the gentlemen who have replied to me in public, that is now remembered by reason of its logic or beauty. I do not feel called upon to answer any argument that does not at least appear to be of value. Whenever any article appears worthy of an answer, written in a kind and candid spirit, it gives me pleasure to reply.

I should like to meet some one who speaks by authority, some one who really understands his creed, but I cannot afford to waste time on little priests or obscure parsons or ignorant laymen.

—*The Truth Seeker*, New York, January 14, 1888.

Roscoe Conkling

Question. What is Mr. Conkling's place in the political history of the United States?

Answer. Upon the great questions Mr. Conkling has been right. During the war he was always strong and clear, unwavering and decided. His position was always known. He was right on reconstruction, on civil rights, on the currency, and, so far as I know, on all important questions. He will be remembered as an honest, fearless man. He was admired for his known integrity. He was never even suspected of being swayed by an improper consideration. He was immeasurably above purchase.

His popularity rested upon his absolute integrity. He was not adapted for a leader, because he would yield nothing. He had no compromise in his nature. He went his own road and he would not turn aside for the sake of company. His individuality was too marked and his will too imperious to become a leader in a republic. There is a great deal of individuality in this country, and a leader must not appear to govern and must not demand obedience. In the Senate he was a leader. He settled with no one.

Question. What essentially American idea does he stand for?

Answer. It is a favorite saying in this country that the people are sovereigns. Mr. Conkling felt this to be true, and he exercised what he believed to be his rights. He insisted upon the utmost freedom for himself. He settled with no one but himself. He stands for individuality—for the freedom of the citizen, the independence of the man. No lord, no duke, no king was ever prouder of his title or his place than Mr. Conkling was of his position and his power. He was thoroughly American in every drop of his blood.

Question. What have you to say about his having died with sealed lips?

Answer. Mr. Conkling was too proud to show wounds. He did not tell his sorrows to the public. It seemed sufficient to him to know the facts himself. He seemed to have great confidence in time, and he had the patience to wait. Of course he could have told many things that would have shed light on many important events, but for my part I think he acted in the noblest way.

He was a striking and original figure in our politics. He stood alone. I know of no one like him. He will be remembered as a fearless and incorruptible statesman, a great lawyer, a magnificent speaker, and an honest man.

—*The Herald*, New York, April 19, 1888.

The Church And The Stage

Question. I have come to talk with you a little about the drama. Have you any decided opinions on that subject?

Answer. Nothing is more natural than imitation. The little child with her doll, telling it stories, putting words in its mouth, attributing to it the feelings of happiness and misery, is the simple tendency toward the drama. Little children always have plays, they imitate their parents, they put on the clothes of their elders, they have imaginary parties, carry on conversation with imaginary persons, have little dishes filled with imaginary food, pour tea and coffee out of invisible pots, receive callers, and repeat what they have heard their mothers say. This is simply the natural drama, an exercise of the imagination which always has been and which, probably, always will be, a source of great pleasure. In the early days of the world nothing was more natural than for the people to re-enact the history of their country—to represent the great heroes, the great battles, and the most exciting scenes the history of which has been preserved by legend. I believe this tendency to re-enact, to bring before the eyes the great, the curious, and pathetic events of history, has been universal. All civilized nations have delighted in the theatre, and the greatest minds in many countries have been devoted to the drama, and, without doubt, the greatest man about whom we know anything devoted his life to the production of plays.

Question. I would like to ask you why, in your opinion as a student of history, has the Protestant Church always been so bitterly opposed to the theatre?

Answer. I believe the early Christians expected the destruction of the world. They had no idea of remaining here, in the then condition of things, but for a few days. They expected that Christ would come again, that the world would be purified by fire, that all the unbelievers would be burned up and that the earth would become a fit habitation for the followers of the Saviour. Protestantism became as ascetic as the early Christians. It is hard to conceive of anybody believing in the “Five Points” of John Calvin going to any place of amusement. The creed of Protestantism made life infinitely sad and made man infinitely responsible. According to this creed every man was liable at any moment to be summoned to eternal pain; the most devout Christian was not absolutely sure of salvation. This life was a probationary one. Everybody was considered as waiting on the dock of time, sitting on his trunk, expecting the ship that was to bear him to an eternity of good or evil—probably evil. They were in no state of mind to enjoy burlesque or comedy, and, so far as tragedy was concerned, their own lives and their own creeds were tragic beyond anything that could by any possibility happen in this world. A broken heart was nothing to be compared with a damned soul; the afflictions of a few years, with the flames of eternity. This, to say the least of it, accounts, in part, for the hatred that Protestantism always bore toward the stage. Of course, the churches have always regarded the theatre as a rival and have begrudged the money used to support the stage. You know that Macaulay said the Puritans objected to bear-baiting, not because they pitied the bears, but because they hated to see the people enjoy themselves. There is in this at least a little truth. Orthodox religion has always been and always will be the enemy of happiness. This

world is not the place for enjoyment. This is the place to suffer. This is the place to practice self-denial, to wear crowns of thorns; the other world is the place for joy, provided you are fortunate enough to travel the narrow, grass-grown path. Of course, wicked people can be happy here. People who care nothing for the good of others, who live selfish and horrible lives, are supposed by Christians to enjoy themselves; consequently, they will be punished in another world. But whoever carried the cross of decency, and whoever denied himself to that degree that he neither stole nor forged nor murdered, will be paid for this self-denial in another world. And whoever said that he preferred a prayer-meeting with five or six queer old men and two or three very aged women, with one or two candles, and who solemnly affirmed that he enjoyed that far more than he could a play of Shakespeare, was expected with much reason, I think, to be rewarded in another world.

Question. Do you think that church people were justified in their opposition to the drama in the days when Congreve, Wycherley and Ben Jonson were the popular favorites?

Answer. In that time there was a great deal of vulgarity in many of the plays. Many things were said on the stage that the people of this age would not care to hear, and there was not very often enough wit in the saying to redeem it. My principal objection to Congreve, Wycherley and most of their contemporaries is that the plays were exceedingly poor and had not much in them of real, sterling value. The Puritans, however, did not object on account of the vulgarity; that was not the honest objection. No play was ever put upon the English stage more vulgar then the "Table Talk" of Martin Luther, and many sermons preached in that day were almost unrivaled for vulgarity. The worst passages in the Old Testament were quoted with a kind of unction that showed a love for the vulgar. And, in my judgment, the worst plays were as good as the sermons, and the theatre of that time was better adapted to civilize mankind, to soften the human heart, and to make better men and better women, than the pulpit of that day. The actors, in my judgment, were better people than the preachers. They had in them more humanity, more real goodness and more appreciation of beauty, of tenderness, of generosity and of heroism. Probably no religion was ever more thoroughly hateful than Puritanism. But all religionists who believe in an eternity of pain would naturally be opposed to everything that makes this life better; and, as a matter of fact, orthodox churches have been the enemies of painting, of sculpture, of music and the drama.

Question. What, in your estimation, is the value of the drama as a factor in our social life at the present time?

Answer. I believe that the plays of Shakespeare are the most valuable things in the possession of the human race. No man can read and understand Shakespeare without being an intellectually developed man. If Shakespeare could be as widely circulated as the Bible—if all the Bible societies would break the plates they now have and print Shakespeare, and put Shakespeare in all the languages of the world, nothing would so raise the intellectual standard of mankind. Think of the different influence on men between reading Deuteronomy and "Hamlet" and "King Lear"; between studying Numbers and the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; between pondering over the murderous crimes and assassinations in Judges, and studying

"The Tempest" or "As You Like It." Man advances as he develops intellectually. The church teaches obedience. The man who reads Shakespeare has his intellectual horizon enlarged. He begins to think for himself, and he enjoys living in a new world. The characters of Shakespeare become his acquaintances. He admires the heroes, the philosophers; he laughs with the clowns, and he almost adores the beautiful women, the pure, loving, and heroic women born of Shakespeare's heart and brain. The stage has amused and instructed the world. It had added to the happiness of mankind. It has kept alive all arts. It is in partnership with all there is of beauty, of poetry, and expression. It goes hand in hand with music, with painting, with sculpture, with oratory, with philosophy, and history. The stage has humor. It abhors stupidity. It despises hypocrisy. It holds up to laughter the peculiarities, the idiosyncrasies, and the little insanities of mankind. It thrusts the spear of ridicule through the shield of pretence. It laughs at the lugubrious and it has ever taught and will, in all probability, forever teach, that Man is more than a title, and that human love laughs at all barriers, at all the prejudices of society and caste that tend to keep apart two loving hearts.

Question. What is your opinion of the progress of the drama in educating the artistic sense of the community as compared with the progress of the church as an educator of the moral sentiment?

Answer. Of course, the stage is not all good, nor is—and I say this with becoming modesty—the pulpit all bad. There have been bad actors and there have been good preachers. There has been no improvement in plays since Shakespeare wrote. There has been great improvement in theatres, and the tendency seems to me be toward higher artistic excellence in the presentation of plays. As we become slowly civilized we will constantly demand more artistic excellence. There will always be a class satisfied with the lowest form of dramatic presentation, with coarse wit, with stupid but apparent jokes, and there will always be a class satisfied with almost anything; but the class demanding the highest, the best, will constantly increase in numbers, and the other classes will, in all probability, correspondingly decrease. The church has ceased to be an educator. In an artistic direction it never did anything except in architecture, and that ceased long ago. The followers of to-day are poor copyists. The church has been compelled to be a friend of, or rather to call in the assistance of, music. As a moral teacher, the church always has been and always will be a failure. The pulpit, to use the language of Frederick Douglass, has always "echoed the cry of the street." Take our own history. The church was the friend of slavery. That institution was defended in nearly every pulpit. The Bible was the auction-block on which the slave-mother stood while her child was sold from her arms. The church, for hundreds of years, was the friend and defender of the slave-trade. I know of no crime that has not been defended by the church, in one form or another. The church is not a pioneer; it accepts a new truth, last of all, and only when denial has become useless. The church preaches the doctrine of forgiveness. This doctrine sells crime on credit. The idea that there is a God who rewards and punishes, and who can reward, if he so wishes, the meanest and vilest of the human race, so that he will be eternally happy, and can punish the best of the human race, so that he will be eternally miserable, is subversive of all morality. Happiness ought to be the result of good actions. Happiness ought to spring from the seed a man sows himself. It ought not to

be a reward, it ought to be a consequence, and there ought to be no idea that there is any being who can step between action and consequence. To preach that a man can abuse his wife and children, rob his neighbors, slander his fellow-citizens, and yet, a moment or two before he dies, by repentance become a glorified angel is, in my judgment, immoral. And to preach that a man can be a good man, kind to his wife and children, an honest man, paying his debts, and yet, for the lack of a certain belief, the moment after he is dead, be sent to an eternal prison, is also immoral. So that, according to my opinion, while the church teaches men many good things, it also teaches doctrines subversive of morality. If there were not in the whole world a church, the morality of man, in my judgment, would be the gainer.

Question. What do you think of the treatment of the actor by society in his social relations?

Answer. For a good many years the basis of society has been the dollar. Only a few years ago all literary men were ostracized because they had no money; neither did they have a reading public. If any man produced a book he had to find a patron—some titled donkey, some lauded lubber, in whose honor he could print a few well-turned lies on the fly-leaf. If you wish to know the degradation of literature, read the dedication written by Lord Bacon to James I., in which he puts him beyond all kings, living and dead—beyond Cæsar and Marcus Aurelius. In those days the literary man was a servant, a hack. He lived in Grub Street. He was only one degree above the sturdy vagrant and the escaped convict. Why was this? He had no money and he lived in an age when money was the fountain of respectability. Let me give you another instance: Mozart, whose brain was a fountain of melody, was forced to eat at table with coachmen, with footmen and scullions. He was simply a servant who was commanded to make music for a pudding-headed bishop. The same was true of the great painters, and of almost all other men who rendered the world beautiful by art, and who enriched the languages of mankind. The basis of respectability was the dollar.

Now that the literary man has an intelligent public he cares nothing for the ignorant patron. The literary man makes money. The world is becoming civilized and the literary man stands high. In England, however, if Charles Darwin had been invited to dinner, and there had been present some sprig of nobility, some titled vessel holding the germs of hereditary disease, Darwin would have been compelled to occupy a place beneath him. But I have hopes even for England. The same is true of the artist. The man who can now paint a picture by which he receives from five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, is necessarily respectable. The actor who may realize from one to two thousand dollars a night, or even more, is welcomed in the stupidest and richest society. So with the singers and with all others who instruct and amuse mankind. Many people imagine that he who amuses them must be lower than they. This, however, is hardly possible. I believe in the aristocracy of the brain and heart; in the aristocracy of intelligence and goodness, and not only appreciate but admire the great actor, the great painter, the great sculptor, the marvelous singer. In other words, I admire all people who tend to make this life richer, who give an additional thought to this poor world.

Question. Do you think this liberal movement, favoring the better class of plays, inaugurated by the Rev. Dr. Abbott, will tend to soften the sentiment of the orthodox churches against the stage?

Answer. I have not read what Dr. Abbott has written on this subject. From your statement of his position, I think he entertains quite a sensible view, and, when we take into consideration that he is a minister, a miraculously sensible view. It is not the business of the dramatist, the actor, the painter or the sculptor to teach what the church calls morality. The dramatist and the actor ought to be truthful, ought to be natural—that is to say, truthfully and naturally artistic. He should present pictures of life properly chosen, artistically constructed; an exhibition of emotions truthfully done, artistically done. If vice is presented naturally, no one will fall in love with vice. If the better qualities of the human heart are presented naturally, no one can fail to fall in love with them. But they need not be presented for that purpose. The object of the artist is to present truthfully and artistically. He is not a Sunday school teacher. He is not to have the moral effect eternally in his mind. It is enough for him to be truly artistic. Because, as I have said, a great many times, the greatest good is done by indirection. For instance, a man lives a good, noble, honest and lofty life. The value of that life would be destroyed if he kept calling attention to it—if he said to all who met him, "Look at me!" he would become intolerable. The truly artistic speaks of perfection; that is to say, of harmony, not only of conduct, but of harmony and proportion in everything. The pulpit is always afraid of the passions, and really imagines that it has some influence on men and women, keeping them in the path of virtue. No greater mistake was ever made. Eternally talking and harping on that one subject, in my judgment, does harm. Forever keeping it in the mind by reading passages from the Bible, by talking about the "corruption of the human heart," of the "power of temptation," of the scarcity of virtue, of the plentifulness of vice—all these platitudes tend to produce exactly what they are directed against.

Question. I fear, Colonel, that I have surprised you into agreeing with a clergyman. The following are the points made by the Rev. Dr. Abbott in his editorial on the theatre, and it seems to me that you and he think very much alike—on that subject. The points are these:

1. It is not the function of the drama to teach moral lessons.

2. A moral lesson neither makes nor mars either a drama or a novel.

3. The moral quality of a play does not depend upon the result.

4. The real function of the drama is like that of the novel—not to amuse, not to excite; but to portray life, and so minister to it. And as virtue and vice, goodness and evil, are the great fundamental facts of life, they must, in either serious story or serious play, be portrayed. If they are so portrayed that the vice is alluring and the virtue repugnant, the play or story is immoral; if so portrayed that the vice is repellant and the virtue alluring, they play or story is moral.

5. The church has no occasion to ask the theatre to preach; though if it does preach we have a right to demand that its ethical doctrines be pure and high. But we have a

right to demand that in its pictures of life it so portrays vice as to make it abhorrent, and so portrays virtue as to make it attractive.

Answer. I agree in most of what you have read, though I must confess that to find a minister agreeing with me, or to find myself agreeing with a minister, makes me a little uncertain. All art, in my judgment, is for the sake of expression—equally true of the drama as of painting and sculpture. No poem touches the human heart unless it touches the universal. It must, at some point, move in unison with the great ebb and flow of things. The same is true of the play, of a piece of music or a statue. I think that all real artists, in all departments, touch the universal and when they do the result is good; but the result need not have been a consideration. There is an old story that at first there was a temple erected upon the earth by God himself; that afterward this temple was shivered into countless pieces and distributed over the whole earth, and that all the rubies and diamonds and precious stones since found are parts of that temple. Now, if we could conceive of a building, or of anything involving all Art, and that it had been scattered abroad, then I would say that whoever find and portrays truthfully a thought, an emotion, a truth, has found and restored one of the jewels.

—*Dramatic Mirror*, New York, April 21, 1888.

Protection And Free Trade

Question. Do you take much interest in politics, Colonel Ingersoll?

Answer. I take as much interest in politics as a Republican ought who expects nothing and who wants nothing for himself. I want to see this country again controlled by the Republican party. The present administration has not, in my judgment, the training and the political intelligence to decide upon the great economic and financial questions. There are a great many politicians and but few statesmen. Here, where men have to be elected every two or six years, there is hardly time for the officials to study statesmanship—they are busy laying pipes and fixing fences for the next election. Each one feels much like a monkey at a fair, on the top of a greased pole, and puts in the most of his time dodging stones and keeping from falling. I want to see the party in power best qualified, best equipped, to administer the Government.

Question. What do you think will be the particular issue of the coming campaign?

Answer. That question has already been answered. The great question will be the tariff. Mr. Cleveland imagines that the surplus can be gotten rid of by a reduction of the tariff. If the reduction is so great as to increase the demand for foreign articles, the probability is that the surplus will be increased. The surplus can surely be done away with by either of two methods; first make the tariff prohibitory; second, have no tariff. But if the tariff is just at that point where the foreign goods could pay it and yet undersell the American so as to stop home manufactures, then the surplus would increase.

As a rule we can depend on American competition to keep prices at a reasonable rate. When that fails we have at all times the governing power in our hands—that is to say, we can reduce the tariff. In other words, the tariff is not for the benefit of the manufacturer—the protection is not for the mechanic or the capitalist —it is for the whole country. I do not believe in protecting silk simply to help the town of Paterson, but I am for the protection of the manufacture, because, in my judgment, it helps the entire country, and because I know that it has given us a far better article of silk at a far lower price than we obtained before the establishment of those factories.

I believe in the protection of every industry that needs it, to the end that we may make use of every kind of brain and find use for all human capacities. In this way we will produce greater and better people. A nation of agriculturalists or a nation of mechanics would become narrow and small, but where everything is done, then the brain is cultivated on every side, from artisan to artist. That is to say, we become thinkers as well as workers; muscle and mind form a partnership.

I don’t believe that England is particularly interested in the welfare of the United States. It never seemed probable to me that men like Godwin Smith sat up nights fearing that we in some way might injure ourselves. To use a phrase that will be understood by theologians at least, we ought to “copper” all English advice.

The free traders say that there ought to be no obstructions placed by governments between buyers and sellers. If we want to make the trade, of course there should be no obstruction, but if we prefer that Americans should trade with Americans—that Americans should make what Americans want—then, so far as trading with foreigners is concerned, there ought to be an obstruction.

I am satisfied that the United States could get along if the rest of the world should be submerged, and I want to see this country in such a condition that it can be independent of the rest of mankind.

There is more mechanical genius in the United States than in the rest of the world, and this genius has been fostered and developed by protection. The Democracy wish to throw all this away—to make useless this skill, this ingenuity, born of generations of application and thought. These deft and marvelous hands that create the countless things of use and beauty to be worth no more than the common hands of ignorant delvers and shovelers. To the extent that thought is mingled with labor, labor becomes honorable and its burden lighter.

Thousands of millions of dollars have been invested on the faith of this policy—millions and millions of people are this day earning their bread by reason of protection, and they are better housed and better fed and better clothed than any other workmen on the globe.

The intelligent people of this country will not be satisfied with President Cleveland's platform—with his free trade primer. They believe in good wages for good work, and they know that this is the richest nation in the world. The Republic is worth at least sixty billion dollars. This vast sum is the result of labor, and this labor has been protected either directly or indirectly. This vast sum has been made by the farmer, the mechanic, the laborer, the miner, the inventor.

Protection has given work and wages to the mechanic and a market to the farmer. The interests of all laborers in America—all men who work—are identical. If the farmer pays more for his plow he gets more for his plowing. In old times, when the South manufactured nothing and raised only raw material—for the reason that its labor was enslaved and could not be trusted with education enough to become skillful—it was in favor of free trade; it wanted to sell the raw material to England and buy the manufactured article where it could buy the cheapest. Even under those circumstances it was a short-sighted and unpatriotic policy. Now everything is changing in the South. They are beginning to see that he who simply raises raw material is destined to be forever poor. For instance, the farmer who sells corn will never get rich; the farmer should sell pork and beef and horses. So a nation, a State, that parts with its raw material, loses nearly all the profits, for the reason that the profit rises with the skill requisite to produce. It requires only brute strength to raise cotton; it requires something more to spin it, to weave it, and the more beautiful the fabric the greater the skill, and consequently the higher the wages and the greater the profit. In other words, the more thought is mingled with labor the more valuable is the result.

Besides all this, protection is the mother of economy; the cheapest at last, no matter whether the amount paid is less or more. It is far better for us to make glass than to sell sand to other countries; the profit on sand will be exceedingly small.

The interests of this country are united; they depend upon each other. You destroy one and the effect upon all the rest may be disastrous. Suppose we had free trade to-day, what would become of the manufacturing interests to-morrow? The value of property would fall thousands of millions of dollars in an instant. The fires would die out in thousands and thousands of furnaces, innumerable engines would stop, thousands and thousands would stop digging coal and iron and steel. What would the city that had been built up by the factories be worth? What would be the effect on farms in that neighborhood? What would be the effect on railroads, on freights, on business—what upon the towns through which they passed? Stop making iron in Pennsylvania, and the State would be bankrupt in an hour. Give us free trade, and New Jersey, Connecticut and many other States would not be worth one dollar an acre.

If a man will think of the connection between all industries—of the dependence and inter-dependence of each on all; of the subtle relations between all human pursuits—he will see that to destroy some of the grand interest makes financial ruin and desolation. I am not talking now about a tariff that is too high, because that tariff does not produce a surplus—neither am I asking to have that protected which needs no protection—I am only insisting that all the industries that have been fostered and that need protection should be protected, and that we should turn our attention to the interests of our own country, letting other nations take care of themselves. If every American would use only articles produced by Americans—if they would wear only American cloth, only American silk—if we would absolutely stand by each other, the prosperity of this nation would be the marvel of human history. We can live at home, and we have now the ingenuity, the intelligence, the industry to raise from nature everything that a nation needs.

Question. What have you to say about the claim that Mr. Cleveland does not propose free trade?

Answer. I suppose that he means what he said. His argument was all for free trade, and he endeavored to show to the farmer that he lost altogether more money by protection, because he paid a higher price for manufactured articles and received no more for what he had to sell. This certainly was an argument in favor of free trade. And there is no way to decrease the surplus except to prohibit the importation of foreign articles, which certainly Mr. Cleveland is not in favor of doing, or to reduce the tariff to a point so low that no matter how much may be imported the surplus will be reduced. If the message means anything it means free trade, and if there is any argument in it it is an argument in favor of absolutely free trade. The party, not willing to say “free trade” uses the word “reform.” This is simply a mask and a pretence. The party knows that the President made a mistake. The party, however, is so situated that it cannot get rid of Cleveland, and consequently must take him with his mistake—they must take him with his message, and then show that all he intended by “free trade” was “reform.”

Question. Who do you think ought to be nominated at Chicago?

Answer. Personally, I am for General Gresham. I am saying nothing against the other prominent candidates. They have their friends, and many of them are men of character and capacity, and would make good Presidents. But I know of no man who has a better record than Gresham, and of no man who, in my judgment, would receive a larger number of votes. I know of no Republican who would not support Judge Gresham. I have never heard one say that he had anything against him or know of any reason why he should not be voted for. He is a man of great natural capacity. He is candid and unselfish. He has for many years been engaged in the examination and decision of important questions, of good principles, and consequently he has a trained mind. He knows how to take hold of a question, to get at a fact, to discover in a multitude of complications the real principle—the heart of the case. He has always been a man of affairs. He is not simply a judge—that is to say, a legal pair of scales—he knows the effect of his decision on the welfare of communities—he is not governed entirely by precedents—he has opinions of his own. In the next place, he is a man of integrity in all the relations of life. He is not a seeker after place, and, so far as I know, he has done nothing for the purpose of inducing any human being to favor his nomination. I have never spoken to him on the subject.

In the West he has developed great strength, in fact, his popularity has astonished even his best friends. The great mass of people want a perfectly reliable man—one who will be governed by his best judgment and by a desire to do the fair and honorable thing. It has been stated that the great corporations might not support him with much warmth for the reason that he has failed to decide certain cases in their favor. I believe that he has decided the law as he believed it to be, and that he has never been influenced in the slightest degree, by the character, position, or the wealth of the parties before him. It may be that some of the great financiers, the manipulators, the creators of bonds and stocks, the blowers of financial bubbles, will not support him and will not contribute any money for the payment of election expenses, because they are perfectly satisfied that they could not make any arrangements with him to get the money back, together with interest thereon, but the people of this country are intelligent enough to know what that means, and they will be patriotic enough to see to it that no man needs to bow or bend or cringe to the rich to attain the highest place.

The possibility is that Mr. Blaine could have been nominated had he not withdrawn, but having withdrawn, of course the party is released. Others were induced to become candidates, and under these circumstances Mr. Blaine has hardly the right to change his mind, and certainly other persons ought not to change it for him.

Question. Do you think that the friends of Gresham would support Blaine if he should be nominated?

Answer. Undoubtedly they would. If they go into convention they must abide the decision. It would be dishonorable to do that which you would denounce in others. Whoever is nominated ought to receive the support of all good Republicans. No party can exist that will not be bound by its own decision. When the platform is made, then is the time to approve or reject. The conscience of the individual cannot be bound by

the action of party, church or state. But when you ask a convention to nominate your candidate, you really agree to stand by the choice of the convention. Principles are of more importance than candidates. As a rule, men who refuse to support the nominee, while pretending to believe in the platform, are giving an excuse for going over to the enemy. It is a pretence to cover desertion. I hope that whoever may be nominated at Chicago will receive the cordial support of the entire party, of every man who believes in Republican principles, who believes in good wages for good work, and has confidence in the old firms of “Mind and Muscle,” of “Head and Hand.”

—*New York Press*, May 27, 1888.

Labor, And Tariff Reform

Question. What, in your opinion, is the condition of labor in this country as compared with that abroad?

Answer. In the first place, it is self-evident that if labor received more in other lands than in this the tide of emigration would be changed. The workingmen would leave our shores. People who believe in free trade are always telling us that the laboring man is paid much better in Germany than in the United States, and yet nearly every ship that comes from Germany is crammed with Germans, who, for some unaccountable reason, prefer to leave a place where they are doing well and come to one where they must do worse.

The same thing can be said of Denmark and Sweden, of England, Scotland, Ireland and of Italy. The truth is, that in all those lands the laboring man can earn just enough to-day to do the work of to-morrow; everything he earns is required to get food enough in his body and rags enough on his back to work from day to day, to toil from week to week. There are only three luxuries within his reach—air, light, and water; probably a fourth might be added —death.

In those countries the few own the land, the few have the capital, the few make the laws, and the laboring man is not a power. His opinion in neither asked nor heeded. The employers pay as little as they can. When the world becomes civilized everybody will want to pay what things are worth, but now capital is perfectly willing that labor shall remain at the starvation line. Competition on every hand tends to put down wages. The time will come when the whole community will see that justice is economical. If you starve laboring men you increase crime; you multiply, as they do in England, workhouses, hospitals and all kinds of asylums, and these public institutions are for the purpose of taking care of the wrecks that have been produced by greed and stinginess and meanness—that is to say, by the ignorance of capital.

Question. What effect has the protective tariff on the condition of labor in this country?

Answer. To the extent that the tariff keeps out the foreign article it is a direct protection to American labor. Everything in this country is on a larger scale than in any other. There is far more generosity among the manufacturers and merchants and millionaires and capitalists of the United States than among those of any other country, although they are bad enough and mean enough here.

But the great thing for the laboring man in the United States is that he is regarded as a man. He is a unit of political power. His vote counts just as much as that of the richest and most powerful. The laboring man has to be consulted. The candidate has either to be his friend or to pretend to be his friend, before he can succeed. A man running for the presidency could not say the slightest word against the laboring man, or calculated to put a stain upon industry, without destroying every possible chance of success. Generally, every candidate tries to show that he is a laboring man, or that he was a laboring man, or that his father was before him. There is in this country very

little of the spirit of caste—the most infamous spirit that ever infested the heartless breast of the brainless head of a human being.

Question. What will be the effect on labor of a departure in American policy in the direction of free trade?

Answer. If free trade could be adopted to-morrow there would be an instant shrinkage of values in this country. Probably the immediate loss would equal twenty billion dollars—that is to say, one-third of the value of the country. No one can tell its extent. All thing are so interwoven that to destroy one industry cripples another, and the influence keeps on until it touches the circumference of human interests.

I believe that labor is a blessing. It never was and never will be a curse. It is a blessed thing to labor for your wife and children, for your father and mother, and for the ones you love. It is a blessed thing to have an object in life—something to do—something to call into play your best thoughts, to develop your faculties and to make you a man. How beautiful, how charming, are the dreams of the young mechanic, the artist, the musician, the actor and the student. How perfectly stupid must be the life of a young man with nothing to do, no ambition, no enthusiasm—that is to say, nothing of the divine in him; the young man with an object in life, of whose brain a great thought, a great dream has taken possession, and in whose heart there is a great, throbbing hope. He looks forward to success—to wife, children, home—all the blessings and sacred joys of human life. He thinks of wealth and fame and honor, and of a long, genial, golden, happy autumn.

Work gives the feeling of independence, of self-respect. A man who does something necessarily puts a value on himself. He feels that he is a part of the world's force. The idler—no matter what he says, no matter how scornfully he may look at the laborer—in his very heart knows exactly what he is; he knows that he is a counterfeit, a poor worthless imitation of a man.

But there is a vast difference between work and what I call "toil." What must be the life of a man who can earn only one dollar or two dollars a day? If this man has a wife and a couple of children how can the family live? What must they eat? What must they wear? From the cradle to the coffin they are ignorant of any luxury of life. If the man is sick, if one of the children dies, how can doctors and medicines be paid for? How can the coffin or the grave be purchased? These people live on what might be called "the snow line"—just at that point where trees end and the mosses begin. What are such lives worth? The wages of months would hardly pay for the ordinary dinner of the family of a rich man. The savings of a whole life would not purchase one fashionable dress, or the lace on it. Such a man could not save enough during his whole life to pay for the flowers of a fashionable funeral.

And yet how often hundreds of thousands of persons, who spend thousands of dollars every year on luxuries, really wonder why the laboring people should complain. They are astonished when a car driver objects to working fourteen hours a day. Men give millions of dollars to carry the gospel to the heathen, and leave their own neighbors without bread; and these same people insist on closing libraries and museums of art on Sunday, and yet Sunday is the only day that these institutions can be visited by the poor.

They even want to stop the street cars so that these workers, these men and women, cannot go to the parks or the fields on Sunday. They want stages stopped on fashionable avenues so that the rich may not be disturbed in their prayers and devotions.

The condition of the workingman, even in America, is bad enough. If free trade will not reduce wages what will? If manufactured articles become cheaper the skilled laborers of America must work cheaper or stop producing the articles. Every one knows that most of the value of a manufactured article comes from labor. Think of the difference between the value of a pound of cotton and a pound of the finest cotton cloth; between a pound of flax and enough point lace to weigh a pound; between a few ounces of paint, two or three yards of canvas and a great picture; between a block of stone and a statue! Labor is the principal factor in price; when the price falls wages must go down.

I do not claim that protection is for the benefit of any particular class, but that it is for the benefit not only of that particular class, but of the entire country. In England the common laborer expects to spend his old age in some workhouse. He is cheered through all his days of toil, through all his years of weariness, by the prospect of dying a respectable pauper. The women work as hard as the men. They toil in the iron mills. They make nails, they dig coal, they toil in the fields.

In Europe they carry the hod, they work like beasts and with beasts, until they lose almost the semblance of human beings—until they look inferior to the animals they drive. On the labor of these deformed mothers, of these bent and wrinkled girls, of little boys with the faces of old age, the heartless nobility live in splendor and extravagant idleness. I am not now speaking of the French people, as France is the most prosperous country in Europe.

Let us protect our mothers, our wives and our children from the deformity of toil, from the depths of poverty.

Question. Is not the ballot an assurance to the laboring man that he can get fair treatment from his employer?

Answer. The laboring man in this country has the political power, provided he has the intelligence to know it and the intelligence to use it. In so far as laws can assist labor, the workingman has it in his power to pass such laws; but in most foreign lands the laboring man has really no voice. It is enough for him to work and wait and suffer and emigrate. He can take refuge in the grave or go to America.

In the old country, where people have been taught that all blessing come from the king, it is very natural for the poor to believe the other side of that proposition—that is to say, all evils come from the king, from the government. They are rocked in the cradle of this falsehood. So when they come to this country, if they are unfortunate, it is natural for them to blame the Government.

The discussion of these questions, however, has already done great good. The workingman is becoming more and more intelligent. He is getting a better idea every day of the functions and powers and limitations of government, and if the problem is

ever worked out— and by "problem" I mean the just and due relations that should exist between labor and capital—it will be worked out here in America.

Question. What assurance has the American laborer that he will not be ultimately swamped by foreign immigration?

Answer. Most of the immigrants that come to American come because they want a home. Nearly every one of them is what you may call "land hungry." In his country, to own a piece of land was to be respectable, almost a nobleman. The owner of a little land was regarded as the founder of a family—what you might call a "village dynasty." When they leave their native shores for America, their dream is to become a land owner—to have fields, to own trees, and to listen to the music of their own brooks.

The moment they arrive the mass of them seek the West, where land can be obtained. The great Northwest now is being filled with Scandinavian farmers, with persons from every part of Germany—in fact from all foreign countries—and every year they are adding millions of acres to the plowed fields of the Republic. This land hunger, this desire to own a home, to have a field, to have flocks and herds, to sit under your own vine and fig tree, will prevent foreign immigration from interfering to any hurtful degree with the skilled workmen of America. These land owners, these farmers, become consumers of manufactured articles. They keep the wheels and spindles turning and the fires in the forges burning.

Question. What do you think of Cleveland's message?

Answer. Only the other day I read a speech made by the Hon. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, upon this subject, in which he says in answer to what he calls "the puerile absurdity of President Cleveland's assumption" that the duty is always added to the cost, not only of imported commodities, but to the price of like commodities produced in this country, "that the duties imposed by our Government on sugar reduced to *ad valorem* were never so high as now, and the price of sugar was never in this country so low as it is now." He also showed that this tax on sugar has made it possible for us to produce sugar from other plants and he gives the facts in relation to corn sugar.

We are now using annually nineteen million bushels of corn for the purpose of making glucose or corn sugar. He shows that in this industry alone there has been a capital invested of eleven million dollars; that seven hundred and thirty-two thousand acres of land are required to furnish the supply, and that this one industry now gives employment to about twenty-two thousand farmers, about five thousand laborers in factories, and that the annual value of this product of corn sugar is over seventeen million dollars.

He also shows what we may expect from the cultivation of the beet. I advise every one to read that speech, so that they may have some idea of the capabilities of this country, of the vast wealth asking for development, of the countless avenues opened for ingenuity, energy and intelligence.

Question. Does the protective tariff cheapen the prices of commodities to the laboring man?

Answer. In this there are involved two questions. If the tariff is so low that the foreign article is imported, of course this tariff is added to the cost and must be paid by the consumer; but if the protective tariff is so high that the importer cannot pay it, and as a consequence the article is produced in America, then it depends largely upon competition whether the full amount of the tariff will be added to the article. As a rule, competition will settle that question in America, and the article will be sold as cheaply as the producers can afford.

For instance: If there is a tariff, we will say of fifty cents on a pair of shoes, and this tariff is so low that the foreign article can afford to pay it, then that tariff, of course, must be paid by the consumer. But suppose the tariff was five dollars on a pair of shoes—that is to say, absolutely prohibitory—does any man in his senses say that five dollars would be added to each pair of American shoes? Of course, the statement is the answer.

I think it is the duty of the laboring man in this country, first, thoroughly to post himself upon these great questions, to endeavor to understand his own interest as well as the interest of his country, and if he does, I believe he will arrive at the conclusion that it is far better to have the country filled with manufacturers than to be employed simply in the raising of raw material. I think he will come to the conclusion that we had better have skilled labor here, and that it is better to pay for it than not to have it. I think he will find that it is better for America to be substantially independent of the rest of the world. I think he will conclude that nothing is more desirable than the development of American brain, and that nothing better can be raised than great and splendid men and women. I think he will conclude that the cloud coming from the factories, from the great stacks and chimneys, is the cloud on which will be seen, and always seen, the bow of American promise.

Question. What have you to say about tariff reform?

Answer. I have this to say: That the tariff is for the most part the result of compromises—that is, one State wishing to have something protected agrees to protect something else in some other State, so that, as a matter of fact, many things are protected that need no protection, and many things are unprotected that ought to be cared for by the Government.

I am in favor of a sensible reform of the tariff—that is to say, I do not wish to put it in the power of the few to practice extortion upon the many. Congress should always be wide awake, and whenever there is any abuse it should be corrected. At the same time, next to having the tariff just—next in importance is to have it stable. It does us great injury to have every dollar invested in manufactures frightened every time Congress meets. Capital should feel secure. Insecurity calls for a higher interest, wants to make up for the additional risk, whereas, when a dollar feels absolutely certain that it is well invested, that it is not to be disturbed, it is satisfied with a very low rate of interest.

The present agitation—the message of President Cleveland upon these questions—will cost the country many hundred millions of dollars.

Question. I see that some one has been charging that Judge Gresham is an Infidel?

Answer. I have known Judge Gresham for many years, and of course have heard him talk upon many subjects, but I do not remember ever discussing with him a religious topic. I only know that he believes in allowing every man to express his opinions, and that he does not hate a man because he differs with him. I believe that he believes in intellectual hospitality, and that he would give all churches equal rights, and would treat them all with the utmost fairness. I regard him as a fair-minded, intelligent and honest man, and that is enough for me. I am satisfied with the way he acts, and care nothing about his particular creed. I like a manly man, whether he agrees with me or not. I believe that President Garfield was a minister of the Church of the Disciples—that made no difference to me. Mr. Blaine is a member of some church in Augusta—I care nothing for that. Whether Judge Gresham belongs to any church, I do not know. I never asked him, but I know he does not agree with me by a large majority.

In this country, where a divorce has been granted between church and state, the religious opinions of candidates should be let alone. To make the inquiry is a piece of impertinence—a piece of impudence. I have voted for men of all persuasions and expect to keep right on, and if they are not civilized enough to give me the liberty they ask for themselves, why I shall simply set them an example of decency.

Question. What do you think of the political outlook?

Answer. The people of this country have a great deal of intelligence. Tariff and free trade and protection and home manufactures and American industries—all these things will be discussed in every schoolhouse of the country, and in thousands and thousands of political meetings, and when next November comes you will see the Democratic party overthrown and swept out of power by a cyclone. All other questions will be lost sight of. Even the Prohibitionists would rather drink beer in a prosperous country than burst with cold water and hard times.

The preservation of what we have will be the great question. This is the richest country and the most prosperous country, and I believe that the people have sense enough to continue the policy that has given them those results. I never want to see the civilization of the Old World, or rather the barbarism of the Old World, gain a footing on this continent. I am an American. I believe in American ideas—that is to say, in equal rights, and in the education and civilization of all the people.

—*New York Press*, June 3, 1888.

Cleveland And Thurman

Question. What do you think of the Democratic nominations?

Answer. In the first place, I hope that this campaign is to be fought on the issues involved, and not on the private characters of the candidates. All that they have done as politicians—all measures that they have favored or opposed—these are the proper subjects of criticism; in all other respects I think it better to let the candidates alone. I care but little about the private character of Mr. Cleveland or of Mr. Thurman. The real question is, what do they stand for? What policy do they advocate? What are the reasons for and against the adoption of the policy they propose?

I do not regard Cleveland as personally popular. He has done nothing, so far as I know, calculated to endear him to the popular heart. He certainly is not a man of enthusiasm. He has said nothing of a striking or forcible character. His messages are exceedingly commonplace. He is not a man of education, of wide reading, of refined tastes, or of general cultivation. He has some firmness and a good deal of obstinacy, and he was exceedingly fortunate in his marriage.

Four years ago he was distinctly opposed to a second term. He was then satisfied that no man should be elected President more than once. He was then fearful that a President might use his office, his appointing power, to further his own ends instead of for the good of the people. He started, undoubtedly, with that idea in his mind. He was going to carry out the civil service doctrine to the utmost. But when he had been President a few months he was exceedingly unpopular with his party. The Democrats who elected him had been out of office for twenty-five years. During all those years they had watched the Republicans sitting at the national banquet. Their appetites had grown keener and keener, and they expected when the 4th of March, 1885, came that the Republicans would be sent from the table and that they would be allowed to tuck the napkins under their chins. The moment Cleveland got at the head of the table he told his hungry followers that there was nothing for them, and he allowed the Republicans to go on as usual.

In a little while he began to hope for a second term, and gradually the civil service notion faded from his mind. He stuck to it long enough to get the principal mugwump papers committed to him and to his policy; long enough to draw their fire and to put them in a place where they could not honorably retreat without making themselves liable to the charge of having fought only for the loaves and fishes. As a matter of fact, no men were hungrier for office than the gentlemen who had done so much for civil service reform. They were so earnest in the advocacy of that principle that they insisted that only their followers should have place; but the real rank and file, the men who had been Democrats through all the disastrous years, and who had prayed and fasted, became utterly disgusted with Mr. Cleveland's administration and they were not slow to express their feelings. Mr. Cleveland saw that he was in danger of being left with no supporters, except a few who thought themselves too respectable really to join the Democratic party. So for the last two years, and especially the last year, he turned his attention to pacifying the real Democrats. He is not the choice of

the Democratic party. Although unanimously nominated, I doubt if he was the unanimous choice of a single delegate.

Another very great mistake, I think, has been made by Mr. Cleveland. He seems to have taken the greatest delight in vetoing pension bills, and they seem to be about the only bills he has examined, and he has examined them as a lawyer would examine the declaration, brief or plea of his opponent. He has sought for technicalities, to the end that he might veto these bills. By this course he has lost the soldier vote, and there is no way by which he can regain it. Upon this point I regard the President as exceedingly weak. He has shown about the same feeling toward the soldier now that he did during the war. He was not with them then either in mind or body. He is not with them now. His sympathies are on the other side. He has taken occasion to show his contempt for the Democratic party again and again. This certainly will not add to his strength. He has treated the old leaders with great arrogance. He has cared nothing for their advice, for their opinions, or for their feelings.

The principal vestige of monarchy or despotism in our Constitution is the veto power, and this has been more liberally used by Mr. Cleveland than by any other President. This shows the nature of the man and how narrow he is, and through what a small intellectual aperture he views the world. Nothing is farther from true democracy than this perpetual application of the veto power. As a matter of fact, it should be abolished, and the utmost that a President should be allowed to do, would be to return a bill with his objections, and the bill should then become a law upon being passed by both houses by a simple majority. This would give the Executive the opportunity of calling attention to the supposed defects, and getting the judgment of Congress a second time.

I am perfectly satisfied that Mr. Cleveland is not popular with his party. The noise and confusion of the convention, the cheers and cries, were all produced and manufactured for effect and for the purpose of starting the campaign.

Now, as to Senator Thurman. During the war he occupied substantially the same position occupied by Mr. Cleveland. He was opposed to putting down the Rebellion by force, and as I remember it, he rather justified the people of the South for going with their States. Ohio was in favor of putting down the Rebellion, yet Mr. Thurman, by some peculiar logic of his own, while he justified Southern people for going into rebellion because they followed their States, justified himself for not following his State. His State was for the Union. His State was in favor of putting down rebellion. His State was in favor of destroying slavery. Certainly, if a man is bound to follow his State, he is equally bound when the State is right. It is hardly reasonable to say that a man is only bound to follow his State when his State is wrong; yet this was really the position of Senator Thurman.

I saw the other day that some gentlemen in this city had given as a reason for thinking that Thurman would strengthen the ticket, that he had always been right on the financial question. Now, as a matter of fact, he was always wrong. When it was necessary for the Government to issue greenbacks, he was a hard money man—he believed in the mint drops—and if that policy had been carried out, the Rebellion

could not have been suppressed. After the suppression of the Rebellion, and when hundreds and hundreds of millions of greenbacks were afloat, and the Republican party proposed to redeem them in gold, and to go back—as it always intended to do—to hard money—to a gold and silver basis—then Senator Thurman, holding aloft the red bandanna, repudiated hard money, opposed resumption, and came out for rag currency as being the best. Let him change his ideas—put those first that he had last—and you might say that he was right on the currency question; but when the country needed the greenback he was opposed to it, and when the country was able to redeem the greenback, he was opposed to it.

It gives me pleasure to say that I regard Senator Thurman as a man of ability, and I have no doubt that he was coaxed into his last financial position by the Democratic party, by the necessities of Ohio, and by the force and direction of the political wind. No matter how much respectability he adds to the ticket, I do not believe that he will give any great strength. In the first place, he is an old man. He has substantially finished his career. Young men cannot attach themselves to him, because he has no future. His following is not an army of the young and ambitious—it is rather a funeral procession. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, he will furnish most of the enthusiasm for this campaign—and that will be done with his handkerchief. The Democratic banner is Thurman's red bandanna. I do not believe that it will be possible for the Democracy to carry Ohio by reason of Thurman's nomination, and I think the failure to nominate Gray or some good man from that State, will lose Indiana. So, while I have nothing to say against Senator Thurman, nothing against his integrity or his ability, still, under the circumstances, I do not think his nomination a strong one.

Question. Do you think that the nominations have been well received throughout the United States?

Answer. Not as well as in England. I see that all the Tory papers regard the nominations as excellent—especially that of Cleveland. Every Englishman who wants Ireland turned into a penitentiary, and every Irishman to be treated as a convict, is delighted with the action of the St. Louis convention. England knows what she wants. Her market is growing small. A few years ago she furnished manufactured articles to a vast portion of the world. Millions of her customers have become ingenious enough to manufacture many things that they need, so the next thing England did was to sell them the machinery. Now they are beginning to make their own machinery. Consequently, English trade is falling off. She must have new customers. Nothing would so gratify her as to have sixty millions of Americans buy her wares. If she could see our factories still and dead; if she could put out the fires of our furnaces and forges; there would come to her the greatest prosperity she has ever known. She would fatten on our misfortunes —grow rich and powerful and arrogant upon our poverty. We would become her servants. We would raise the raw material with ignorant labor and allow her children to reap all the profit of its manufacture, and in the meantime to become intelligent and cultured while we grew poor and ignorant.

The greatest blow that can be inflicted upon England is to keep her manufactured articles out of the United States. Sixty millions of Americans buy and use more than five hundred millions of Asiatics —buy and use more than all of China, all of India and all of Africa. One civilized man has a thousand times the wants of a savage or of a

semi-barbarian. Most of the customers of England want a few yards of calico, some cheap jewelry, a little powder, a few knives and a few gallons of orthodox rum.

To-day the United States is the greatest market in the world. The commerce between the States is almost inconceivable in its immensity. In order that you may have some idea of the commerce of this country, it is only necessary to remember one fact. We have railroads enough engaged in this commerce to make six lines around the globe. The addition of a million Americans to our population gives us a better market than a monopoly of ten millions of Asiatics. England, with her workhouses, with her labor that barely exists, wishes this market, and wishes to destroy the manufactures of America, and she expects Irish-Americans to assist her in this patriotic business.

Now, as to the enthusiasm in this country. I fail to see it. The nominations have fallen flat. It has been known for a long time that Cleveland was to be nominated. That has all been discounted, and the nomination of Judge Thurman has been received in a quite matter-of-fact way. It may be that his enthusiasm was somewhat dampened by what might be called the appearance above the horizon of the morning star of this campaign—Oregon. What a star to rise over the work of the St. Louis convention! What a prophecy for Democrats to commence business with! Oregon, with the free trade issue, seven thousand to eight thousand Republican majority—the largest ever given by that State—Oregon speaks for the Pacific Coast.

Question. What do you think of the Democratic platform?

Answer. Mr. Watterson was kind enough to say that before they took the roof off of the house they were going to give the occupants a chance to get out. By the “house” I suppose he means the great workshop of America. By the “roof” he means protection; and by the “occupants” the mechanics. He is not going to turn them out at once, or take the roof off in an instant, but this is to be done gradually.

In other words, they will remove it shingle by shingle or tile by tile, until it becomes so leaky or so unsafe that the occupants— that is to say, the mechanics, will leave the building.

The first thing in the platform is a reaffirmation of the platform of 1884, and an unqualified endorsement of President Cleveland’s message on the tariff. And if President Cleveland’s message has any meaning whatever, it means free trade—not instantly, it may be—but that is the object and the end to be attained. All his reasoning, if reasoning it can be called, is in favor of absolute free trade. The issue is fairly made—shall American labor be protected, or must the American laborer take his chances with the labor market of the world? Must he stand upon an exact par with the laborers of Belgium and England and Germany, not only, but with the slaves and serfs of other countries? Must he be reduced to the diet of the old country? Is he to have meat on holidays and a reasonably good dinner on Christmas, and live the rest of the year on crusts, crumbs, scraps, skimmed milk, potatoes, turnips, and a few greens that he can steal from the corners of fences? Is he to rely for meat, on poaching, and then is he to be transported to some far colony for the crime of catching a rabbit? Are our workingmen to wear wooden shoes?

Now, understand me, I do not believe that the Democrats think that free trade would result in disaster. Their minds are so constituted that they really believe that free trade would be a great blessing. I am not calling in question their honesty. I am simply disputing the correctness of their theory. It makes no difference, as a matter of fact, whether they are honest or dishonest. Free trade established by honest people would be just as injurious as if established by dishonest people. So there is no necessity of raising the question of intention. Consequently, I admit that they are doing the best they know now. This is not admitting much, but it is something, as it tends to take from the discussion all ill feeling.

We all know that the tariff protects special interests in particular States. Louisiana is not for free trade. It may be for free trade in everything except sugar. It is willing that the rest of the country should pay an additional cent or two a pound on sugar for its benefit, and while receiving the benefit it does not wish to bear its part of the burden. If the other States protect the sugar interests in Louisiana, certainly that State ought to be willing to protect the wool interest in Ohio, the lead and hemp interest in Missouri, the lead and wool interest in Colorado, the lumber interest in Minnesota, the salt and lumber interest in Michigan, the iron interest in Pennsylvania, and so I might go on with a list of the States—because each one has something that it wishes to have protected.

It sounds a little strange to hear a Democratic convention cry out that the party "is in favor of the maintenance of an indissoluble union of free and indestructible States." Only a little while ago the Democratic party regarded it as the height of tyranny to coerce a free State. Can it be said that a State is "free" that is absolutely governed by the Nation? Is a State free that can make no treaty with any other State or country—that is not permitted to coin money or to declare war? Why should such a State be called free? The truth is that the States are not free in that sense. The Republican party believes that this is a Nation and that the national power is the highest, and that every citizen owes the highest allegiance to the General Government and not to his State. In other words, we are not Virginians or Mississippians or Delawareans — we are Americans. The great Republic is a free Nation, and the States are but parts of that Nation. The doctrine of State Sovereignty was born of the institution of slavery. In the history of our country, whenever anything wrong was to be done, this doctrine of State Sovereignty was appealed to. It protected the slave-trade until the year 1808. It passed the Fugitive Slave Law. It made every citizen in the North a catcher of his fellow-man—made it the duty of free people to enslave others. This doctrine of State Rights was appealed to for the purpose of polluting the Territories with the institution of slavery. To deprive a man of his liberty, to put him back into slavery, State lines were instantly obliterated; but whenever the Government wanted to protect one of its citizens from outrage, then the State lines became impassable barriers, and the sword of justice fell in twain across the line of a State.

People forget that the National Government is the creature of the people. The real sovereign is the people themselves. Presidents and congressmen and judges are the creatures of the people. If we had a governing class—if men were presidents or senators by virtue of birth—then we might talk about the danger of centralization; but if the people are sufficiently intelligent to govern themselves, they will never

create a government for the destruction of their liberties, and they are just as able to protect their rights in the General Government as they are in the States. If you say that the sovereignty of the State protects labor, you might as well say that the sovereignty of the county protects labor in the State and that the sovereignty of the town protects labor in the county.

Of all subjects in the world the Democratic party should avoid speaking of "a critical period of our financial affairs, resulting from over taxation." How did taxation become necessary? Who created the vast debt that American labor must pay? Who made this taxation of thousands of millions necessary? Why were the greenbacks issued? Why were the bonds sold? Who brought about "a critical period of our financial affairs"? How has the Democratic party "averted disaster"? How could there be a disaster with a vast surplus in the treasury? Can you find in the graveyard of nations this epitaph: "Died of a Surplus"? Has any nation ever been known to perish because it had too much gold and too much silver, and because its credit was better than that of any other nation on the earth? The Democrats seem to think—and it is greatly to their credit—that they have prevented the destruction of the Government when the treasury was full—when the vaults were overflowing. What would they have done had the vaults been empty? Let them wrestle with the question of poverty; let them then see how the Democratic party would succeed. When it is necessary to create credit, to inspire confidence, not only in our own people, but in the nations of the world—which of the parties is best adapted for the task? The Democratic party congratulates itself that it has not been ruined by a Republican surplus! What good boys we are! We have not been able to throw away our legacy!

Is it not a little curious that the convention plumed itself on having paid out more for pensions and bounties to the soldiers and sailors of the Republic than was ever paid before during an equal period? It goes wild in its pretended enthusiasm for the President who has vetoed more pension bills than all the other Presidents put together.

The platform informs us that "the Democratic party has adopted and consistently pursued and affirmed a prudent foreign policy, preserving peace with all nations." Does it point with pride to the Mexican fiasco, or does it rely entirely upon the great fishery triumph? What has the administration done—what has it accomplished in the field of diplomacy?

When we come to civil service, about how many Federal officials were at the St. Louis convention? About how many have taken part in the recent nominations? In other words, who has been idle?

We have recently been told that the wages of workingmen are just as high in the old country as in this, when you take into consideration the cost of living. We have always been told by all the free trade papers and orators, that the tariff has no bearing whatever upon wages, and yet, the Democrats have not succeeded in convincing themselves. I find in their platform this language: "A fair and careful revision of our tax laws, with due allowance for the difference between the wages of American and foreign labor, must promote and encourage every branch of such

industries and enterprises by giving them the assurance of an extended market and steady and continuous operations."

It would seem from this that the Democratic party admits that wages are higher here than in foreign countries. Certainly they do not mean to say that they are lower. If they are higher here than in foreign countries, the question arises, why are they higher? If you took off the tariff, the presumption is that they would be as low here as anywhere else, because this very Democratic convention says: "A fair and careful revision of our tax laws, with due allowance for the difference between wages." In other words, they would keep tariff enough on to protect our workingmen from the low wages of the foreigner—consequently, we have the admission of the Democratic party that in order to keep wages in this country higher than they are in Belgium, in Italy, in England and in Germany, we must protect home labor. Then follows the *non sequitur*, which is a Democratic earmark. They tell us that by keeping a tariff, "making due allowance for the difference between wages, all the industries and enterprises would be encouraged and promoted by giving them the assurance of an extended market." What does the word "extended" mean? If it means anything, it means a market in other countries. In other words, we will put the tariff so low that the wages of American workingmen will be so low that he can compete with the laborers of other countries; otherwise his market could not be "extended." What does this mean? There is evidently a lack of thought here. The two things cannot be accomplished in that way. If the tariff raises American wages, the American cannot compete in foreign markets with the men who work for half the price. What may be the final result is another question. American industry properly protected, American genius properly fostered, may invent ways and means—such wonderful machinery, such quick, inexpensive processes, that in time American genius may produce at a less rate than any other country, for the reason that the laborers of other countries will not be as intelligent, will not be as independent, will not have the same ambition.

Fine phrases will not deceive the people of this country. The American mechanic already has a market of sixty millions of people, and, as I said before, the best market in the world. This country is now so rich, so prosperous, that it is the greatest market of the earth, even for luxuries. It is the best market for pictures, for works of art. It is the best market for music and song. It is the best market for dramatic genius, and it is the best market for skilled labor, the best market for common labor, and in this country the poor man to-day has the best chance—he can look forward to becoming the proprietor of a home, of some land, to independence, to respectability, and to an old age without want and without disgrace.

The platform, except upon this question of free trade, means very little. There are other features in it which I have not at present time to examine, but shall do so hereafter. I want to take it up point by point and find really what it means, what its scope is, and what the intentions were of the gentlemen who made it.

But it may be proper to say here, that in my judgment it is a very weak and flimsy document, as Victor Hugo would say, "badly cut and badly sewed."

Of course, I know that the country will exist whatever party may be in power. I know that all our blessings do not come from laws, or from the carrying into effect of

certain policies, and probably I could pay no greater compliment to any country than to say that even eight years of Democratic rule cannot materially affect her destiny.

—*New York Press*, June 10, 1888.

The Republican Platform Of 1888

Question. What do you think of the signs of the times so far as the campaign has progressed?

Answer. The party is now going through a period of misrepresentation. Every absurd meaning that can be given to any combination of words will be given to every plank of the platform. In the heat of partisan hatred every plank will look warped and cracked. A great effort is being made to show that the Republican party is in favor of intemperance,—that the great object now is to lessen the price of all intoxicants and increase the cost of all the necessaries of life. The papers that are for nothing but reform of everything and everybody except themselves, are doing their utmost to show that the Republican party is the enemy of honesty and temperance.

The other day, at a Republican ratification meeting, I stated among other things, that we could not make great men and great women simply by keeping them out of temptation—that nobody would think of tying the hands of a person behind them and then praise him for not picking pockets; that great people were great enough to withstand temptation, and in that connection I made this statement: "Temperance goes hand in hand with liberty"—the idea being that when a chain is taken from the body an additional obligation is perceived by the mind. These good papers—the papers that believe in honest politics—stated that I said: "Temperance goes hand in hand with liquor." This was not only in the reports of the meeting, but this passage was made the subject of several editorials. It hardly seems possible that any person really thought that such a statement had been expressed. The Republican party does not want free whiskey —it wants free men; and a great many people in the Republican party are great enough to know that temperance does go hand in hand with liberty; they are great enough to know that all legislation as to what we shall eat, as to what we shall drink, and as to wherewithal we shall be clothed, partakes of the nature of petty, irritating and annoying tyranny. They also know that the natural result is to fill a country with spies, hypocrites and pretenders, and that when a law is not in accordance with an enlightened public sentiment, it becomes either a dead letter, or, when a few fanatics endeavor to enforce it, a demoralizer of courts, of juries and of people.

The attack upon the platform by temperance people is doing no harm, for the reason that long before November comes these people will see the mistake they have made. It seems somewhat curious that the Democrats should attack the platform if they really believe that it means free whiskey.

The tax was levied during the war. It was a war measure. The Government was *in extremis*, and for that reason was obliged to obtain a revenue from every possible article of value. The war is over; the necessity has disappeared; consequently the Government should return to the methods of peace. We have too many Government officials. Let us get rid of collectors and gaugers and inspectors. Let us do away with all this machinery, and leave the question to be settled by the State. If the temperance people themselves would take a second thought, they would see that

when the Government collects eighty or ninety million dollars from a tax on whiskey, the traffic becomes entrenched, it becomes one of the pillars of the State, one of the great sources of revenue. Let the States attend to this question, and it will be a matter far easier to deal with.

The Prohibitionists are undoubtedly honest, and their object is to destroy the traffic, to prevent the manufacture of whiskey. Can they do this as long as the Government collects ninety million dollars per annum from that one source? If there is anything whatever in this argument, is it not that the traffic pays a bribe of ninety million dollars a year for its life? Will not the farmers say to the temperance men: “The distilleries pay the taxes, the distilleries raise the price of corn; is it not better for the General Government to look to another direction for its revenues and leave the States to deal as they may see proper with this question?”

With me, it makes no difference what is done with the liquor— whether it is used in the arts or not—it is a question of policy. There is no moral principle involved on our side of the question, to say the least of it. If it is a crime to make and sell intoxicating liquors, the Government, by licensing persons to make and sell, becomes a party to the crime. If one man poisons another, no matter how much the poison costs, the crime is the same; and if the person from whom the poison was purchased knew how it was to be used, he is also a murderer.

There have been many reformers in this world, and they have seemed to imagine that people will do as they say. They think that you can use people as you do bricks or stones; that you can lay them up in walls and they will remain where they are placed; but the truth is, you cannot do this. The bricks are not satisfied with each other—they go away in the night—in the morning there is no wall. Most of these reformers go up what you might call the Mount Sinai of their own egotism, and there, surrounded by the clouds of their own ignorance, they meditate upon the follies and the frailties of their fellow-men and then come down with ten commandments for their neighbors.

All this talk about the Republican platform being in favor of intemperance, so far as the Democratic party is concerned, is pure, unadulterated hypocrisy—nothing more, nothing less. So far as the Prohibitionists are concerned, they may be perfectly honest, but, if they will think a moment, they will see how perfectly illogical they are. No one can help sympathizing with any effort honestly made to do away with the evil of intemperance. I know that many believe that these evils can be done away with by legislation. While I sympathize with the objects that these people wish to attain, I do not believe in the means they suggest. As life becomes valuable, people will become temperate, because they will take care of themselves. Temperance is born of the countless influences of civilization. Character cannot be forced upon anybody; it is a growth, the seeds of which are within. Men cannot be forced into real temperance any more than they can be frightened into real morality. You may frighten a man to that degree that he will not do a certain thing, but you cannot scare him badly enough to prevent his wanting to do that thing. Reformation begins on the inside, and the man refrains because he perceives that he ought to refrain, not because his neighbors say that he ought to refrain. No one would think of praising convicts in jail for being regular at their meals, or for not staying out nights; and it seems to me that when the Prohibitionists—when the people who are really in favor of temperance—

look the ground all over they will see that it is far better to support the Republican party than to throw their votes away; and the Republicans will see that it is simply a proposition to go back to the original methods of collecting revenue for the Government—that it is simply abandoning the measures made necessary by war, and that it is giving to the people the largest liberty consistent with the needs of the Government, and that it is only leaving these questions where in time of peace they properly belong —to the States themselves.

Question. Do you think that the Knights of Labor will cut any material figure in this election?

Answer. The Knights of Labor will probably occupy substantially the same position as other laborers and other mechanics. If they clearly see that the policy advocated by the Republican party is to their interest, that it will give them better wages than the policy advocated by the Democrats, then they will undoubtedly support our ticket. There is more or less irritation between employers and employed. All men engaged in manufacturing and neither good nor generous. Many of them get work for as little as possible, and sell its product for all they can get. It is impossible to adopt a policy that will not by such people be abused. Many of them would like to see the working man toil for twelve hours or fourteen or sixteen in each day. Many of them wonder why they need sleep or food, and are perfectly astonished when they ask for pay. In some instances, undoubtedly, the working men will vote against their own interests simply to get even with such employers.

Some laboring men have been so robbed, so tyrannized over, that they would be perfectly willing to feel for the pillars and take a certain delight in a destruction that brought ruin even to themselves. Such manufacturers, however, I believe to be in a minority, and the laboring men, under the policy of free trade, would be far more in their power. When wages fall below a certain point, then comes degradation, loss of manhood, serfdom and slavery. If any man has the right to vote for his own interests, certainly the man who labors is that man, and every working man having in his will a part of the sovereignty of this nation, having within him a part of the lawmaking power, should have the intelligence and courage to vote for his own interests; he should vote for good wages; he should vote for a policy that would enable him to lay something by for the winter of his life, that would enable him to earn enough to educate his children, enough to give him a home and a fireside.

He need not do this in anger or for revenge, but because it is just, because it is right, and because the working people are in a majority. They ought to control the world, because they have made the world what it is. They have given everything there is of value. Labor plows every field, builds every house, fashions everything of use, and when that labor is guided by intelligence the world is prosperous.

He who thinks good thoughts is a laborer—one of the greatest. The man who invented the reaper will be harvesting the fields for thousands of years to come. If labor is abused in this country the laborers have it within their power to defend themselves.

All my sympathies are with the men who toil. I shed very few tears over bankers and millionaires and corporations—they can take care of themselves. My sympathies are

with the man who has nothing to sell but his strength; nothing to sell but his muscle and his intelligence; who has no capital except that which his mother gave him—a capital he must sell every day; my sympathies are with him; and I want him to have a good market; and I want it so that he can sell the work for more than enough to take care of him to-morrow.

I believe that no corporation should be allowed to exist except for the benefit of the whole people. The Government should always act for the benefit of all, and when the Government gives a part of its power to an aggregation of individuals, the accomplishment of some public good should justify the giving of that power; and whenever a corporation becomes subversive of the very end for which it was created, the Government should put an end to its life.

So I believe that after these matters, these issues have been discussed—when something is understood about the effect of a tariff, the effect of protection, the laboring people of this country will be on the side of the Republican party. The Republican party is always trying to do something—trying to take a step in advance. Persons who care for nothing except themselves—who wish to make no effort except for themselves—are its natural enemies.

Question. What do you think of Mr. Mills' Fourth of July speech on his bill?

Answer. Certain allowances should always be made for the Fourth of July. What Mr. Mills says with regard to free trade depends, I imagine, largely on where he happens to be. You remember the old story about the *Moniteur*. When Napoleon escaped from Elba that paper said: "The ogre has escaped." And from that moment the epithets grew a little less objectionable as Napoleon advanced, and at last the *Moniteur* cried out: "The Emperor has reached Paris." I hardly believe that Mr. Mills would call his bill in Texas a war tariff measure. He might commence in New York with that description, but as he went South that language, in my judgment, would change, and when he struck the Brazos I think the bill would be described as the nearest possible approach to free trade.

Mr. Mills takes the ground that if raw material comes here free of duty, then we can manufacture that raw material and compete with other countries in the markets of the world—that is to say, under his bill. Now, other countries can certainly get the raw material as cheaply as we can, especially those countries in which the raw material is raised; and if wages are less in other countries than in ours, the raw material being the same, the product must cost more with us than with them. Consequently we cannot compete with foreign countries simply by getting the raw material at the same price; we must be able to manufacture it as cheaply as they, and we can do that only by cutting down the wages of the American workingmen. Because, to have raw material at the same price as other nations, is only a part of the problem. The other part is how cheaply can we manufacture it? And that depends upon wages. If wages are twenty-five cents a day, then we can compete with those nations where wages are twenty-five cents a day; but if our wages are five or six times as high, then the twenty-five cent labor will supply the market. There is no possible way of putting ourselves on an equality with other countries in the markets of the world, except by putting American labor on an equality with the other labor of the

world. Consequently, we cannot obtain a foreign market without lessening our wages. No proposition can be plainer than this.

It cannot be said too often that the real prosperity of a country depends upon the well-being of those who labor. That country is not prosperous where a few are wealthy and have all the luxuries that the imagination can suggest, and where the millions are in want, clothed in rags, and housed in tenements not fit for wild beasts. The value of our property depends on the civilization of our people. If the people are happy and contented, if the workingman receives good wages, then our houses and our farms are valuable. If the people are discontented, if the workingmen are in want, then our property depreciates from day to day, and national bankruptcy will only be a question of time.

If Mr. Mills has given a true statement with regard to the measure proposed by him, what relation does that measure bear to the President's message? What has it to do with the Democratic platform? If Mr. Mills has made no mistake, the President wrote a message substantially in favor of free trade. The Democratic party ratified and indorsed that message, and at the same time ratified and indorsed the Mills bill. Now, the message was for free trade, and the Mills bill, according to Mr. Mills, is for the purpose of sustaining the war tariff. They have either got the wrong child or the wrong parents.

Question. I see that some people are objecting to your taking any part in politics, on account of your religious opinion?

Answer. The Democratic party has always been pious. If it is noted for anything it is for its extreme devotion. You have no idea how many Democrats wear out the toes of their shoes praying. I suppose that in this country there ought to be an absolute divorce between church and state and without any alimony being allowed to the church; and I have always supposed that the Republican party was perfectly willing that anybody should vote its ticket who believed in its principles. The party was not established, as I understand it, in the interest of any particular denomination; it was established to promote and preserve the freedom of the American citizen everywhere. Its first object was to prevent the spread of human slavery; its second object was to put down the Rebellion and preserve the Union; its third object was the utter destruction of human slavery everywhere, and its fourth object is to preserve not only the fruit of all that it has won, but to protect American industry to the end that the Republic may not only be free, but prosperous and happy. In this great work all are invited to join, no matter whether Catholics or Presbyterians or Methodists or Infidels—believers or unbelievers. The object is to have a majority of the people of the United States in favor of human liberty, in favor of justice and in favor of an intelligent American policy.

I am not what is called strictly orthodox, and yet I am liberal enough to vote for a Presbyterian, and if a Presbyterian is not liberal enough to stand by a Republican, no matter what his religious opinions may be, then the Presbyterian is not as liberal as the Republican party, and he is not as liberal as an unbeliever; in other words, he is not a manly man.

I object to no man who is running for office on the ticket of my party on account of his religious convictions. I care nothing about the church of which he is a member. That is his business. That is an individual matter—something with which the State has no right to interfere—something with which no party can rightfully have anything to do. These great questions are left open to discussion. Every church must take its chance in the open field of debate. No belief has the right to draw the sword—no dogma the right to resort to force. The moment a church asks for the help of the State, it confesses its weakness, it confesses its inability to answer the arguments against it.

I believe in the absolute equality before the law, of all religions and all metaphysical theories; and I would no more control those things by law than I would endeavor to control the arts and the sciences by legislation. Man admires the beautiful, and what is beautiful to one may not be to another, and this inequality or this difference cannot be regulated by law.

The same is true of what is called religious belief. I am willing to give all others every right that I claim for myself, and if they are not willing to give me the rights they claim for themselves, they are not civilized.

No man acknowledges the truth of my opinions because he votes the same ticket that I do, and I certainly do not acknowledge the correctness of the opinions of others because I vote the Republican ticket. We are Republicans together. Upon certain political questions we agree, upon other questions we disagree—and that is all. Only religious people, who have made up their minds to vote the Democratic ticket, will raise an objection of this kind, and they will raise the objection simply as a pretence, simply for the purpose of muddying the water while they escape.

Of course there may be some exceptions. There are a great many insane people out of asylums. If the Republican party does not stand for absolute intellectual liberty, it had better disband. And why should we take so much pains to free the body, and then enslave the mind? I believe in giving liberty to both. Give every man the right to labor, and give him the right to reap the harvest of his toil. Give every man the right to think, and to reap the harvest of his brain—that is to say, give him the right to express his thoughts.

—*New York Press*, July 8, 1888.

James G. Blaine And Politics

Question. I see that there has lately been published a long account of the relations between Mr. Blaine and yourself, and the reason given for your failure to support him for the nomination in 1884 and 1888?

Answer. Every little while some donkey writes a long article pretending to tell all that happened between Mr. Blaine and myself. I have never seen any article on the subject that contained any truth. They are always the invention of the writer or of somebody who told him. The last account is more than usually idiotic. An unpleasant word has never passed between Mr. Blaine and myself. We have never had any falling out. I never asked Mr. Blaine's influence for myself. I never asked President Hayes or Garfield or Arthur for any position whatever, and I have never asked Mr. Cleveland for any appointment under the civil service.

With regard to the German Mission, about which so much has been said, all that I ever did in regard to that was to call on Secretary Evarts and inform him that there was no place in the gift of the administration that I would accept. I could not afford to throw away a good many thousand dollars a year for the sake of an office. So I say again that I never asked, or dreamed of asking, any such favor of Mr. Blaine. The favors have been exactly the other way— from me, and not from him. So there is not the slightest truth in the charge that there was some difference between our families.

I have great respect for Mrs. Blaine, have always considered her an extremely good and sensible woman; our relations have been of the friendliest character, and such relations have always existed between all the members of both families, so far as I know. Nothing could be more absurd that the charge that there was some feeling growing out of our social relations. We do not depend upon others to help us socially; we need no help, and if we did we would not accept it. The whole story about there having been any lack of politeness or kindness is without the slightest foundation.

In 1884 I did not think that Mr. Blaine could be elected. I thought the same at the Chicago convention this year. I know that he has a great number of ardent admirers and of exceedingly self-denying and unselfish friends. I believe that he has more friends than any other man in the Republican party; but he also has very bitter enemies—enemies with influence. Taking this into consideration, and believing that the success of the party was more important than the success of any individual, I was in favor of nominating some man who would poll the entire Republican vote. This feeling did not grow out of any hostility to any man, but simply out of a desire for Republican success. In other words, I endeavored to take an unprejudiced view of the situation. Under no circumstances would I underrate the ability and influence of Mr. Blaine, nor would I endeavor to deprecate the services he has rendered to the Republican party and to the country. But by this time it ought to be understood that I belong to no man, that I am the proprietor of myself.

There are two kinds of people that I have no use for—leaders and followers. The leader should be principle; the leader should be a great object to be accomplished. The follower should be the man dedicated to the accomplishment of a noble end. He

who simply follows persons gains no honor and is incapable of giving honor even to the one he follows. There are certain things to be accomplished and these things are the leaders. We want in this country an American system; we wish to carry into operation, into practical effect, ideas, policies, theories in harmony with our surroundings.

This is a great country filled with intelligent, industrious, restless, ambitious people. Millions came here because they were dissatisfied with the laws, the institutions, the tyrannies, the absurdities, the poverty, the wretchedness and the infamous spirit of caste found in the Old World. Millions of these people are thinking for themselves, and only the people who can teach, who can give new facts, who can illuminate, should be regarded as political benefactors. This country is, in my judgment, in all that constitutes true greatness, the nearest civilized of any country. Only yesterday the German Empire robbed a woman of her child; this was done as a political necessity. Nothing is taken into consideration except some move on the political chess-board. The feelings of a mother are utterly disregarded; they are left out of the question; they are not even passed upon. They are naturally ignored, because in these governments only the unnatural is natural.

In our political life we have substantially outgrown the duel. There are some small, insignificant people who still think it important to defend a worthless reputation on the field of “honor,” but for respectable members of the Senate, of the House, of the Cabinet, to settle a political argument with pistols would render them utterly contemptible in this country; that is to say, the opinion that governs, that dominates in this country, holds the duel in abhorrence and in contempt. What could be more idiotic, absurd, childish, than the duel between Boulanger and Floquet? What was settled? It needed no duel to convince the world that Floquet is a man of courage. The same may be said of Boulanger. He has faced death upon many fields. Why, then, resort to the duel? If Boulanger’s wound proves fatal, that certainly does not tend to prove that Floquet told the truth, and if Boulanger recovers, it does not tend to prove that he did not tell the truth.

Nothing is settled. Two men controlled by vanity, that individual vanity born of national vanity, try to kill each other; the public ready to reward the victor; the cause of the quarrel utterly ignored; the hands of the public ready to applaud the successful swordsman —and yet France is called a civilized nation. No matter how serious the political situation may be, no matter if everything depends upon one man, that man is at the mercy of anyone in opposition who may see fit to challenge him. The greatest general at the head of their armies may be forced to fight a duel with a nobody. Such ideas, such a system, keeps a nation in peril and makes every cause, to a greater or less extent, depend upon the sword or the bullet of a criminal.

—*The Press*, New York, July 16, 1888.

The Mills Bill

Question. What, in your opinion, is the significance of the vote on the Mills Bill recently passed in the House? In this I find there were one hundred and sixty-two for it, and one hundred and forty-nine against it; of these, two Republicans voted for, and five Democrats against.

Answer. In the first place, I think it somewhat doubtful whether the bill could have been passed if Mr. Randall had been well. His sickness had much to do with this vote. Had he been present to have taken care of his side, to have kept his forces in hand, he, in my judgment, taking into consideration his wonderful knowledge of parliamentary tactics, would have defeated this bill.

It is somewhat hard to get the average Democrat, in the absence of his leader, to throw away the prospect of patronage. Most members of Congress have to pay tolerably strict attention to their political fences. The President, although clinging with great tenacity to the phrase “civil service,” has in all probability pulled every string he could reach for the purpose of compelling the Democratic members not only to stand in line, but to answer promptly to their names. Every Democrat who has shown independence has been stepped on just to the extent he could be reached; but many members, had the leader been on the floor—and a leader like Randall—would have followed him.

There are very few congressional districts in the United States not intensely Democratic where the people want nothing protected. There are a few districts where nothing grows except ancient politics, where they cultivate only the memory of what never ought to have been, where the subject of protection has not yet reached.

The impudence requisite to pass the Mills Bill is something phenomenal. Think of the Representatives from Louisiana saying to the ranchmen of the West and to the farmers of Ohio that wool must be on the free list, but that for the sake of preserving the sugar interest of Louisiana and a little portion of Texas, all the rest of the United States must pay tribute.

Everybody admits that Louisiana is not very well adapted by nature for raising sugar, for the reason that the cane has to be planted every year, and every third year the frost puts in an appearance just a little before the sugar. Now, while I think personally that the tariff on sugar has stimulated the inventive genius of the country to find other ways of producing that which is universally needed; and while I believe that it will not be long until we shall produce every pound of sugar that we consume, and produce it cheaper than we buy it now, I am satisfied that in time and at no distant day sugar will be made in this country extremely cheap, not only from beets, but from sorghum and corn, and it may be from other products. At the same time this is no excuse for Louisiana, neither is it any excuse for South Carolina asking for a tariff on rice, and at the same time wishing to leave some other industry in the United States, in which many more millions have been invested, absolutely without protection.

Understand, I am not opposed to a reasonable tariff on rice, provided it is shown that we can raise rice in this country cheaply and at a profit to such an extent as finally to become substantially independent of the rest of the world. What I object to is the impudence of the gentleman who is raising the rice objecting to the protection of some other industry of far greater importance than his.

After all, the whole thing must be a compromise. We must act together for the common good. If we wish to make something at the expense of another State we must allow that State to make something at our expense, or at least we must be able to show that while it is for our benefit it is also for the benefit of the country at large. Everybody is entitled to have his own way up to the point that his way interferes with somebody else. States are like individuals—their rights are relative—they are subordinated to the good of the whole country.

For many years it has been the American policy to do all that reasonably could be done to foster American industry, to give scope to American ingenuity and a field for American enterprise—in other words, a future for the United States.

The Southern States were always in favor of something like free trade. They wanted to raise cotton for Great Britain—raw material for other countries. At that time their labor was slave labor, and they could not hope ever to have skilled labor, because skilled labor cannot be enslaved. The Southern people knew at that time that if a man was taught enough of mathematics to understand machinery, to run locomotives, to weave cloth; it he was taught enough of chemistry even to color calico, it would be impossible to keep him a slave. Education always was and always will be an abolitionist. The South advocated a system of harmony with slavery, in harmony with ignorance—that is to say, a system of free trade, under which it might raise its raw material. It could not hope to manufacture, because by making its labor intelligent enough to manufacture it would lose it.

In the North, men are working for themselves, and as I have often said, they were getting their hands and heads in partnership. Every little stream that went singing to the sea was made to turn a thousand wheels; the water became a spinner and a weaver; the water became a blacksmith and ran a trip hammer; the water was doing the work of millions of men. In other words, the free people of the North were doing what free people have always done, going into partnership with the forces of nature. Free people want good tools, shapely, well made—tools with which the most work can be done with the least strain.

Suppose the South had been in favor of protection; suppose that all over the Southern country there had been workshops, factories, machines of every kind; suppose that her people had been as ingenious as the people of the North; suppose that her hands had been as deft as those that had been accustomed to skilled labor; then one of two things would have happened; either the South would have been too intelligent to withdraw from the Union, or, having withdrawn, it would have had the power to maintain its position. My opinion is that is would have been too intelligent to withdraw.

When the South seceded it had no factories. The people of the South had ability, but it was not trained in the direction then necessary. They could not arm and equip their

men; they could not make their clothes; they could not provide them with guns, with cannon, with ammunition, and with the countless implements of destruction. They had not the ingenuity; they had not the means; they could not make cars to carry their troops, or locomotives to draw them; they had not in their armies the men to build bridges or to supply the needed transportation. They had nothing but cotton — that is to say, raw material. So that you might say that the Rebellion has settled the question as to whether a country is better off and more prosperous, and more powerful, and more ready for war, that is filled with industries, or one that depends simply upon the production of raw material.

There is another thing in this connection that should never be forgotten—at least, not until after the election in November, and then if forgotten, should be remembered at every subsequent election —and that is, that the Southern Confederacy had in its Constitution the doctrine of free trade. Among other things it was fighting for free trade. As a matter of fact, John C. Calhoun was fighting for free trade; the nullification business was in the interest of free trade.

The Southern people are endeavoring simply to accomplish, with the aid of New York, what they failed to accomplish on the field. The South is as “solid” to-day as in 1863. It is now for free trade, and it purposes to carry the day by the aid of one or two Northern States. History is repeating itself. It was the same for many years, up to the election of Abraham Lincoln.

Understand me, I do not blame the South for acting in accordance with its convictions, but the North ought not to be misled. The North ought to understand what the issue is. The South has a different idea of government—it is afraid of what it calls “centralization”—it is extremely sensitive about what are called “State Rights” or the sovereignty of the State. But the North believes in a Union that is united. The North does not expect to have any interest antagonistic to the Union. The North has no mental reservation. The North believes in the Government and in the Federal system, and the North believes that when a State is admitted into the Union it becomes a part—an integral part—of the Nation; that there was a welding, that the State, so far as sovereignty is concerned, is lost in the Union, and that the people of that State become citizens of the whole country.

Question. I see that by the vote two of the five Democrats who voted for protection, and one of the two Republicans who voted for free trade, were New Yorkers. What do you think is the significance of this fact in relation to the question as to whether New York will join the South in the opposition to the industries of the country?

Answer. In the city of New York there are a vast number of men —importers, dealers in foreign articles, representatives of foreign houses, of foreign interests, of foreign ideas. Of course most of these people are in favor of free trade. They regard New York as a good market; beyond that they have not the slightest interest in the United States. They are in favor of anything that will give them a large profit, or that will allow them to do the same business with less capital, or that will do them any good without the slightest regard as to what the effect may be on this country as a nation. They come from all countries, and they expect to remain here until their fortunes are made or lost and all their ideas are moulded by their own interests. Then, there are a

great many natives who are merchants in New York and who deal in foreign goods, and they probably think—some of them—that it would be to their interest to have free trade, and they will probably vote according to the ledger. With them it is a question of bookkeeping. Their greed is too great to appreciate the fact that to impoverish customers destroys trade.

At the same time, New York, being one of the greatest manufacturing States of the world, will be for protection, and the Democrats of New York who voted for protection did so, not only because the believed in it themselves, but because their constituents believe in it, and the Republicans who voted the other way must have represented some district where the foreign influence controls.

The people of this State will protect their own industries.

Question. What will be the fate of the Mills Bill in the Senate?

Answer. I think that unless the Senate has a bill prepared embodying Republican ideals, a committee should be appointed, not simply to examine the Mills Bill, but to get the opinions and the ideas of the most intelligent manufacturers and mechanics in this country. Let the questions be thoroughly discussed, and let the information thus obtained be given to the people; let it be published from day to day; let the laboring man have his say, let the manufacturer give his opinion; let the representatives of the principal industries be heard, so that we may vote intelligently, so that the people may know what they are doing.

A great many industries have been attacked. Let them defend themselves. Public property should not be taken for Democratic use without due process of law.

Certainly it is not the business of a Republican Senate to pull the donkey of the Democrats out of the pit; the dug the pit, and we have lost no donkey.

I do not think the Senate called upon to fix up this Mills Bill, to rectify its most glaring mistakes, and then for the sake of saving a little, give up a great deal. What we have got is safe until the Democrats have the power to pass a bill. We can protect our rights by not passing their bills. In other words, we do not wish to practice any great self-denial simply for the purpose of insuring Democratic success. If the bill is sent back to the House, no matter in what form, if it still has the name “Mills Bill” I think the Democrats will vote for it simply to get out of their trouble. They will have the President’s message left.

But I do hope that the Senate will investigate this business. It is hardly fair to ask the Senate to take decided and final action upon this bill in the last days of the session. There is no time to consider it unless it is instantly defeated. This would probably be a safe course, and yet, by accident, there may be some good things in this bill that ought to be preserved, and certainly the Democratic party ought to regard it as a compliment to keep it long enough to read it.

The interests involved are great—there are the commercial and industrial interests of sixty millions of people. These questions touch the prosperity of the Republic. Every person under the flag has a direct interest in the solution of these questions. The end that is now arrived at, the policy now adopted, may and probably will last for many

years. One can hardly overestimate the immensity of the interests at stake. A man dealing with his own affairs should take time to consider; he should give himself the benefit of his best judgment. When acting for others he should do no less. The Senators represent, or should represent, not only their own views, but above these things they represent the material interests of their constituents, of their States, and to this trust they must be true, and in order to be true, they must understand the material interests of their States, and in order to be faithful, they must understand how the proposed changes in the tariff will affect these interests. This cannot be done in a moment.

In my judgment, the best way is for the Senate, through the proper committee, to hear testimony, to hear the views of intelligent men, of interested men, of prejudiced men—that is to say, they should look at the question from all sides.

Question. The Senate is almost tied; do you think that any Republicans are likely to vote in the interest of the President's policy at this session?

Answer. Of course I cannot pretend to answer that question from any special knowledge, or on any information that others are not in possession of. My idea is simply this: That a majority of the Senators are opposed to the President's policy. A majority of the Senate will, in my judgment, sustain the Republican policy; that is to say, they will stand by the American system. A majority of the Senate, I think, know that it will be impossible for us to compete in the markets of the world with those nations in which labor is far cheaper than it is in the United States, and that when you make the raw material just the same, you have not overcome the difference in labor, and until this is overcome we cannot successfully compete in the markets of the world with those countries where labor is cheaper. And there are only two ways to overcome this difficulty—either the price of labor must go up in the other countries or must go down in this. I do not believe that a majority of the Senate can be induced to vote for a policy that will decrease the wages of American workingmen.

There is this curious thing: The President started out blowing the trumpet of free trade. It gave, as the Democrats used to say, "no uncertain sound." He blew with all his might. Messrs. Morrison, Carlisle, Mills and many others joined the band. When the Mills Bill was introduced it was heralded as the legitimate offspring of the President's message. When the Democratic convention at St. Louis met, the declaration was made that the President's message, the Mills Bill, the Democratic platform of 1884 and the Democratic platform of 1888, were all the same—all segments of one circle; in fact, they were like modern locomotives—"all the parts interchangeable." As soon as the Republican convention met, made its platform and named its candidates, it is not free trade, but freer trade; and now Mr. Mills, in the last speech that he was permitted to make in favor of his bill, endeavored to show that it was a high protective tariff measure.

This is what lawyers call "a departure in pleading." That is to say, it is a case that ought to be beaten on demurrer.

—*New York Press*, July 29, 1888.

Society And Its Criminals

I suppose that society—that is to say, a state or a nation—has the right of self-defence. It is impossible to maintain society— that is to say, to protect the rights of individuals in life, in property, in reputation, and in the various pursuits known as trades and professions, without in some way taking care of those who violate these rights. The principal object of all government should be to protect those in the right from those in the wrong. There are a vast number of people who need to be protected who are unable, by reason of the defects in their minds and by the countless circumstances that enter into the question of making a living, to protect themselves. Among the barbarians there was, comparatively speaking, but little difference. A living was made by fishing and hunting. These arts were simple and easily learned. The principal difference in barbarians consisted in physical strength and courage. As a consequence, there were comparatively few failures. Most men were on an equality. Now that we are somewhat civilized, life has become wonderfully complex. There are hundreds of arts, trades, and professions, and in every one of these there is great competition.

Besides all this, something is needed every moment. Civilized man has less credit than the barbarian. There is something by which everything can be paid for, including the smallest services. Everybody demands payment, and he who fails to pay is a failure. Owing to the competition, owing to the complexity of modern life, owing to the thousand things that must be known in order to succeed in any direction, on either side of the great highway that is called Progress, are innumerable wrecks. As a rule, failure in some honest direction, or at least in some useful employment, is the dawn of crime. People who are prosperous, people who by reasonable labor can make a reasonable living, who, having a little leisure can lay in a little for the winter that comes to all, are honest.

As a rule, reasonable prosperity is virtuous. I don’t say great prosperity, because it is very hard for the average man to withstand extremes. When people fail under this law, or rather this fact, of the survival of the fittest, they endeavor to do by some illegal way that which they failed to do in accordance with law. Persons driven from the highway take to the fields, and endeavor to reach their end or object in some shorter way, by some quicker path, regardless of its being right or wrong.

I have said this much to show that I regard criminals as unfortunates. Most people regard those who violate the law with hatred. They do not take into consideration the circumstances. They do not believe that man is perpetually acted upon. They throw out of consideration the effect of poverty, of necessity, and above all, of opportunity. For these reasons they regard criminals with feelings of revenge. They wish to see them punished. They want them imprisoned or hanged. They do not think the law has been vindicated unless somebody has been outraged. I look at these things from an entirely different point of view. I regard these people who are in the clutches of the law not only as unfortunates, but, for the most part, as victims. You may call them victims of nature, or of nations, or of governments; it makes no difference, they are victims. Under the same circumstances the very persons who punish them would

be punished. But whether the criminal is a victim or not, the honest man, the industrious man, has the right to defend the product of his labor. He who sows and plows should be allowed to reap, and he who endeavors to take from him his harvest is what we call a criminal; and it is the business of society to protect the honest from the dishonest.

Without taking into account whether the man is or is not responsible, still society has the right of self-defence. Whether that right of self-defence goes to the extent of taking life, depends, I imagine, upon the circumstances in which society finds itself placed. A thousand men on a ship form a society. If a few men should enter into a plot for the destruction of the ship, or for turning it over to pirates, or for poisoning and plundering the most of the passengers—if the passengers found this out certainly they would have the right of self-defence. They might not have the means to confine the conspirators with safety. Under such circumstances it might be perfectly proper for them to destroy their lives and to throw their worthless bodies into the sea. But what society has the right to do depends upon the circumstances. Now, in my judgment, society has the right to do two things—to protect itself and to do what it can to reform the individual. Society has no right to take revenge; no right to torture a convict; no right to do wrong because some individual has done wrong. I am opposed to all corporal punishment in penitentiaries. I am opposed to anything that degrades a criminal or leaves upon him an unnecessary stain, or puts upon him any stain that he did not put upon himself.

Most people defend capital punishment on the ground that the man ought to be killed because he has killed another. The only real ground for killing him, even if that be good, is not that he has killed, but that he may kill. What he has done simply gives evidence of what he may do, and to prevent what he may do, instead of to revenge what he has done, should be the reason given.

Now, there is another view. To what extent does it harden the community for the Government to take life? Don't people reason in this way: That man ought to be killed; the Government, under the same circumstances, would kill him, therefore I will kill him? Does not the Government feed the mob spirit—the lynch spirit? Does not the mob follow the example set by the Government? The Government certainly cannot say that it hangs a man for the purpose of reforming him. Its feelings toward that man are only feelings of revenge and hatred. These are the same feelings that animate the lowest and basest mob.

Let me give you an example. In the city of Bloomington, in the State of Illinois, a man confined in the jail, in his efforts to escape, shot and, I believe, killed the jailer. He was pursued, recaptured, brought back and hanged by a mob. The man who put the rope around his neck was then under indictment for an assault to kill and was out on bail, and after the poor wretch was hanged another man climbed the tree and, in a kind of derision, put a piece of cigar between the lips of the dead man. The man who did this had also been indicted for a penitentiary offence and was then out on bail.

I mention this simply to show the kind of people you find in mobs. Now, if the Government had a greater and nobler thought; if the Government said: "We will reform; we will not destroy; but if the man is beyond reformation we will simply put

him where he can do no more harm," then, in my judgment, the effect would be far better. My own opinion is, that the effect of an execution is bad upon the community—degrading and debasing. The effect is to cheapen human life; and, although a man is hanged because he has taken human life, the very fact that his life is taken by the Government tends to do away with the idea that human life is sacred.

Let me give you an illustration. A man in the city of Washington went to Alexandria, Va., for the purpose of seeing a man hanged who had murdered an old man and a woman for the purpose of getting their money. On his return from that execution he came through what is called the Smithsonian grounds. This was on the same day, late in the evening. There he met a peddler, whom he proceeded to murder for his money. He was arrested in a few hours, in a little while was tried and convicted, and in a little while was hanged. And another man, present at this second execution, went home on that same day, and, in passing by a butcher-shop near his house, went in, took from the shop a cleaver, went into his house and chopped his wife's head off.

This, I say, throws a little light upon the effect of public executions. In the Cignarale case, of course the sentence should have been commuted. I think, however, that she ought not to be imprisoned for life. From what I read of the testimony I think she should have been pardoned.

It is hard, I suppose, for a man fully to understand and enter into the feelings of a wife who has been trampled upon, abused, bruised, and blackened by the man she loved—by the man who made to her the vows of eternal affection. The woman, as a rule, is so weak, so helpless. Of course, it does not all happen in a moment. It comes on as the night comes. She notices that he does not act quite as affectionately as he formerly did. Day after day, month after month, she feels that she is entering a twilight. But she hopes that she is mistaken, and that the light will come again. The gloom deepens, and at last she is in midnight—a midnight without a star. And this man, whom she once worshiped, is now her enemy— one who delights to trample upon every sentiment she has—who delights in humiliating her, and who is guilty of a thousand nameless tyrannies. Under these circumstances, it is hardly right to hold that woman accountable for what she does. It has always seemed to me strange that a woman so circumstanced—in such fear that she dare not even tell her trouble—in such fear that she dare not even run away—dare not tell a father or a mother, for fear that she will be killed—I say, that in view of all this, it has always seemed strange to me that so few husbands have been poisoned.

The probability is that society raises its own criminals. It plows the land, sows the seed, and harvests the crop. I believe that the shadow of the gibbet will not always fall upon the earth. I believe the time will come when we shall know too much to raise criminals—know too much to crowd those that labor into the dens and dungeons that we call tenements, while the idle live in palaces. The time will come when men will know that real progress means the enfranchisement of the whole human race, and that our interests are so united, so interwoven, that the few cannot be happy while the many suffer; so that the many cannot be happy while the few suffer; so that none can be happy while one suffers. In other words, it will be found that the human race is interested in each individual. When that time comes we will stop producing

criminals; we will stop producing failures; we will not leave the next generation to chance; we will not regard the gutter as a proper nursery for posterity.

People imagine that if the thieves are sent to the penitentiary, that is the last of the thieves; that if those who kill others are hanged, society is on a safe and enduring basis. But the trouble is here: A man comes to your front door and you drive him away. You have an idea that that man's case is settled. You are mistaken. He goes to the back door. He is again driven away. But the case is not settled. The next thing you know he enters at night. He is a burglar. He is caught; he is convicted; he is sent to the penitentiary, and you imagine that the case is settled. But it is not. You must remember that you have to keep all the agencies alive for the purpose of taking care of these people. You have to build and maintain your penitentiaries, your courts of justice; you have to pay your judges, your district attorneys, your juries, you witnesses, your detectives, your police—all these people must be paid. So that, after all, it is a very expensive way of settling this question. You could have done it far more cheaply had you found this burglar when he was a child; had you taken his father and mother from the tenement house, or had you compelled the owners to keep the tenement clean; or if you had widened the streets, if you had planted a few trees, if you had had plenty of baths, if you had had a school in the neighborhood. If you had taken some interest in this family—some interest in this child—instead of breaking into houses, he might have been a builder of houses.

There is, and it cannot be said too often, no reforming influence in punishment; no reforming power in revenge. Only the best of men should be in charge of penitentiaries; only the noblest minds and the tenderest hearts should have the care of criminals. Criminals should see from the first moment that they enter a penitentiary that it is filled with the air of kindness, full of the light of hope. The object should be to convince every criminal that he has made a mistake; that he has taken the wrong way; that the right way is the easy way, and that the path of crime never did and never can lead to happiness; that that idea is a mistake, and that the Government wishes to convince him that he has made a mistake; wishes to open his intellectual eyes; wishes so to educate him, so to elevate him, that he will look back upon what he has done, only with horror. This is reformation. Punishment is not. When the convict is taken to Sing Sing or to Auburn, and when a striped suit of clothes is put upon him—that is to say, when he is made to feel the degradation of his position—no step has been taken toward reformation. You have simply filled his heart with hatred. Then, when he has been abused for several years, treated like a wild beast, and finally turned out again in the community, he has no thought, in a majority of cases, except to "get even" with those who have persecuted him. He feels that it is a persecution.

Question. Do you think that men are naturally criminals and naturally virtuous?

Answer. I think that man does all that he does naturally—that is to say, a certain man does a certain act under certain circumstances, and he does this naturally. For instance, a man sees a five dollar bill, and he knows that he can take it without being seen. Five dollars is no temptation to him. Under the circumstances it is not natural that he should take it. The same man sees five million dollars, and feels that he can get possession of it without detection. If he takes it, then under the circumstances,

that was natural to him. And yet I believe there are men above all price, and that no amount of temptation or glory or fame could mislead them. Still, whatever man does, is or was natural to him.

Another view of the subject is this: I have read that out of fifty criminals who had been executed it was found, I believe, in nearly all the cases, that the shape of the skull was abnormal. Whether this is true or not, I don't know; but that some men have a tendency toward what we call crime, I believe. Where this has been ascertained, then, it seems to me, such men should be placed where they cannot multiply their kind. Women who have a criminal tendency should be placed where they cannot increase their kind. For hardened criminals —that is to say, for the people who make crime a business—it would probably be better to separate the sexes; to send the men to one island, the women to another. Let them be kept apart, to the end that people with criminal tendencies may fade from the earth. This is not prompted by revenge. This would not be done for the purpose of punishing these people, but for the protection of society —for the peace and happiness of the future.

My own belief is that the system in vogue now in regard to the treatment of criminals in many States produces more crime than it prevents. Take, for instance, the Southern States. There is hardly a chapter in the history of the world the reading of which could produce greater indignation than the history of the convict system in many of the Southern States. These convicts are hired out for the purpose of building railways, or plowing fields, or digging coal, and in some instances the death-rate has been over twelve per cent. a month. The evidence shows that no respect was paid to the sexes—men and women were chained together indiscriminately. The evidence also shows that for the slightest offences they were shot down like beasts. They were pursued by hounds, and their flesh was torn from their bones.

So in some of the Northern prisons they have what they call the weighing machine—an infamous thing, and he who uses it commits as great a crime as the convict he punishes could have committed. All these things are degrading, debasing, and demoralizing. There is no need of any such punishment in any penitentiary. Let the punishment be of such kind that the convict is responsible himself. For instance, if the convict refuses to obey a reasonable rule he can be put into a cell. He can be fed when he obeys the rule.

If he goes hungry it is his own fault. It depends upon himself to say when he shall eat. Or he may be placed in such a position that if he does not work—if he does not pump—the water will rise and drown him. If the water does rise it is his fault. Nobody pours it upon him. He takes his choice.

These are suggested as desperate cases, but I can imagine no case where what is called corporal punishment should be inflicted, and the reason I am against it is this: I am opposed to any punishment that cannot be inflicted by a gentleman. I am opposed to any punishment the infliction of which tends to harden and debase the man who inflicts it. I am for no laws that have to be carried out by human curs.

Take, for instance, the whipping-post. Nothing can be more degrading. The man who applies the lash is necessarily a cruel and vulgar man, and the oftener he applies it the more and more debased he will become. The whole thing can be stated in the one

sentence: I am opposed to any punishment that cannot be inflicted by a gentleman, and by “gentleman” I mean a self-respecting, honest, generous man.

Question. What do you think of the efficacy or the propriety of punishing criminals by solitary confinement?

Answer. Solitary confinement is a species of torture. I am opposed to all torture. I think the criminal should not be punished. He should be reformed, if he is capable of reformation. But, whatever is done, it should not be done as a punishment. Society should be too noble, too generous, to harbor a thought of revenge. Society should not punish, it should protect itself only. It should endeavor to reform the individual. Now, solitary confinement does not, I imagine, tend to the reformation of the individual. Neither can the person in that position do good to any human being. The prisoner will be altogether happier when his mind is engaged, when his hands are busy, when he has something to do. This keeps alive what we call cheerfulness. And let me say a word on this point.

I don’t believe that the State ought to steal the labor of a convict. Here is a man who has a family. He is sent to the penitentiary. He works from morning till night. Now, in my judgment, he ought to be paid for the labor over and above what it costs to keep him. That money should be sent to his family. That money should be subject, at least, to his direction. If he is a single man, when he comes out of the penitentiary he should be given his earnings, and all his earnings, so that he would not have the feeling that he had been robbed. A statement should be given to him to show what it had cost to keep him and how much his labor had brought and the balance remaining in his favor. With this little balance he could go out into the world with something like independence. This little balance would be a foundation for his honesty—a foundation for a resolution on his part to be a man. But now each one goes out with the feeling that he has not only been punished for the crime which he committed, but that he has been robbed of the results of his labor while there.

The idea is simply preposterous that the people sent to the penitentiary should live in idleness. They should have the benefit of their labor, and if you give them the benefit of their labor they will turn out as good work as if they were out of the penitentiary. They will have the same reason to do their best. Consequently, poor articles, poorly constructed things, would not come into competition with good articles made by free people outside of the walls.

Now many mechanics are complaining because work done in the penitentiaries is brought into competition with their work. But the only reason that convict work is cheaper is because the poor wretch who does it is robbed. The only reason that the work is poor is because the man who does it has no interest in its being good. If he had the profit of his own labor he would do the best that was in him, and the consequence would be that the wares manufactured in the prisons would be as good as those manufactured elsewhere. For instance, we will say here are three or four men working together. They are all free men. One commits a crime and he is sent to the penitentiary. Is it possible that his companions would object to his being paid for honest work in the penitentiary?

And let me say right here, all labor is honest. Whoever makes a useful thing, the labor is honest, no matter whether the work is done in a penitentiary or in a palace; in a hovel or the open field. Wherever work is done for the good of others, it is honest work. If the laboring men would stop and think, they would know that they support everybody. Labor pays all the taxes. Labor supports all the penitentiaries. Labor pays the warden. Labor pays everything, and if the convicts are allowed to live in idleness labor must pay their board. Every cent of tax is borne by the back of labor. No matter whether your tariff is put on champagne and diamonds, it has to be paid by the men and women who work—those who plow in the fields, who wash and iron, who stand by the forge, who run the cars and work in the mines, and by those who battle with the waves of the sea. Labor pays every bill.

There is one little thing to which I wish to call the attention of all who happen to read this interview, and that is this: Undoubtedly you think of all criminals with horror and when you hear about them you are, in all probability, filled with virtuous indignation. But, first of all, I want you to think of what you have in fact done. Secondly, I want you to think of what you have wanted to do. Thirdly, I want you to reflect whether you were prevented from doing what you wanted to do by fear or by lack of opportunity. Then perhaps you will have more charity.

Question. What do you think of the new legislation in the State changing the death penalty to death by electricity?

Answer. If death by electricity is less painful than hanging, then the law, so far as that goes, is good. There is not the slightest propriety in inflicting upon the person executed one single unnecessary pang, because that partakes of the nature of revenge—that is to say, of hatred—and, as a consequence, the State shows the same spirit that the criminal was animated by when he took the life of his neighbor. If the death penalty is to be inflicted, let it be done in the most humane way. For my part, I should like to see the criminal removed, if he must be removed, with the same care and with the same mercy that you would perform a surgical operation. Why inflict pain? Who wants it inflicted? What good can it, by any possibility, do? To inflict unnecessary pain hardens him who inflicts it, hardens each among those who witness it, and tends to demoralize the community.

Question. Is it not the fact that punishments have grown less and less severe for many years past?

Answer. In the old times punishment was the only means of reformation. If anybody did wrong, punish him. If people still continued to commit the same offence, increase the punishment; and that went on until in what they call “civilized countries” they hanged people, provided they stole the value of one shilling. But larceny kept right on. There was no diminution. So, for treason, barbarous punishments were inflicted. Those guilty of that offence were torn asunder by horses; their entrails were cut out of them while they were yet living and thrown into their faces; their bodies were quartered and their heads were set on pikes above the gates of the city. Yet there was a hundred times more treason then than now. Every time a man was executed and mutilated and tortured in this way the seeds of other treason were sown.

So in the church there was the same idea. No reformation but by punishment. Of course in this world the punishment stopped when the poor wretch was dead. It was found that that punishment did not reform, so the church said: “After death it will go right on, getting worse and worse, forever and forever.” Finally it was found that this did not tend to the reformation of mankind. Slowly the fires of hell have been dying out. The climate has been changing from year to year. Men have lost confidence in the power of the thumbscrew, the fagot, and the rack here, and they are losing confidence in the flames of perdition hereafter. In other words, it is simply a question of civilization.

When men become civilized in matters of thought, they will know that every human being has the right to think for himself, and the right to express his honest thought. Then the world of thought will be free. At that time they will be intelligent enough to know that men have different thoughts, that their ways are not alike, because they have lived under different circumstances, and in that time they will also know that men act as they are acted upon. And it is my belief that the time will come when men will no more think of punishing a man because he has committed the crime of larceny than they will think of punishing a man because he has the consumption. In the first case they will endeavor to reform him, and in the second case they will endeavor to cure him.

The intelligent people of the world, many of them, are endeavoring to find out the great facts in Nature that control the dispositions of men. So other intelligent people are endeavoring to ascertain the facts and conditions that govern what we call health, and what we call disease, and the object of these people is finally to produce a race without disease of flesh and without disease of mind. These people look forward to the time when there need to be neither hospitals nor penitentiaries.

—*New York World*, August 5, 1888.

Woman's Right To Divorce

Question. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the great Agnostic, has always been an ardent defender of the sanctity of the home and of the marriage relation. Apropos of the horrible account of a man's tearing out the eyes of his wife at Far Rockaway last week, Colonel Ingersoll was asked what recourse a woman had under such circumstances?

Answer. I read the account, and I don't remember of ever having read anything more perfectly horrible and cruel. It is impossible for me to imagine such a monster, or to account for such an inhuman human being. How a man could deprive a human being of sight, except where some religious question is involved, is beyond my comprehension. We know that for many centuries frightful punishments were inflicted, and inflicted by the pious, by the theologians, by the spiritual minded, and by those who "loved their neighbors as themselves." We read the accounts of how the lids of men's eyes were cut off and then the poor victims tied where the sum would shine upon their lifeless orbs; of others who were buried alive; of others staked out on the sands of the sea, to be drowned by the rising tide; of others put in sacks filled with snakes. Yet these things appeared far away, and we flattered ourselves that, to a great degree, the world had outgrown these atrocities; and now, here, near the close of the nineteenth century, we find a man—a husband—cruel enough to put out the eyes of the woman he swore to love, protect and cherish. This man has probably been taught that there is forgiveness for every crime, and now imagines that when he repents there will be more joy in heaven over him than over ninety and nine good and loving husbands who have treated their wives in the best possible manner, and who, instead of tearing out their eyes, have filled their lives with content and covered their faces with kisses.

Question. You told me, last week, in a general way, what society should do with the husband in such a case as that. I would like to ask you to-day, what you think society ought to do with the wife in such a case, or what ought the wife to be permitted to do for herself?

Answer. When we take into consideration the crime of the man who blinded his wife, it is impossible not to think of the right of divorce. Many people insist that marriage is an indissoluble tie; that nothing can break it, and that nothing can release either party from the bond. Now, take this case at Far Rockaway. One year ago the husband tore out one of his wife's eyes. Had she then good cause for divorce? Is it possible that an infinitely wise and good God would insist on this poor, helpless woman remaining with the wild beast, her husband? Can anyone imagine that such a course would add to the joy of Paradise, or even tend to keep one harp in tune? Can the good of society require the woman to remain? She did remain, and the result is that the other eye has been torn from its socket by the hands of the husband. Is she entitled to a divorce now? And if she is granted one, is virtue in danger, and shall we lose the high ideal of home life? Can anything be more infamous than to endeavor to make a woman, under such circumstances, remain with such a man? It may be said that she should leave him—that they should live separate and apart. That is to say, that this

woman should be deprived of a home; that she should not be entitled to the love of man; that she should remain, for the rest of her days, worse than a widow. That is to say, a wife, hiding, keeping out of the way, secreting herself from the hyena to whom she was married. Nothing, in my judgment, can exceed the heartlessness of a law or of a creed that would compel this woman to remain the wife of this monster. And it is not only cruel, but it is immoral, low, vulgar.

The ground has been taken that woman would lose her dignity if marriages were dissoluble. Is it necessary to lose your freedom in order to retain your character, in order to be womanly or manly? Must a woman in order to retain her womanhood become a slave, a serf, with a wild beast for a master, or with society for a master, or with a phantom for a master? Has not the married woman the right of self-defence? Is it not the duty of society to protect her from her husband? If she owes no duty to her husband; if it is impossible for her to feel toward him any thrill of affection, what is there of marriage left? What part of the contract remains in force? She is not to live with him, because she abhors him. She is not to remain in the same house with him, for fear he may kill her. What, then, are their relations? Do they sustain any relation except that of hunter and hunted—that is, of tyrant and victim? And is it desirable that this relation should be rendered sacred by a church? Is it desirable to have families raised under such circumstances? Are we really in need of the children born of such parents? If the woman is not in fault, does society insist that her life should be wrecked? Can the virtue of others be preserved only by the destruction of her happiness, and by what might be called her perpetual imprisonment? I hope the clergy who believe in the sacredness of marriage—in the indissolubility of the marriage tie—will give their opinions on this case. I believe that marriage is the most important contract that human beings can make. I always believe that a man will keep his contract; that a woman, in the highest sense, will keep hers, But suppose the man does not. Is the woman still bound?

Is there no mutuality? What is a contract? It is where one party promises to do something in consideration that the other party will do something. That is to say, there is a consideration on both sides, moving from one to the other. A contract without consideration is null and void; and a contract duly entered into, where the consideration of one party is withheld, is voidable, and can be voided by the party who has kept, or who is willing to keep, the contract. A marriage without love is bad enough. But what can we say of a marriage where the parties hate each other? Is there any morality in this—any virtue? Will any decent person say that a woman, true, good and loving, should be compelled to live with a man she detests, compelled to be the mother of his children? Is there a woman in the world who would not shrink from this herself? And is there a woman so heartless and so immoral that she would force another to bear what she would shudderingly avoid? Let us bring these questions home. In other words, let us have some sense, some feeling, some heart—and just a little brain. Marriages are made by men and women. They are not made by the State, and they are not made by the gods. By this time people should learn that human happiness is the foundation of virtue—the foundation of morality. Nothing is moral that does not tend to the well-being of sentient beings. Nothing is virtuous the result of which is not a human good. The world has always been living for phantoms, for ghosts, for monsters begotten by ignorance and fear. The world should learn to

live for itself. Man should, by this time, be convinced that all the reasons for doing right, and all the reasons for doing wrong, are right here in this world—all within the horizon of this life. And besides, we should have imagination to put ourselves in the place of another. Let a man suppose himself a helpless wife, beaten by a brute who believes in the indissolubility of marriage. Would he want a divorce?

I suppose that very few people have any adequate idea of the sufferings of women and children; of the number of wives who tremble when they hear the footsteps of a returning husband; of the number of children who hide when they hear the voice of a father. Very few people know the number of blows that fall on the flesh of the helpless every day. Few know the nights of terror passed by mothers holding young children at their breasts. Compared with this, the hardships of poverty, borne by those who love each other, are nothing. Men and women, truly married, bear the sufferings of poverty. They console each other; their affection gives to the heart of each perpetual sunshine. But think of the others! I have said a thousand times that the home is the unit of good government. When we have kind fathers and loving mothers, then we shall have civilized nations, and not until then. Civilization commences at the hearthstone. When intelligence rocks the cradle—when the house is filled with philosophy and kindness—you will see a world a peace. Justice will sit in the courts, wisdom in the legislative halls, and over all, like the dome of heaven, will be the spirit of Liberty!

Question. What is your idea with regard to divorce?

Answer. My idea is this: As I said before, marriage is the most sacred contract—the most important contract—that human beings can make. As a rule, the woman dowers the husband with her youth—with all she has. From this contract the husband should never be released unless the wife has broken a condition; that is to say, has failed to fulfill the contract of marriage. On the other hand, the woman should be allowed a divorce for the asking. This should be granted in public, precisely as the marriage should be in public. Every marriage should be known. There should be witnesses, to the end that the character of the contract entered into should be understood; and as all marriage records should be kept, so the divorce should be open, public and known. The property should be divided by a court of equity, under certain regulations of law. If there are children, they should be provided for through the property and the parents. People should understand that men and women are not virtuous by law. They should comprehend the fact that law does not create virtue—that law is not the foundation, the fountain, of love. They should understand that love is in the human heart, and that real love is virtuous. People who love each other will be true to each other. The death of love is the commencement of vice. Besides this, there is a public opinion that has great weight. When that public opinion is right, it does a vast amount of good, and when wrong, a great amount of harm. People marry, or should marry, because it increases the happiness of each and all. But where the marriage turns out to have been a mistake, and where the result is misery, and not happiness, the quicker they are divorced the better, not only for themselves, but for the community at large. These arguments are generally answered by some donkey braying about free love, and by “free love” he means a condition of society in which there is no love. The persons who make this cry are, in all

probability, incapable of the sentiment, of the feeling, known as love. They judge others by themselves, and they imagine that without law there would be no restraint.

What do they say of natural modesty? Do they forget that people have a choice? Do they not understand something of the human heart, and that true love has always been as pure as the morning star? Do they believe that by forcing people to remain together who despise each other they are adding to the purity of the marriage relation? Do they not know that all marriage is an outward act, testifying to that which has happened in the heart? Still, I always believe that words are wasted on such people. It is useless to talk to anybody about music who is unable to distinguish one tune from another. It is useless to argue with a man who regards his wife as his property, and it is hardly worth while to suggest anything to a gentleman who imagines that society is so constructed that it really requires, for the protection of itself, that the lives of good and noble women should be wrecked, I am a believer in the virtue of women, in the honesty of man. The average woman is virtuous; the average man is honest, and the history of the world shows it. If it were not so, society would be impossible. I don't mean by this that most men are perfect, but what I mean is this: That there is far more good than evil in the average human being, and that the natural tendency of most people is toward the good and toward the right. And I most passionately deny that the good of society demands that any good person should suffer. I do not regard government as a Juggernaut, the wheels of which must, of necessity, roll over and crush the virtuous, the self-denying and the good. My doctrine is the exact opposite of what is known as free love. I believe in the marriage of true minds and of true hearts. But I believe that thousands of people are married who do not love each other. That is the misfortune of our century. Other things are taken into consideration—position, wealth, title and the thousand things that have nothing to do with real affection. Where men and women truly love each other, that love, in my judgment, lasts as long as life. The greatest line that I know of in the poetry of the world is in the 116th sonnet of Shakespeare: "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds."

Question. Why do you make such a distinction between the rights of man and the rights of women?

Answer. The woman has, as her capital, her youth, her beauty. We will say that she is married at twenty or twenty-five. In a few years she has lost her beauty. During these years the man, so far as capacity to make money is concerned—to do something—has grown better and better. That is to say, his chances have improved; hers have diminished. She has dowered him with the Spring of her life, and as her life advances her chances decrease. Consequently, I would give her the advantage, and I would not compel her to remain with him against her will. It seems to me far worse to be a wife upon compulsion than to be a husband upon compulsion. Besides this, I have a feeling of infinite tenderness toward mothers. The woman that bears children certainly should not be compelled to live with a man whom she despises. The suffering is enough when the father of the child is to her the one man of all the world. Many people who have a mechanical apparatus in their breasts that assists in the circulation of what they call blood, regard these views as sentimental. But when you take sentiment out of the world nothing is left worth living for, and when you get

sentiment out of the heart it is nothing more or less than a pump, an old piece of rubber that has acquired the habit of contracting and dilating. But I have this consolation: The people that do not agree with me are those that do not understand me.

—*New York World*, 1888.

Secularism

Question. Colonel, what is your opinion of Secularism? Do you regard it as a religion?

Answer. I understand that the word Secularism embraces everything that is of any real interest or value to the human race. I take it for granted that everybody will admit that well-being is the only good; that is to say, that it is impossible to conceive of anything of real value that does not tend either to preserve or to increase the happiness of some sentient being. Secularism, therefore, covers the entire territory. It fills the circumference of human knowledge and of human effort. It is, you may say, the religion of this world; but if there is another world, it is necessarily the religion of that, as well.

Man finds himself in this world naked and hungry. He needs food, raiment, shelter. He finds himself filled with almost innumerable wants. To gratify these wants is the principal business of life. To gratify them without interfering with other people is the course pursued by all honest men.

Secularism teaches us to be good here and now. I know nothing better than goodness. Secularism teaches us to be just here and now. It is impossible to be juster than just.

Man can be as just in this world as in any other, and justice must be the same in all worlds. Secularism teaches a man to be generous, and generosity is certainly as good here as it can be anywhere else. Secularism teaches a man to be charitable, and certainly charity is as beautiful in this world and in this short life as it could be were man immortal.

But orthodox people insist that there is something higher than Secularism; but, as a matter of fact, the mind of man can conceive of nothing better, nothing higher, nothing more spiritual, than goodness, justice, generosity, charity. Neither has the mind of men been capable of finding a nobler incentive to action than human love. Secularism has to do with every possible relation. It says to the young man and to the young woman: “Don’t marry unless you can take care of yourselves and your children.” It says to the parents: “Live for your children; put forth every effort to the end that your children may know more than you—that they may be better and grander than you.” It says: “You have no right to bring children into the world that you are not able to educate and feed and clothe.” It says to those who have diseases that can be transmitted to children: “Do not marry; do not become parents; do not perpetuate suffering, deformity, agony, imbecility, insanity, poverty, wretchedness.”

Secularism tells all children to do the best they can for their parents—to discharge every duty and every obligation. It defines the relation that should exist between husband and wife; between parent and child; between the citizen and the Nation. And not only that, but between nations.

Secularism is a religion that is to be used everywhere, and at all times—that is to be taught everywhere and practiced at all times. It is not a religion that is so dangerous that it must be kept out of the schools; it is not a religion that is so dangerous that it

must be kept out of politics. It belongs in the schools; it belongs at the polls. It is the business of Secularism to teach every child; to teach every voter. It is its business to discuss all political problems, and to decide all questions that affect the rights or the happiness of a human being.

Orthodox religion is a firebrand; it must be kept out of the schools; it must be kept out of politics. All the churches unite in saying that orthodox religion is not for every day use. The Catholics object to any Protestant religion being taught to children. Protestants object to any Catholic religion being taught to children. But the Secularist wants his religion taught to all; and his religion can produce no feeling, for the reason that it consists of facts—of truths. And all of it is important; important for the child, important for the parent, important for the politician —for the President—for all in power; important to every legislator, to every professional man, to every laborer and every farmer—that is to say, to every human being.

The great benefit of Secularism is that is appeals to the reason of every man. It asks every man to think for himself. It does not threaten punishment if a man thinks, but it offers a reward, for fear that he will not think. It does not say, “You will be damned in another world if you think.” But it says, “You will be damned in this world if you do not think.”

Secularism preserves the manhood and the womanhood of all. It says to each human being: “Stand upon your own feet. Count one! Examine for yourself. Investigate, observe, think. Express your opinion. Stand by your judgment, unless you are convinced you are wrong, and when you are convinced, you can maintain and preserve your manhood or womanhood only by admitting that you were wrong.”

It is impossible that the whole world should agree on one creed. It may be impossible that any two human beings can agree exactly in religious belief. Secularism teaches that each one must take care of himself, that the first duty of man is to himself, to the end that he may be not only useful to himself, but to others. He who fails to take care of himself becomes a burden; the first duty of man is not to be a burden.

Every Secularist can give a reason for his creed. First of all, he believes in work—taking care of himself. He believes in the cultivation of the intellect, to the end that he may take advantage of the forces of nature—to the end that he may be clothed and fed and sheltered.

He also believes in giving to every other human being every right that he claims for himself. He does not depend on prayer. He has no confidence in ghosts or phantoms. He knows nothing of another world, and knows just as little of a First Cause. But what little he does know, he endeavors to use, and to use for the benefit of himself and others.

He knows that he sustains certain relations to other sentient beings, and he endeavors to add to the aggregate of human joy. He is his own church, his own priest, his own clergyman and his own pope. He decides for himself; in other words, he is a free man.

He also has a Bible, and this Bible embraces all the good and true things that have been written, no matter by whom, or in what language, or in what time. He accepts

everything that he believes to be true, and rejects all that he thinks is false. He knows that nothing is added to the probability of an event, because there has been an account of it written and printed.

All that has been said that is true is part of his Bible. Every splendid and noble thought, every good word, every kind action— all these you will find in his Bible. And, in addition to these, all that is absolutely known—that has been demonstrated—belongs to the Secularist. All the inventions, machines—everything that has been of assistance to the human race—belongs to his religion. The Secularist is in possession of everything that man has. He is deprived only of that which man never had. The orthodox world believes in ghosts and phantoms, in dreams and prayers, in miracles and monstrosities; that is to say, in modern theology. But these things do not exist, or if they do exist, it is impossible for a human being to ascertain the fact. Secularism has no "castles in Spain." It has no glorified fog. It depends upon realities, upon demonstrations; and its end and aim is to make this world better every day—to do away with poverty and crime, and to cover the world with happy and contended homes.

Let me say, right here, that a few years ago the Secular Hall at Leicester, England, was opened by a speech from George Jacob Holyoake, entitled, "Secularism as a Religion." I have never read anything better on the subject of Secularism than this address. It is so clear and so manly that I do not see how any human being can read it without becoming convinced, and almost enraptured.

Let me quote a few lies from this address:—

"The mind of man would die if it were not for Thought, and were Thought suppressed, God would rule over a world of idiots.

"Nature feeds Thought, day and night, with a million hands.

"To think is a duty, because it is a man's duty not to be a fool.

"If man does not think himself, he is an intellectual pauper, living upon the truth acquired by others, and making no contribution himself in return. He has no ideas but such as he obtains by 'out- door relief,' and he goes about the world with a charity mind.

"The more thinkers there are in the world, the more truth there is in the world.

"Progress can only walk in the footsteps of Conviction.

"Coercion in thought is not progress, it reduces to ignominious pulp the backbone of the mind.

"By Religion I mean the simple creed of deed and duty, by which a man seeks his own welfare in his own way, with an honest and fair regard to the welfare and ways of others.

"In these thinking and practical days, men demand a religion of daily life, which stands on a business footing."

I think nothing could be much better than the following, which shows the exact relation that orthodox religion sustains to the actual wants of human beings:

“The Churches administer a system of Foreign Affairs.

“Secularism dwells in a land of its own. It dwells in a land of Certitude.

“In the Kingdom of Thought there is no conquest over man, but over foolishness only.”

I will not quote more, but hope all who read this will read the address of Mr. Holyoake, who has, in my judgment, defined Secularism with the greatest possible clearness.

Question. What, in your opinion, are the best possible means to spread this gospel or religion of Secularism?

Answer. This can only be done by the cultivation of the mind— only through intelligence—because we are fighting only the monsters of the mind. The phantoms whom we are endeavoring to destroy do not exist; they are all imaginary. They live in that undeveloped or unexplored part of the mind that belongs to barbarism.

I have sometimes thought that a certain portion of the mind is cultivated so that it rises above the surrounding faculties and is like some peak that has lifted itself above the clouds, while all the valleys below are dark or dim with mist and cloud. It is in this valley-region, amid these mists, beneath these clouds, that these monsters and phantoms are born. And there they will remain until the mind sheds light—until the brain is developed.

One exceedingly important thing is to teach man that his mind has limitations; that there are walls that he cannot scale—that he cannot pierce, that he cannot dig under. When a man finds the limitations of his own mind, he knows that other people’s minds have limitations. He, instead of believing what the priest says, he asks the priest questions. In a few moments he finds that the priest has been drawing on his imagination for what is beyond the wall. Consequently he finds that the priest knows no more than he, and it is impossible that he should know more than he.

An ignorant man has not the slightest suspicion of what a superior man may do. Consequently, he is liable to become the victim of the intelligent and cunning. A man wholly unacquainted with chemistry, after having been shown a few wonders, is ready to believe anything. But a chemist who knows something of the limitations of that science—who knows what chemists have done and who knows the nature of things—cannot be imposed upon. When no one can be imposed upon, orthodox religion cannot exist. It is an imposture, and there must be impostors and there must be victims, or the religion cannot be a success.

Secularism cannot be a success, universally, as long as there is an impostor or a victim. This is the difference: The foundation of orthodox religion is imposture. The foundation of Secularism is demonstration. Just to the extent that a man knows, he becomes a Secularist.

Question. What do you think of the action of the Knights of Labor in Indiana in turning out one of their members because he was an Atheist, and because he objected to the reading of the Bible at lodge meetings?

Answer. In my judgment, the Knights of Labor have made a great mistake. They want liberty for themselves—they feel that, to a certain extent, they have been enslaved and robbed. If they want liberty, they should be willing to give liberty to others. Certainly one of their members has the same right to his opinion with regard to the existence of a God, that the other members have to theirs.

I do not blame this man for doubting the existence of a Supreme Being, provided he understands the history of liberty. When a man takes into consideration the fact that for many thousands of years labor was unpaid, nearly all of it being done by slaves, and that millions and hundreds of millions of human beings were bought and sold the same as cattle, and that during all that time the religions of the world upheld the practice, and the priests of the countless unknown gods insisted that the institution of slavery was divine— I do not wonder that he comes to the conclusion that, perhaps, after all, there is no Supreme Being—at least none who pays any particular attention to the affairs of this world.

If one will read the history of the slave-trade, of the cruelties practiced, of the lives sacrificed, of the tortures inflicted, he will at least wonder why "a God of infinite goodness and wisdom" did not interfere just a little; or, at least, why he did not deny that he was in favor of the trade. Here, in our own country, millions of men were enslaved, and hundreds and thousands of ministers stood up in their pulpits, with their Bibles in front of them, and proceeded to show that slavery was about the only institution that they were absolutely certain was divine. And they proved it by reading passages from this very Bible that the Knights of Labor in Indiana are anxious to have read in their meetings. For their benefit, let me call their attention to a few passages, and suggest that, hereafter, they read those passages at every meeting, for the purpose of convincing all the Knights that the Lord is on the side of those who work for a living:—

"Both thy bondsmen and thy bondsmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen round about you; of them shall ye buy bondsmen and bondmaids.

"Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families which are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession.

"And ye shall take them as an inheritance, for your children after you to inherit them for a possession. They shall be your bondsmen forever."

Nothing seems more natural to me than that a man who believes that labor should be free, and that he who works should be free, should come to the conclusion that the passages above quoted are not entirely on his side. I don't see why people should be in favor of free bodies who are not also in favor of free minds. If the mind is to remain in imprisonment, it is hardly worth while to free the body. If the man has the right to labor, he certainly has the right to use his mind, because without mind he can

do no labor. As a rule, the more mind he has, the more valuable his labor is, and the freer his mind is the more valuable he is.

If the Knights of Labor expect to accomplish anything in this world, they must do it by thinking. They must have reason on their side, and the only way they can do anything by thinking is to allow each other to think. Let all the men who do not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, leave the Knights of Labor and I do not know how many would be left. But I am perfectly certain that those left will accomplish very little, simply from their lack of sense.

Intelligent clergymen have abandoned the idea of plenary inspiration. The best ministers in the country admit that the Bible is full of mistakes, and while many of them are forced to say that slavery is upheld by the Old Testament they also insist that slavery was and is, and forever will be wrong. What had the Knights of Labor to do with a question of religion? What business is it of theirs who believes or disbelieves in the religion of the day? Nobody can defend the rights of labor without defending the right to think.

I hope that in time these Knights will become intelligent enough to read in their meetings something of importance; something that applies to this century; something that will throw a little light on questions under discussion at the present time. The idea of men engaged in a kind of revolution reading from Leviticus, Deuteronomy and Haggai, for the purpose of determining the rights of workingmen in the nineteenth century! No wonder such men have been swallowed by the whale of monopoly. And no wonder that, while that are in the belly of this fish, they insist on casting out a man with sense enough to understand the situation! The Knights of Labor have made a mistake and the sooner they reverse their action the better for all concerned. Nothing should be taught in this world that somebody does not know.

—*Secular Thought*, Toronto, Canada, August 25, 1888.

Summer Recreation—Mr. Gladstone

Question. What is the best philosophy of summer recreation?

Answer. As a matter of fact, no one should be overworked. Recreation becomes necessary only when a man has abused himself or has been abused. Holidays grew out of slavery. An intelligent man ought not to work so hard to-day that he is compelled to rest to-morrow. Each day should have its labor and its rest. But in our civilization, if it can be called civilization, every man is expected to devote himself entirely to business for the most of the year and by that means to get into such a state of body and mind that he requires, for the purpose of recreation, the inconveniences, the poor diet, the horrible beds, the little towels, the warm water, the stale eggs and the tough beef of the average "resort." For the purpose of getting his mental and physical machinery in fine working order, he should live in a room for two or three months that is about eleven by thirteen; that is to say, he should live in a trunk, fight mosquitoes, quarrel with strangers, dispute bills, and generally enjoy himself; and this is supposed to be the philosophy of summer recreation. He can do this, or he can go to some extremely fashionable resort where his time is taken up in making himself and family presentable.

Seriously, there are few better summer resorts than New York City. If there were no city here it would be the greatest resort for the summer on the continent; with its rivers, its bay, with its wonderful scenery, with the winds from the sea, no better could be found. But we cannot in this age of the world live in accordance with philosophy. No particular theory can be carried out. We must live as we must; we must earn our bread and we must earn it as others do, and, as a rule, we must work when others work. Consequently, if we are to take any recreation we must follow the example of others; go when they go and come when they come. In other words, man is a social being, and if one endeavors to carry individuality to an extreme he must suffer the consequences. So I have made up my mind to work as little as I can and to rest as much as I can.

Question. What is your opinion of Mr. Gladstone as a controversialist?

Answer. Undoubtedly Mr. Gladstone is a man of great talent, of vast and varied information, and undoubtedly he is, politically speaking, at least, one of the greatest men in England—possibly the greatest. As a controversialist, and I suppose by that you mean on religious questions, he is certainly as good as his cause. Few men can better defend the indefensible than Mr. Gladstone. Few men can bring forward more probabilities in favor of the impossible, then Mr. Gladstone. He is, in my judgment, controlled in the realm of religion by sentiment; he was taught long ago certain things as absolute truths and he has never questioned them. He has had all he can do to defend them. It is of but little use to attack sentiment with argument, or to attack argument with sentiment. A question of sentiment can hardly be discussed; it is like a question of taste. A man is enraptured with a landscape by Corot; you cannot argue him out of his rapture; the sharper the criticism the greater his admiration, because he feels that it is incumbent upon him to defend the painter who has given him so

much real pleasure. Some people imagine that what they think ought to exist must exist, and that what they really desire to be true is true. We must remember that Mr. Gladstone has been what is called a deeply religions man all his life. There was a time when he really believed it to be the duty of the government to see to it that the citizens were religious; when he really believed that no man should hold any office or any position under the government who was not a believer in the established religion; who was not a defender of the parliamentary faith. I do not know whether he has ever changed his opinions upon these subjects or not. There is not the slightest doubt as to his honesty, as to his candor. He says what he believes, and for his belief he gives the reasons that are satisfactory to him. To me it seems impossible that miracles can be defended. I do not see how it is possible to bring forward any evidence that any miracle was ever performed; and unless miracles have been performed, Christianity has no basis as a system. Mr. Hume took the ground that it was impossible to substantiate a miracle, for the reason that it is more probable that the witnesses are mistaken, or are dishonest, than that a fact in nature should be violated. For instance: A man says that a certain time, in a certain locality, the attraction of gravitation was suspended; that there were several moments during which a cannon ball weighed nothing, during which when dropped from the hand, or rather when released from the hand, it refused to fall and remained in the air. It is safe to say that no amount of evidence, no number of witnesses, could convince an intelligent man to-day that such a thing occurred. We believe too thoroughly in the constancy of nature. While men will not believe witnesses who testify to the happening of miracles now, they seem to have perfect confidence in men whom they never saw, who have been dead for two thousand years. Of course it is known that Mr. Gladstone has published a few remarks concerning my religious views and that I have answered him the best I could. I have no opinion to give as to that controversy; neither would it be proper for me to say what I think of the arguments advanced by Mr. Gladstone in addition to what I have already published. I am willing to leave the controversy where it is, or I am ready to answer any further objections that Mr. Gladstone may be pleased to urge.

In my judgment, the “Age of Faith” is passing away. We are living in a time of demonstration.

[NOTE: From an unfinished interview found among Colonel Ingersoll’s papers.]

Prohibition

It has been decided in many courts in various States that the traffic in liquor can be regulated—that it is a police question. It has been decided by the courts in Iowa that its manufacture and sale can be prohibited, and, not only so, but that a distillery or a brewery may be declared a nuisance and may legally be abated, and these decisions have been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. Consequently, it has been settled by the highest tribunal that States have the power either to regulate or to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, and not only so, but that States have the power to destroy breweries and distilleries without making any compensation to owners.

So it has always been considered within the power of the State to license the selling of intoxicating liquors. In other words, this question is one that the States can decide for themselves. It is not, and it should not be, in my judgment, a Federal question. It is something with which the United States has nothing to do. It belongs to the States; and where a majority of the people are in favor of prohibition and pass laws to that effect, there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that interferes with such action.

The remaining question, then, is not a question of power, but a question of policy, and at the threshold of this question is another: Can prohibitory laws be enforced? There are to-day in Kansas,—a prohibition State—more saloons, that is to say, more places in which liquor is sold, than there are in Georgia, a State without prohibition legislation. There are more in Nebraska, according to the population, more in Iowa, according to the population, than in many of the States in which there is the old license system. You will find that the United States has granted more licenses to wholesale and retail dealers in these prohibition States,—according to the population,—than in many others in which prohibition has not been adopted.

These facts tend to show that it is not enough for the Legislature to say: “Be it enacted.” Behind every law there must be an intelligent and powerful public opinion. A law, to be enforced, must be the expression of such powerful and intelligent opinion; otherwise it becomes a dead letter; it is avoided; judges continue the cases, juries refuse to convict, and witnesses are not particular about telling the truth. Such laws demoralize the community, or, to put it in another way, demoralized communities pass such laws.

Question. What do you think of the prohibitory movement on general principles?

Answer. The trouble is that when a few zealous men, intending to reform the world, endeavor to enforce unpopular laws, they are compelled to resort to detectives, to a system of espionage. For the purpose of preventing the sale of liquors somebody has to watch. Eyes and ears must become acquainted with keyholes. Every neighbor suspects every other. A man with a bottle or demijohn is followed. Those who drink get behind doors, in cellars and garrets. Hypocrisy becomes substantially universal. Hundreds of people become suddenly afflicted with a variety of diseases, for the cure of which alcohol in some form is supposed to be indispensable. Malaria becomes

general, and it is perfectly astonishing how long a few pieces of Peruvian bark will last, and how often the liquor can be renewed without absorbing the medicinal qualities of the bark. The State becomes a paradise for patent medicine—the medicine being poor whiskey with a scientific name.

Physicians become popular in proportion as liquor of some kind figures in their prescriptions. Then in the towns clubs are formed, the principal object being to establish a saloon, and in many instances the drug store becomes a favorite resort, especially on Sundays.

There is, however, another side to this question. It is this: Nothing in the world is more important than personal liberty. Many people are in favor of blotting out the sun to prevent the growth of weeds. This is the mistake of all prohibitory fanaticism.

Question. What is true temperance, Colonel Ingersoll?

Answer. Men have used stimulants for many thousand years, and as much is used to-day in various forms as in any other period of the world's history. They are used with more prudence now than ever before, for the reason that the average man is more intelligent now than ever before. Intelligence has much to do with temperance. The barbarian rushes to the extreme, for the reason that but little, comparatively, depends upon his personal conduct or personal habits. Now the struggle for life is so sharp, competition is so severe, that few men can succeed who carry a useless burden. The business men of our country are compelled to lead temperate lives, otherwise their credit is gone. Men of wealth, men of intelligence, do not wish to employ intemperate physicians. They are not willing to trust their health or their lives with a physician who is under the influence of liquor. The same is true of business men in regard to their legal interests. They insist upon having sober attorneys; they want the counsel of a sober man. So in every department. On the railways it is absolutely essential that the engineer, that the conductor, the train dispatcher and every other employee, in whose hands are the lives of men, should be temperate. The consequence is that under the law of the survival of the fittest, the intemperate are slowly but surely going to the wall; they are slowly but surely being driven out of employments of trust and importance. As we rise in the scale of civilization we continually demand better and better service. We are continually insisting upon better habits, upon a higher standard of integrity, of fidelity. These are the causes, in my judgment, that are working together in the direction of true temperance.

Question. Do you believe the people can be made to do without a stimulant?

Answer. The history of the world shows that all men who have advanced one step beyond utter barbarism have used some kind of stimulant. Man has sought for it in every direction. Every savage loves it. Everything has been tried. Opium has been used by many hundreds of millions. Hasheesh has filled countless brains with chaotic dreams, and everywhere that civilization has gone the blood of the grape has been used. Nothing is easier now to obtain than liquor. In one bushel of corn there are at least five gallons— four can easily be extracted. All starch, all sugars, can be changed almost instantly into alcohol. Every grain that grows has in it the intoxicating principle, and, as a matter of fact, nearly all of the corn, wheat, sugar and starch that

man eats is changed into alcohol in his stomach. Whether man can be compelled to do without a stimulant is a question that I am unable to answer. Of one thing I am certain: He has never yet been compelled to do without one. The tendency, I think, of modern times is toward a milder stimulant than distilled liquors. Whisky and brandies are too strong; wine and beer occupy the middle ground. Wine is a fireside, whisky a conflagration.

It seems to me that it would be far better if the Prohibitionists would turn their attention toward distilled spirits. If they were willing to compromise, the probability is that they would have public opinion on their side. If they would say: "You may have all the beer and all the wine and cider you wish, and you can drink them when and where you desire, but the sale of distilled spirits shall be prohibited," it is possible that this could be carried out in good faith in many if not in most of the States—possibly in all. We all know the effect of wine, even when taken in excess, is nothing near as disastrous as the effect of distilled spirits. Why not take the middle ground? The wine drinkers of the old country are not drunkards. They have been drinking wine for generations. It is drunk by men, women and children. It adds to the sociability of the family. It does not separate the husband from the rest, it keeps them all together, and in that view is rather a benefit than an injury. Good wine can be raised as cheaply here as in any part of the world. In nearly every part of our country the grape grows and good wine can be made. If our people had a taste for wine they would lose the taste for stronger drink, and they would be disgusted with the surroundings of the stronger drink.

The same may be said in favor of beer. As long as the Prohibitionists make no distinction between wine and whisky, between beer and brandy, just so long they will be regarded by most people as fanatics.

The Prohibitionists cannot expect to make this question a Federal one. The United States has no jurisdiction of this subject. Congress can pass no laws affecting this question that could have any force except in such parts of our country as are not within the jurisdiction of States. It is a question for the States and not for the Federal Government. The Prohibitionists are simply throwing away their votes. Let us suppose that we had a Prohibition Congress and a Prohibition President—what steps could be taken to do away with drinking in the city of New York? What steps could be taken in any State of this Union? What could by any possibility be done?

A few years ago the Prohibitionists demanded above all things that the tax be taken from distilled spirits, claiming at that time that such a tax made the Government a partner in vice.

Now when the Republican party proposes under certain circumstances to remove that tax, the Prohibitionists denounce the movement as one in favor of intemperance. We have also been told that the tax on whisky should be kept for the reason that it increases the price, and that an increased price tends to make a temperate people; that if the tax is taken off, the price will fall and the whole country start on the downward road to destruction. Is it possible that human nature stands on such slippery ground? It is possible that our civilization to-day rests upon the price of alcohol, and that, should the price be reduced, we would all go down together? For

one, I cannot entertain such a humiliating and disgraceful view of human nature. I believe that man is destined to grow greater, grander and nobler. I believe that no matter what the cost of alcohol may be, life will grow too valuable to be thrown away. Men hold life according to its value. Men, as a rule, only throw away their lives when they are not worth keeping. When life becomes worth living it will be carefully preserved and will be hoarded to the last grain of sand that falls through the glass of time.

Question. What is the reason for so much intemperance?

Answer. When many people are failures, when they are distanced in the race, when they fall behind, when they give up, when they lose ambition, when they finally become convinced that they are worthless, precisely as they are in danger of becoming dishonest. In other words, having failed in the race of life on the highway, they endeavor to reach to goal by going across lots, by crawling through the grass. Disguise this matter as we may, all people are not successes, all people have not the brain or the muscle or the moral stamina necessary to succeed. Some fall in one way, some in another; some in the net of strong drink, some in the web of circumstances and others in a thousand ways, and the world itself cannot grow better unless the unworthy fail. The law is the survival of the fittest, that is to say, the destruction of the unfit. There is no scheme of morals, no scheme of government, no scheme of charity, that can reverse this law. If it could be reversed, then the result would be the survival of the unfittest, the speedy end of which would be the extinction of the human race.

Temperance men say that it is wise, in so far as possible, to remove temptation from our fellow-men.

Let us look at this in regard to other matters. How do we do away with larceny? We cannot remove property. We cannot destroy the money of the world to keep people from stealing some of it. In other words, we cannot afford to make the world valueless to prevent larceny. All strength by which temptation is resisted must come from the inside. Virtue does not depend upon the obstacles to be overcome; virtue depends upon what is inside of the man. A man is not honest because the safe of the bank is perfectly secure. Upon the honest man the condition of the safe has no effect. We will never succeed in raising great and splendid people by keeping them out of temptation. Great people withstand temptation. Great people have what may be called moral muscle, moral force. They are poised within themselves. They understand their relations to the world. The best possible foundation for honesty is the intellectual perception that dishonesty can, under no circumstances, be a good investment—that larceny is not only wicked, but foolish—not only criminal, but stupid—that crimes are committed only by fools.

On every hand there is what is called temptation. Every man has the opportunity of doing wrong. Every man, in this country, has the opportunity of drinking too much, has the opportunity of acquiring the opium habit, has the opportunity of taking morphine every day—in other words, has the opportunity of destroying himself. How are they to be prevented? Most of them are prevented—at least in a reasonable degree—and they are prevented by their intelligence, by their surroundings, by their

education, by their objects and aims in life, by the people they love, by the people who love them.

No one will deny the evils of intemperance, and it is hardly to be wondered at that people who regard only one side—who think of the impoverished and wretched, of wives and children in want, of desolate homes—become the advocates of absolute prohibition. At the same time, there is a philosophic side, and the question is whether more good cannot be done by moral influence, by example, by education, by the gradual civilization of our fellow-men, than in any other possible way. The greatest things are accomplished by indirection. In this way the idea of force, of slavery, is avoided. The person influenced does not feel that he has been trampled upon, does not regard himself as a victim—he feels rather as a pupil, as one who receives a benefit, whose mind has been enlarged, whose life has been enriched—whereas the direct way of "Thou shalt not" produces an antagonism—in other words, produces the natural result of "I will."

By removing one temptation you add strength to others. By depriving a man of one stimulant, as a rule, you drive him to another, and the other may be far worse than the one from which he has been driven. We have hundreds of laws making certain things misdemeanors, which are naturally right.

Thousands of people, honest in most directions, delight in outwitting the Government—derive absolute pleasure from getting in a few clothes and gloves and shawls without the payment of duty. Thousands of people buy things in Europe for which they pay more than they would for the same things in America, and then exercise their ingenuity in slipping them through the custom-house.

A law to have real force must spring from the nature of things, and the justice of this law must be generally perceived, otherwise it will be evaded.

The temperance people themselves are playing into the hands of the very party that would refuse to count their votes. Allow the Democrats to remain in power, allow the Democrats to be controlled by the South, and a large majority might be in favor of temperance legislation, and yet the votes would remain uncounted. The party of reform has a great interest in honest elections, and honest elections must first be obtained as the foundation of reform. The Prohibitionists can take their choice between these parties. Would it not be far better for the Prohibitionists to say: "We will vote for temperance men; we will stand with the party that is the nearest in favor of what we deem to be the right"? They should also take into consideration that other people are as honest as they; that others disbelieve in prohibition as honestly as they believe in it, and that other people cannot leave their principles to vote for prohibition; and they must remember, that these other people are in the majority.

Mr. Fisk knows that he cannot be elected President—knows that it is impossible for him to carry any State in the Union. He also knows that in nearly every State in the Union—probably in all—a majority of the people believe in stimulants. Why not work with the great and enlightened majority? Why rush to the extreme for the purpose not only of making yourself useless but hurtful?

No man in the world is more opposed to intemperance than I am. No man in the world feels more keenly the evils and the agony produced by the crime of drunkenness. And yet I would not be willing to sacrifice liberty, individuality, and the glory and greatness of individual freedom, to do away with all the evils of intemperance. In other words, I believe that slavery, oppression and suppression would crowd humanity into a thousand deformities, the result of which would be a thousand times more disastrous to the well-being of man. I do not believe in the slave virtues, in the monotony of tyranny, in the respectability produced by force. I admire the men who have grown in the atmosphere of liberty, who have the pose of independence, the virtues of strength, of heroism, and in whose hearts is the magnanimity, the tenderness, and the courage born of victory.

—*New York World*, October 21, 1888.

Robert Elsmere

Why do people read a book like “Robert Elsmere,” and why do they take any interest in it? Simply because they are not satisfied with the religion of our day. The civilized world has outgrown the greater part of the Christian creed. Civilized people have lost their belief in the reforming power of punishment. They find that whips and imprisonment have but little influence for good. The truth has dawned upon their minds that eternal punishment is infinite cruelty—that it can serve no good purpose and that the eternity of hell makes heaven impossible. That there can be in this universe no perfectly happy place while there is a perfectly miserable place—that no infinite being can be good who knowingly and, as one may say, willfully created myriads of human beings, knowing that they would be eternally miserable. In other words, the civilized man is greater, tenderer, nobler, nearer just than the old idea of God. The ideal of a few thousand years ago is far below the real of to-day. No good man now would do what Jehovah is said to have done four thousand years ago, and no civilized human being would now do what, according to the Christian religion, Christ threatens to do at the day of judgment.

Question. Has the Christian religion changed in theory of late years, Colonel Ingersoll?

Answer. A few years ago the Deists denied the inspiration of the Bible on account of its cruelty. At the same time they worshiped what they were pleased to call the God of Nature. Now we are convinced that Nature is as cruel as the Bible; so that, if the God of Nature did not write the Bible, this God at least has caused earthquakes and pestilence and famine, and this God has allowed millions of his children to destroy one another. So that now we have arrived at the question—not as to whether the Bible is inspired and not as to whether Jehovah is the real God, but whether there is a God or not. The intelligence of Christendom to-day does not believe in an inspired art or an inspired literature. If there be an infinite God, inspiration in some particular regard would be a patch—it would be the puttying of a crack, the hiding of a defect —in other words, it would show that the general plan was defective.

Question. Do you consider any religion adequate?

Answer. A good man, living in England, drawing a certain salary for reading certain prayers on stated occasions, for making a few remarks on the subject of religion, putting on clothes of a certain cut, wearing a gown with certain frills and flounces starched in an orthodox manner, and then looking about him at the suffering and agony of the world, would not feel satisfied that he was doing anything of value for the human race. In the first place, he would deplore his own weakness, his own poverty, his inability to help his fellow-men. He would long every moment for wealth, that he might feed the hungry and clothe the naked—for knowledge, for miraculous power, that he might heal the sick and the lame and that he might give to the deformed the beauty of proportion. He would begin to wonder how a being of infinite goodness and infinite power could allow his children to die, to suffer, to be deformed by necessity, by poverty, to be tempted beyond resistance; how he could allow the

few to live in luxury, and the many in poverty and want, and the more he wondered the more useless and ironical would seem to himself his sermons and his prayers. Such a man is driven to the conclusion that religion accomplishes but little—that it creates as much want as it alleviates, and that it burdens the world with parasites. Such a man would be forced to think of the millions wasted in superstition. In other words, the inadequacy, the uselessness of religion would be forced upon his mind. He would ask himself the question: "Is it possible that this is a divine institution? Is this all that man can do with the assistance of God? Is this the best?"

Question. That is a perfectly reasonable question, is it not, Colonel Ingersoll?

Answer. The moment a man reaches the point where he asks himself this question he has ceased to be an orthodox Christian. It will not do to say that in some other world justice will be done. If God allows injustice to triumph here, why not there?

Robert Elsmere stands in the dawn of philosophy. There is hardly light enough for him to see clearly; but there is so much light that the stars in the night of superstition are obscured.

Question. You do not deny that a religious belief is a comfort?

Answer. There is one thing that it is impossible for me to comprehend. Why should any one, when convinced that Christianity is a superstition, have or feel a sense of loss? Certainly a man acquainted with England, with London, having at the same time something like a heart, must feel overwhelmed by the failure of what is known as Christianity. Hundreds of thousands exist there without decent food, dwelling in tenements, clothed with rags, familiar with every form of vulgar vice, where the honest poor eat the crust that the vicious throw away. When this man of intelligence, of heart, visits the courts; when he finds human liberty a thing treated as of no value, and when he hears the judge sentencing girls and boys to the penitentiary—knowing that a stain is being put upon them that all the tears of all the coming years can never wash away—knowing, too, and feeling that this is done without the slightest regret, without the slightest sympathy, as a mere matter of form, and that the judge puts this brand of infamy upon the forehead of the convict just as cheerfully as a Mexican brands his cattle; and when this man of intelligence and heart knows that these poor people are simply the victims of society, the unfortunates who stumble and over whose bodies rolls the Juggernaut—he knows that there is, or at least appears to be, no power above or below working for righteousness—that from the heavens is stretched no protecting hand. And when a man of intelligence and heart in England visits the workhouse, the last resting place of honest labor; when he thinks that the young man, without any great intelligence, but with a good constitution, starts in the morning of his life for the workhouse, and that it is impossible for the laboring man, one who simply has his muscle, to save anything; that health is not able to lay anything by for the days of disease—when the man of intelligence and heart sees all this, he is compelled to say that the civilization of to-day, the religion of to-day, the charity of to-day—no matter how much of good there may be behind them or in them, are failures.

A few years ago people were satisfied when the minister said: "All this will be made even in another world; a crust-eater here will sit at the head of the banquet there, and

the king here will beg for the crumbs that fall from the table there." When this was said, the poor man hoped and the king laughed. A few years ago the church said to the slave: "You will be free in another world, and your freedom will be made glorious by the perpetual spectacle of your master in hell." But the people—that is, many of the people—are no longer deceived by what once were considered fine phrases. They have suffered so much that they no longer wish to see others suffer and no longer think of the suffering of others as a source of joy to themselves. The poor see that the eternal starvation of kings and queens in another world will be no compensation for what they have suffered there. The old religions appear vulgar and the ideas of rewards and punishments are only such as would satisfy a cannibal chief or one of his favorites.

Question. Do you think the Christian religion has made the world better?

Answer. For many centuries there has been preached and taught in an almost infinite number of ways a supernatural religion. During all this time the world has been in the care of the Infinite, and yet every imaginable vice has flourished, every imaginable pang has been suffered, and every injustice has been done. During all these years the priests have enslaved the minds, and the kings the bodies, of men. The priests did what they did in the name of God, and the kings appeal to the same source of authority. Man suffered as long as he could. Revolution, reformation, was simply a re- action, a cry from the poor wretch that was between the upper and the nether millstone. The liberty of man has increased just in the proportion that the authority of the gods has decreased. In other words, the wants of man, instead of the wishes of God, have inaugurated what we call progress, and there is this difference: Theology is based upon the narrowest and intensest form of selfishness. Of course, the theologian knows, the Christian knows, that he can do nothing for God; consequently all that he does must be and is for himself, his object being to win the approbation of this God, to the end that he may become a favorite. On the other side, men touched not only by their own misfortunes, but by the misfortunes of others, are moved not simply by selfishness, but by a splendid sympathy with their fellow-men.

Question. Christianity certainly fosters charity?

Answer. Nothing is more cruel than orthodox theology, nothing more heartless than a charitable institution. For instance, in England, think for a moment of the manner in which charities are distributed, the way in which the crust is flung at Lazarus. If that parable could be now retold, the dogs would bite him. The same is true in this country. The institution has nothing but contempt for the one it relieves. The people in charge regard the pauper as one who has wrecked himself. They feel very much as a man would feel rescuing from the water some hare-brained wretch who had endeavored to swim the rapids of Niagara—the moment they reach him they begin to upbraid him for being such a fool. This course makes charity a hypocrite, with every pauper for its enemy.

Mrs. Ward compelled Robert Elsmere to perceive, in some slight degree, the failure of Christianity to do away with vice and suffering, with poverty and crime. We know that the rich care but little for the poor. No matter how religious the rich may be, the

sufferings of their fellows have but little effect upon them. We are also beginning to see that what is called charity will never redeem this world.

The poor man willing to work, eager to maintain his independence, knows that there is something higher than charity—that is to say, justice. He finds that many years before he was born his country was divided out between certain successful robbers, flatterers, cringers and crawlers, and that in consequence of such division not only he himself, but a large majority of his fellow-men are tenants, renters, occupying the surface of the earth only at the pleasure of others. He finds, too, that these people who have done nothing and who do nothing, have everything, and that those who do everything have but little. He finds that idleness has the money and that the toilers are compelled to bow to the idlers. He finds also that the young men of genius are bribed by social distinctions —unconsciously it may be—but still bribed in a thousand ways. He finds that the church is a kind of waste-basket into which are thrown the younger sons of titled idleness.

Question. Do you consider that society in general has been made better by religious influences?

Answer. Society is corrupted because the laurels, the titles, are in the keeping and within the gift of the corrupters. Christianity is not an enemy of this system—it is in harmony with it. Christianity reveals to us a universe presided over by an infinite autocrat—a universe without republicanism, without democracy—a universe where all power comes from one and the same source, and where everyone using authority is accountable, not to the people, but to this supposed source of authority. Kings reign by divine right. Priests are ordained in a divinely appointed way—they do not get their office from man. Man is their servant, not their master.

In the story of Robert Elsmere all there is of Christianity is left except the miraculous. Theism remains, and the idea of a protecting Providence is left, together with a belief in the immeasurable superiority of Jesus Christ. That is to say, the miracles are discarded for lack of evidence, and only for lack of evidence; not on the ground that they are impossible, not on the ground that they impeach and deny the integrity of cause and effect, not on the ground that they contradict the self-evident proposition that an effect must have an efficient cause, but like the Scotch verdict, “not proven.” It is an effort to save and keep in repair the dungeons of the Inquisition for the sake of the beauty of the vines that have overrun them. Many people imagine that falsehoods may become respectable on account of age, that a certain reverence goes with antiquity, and that if a mistake is covered with the moss of sentiment it is altogether more credible than a parvenu fact. They endeavor to introduce the idea of aristocracy into the world of thought, believing, and honestly believing, that a falsehood long believed is far superior to a truth that is generally denied.

Question. If Robert Elsmere’s views were commonly adopted what would be the effect?

Answer. The new religion of Elsmere is, after all, only a system of outdoor relief, an effort to get successful piracy to give up a larger per cent. for the relief of its victims. The abolition of the system is not dreamed of. A civilized minority could not by any possibility be happy while a majority of the world were miserable. A civilized

majority could not be happy while a minority were miserable. As a matter of fact, a civilized world could not be happy while one man was really miserable. At the foundation of civilization is justice—that is to say, the giving of an equal opportunity to all the children of men. Secondly, there can be no civilization in the highest sense until sympathy becomes universal. We must have a new definition for success. We must have new ideals. The man who succeeds in amassing wealth, who gathers money for himself, is not a success. It is an exceedingly low ambition to be rich to excite the envy of others, or for the sake of the vulgar power it gives to triumph over others. Such men are failures. So the man who wins fame, position, power, and wins these for the sake of himself, and wields this power not for the elevation of his fellow-men, but simply to control, is a miserable failure. He may dispense thousands of millions in charity, and his charity may be prompted by the meanest part of his nature—using it simply as a bait to catch more fish and to prevent the rising tide of indignation that might overwhelm him. Men who steal millions and then give a small percentage to the Lord to gain the praise of the clergy and to bring the salvation of their souls within the possibilities of imagination, are all failures.

Robert Elsmere gains our affection and our applause to the extent that he gives up what are known as orthodox views, and his wife Catherine retains our respect in the proportion that she lives the doctrine that Elsmere preaches. By doing what she believes to be right, she gains our forgiveness for her creed. One is astonished that she can be as good as she is, believing as she does. The utmost stretch of our intellectual charity is to allow the old wine to be put in a new bottle, and yet she regrets the absence of the old bottle—she really believes that the bottle is the important thing—that the wine is but a secondary consideration. She misses the label, and not having perfect confidence in her own taste, she does not feel quite sure that the wine is genuine.

Question. What, on the whole, is your judgment of the book?

Answer. I think the book conservative. It is an effort to save something—a few shreds and patches and ravelings—from the wreck. Theism is difficult to maintain. Why should we expect an infinite Being to do better in another world than he has done and is doing in this? If he allows the innocent to suffer here, why not there? If he allows rascality to succeed in this world, why not in the next? To believe in God and to deny his personality is an exceedingly vague foundation for a consolation. If you insist on his personality and power, then it is impossible to account for what happens. Why should an infinite God allow some of his children to enslave others? Why should he allow a child of his to burn another child of his, under the impression that such a sacrifice was pleasing to him?

Unitarianism lacks the motive power. Orthodox people who insist that nearly everybody is going to hell, and that it is their duty to do what little they can to save their souls, have what you might call a spur to action. We can imagine a philanthropic man engaged in the business of throwing ropes to persons about to go over the falls of Niagara, but we can hardly think of his carrying on the business after being convinced that there are no falls, or that people go over them in perfect safety. In this country the question has come up whether all the heathen are bound to be damned unless they believe in the gospel. Many admit that the heathen will be saved

if they are good people, and that they will not be damned for not believing something that they never heard. The really orthodox people—that is to say, the missionaries—instantly see that this doctrine destroys their business. They take the ground that there is but one way to be saved—you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—and they are willing to admit, and cheerfully to admit, that the heathen for many generations have gone in an unbroken column down to eternal wrath. And they not only admit this, but insist upon it, to the end that subscriptions may not cease. With them salary and salvation are convertible terms.

The tone of this book is not of the highest. Too much stress is laid upon social advantages—too much respect for fashionable folly and for ancient absurdity. It is hard for me to appreciate the feelings of one who thinks it difficult to give up the consolations of the gospel. What are the consolations of the Church of England? It is a religion imposed upon the people by authority. It is the gospel at the mouth of a cannon, at the point of a bayonet, enforced by all authority, from the beadle to the Queen. It is a parasite living upon tithes—these tithes being collected by the army and navy. It produces nothing—is simply a beggar—or rather an aggregation of beggars. It teaches nothing of importance. It discovers nothing. It is under obligation not to investigate. It has agreed to remain stationary not only, but to resist all innovation. According to the creed of this church, a very large proportion of the human race is destined to suffer eternal pain. This does not interfere with the quiet, with the serenity and repose of the average clergyman. They put on their gowns, they read the service, they repeat the creed and feel that their duty has been done. How any one can feel that he is giving up something of value when he finds that the Episcopal creed is untrue is beyond my imagination. I should think that every good man and woman would overflow with joy, that every heart would burst into countless blossoms the moment the falsity of the Episcopal creed was established.

Christianity is the most heartless of all religions—the most unforgiving, the most revengeful. According to the Episcopalian belief, God becomes the eternal prosecutor of his own children. I know of no creed believed by any tribe, not excepting the tribes where cannibalism is practiced, that is more heartless, more inhuman than this. To find that the creed is false is like being roused from a frightful dream, in which hundreds of serpents are coiled about you, in which their eyes, gleaming with hatred, are fixed on you, and finding the world bathed in sunshine and the songs of birds in your ears and those you love about you.

—*New York World*, November 18, 1888.

Working Girls

Question. What is your opinion of the work undertaken by the *World* in behalf of the city slave girl?

Answer. I know of nothing better for a great journal to do. The average girl is so helpless, and the greed of the employer is such, that unless some newspaper or some person of great influence comes to her assistance, she is liable not simply to be imposed upon, but to be made a slave. Girls, as a rule, are so anxious to please, so willing to work, that they bear almost every hardship without complaint. Nothing is more terrible than to see the rich living on the work of the poor. One can hardly imagine the utter heartlessness of a man who stands between the wholesale manufacturer and the wretched women who make their living—or rather retard their death—by the needle. How a human being can consent to live on this profit, stolen from poverty, is beyond my imagination. These men, when known, will be regarded as hyenas and jackals. They are like the wild beasts which follow herds of cattle for the purpose of devouring those that are injured or those that have fallen by the wayside from weakness.

Question. What effect has unlimited immigration on the wages of women?

Answer. If our country were overpopulated, the effect of immigration would be to lessen wages, for the reason that the working people of Europe are used to lower wages, and have been in the habit of practicing an economy unknown to us. But this country is not overpopulated. There is plenty of room for several hundred millions more. Wages, however, are too low in the United States. The general tendency is to leave the question of labor to what is called the law of supply and demand. My hope is that in time we shall become civilized enough to know that there is a higher law, or rather a higher meaning in the law of supply and demand, than is now perceived. Year after year what are called the necessaries of life increase. Many things now regarded as necessaries were formerly looked upon as luxuries. So, as man becomes civilized, he increases what may be called the necessities of his life. When perfectly civilized, one of the necessities of his life will be that the lives of others shall be of some value to them. A good man is not happy so long as he knows that other good men and women suffer for raiment and for food, and have no roof but the sky, no home but the highway. Consequently what is called the law of supply and demand will then have a much larger meaning.

In nature everything lives upon something else. Life feeds upon life. Something is lying in wait for something else, and even the victim is weaving a web or crouching for some other victim, and the other victim is in the same business—watching for something else. The same is true in the human world—people are living on each other; the cunning obtain the property of the simple; wealth picks the pockets of poverty; success is a highwayman leaping from the hedge. The rich combine, the poor are unorganized, without the means to act in concert, and for that reason become the prey of combinations and trusts. The great questions are: Will man ever be sufficiently civilized to be honest? Will the time ever come when it can truthfully

be said that right is might? The lives of millions of people are not worth living, because of their ignorance and poverty, and the lives of millions of others are not worth living, on account of their wealth and selfishness. The palace without justice, without charity, is as terrible as the hovel without food.

Question. What effect has the woman's suffrage movement had on the breadwinners of the country?

Answer. I think the women who have been engaged in the struggle for equal rights have done good for women in the direction of obtaining equal wages for equal work. There has also been for many years a tendency among women in our country to become independent —a desire to make their own living—to win their own bread. So many husbands are utterly useless, or worse, that many women hardly feel justified in depending entirely on a husband for the future. They feel somewhat safer to know how to do something and earn a little money themselves. If men were what they ought to be, few women would be allowed to labor—that is to say, to toil. It should be the ambition of every healthy and intelligent man to take care of, to support, to make happy, some woman. As long as women bear the burdens of the world, the human race can never attain anything like a splendid civilization. There will be no great generation of men until there has been a great generation of women. For my part, I am glad to hear this question discussed—glad to know that thousands of women take some interest in the fortunes and in the misfortunes of their sisters.

The question of wages for women is a thousand times more important than sending missionaries to China or to India. There is plenty for missionaries to do here. And by missionaries I do not mean gentlemen and ladies who distribute tracts or quote Scripture to people out of work. If we are to better the condition of men and women we must change their surroundings. The tenement house breeds a moral pestilence. There can be in these houses no home, no fireside, no family, for the reason that there is no privacy, no walls between them and the rest of the world. There is no sacredness, no feeling, "this is ours."

Question. Might not the rich do much?

Answer. It would be hard to overestimate the good that might be done by the millionaires if they would turn their attention to sending thousands and thousands into the country or to building them homes miles from the city, where they could have something like privacy, where the family relations could be kept with some sacredness. Think of the "homes" in which thousands and thousands of young girls are reared in our large cities. Think of what they see and what they hear; of what they come in contact with. How is it possible for the virtues to grow in the damp and darkened basements? Can we expect that love and chastity and all that is sweet and gentle will be produced in these surroundings, in cellars and garrets, in poverty and dirt? The surroundings must be changed.

Question. Are the fathers and brothers blameless who allow young girls to make coats, cloaks and vests in an atmosphere poisoned by the ignorant and low-bred?

Answer. The same causes now brutalizing girls brutalize their fathers and brothers, and the same causes brutalize the ignorant and low-lived that poison the air in which

these girls are made to work. It is hard to pick out one man and say that he is to blame, or one woman and say that the fault is hers. We must go back of all this. In my opinion, society raises its own failures, its own criminals, its own wretches of every sort and kind. Great pains are taken to raise these crops. The seeds, it may be, were sown thousands of years ago, but they were sown, and the present is the necessary child of all the past. If the future is to differ from the present, the seeds must now be sown. It is not simply a question of charity, or a question of good nature, or a question of what we call justice—it is a question of intelligence. In the first place, I suppose that it is the duty of every human being to support himself—first, that he may not become a burden upon others, and second, that he may help others. I think all people should be taught never, under any circumstances, if by any possibility they can avoid it, to become a burden. Every one should be taught the nobility of labor, the heroism and splendor of honest effort. As long as it is considered disgraceful to labor, or aristocratic not to labor, the world will be filled with idleness and crime, and with every possible moral deformity.

Question. Has the public school system anything to do with the army of pupils who, after six years of study, willingly accept the injustice and hardship imposed by capital?

Answer. The great trouble with the public school is that many things are taught that are of no immediate use. I believe in manual training schools. I believe in the kindergarten system. Every person ought to be taught how to do something—ought to be taught the use of their hands. They should endeavor to put in palpable form the ideas that they gain. Such an education gives them a confidence in themselves, a confidence in the future—gives them a spirit and feeling of independence that they do not now have. Men go through college studying for many years, and when graduated have not the slightest conception of how to make a living in any department of human effort. Thousands of them are to-day doing manual labor and doing it very poorly, whereas, if they had been taught the use of tools, the use of their hands, they would derive a certain pleasure from their work. It is splendid to do anything well. One can be just as poetic working with iron and wood as working with words and colors.

Question. What ought to be done, or what is to be the end?

Answer. The great thing is for the people to know the facts. There are thousands and millions of splendid and sympathetic people who would willingly help, if they only knew; but they go through the world in such a way that they know but little of it. They go to their place of business; they stay in their offices for a few hours; they go home; they spend the evening there or at a club; they come in contact with the well-to-do, with the successful, with the satisfied, and they know nothing of the thousands and millions on every side. They have not the least idea how the world lives, how it works, how it suffers. They read, of course, now and then, some paragraph in which the misfortune of some wretch is set forth, but the wretch is a kind of steel engraving, an unreal shadow, a something utterly unlike themselves. The real facts should be brought home, the sympathies of men awakened, and awakened to such a degree that they will go and see how these people live, see how they work, see how they suffer.

Question. Does exposure do any good?

Answer. I hope that *The World* will keep on. I hope that it will express every horror that it can, connected with the robbery of poor and helpless girls, and I hope that it will publish the names of all the robbers it can find, and the wretches who oppress the poor and who live upon the misfortunes of women.

The crosses of this world are mostly born by wives, by mothers and by daughters. Their brows are pierced by thorns. They shed the bitterest tears. They live and suffer and die for others. It is almost enough to make one insane to think of what woman, in the years of savagery and civilization, has suffered. Think of the anxiety and agony of motherhood. Maternity is the most pathetic fact in the universe. Think how helpless girls are. Think of the thorns in the paths they walk—of the trials, the temptations, the want, the misfortune, the dangers and anxieties that fill their days and nights. Every true man will sympathize with woman, and will do all in his power to lighten her burdens and increase the sunshine of her life.

Question. Is there any remedy?

Answer. I have always wondered that the great corporations have made no provisions for their old and worn out employees. It seems to me that not only great railway companies, but great manufacturing corporations, ought to provide for their workmen. Many of them are worn out, unable longer to work, and they are thrown aside like old clothes. They find their way to the poorhouses or die in tenements by the roadside. This seems almost infinitely heartless. Men of great wealth, engaged in manufacturing, instead of giving five hundred thousand dollars for a library, or a million dollars for a college, ought to put this money aside, invest it in bonds of the Government, and the interest ought to be used in taking care of the old, of the helpless, of those who meet with accidents in their work. Under our laws, if an employee is caught in a wheel or in a band, and his arm or leg is torn off, he is left to the charity of the community, whereas the profits of the business ought to support him in his old age. If employees had this feeling—that they were not simply working for that day, not simply working while they have health and strength, but laying aside a little sunshine for the winter of age—if they only felt that they, by their labor, were creating a fireside in front of which their age and helplessness could sit, the feeling between employed and employers would be a thousand times better. On the great railways very few people know the number of the injured, of those who lose their hands or feet, of those who contract diseases riding on the tops of freight trains in snow and sleet and storm; and yet, when these men become old and helpless through accident, they are left to shift for themselves. The company is immortal, but the employees become helpless. Now, it seems to me that a certain per cent. should be laid aside, so that every brakeman and conductor could feel that he was providing for himself, as well as for his fellow-workmen, so that when the dark days came there would be a little light.

The men of wealth, the men who control these great corporations— these great mills—give millions away in ostentatious charity. They send missionaries to foreign lands. They endow schools and universities and allow the men who earned the surplus to die in want. I believe in no charity that is founded on robbery. I have no

admiration for generous highwaymen or extravagant pirates. At the foundation of charity should be justice. Let these men whom others have made wealthy give something to their workmen—something to those who created their fortunes. This would be one step in the right direction. Do not let it be regarded as charity—let it be regarded as justice.

—*New York World*, December 2, 1888.

Protection For American Actors

Question. It is reported that you have been retained as counsel for the Actors' Order of Friendship—the Edwin Forrest Lodge of New York, and the Shakespeare Lodge of Philadelphia—for the purpose of securing the necessary legislation to protect American actors— is that so?

Answer. Yes, I have been retained for that purpose, and the object is simply that American actors may be put upon an equal footing with Americans engaged in other employments. There is a law now which prevents contractors going abroad and employing mechanics or skilled workmen, and bringing them to this country to take the places of our citizens.

No one objects to the English, German and French mechanics coming with their wives and children to this country and making their homes here. Our ports are open, and have been since the foundation of this Government. Wages are somewhat higher in this country than in any other, and the man who really settles here, who becomes, or intends to become an American citizen, will demand American wages. But if a manufacturer goes to Europe, he can make a contract there and bring hundreds and thousands of mechanics to this country who will work for less wages than the American, and a law was passed to prevent the American manufacturer, who was protected by a tariff, from burning the laborer's candle at both ends. That is to say, we do not wish to give him the American price, by means of a tariff, and then allow him to go to Europe and import his labor at the European price.

In the law, actors were excepted, and we now find the managers are bringing entire companies from the old county, making contracts with them there, and getting them at much lower prices than they would have had to pay for American actors.

No one objects to a foreign actor coming here for employment, but we do not want an American manager to go there, and employ him to act here. No one objects to the importation of a star. We wish to see and hear the best actors in the world. But the rest of the company—the support—should be engaged in the United States, if the star speaks English.

I see that it is contended over in England, that English actors are monopolizing the American stage because they speak English, while the average American actor does not. The real reason is that the English actor works for less money—he is the cheaper article. Certainly no one will accuse the average English actor of speaking English. The hemming and hawing, the aristocratic stutter, the dropping of h's and picking them up at the wrong time, have never been popular in the United States, except by way of caricature. Nothing is more absurd than to take the ground that the English actors are superior to the American. I know of no English actor who can for a moment be compared with Joseph Jefferson, or with Edwin Booth, or with Lawrence Barrett, or with Denman Thompson, and I could easily name others.

If English actors are so much better than American, how is it that an American star is supported by the English? Mary Anderson is certainly an American actress, and she

is supported by English actors. Is it possible that the superior support the inferior? I do not believe that England has her equal as an actress. Her Hermione is wonderful, and the appeal to Apollo sublime. In Perdita she "takes the winds of March with beauty." Where is an actress on the English stage the superior of Julia Marlowe in genius, in originality, in naturalness?

Is there any better Mrs. Malaprop than Mrs. Drew, and better Sir Anthony than John Gilbert? No one denies that the English actors and actresses are great. No one will deny that the plays of Shakespeare are the greatest that have been produced, and no one wishes in any way to belittle the genius of the English people.

In this country the average person speaks fairly good English, and you will find substantially the same English spoken in most of the country; whereas in England there is a different dialect in almost every county, and most of the English people speak the language as if was not their native tongue. I think it will be admitted that the English write a good deal better than they speak, and that their pronunciation is not altogether perfect.

These things, however, are not worth speaking of. There is no absolute standard. They speak in the way that is natural to them, and we in the way that is natural to us. This difference furnishes no foundation for a claim of general superiority. The English actors are not brought here on account of their excellence, but on account of their cheapness. It requires no great ability to play the minor parts, or the leading roles in some plays, for that matter. And yet acting is a business, a profession, a means of getting bread.

We protect our mechanics and makers of locomotives and of all other articles. Why should we not protect, by the same means, the actor? You may say that we can get along without actors. So we can get along without painters, without sculptors and without poets. But a nation that gets along without these people of genius amounts to but little. We can do without music, without players and without composers; but when we take art and poetry and music and the theatre out of the world, it becomes an exceedingly dull place.

Actors are protected and cared for in proportion that people are civilized. If the people are intelligent, educated, and have imaginations, they enjoy the world of the stage, the creations of poets, and they are thrilled by great music, and, as a consequence, respect the dramatist, the actor and the musician.

Question. It is claimed that an amendment to the law, such as is desired, will interfere with the growth of art?

Answer. No one is endeavoring to keep stars from this country. If they have American support, and the stars really know anything, the American actors will get the benefit. If they bring their support with them, the American actor is not particularly benefitted, and the star, when the season is over, takes his art and his money with him.

Managers who insist on employing foreign support are not sacrificing anything for art. Their object is to make money. They care nothing for the American actor—

nothing for the American drama. They look for the receipts. It is the sheerest cant to pretend that they are endeavoring to protect art.

On the 26th of February, 1885, a law was passed making it unlawful "for any person, company, partnership or corporation, in any manner whatsoever, to prepay the transportation, or in any way assist or encourage the importation or emigration of any alien or aliens into the United States, under contract or agreement, parol or special, previous to the importation or emigration of such aliens to perform labor or services of any kind the United States."

By this act it was provided that its provisions should not apply to professional actors, artists, lecturers or singers, in regard to persons employed strictly as personal or domestic servants. The object now in view is so to amend the law that its provision shall apply to all actors except stars.

Question. In this connection there has been so much said about the art of acting—what is your idea as to that art?

Answer. Above all things in acting, there must be proportion. There are no miracles in art or nature. All that is done—every inflection and gesture—must be in perfect harmony with the circumstances. Sensationalism is based on deformity, and bears the same relation to proportion that caricature does to likeness.

The stream that flows even with its banks, making the meadows green, delights us ever; the one that overflows surprises for a moment. But we do not want a succession of floods.

In acting there must be natural growth, not sudden climax. The atmosphere of the situation, the relation sustained to others, should produce the emotions. Nothing should be strained. Beneath domes there should be buildings, and buildings should have foundations. There must be growth. There should be the bud, the leaf, the flower, in natural sequence. There must be no leap from naked branches to the perfect fruit.

Most actors depend on climax—they save themselves for the supreme explosion. The scene opens with a slow match and ends when the spark reaches the dynamite. So, most authors fill the first act with contradictions and the last with explanations. Plots and counter-plots, violence and vehemence, perfect saints and perfect villains—that is to say, monsters, impelled by improbable motives, meet upon the stage, where they are pushed and pulled for the sake of the situation, and where everything is so managed that the fire reaches the powder and the explosion is the climax.

There is neither time, nor climate, nor soil, in which the emotions and intentions may grow. No land is plowed, no seed is sowed, no rain falls, no light glows—the events are all orphans.

No one would enjoy a sudden sunset—we want the clouds of gold that float in the azure sea. No one would enjoy a sudden sunrise—we are in love with the morning star, with the dawn that modestly heralds the day and draws aside, with timid hands, the curtains of the night. In other words, we want sequence, proportion, logic, beauty.

There are several actors in this country who are in perfect accord with nature—who appear to make no effort—whose acting seems to give them joy and rest. We do well what we do easily. It is a great mistake to exhaust yourself, instead of the subject. All great actors "fill the stage" because they hold the situation. You see them and nothing else.

Question. Speaking of American actors, Colonel, I believe you are greatly interested in the playing of Miss Marlowe, and have given your opinion of her as Parthenia; what do you think of her Julia and Viola?

Answer. A little while ago I saw Miss Marlowe as Julia, in "The Hunchback." We must remember the limitations of the play. Nothing can excel the simplicity, the joyous content of the first scene. Nothing could be more natural than the excitement produced by the idea of leaving what you feel to be simple and yet good, for what you think is magnificent, brilliant and intoxicating. It is only in youth that we are willing to make this exchange. One does not see so clearly in the morning of life when the sun shines in his eyes. In the afternoon, when the sun is behind him, he sees better — he is no longer dazzled. In old age we are not only willing, but anxious, to exchange wealth and fame and glory and magnificence, for simplicity. All the palaces are nothing compared with our little cabin, and all the flowers of the world are naught to the wild rose that climbs and blossoms by the lowly window of content.

Happiness dwells in the valleys with the shadows.

The moment Julia is brought in contact with wealth, she longs for the simple—for the true love of one true man. Wealth and station are mockeries. These feelings, these emotions, Miss Marlowe rendered not only with look and voice and gesture, but with every pose of her body; and when assured that her nuptials with the Earl could be avoided, the only question in her mind was as to the absolute preservation of her honor—not simply in fact, but in appearance, so that even hatred could not see a speck upon the shining shield of her perfect truth. In this scene she was perfect—everything was forgotten except the desire to be absolutely true.

So in the scene with Master Walter, when he upbraids her for forgetting that she is about to meet her father, when excusing her forgetfulness on the ground that he has been to her a father. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and tenderness of this passage. Every attitude expressed love, gentleness, and a devotion even unto death. One felt that there could be no love left for the father she expected to meet—Master Walter had it all.

A greater Julia was never on the stage—one in whom so much passion mingled with so much purity. Miss Marlowe never "o'ersteps the modesty of nature." She maintains proportion. The river of her art flows even with the banks.

In Viola, we must remember the character—a girl just rescued from the sea—disguised as a boy—employed by the Duke, whom she instantly loves—sent as his messenger to woo another for him—Olivia enamored of the messenger—forced to a duel—mistaken for her brother by the Captain, and her brother taken for herself by Olivia—and yet, in the midst of these complications and disguises, she remains a

pure and perfect girl—these circumstances having no more real effect upon her passionate and subtle self than clouds on stars.

When Malvolio follows and returns the ring the whole truth flashes upon her. She is in love with Orsino—this she knows. Olivia, she believes, is in love with her. The edge of the situation, the dawn of this entanglement, excites her mirth. In this scene she becomes charming—an impersonation of Spring. Her laughter is as natural and musical as the song of a brook. So, in the scene with Olivia in which she cries, “Make me a willow cabin at your gate!” she is the embodiment of grace, and her voice is as musical as the words, and as rich in tone as they are in thought.

In the duel with Sir Andrew she shows the difference between the delicacy of woman and the cowardice of man. She does the little that she can, not for her own sake, but for the sake of her disguise —she feels that she owes something to her clothes.

But I have said enough about this actress to give you an idea of one who is destined to stand first in her profession.

We will now come back to the real question. I am in favor of protecting the American actor. I regard the theatre as the civilizer of man. All the arts united upon the stage, and the genius of the race has been lavished on this mimic world.

—*New York Star*, December 23, 1888.

Liberals And Liberalism

Question. What do you think of the prospects of Liberalism in this country?

Answer. The prospects of Liberalism are precisely the same as the prospects of civilization—that is to say, of progress. As the people become educated, they become liberal. Bigotry is the provincialism of the mind. Men are bigoted who are not acquainted with the thoughts of others. They have been taught one thing, and have been made to believe that their little mental horizon is the circumference of all knowledge. The bigot lives in an ignorant village, surrounded by ignorant neighbors. This is the honest bigot. The dishonest bigot may know better, but he remains a bigot because his salary depends upon it. A bigot is like a country that has had no commerce with any other. He imagines that in his little head there is everything of value. When a man becomes an intellectual explorer, an intellectual traveler, he begins to widen, to grow liberal. He finds that the ideas of others are as good as and often better than his own. The habits and customs of other people throw light on his own, and by this light he is enabled to discover at least some of his own mistakes. Now the world has become acquainted. A few years ago, a man knew something of the doctrines of his own church. Now he knows the creeds of others, and not only so, but he has examined to some extent the religions of other nations. He finds in other creeds all the excellencies that are in his own, and most of the mistakes. In this way he learns that all creeds have been produced by men, and that their differences have been accounted for by race, climate, heredity—that is to say, by a difference in circumstances. So we now know that the cause of Liberalism is the cause of civilization. Unless the race is to be a failure, the cause of Liberalism must succeed. Consequently, I have the same faith in that cause that I have in the human race.

Question. Where are the most Liberals, and in what section of the country is the best work for Liberalism being done?

Answer. The most Liberals are in the most intelligent section of the United States. Where people think the most, there you will find the most Liberals; where people think the least, you will find the most bigots. Bigotry is produced by feeling—Liberalism by thinking—that is to say, the one is a prejudice, the other a principle. Every geologist, every astronomer, every scientist, is doing a noble work for Liberalism. Every man who finds a fact, and demonstrates it, is doing work for the cause. All the literature of our time that is worth reading is on the liberal side. All the fiction that really interests the human mind is with us. No one cares to read the old theological works. Essays written by professors of theological colleges are regarded, even by Christians, with a kind of charitable contempt. When any demonstration of science is attacked by a creed, or a passage of Scripture, all the intelligent smile. For these reasons I think that the best work for Liberalism is being done where the best work for science is being done—where the best work for man is being accomplished. Every legislator that assists in the repeal of theological laws is doing a great work for Liberalism.

Question. In your opinion, what relation do Liberalism and Prohibition bear to each other?

Answer. I do not think they have anything to do with each other. They have nothing in common except this: The Prohibitionists, I presume, are endeavoring to do what they can for temperance; so all intelligent Liberals are doing what they can for the cause of temperance. The Prohibitionist endeavors to accomplish his object by legislation—the Liberalist by education, by civilization, by example, by persuasion. The method of the Liberalist is good, that of the Prohibitionist chimerical and fanatical.

Question. Do you think that Liberals should undertake a reform in the marriage and divorce laws and relations?

Answer. I think that Liberals should do all in their power to induce people to regard marriage and divorce in a sensible light, and without the slightest reference to any theological ideas. They should use their influence to the end that marriage shall be considered as a contract—the highest and holiest that men and women can make. And they should also use their influence to have the laws of divorce based on this fundamental idea,—that marriage is a contract. All should be done that can be done by law to uphold the sacredness of this relation. All should be done that can be done to impress upon the minds of all men and all women their duty to discharge all the obligations of the marriage contract faithfully and cheerfully. I do not believe that it is to the interest of the State or of the Nation, that people should be compelled to live together who hate each other, or that a woman should be bound to a man who has been false and who refuses to fulfill the contract of marriage. I do not believe that any man should call upon the police, or upon the creeds, or upon the church, to compel his wife to remain under his roof, or to compel a woman against her will to become the mother of his children. In other words, Liberals should endeavor to civilize mankind, and when men and women are civilized, the marriage question, and the divorce question, will be settled.

Question. Should Liberals vote on Liberal issues?

Answer. I think that, other things being anywhere near equal, Liberals should vote for men who believe in liberty, men who believe in giving to others the rights they claim for themselves—that is to say, for civilized men, for men of some breadth of mind. Liberals should do what they can to do away with all the theological absurdities.

Question. Can, or ought, the Liberals and Spiritualists to unite?

Answer. All people should unite where they have objects in common. They can vote together, and act together, without believing the same on all points. A Liberal is not necessarily a Spiritualist, and a Spiritualist is not necessarily a Liberal. If Spiritualists wish to liberalize the Government, certainly Liberals would be glad of their assistance, and if Spiritualists take any step in the direction of freedom, the Liberals should stand by them to that extent.

Question. Which is the more dangerous to American institutions —the National Reform Association (God-in-the-Constitution party) or the Roman Catholic Church?

Answer. The Association and the Catholic Church are dangerous according to their power. The Catholic Church has far more power than the Reform Association, and is consequently far more dangerous. The God-in-the-Constitution association is weak, fanatical, stupid, and absurd. What God are we to have in the Constitution? Whose God? If we should agree to-morrow to put God in the Constitution, the question would then be: Which God? On that question, the religious world would fall out. In that direction there is no danger. But the Roman Catholic Church is the enemy of intellectual liberty. It is the enemy of investigation. It is the enemy of free schools. That church always has been, always will be, the enemy of freedom. It works in the dark. When in a minority it is humility itself—when in power it is the impersonation of arrogance. In weakness it crawls—in power it stands erect, and compels its victims to fall upon their faces. The most dangerous institution in this world, so far as the intellectual liberty of man is concerned, is the Roman Catholic Church. Next to that is the Protestant Church.

Question. What is your opinion of the Christian religion and the Christian Church?

Answer. My opinion upon this subject is certainly well known. The Christian Church is founded upon miracles—that is to say, upon impossibilities. Of course, there is a great deal that is good in the creeds of the churches, and in the sermons delivered by its ministers; but mixed with this good is much that is evil. My principal objection to orthodox religion is the dogma of eternal pain. Nothing can be more infamously absurd. All civilized men should denounce it—all women should regard it with a kind of shuddering abhorrence.

—*Secular Thought*, Toronto, Canada, 1888.

Pope Leo XIII

Question. Do you agree with the views of Pope Leo XIII. as expressed in *The Herald* of last week?

Answer. I am not personally acquainted with Leo XIII., but I have not the slightest idea that he loves Americans or their country. I regard him as an enemy of intellectual liberty. He tells us that where the church is free it will increase, and I say to him that where others are free it will not. The Catholic Church has increased in this country by immigration and in no other way. Possibly the Pope is willing to use his power for the good of the whole people, Protestants and Catholics, and to increase their prosperity and happiness, because by this he means that he will use his power to make Catholics out of Protestants.

It is impossible for the Catholic Church to be in favor of mental freedom. That church represents absolute authority. Its members have no right to reason—no right to ask questions—they are called upon simply to believe and to pay their subscriptions.

Question. Do you agree with the Pope when he says that the result of efforts which have been made to throw aside Christianity and live without it can be seen in the present condition of society— discontent, disorder, hatred and profound unhappiness?

Answer. Undoubtedly the people of Europe who wish to be free are discontented. Undoubtedly these efforts to have something like justice done will bring disorder. Those in power will hate those who are endeavoring to drive them from their thrones. If the people now, as formerly, would bear all burdens cheerfully placed upon their shoulders by church and state—that is to say, if they were so enslaved mentally that they would not even have sense enough to complain, then there would be what the Pope might call “peace and happiness”—that is to say, the peace of ignorance, and the happiness of those who are expecting pay in another world for their agonies endured in this.

Of course, the revolutionaries of Europe are not satisfied with the Catholic religion; neither are they satisfied with the Protestant. Both of these religions rest upon authority. Both discourage reason. Both say “Let him that hath ears to hear, hear,” but neither say let him that hath brains to think, think.

Christianity has been thoroughly tried, and it is a failure. Nearly every church has upheld slavery, not only of the body, but of the mind. When Christian missionaries invade what they call a heathen country, they are followed in a little while by merchants and traders, and in a few days afterward by the army. The first real work is to kill the heathen or steal their lands, or else reduce them to something like slavery.

I have no confidence in the reformation of this world by churches. Churches for the most part exist, not for this world, but for another. They are founded upon the supernatural, and they say: “Take no thought for the morrow; put your trust in your Heavenly Father and he will take care of you.” On the other hand, science says: “You

must take care of yourself, live for the world in which you happen to be—if there is another, live for that when you get there."

Question. What do you think of the plan to better the condition of the workingmen, by committees headed by bishops of the Catholic Church, in discussing their duties?

Answer. If the bishops wish to discuss with anybody about duties they had better discuss with the employers, instead of the employed. This discussion had better take place between the clergy and the capitalist. There is no need of discussing this question with the poor wretches who cannot earn more than enough to keep their souls in their bodies. If the Catholic Church has so much power, and if it represents God on earth, let it turn its attention to softening the hearts of capitalists, and no longer waste its time in preaching patience to the poor slaves who are now bearing the burdens of the world.

Question. Do you agree with the Pope that: "Sound rules of life must be founded on religion"?

Answer. I do not. Sound rules of life must be founded on the experience of mankind. In other words, we must live for this world. Why should men throw away hundreds and thousands of millions of dollars in building cathedrals and churches, and paying the salaries of bishops and priests, and cardinals and popes, and get no possible return for all this money except a few guesses about another world —those guesses being stated as facts—when every pope and priest and bishop knows that no one knows the slightest thing on the subject. Superstition is the greatest burden borne by the industry of the world.

The nations of Europe to-day all pretend to be Christian, yet millions of men are drilled and armed for the purpose of killing other Christians. Each Christian nation is fortified to prevent other Christians from devastating their fields. There is already a debt of about twenty-five thousand millions of dollars which has been incurred by Christian nations, because each one is afraid of every other, and yet all say: "It is our duty to love our enemies."

This world, in my judgment, is to be reformed through intelligence —through development of the mind—not by credulity, but by investigation; not by faith in the supernatural, but by faith in the natural. The church has passed the zenith of her power. The clergy must stand aside. Scientists must take their places.

Question. Do you agree with the Pope in attacking the present governments of Europe and the memories of Mazzini and Saffi?

Answer. I do not. I think Mazzini was of more use to Italy than all the popes that ever occupied the chair of St. Peter—which, by the way, was not his chair. I have a thousand times more regard for Mazzini, for Garibaldi, for Cavour, than I have for any gentleman who pretends to be the representative of God.

There is another objection I have to the Pope, and that is that he was so scandalized when a monument was reared in Rome to the memory of Giordano Bruno. Bruno was murdered about two hundred and sixty years ago by the Catholic Church, and

such has been the development of the human brain and heart that on the very spot where he was murdered a monument rises to his memory.

But the vicar of God has remained stationary, and he regards this mark of honor to one of the greatest and noblest of the human race as an act of blasphemy. The poor old man acts as if America had never been discovered—as if the world were still flat—and as if the stars had been made out of little pieces left over from the creation of the world and stuck in the sky simply to beautify the night.

But, after all, I do not blame this Pope. He is the victim of his surroundings. He was never married. His heart was never softened by wife or children. He was born that way, and, to tell you the truth, he has my sincere sympathy. Let him talk about America and stay in Italy.

—*The Herald*, New York, April 22, 1890.

The Sacredness Of The Sabbath

Question. What do you think of the sacredness of the Sabbath?

Answer. I think all days, all times and all seasons are alike sacred. I think the best day in a man's life is the day that he is truly the happiest. Every day in which good is done to humanity is a holy day.

If I were to make a calendar of sacred days, I would put down the days in which the greatest inventions came to the mind of genius; the days when scattered tribes became nations; the days when good laws were passed; the days when bad ones were repealed; the days when kings were dethroned, and the people given their own; in other words, every day in which good has been done; in which men and women have truly fallen in love, days in which babes were born destined to change the civilization of the world. These are all sacred days; days in which men have fought for the right, suffered for the right, died for the right; all days in which there were heroic actions for good. The day when slavery was abolished in the United States is holier than any Sabbath by reason of "divine consecration."

Of course, I care nothing about the sacredness of the Sabbath because it was hallowed in the Old Testament, or because of that day Jehovah is said to have rested from his labors. A space of time cannot be sacred, any more than a vacuum can be sacred, and it is rendered sacred by deeds done in it, and not in and of itself.

If we should finally invent some means of traveling by which we could go a thousand miles a day, a man could escape Sunday all his life by traveling West. He could start Monday, and stay Monday all the time. Or, if he should some time get near the North Pole, he could walk faster than the earth turns and thus beat Sunday all the while.

Question. Should not the museums and art galleries be thrown open to the workingmen free on Sunday?

Answer. Undoubtedly. In all civilized countries this is done, and I believe it would be done in New York, only it is said that money has been given on condition that the museums should be kept closed on Sundays. I have always heard it said that large sums will be withheld by certain old people who have the prospect of dying in the near future if the museums are open on Sunday.

This, however, seems to me a very poor and shallow excuse. Money should not be received under such conditions. One of the curses of our country has been the giving of gifts to colleges on certain conditions. As, for instance, the money given to Andover by the original founder on the condition that a certain creed be taught, and other large amounts have been given on a like condition. Now, the result of this is that the theological professor must teach what these donors have indicated, or go out of the institution; or —and this last "or" is generally the trouble—teach what he does not believe, endeavoring to get around it by giving new meaning to old words.

I think the cause of intellectual progress has been much delayed by these conditions put in the wills of supposed benefactors, so that after they are dead they can rule

people who have the habit of being alive. In my opinion, a corpse is a poor ruler, and after a man is dead he should keep quiet.

Of course all that he did will live, and should be allowed to have its natural effect. If he was a great inventor or discoverer, or if he uttered great truths, these became the property of the world; but he should not endeavor, after he is dead, to rule the living by conditions attached to his gifts.

All the museums and libraries should be opened, not only to workingmen, but to all others. If to see great paintings, great statues, wonderful works of art; if to read the thoughts of the greatest men—if these things tend to the civilization of the race, then they should be put as nearly as possible within the reach of all.

The man who works eight or ten or twelve hours a day has not time during the six days of labor to visit libraries or museums. Sunday is his day of leisure, his day of recreation, and on that day he should have the privilege, and he himself should deem it a right to visit all the public libraries and museums, parks and gardens.

In other words, I think the laboring man should have the same rights on Sundays, to say the least of it, that wealthy people have on other days. The man of wealth has leisure. He can attend these places on any day he may desire; but necessity being the master of the poor man, Sunday is his one day for such a purpose. For men of wealth to close the museums and libraries on that day, shows that they have either a mistaken idea as to the well-being of their fellow-men, or that they care nothing about the rights of any except the wealthy.

Personally, I have no sort of patience with the theological snivel and drivel about the sacredness of the Sabbath. I do not understand why they do not accept the words of their own Christ, namely, that “the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.”

The hypocrites of Judea were great sticklers for the Sabbath, and the orthodox Christians of New York are exactly the same. My own opinion is that a man who has been at work all the week, in the dust and heat, can hardly afford to waste his Sunday in hearing an orthodox sermon—a sermon that gives him the cheerful intelligence that his chances for being damned are largely in the majority. I think it is far better for the workingman to go out with his family in the park, into the woods, to some German garden, where he can hear the music of Wagner, or even the waltzes of Strauss, or to take a boat and go down to the shore of the sea. I think than in summer a few waves of the ocean are far more refreshing then all the orthodox sermons of the world.

As a matter of fact, I believe the preachers leave the city in the summer and let the Devil do his worst. Whether it is believed that the Devil has less power in warm weather, I do not know. But I do know that, as the mercury rises, the anxiety about souls decreases, and the hotter New York becomes, the cooler hell seems to be.

I want the workingman, no matter what he works at—whether at doctoring people, or trying law suits, or running for office—to have a real good time on Sunday. He, of course, must be careful not to interfere with the rights of others. He ought not to play draw-poker on the steps of a church; neither should he stone a Chinese funeral, nor

go to any excesses; but all the week long he should have it in his mind: Next Sunday I am going to have a good time. My wife and I and the children are going to have a happy time. I am going out with the girl I like; or my young man is going to take me to the picnic. And this thought, and this hope, of having a good time on Sunday—of seeing some great pictures at the Metropolitan Art Gallery—together with a good many bad ones— will make work easy and lighten the burden on the shoulders of toil.

I take a great interest, too, in the working women—particularly in the working woman. I think that every workingman should see to it that every working woman has a good time on Sunday. I am no preacher. All I want is that everybody should enjoy himself in a way that he will not and does not interfere with the enjoyment of others.

It will not do to say that we cannot trust the people. Our Government is based upon the idea that the people can be trusted, and those who say that the workingmen cannot be trusted, do not believe in Republican or Democratic institutions. For one, I am perfectly willing to trust the working people of the country. I do, every day. I trust the engineers on the cars and steamers. I trust the builders of houses. I trust all laboring men every day of my life, and if the laboring people of the country were not trustworthy—if they were malicious or dishonest—life would not be worth living.

—*The Journal*, New York, June 6, 1890.

The West And South

Question. Do you think the South will ever equal or surpass the West in point of prosperity?

Answer. I do not. The West has better soil and more of the elements of wealth. It is not liable to yellow fever; its rivers have better banks; the people have more thrift, more enterprise, more political hospitality; education is more general; the people are more inventive; better traders, and besides all this, there is no race problem. The Southern people are what their surroundings made them, and the influence of slavery has not yet died out. In my judgment the climate of the West is superior to that of the South. The West has good, cold winters, and they make people a little more frugal, prudent and industrious. Winters make good homes, cheerful firesides, and, after all, civilization commences at the hearthstone. The South is growing, and will continue to grow, but it will never equal the West. The West is destined to dominate the Republic.

Question. Do you consider the new ballot-law adapted to the needs of our system of elections? If not, in what particulars does it require amendment?

Answer. Personally I like the brave and open way. The secret ballot lacks courage. I want people to know just how I vote. The old *viva voce* way was manly and looked well. Every American should be taught that he votes as a sovereign—an emperor—and he should exercise the right in a kingly way. But if we must have the secret ballot, then let it be secret indeed, and let the crowd stand back while the king votes.

Question. What do you think of the service pension movement?

Answer. I see that there is a great deal of talk here in Indiana about this service pension movement. It has always seemed to me that the pension fund has been frittered away. Of what use is it to give a man two or three dollars a month? If a man is rich why should he have any pension? I think it would be better to give pensions only to the needy, and then give them enough to support them. If the man was in the army a day or a month, and was uninjured, and can make his own living, or has enough, why should he have a pension? I believe in giving to the wounded and disabled and poor, with a liberal hand, but not to the rich. I know that the nation could not pay the men who fought and suffered. There is not money enough in the world to pay the heroes for what they did and endured —but there is money enough to keep every wounded and diseased soldier from want. There is money enough to fill the lives of those who gave limbs or health for the sake of the Republic, with comfort and happiness. I would also like to see the poor soldier taken care of whether he was wounded or not, but I see no propriety in giving to those who do not need.

—*The Journal*, Indianapolis, Indiana, June 21, 1890.

The Westminster Creed And Other Subjects

Question. What do you think of the revision of the Westminster creed?

Answer. I think that the intelligence and morality of the age demand the revision. The Westminster creed is infamous. It makes God an infinite monster, and men the most miserable of beings. That creed has made millions insane. It has furrowed countless cheeks with tears. Under its influence the sentiments and sympathies of the heart have withered. This creed was written by the worst of men. The civilized Presbyterians do not believe it. The intelligent clergyman will not preach it, and all good men who understand it, hold it in abhorrence. But the fact is that it is just as good as the creed of any orthodox church. All these creeds must be revised. Young America will not be consoled by the doctrine of eternal pain. Yes, the creeds must be revised or the churches will be closed.

Question. What do you think of the influence of the press on religion?

Answer. If you mean on orthodox religion, then I say the press is helping to destroy it. Just to the extent that the press is intelligent and fearless, it is and must be the enemy of superstition. Every fact in the universe is the enemy of every falsehood. The press furnishes food for, and excites thought. This tends to the destruction of the miraculous and absurd. I regard the press as the friend of progress and consequently the foe of orthodox religion. The old dogmas do not make the people happy. What is called religion is full of fear and grief. The clergy are always talking about dying, about the grave and eternal pain. They do not add to the sunshine of life. If they could have their way all the birds would stop singing, the flowers would lose their color and perfume, and all the owls would sit on dead trees and hoot, “Broad is the road that leads to death.”

Question. If you should write your last sentence on religious topics what would be your closing?

Answer. I now in the presence of death affirm and reaffirm the truth of all that I have said against the superstitions of the world. I would say at least that much on the subject with my last breath.

Question. What, in your opinion, will be Browning’s position in the literature of the future?

Answer. Lower than at present. Mrs. Browning was far greater than her husband. He never wrote anything comparable to “Mother and Poet.” Browning lacked form, and that is as great a lack in poetry as it is in sculpture. He was the author of some great lines, some great thoughts, but he was obscure, uneven and was always mixing the poetic with the commonplace. To me he cannot be compared with Shelley or Keats, or with our own Walt Whitman. Of course poetry cannot be very well discussed. Each man knows what he likes, what touches his heart and what words burst into blossom, but he cannot judge for others. After one has read Shakespeare, Burns and Byron, and Shelley and Keats; after he has read the “Sonnets” and the “Daisy” and the

“Prisoner of Chillon” and the “Skylark” and the “Ode to the Grecian Urn”—the “Flight of the Duchess” seems a little weak.

—*The Post-Express*, Rochester, New York, June 23, 1890.

Shakespeare And Bacon

Question. What is your opinion of Ignatius Donnelly as a literary man irrespective of his Baconian theory?

Answer. I know that Mr. Donnelly enjoys the reputation of being a man of decided ability and that he is regarded by many as a great orator. He is known to me through his Baconian theory, and in that of course I have no confidence. It is nearly as ingenious as absurd. He has spent great time, and has devoted much curious learning to the subject, and has at last succeeded in convincing himself that Shakespeare claimed that which he did not write, and that Bacon wrote that which he did not claim. But to me the theory is without the slightest foundation.

Question. Mr. Donnelly asks: "Can you imagine the author of such grand productions retiring to that mud house in Stratford to live without a single copy of the quarto that has made his name famous?" What do you say?

Answer. Yes; I can. Shakespeare died in 1616, and the quarto was published in 1623, seven years after he was dead. Under these circumstances I think Shakespeare ought to be excused, even by those who attack him with the greatest bitterness, for not having a copy of the book. There is, however, another side to his. Bacon did not die until long after the quarto was published. Did he have a copy? Did he mention the copy in his will? Did he ever mention the quarto in any letter, essay, or in any way? He left a library, was there a copy of the plays in it? Has there ever been found a line from any play or sonnet in his handwriting? Bacon left his writings, his papers, all in perfect order, but no plays, no sonnets, said nothing about plays—claimed nothing on their behalf. This is the other side. Now, there is still another thing. The edition of 1623 was published by Shakespeare's friends, Heminge and Condell. They knew him—had been with him for years, and they collected most of his plays and put them in book form.

Ben Jonson wrote a preface, in which he placed Shakespeare above all the other poets—declared that he was for all time.

The edition of 1623 was gotten up by actors, by the friends and associates of Shakespeare, vouched for by dramatic writers—by those who knew him. This is enough.

Question. How do you explain the figure: "His soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate"? Mr. Donnelly does not understand you.

Answer. It hardly seems necessary to explain a thing as simple and plain as that. Men are carried away by some fierce passion— carried away in spite of themselves as Mazeppa was carried by the wild horse to which he was lashed. Whether the comparison is good or bad it is at least plain. Nothing could tempt me to call Mr. Donnelly's veracity in question. He says that he does not understand the sentence and I most cheerfully admit that he tells the exact truth.

Question. Mr. Donnelly says that you said: “Where there is genius, education seems almost unnecessary,” and he denounces your doctrine as the most abominable doctrine ever taught. What have you to say to that?

Answer. In the first place, I never made the remark. In the next place, it may be well enough to ask what education is. Much is taught in colleges that is of no earthly use; much is taught that is hurtful. There are thousands of educated men who never graduated from any college or university. Every observant, thoughtful man is educating himself as long as he lives. Men are better then books. Observation is a great teacher. A man of talent learns slowly. He does not readily see the necessary relation that one fact bears to another. A man of genius, learning one fact, instantly sees hundreds of others. It is not necessary for such a man to attend college. The world is his university. Every man he meets is a book—every woman a volume every fact a torch—and so without the aid of the so-called schools he rises to the very top. Shakespeare was such a man.

Question. Mr. Donnelly says that: “The biggest myth ever on earth was Shakespeare, and that if Francis Bacon had said to the people, I, Francis Bacon, a gentleman of gentlemen, have been taking in secret my share of the coppers and shillings taken at the door of those low playhouses, he would have been ruined. If he had put the plays forth simply as poetry it would have ruined his legal reputation.” What do you think of this?

Answer. I hardly think that Shakespeare was a myth. He was certainly born, married, lived in London, belonged to a company of actors; went back to Stratford, where he had a family, and died. All these things do not as a rule happen to myths. In addition to this, those who knew him believed him to be the author of the plays. Bacon’s friends never suspected him. I do not think it would have hurt Bacon to have admitted that he wrote “Lear” and “Othello,” and that he was getting “coppers and shillings” to which he was justly entitled. Certainly not as much as for him to have written this, which if fact, though not in exact form, he did write: “I, Francis Bacon, a gentleman of gentlemen, have been taking coppers and shillings to which I was not entitled—but which I received as bribes while sitting as a judge.” He has been excused for two reasons. First, because his salary was small, and, second, because it was the custom for judges to receive presents.

Bacon was a lawyer. He was charged with corruption—with having taken bribes, with having sold his decisions. He knew what the custom was and knew how small his salary was. But he did not plead the custom in his defense. He did not mention the smallness of the salary. He confessed that he was guilty—as charged. His confession was deemed too general and he was called upon by the Lords to make a specific confession. This he did. He specified the cases in which he had received the money and told how much, and begged for mercy. He did not make his confession, as Mr. Donnelly is reported to have said, to get his fine remitted. The confession was made before the fine was imposed.

Neither do I think that the theatre in which the plays of Shakespeare were represented could or should be called a “low play house.” The fact that “Othello,” “Lear,” “Hamlet,” “Julius Cæsar,” and the other great dramas were first played in

that playhouse made it the greatest building in the world. The gods themselves should have occupied seats in that theatre, where for the first time the greatest productions of the human mind were put upon the stage.

—*The Tribune*, Minneapolis, Minn., May 31, 1891.

Growing Old Gracefully, And Presbyterianism

Question. How have you acquired the art of growing old gracefully?

Answer. It is very hard to live a great while without getting old, and it is hardly worth while to die just to keep young. It is claimed that people with certain incomes live longer than those who have to earn their bread. But the income people have a stupid kind of life, and though they may hang on a good many years, they can hardly be said to do much real living. The best you can say is, not that they lived so many years, but that it took them so many years to die. Some people imagine that regular habits prolong life, but that depends somewhat on the habits. Only the other day I read an article written by a physician, in which regular habits —good ones, were declared to be quite dangerous.

Where life is perfectly regular, all the wear and tear comes on the same nerves—every blow falls on the same place. Variety, even in a bad direction, is a great relief. But living long has nothing to do with getting old gracefully. Good nature is a great enemy of wrinkles, and cheerfulness helps the complexion. If we could only keep from being annoyed at little things, it would add to the luxury of living. Great sorrows are few, and after all do not affect us as much as the many irritating, almost nothings that attack from every side. The traveler is bothered more with dust than mountains. It is a great thing to have an object in life— something to work for and think for. If a man thinks only about himself, his own comfort, his own importance, he will not grow old gracefully. More and more his spirit, small and mean, will leave its impress on his face, and especially in his eyes. You look at him and feel that there is no jewel in the casket; that a shriveled soul is living in a tumble-down house.

The body gets its grace from the mind. I suppose that we are all more or less responsible for our looks. Perhaps the thinker of great thoughts, the doer of noble deeds, moulds his features in harmony with his life.

Probably the best medicine, the greatest beautifier in the world, is to make somebody else happy. I have noticed that good mothers have faces as serene as a cloudless day in June, and the older the serener. It is a great thing to know the relative importance of things, and those who do, get the most out of life. Those who take an interest in what they see, and keep their minds busy are always young.

The other day I met a blacksmith who has given much attention to geology and fossil remains. He told me how happy he was in his excursions. He was nearly seventy years old, and yet he had the enthusiasm of a boy. He said he had some very fine specimens, “but,” said he, “nearly every night I dream of finding perfect ones.”

That man will keep young as long as he lives. As long as a man lives he should study. Death alone has the right to dismiss the school. No man can get too much knowledge. In that, he can have all the avarice he wants, but he can get too much property. If the business men would stop when they got enough, they might have a chance to grow old gracefully. But the most of them go on and on, until, like the old stage horse, stiff

and lame, they drop dead in the road. The intelligent, the kind, the reasonably contented, the courageous, the self-poised, grow old gracefully.

Question. Are not the restraints to free religious thought being worn away, as the world grows older, and will not the recent attacks of the religious press and pulpit upon the unorthodoxy of Dr. Briggs, Rev. R. Heber Newton and the prospective Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, Dr. Phillips Brooks, and others, have a tendency still further to extend this freedom?

Answer. Of course the world is growing somewhat wiser—getting more sense day by day. It is amazing to me that any human being or beings ever wrote the Presbyterian creed. Nothing can be more absurd—more barbaric than that creed. It makes man the sport of an infinite monster, and yet good people, men and women of ability, who have gained eminence in almost every department of human effort, stand by this creed as if it were filled with wisdom and goodness. They really think that a good God damns his poor ignorant children just for his own glory, and that he sends people to perdition, not for any evil in them, but to the praise of his glorious justice. Dr. Briggs has been wicked enough to doubt this phase of God's goodness, and Dr. Bridgman was heartless enough to drop a tear in hell. Of course they have no idea of what justice really is.

The Presbyterian General Assembly that has just adjourned stood by Calvinism. The "Five Points" are as sharp as ever. The members of that assembly—most of them—find all their happiness in the "creed." They need no other amusement. If they feel blue they read about total depravity—and cheer up. In moments of great sorrow they think of the tale of non-elect infants, and their hearts overflow with a kind of joy.

They cannot imagine why people wish to attend the theatre when they can read the "Confession of Faith," or why they should feel like dancing after they do read it.

It is very sad to think of the young men and women who have been eternally ruined by witnessing the plays of Shakespeare, and it is also sad to think of the young people, foolish enough to be happy, keeping time to the pulse of music, waltzing to hell in loving pairs—all for the glory of God, and to the praise of his glorious justice. I think, too, of the thousands of men and women who, while listening to the music of Wagner, have absolutely forgotten the Presbyterian creed, and who for a little while have been as happy as if the creed had never been written. Tear down the theatres, burn the opera houses, break all musical instruments, and then let us go to church.

I am not at all surprised that the General Assembly took up this progressive euchre matter. The word "progressive" is always obnoxious to the ministers. Euchre under another name might go. Of course, progressive euchre is a kind of gambling. I knew a young man, or rather heard of him, who won at progressive euchre a silver spoon. At first this looks like nothing, almost innocent, and yet that spoon, gotten for nothing, sowed the seed of gambling in that young man's brain. He became infatuated with euchre, then with cards in general, then with draw-poker in particular,—then into Wall Street. He is now a total wreck, and has the impudence to say that is was all "pre-ordained." Think of the thousands and millions that are being demoralized by games of chance, by marbles —when they play for keeps—by billiards and croquet, by fox and geese, authors, halma, tiddledywinks and pigs in clover. In all these

miserable games, is the infamous element of chance—the raw material of gambling. Probably none of these games could be played exclusively for the glory of God. I agree with the Presbyterian General Assembly, if the creed is true, why should anyone try to amuse himself? If there is a hell, and all of us are going there, there should never be another smile on the human face. We should spend our days in sighs, our nights in tears. The world should go insane. We find strange combinations—good men with bad creeds, and bad men with good ones—and so the great world stumbles along.

—*The Blade*, Toledo, Ohio, June 4, 1891.

Creeds

There is a natural desire on the part of every intelligent human being to harmonize his information—to make his theories agree—in other words, to make what he knows, or thinks he knows, in one department, agree and harmonize with what he knows, or thinks he knows, in every other department of human knowledge.

The human race has not advanced in line, neither has it advanced in all departments with the same rapidity. It is with the race as it is with an individual. A man may turn his entire attention to some one subject—as, for instance, to geology—and neglect other sciences. He may be a good geologist, but an exceedingly poor astronomer; or he may know nothing of politics or of political economy. So he may be a successful statesman and know nothing of theology. But if a man, successful in one direction, takes up some other question, he is bound to use the knowledge he has on one subject as a kind of standard to measure what he is told on some other subject. If he is a chemist, it will be natural for him, when studying some other question, to use what he knows in chemistry; that is to say, he will expect to find cause and effect everywhere —succession and resemblance. He will say: It must be in all other sciences as in chemistry—there must be no chance. The elements have no caprice. Iron is always the same. Gold does not change. Prussic acid is always poison—it has no freaks. So he will reason as to all facts in nature. He will be a believer in the atomic integrity of all matter, in the persistence of gravitation. Being so trained, and so convinced, his tendency will be to weigh what is called new information in the same scales that he has been using.

Now, for the application of this. Progress in religion is the slowest, because man is kept back by sentimentality, by the efforts of parents, by old associations. A thousand unseen tendrils are twining about him that he must necessarily break if he advances. In other departments of knowledge inducements are held out and rewards are promised to the one who does succeed—to the one who really does advance—to the one who discovers new facts. But in religion, instead of rewards being promised, threats are made. The man is told that he must not advance; that if he takes a step forward, it is at the peril of his soul; that if he thinks and investigates, he is in danger of exciting the wrath of God. Consequently religion has been of the slowest growth. Now, in most departments of knowledge, man has advanced; and coming back to the original statement—a desire to harmonize all that we know—there is a growing desire on the part of intelligent men to have a religion fit to keep company with the other sciences.

Our creeds were made in times of ignorance. They suited very well a flat world, and a God who lived in the sky just above us and who used the lightning to destroy his enemies. This God was regarded much as a savage regarded the head of his tribe—as one having the right to reward and punish. And this God, being much greater than a chief of the tribe, could give greater rewards and inflict greater punishments. They knew that the ordinary chief, or the ordinary king, punished the slightest offence with death. They also knew that these chiefs and kings tortured their victims as long as the victims could bear the torture. So when they described their God, they gave

this God power to keep the tortured victim alive forever —because they knew that the earthly chief, or the earthly king, would prolong the life of the tortured for the sake of increasing the agonies of the victim. In those savage days they regarded punishment as the only means of protecting society. In consequence of this they built heaven and hell on an earthly plan, and they put God—that is to say the chief, that is to say the king—on a throne like an earthly king.

Of course, these views were all ignorant and barbaric; but in that blessed day their geology and astronomy were on a par with their theology. There was a harmony in all departments of knowledge, or rather of ignorance. Since that time there has been a great advance made in the idea of government—the old idea being that the right to govern came from God to the king, and from the king to his people. Now intelligent people believe that the source of authority has been changed, and that all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed. So there has been a great advance in the philosophy of punishment—in the treatment of criminals. So, too, in all the sciences. The earth is no longer flat; heaven is not immediately above us; the universe has been infinitely enlarged, and we have at last found that our earth is but a grain of sand, a speck on the great shore of the infinite. Consequently there is a discrepancy, a discord, a contradiction between our theology and the other sciences. Men of intelligence feel this. Dr. Briggs concluded that a perfectly good and intelligent God could not have created billions of sentient beings, knowing that they were to be eternally miserable. No man could do such a thing, had he the power, without being infinitely malicious. Dr. Briggs began to have a little hope for the human race—began to think that maybe God is better than the creed describes him.

And right here it may be well enough to remark that no one has ever been declared a heretic for thinking God bad. Heresy has consisted in thinking God better than the church said he was. The man who said God will damn nearly everybody, was orthodox. The man who said God will save everybody, was denounced as a blaspheming wretch, as one who assailed and maligned the character of God. I can remember when the Universalists were denounced as vehemently and maliciously as the Atheists are to-day.

Now, Dr. Briggs is undoubtedly an intelligent man. He knows that nobody on earth knows who wrote the five books of Moses. He knows that they were not written until hundreds of years after Moses was dead. He knows that two or more persons were the authors of Isaiah. He knows that David did not write to exceed three or four of the Psalms. He knows that the Book of Job is not a Jewish book. He knows that the Songs of Solomon were not written by Solomon. He knows that the Book of Ecclesiastes was written by a Freethinker. He also knows that there is not in existence to-day—so far as anybody knows—any of the manuscripts of the Old or New Testaments.

So about the New Testament, Dr. Briggs knows that nobody lives who has ever seen an original manuscript, or who ever saw anybody that did see one, or that claims to have seen one. He knows that nobody knows who wrote Matthew or Mark or Luke or John. He knows that John did not write John, and that that gospel was not written until long after John was dead. He knows that no one knows who wrote the Hebrews. He also knows that the Book of Revelation is an insane production. Dr. Briggs also

knows the way in which these books came to be canonical, and he knows that the way was no more binding than a resolution passed by a political convention. He also knows that many books were left out that had for centuries equal authority with those that were put in. He also knows that many passages— and the very passages upon which many churches are founded—are interpolations. He knows that the last chapter of Mark, beginning with the sixteenth verse to the end, is an interpolation; and he also knows that neither Matthew nor Mark nor Luke ever said one word about the necessity of believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, or of believing anything—not one word about believing the Bible or joining the church, or doing any particular thing in the way of ceremony to insure salvation. He knows that according to Matthew, God agreed to forgive us when we would forgive others. Consequently he knows that there is not one particle of what is called modern theology in Matthew, Mark, or Luke. He knows that the trouble commenced in John, and that John was not written until probably one hundred and fifty years—possibly two hundred years—after Christ was dead. So he also knows that the sin against the Holy Ghost is an interpolation; that "I came not to bring peace but a sword," if not an interpolation, is an absolute contradiction. So, too, he knows that the promise to forgive in heaven what the disciples should forgive on earth, is an interpolation; and that if its not an interpolation, it is without the slightest sense in fact.

Knowing these things, and knowing, in addition to what I have stated, that there are thirty thousand or forty thousand mistakes in the Old Testament, that there are a great many contradictions and absurdities, than many of the laws are cruel and infamous, and could have been made only by a barbarous people, Dr. Briggs has concluded that, after all, the torch that sheds the serenest and divinest light is the human reason, and that we must investigate the Bible as we do other books. At least, I suppose he has reached some such conclusion. He may imagine that the pure gold of inspiration still runs through the quartz and porphyry of ignorance and mistake, and that all we have to do is to extract the shining metal by some process that may be called theological smelting; and if so I have no fault to find. Dr. Briggs has taken a step in advance—that is to say, the tree is growing, and when the tree grows, the bark splits; when the new leaves come the old leaves are rotting on the ground.

The Presbyterian creed is a very bad creed. It has been the stumbling-block, not only of the head, but of the heart for many generations. I do not know that it is, in fact, worse than any other orthodox creed; but the bad features are stated with an explicitness and emphasized with a candor that render the creed absolutely appalling. It is amazing to me that any man ever wrote it, or that any set of men ever produced it. It is more amazing to me that any human being ever believed in it. It is still more amazing that any human being ever thought it wicked not to believe it. It is more amazing still, than all the others combined, that any human being ever wanted it to be true.

This creed is a relic of the Middle Ages. It has in it the malice, the malicious logic, the total depravity, the utter heartlessness of John Calvin, and it gives me great pleasure to say that no Presbyterian was ever as bad as his creed. And here let me say, as I have said many times, that I do not hate Presbyterians—because among them I count some of my best friends—but I hate Presbyterianism. And I cannot illustrate this any

better than by saying, I do not hate a man because he has the rheumatism, but I hate the rheumatism because it has a man.

The Presbyterian Church is growing, and is growing because, as I said at first, there is a universal tendency in the mind of man to harmonize all that he knows or thinks he knows. This growth may be delayed. The buds of heresy may be kept back by the north wind of Princeton and by the early frost called Patton. In spite of these souvenirs of the Dark Ages, the church must continue to grow. The theologians who regard theology as something higher than a trade, tend toward Liberalism. Those who regard preaching as a business, and the inculcation of sentiment as a trade, will stand by the lowest possible views. They will cling to the letter and throw away the spirit. They prefer the dead limb to a new bud or to a new leaf. They want no more sap. They delight in the dead tree, in its unbending nature, and they mistake the stiffness of death for the vigor and resistance of life.

Now, as with Dr. Briggs, so with Dr. Bridgman, although it seems to me that he has simply jumped from the frying-pan into the fire; and why he should prefer the Episcopal creed to the Baptist, is more than I can imagine. The Episcopal creed is, in fact, just as bad as the Presbyterian. It calmly and with unruffled brow, utters the sentence of eternal punishment on the majority of the human race, and the Episcopalian expects to be happy in heaven, with his son or daughter or his mother or wife in hell.

Dr. Bridgman will find himself exactly in the position of the Rev. Mr. Newton, provided he expresses his thought. But I account for the Bridgmans and for the Newtons by the fact that there is still sympathy in the human heart, and that there is still intelligence in the human brain. For my part, I am glad to see this growth in the orthodox churches, and the quicker they revise their creeds the better.

I oppose nothing that is good in any creed—I attack only that which is ignorant, cruel and absurd, and I make the attack in the interest of human liberty, and for the sake of human happiness.

Question. What do you think of the action of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Detroit, and what effect do you think it will have on religious growth?

Answer. That General Assembly was controlled by the orthodox within the church, by the strict constructionists and by the Calvinists; by gentlemen who not only believe the creed, not only believe that a vast majority of people are going to hell, but are really glad of it; by gentlemen who, when they feel a little blue, read about total depravity to cheer up, and when they think of the mercy of God as exhibited in their salvation, and the justice of God as illustrated by the damnation of others, their hearts burst into a kind of efflorescence of joy.

These gentlemen are opposed to all kinds of amusements except reading the Bible, the Confession of Faith, and the creed, and listening to Presbyterian sermons and prayers. All these things they regard as the food of cheerfulness. They warn the elect against theatres and operas, dancing and games of chance.

Well, if their doctrine is true, there ought to be no theatres, except exhibitions of hell; there ought to be no operas, except where the music is a succession of wails for the

misfortunes of man. If their doctrine is true, I do not see how any human being could ever smile again—I do not see how a mother could welcome her babe; everything in nature would become hateful; flowers and sunshine would simply tell us of our fate.

My doctrine is exactly the opposite of this. Let us enjoy ourselves every moment that we can. The love of the dramatic is universal. The stage has not simply amused, but it has elevated mankind. The greatest genius of our world poured the treasures of his soul into the drama. I do not believe that any girl can be corrupted, or that any man can be injured, by becoming acquainted with Isabella or Miranda or Juliet or Imogen, or any of the great heroines of Shakespeare.

So I regard the opera as one of the great civilizers. No one can listen to the symphonies of Beethoven, or the music of Schubert, without receiving a benefit. And no one can hear the operas of Wagner without feeling that he has been ennobled and refined.

Why is it the Presbyterians are so opposed to music in the world, and yet expect to have so much in heaven? Is not music just as demoralizing in the sky as on the earth, and does anybody believe that Abraham or Isaac or Jacob, ever played any music comparable to Wagner?

Why should we postpone our joy to another world? Thousands of people take great pleasure in dancing, and I say let them dance. Dancing is better than weeping and wailing over a theology born of ignorance and superstition.

And so with games of chance. There is a certain pleasure in playing games, and the pleasure is of the most innocent character. Let all these games be played at home and children will not prefer the saloon to the society of their parents. I believe in cards and billiards, and would believe in progressive euchre, were it more of a game—the great objection to it is its lack of complexity. My idea is to get what little happiness you can out of this life, and to enjoy all sunshine that breaks through the clouds of misfortune. Life is poor enough at best. No one should fail to pick up every jewel of joy that can be found in his path. Every one should be as happy as he can, provided he is not happy at the expense of another, and no person rightly constituted can be happy at the expense of another.

So let us get all we can of good between the cradle and the grave; all that we can of the truly dramatic; all that we can of music; all that we can of art; all that we can of enjoyment; and if, when death comes, that is the end, we have at least made the best of this life; and if there be another life, let us make the best of that.

I am doing what little I can to hasten the coming of the day when the human race will enjoy liberty—not simply of body, but liberty of mind. And by liberty of mind I mean freedom from superstition, and added to that, the intelligence to find out the conditions of happiness; and added to that, the wisdom to live in accordance with those conditions.

—*The Morning Advertiser*, New York, June 12, 1891.

The Tendency Of Modern Thought

Question. Do you regard the Briggs trial as any evidence of the growth of Liberalism in the church itself?

Answer. When men get together, and make what they call a creed, the supposition is that they then say as nearly as possible what they mean and what they believe. A written creed, of necessity, remains substantially the same. In a few years this creed ceases to give exactly the new shade of thought. Then begin two processes, one of destruction and the other of preservation. In every church, as in every party, and as you may say in every corporation, there are two wings—one progressive, the other conservative. In the church there will be a few, and they will represent the real intelligence of the church, who become dissatisfied with the creed, and who at first satisfy themselves by giving new meanings to old words. On the other hand, the conservative party appeals to emotions, to memories, and to the experiences of their fellow- members, for the purpose of upholding the old dogmas and the old ideas; so that each creed is like a crumbling castle. The conservatives plant ivy and other vines, hoping that their leaves will hide the cracks and erosions of time; but the thoughtful see beyond these leaves and are satisfied that the structure itself is in the process of decay, and that no amount of ivy can restore the crumbling stones.

The old Presbyterian creed, when it was first formulated, satisfied a certain religious intellect. At that time people were not very merciful. They had no clear conceptions of justice. Their lives were for the most part hard; most of them suffered the pains and pangs of poverty; nearly all lived in tyrannical governments and were the sport of nobles and kings. Their idea of God was born of their surroundings. God, to them, was an infinite king who delighted in exhibitions of power. At any rate, their minds were so constructed that they conceived of an infinite being who, billions of years before the world was, made up his mind as to whom he would save and whom he would damn. He not only made up his mind as to the number he would save, and the number that should be lost, but he saved and damned without the slightest reference to the character of the individual. They believed then, and some pretend to believe still, that God damns a man not because he is bad, and that he saves a man not because he is good, but simply for the purpose of self-glorification as an exhibition of his eternal justice. It would be impossible to conceive of any creed more horrible than that of the Presbyterians. Although I admit—and I not only admit but I assert—that the creeds of all orthodox Christians are substantially the same, the Presbyterian creed says plainly what it means. There is no hesitation, no evasion. The horrible truth, so-called, is stated in the clearest possible language. One would think after reading this creed, that the men who wrote it not only believed it, but were really glad it was true.

Ideas of justice, of the use of power, of the use of mercy, have greatly changed in the last century. We are beginning dimly to see that each man is the result of an infinite number of conditions, of an infinite number of facts, most of which existed before he was born. We are beginning dimly to see that while reason is a pilot, each soul navigates the mysterious sea filled with tides and unknown currents set in motion by

ancestors long since dust. We are beginning to see that defects of mind are transmitted precisely the same as defects of body, and in my judgment the time is coming when we shall not more think of punishing a man for larceny than for having the consumption. We shall know that the thief is a necessary and natural result of conditions, preparing, you may say, the field of the world for the growth of man. We shall no longer depend upon accident and ignorance and providence. We shall depend upon intelligence and science.

The Presbyterian creed is no longer in harmony with the average sense of man. It shocks the average mind. It seems too monstrous to be true; too horrible to find a lodgment in the mind of the civilized man. The Presbyterian minister who thinks, is giving new meanings to the old words. The Presbyterian minister who feels, also gives new meanings to the old words. Only those who neither think nor feel remain orthodox.

For many years the Christian world has been engaged in examining the religions of other peoples, and the Christian scholars have had but little trouble in demonstrating the origin of Mohammedanism and Buddhism and all other isms except ours. After having examined other religions in the light of science, it occurred to some of our theologians to examine their own doctrine in the same way, and the result has been exactly the same in both cases. Dr. Briggs, as I believe, is a man of education. He is undoubtedly familiar with other religions, and has, to some extent at least, made himself familiar with the sacred books of other people. Dr. Briggs knows that no human being knows who wrote a line of the Old Testament. He knows as well as he can know anything, for instance, that Moses never wrote one word of the books attributed to him. He knows that the book of Genesis was made by putting two or three stories together. He also knows that it is not the oldest story, but was borrowed. He knows that in this book of Genesis there is not one word adapted to make a human being better, or to shed the slightest light on human conduct. He knows, if he knows anything, that the Mosaic Code, so-called, was, and is, exceedingly barbarous and not adapted to do justice between man and man, or between nation and nation. He knows that the Jewish people pursued a course adapted to destroy themselves; that they refused to make friends with their neighbors; that they had not the slightest idea of the rights of other people; that they really supposed that the earth was theirs, and that their God was the greatest God in the heavens. He also knows that there are many thousands of mistakes in the Old Testament as translated. He knows that the book of Isaiah is made up of several books. He knows the same thing in regard to the New Testament. He also knows that there were many other books that were once considered sacred that have been thrown away, and that nobody knows who wrote a solitary line of the New Testament.

Besides all this, Dr. Briggs knows that the Old and New Testaments are filled with interpolations, and he knows that the passages of Scripture which have been taken as the foundation stones for creeds, were written hundreds of years after the death of Christ. He knows well enough that Christ never said: “I came not to bring peace, but a sword.” He knows that the same being never said: “Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my church.” He knows, too, that Christ never said: “Whosoever believes shall be saved, and whosoever believes not shall be damned.” He knows that these

were interpolations. He knows that the sin against the Holy Ghost is another interpolation. He knows, if he knows anything, that the gospel according to John was written long after the rest, and that nearly all of the poison and superstition of orthodoxy is in that book. He knows also, if he knows anything, that St. Paul never read one of the four gospels.

Knowing all these things, Dr. Briggs has had the honesty to say that there was some trouble about taking the Bible as absolutely inspired in word and punctuation. I do not think, however, that he can maintain his own position and still remain a Presbyterian or anything like a Presbyterian. He takes the ground, I believe, that there are three sources of knowledge: First, the Bible; second, the church; third, reason. It seems to me that reason should come first, because if you say the Bible is a source of authority, why do you say it? Do you say this because your reason is convinced that it is? If so, then reason is the foundation of that belief. If, again, you say the church is a source of authority, why do you say so? It must be because its history convinces your reason that it is. Consequently, the foundation of that idea is reason. At the bottom of this pyramid must be reason, and no man is under any obligation to believe that which is unreasonable to him. He may believe things that he cannot prove, but he does not believe them because they are unreasonable. He believes them because he thinks they are not unreasonable, not impossible, not improbable. But, after all, reason is the crucible in which every fact must be placed, and the result fixes the belief of the intelligent man.

It seems to me that the whole Presbyterian creed must come down together. It is a scheme based upon certain facts, so-called. There is in it the fall of man. There is in it the scheme of the atonement, and there is the idea of hell, eternal punishment, and the idea of heaven, eternal reward; and yet, according to their creed, hell is not a punishment and heaven is not a reward. Now, if we do away with the fall of man we do away with the atonement; then we do away with all supernatural religion. Then we come back to human reason. Personally, I hope that the Presbyterian Church will be advanced enough and splendid enough to be honest, and if it is honest, all the gentlemen who amount to anything, who assist in the trial of Dr. Briggs, will in all probability agree with him, and he will be acquitted. But if they throw aside their reason, and remain blindly orthodox, then he will be convicted. To me it is simply miraculous that any man should imagine that the Bible is the source of truth. There was a time when all scientific facts were measured by the Bible. That time is past, and now the believers in the Bible are doing their best to convince us that it is in harmony with science. In other words, I have lived to see a change of standards. When I was a boy, science was measured by the Bible. Now the Bible is measured by science. This is an immense step. So it is impossible for me to conceive what kind of a mind a man has, who finds in the history of the church the fact that it has been a source of truth. How can any one come to the conclusion that the Catholic Church has been a source of truth, a source of intellectual light? How can anyone believe that the church of John Calvin has been a source of truth? If its creed is not true, if its doctrines are mistakes, if its dogmas are monstrous delusions, how can it be said to have been a source of truth?

My opinion is that Dr. Briggs will not be satisfied with the step he has taken. He has turned his face a little toward the light. The farther he walks the harder it will be for him to turn back. The probability is that the orthodox will turn him out, and the process of driving out men of thought and men of genius will go on until the remnant will be as orthodox as they are stupid.

Question. Do you think mankind is drifting away from the supernatural?

Answer. My belief is that the supernatural has had its day. The church must either change or abdicate. That is to say, it must keep step with the progress of the world or be trampled under foot. The church as a power has ceased to exist. To-day it is a matter of infinite indifference what the pulpit thinks unless there comes the voice of heresy from the sacred place. Every orthodox minister in the United States is listened to just in proportion that he preaches heresy. The real, simon-pure, orthodox clergyman delivers his homilies to empty benches, and to a few ancient people who know nothing of the tides and currents of modern thought. The orthodox pulpit to-day has no thought, and the pews are substantially in the same condition. There was a time when the curse of the church whitened the face of a race, but now its anathema is the food of laughter.

Question. What, in your judgment, is to be the outcome of the present agitation in religious circles?

Answer. My idea is that people more and more are declining the postponement of happiness to another world. The general tendency is to enjoy the present. All religions have taught men that the pleasures of this world are of no account; that they are nothing but husks and rags and chaff and disappointment; that whoever expects to be happy in this world makes a mistake; that there is nothing on the earth worth striving for; that the principal business of mankind should be to get ready to be happy in another world; that the great occupation is to save your soul, and when you get it saved, when you are satisfied that you are one of the elect, then pack up all your worldly things in a very small trunk, take it to the dock of time that runs out into the ocean of eternity, sit down on it, and wait for the ship of death. And of course each church is the only one that sells a through ticket which can be depended on. In all religions, as far as I know, is an admixture of asceticism, and the greater the quantity, the more beautiful the religion has been considered, The tendency of the world to- day is to enjoy life while you have it; it is to get something out of the present moment; and we have found that there are things worth living for even in this world. We have found that a man can enjoy himself with wife and children; that he can be happy in the acquisition of knowledge; that he can be very happy in assisting others; in helping those he loves; that there is some joy in poetry, in science and in the enlargement and development of the mind; that there is some delight in music and in the drama and in the arts. We are finding, poor as the world is, that it beats a promise the fulfillment of which is not to take place until after death. The world is also finding out another thing, and that is that the gentlemen who preach these various religions, and promise these rewards, and threaten the punishments, know nothing whatever of the subject; that they are as blindly ignorant as the people they pretend to teach, and the people are as blindly ignorant as the animals below them. We have finally concluded that no human being has the slightest conception of

origin or of destiny, and that this life, not only in its commencement but in its end, is just as mysterious to-day as it was to the first man whose eyes greeted the rising sun. We are no nearer the solution of the problem than those who lived thousands of years before us, and we are just as near it as those who will live millions of years after we are dead. So many people having arrived at the conclusion that nobody knows and that nobody can know, like sensible folks they have made up their minds to enjoy life. I have often said, and I say again, that I feel as if I were on a ship not knowing the port from which it sailed, not knowing the harbor to which it was going, not having a speaking acquaintance with any of the officers, and I have made up my mind to have as good a time with the other passengers as possible under the circumstances. If this ship goes down in mid- sea I have at least made something, and if it reaches a harbor of perpetual delight I have lost nothing, and I have had a happy voyage. And I think millions and millions are agreeing with me.

Now, understand, I am not finding fault with any of these religions or with any of these ministers. These religions and these ministers are the necessary and natural products of sufficient causes. Mankind has traveled from barbarism to what we now call civilization, by many paths, all of which under the circumstances, were absolutely necessary; and while I think the individual does as he must, I think the same of the church, of the corporation, and of the nation, and not only of the nation, but of the whole human race. Consequently I have no malice and no prejudices. I have likes and dislikes. I do not blame a gourd for not being a cantaloupe, but I like cantaloupes. So I do not blame the old hard-shell Presbyterian for not being a philosopher, but I like philosophers. So to wind it all up with regard to the tendency of modern thought, or as to the outcome of what you call religion, my own belief is that what is known as religion will disappear from the human mind. And by “religion” I mean the supernatural. By “religion” I mean living in this world for another, or living in this world to gratify some supposed being, whom we never saw and about whom we know nothing, and of whose existence we know nothing. In other words, religion consists of the duties we are supposed to owe to the first great cause, and of certain things necessary for us to do here to insure happiness hereafter. These ideas, in my judgment, are destined to perish, and men will become convinced that all their duties are within their reach, and that obligations can exist only between them and other sentient beings. Another idea, I think, will force itself upon the mind, which is this: That he who lives the best for this world lives the best for another if there be one. In other words, humanity will take the place of what is called “religion.” Science will displace superstition, and to do justice will be the ambition of man.

My creed is this: Happiness is the only good. The place to be happy is here. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to make others so.

Question. What is going to take the place of the pulpit?

Answer. I have for a long time wondered why somebody didn’t start a church on a sensible basis. My idea is this: There are, of course, in every community, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and people of all trades and professions who have not the time during the week to pay any particular attention to history, poetry, art, or song. Now, it seems to me that it would be a good thing to have a church and for these men to employ a man of ability, of talent, to preach to them Sundays, and let this man say to

his congregation: “Now, I am going to preach to you for the first few Sundays—eight or ten or twenty, we will say—on the art, poetry, and intellectual achievements of the Greeks.” Let this man study all the week and tell his congregation Sunday what he has ascertained. Let him give to his people the history of such men as Plato, as Socrates, what they did; of Aristotle, of his philosophy; of the great Greeks, their statesmen, their poets, actors, and sculptors, and let him show the debt that modern civilization owes to these people. Let him, too, give their religions, their mythology—a mythology that has sown the seed of beauty in every land. Then let him take up Rome. Let him show what a wonderful and practical people they were; let him give an idea of their statesmen, orators, poets, lawyers—because probably the Romans were the greatest lawyers. And so let him go through with nation after nation, biography after biography, and at the same time let there be a Sunday school connected with this church where the children shall be taught something of importance. For instance, teach them botany, and when a Sunday is fair, clear, and beautiful, let them go into the fields and woods with their teachers, and in a little while they will become acquainted with all kinds of tress and shrubs and flowering plants. They could also be taught entomology, so that every bug would be interesting, for they would see the facts in science— something of use to them. I believe that such a church and such a Sunday school would at the end of a few years be the most intelligent collection of people in the United States. To teach the children all of these things and to teach their parents, too, the outlines of every science, so that every listener would know something of geology, something of astronomy, so that every member could tell the manner in which they find the distance of a star— how much better that would be than the old talk about Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and quotations from Haggai and Zephaniah, and all this eternal talk about the fall of man and the Garden of Eden, and the flood, and the atonement, and the wonders of Revelation! Even if the religious scheme be true, it can be told and understood as well in one day as in a hundred years. The church says, “He that hath ears to hear let him hear.” I say: “He that hath brains to think, let him think.” So, too, the pulpit is being displaced by what we call places of amusement, which are really places where men go because they find there is something which satisfies in a greater or less degree the hunger of the brain. Never before was the theatre as popular as it is now. Never before was so much money lavished upon the stage as now. Very few men having their choice would go to hear a sermon, especially of the orthodox kind, when they had a chance to see a great actor.

The man must be a curious combination who would prefer an orthodox sermon, we will say, to a concert given by Theodore Thomas. And I may say in passing that I have great respect for Theodore Thomas, because it was he who first of all opened to the American people the golden gates of music. He made the American people acquainted with the great masters, and especially with Wagner, and it is a debt that we shall always owe him. In this day the opera—that is to say, music in every form—is tending to displace the pulpit. The pulpits have to go in partnership with music now. Hundreds of people have excused themselves to me for going to church, saying they have splendid music. Long ago the Catholic Church was forced to go into partnership not only with music, but with painting and with architecture. The Protestant Church for a long time thought it could do without these beggarly elements, and the

Protestant Church was simply a dry-goods box with a small steeple on top of it, its walls as bleak and bare and unpromising as the creed. But even Protestants have been forced to hire a choir of ungodly people who happen to have beautiful voices, and they, too, have appealed to the organ. Music is taking the place of creed, and there is more real devotional feeling summoned from the temple of the mind by great music than by any sermon ever delivered. Music, of all other things, gives wings to thought and allows the soul to rise above all the pains and troubles of this life, and to feel for a moment as if it were absolutely free, above all clouds, destined to enjoy forever. So, too, science is beckoning with countless hands. Men of genius are everywhere beckoning men to discoveries, promising them fortunes compared with which Aladdin's lamp was weak and poor. All these things take men from the church; take men from the pulpit. In other words, prosperity is the enemy of the pulpit. When men enjoy life, when they are prosperous here, they are in love with the arts, with the sciences, with everything that gives joy, with everything that promises plenty, and they care nothing about the prophecies of evil that fall from the solemn faces of the parsons. They look in other directions. They are not thinking about the end of the world. They hate the lugubrious, and they enjoy the sunshine of to-day. And this, in my judgment, is the highest philosophy: First, do not regret having lost yesterday; second, do not fear that you will lose to-morrow; third, enjoy to- day.

Astrology was displaced by astronomy. Alchemy and the black art gave way to chemistry. Science is destined to take the place of superstition. In my judgment, the religion of the future will be Reason.

—*The Tribune*, Chicago, Illinois, November, 1891.

Woman Suffrage, Horse Racing, And Money

Question. What are your opinions on the woman's suffrage question?

Answer. I claim no right that I am not willing to give to my wife and daughters, and to the wives and daughters of other men. We shall never have a generation of great men until we have a generation of great women. I do not regard ignorance as the foundation of virtue, or uselessness as one of the requisites of a lady. I am a believer in equal rights. Those who are amenable to the laws should have a voice in making the laws. In every department where woman has had an equal opportunity with man, she has shown that she has equal capacity.

George Sand was a great writer, George Eliot one of the greatest, Mrs. Browning a marvelous poet—and the lyric beauty of her "Mother and Poet" is greater than anything her husband ever wrote—Harriet Martineau a wonderful woman, and Ouida is probably the greatest living novelist, man or woman. Give the women a chance.

[The Colonel's recent election as a life member of the Manhattan Athletic Club, due strangely enough to a speech of his denouncing certain forms of sport, was referred to, and this led him to express his contempt for prize-fighting, and then he said on the subject of horse-racing:]

The only objection I have to horse racing is its cruelty. The whip and spur should be banished from the track. As long as these are used, the race track will breed a very low and heartless set of men. I hate to see a brute whip and spur a noble animal. The good people object to racing, because of the betting, but bad people, like myself, object to the cruelty. Men are not forced to bet. That is their own business, but the poor horse, straining every nerve, does not ask for the lash and iron. Abolish torture on the track and let the best horse win.

Question. What do you think of the Chilian insult to the United States flag?

Answer. In the first place, I think that our Government was wrong in taking the part of Balmaceda. In the next place, we made a mistake in seizing the Itata. America should always side with the right. We should care nothing for the pretender in power, and Balmaceda was a cruel, tyrannical scoundrel. We should be with the people everywhere. I do not blame Chili for feeling a little revengeful. We ought to remember that Chili is weak, and nations, like individuals, are sensitive in proportion that they are weak. Let us trust Chili just as we would England. We are too strong to be unjust.

Question. How do you stand on the money question?

Answer. I am with the Republican party on the question of money. I am for the use of gold and silver both, but I want a dollar's worth of silver in a silver dollar. I do not believe in light money, or in cheap money, or in poor money. These are all contradictions in terms. Congress cannot fix the value of money. The most it can do is to fix its debt paying power. It is beyond the power of any Congress to fix the

purchasing value of what it may be pleased to call money. Nobody knows, so far as I know, why people want gold. I do not know why people want silver. I do not know how gold came to be money; neither do I understand the universal desire, but it exists, and we take things as we find them. Gold and silver make up, you may say, the money of the world, and I believe in using the two metals. I do not believe in depreciating any American product; but as value cannot be absolutely fixed by law, so far as the purchasing power is concerned, and as the values of gold and silver vary, neither being stable any more than the value of wheat or corn is stable, I believe that legislation should keep pace within a reasonable distance at least, of the varying values, and that the money should be kept as nearly equal as possible. Of course, there is one trouble with money to-day, and that is the use of the word “dollar.” It has lost its meaning. So many governments have adulterated their own coin, and as many have changed weights, that the word “dollar” has not to-day an absolute, definite, specific meaning. Like individuals, nations have been dishonest. The only time the papal power had the right to coin money—I believe it was under Pius IX., when Antonelli was his minister—the coin of the papacy was so debased that even orthodox Catholics refused to take it, and it had to be called in and minted by the French Empire, before even the Italians recognized it as money. My own opinion is, that either the dollar must be absolutely defined—it must be the world over so many grains of pure gold, or so many grains of pure silver—or we must have other denominations for our money, as for instance, ounces, or parts of ounces, and the time will come, in my judgment, when there will be a money of the world, the same everywhere; because each coin will contain upon its face the certificate of a government that it contains such a weight—so many grains or so many ounces—of a certain metal. I, for one, want the money of the United States to be as good as that of any other country. I want its gold and silver exactly what they purport to be; and I want the paper issued by the Government to be the same as gold. I want its credit so perfectly established that it will be taken in every part of the habitable globe. I am with the Republican party on the question of money, also on the question of protection, and all I hope is that the people of this country will have sense enough to defend their own interests.

—*The Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, Illinois, October 27, 1891.

Missionaries

***Question*. What is your opinion of foreign missions?**

Answer. In the first place, there seems to be a pretty good opening in this country for missionary work. We have a good many Indians who are not Methodists. I have never known one to be converted. A good many have been killed by Christians, but their souls have not been saved. Maybe the Methodists had better turn their attention to the heathen of our own country. Then we have a good many Mormons who rely on the truth of the Old Testament and follow the example of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It seems to me that the Methodists better convert the Mormons before attacking the tribes of Central Africa. There is plenty of work to be done right here. A few good bishops might be employed for a time in converting Dr. Briggs and Professor Swing, to say nothing of other heretical Presbyterians.

There is no need of going to China to convert the Chinese. There are thousands of them here. In China our missionaries will tell the followers of Confucius about the love and forgiveness of Christians, and when the Chinese come here they are robbed, assaulted, and often murdered. Would it not be a good thing for the Methodists to civilize our own Christians to such a degree that they would not murder a man simply because he belongs to another race and worships other gods?

So, too, I think it would be a good thing for the Methodists to go South and persuade their brethren in that country to treat the colored people with kindness. A few efforts might be made to convert the “White-caps” in Ohio, Indiana and some other States.

My advice to the Methodists is to do what little good they can right here and now. It seems cruel to preach to the heathen a gospel that is dying out even here, and fill their poor minds with the absurd dogmas and cruel creeds that intelligent men have outgrown and thrown away.

Honest commerce will do a thousand times more good than all the missionaries on earth. I do not believe that an intelligent Chinaman or an intelligent Hindoo has ever been or ever will be converted into a Methodist. If Methodism is good we need it here, and if it is not good, do not fool the heathen with it.

—*The Press*, Cleveland, Ohio, November 12, 1891.

My Belief And Unbelief

Question. I have heard people in discussing yourself and your views, express the belief that way down in the depths of your mind you are not altogether a "disbeliever." Are they in any sense correct?

Answer. I am an unbeliever, and I am a believer. I do not believe in the miraculous, the supernatural, or the impossible. I do not believe in the "Mosaic" account of the creation, or in the flood, or the Tower of Babel, or that General Joshua turned back the sun or stopped the earth. I do not believe in the Jonah story, or that God and the Devil troubled poor Job. Neither do I believe in the Mt. Sinai business, and I have my doubts about the broiled quails furnished in the wilderness. Neither do I believe that man is wholly depraved. I have not the least faith in the Eden, snake and apple story. Neither do I believe that God is an eternal jailer; that he is going to be the warden of an everlasting penitentiary in which the most of men are to be eternally tormented. I do not believe that any man can be justly punished or rewarded on account of his belief.

But I do believe in the nobility of human nature. I believe in love and home, and kindness and humanity. I believe in good fellowship and cheerfulness, in making wife and children happy. I believe in good nature, in giving to others all the rights that you claim for yourself. I believe in free thought, in reason, observation and experience. I believe in self-reliance and in expressing your honest thought. I have hope for the whole human race. What will happen to one, will, I hope, happen to all, and that, I hope, will be good. Above all, I believe in Liberty.

—*The Blade*, Toledo, Ohio, January 9, 1892.

Must Religion Go?

Question. What is your idea as to the difference between honest belief, as held by honest religious thinkers, and heterodoxy?

Answer. Of course, I believe that there are thousands of men and women who honestly believe not only in the improbable, not only in the absurd, but in the impossible. Heterodoxy, so-called, occupies the half-way station between superstition and reason. A heretic is one who is still dominated by religion, but in the east of whose mind there is a dawn. He is one who has seen the morning star; he has not entire confidence in the day, and imagines in some way that even the light he sees was born of the night. In the mind of the heretic, darkness and light are mingled, the ties of intellectual kindred bind him to the night, and yet he has enough of the spirit of adventure to look toward the east. Of course, I admit that Christians and heretics are both honest; a real Christian must be honest and a real heretic must be the same. All men must be honest in what they think; but all men are not honest in what they say. In the invisible world of the mind every man is honest. The judgment never was bribed. Speech may be false, but conviction is always honest. So that the difference between honest belief, as shared by honest religious thinkers and heretics, is a difference of intelligence. It is the difference between a ship lashed to the dock, and on making a voyage; it is the difference between twilight and dawn—that is to say, the coming of the sight and the coming of the morning.

Question. Are women becoming freed from the bonds of sectarianism?

Answer. Women are less calculating than men. As a rule they do not occupy the territory of compromise. They are natural extremists. The woman who is not dominated by superstition is apt to be absolutely free, and when a woman has broken the shackles of superstition, she has no apprehension, no fears. She feels that she is on the open sea, and she cares neither for wind nor wave. An emancipated woman never can be re-enslaved. Her heart goes with her opinions, and goes first.

Question. Do you consider that the influence of religion is better than the influence of Liberalism upon society, that is to say, is society less or more moral, is vice more or less conspicuous?

Answer. Whenever a chain is broken an obligation takes its place. There is and there can be no responsibility without liberty. The freer a man is, the more responsible, the more accountable he feels; consequently the more liberty there is, the more morality there is. Believers in religion teach us that God will reward men for good actions, but men who are intellectually free, know that the reward of a good action cannot be given by any power, but that it is the natural result of the good action. The free man, guided by intelligence, knows that his reward is in the nature of things, and not in the caprice even of the Infinite. He is not a good and faithful servant, he is an intelligent free man.

The vicious are ignorant; real morality is the child of intelligence; the free and intelligent man knows that every action must be judged by its consequences; he

knows that if he does good he reaps a good harvest; he knows that if he does evil he bears a burden, and he knows that these good and evil consequences are not determined by an infinite master, but that they live in and are produced by the actions themselves.

—*Evening Advertiser*, New York, February 6, 1892.

Word Painting And College Education

Question. What is the history of the speech delivered here in 1876? Was it extemporaneous?

Answer. It was not born entirely of the occasion. It took me several years to put the thoughts in form—to paint the pictures with words. No man can do his best on the instant. Iron to be beaten into perfect form has to be heated several times and turned upon the anvil many more, and hammered long and often.

You might as well try to paint a picture with one sweep of the brush, or chisel a statue with one stroke, as to paint many pictures with words, without great thought and care. Now and then, while a man is talking, heated with his subject, a great thought, sudden as a flash of lightning, illumines the intellectual sky, and a great sentence clothed in words of purple, falls, or rather rushes, from his lips—but a continuous flight is born, not only of enthusiasm, but of long and careful thought. A perfect picture requires more details, more lights and shadows, than the mind can grasp at once, or on the instant. Thoughts are not born of chance. They grow and bud and blossom, and bear the fruit of perfect form.

Genius is the soil and climate, but the soil must be cultivated, and the harvest is not instantly after the planting. It takes time and labor to raise and harvest a crop from that field called the brain.

Question. Do you think young men need a college education to get along?

Answer. Probably many useless things are taught in colleges. I think, as a rule, too much time is wasted learning the names of the cards without learning to play a game. I think a young man should be taught something that he can use—something he can sell. After coming from college he should be better equipped to battle with the world—to do something of use. A man may have his brain stuffed with Greek and Latin without being able to fill his stomach with anything of importance. Still, I am in favor of the highest education. I would like to see splendid schools in every State, and then a university, and all scholars passing a certain examination sent to the State university free, and then a United States university, the best in the world, and all graduates of the State universities passing a certain examination sent to the United States university free. We ought to have in this country the best library, the best university, the best school of design in the world; and so I say, more money for the mind.

Question. Was the peculiar conduct of the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, justifiable, and do you think that it had a tendency to help morality?

Answer. If Christ had written a decoy letter to the woman to whom he said: “Go and sin no more,” and if he had disguised himself and visited her house and had then lodged a complaint against her before the police and testified against her, taking one of his disciples with him, I do not think he would have added to his reputation.

—*The News*, Indianapolis, Indiana, February 18, 1892.

Personal Magnetism And The Sunday Question

All I can say is, that I heard such a story the day after the convention, but I do not know whether or not it is true. I have always believed, that if a vote had been taken that evening, Blaine would have been nominated, possibly not as the effect of my speech, but the night gave time for trafficking, and that is always dangerous in a convention. I believed then that Blaine ought to have been nominated, and that it would have been a very wise thing for the party to have done. That he was not the candidate was due partly to accident and partly to political traffic, but that is one of the bygones, and I believe there is an old saying to the effect that even the gods have no mastery over the past.

Question. Do you think that eloquence is potent in a convention to set aside the practical work of politics and politicians?

Answer. I think that all the eloquence in the world cannot affect a trade if the parties to the contract stand firm, and when people have made a political trade they are not the kind of people to be affected by eloquence. The practical work of the world has very little to do with eloquence. There are a great many thousand stone masons to one sculptor, and houses and walls are not constructed by sculptors, but by masons. The daily wants of the world are supplied by the practical workers, by men of talent, not by men of genius, although in the world of invention, genius has done more, it may be, than the workers themselves. I fancy the machinery now in the world does the work of many hundreds of millions; that there is machinery enough now to do several times the work that could be done by all the men, women and children of the earth. The genius who invented the reaper did more work and will do more work in the harvest field than thousands of millions of men, and the same may be said of the great engines that drive the locomotives and the ships. All these marvelous machines were made by men of genius, but they are not the men who in fact do the work.

[This led the Colonel to pay a brilliant tribute to the great orators of ancient and modern times, the peer of all of them being Cicero. He dissected and defined oratory and eloquence, and explained with picturesque figures, wherein the difference between them lay. As he mentioned the magnetism of public speakers, he was asked as to his opinion of the value of personal magnetism in political life.]

It may be difficult to define what personal magnetism is, but I think it may be defined in this way: You don't always feel like asking a man whom you meet on the street what direction you should take to reach a certain point. You often allow three or four to pass, before you meet one who seems to invite the question. So, too, there are men by whose side you may sit for hours in the cars without venturing a remark as to the weather, and there are others to whom you will commence talking the moment you sit down. There are some men who look as if they would grant a favor, men toward whom you are unconsciously drawn, men who have a real human look, men with whom you seem to be acquainted almost before you speak, and that you really like before you know anything about them. It may be that we are all electric batteries; that we have our positive and our negative poles; it may be that we need

some influence that certain others impart, and it may be that certain others have that which we do not need and which we do not want, and the moment you think that, you feel annoyed and hesitate, and uncomfortable, and possibly hateful.

I suppose there is a physical basis for everything. Possibly the best test of real affection between man and woman, or of real friendship between man and woman, is that they can sit side by side, for hours maybe, without speaking, and yet be having a really social time, each feeling that the other knows exactly what they are thinking about. Now, the man you meet and whom you would not hesitate a moment to ask a favor of, is what I call a magnetic man. This magnetism, or whatever it may be, assists in making friends, and of course is a great help to any one who deals with the public. Men like a magnetic man even without knowing him, perhaps simply having seen him. There are other men, whom the moment you shake hands with them, you feel you want no more; you have had enough. A sudden chill runs up the arm the moment your hand touches theirs, and finally reaches the heart; you feel, if you had held that hand a moment longer, an icicle would have formed in the brain. Such people lack personal magnetism. These people now and then thaw out when you get thoroughly acquainted with them, and you find that the ice is all on the outside, and then you come to like them very well, but as a rule first impressions are lasting. Magnetism is what you might call the climate of a man. Some men, and some women, look like a perfect June day, and there are others who, while the look quite smiling, yet you feel that the sky is becoming overcast, and the signs all point to an early storm. There are people who are autumnal—that is to say, generous. They have had their harvest, and have plenty to spare. Others look like the end of an exceedingly hard winter—between the hay and grass, the hay mostly gone and the grass not yet come up. So you will see that I think a great deal of this thing that is called magnetism. As I said, there are good people who are not magnetic, but I do not care to make an Arctic expedition for the purpose of discovering the north pole of their character. I would rather stay with those who make me feel comfortable at the first.

[From personal magnetism to the lynching Saturday morning down at Nashville, Tennessee, was a far cry, but when Colonel Ingersoll was asked what he thought of mob law, whether there was any extenuation, any propriety and moral effect resultant from it, he quickly answered:]

I do not believe in mob law at any time, among any people. I believe in justice being meted out in accordance with the forms of law. If a community violates that law, why should not the individual? The example is bad. Besides all that, no punishment inflicted by a mob tends to prevent the commission of crime. Horrible punishment hardens the community, and that in itself produces more crime.

There seems to be a sort of fascination in frightful punishments, but, to say the least of it, all these things demoralize the community. In some countries, you know, they whip people for petty offences. The whipping, however, does no good, and on the other hand it does harm; it hardens those who administer the punishment and those who witness it, and it degrades those who receive it. There will be but little charity in the world, and but little progress until men see clearly that there is no chance in the world of conduct any more than in the physical world.

Back of every act and dream and thought and desire and virtue and crime is the efficient cause. If you wish to change mankind, you must change the conditions. There should be no such thing as punishment. We should endeavor to reform men, and those who cannot be reformed should be placed where they cannot injure their fellows. The State should never take revenge any more than the community should form itself into a mob and take revenge. This does harm, not good. The time will come when the world will no more think of sending men to the penitentiary for stealing, as a punishment, that it will for sending a man to the penitentiary because he has consumption. When that time comes, the object will be to reform men; to prevent crime instead of punishing it, and the object then will be to make the conditions such that honest people will be the result, but as long as hundreds of thousands of human beings live in tenements, as long as babes are raised in gutters, as long as competition is so sharp that hundreds of thousands must of necessity be failures, just so long as society gets down on its knees before the great and successful thieves, before the millionaire thieves, just so long will it have to fill the jails and prisons with the little thieves. When the "good time" comes, men will not be judged by the money they have accumulated, but by the uses they make of it. So men will be judged, not according to their intelligence, but by what they are endeavoring to accomplish with their intelligence. In other words, the time will come when character will rise above all. There is a great line in Shakespeare that I have often quoted, and that cannot be quoted too often: "There is no darkness but ignorance." Let the world set itself to work to dissipate this darkness; let us flood the world with intellectual light. This cannot be accomplished by mobs or lynchers. It must be done by the noblest, by the greatest, and by the best.

[The conversation shifting around to the Sunday question; the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, the attacks of the pulpit upon the Sunday newspapers, the opening of parks and museums and libraries on Sunday, Colonel Ingersoll waxed eloquent, and in answer to many questions uttered these paragraphs:]

Of course, people will think that I have some prejudice against the parsons, but really I think the newspaper press is of far more importance in the world than the pulpit. If I should admit in a kind of burst of generosity, and simply for the sake of making a point, that the pulpit can do some good, how much can it do without the aid of the press? Here is a parson preaching to a few ladies and enough men, it may be, to pass the contribution box, and all he says dies within the four walls of that church. How many ministers would it take to reform the world, provided I again admit in a burst of generosity, that there is any reforming power in what they preach, working along that line?

The Sunday newspaper, I think, is the best of any day in the week. That paper keeps hundreds and thousands at home. You can find in it information about almost everything in the world. One of the great Sunday papers will keep a family busy reading almost all day. Now, I do not wonder that the ministers are so opposed to the Sunday newspaper, and so they are opposed to anything calculated to decrease the attendance at church. Why, they want all the parks, all the museums, all the libraries closed on Sunday, and they want the World's Fair closed on Sunday.

Now, I am in favor of Sunday; in fact, I am perfectly willing to have two of them a week, but I want Sunday as a day of recreation and pleasure. The fact is we ought not to work hard enough during the week to require a day of rest. Every day ought to be so arranged that there would be time for rest from the labor of that day. Sunday is a good day to get business out of your mind, to forget the ledger and the docket and the ticker, to forget profits and losses, and enjoy yourself. It is a good day to go to the art museums, to look at pictures and statues and beautiful things, so that you may feel that there is something in this world besides money and mud. It is a good day, is Sunday, to go to the libraries and spend a little time with the great and splendid dead, and to go to the cemetery and think of those who are sleeping there, and to give a little thought to the time when you, too, like them, will fall asleep. I think it is a good day for almost anything except going to church. There is no need of that; everybody knows the story, and if a man has worked hard all the week, you can hardly call it recreation if he goes to church Sunday and hears that his chances are ninety-nine in a hundred in favor of being eternally damned.

So it is I am in favor of having the World's Fair open on Sunday. It will be a good day to look at the best the world has produced; a good day to leave the saloons and commune for a little while with the mighty spirits that have glorified this world. Sunday is a good day to leave the churches, where they teach that man has become totally depraved, and look at the glorious things that have been wrought by these depraved beings. Besides all this, it is the day of days for the working man and working woman, for those who have to work all the week. In New York an attempt was made to open the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Sunday, and the pious people opposed it. They thought it would interfere with the joy of heaven if people were seen in the park enjoying themselves on Sunday, and they also held that nobody would visit the Museum if it were opened on Sunday; that the "common people" had no love for pictures and statues and cared nothing about art. The doors were opened, and it was demonstrated that the poor people, the toilers and workers, did want to see such things on Sunday, and now more people visit the Museum on Sunday than on all the other days of the week put together. The same is true of the public libraries. There is something to me infinitely pharisaical, hypocritical and farcical in this Sunday nonsense. The rich people who favor keeping Sunday "holy," have their coachman drive them to church and wait outside until the services end. What do they care about the coachman's soul? While they are at church their cooks are busy at home getting dinner ready. What do they care for the souls of cooks? The whole thing is pretence, and nothing but pretence. It is the instinct of business. It is the competition of the gospel shop with other shops and places of resort.

The ministers, of course, are opposed to all shows except their own, for they know that very few will come to see or hear them and the choice must be the church or nothing.

I do not believe that one day can be more holy than another unless more joyous than another. The holiest day is the happiest day— the day on which wives and children and men are happiest. In that sense a day can be holy.

Our idea of the Sabbath is from the Puritans, and they imagined that a man has to be miserable in order to excite the love of God. We have outgrown the old New England

Sabbath—the old Scotch horror. The Germans have helped us and have set a splendid example. I do not see how a poor workingman can go to church for recreation—I mean an orthodox church. A man who has hell here cannot be benefitted by being assured that he is likely to have hell hereafter. The whole business I hold in perfect abhorrence.

They tell us that God will not prosper us unless we observe the Sabbath. The Jews kept the Sabbath and yet Jehovah deserted them, and they are a people without a nation. The Scotch kept Sunday; they are not independent. The French never kept Sunday, and yet they are the most prosperous nation in Europe.

—*Commercial Gazette*, Cincinnati, Ohio, May 2, 1892.

Authors

Question. Who, in your opinion, is the greatest novelist who has written in the English language?

Answer. The greatest novelist, in my opinion, who has ever written in the English language, was Charles Dickens. He was the greatest observer since Shakespeare. He had the eyes that see, the ears that really hear. I place him above Thackeray. Dickens wrote for the home, for the great public. Thackeray wrote for the clubs. The greatest novel in our language—and it may be in any other—is, according to my ideas, "A Tale of Two Cities." In that, are philosophy, pathos, self-sacrifice, wit, humor, the grotesque and the tragic. I think it is the most artistic novel that I have read. The creations of Dickens' brain have become the citizens of the world.

Question. What is your opinion of American writers?

Answer. I think Emerson was a fine writer, and he did this world a great deal of good, but I do not class him with the first. Some of his poetry is wonderfully good and in it are some of the deepest and most beautiful lines. I think he was a poet rather than a philosopher. His doctrine of compensation would be delightful if it had the facts to support it.

Of course, Hawthorne was a great writer. His style is a little monotonous, but the matter is good. "The Marble Faun" is by far his best effort. I shall always regret that Hawthorne wrote the life of Franklin Pierce.

Walt Whitman will hold a high place among American writers. His poem on the death of Lincoln, entitled "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," is the greatest ever written on this continent. He was a natural poet and wrote lines worthy of America. He was the poet of democracy and individuality, and of liberty. He was worthy of the great Republic.

Question. What about Henry George's books?

Answer. Henry George wrote a wonderful book and one that arrested the attention of the world—one of the greatest books of the century. While I do not believe in his destructive theories, I gladly pay a tribute to his sincerity and his genius.

Question. What do you think of Bellamy?

Answer. I do not think what is called nationalism of the Bellamy kind is making any particular progress in this country. We are believers in individual independence, and will be, I hope, forever.

Boston was at one time the literary center of the country, but the best writers are not living here now. The best novelists of our country are not far from Boston. Edgar Fawcett lives in New York. Howells was born, I believe, in Ohio, and Julian Hawthorne lives in New Jersey or in Long Island. Among the poets, James Whitcomb Riley is a native of Indiana, and he has written some of the daintiest and sweetest things in American literature. Edgar Fawcett is a great poet. His "Magic

Flower" is as beautiful as anything Tennyson has ever written. Eugene Field of Chicago, has written some charming things, natural and touching.

Westward the star of literature takes its course.

—*The Star*, Kansas City, Mo., May 26, 1892.

Inebriety

Question. Do you consider inebriety a disease, or the result of diseased conditions?

Answer. I believe that by a long and continuous use of stimulants, the system gets in such a condition that it imperatively demands not only the usual, but an increased stimulant. After a time, every nerve becomes hungry, and there is in the body of the man a cry, coming from every nerve, for nourishment. There is a kind of famine, and unless the want is supplied, insanity is the result. This hunger of the nerves drowns the voice of reason—cares nothing for argument—nothing for experience—nothing for the sufferings of others—nothing for anything, except for the food it requires. Words are wasted, advice is of no possible use, argument is like reasoning with the dead. The man has lost the control of his will —it has been won over to the side of the nerves. He imagines that if the nerves are once satisfied he can then resume the control of himself. Of course, this is a mistake, and the more the nerves are satisfied, the more imperative is their demand. Arguments are not of the slightest force. The knowledge—the conviction—that the course pursued is wrong, has no effect. The man is in the grasp of appetite. He is like a ship at the mercy of wind and wave and tide. The fact that the needle of the compass points to the north has no effect—the compass is not a force—it cannot battle with the wind and tide—and so, in spite of the fact that the needle points to the north, the ship is stranded on the rocks.

So the fact that the man knows that he should not drink has not the slightest effect upon him. The sophistry of passion outweighs all that reason can urge. In other words, the man is the victim of disease, and until the disease is arrested, his will is not his own. He may wish to reform, but wish is not will. He knows all of the arguments in favor of temperance—he knows all about the distress of wife and child—all about the loss of reputation and character—all about the chasm toward which he is drifting—and yet, not being the master of himself, he goes with the tide.

For thousands of years society has sought to do away with inebriety by argument, by example, by law; and yet millions and millions have been carried away and countless thousands have become victims of alcohol. In this contest words have always been worthless, for the reason that no argument can benefit a man who has lost control of himself.

Question. As a lawyer, will you express an opinion as to the moral and legal responsibility of a victim of alcoholism?

Answer. Personally, I regard the moral and legal responsibility of all persons as being exactly the same. All persons do as they must. If you wish to change the conduct of an individual you must change his conditions—otherwise his actions will remain the same.

We are beginning to find that there is no effect without a cause, and that the conduct of individuals is not an exception to this law. Every hope, every fear, every dream, every virtue, every crime, has behind it an efficient cause. Men do neither right nor

wrong by chance. In the world of fact and in the world of conduct, as well as in the world of imagination, there is no room, no place, for chance.

Question. In the case of an inebriate who has committed a crime, what do you think of the common judicial opinion that such a criminal is as deserving of punishment as a person not inebriated?

Answer. I see no difference. Believing as I do that all persons act as they must, it makes not the slightest difference whether the person so acting is what we call inebriated, or sane, or insane —he acts as he must.

There should be no such thing as punishment. Society should protect itself by such means as intelligence and humanity may suggest, but the idea of punishment is barbarous. No man ever was, no man ever will be, made better by punishment. Society should have two objects in view: First, the defence of itself, and second, the reformation of the so-called criminal.

The world has gone on fining, imprisoning, torturing and killing the victims of condition and circumstance, and condition and circumstance have gone on producing the same kind of men and women year after year and century after century—and all this is so completely within the control of cause and effect, within the scope and jurisdiction of universal law, that we can prophesy the number of criminals for the next year—the thieves and robbers and murderers —with almost absolute certainty.

There are just so many mistakes committed every year—so many crimes —so many heartless and foolish things done—and it does not seem to be—at least by the present methods—possible to increase or decrease the number.

We have thousands and thousands of pulpits, and thousands of moralists, and countless talkers and advisers, but all these sermons, and all the advice, and all the talk, seem utterly powerless in the presence of cause and effect. Mothers may pray, wives may weep, children may starve, but the great procession moves on.

For thousands of years the world endeavored to save itself from disease by ceremonies, by genuflections, by prayers, by an appeal to the charity and mercy of heaven—but the diseases flourished and the graveyards became populous, and all the ceremonies and all the prayers were without the slightest effect. We must at last recognize the fact, that not only life, but conduct, has a physical basis. We must at last recognize the fact that virtue and vice, genius and stupidity, are born of certain conditions.

Question. In which way do you think the reformation or reconstruction of the inebriate is to be effected—by punishment, by moral suasion, by seclusion, or by medical treatment?

Answer. In the first place, punishment simply increases the disease. The victim, without being able to give the reasons, feels that punishment is unjust, and thus feeling, the effect of the punishment cannot be good.

You might as well punish a man for having the consumption which he inherited from his parents, or for having a contagious disease which was given to him without his

fault, as to punish him for drunkenness. No one wishes to be unhappy—no one wishes to destroy his own well-being. All persons prefer happiness to unhappiness, and success to failure, Consequently, you might as well punish a man for being unhappy, and thus increase his unhappiness, as to punish him for drunkenness. In neither case is he responsible for what he suffers.

Neither can you cure this man by what is called moral suasion. Moral suasion, if it amounts to anything, is the force of argument —that is to say, the result of presenting the facts to the victim. Now, of all persons in the world, the victim knows the facts. He knows not only the effect upon those who love him, but the effect upon himself. There are no words that can add to his vivid appreciation of the situation. There is no language so eloquent as the sufferings of his wife and children. All these things the drunkard knows, and knows perfectly, and knows as well as any other human being can know. At the same time, he feels that the tide and current of passion are beyond his power. He feels that he cannot row against the stream.

There is but one way, and that is, to treat the drunkard as the victim of a disease—treat him precisely as you would a man with a fever, as a man suffering from smallpox, or with some form of indigestion. It is impossible to talk a man out of consumption, or to reason him out of typhoid fever. You may tell him that he ought not to die, that he ought to take into consideration the condition in which he would leave his wife. You may talk to him about his children—the necessity of their being fed and educated —but all this will have nothing to do with the progress of the disease. The man does not wish to die—he wishes to live—and yet, there will come a time in his disease when even that wish to live loses its power to will, and the man drifts away on the tide, careless of life or death.

So it is with drink. Every nerve asks for a stimulant. Every drop of blood cries out for assistance, and in spite of all argument, in spite of all knowledge, in this famine of the nerves, a man loses the power of will. Reason abdicates the throne, and hunger takes its place.

Question. Will you state your reasons for your belief?

Answer. In the first place, I will give a reason for my unbelief in what is called moral suasion and in legislation.

As I said before, for thousands and thousands of years, fathers and mothers and daughters and sisters and brothers have been endeavoring to prevent the ones they love from drink, and yet, in spite of everything, millions have gone on and filled at last a drunkard's grave. So, societies have been formed all over the world. But the consumption of ardent spirits has steadily increased. Laws have been passed in nearly all the nations of the world upon the subject, and these laws, so far as I can see, have done but little, if any, good.

And the same old question is upon us now: What shall be done with the victims of drink? There have been probably many instances in which men have signed the pledge and have reformed. I do not say that it is not possible to reform many men, in certain stages, by moral suasion. Possibly, many men can be reformed in certain stages, by law; but the per cent. is so small that, in spite of that per cent., the average

increases. For these reasons, I have lost confidence in legislation and in moral suasion. I do not say what legislation may do by way of prevention, or what moral suasion may do in the same direction, but I do say that after man have become the victims of alcohol, advice and law seem to have lost their force.

I believe that science is to become the savior of mankind. In other words, every appetite, every excess, has a physical basis, and if we only knew enough of the human system—of the tides and currents of thought and will and wish—enough of the storms of passion—if we only knew how the brain acts and operates—if we only knew the relation between blood and thought, between thought and act—if we only knew the conditions of conduct, then we could, through science, control the passions of the human race.

When I first heard of the cure of inebriety through scientific means, I felt that the morning star had risen in the east—I felt that at last we were finding solid ground. I did not accept—being of a skeptical turn of mind—all that I heard as true. I preferred to hope, and wait. I have waited, until I have seen men, the victims of alcohol, in the very gutter of disgrace and despair, lifted from the mire, rescued from the famine of desire, from the grasp of appetite. I have seen them suddenly become men—masters and monarchs of themselves.

Miracles, Theosophy And Spiritualism

Question. Do you believe that there is such a thing as a miracle, or that there has ever been?

Answer. Mr. Locke was in the habit of saying: "Define your terms." So the first question is, What is a miracle? If it is something wonderful, unusual, inexplicable, then there have been many miracles. If you mean simply that which is inexplicable, then the world is filled with miracles; but if you mean by a miracle, something contrary to the facts in nature, then it seems to me that the miracle must be admitted to be an impossibility. It is like twice two are eleven in mathematics.

If, again, we take the ground of some of the more advanced clergy, that a miracle is in accordance with the facts in nature, but with facts unknown to man, then we are compelled to say that a miracle is performed by a divine sleight-of-hand; as, for instance, that our senses are deceived; or, that it is perfectly simple to this higher intelligence, while inexplicable to us. If we give this explanation, then man has been imposed upon by a superior intelligence. It is as though one acquainted with the sciences—with the action of electricity—should excite the wonder of savages by sending messages to his partner. The savage would say, "A miracle;" but the one who sent the message would say, "There is no miracle; it is in accordance with facts in nature unknown to you." So that, after all, the word miracle grows in the soil of ignorance.

The question arises whether a superior intelligence ought to impose upon the inferior. I believe there was a French saint who had his head cut off by robbers, and this saint, after the robbers went away, got up, took his head under his arm and went on his way until he found friends to set it on right. A thing like this, if it really happened, was a miracle.

So it may be said that nothing is much more miraculous than the fact that intelligent men believe in miracles. If we read in the annals of China that several thousand years ago five thousand people were fed on one sandwich, and that several sandwiches were left over after the feast, there are few intelligent men—except, it may be, the editors of religious weeklies—who would credit the statement. But many intelligent people, reading a like story in the Hebrew, or in the Greek, or in a mistranslation from either of these languages, accept the story without a doubt.

So if we should find in the records of the Indians that a celebrated medicine-man of their tribe used to induce devils to leave crazy people and take up their abode in wild swine, very few people would believe the story.

I believe it is true that the priest of one religion has never had the slightest confidence in the priest of any other religion.

My own opinion is, that nature is just as wonderful one time as another; that that which occurs to-day is just as miraculous as anything that ever happened; that nothing is more wonderful than that we live—that we think—that we convey our thoughts by speech, by gestures, by pictures.

Nothing is more wonderful than the growth of grass—the production of seed—the bud, the blossom and the fruit. In other words, we are surrounded by the inexplicable.

All that happens in conformity with what we know, we call natural; and that which is said to have happened, not in conformity with what we know, we say is wonderful; and that which we believe to have happened contrary to what we know, we call the miraculous.

I think the truth is, that nothing ever happened except in a natural way; that behind every effect has been an efficient cause, and that this wondrous procession of causes and effects has never been, and never will be, broken. In other words, there is nothing superior to the universe—nothing that can interfere with this procession of causes and effects. I believe in no miracles in the theological sense. My opinion is that the universe is, forever has been, and forever will be, perfectly natural.

Whenever a religion has been founded among barbarians and ignorant people, the founder has appealed to miracle as a kind of credential —as an evidence that he is in partnership with some higher power. The credulity of savagery made this easy. But at last we have discovered that there is no necessary relation between the miraculous and the moral. Whenever a man's reason is developed to that point that he sees the reasonableness of a thing, he needs no miracle to convince him. It is only ignorance or cunning that appeals to the miraculous.

There is another thing, and that is this: Truth relies upon itself —that is to say, upon the perceived relation between itself and all other truths. If you tell the facts, you need not appeal to a miracle. It is only a mistake or a falsehood, that needs to be propped and buttressed by wonders and miracles.

Question. What is your explanation of the miracles referred to in the Old and New Testaments?

Answer. In the first place, a miracle cannot be explained. If it is a real miracle, there is no explanation. If it can be explained, then the miracle disappears, and the thing was done in accordance with the facts and forces of nature.

In a time when not one it may be in thousands could read or write, when language was rude, and when the signs by which thoughts were conveyed were few and inadequate, it was very easy to make mistakes, and nothing is more natural than for a mistake to grow into a miracle. In an ignorant age, history for the most part depended upon memory. It was handed down from the old in their dotage, to the young without judgment. The old always thought that the early days were wonderful—that the world was wearing out because they were. The past looked at through the haze of memory, became exaggerated, gigantic. Their fathers were stronger than they, and their grandfathers far superior to their fathers, and so on until they reached men who had the habit of living about a thousand years.

In my judgment, everything in the Old Testament contrary to the experience of the civilized world, is false. I do not say that those who told the stories knew that they were false, or that those who wrote them suspected that they were not true. Thousands and thousands of lies are told by honest stupidity and believed by

innocent credulity. Then again, cunning takes advantage of ignorance, and so far as I know, though all the history of the world a good many people have endeavored to make a living without work.

I am perfectly convinced of the integrity of nature—that the elements are eternally the same—that the chemical affinities and hatreds know no shadow of turning—that just so many atoms of one kind combine with so many atoms of another, and that the relative numbers have never changed and never will change. I am satisfied that the attraction of gravitation is a permanent institution; that the laws of motion have been the same that they forever will be. There is no chance, there is no caprice. Behind every effect is a cause, and every effect must in its turn become a cause, and only that is produced which a cause of necessity produces.

Question. What do you think of Madame Blavatsky and her school of Theosophists? Do you believe Madame Blavatsky does or has done the wonderful things related of her? Have you seen or known of any Theosophical or esoteric marvels?

Answer. I think wonders are about the same in this country that they are in India, and nothing appears more likely to me simply because it is surrounded with the mist of antiquity. In my judgment, Madame Blavatsky has never done any wonderful things—that is to say, anything not in perfect accordance with the facts of nature.

I know nothing of esoteric marvels. In one sense, everything that exists is a marvel, and the probability is that if we knew the history of one grain of sand we would know the history of the universe. I regard the universe as a unit. Everything that happens is only a different aspect of that unit. There is no room for the marvelous—there is no space in which it can operate—there is no fulcrum for its lever. The universe is already occupied with the natural. The ground is all taken.

It may be that all these people are perfectly honest, and imagine that they have had wonderful experiences. I know but little of the Theosophists—but little of the Spiritualists. It has always seemed to me that the messages received by Spiritualists are remarkably unimportant—that they tell us but little about the other world, and just as little about this—that if all the messages supposed to have come from angelic lips, or spiritual lips, were destroyed, certainly the literature of the world would lose but little. Some of these people are exceedingly intelligent, and whenever they say any good thing, I imagine that it was produced in their brain, and that it came from no other world. I have no right to pass upon their honesty. Most of them may be sincere. It may be that all the founders of religions have really supposed themselves to be inspired—believed that they held conversations with angels and Gods. It seems to be easy for some people to get in such a frame of mind that their thoughts become realities, their dreams substances, and their very hopes palpable.

Personally, I have no sort of confidence in these messages from the other world. There may be mesmeric forces—there may be an odic force. It may be that some people can tell of what another is thinking. I have seen no such people—at least I am not acquainted with them—and my own opinion is that no such persons exist.

Question. Do you believe the spirits of the dead come back to earth?

Answer. I do not. I do not say that the spirits do not come back. I simply say that I know nothing on the subject. I do not believe in such spirits, simply for the reason that I have no evidence upon which to base such a belief. I do not say there are no such spirits, for the reason that my knowledge is limited, and I know of no way of demonstrating the non-existence of spirits.

It may be that man lives forever, and it may be that what we call life ends with what we call death. I have had no experience beyond the grave, and very little back of birth. Consequently, I cannot say that I have a belief on this subject. I can simply say that I have no knowledge on this subject, and know of no fact in nature that I would use as the corner-stone of a belief.

Question. Do you believe in the resurrection of the body?

Answer. My answer to that is about the same as to the other question. I do not believe in the resurrection of the body. It seems to me an exceedingly absurd belief—and yet I do not know. I am told, and I suppose I believe, that the atoms that are in me have been in many other people, and in many other forms of life, and I suppose at death the atoms forming my body go back to the earth and are used in countless forms. These facts, or what I suppose to be facts, render a belief in the resurrection of the body impossible to me.

We get atoms to support our body from what we eat. Now, if a cannibal should eat a missionary, and certain atoms belonging to the missionary should be used by the cannibal in his body, and the cannibal should then die while the atoms of the missionary formed part of his flesh, to whom would these atoms belong in the morning of the resurrection?

Then again, science teaches us that there is a kind of balance between animal and vegetable life, and that probably all men and all animals have been trees, and all trees have been animals; so that the probability is that the atoms that are now in us have been, as I said in the first place, in millions of other people. Now, if this be so, there cannot be atoms enough in the morning of the resurrection, because, if the atoms are given to the first men, that belonged to the first men when they died, there will certainly be no atoms for the last men.

Consequently, I am compelled to say that I do not believe in the resurrection of the body.*

[From notes found among Colonel Ingersoll's papers.]*

Tolstoy And Literature

Question. What is your opinion of Count Leo Tolstoy?

Answer. I have read Tolstoy. He is a curious mixture of simplicity and philosophy. He seems to have been carried away by his conception of religion. He is a non-resistant to such a degree that he asserts that he would not, if attacked, use violence to preserve his own life or the life of a child. Upon this question he is undoubtedly insane.

So he is trying to live the life of a peasant and doing without the comforts of life! This is not progress. Civilization should not endeavor to bring about equality by making the rich poor or the comfortable miserable. This will not add to the pleasures of the rich, neither will it feed the hungry, not clothe the naked.

The civilized wealthy should endeavor to help the needy, and help them in a sensible way, not through charity, but through industry; through giving them opportunities to take care of themselves. I do not believe in the equality that is to be reached by pulling the successful down, but I do believe in civilization that tends to raise the fallen and assists those in need.

Should we all follow Tolstoy's example and live according to his philosophy the world would go back to barbarism; art would be lost; that which elevates and refines would be destroyed; the voice of music would become silent, and man would be satisfied with a rag, a hut, a crust. We do not want the equality of savages.

No, in civilization there must be differences, because there is a constant movement forward. The human race cannot advance in line. There will be pioneers, there will be the great army, and there will be countless stragglers. It is not necessary for the whole army to go back to the stragglers, it is better that the army should march forward toward the pioneers.

It may be that the sale of Tolstoy's works is on the increase in America, but certainly the principles of Tolstoy are gaining no foothold here. We are not a nation of non-resistants. We believe in defending our homes. Nothing can exceed the insanity of non- resistance. This doctrine leaves virtue naked and clothes vice in armor; it gives every weapon to the wrong and takes every shield from the right. I believe that goodness has the right of self- defence. As a matter of fact, vice should be left naked and virtue should have all the weapons. The good should not be a flock of sheep at the mercy of every wolf. So, I do not accept Tolstoy's theory of equality as a sensible solution of the labor problem.

The hope of this world is that men will become civilized to that degree that they cannot be happy while they know that thousands of their fellow-men are miserable.

The time will come when the man who dwells in a palace will not be happy if Want sits upon the steps at his door. No matter how well he is clothed himself he will not enjoy his robes if he sees others in rags, and the time will come when the intellect of this world will be directed by the heart of this world, and when men of genius and

power will do what they can for the benefit of their fellow- men. All this is to come through civilization, through experience.

Men, after a time, will find the worthlessness of great wealth; they will find it is not splendid to excite envy in others. So, too, they will find that the happiness of the human race is so interdependent and so interwoven, that finally the interest of humanity will be the interest of the individual.

I know that at present the lives of many millions are practically without value, but in my judgment, the world is growing a little better every day. On the average, men have more comforts, better clothes, better food, more books and more of the luxuries of life than ever before.

Question. It is said that properly to appreciate Rousseau, Voltaire, Hugo and other French classics, a thorough knowledge of the French language is necessary. What is your opinion?

Answer. No; to say that a knowledge of French is necessary in order to appreciate Voltaire or Hugo is nonsensical. For a student anxious to study the works of these masters, to set to work to learn the language of the writers would be like my building a flight of stairs to go down to supper. The stairs are already there. Some other person built them for me and others who choose to use them.

Men have spent their lives in the study of the French and English, and have given us Voltaire, Hugo and all other works of French classics, perfect in sentiment and construction as the originals are. Macaulay was a great linguist, but he wrote no better than Shakespeare, and Burns wrote perfect English, though virtually uneducated. Good writing is a matter of genius and heart; reading is application and judgment.

I am of the opinion that Wilbur's English translation of "Les Miserables" is better than Hugo's original, as a literary masterpiece.

What a grand novel it is! What characters, Jean Valjean and Javert!

Question. Which in your opinion is the greatest English novel?

Answer. I think the greatest novel ever written in English is "A Tale of Two Cities," by Dickens. It is full of philosophy; its incidents are dramatically grouped. Sidney Carton, the hero, is a marvelous creation and a marvelous character. Lucie Manette is as delicate as the perfume of wild violets, and cell 105, North Tower, and scenes enacted there, almost touch the region occupied by "Lear." There, too, Mme. Defarge is the impersonation of the French Revolution, and the nobleman of the chateau with his fine features changed to stone, and the messenger at Tellson's Bank gnawing the rust from his nails; all there are the creations of genius, and these children of fiction will live as long as Imagination spreads her many-colored wings in the mind of man.

Question. What do you think of Pope?

Answer. Pope! Alexander Pope, the word-carpenter, a mechanical poet, or stay—rather a "digital poet;" that fits him best—one of those fellows who counts his fingers

to see that his verse is in perfect rhythm. His “Essay on Man” strikes me as being particularly defective. For instance:

“All discord, harmony not understood,

All partial evil, universal good,”

from the first epistle of his “Essay on Man.” Anything that is evil cannot by any means be good, and anything partial cannot be universal.

We see in libraries ponderous tomes labeled “Burke’s Speeches.” No person ever seems to read them, but he is now regarded as being in his day a great speaker, because now no one has pluck enough to read his speeches. Why, for thirty years Burke was known in Parliament as the “Dinner Bell”—whenever he rose to speak, everybody went to dinner.

—*The Evening Express*, Buffalo, New York, October 6, 1892.

Woman In Politics

Question. What do you think of the influence of women in politics?

Answer. I think the influence of women is always good in politics, as in everything else. I think it the duty of every woman to ascertain what she can in regard to her country, including its history, laws and customs. Woman above all others is a teacher. She, above all others, determines the character of children; that is to say, of men and women.

There is not the slightest danger of women becoming too intellectual or knowing too much. Neither is there any danger of men knowing too much. At least, I know of no men who are in immediate peril from that source. I am a firm believer in the equal rights of human beings, and no matter what I think as to what woman should or should not do, she has the same right to decide for herself that I have to decide for myself. If women wish to vote, if they wish to take part in political matters, if they wish to run for office, I shall do nothing to interfere with their rights. I most cheerfully admit that my political rights are only equal to theirs.

There was a time when physical force or brute strength gave pre- eminence. The savage chief occupied his position by virtue of his muscle, of his courage, on account of the facility with which he wielded a club. As long as nations depend simply upon brute force, the man, in time of war, is, of necessity, of more importance to the nation than woman, and as the dispute is to be settled by strength, by force, those who have the strength and force naturally settle it. As the world becomes civilized, intelligence slowly takes the place of force, conscience restrains muscle, reason enters the arena, and the gladiator retires.

A little while ago the literature of the world was produced by men, and men were not only the writers, but the readers. At that time the novels were coarse and vulgar. Now the readers of fiction are women, and they demand that which they can read, and the result is that women have become great writers. The women have changed our literature, and the change has been good.

In every field where woman has become a competitor of man she has either become, or given evidence that she is to become, his equal. My own opinion is that woman is naturally the equal of man and that in time, that is to say, when she has had the opportunity and the training, she will produce in the world of art as great pictures, as great statues, and in the world of literature as great books, dramas and poems as man has produced or will produce.

There is nothing very hard to understand in the politics of a country. The general principles are for the most part simple. It is only in the application that the complexity arises, and woman, I think, by nature, is as well fitted to understand these things as man. In short, I have no prejudice on this subject. At first, women will be more conservative than men; and this is natural. Women have, through many generations, acquired the habit of submission, of acquiescence. They have practiced what may be called the slave virtues—obedience, humility—so that some time will be

required for them to become accustomed to the new order of things, to the exercise of greater freedom, acting in accordance with perceived obligation, independently of authority.

So I say equal rights, equal education, equal advantages. I hope that woman will not continue to be the serf of superstition; that she will not be the support of the church and priest; that she will not stand for the conservation of superstition, but that in the east of her mind the sun of progress will rise.

Question. In your lecture on Voltaire you made a remark about the government of ministers, and you stated that if the ministers of the city of New York had to power to make the laws most people would prefer to live in a well regulated penitentiary. What do you mean by this?

Answer. Well, as a rule, ministers are quite severe. They have little patience with human failures. They are taught, and they believe and they teach, that man is absolutely master of his own fate. Besides, they are believers in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the laws of the Old Testament are exceedingly severe. Nearly every offence was punished by death. Every offence was regarded as treason against Jehovah.

In the Pentateuch there is no pity. If a man committed some offence justice was not satisfied with his punishment, but proceeded to destroy his wife and children. Jehovah seemed to think that crime was in the blood; that it was not sufficient to kill the criminal, but to prevent future crimes you should kill his wife and babes. The reading of the Old Testament is calculated to harden the heart, to drive the angel of pity from the breast, and to make man a religious savage. The clergy, as a rule, do not take a broad and liberal view of things. They judge every offence by what they consider would be the result if everybody committed the same offence. They do not understand that even vice creates obstructions for itself, and that there is something in the nature of crime the tendency of which is to defeat crime, and I might add in this place that the same seems to be true of excessive virtue. As a rule, the clergy clamor with great zeal for the execution of cruel laws.

Let me give an instance in point: In the time of George III., in England, there were two hundred and twenty-three offences punishable with death. From time to time this cruel code was changed by Act of Parliament, yet no bishop sitting in the House of Lords ever voted in favor of any one of these measures. The bishops always voted for death, for blood, against mercy and against the repeal of capital punishment. During all these years there were some twenty thousand or more of the established clergy, and yet, according to John Bright, no voice was ever raised in any English pulpit against the infamous criminal code.

Another thing: The orthodox clergy teach that man is totally depraved; that his inclination is evil; that his tendency is toward the Devil. Starting from this as a foundation, of course every clergyman believes every bad thing said of everybody else. So, when some man is charged with a crime, the clergyman taking into consideration the fact that the man is totally depraved, takes it for granted that he must be guilty. I am not saying this for the purpose of exciting prejudice against the clergy. I am simply showing what is the natural result of a certain creed, of a belief in

universal depravity, or a belief in the power and influence of a personal Devil. If the clergy could have their own way they would endeavor to reform the world by law. They would re-enact the old statutes of the Puritans. Joy would be a crime. Love would be an offence. Every man with a smile on his face would be suspected, and a dimple in the cheek would be a demonstration of depravity.

In the trial of a cause it is natural for a clergyman to start with the proposition, "The defendant is guilty;" and then he says to himself, "Let him prove himself innocent." The man who has not been poisoned with the creed starts out with the proposition, "The defendant is innocent; let the State prove that he is guilty." Consequently, I say that if I were defending a man whom I knew to be innocent, I would not have a clergyman on the jury if I could help it.

—*New York Advertiser*, December 24, 1893.

Spiritualism

Question. Have you investigated Spiritualism, and what has been your experience?

Answer. A few years ago I paid some attention to what is called Spiritualism, and was present when quite mysterious things were supposed to have happened. The most notable seance that I attended was given by Slade, at which slate-writing was done. Two slates were fastened together, with a pencil between them, and on opening the slates certain writing was found. When the writing was done it was impossible to tell. So, I have been present when it was claimed that certain dead people had again clothed themselves in flesh and were again talking in the old way. In one instance, I think, George Washington claimed to be present. On the same evening Shakespeare put in an appearance. It was hard to recognize Shakespeare from what the spirit said, still I was assured by the medium that there was no mistake as to the identity.

Question. Can you offer any explanation of the extraordinary phenomena such as Henry J. Newton has had produced at his own house under his own supervision?

Answer. In the first place, I don't believe that anything such as you describe has ever happened. I do not believe that a medium ever passed into and out of a triple-locked iron cage. Neither do I believe that any spirits were able to throw shoes and wraps out of the cage; neither do I believe that any apparitions ever rose from the floor, or that anything you relate has ever happened. The best explanation I can give of these wonderful occurrences is the following: A little boy and girl were standing in a doorway holding hands. A gentleman passing, stopped for a moment and said to the little girl: "What relation is the little boy to you?" and she replied, "We had the same father and we had the same mother, but I am not his sister and he is not my brother." This at first seemed to be quite a puzzle, but it was exceedingly plain when the answer was known: The little girl lied.

Question. Have you had any experience with spirit photography, spirit physicians, or spirit lawyers?

Answer. I was shown at one time several pictures said to be the photographs of living persons surrounded by the photographs of spirits. I examined them very closely, and I found evidence in the photographs themselves that they were spurious. I took it for granted that light is the same everywhere, and that it obeys the angle of incidence in all worlds and at all times. In looking at the spirit photographs I found, for instance, that in the photograph of the living person the shadows fell to the right, and that in the photographs of the ghosts, or spirits, supposed to have been surrounding the living person at the time the picture was taken, the shadows did not fall in the same direction, sometimes in the opposite direction, never at the same angle even when the general direction was the same. This demonstrated that the photographs of the spirits and of the living persons were not taken at the same time. So much for photographs.

I have had no experience with spirit physicians. I was once told by a lawyer who came to employ me in a will case, that a certain person had made a will giving a large

amount of money for the purpose of spreading the gospel of Spiritualism, but that the will had been lost and than an effort was then being made to find it, and they wished me to take certain action pending the search, and wanted my assistance. I said to him: “If Spiritualism be true, why not ask the man who made the will what it was and also what has become of it. If you can find that out from the departed, I will gladly take a retainer in the case; otherwise, I must decline.” I have had no other experience with the lawyers.

Question. If you were to witness phenomena that seemed inexplicable by natural laws, would you be inclined to favor Spiritualism?

Answer. I would not. If I should witness phenomena that I could not explain, I would leave the phenomena unexplained. I would not explain them because I did not understand them, and say they were or are produced by spirits. That is no explanation, and, after admitting that we do not know and that we cannot explain, why should we proceed to explain? I have seen Mr. Kellar do things for which I cannot account. Why should I say that he has the assistance of spirits? All I have a right to say is that I know nothing about how he does them. So I am compelled to say with regard to many spiritualistic feats, that I am ignorant of the ways and means. At the same time, I do not believe that there is anything supernatural in the universe.

Question. What is your opinion of Spiritualism and Spiritualists?

Answer. I think the Spiritualism of the present day is certainly in advance of the Spiritualism of several centuries ago. Persons who now deny Spiritualism and hold it in utter contempt insist that some eighteen or nineteen centuries ago it had possession of the world; that miracles were of daily occurrence; that demons, devils, fiends, took possession of human beings, lived in their bodies, dominated their minds. They believe, too, that devils took possession of the bodies of animals. They also insist that a wish could multiply fish. And, curiously enough, the Spiritualists of our time have but little confidence in the phenomena of eighteen hundred years ago; and, curiously enough, those who believe in the Spiritualism of eighteen hundred years ago deny the Spiritualism of to-day. I think the Spiritualists of to-day have far more evidence of their phenomena than those who believe in the wonderful things of eighteen centuries ago. The Spiritualists of to-day have living witnesses, which is something. I know a great many Spiritualists that are exceedingly good people, and are doing what they can to make the world better. But I think they are mistaken.

Question. Do you believe in spirit entities, whether manifestible or not?

Answer. I believe there is such a thing as matter. I believe there is a something called force. The difference between force and matter I do not know. So there is something called consciousness. Whether we call consciousness an entity or not makes no difference as to what it really is. There is something that hears, sees and feels, a something that takes cognizance of what happens in what we call the outward world. No matter whether we call this something matter or spirit, it is something that we do not know, to say the least of it, all about. We cannot understand what matter is. It defies us, and defies definitions. So, with what we call spirit, we are in utter ignorance of what it is. We have some little conception of what we mean by it, and of what others mean, but as to what it really is no one knows. It makes no difference

whether we call ourselves Materialists or Spiritualists, we believe in all there is, no matter what you call it. If we call it all matter, then we believe that matter can think and hope and dream. If we call it all spirit, then we believe that spirit has force, that it offers a resistance; in other words, that it is, in one of its aspects, what we call matter. I cannot believe that everything can be accounted for by motion or by what we call force, because there is something that recognizes force. There is something that compares, that thinks, that remembers; there is something that suffers and enjoys; there is something that each one calls himself or herself, that is inexplicable to himself or herself, and it makes no difference whether we call this something mind or soul, effect or entity, it still eludes us, and all the words we have coined for the purpose of expressing our knowledge of this something, after all, express only our desire to know, and our efforts to ascertain. It may be that if we would ask some minister, some one who has studied theology, he would give us a perfect definition. The scientists know nothing about it, and I know of no one who does, unless it be a theologian.

—*The Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis, Mo., 1893.

Plays And Players

Question. What place does the theatre hold among the arts?

Answer. Nearly all the arts unite in the theatre, and it is the result of the best, the highest, the most artistic, that man can do.

In the first place, there must be the dramatic poet. Dramatic poetry is the subtlest, profoundest, the most intellectual, the most passionate and artistic of all. Then the stage must be prepared, and there is work for the architect, the painter and sculptor. Then the actors appear, and they must be gifted with imagination, with a high order of intelligence; they must have sympathies quick and deep, natures capable of the greatest emotion, dominated by passion. They must have impressive presence, and all that is manly should meet and unite in the actor; all that is womanly, tender, intense and admirable should be lavishly bestowed on the actress. In addition to all this, actors should have the art of being natural.

Let me explain what I mean by being natural. When I say that an actor is natural, I mean that he appears to act in accordance with his ideal, in accordance with his nature, and that he is not an imitator or a copyist—that he is not made up of shreds and patches taken from others, but that all he does flows from interior fountains and is consistent with his own nature, all having in a marked degree the highest characteristics of the man. That is what I mean by being natural.

The great actor must be acquainted with the heart, must know the motives, ends, objects and desires that control the thoughts and acts of men. He must be familiar with many people, including the lowest and the highest, so that he may give to others, clothed with flesh and blood, the characters born of the poet's brain. The great actor must know the relations that exist between passion and voice, gesture and emphasis, expression and pose. He must speak not only with his voice, but with his body. The great actor must be master of many arts.

Then comes the musician. The theatre has always been the home of music, and this music must be appropriate; must, or should, express or supplement what happens on the stage; should furnish rest and balm for minds overwrought with tragic deeds. To produce a great play, and put it worthily upon the stage, involves most arts, many sciences and nearly all that is artistic, poetic and dramatic in the mind of man.

Question. Should the drama teach lessons and discuss social problems, or should it give simply intellectual pleasure and furnish amusement?

Answer. Every great play teaches many lessons and touches nearly all social problems. But the great play does this by indirection. Every beautiful thought is a teacher; every noble line speaks to the brain and heart. Beauty, proportion, melody suggest moral beauty, proportion in conduct and melody in life. In a great play the relations of the various characters, their objects, the means adopted for their accomplishment, must suggest, and in a certain sense solve or throw light on many social problems, so that the drama teaches lessons, discusses social problems and gives intellectual pleasure.

The stage should not be dogmatic; neither should its object be directly to enforce a moral. The great thing for the drama to do, and the great thing it has done, and is doing, is to cultivate the imagination. This is of the utmost importance. The civilization of man depends upon the development, not only of the intellect, but of the imagination. Most crimes of violence are committed by people who are destitute of imagination. People without imagination make most of the cruel and infamous creeds. They were the persecutors and destroyers of their fellow-men. By cultivating the imagination, the stage becomes one of the greatest teachers. It produces the climate in which the better feelings grow; it is the home of the ideal. All beautiful things tend to the civilization of man. The great statues plead for proportion in life, the great symphonies suggest the melody of conduct, and the great plays cultivate the heart and brain.

Question. What do you think of the French drama as compared with the English, morally and artistically considered?

Answer. The modern French drama, so far as I am acquainted with it, is a disease. It deals with the abnormal. It is fashioned after Balzac. It exhibits moral tumors, mental cancers and all kinds of abnormal fungi,—excrescences. Everything is stood on its head; virtue lives in the brothel; the good are the really bad and the worst are, after all, the best. It portrays the exceptional, and mistakes the scum-covered bayou for the great river. The French dramatists seem to think that the ceremony of marriage sows the seed of vice. They are always conveying the idea that the virtuous are uninteresting, rather stupid, without sense and spirit enough to take advantage of their privilege. Between the greatest French plays and the greatest English plays of course there is no comparison. If a Frenchman had written the plays of Shakespeare, Desdemona would have been guilty, Isabella would have ransomed her brother at the Duke's price, Juliet would have married the County Paris, run away from him, and joined Romeo in Mantua, and Miranda would have listened coquettishly to the words of Caliban. The French are exceedingly artistic. They understand stage effects, love the climax, delight in surprises, especially in the improbable; but their dramatists lack sympathy and breadth of treatment. They are provincial. With them France is the world. They know little of other countries. Their plays do not touch the universal.

Question. What are your feelings in reference to idealism on the stage?

Answer. The stage ought to be the home of the ideal; in a word, the imagination should have full sway. The great dramatist is a creator; he is the sovereign, and governs his own world. The realist is only a copyist. He does not need genius. All he wants is industry and the trick of imitation. On the stage, the real should be idealized, the ordinary should be transfigured; that is, the deeper meaning of things should be given. As we make music of common air, and statues of stone, so the great dramatist should make life burst into blossom on the stage. A lot of words, facts, odds and ends divided into acts and scenes do not make a play. These things are like old pieces of broken iron that need the heat of the furnace so that they may be moulded into shape. Genius is that furnace, and in its heat and glow and flame these pieces, these fragments, become molten and are cast into noble and heroic forms. Realism degrades and impoverishes the stage.

Question. What attributes should an actor have to be really great?

Answer. Intelligence, imagination, presence; a mobile and impressive face; a body that lends itself to every mood in appropriate pose, one that is oak or willow, at will; self-possession; absolute ease; a voice capable of giving every shade of meaning and feeling, an intuitive knowledge or perception of proportion, and above all, the actor should be so sincere that he loses himself in the character he portrays. Such an actor will grow intellectually and morally. The great actor should strive to satisfy himself—to reach his own ideal.

Question. Do you enjoy Shakespeare more in the library than Shakespeare interpreted by actors now on the boards?

Answer. I enjoy Shakespeare everywhere. I think it would give me pleasure to hear those wonderful lines spoken even by phonographs. But Shakespeare is greatest and best when grandly put upon the stage. There you know the connection, the relation, the circumstances, and these bring out the appropriateness and the perfect meaning of the text. Nobody in this country now thinks of Hamlet without thinking of Booth. For this generation at least, Booth is Hamlet. It is impossible for me to read the words of Sir Toby without seeing the face of W. F. Owen. Brutus is Davenport, Cassius is Lawrence Barrett, and Lear will be associated always in my mind with Edwin Forrest. Lady Macbeth is to me Adelaide Ristori, the greatest actress I ever saw. If I understood music perfectly, I would much rather hear Seidl's orchestra play "Tristan," or hear Remenyi's matchless rendition of Schubert's "Ave Maria," than to read the notes.

Most people love the theatre. Everything about it from stage to gallery attracts and fascinates. The mysterious realm, behind the scenes, from which emerge kings and clowns, villains and fools, heroes and lovers, and in which they disappear, is still a fairyland. As long as man is man he will enjoy the love and laughter, the tears and rapture of the mimic world.

Question. Is it because we lack men of genius or because our life is too material that no truly great American plays have been written?

Answer. No great play has been written since Shakespeare; that is, no play has been written equal to his. But there is the same reason for that in all other countries, including England, that there is in this country, and that reason is that Shakespeare has had no equal.

America has not failed because life in the Republic is too material. Germany and France, and, in fact, all other nations, have failed in the same way. In the sense in which I am speaking, Germany has produced no great play.

In the dramatic world Shakespeare stands alone. Compared with him, even the classic is childish.

There is plenty of material for plays. The Republic has lived a great play—a great poem—a most marvelous drama. Here, on our soil, have happened some of the greatest events in the history of the world.

All human passions have been and are in full play here, and here as elsewhere, can be found the tragic, the comic, the beautiful, the poetic, the tears, the smiles, the lamentations and the laughter that are the necessary warp and woof with which to weave the living tapestries that we call plays.

We are beginning. We have found that American plays must be American in spirit. We are tired of imitations and adaptations. We want plays worthy of the great Republic. Some good work has recently been done, giving great hope for the future. Of course the realistic comes first; afterward the ideal. But here in America, as in all other lands, love is the eternal passion that will forever hold the stage. Around that everything else will move. It is the sun. All other passions are secondary. Their orbits are determined by the central force from which they receive their light and meaning.

Love, however, must be kept pure.

The great dramatist is, of necessity, a believer in virtue, in honesty, in courage and in the nobility of human nature. He must know that there are men and women that even a God could not corrupt; such knowledge, such feeling, is the foundation, and the only foundation, that can support the splendid structure, the many pillared stories and the swelling dome of the great drama.

—*The New York Dramatic Mirror*, December 26, 1891.

Woman

It takes a hundred men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all the virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is not just or right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater.

The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lowest depths, it forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life, and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty, can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart.

This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all the miracles of art, that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.

Strikes, Expansion And Other Subjects

Question. What have you to say in regard to the decision of Judge Billings in New Orleans, that strikes which interfere with interstate commerce, are illegal?

Answer. As a rule, men have a right to quit work at any time unless there is some provision to the contrary in their contracts. They have not the right to prevent other men from taking their places. Of course I do not mean by this that strikers may not use persuasion and argument to prevent other men from filling their places. All blacklisting and refusing to work with other men is illegal and punishable. Of course men may conspire to quit work, but how is it to be proved? One man can quit, or five hundred men can quit together, and nothing can prevent them. The decisions of Judge Ricks and Judge Billings are an acknowledgment, at least, of the principle of public control or regulation of railroads and of commerce generally. The railroads, which run for private profit, are public carriers, and the public has a vested interest in them as such. The same principle applies to the commerce of the country and can be dealt with by the courts in the same way. It is unlikely, however, that Judge Billings' decision will have any lasting effect upon organized labor. Law cannot be enforced against such vast numbers of people, especially when they have the general sympathy. Nearly all strikes have been illegal, but the numbers involved have made the courts powerless.

Question. Are you in favor of the annexation of Canada?

Answer. Yes, if Canada is. We do not want that country unless that country wants us. I do not believe it to the interests of Canada to remain a province. Canada should either be an independent nation, or a part of a nation. Now Canada is only a province—with no career—with nothing to stimulate either patriotism or great effort. Yes, I hope that Canada will be annexed.

By all means annex the Sandwich Islands, too. I believe in territorial expansion. A prosperous farmer wants the land next him, and a prosperous nation ought to grow. I believe that we ought to hold the key to the Pacific and its commerce. We want to be prepared at all points to defend our interests from the greed and power of England.

We are going to have a navy, and we want that navy to be of use in protecting our interests the world over. And we want interests to protect.

It is a splendid feeling—this feeling of growth. By the annexation of these islands we open new avenues to American adventure, and the tendency is to make our country greater and stronger. The West Indian Islands ought to be ours, and some day our flag will float there. This country must not stop growing.

Question. Is the spirit of patriotism declining in America?

Answer. There has been no decline in the spirit of American patriotism; in fact, it has increased rather then otherwise as the nation has grown older, stronger, more prosperous, more glorious. If there were occasion to demonstrate the truth of this statement it would be quickly demonstrated. Let an attack be made upon the

American flag, and you will very quickly find out how genuine is the patriotic spirit of Americans.

I do not think either that there has been a decline in the celebration of the Fourth of July. The day is probably not celebrated with as much burning of gunpowder and shooting of fire crackers in the large cities as formerly, but it is celebrated with as much enthusiasm as ever all through the West, and the feeling of rejoicing over the anniversary of the day is as great and strong as ever. The people are tired of celebrating with a great noise and I am glad of it.

Question. What do you think of the Congress of Religions, to be held in Chicago during the World's Fair?

Answer. It will do good, if they will honestly compare their creeds so that each one can see just how foolish all the rest are. They ought to compare their sacred books, and their miracles, and their mythologies, and if they do so they will probably see that ignorance is the mother of them all. Let them have a Congress, by all means, and let them show how priests live on the labor of those they deceive. It will do good.

Question. Do you think that Cleveland's course as to appointments has strengthened him with the people?

Answer. Patronage is a two-edged sword with very little handle. It takes an exceedingly clever President to strengthen himself by its exercise. When a man is running for President the twenty men in every town who expect to be made postmaster are for him heart and soul. Only one can get the office, and the nineteen who do not, feel outraged, and the lucky one is mad on account of the delay. So twenty friends are lost with one place.

Question. Is the Age of Chivalry dead?

Answer. The "Age of Chivalry" never existed except in the imagination. The Age of Chivalry was the age of cowardice and crime.

There is more chivalry to-day than ever. Men have a better, a clearer idea of justice, and pay their debts better, and treat their wives and children better than ever before. The higher and better qualities of the soul have more to do with the average life. To-day men have greater admiration and respect for women, greater regard for the social and domestic obligations than their fathers had.

Question. What led you to begin lecturing on your present subject, and what was your first lecture?

Answer. My first lecture was entitled "Progress." I began lecturing because I thought the creeds of the orthodox church false and horrible, and because I thought the Bible cruel and absurd, and because I like intellectual liberty.

—New York, May 5, 1893.

Sunday A Day Of Pleasure

Question. What do you think of the religious spirit that seeks to regulate by legislation the manner in which the people of this country shall spend their Sundays?

Answer. The church is not willing to stand alone, not willing to base its influence on reason and on the character of its members. It seeks the aid of the State. The cross is in partnership with the sword. People should spend Sundays as they do other days; that is to say, as they please. No one has the right to do anything on Monday that interferes with the rights of his neighbors, and everyone has the right to do anything he pleases on Sunday that does not interfere with the rights of his neighbors. Sunday is a day of rest, not of religion. We are under obligation to do right on all days.

Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that any particular space of time is sacred. Everything in nature goes on the same on Sunday as on other days, and if beyond nature there be a God, then God works on Sunday as he does on all other days. There is no rest in nature. There is perpetual activity in every possible direction. The old idea that God made the world and then rested, is idiotic. There were two reasons given to the Hebrews for keeping the Sabbath —one because Jehovah rested on that day, the other because the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt. The first reason, we know, is false, and the second reason is good only for the Hebrews. According to the Bible, Sunday, or rather the Sabbath, was not for the world, but for the Hebrews, and the Hebrews alone. Our Sunday is pagan and is the day of the sun, as Monday is the day of the moon. All our day names are pagan. I am opposed to all Sunday legislation.

Question. Why should Sunday be observed otherwise than as a day of recreation?

Answer. Sunday is a day of recreation, or should be; a day for the laboring man to rest, a day to visit museums and libraries, a day to look at pictures, a day to get acquainted with your wife and children, a day for poetry and art, a day on which to read old letters and to meet friends, a day to cultivate the amenities of life, a day for those who live in tenements to feel the soft grass beneath their feet. In short, Sunday should be a day of joy. The church endeavors to fill it with gloom and sadness, with stupid sermons and dyspeptic theology.

Nothing could be more cowardly than the effort to compel the observance of the Sabbath by law. We of America have outgrown the childishness of the last century; we laugh at the superstitions of our fathers. We have made up our minds to be as happy as we can be, knowing that the way to be happy is to make others so, that the time to be happy is now, whether that now is Sunday or any other day in the week.

Question. Under a Federal Constitution guaranteeing civil and religious liberty, are the so-called “Blue Laws” constitutional?

Answer. No, they are not. But the probability is that the Supreme Courts of most of the States would decide the other way. And yet all these laws are clearly contrary to the spirit of the Federal Constitution and the constitutions of most of the States.

I hope to live until all these foolish laws are repealed and until we are in the highest and noblest sense a free people. And by free I mean each having the right to do anything that does not interfere with the rights or with the happiness of another. I want to see the time when we live for this world and when all shall endeavor to increase, by education, by reason, and by persuasion, the sum of human happiness.

—*New York Times*, July 21, 1893.

The Parliament Of Religions

Question. The Parliament of Religions was called with a view to discussing the great religions of the world on the broad platform of tolerance. Supposing this to have been accomplished, what effect is it likely to have on the future of creeds?

Answer. It was a good thing to get the representatives of all creeds to meet and tell their beliefs. The tendency, I think, is to do away with prejudice, with provincialism, with egotism. We know that the difference between the great religions, so far as belief is concerned, amounts to but little. Their gods have different names, but in other respects they differ but little. They are all cruel and ignorant.

Question. Do you think likely that the time is coming when all the religions of the world will be treated with the liberality that is now characterizing the attitude of one sect toward another in Christendom?

Answer. Yes, because I think that all religions will be found to be of equal authority, and because I believe that the supernatural will be discarded and that man will give up his vain and useless efforts to get back of nature—to answer the questions of whence and whither? As a matter of fact, the various sects do not love one another. The keenest hatred is religious hatred. The most malicious malice is found in the hearts of those who love their enemies.

Question. Bishop Newman, in replying to a learned Buddhist at the Parliament of Religions, said that Buddhism had given to the world no helpful literature, no social system, and no heroic virtues. Is this true?

Answer. Bishop Newman is a very prejudiced man. Probably he got his information from the missionaries. Buddha was undoubtedly a great teacher. Long before Christ lived Buddha taught the brotherhood of man. He said that intelligence was the only lever capable of raising mankind. His followers, to say the least of them, are as good as the followers of Christ. Bishop Newman is a Methodist—a follower of John Wesley—and he has the prejudices of the sect to which he belongs. We must remember that all prejudices are honest.

Question. Is Christian society, or rather society in Christian countries, cursed with fewer robbers, assassins, and thieves, proportionately, then countries where “heathen” religions predominate?

Answer. I think not. I do not believe that there are more lynchings, more mob murders in India or Turkey or Persia than in some Christian States of the great Republic. Neither will you find more train robbers, more forgers, more thieves in heathen lands than in Christian countries. Here the jails are full, the penitentiaries are crowded, and the hangman is busy. All over Christendom, as many assert, crime is on the increase, going hand in hand with poverty. The truth is, that some of the wisest and best men are filled with apprehension for the future, but I believe in the race and have confidence in man.

Question. How can society be so reconstructed that all this horrible suffering, resultant from poverty and its natural associate, crime, may be abolished, or at least reduced to a minimum?

Answer. In the first place we should stop supporting the useless. The burden of superstition should be taken from the shoulders of industry. In the next place men should stop bowing to wealth instead of worth. Men should be judged by what they do, by what they are, instead of by the property they have. Only those able to raise and educate children should have them. Children should be better born—better educated. The process of regeneration will be slow, but it will be sure. The religion of our day is supported by the worst, by the most dangerous people in society. I do not allude to murderers or burglars, or even to the little thieves. I mean those who debauch courts and legislatures and elections— those who make millions by legal fraud.

Question. What do you think of the Theosophists? Are they sincere—have they any real basis for their psychological theories?

Answer. The Theosophists may be sincere. I do not know. But I am perfectly satisfied that their theories are without any foundation in fact—that their doctrines are as unreal as their "astral bodies," and as absurd as a contradiction in mathematics. We have had vagaries and theories enough. We need the religion of the real, the faith that rests on fact. Let us turn our attention to this world—the world in which we live.

—*New York Herald*, September, 1893.

Cleveland's Hawaiian Policy

Question. Colonel, what do you think about Mr. Cleveland's Hawaiian policy?

Answer. I think it exceedingly laughable and a little dishonest —with the further fault that it is wholly unconstitutional. This is not a one-man Government, and while Liliuokalani may be Queen, Cleveland is certainly not a king. The worst thing about the whole matter, as it appears to me, is the bad faith that was shown by Mr. Cleveland—the double-dealing. He sent Mr. Willis as Minister to the Provisional Government and by that act admitted the existence, and the rightful existence, of the Provisional Government of the Sandwich Islands.

When Mr. Willis started he gave him two letters. One was addressed to Dole, President of the Provisional Government, in which he addressed Dole as "Great and good friend," and at the close, being a devout Christian, he asked "God to take care of Dole." This was the first letter. The letter of one President to another; of one friend to another. The second letter was addressed to Mr. Willis, in which Mr. Willis was told to upset Dole at the first opportunity and put the deposed Queen back on her throne. This may be diplomacy, but it is no kin to honesty.

In my judgment, it is the worst thing connected with the Hawaiian affair. What must "the great and good" Dole think of our great and good President? What must other nations think when they read the two letters and mentally exclaim, "Look upon this and then upon that?" I think Mr. Cleveland has acted arrogantly, foolishly, and unfairly. I am in favor of obtaining the Sandwich Islands—of course by fair means. I favor this policy because I want my country to become a power in the Pacific. All my life I have wanted this country to own the West Indies, the Bermudas, the Bahamas and Barbadoes. They are our islands. They belong to this continent, and for any other nation to take them or claim them was, and is, a piece of impertinence and impudence.

So I would like to see the Sandwich Islands annexed to the United States. They are a good way from San Francisco and our Western shore, but they are nearer to us than they are to any other nation. I think they would be of great importance. They would tend to increase the Asiatic trade, and they certainly would be important in case of war. We should have fortifications on those islands that no naval power could take.

Some objection has been made on the ground that under our system the people of those islands would have to be represented in Congress. I say yes, represented by a delegate until the islands become a real part of the country, and by that time, there would be several hundred thousand Americans living there, capable of sending over respectable members of Congress.

Now, I think that Mr. Cleveland has made a very great mistake. First, I think he was mistaken as to the facts in the Sandwich Islands; second, as to the Constitution of the United States, and thirdly, as to the powers of the President of the United States.

Question. In your experience as a lawyer what was the most unique case in which you were ever engaged?

Answer. The Star Route trial. Every paper in the country, but one, was against the defence, and that one was a little sheet owned by one of the defendants. I received a note from a man living in a little town in Ohio criticizing me for defending the accused. In reply I wrote that I supposed he was a sensible man and that he, of course, knew what he was talking about when he said the accused were guilty; that the Government needed just such men as he, and that he should come to the trial at once and testify. The man wrote back: "Dear Colonel: I am a —— fool."

Question. Will the church and the stage ever work together for the betterment of the world, and what is the province of each?

Answer. The church and stage will never work together. The pulpit pretends that fiction is fact. The stage pretends that fiction is fact. The pulpit pretence is dishonest—that of the stage is sincere. The actor is true to art, and honestly pretends to be what he is not. The actor is natural, if he is great, and in this naturalness is his truth and his sincerity. The pulpit is unnatural, and for that reason untrue. The pulpit is for another world, the stage for this. The stage is good because it is natural, because it portrays real and actual life; because "it holds the mirror up to nature." The pulpit is weak because it too often belittles and demeans this life; because it slanders and calumniates the natural and is the enemy of joy.

—*The Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, February 2, 1894.

Orators And Oratory

Question. I should be glad if you would tell me what you think the differences are between English and American oratory?

Answer. There is no difference between the real English and the real American orator. Oratory is the same the world over. The man who thinks on his feet, who has the pose of passion, the face that thought illumines, a voice in harmony with the ideals expressed, who has logic like a column and poetry like a vine, who transfigures the common, dresses the ideals of the people in purple and fine linen, who has the art of finding the best and noblest in his hearers, and who in a thousand ways creates the climate in which the best grows and flourishes and bursts into blossom—that man is an orator, no matter of what time, of what country.

Question. If you were to compare individual English and American orators—recent or living orators in particular—what would you say?

Answer. I have never heard any of the great English speakers, and consequently can pass no judgment as to their merits, except such as depends on reading. I think, however, the finest paragraph ever uttered in Great Britain was by Curran in his defence of Rowan. I have never read one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, only fragments. I think he lacks logic. Bright was a great speaker, but he lacked imagination and the creative faculty. Disræli spoke for the clubs, and his speeches were artificial. We have had several fine speakers in America. I think that Thomas Corwin stands at the top of the natural orators. Sergeant S. Prentiss, the lawyer, was a very great talker; Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest orator that the pulpit has produced. Theodore Parker was a great orator. In this country, however, probably Daniel Webster occupies the highest place in general esteem.

Question. Which would you say are the better orators, speaking generally, the American people or the English people?

Answer. I think Americans are, on the average, better talkers than the English. I think England has produced the greatest literature of the world; but I do not think England has produced the greatest orators of the world. I know of no English orator equal to Webster or Corwin or Beecher.

Question. Would you mind telling me how it was you came to be a public speaker, a lecturer, an orator?

Answer. We call this America of ours free, and yet I found it was very far from free. Our writers and our speakers declared that here in America church and state were divorced. I found this to be untrue. I found that the church was supported by the state in many ways, that people who failed to believe certain portions of the creeds were not allowed to testify in courts or to hold office. It occurred to me that some one ought to do something toward making this country intellectually free, and after a while I thought that I might as well endeavor to do this as wait for another. This is the way in which I came to make speeches; it was an action in favor of liberty. I have

said things because I wanted to say them, and because I thought they ought to be said.

Question. Perhaps you will tell me your methods as a speaker, for I'm sure it would be interesting to know them?

Answer. Sometimes, and frequently, I deliver a lecture several times before it is written. I have it taken by a shorthand writer, and afterward written out. At other times I have dictated a lecture, and delivered it from manuscript. The course pursued depends on how I happen to feel at the time. Sometimes I read a lecture, and sometimes I deliver lectures without any notes—this, again, depending much on how I happen to feel. So far as methods are concerned, everything should depend on feeling. Attitude, gestures, voice, emphasis, should all be in accord with and spring from feeling, from the inside.

Question. Is there any possibility of your coming to England, and, I need hardly add, of your coming to speak?

Answer. I have thought of going over to England, and I may do so. There is an England in England for which I have the highest possible admiration, the England of culture, of art, of principle.

—*The Sketch*, London, Eng., March 21, 1894.

Catholicism And Protestantism. The Pope, The A. P. A., Agnosticism And The Church

Question. Which do you regard as the better, Catholicism or Protestantism?

Answer. Protestantism is better than Catholicism because there is less of it. Protestantism does not teach that a monk is better than a husband and father, that a nun is holier than a mother. Protestants do not believe in the confessional. Neither do they pretend that priests can forgive sins. Protestantism has fewer ceremonies and less opera bouffe, clothes, caps, tiaras, mitres, crooks and holy toys. Catholics have an infallible man—an old Italian. Protestants have an infallible book, written by Hebrews before they were civilized. The infallible man is generally wrong, and the infallible book is filled with mistakes and contradictions. Catholics and Protestants are both enemies of intellectual freedom —of real education, but both are opposed to education enough to make free men and women.

Between the Catholics and Protestants there has been about as much difference as there is between crocodiles and alligators. Both have done the worst they could, both are as bad as they can be, and the world is getting tired of both. The world is not going to choose either—both are to be rejected.

Question. Are you willing to give your opinion of the Pope?

Answer. It may be that the Pope thinks he is infallible, but I doubt it. He may think that he is the agent of God, but I guess not. He may know more than other people, but if he does he has kept it to himself. He does not seem satisfied with standing in the place and stead of God in spiritual matters, but desires temporal power. He wishes to be Pope and King. He imagines that he has the right to control the belief of all the world; that he is the shepherd of all “sheep” and that the fleeces belong to him. He thinks that in his keeping is the conscience of mankind. So he imagines that his blessing is a great benefit to the faithful and that his prayers can change the course of natural events. He is a strange mixture of the serious and comical. He claims to represent God, and admits that he is almost a prisoner. There is something pathetic in the condition of this pontiff. When I think of him, I think of Lear on the heath, old, broken, touched with insanity, and yet, in his own opinion, “every inch a king.”

The Pope is a fragment, a remnant, a shred, a patch of ancient power and glory. He is a survival of the unfittest, a souvenir of theocracy, a relic of the supernatural. Of course he will have a few successors, and they will become more and more comical, more and more helpless and impotent as the world grows wise and free. I am not blaming the Pope. He was poisoned at the breast of his mother. Superstition was mingled with her milk. He was poisoned at school—taught to distrust his reason and to live by faith. And so it may be that his mind was so twisted and tortured out of shape that he now really believes that he is the infallible agent of an infinite God.

Question. Are you in favor of the A. P. A.?

Answer. In this country I see no need of secret political societies. I think it better to fight in the open field. I am a believer in religious liberty, in allowing all sects to preach their doctrines and to make as many converts as they can. As long as we have free speech and a free press I think there is no danger of the country being ruled by any church. The Catholics are much better than their creed, and the same can be said of nearly all members of orthodox churches. A majority of American Catholics think a great deal more of this country than they do of their church. When they are in good health they are on our side. It is only when they are very sick that they turn their eyes toward Rome. If they were in the majority, of course, they would destroy all other churches and imprison, torture and kill all Infidels. But they will never be in the majority. They increase now only because Catholics come in from other countries. In a few years that supply will cease, and then the Catholic Church will grow weaker every day. The free secular school is the enemy of priestcraft and superstition, and the people of this country will never consent to the destruction of that institution. I want no man persecuted on account of his religion.

Question. If there is no beatitude, or heaven, how do you account for the continual struggle in every natural heart for its own betterment?

Answer. Man has many wants, and all his efforts are the children of wants. If he wanted nothing he would do nothing. We civilize the savage by increasing his wants, by cultivating his fancy, his appetites, his desires. He is then willing to work to satisfy these new wants. Man always tries to do things in the easiest way. His constant effort is to accomplish more with less work. He invents a machine; then he improves it, his idea being to make it perfect. He wishes to produce the best. So in every department of effort and knowledge he seeks the highest success, and he seeks it because it is for his own good here in this world. So he finds that there is a relation between happiness and conduct, and he tries to find out what he must do to produce the greatest enjoyment. This is the basis of morality, of law and ethics. We are so constituted that we love proportion, color, harmony. This is the artistic man. Morality is the harmony and proportion of conduct— the music of life. Man continually seeks to better his condition —not because he is immortal—but because he is capable of grief and pain, because he seeks for happiness. Man wishes to respect himself and to gain the respect of others. The brain wants light, the heart wants love. Growth is natural. The struggle to overcome temptation, to be good and noble, brave and sincere, to reach, if possible, the perfect, is no evidence of the immortality of the soul or of the existence of other worlds. Men live to excel, to become distinguished, to enjoy, and so they strive, each in his own way, to gain the ends desired.

Question. Do you believe that the race is growing moral or immoral?

Answer. The world is growing better. There is more real liberty, more thought, more intelligence than ever before. The world was never so charitable or generous as now. We do not put honest debtors in prison, we no longer believe in torture. Punishments are less severe. We place a higher value on human life. We are far kinder to animals. To this, however, there is one terrible exception. The vivisectors, those who cut, torture, and mutilate in the name of science, disgrace our age. They excite the horror and indignation of all good people. Leave out the actions of those wretches, and animals are better treated than ever before. So there is less beating of wives and

whipping of children. The whip in no longer found in the civilized home. Intelligent parents now govern by kindness, love and reason. The standard of honor is higher than ever. Contracts are more sacred, and men do nearer as they agree. Man has more confidence in his fellow-man, and in the goodness of human nature. Yes, the world is getting better, nobler and grander every day. We are moving along the highway of progress on our way to the Eden of the future.

Question. Are the doctrines of Agnosticism gaining ground, and what, in your opinion, will be the future of the church?

Answer. The Agnostic is intellectually honest. He knows the limitations of his mind. He is convinced that the questions of origin and destiny cannot be answered by man. He knows that he cannot answer these questions, and he is candid enough to say so. The Agnostic has good mental manners. He does not call belief or hope or wish, a demonstration. He knows the difference between hope and belief—between belief and knowledge—and he keeps these distinctions in his mind. He does not say that a certain theory is true because he wishes it to be true. He tries to go according to evidence, in harmony with facts, without regard to his own desires or the wish of the public. He has the courage of his convictions and the modesty of his ignorance. The theologian is his opposite. He is certain and sure of the existence of things and beings and worlds of which there is, and can be, no evidence. He relies on assertion, and in all debate attacks the motive of his opponent instead of answering his arguments. All savages know the origin and destiny of man. About other things they know but little. The theologian is much the same. The Agnostic has given up the hope of ascertaining the nature of the "First Cause"—the hope of ascertaining whether or not there was a "First Cause." He admits that he does not know whether or not there is an infinite Being. He admits that these questions cannot be answered, and so he refuses to answer. He refuses also to pretend. He knows that the theologian does not know, and he has the courage to say so.

He knows that the religious creeds rest on assumption, supposition, assertion—on myth and legend, on ignorance and superstition, and that there is no evidence of their truth. The Agnostic bends his energies in the opposite direction. He occupies himself with this world, with things that can be ascertained and understood. He turns his attention to the sciences, to the solution of questions that touch the well-being of man. He wishes to prevent and cure diseases; to lengthen life; to provide homes and raiment and food for man; to supply the wants of the body.

He also cultivates the arts. He believes in painting and sculpture, in music and the drama—the needs of the soul. The Agnostic believes in developing the brain, in cultivating the affections, the tastes, the conscience, the judgment, to the end that man may be happy in this world. He seeks to find the relation of things, the condition of happiness. He wishes to enslave the forces of nature to the end that they may perform the work of the world. Back of all progress are the real thinkers; the finders of facts, those who turn their attention to the world in which we live. The theologian has never been a help, always a hindrance. He has always kept his back to the sunrise. With him all wisdom was in the past. He appealed to the dead. He was and is the enemy of reason, of investigation, of thought and progress. The church has never given "sanctuary" to a persecuted truth.

There can be no doubt that the ideas of the Agnostic are gaining ground. The scientific spirit has taken possession of the intellectual world. Theological methods are unpopular to-day, even in theological schools. The attention of men everywhere is being directed to the affairs of this world, this life. The gods are growing indistinct, and, like the shapes of clouds, they are changing as they fade. The idea of special providence has been substantially abandoned. People are losing, and intelligent people have lost, confidence in prayer. To-day no intelligent person believes in miracles—a violation of the facts in nature. They may believe that there used to be miracles a good while ago, but not now. The "supernatural" is losing its power, its influence, and the church is growing weaker every day.

The church is supported by the people, and in order to gain the support of the people it must reflect their ideas, their hopes and fears. As the people advance, the creeds will be changed, either by changing the words or giving new meanings to the old words. The church, in order to live, must agree substantially with those who support it, and consequently it will change to any extent that may be necessary. If the church remains true to the old standards then it will lose the support of progressive people, and if the people generally advance the church will die. But my opinion is that it will slowly change, that the minister will preach what the members want to hear, and that the creed will be controlled by the contribution box. One of these days the preachers may become teachers, and when that happens the church will be of use.

Question. What do you regard as the greatest of all themes in poetry and song?

Answer. Love and Death. The same is true of the greatest music. In "Tristan and Isolde" is the greatest music of love and death. In Shakespeare the greatest themes are love and death. In all real poetry, in all real music, the dominant, the triumphant tone, is love, and the minor, the sad refrain, the shadow, the background, the mystery, is death.

Question. What would be your advice to an intelligent young man just starting out in life?

Answer. I would say to him: "Be true to your ideal. Cultivate your heart and brain. Follow the light of your reason. Get all the happiness out of life that you possibly can. Do not care for power, but strive to be useful. First of all, support yourself so that you may not be a burden to others. If you are successful, if you gain a surplus, use it for the good of others. Own yourself and live and die a free man. Make your home a heaven, love your wife and govern your children by kindness. Be good natured, cheerful, forgiving and generous. Find out the conditions of happiness, and then be wise enough to live in accordance with them. Cultivate intellectual hospitality, express your honest thoughts, love your friends, and be just to your enemies."

—*New York Herald*, September 16, 1894.

Woman And Her Domain

Question. What is your opinion of the effect of the multiplicity of women's clubs as regards the intellectual, moral and domestic status of their members?

Answer. I think that women should have clubs and societies, that they should get together and exchange ideas. Women, as a rule, are provincial and conservative. They keep alive all the sentimental mistakes and superstitions. Now, if they can only get away from these, and get abreast with the tide of the times, and think as well as feel, it will be better for them and their children. You know St. Paul tells women that if they want to know anything they must ask their husbands. For many centuries they have followed this orthodox advice, and of course they have not learned a great deal, because their husbands could not answer their questions. Husbands, as a rule, do not know a great deal, and it will not do for every wife to depend on the ignorance of her worst half. The women of to-day are the great readers, and no book is a great success unless it pleases the women.

As a result of this, all the literature of the world has changed, so that now in all departments the thoughts of women are taken into consideration, and women have thoughts, because they are the intellectual equals of men.

There are no statesmen in this country the equals of Harriet Martineau; probably no novelists the equals of George Eliot or George Sand, and I think Ouida the greatest living novelist. I think her "Ariadne" is one of the greatest novels in the English language. There are few novels better than "Consuelo," few poems better than "Mother and Poet."

So in all departments women are advancing; some of them have taken the highest honors at medical colleges; others are prominent in the sciences, some are great artists, and there are several very fine sculptors, &c., &c.

So you can readily see what my opinion is on that point.

I am in favor of giving woman all the domain she conquers, and as the world becomes civilized the domain that she can conquer will steadily increase.

Question. But, Colonel, is there no danger of greatly interfering with a woman's duties as wife and mother?

Answer. I do not think that it is dangerous to think, or that thought interferes with love or the duties of wife or mother. I think the contrary is the truth; the greater the brain the greater the power to love, the greater the power to discharge all duties and obligations, so I have no fear for the future. About women voting I don't care; whatever they want to do they have my consent.

—*The Democrat*, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1894.

Professor Swing

Question. Since you were last in this city, Colonel, a distinguished man has passed away in the person of Professor Swing. The public will be interested to have your opinion of him.

Answer. I think Professor Swing did a great amount of good. He helped to civilize the church and to humanize the people. His influence was in the right direction—toward the light. In his youth he was acquainted with toil, poverty, and hardship; his road was filled with thorns, and yet he lived and scattered flowers in the paths of many people. At first his soul was in the dungeon of a savage creed, where the windows were very small and closely grated, and though which struggled only a few rays of light. He longed for more light and for more liberty, and at last his fellow- prisoners drove him forth, and from that time until his death he did what he could to give light and liberty to the souls of men. He was a lover of nature, poetic in his temperament, charitable and merciful. As an orator he may have lacked presence, pose and voice, but he did not lack force of statement or beauty of expression. He was a man of wide learning, of great admiration of the heroic and tender. He did what he could to raise the standard of character, to make his fellow-men just and noble. He lost the provincialism of his youth and became in a very noble sense a citizen of the world. He understood that all the good is not in our race or in our religion—that in every land there are good and noble men, self- denying and lovely women, and that in most respects other religions are as good as ours, and in many respects better. This gave him breadth of intellectual horizon and enlarged his sympathy for the failures of the world. I regard his death as a great loss, and his life as a lesson and inspiration.

—*Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, October 13, 1894.

Senator Sherman And His Book

Question. What do you think of Senator Sherman's book—especially the part about Garfield?

Answer. Of course, I have only read a few extracts from Mr. Sherman's reminiscences, but I am perfectly satisfied that the Senator is mistaken about Garfield's course. The truth is that Garfield captured the convention by his course from day to day, and especially by the speech he made for Sherman. After that speech, and it was a good one, the best Garfield ever made, the convention said, "Speak for yourself, John."

It was perfectly apparent that if the Blaine and Sherman forces should try to unite, Grant would be nominated. It had to be Grant or a new man, and that man was Garfield. It all came about without Garfield's help, except in the way I have said. Garfield even went so far as to declare that under no circumstances could he accept, because he was for Sherman, and honestly for him. He told me that he would not allow his name to go before the convention. Just before he was nominated I wrote him a note in which I said he was about to be nominated, and that he must not decline. I am perfectly satisfied that he acted with perfect honor, and that he did his best for Sherman.

Question. Mr. Sherman expresses the opinion that if he had had the "moral strength" of the Ohio delegation in his support he would have been nominated?

Answer. We all know that while Senator Sherman had many friends, and that while many thought he would make an excellent President, still there was but little enthusiasm among his followers. Sherman had the respect of the party, but hardly the love.

Question. In his book the Senator expresses the opinion that he was quite close to the nomination in 1888, when Mr. Quay was for him. Do you think that is so, Mr. Ingersoll?

Answer. I think Mr. Sherman had a much better chance in 1888 than in 1880, but as a matter of fact, he never came within hailing distance of success at any time. He is not of the nature to sway great bodies of men. He lacks the power to impress himself upon others to such an extent as to make friends of enemies and devotees of friends. Mr. Sherman has had a remarkable career, and I think that he ought to be satisfied with what he has achieved.

Question. Mr. Ingersoll, what do you think defeated Blaine for the nomination in 1876?

Answer. On the first day of the convention at Cincinnati it was known that Blaine was the leading candidate. All of the enthusiasm was for him. It was soon known that Conkling, Bristow or Morton could not be nominated, and that in all probability Blaine would succeed. The fact that Blaine had been attacked by vertigo, or had suffered from a stroke of apoplexy, gave an argument to those who opposed him, and

this was used with great effect. After Blaine was put in nomination, and before any vote was taken, the convention adjourned, and during the night a great deal of work was done. The Michigan delegation was turned inside out and the Blaine forces raided in several States. Hayes, the dark horse, suddenly developed speed, and the scattered forces rallied to his support. I have always thought that if a ballot could have been taken on the day Blaine was put in nomination he would have succeeded, and yet he might have been defeated for the nomination anyway.

Blaine had the warmest friends and the bitterest enemies of any man in the party. People either loved or hated him. He had no milk-and-water friends and no milk-and-water enemies.

Question. If Blaine had been nominated at Cincinnati in 1876 would he have made a stronger candidate than Hayes did?

Answer. If he had been nominated then, I believe that he would have been triumphantly elected. Mr. Blaine's worst enemies would not have supported Tilden, and thousands of moderate Democrats would have given their votes to Blaine.

Question. Mr. Ingersoll, do you think that Mr. Blaine wanted the nomination in 1884, when he got it?

Answer. In 1883, Mr. Blaine told me that he did not want the nomination. I said to him: "Is that honest?" He replied that he did not want it, that he was tired of the whole business. I said: "If you do not want it; if you have really reached that conclusion, then I think you will get it." He laughed, and again said: "I do not want it." I believe that he spoke exactly as he then felt.

Question. What do you think defeated Mr. Blaine at the polls in 1884?

Answer. Blaine was a splendid manager for another man, a great natural organizer, and when acting for others made no mistake; but he did not manage his own campaign with ability. He made a succession of mistakes. His suit against the Indianapolis editor; his letter about the ownership of certain stocks; his reply to Burchard and the preachers, in which he said that history showed the church could get along without the state, but the state could not get along without the church, and this in reply to the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" nonsense; and last, but not least, his speech to the millionaires in New York—all of these things weakened him. As a matter of fact many Catholics were going to support Blaine, but when they saw him fooling with the Protestant clergy, and accepting the speech of Burchard, they instantly turned against him. If he had never met Burchard, I think he would have been elected. His career was something like that of Mr. Clay; he was the most popular man of his party and yet——

Question. How do you account for Mr. Blaine's action in allowing his name to go before the convention at Minneapolis in 1892?

Answer. In 1892, Mr. Blaine was a sick man, almost worn out; he was not his former self, and he was influenced by others. He seemed to have lost his intuition; he was misled, yet in spite of all defeats, no name will create among Republicans greater

enthusiasm than that of James G. Blaine. Millions are still his devoted, unselfish and enthusiastic friends and defenders.

—*The Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis, October 27, 1895.

Reply To The Christian Endeavorers

Question. How were you affected by the announcement that the united prayers of the Salvationists and Christian Endeavorers were to be offered for your conversion?

Answer. The announcement did not affect me to any great extent. I take it for granted that the people praying for me are sincere and that they have a real interest in my welfare. Of course, I thank them one and all. At the same time I can hardly account for what they did. Certainly they would not ask God to convert me unless they thought the prayer could be answered. And if their God can convert me of course he can convert everybody. Then the question arises why he does not do it. Why does he let millions go to hell when he can convert them all. Why did he not convert them all before the flood and take them all to heaven instead of drowning them and sending them all to hell. Of course these questions can be answered by saying that God's ways are not our ways. I am greatly obliged to these people. Still, I feel about the same, so that it would be impossible to get up a striking picture of "before and after." It was good-natured on their part to pray for me, and that act alone leads me to believe that there is still hope for them. The trouble with the Christian Endeavorers is that they don't give my arguments consideration. If they did they would agree with me. It seemed curious that they would advise divine wisdom what to do, or that they would ask infinite mercy to treat me with kindness. If there be a God, of course he knows what ought to be done, and will do it without any hints from ignorant human beings. Still, the Endeavorers and the Salvation people may know more about God than I do. For all I know, this God may need a little urging. He may be powerful but a little slow; intelligent but sometimes a little drowsy, and it may do good now and then to call his attention to the facts. The prayers did not, so far as I know, do me the least injury or the least good. I was glad to see that the Christians are getting civilized. A few years ago they would have burned me. Now they pray for me.

Suppose God should answer the prayers and convert me, how would he bring the conversion about? In the first place, he would have to change my brain and give me more credulity—that is, he would be obliged to lessen my reasoning power. Then I would believe not only without evidence, but in spite of evidence. All the miracles would appear perfectly natural. It would then seem as easy to raise the dead as to waken the sleeping. In addition to this, God would so change my mind that I would hold all reason in contempt and put entire confidence in faith. I would then regard science as the enemy of human happiness, and ignorance as the soil in which virtues grow. Then I would throw away Darwin and Humboldt, and rely on the sermons of orthodox preachers. In other words, I would become a little child and amuse myself with a religious rattle and a Gabriel horn. Then I would rely on a man who has been dead for nearly two thousand years to secure me a seat in Paradise.

After conversion, it is not pretended that I will be any better so far as my actions are concerned; no more charitable, no more honest, no more generous. The great difference will be that I will believe more and think less.

After all, the converted people do not seem to be better than the sinners. I never heard of a poor wretch clad in rags, limping into a town and asking for the house of a Christian.

I think that I had better remain as I am. I had better follow the light of my reason, be true to myself, express my honest thoughts, and do the little I can for the destruction of superstition, the little I can for the development of the brain, for the increase of intellectual hospitality and the happiness of my fellow-beings. One world at a time.

—*New York Journal*, December 15, 1895.

Spiritualism

There are several good things about Spiritualism. First, they are not bigoted; second, they do not believe in salvation by faith; third, they don't expect to be happy in another world because Christ was good in this; fourth, they do not preach the consolation of hell; fifth, they do not believe in God as an infinite monster; sixth, the Spiritualists believe in intellectual hospitality. In these respects they differ from our Christian brethren, and in these respects they are far superior to the saints.

I think that the Spiritualists have done good. They believe in enjoying themselves—in having a little pleasure in this world. They are social, cheerful and good-natured. They are not the slaves of a book. Their hands and feet are not tied with passages of Scripture. They are not troubling themselves about getting forgiveness and settling their heavenly debts for a cent on the dollar. Their belief does not make then mean or miserable.

They do not persecute their neighbors. They ask no one to have faith or to believe without evidence. They ask all to investigate, and then to make up their minds from the evidence. Hundreds and thousands of well-educated, intelligent people are satisfied with the evidence and firmly believe in the existence of spirits. For all I know, they may be right—but——

Question. The Spiritualists have indirectly claimed, that you were in many respects almost one of them. Have you given them reason to believe so?

Answer. I am not a Spiritualist, and have never pretended to be. The Spiritualists believe in free thought, in freedom of speech, and they are willing to hear the other side—willing to hear me. The best thing about the Spiritualists is that they believe in intellectual hospitality.

Question. Is Spiritualism a religion or a truth?

Answer. I think that Spiritualism may properly be called a religion. It deals with two worlds—teaches the duty of man to his fellows—the relation that this life bears to the next. It claims to be founded on facts. It insists that the "dead" converse with the living, and that information is received from those who once lived in this world. Of the truth of these claims I have no sufficient evidence.

Question. Are all mediums impostors?

Answer. I will not say that all mediums are impostors, because I do not know. I do not believe that these mediums get any information or help from "spirits." I know that for thousands of years people have believed in mediums—in Spiritualism. A spirit in the form of a man appeared to Samson's mother, and afterward to his father.

Spirits, or angels, called on Abraham. The witch of Endor raised the ghost of Samuel. An angel appeared with three men in the furnace. The handwriting on the wall was done by a spirit. A spirit appeared to Joseph in a dream, to the wise men and to Joseph again.

So a spirit, an angel or a god, spoke to Saul, and the same happened to Mary Magdalene.

The religious literature of the world is filled with such things. Take Spiritualism from Christianity and the whole edifice crumbles. All religions, so far as I know, are based on Spiritualism—on communications received from angels, from spirits.

I do not say that all the mediums, ancient and modern, were, and are, impostors—but I do think that all the honest ones were, and are, mistaken. I do not believe that man has ever received any communication from angels, spirits or gods. No whisper, as I believe, has ever come from any other world. The lips of the dead are always closed. From the grave there has come no voice. For thousands of years people have been questioning the dead. They have tried to catch the whisper of a vanished voice. Many say that they have succeeded. I do not know.

Question. What is the explanation of the startling knowledge displayed by some so-called "mediums" of the history and personal affairs of people who consult them? Is there any such thing as mind-reading or thought-transference?

Answer. In a very general way, I suppose that one person may read the thought of another—not definitely, but by the expression of the face, by the attitude of the body, some idea may be obtained as to what a person thinks, what he intends. So thought may be transferred by look or language, but not simply by will. Everything that is, is natural. Our ignorance is the soil in which mystery grows. I do not believe that thoughts are things that can been seen or touched. Each mind lives in a world of its own, a world that no other mind can enter. Minds, like ships at sea, give signs and signals to each other, but they do not exchange captains.

Question. Is there any such thing as telepathy? What is the explanation of the stories of mental impressions received at long distances?

Answer. There are curious coincidences. People sometimes happen to think of something that is taking place at a great distance. The stories about these happenings are not very well authenticated, and seem never to have been of the least use to anyone.

Question. Can these phenomena be considered aside from any connection with, or form of, superstition?

Answer. I think that mistake, emotion, nervousness, hysteria, dreams, love of the wonderful, dishonesty, ignorance, grief and the longing for immortality—the desire to meet the loved and lost, the horror of endless death—account for these phenomena. People often mistake their dreams for realities—often think their thoughts have "happened." They live in a mental mist, a mirage. The boundary between the actual and the imagined becomes faint, wavering and obscure. They mistake clouds for mountains. The real and the unreal mix and mingle until the impossible becomes common, and the natural absurd.

Question. Do you believe that any sane man ever had a vision?

Answer. Of course, the sane and insane have visions, dreams. I do not believe that any man, sane or insane, was ever visited by an angel or spirit, or ever received any information from the dead.

Question. Setting aside from consideration the so-called physical manifestations of the mediums, has Spiritualism offered any proof of the immortality of the soul?

Answer. Of course Spiritualism offers what it calls proof of immortality. That is its principal business. Thousands and thousands of good, honest, intelligent people think the proof sufficient. They receive what they believe to be messages from the departed, and now and then the spirits assume their old forms —including garments—and pass through walls and doors as light passes through glass. Do these things really happen? If the spirits of the dead do return, then the fact of another life is established. It all depends on the evidence. Our senses are easily deceived, and some people have more confidence in their reason than in their senses.

Question. Do you not believe that such a man as Robert Dale Owen was sincere? What was the real state of mind of the author of "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World"?

Answer. Without the slightest doubt, Robert Dale Owen was sincere. He was one of the best of men. His father labored all his life for the good of others. Robert Owen, the father, had a debate, in Cincinnati, with the Rev. Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Campbellite Church. Campbell was no match for Owen, and yet the audience was almost unanimously against Owen.

Robert Dale Owen was an intelligent, thoughtful, honest man. He was deceived by several mediums, but remained a believer. He wanted Spiritualism to be true. He hungered and thirsted for another life. He explained everything that was mysterious or curious by assuming the interference of spirits. He was a good man, but a poor investigator. He thought that people were all honest.

Question. What do you understand the Spiritualist means when he claims that the soul goes to the "Summer land," and there continues to work and evolute to higher planes?

Answer. No one pretends to know where "heaven" is. The celestial realm is the blessed somewhere in the unknown nowhere. So far as I know, the "Summer land" has no metes and bounds, and no one pretends to know exactly or inexactly where it is. After all, the "Summer land" is a hope—a wish. Spiritualists believe that a soul leaving this world passes into another, or into another state, and continues to grow in intelligence and virtue, if it so desires.

Spiritualists claim to prove that there is another life. Christians believe this, but their witnesses have been dead for many centuries. They take the "hearsay" of legend and ancient gossip; but Spiritualists claim to have living witnesses; witnesses that can talk, make music; that can take to themselves bodies and shake hands with the people they knew before they passed to the "other shore."

Question. Has Spiritualism, through its mediums, ever told the world anything useful, or added to the store of the world's knowledge, or relieved its burdens?

Answer. I do not know that any medium has added to the useful knowledge of the world, unless mediums have given evidence of another life. Mediums have told us nothing about astronomy, geology or history, have made no discoveries, no inventions, and have enriched no art. The same may be said of every religion.

All the orthodox churches believe in Spiritualism. Every now and then the Virgin appears to some peasant, and in the old days the darkness was filled with evil spirits. Christ was a Spiritualist, and his principal business was the casting out of devils. All of his disciples, all of the church fathers, all of the saints were believers in Spiritualism of the lowest and most ignorant type. During the Middle Ages people changed themselves, with the aid of spirits, into animals. They became wolves, dogs, cats and donkeys. In those day all the witches and wizards were mediums. So animals were sometimes taken possession of by spirits, the same as Balaam's donkey and Christ's swine. Nothing was too absurd for the Christians.

Question. Has not Spiritualism added to the world's stock of hope? And in what way has not Spiritualism done good?

Answer. The mother holding in her arms her dead child, believing that the babe has simply passed to another life, does not weep as bitterly as though she thought that death was the eternal end. A belief in Spiritualism must be a consolation. You see, the Spiritualists do not believe in eternal pain, and consequently a belief in immortality does not fill their hearts with fear.

Christianity makes eternal life an infinite horror, and casts the glare of hell on almost every grave.

The Spiritualists appear to be happy in their belief. I have never known a happy orthodox Christian.

It is natural to shun death, natural to desire eternal life. With all my heart I hope for everlasting life and joy—a life without failures, without crimes and tears.

If immortality could be established, the river of life would overflow with happiness. The faces of prisoners, of slaves, of the deserted, of the diseased and starving would be radiant with smiles, and the dull eyes of despair would glow with light.

If it could be established.

Let us hope.

—*The Journal*, New York, July 26, 1896.

A Little Of Everything

Question. What is your opinion of the position taken by the United States in the Venezuelan dispute? How should the dispute be settled?

Answer. I do not think that we have any interest in the dispute between Venezuela and England. It was and is none of our business. The Monroe doctrine was not and is not in any way involved. Mr. Cleveland made a mistake and so did Congress.

Question. What should be the attitude of the church toward the stage?

Answer. It should be, what it always has been, against it. If the orthodox churches are right, then the stage is wrong. The stage makes people forget hell; and this puts their souls in peril. There will be forever a conflict between Shakespeare and the Bible.

Question. What do you think of the new woman?

Answer. I like her.

Question. Where rests the responsibility for the Armenian atrocities?

Answer. Religion is the cause of the hatred and bloodshed.

Question. What do you think of international marriages, as between titled foreigners and American heiresses?

Answer. My opinion is the same as is entertained by the American girl after the marriages. It is a great mistake.

Question. What do you think of England's Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin?

Answer. I have only read a few of his lines and they were not poetic. The office of Poet Laureate should be abolished. Men cannot write poems to order as they could deliver cabbages or beer. By poems I do not mean jingles of words. I mean great thoughts clothed in splendor.

Question. What is your estimate of Susan B. Anthony?

Answer. Miss Anthony is one of the most remarkable women in the world. She has the enthusiasm of youth and spring, the courage and sincerity of a martyr. She is as reliable as the attraction of gravitation. She is absolutely true to her conviction, intellectually honest, logical, candid and infinitely persistent. No human being has done more for women than Miss Anthony. She has won the respect and admiration of the best people on the earth. And so I say: Good luck and long life to Susan B. Anthony.

Question. Which did more for his country, George Washington or Abraham Lincoln?

Answer. In my judgment, Lincoln was the greatest man ever President. I put him above Washington and Jefferson. He had the genius of goodness; and he was one of the wisest and shrewdest of men. Lincoln towers above them all.

Question. What gave rise to the report that you had been converted —did you go to church somewhere?

Answer. I visited the "People's Church" in Kalamazoo, Michigan. This church has no creed. The object is to make people happy in this world. Miss Bartlett is the pastor. She is a remarkable woman and is devoting her life to good work. I liked her church and said so. This is all.

Question. Are there not some human natures so morally weak or diseased that they cannot keep from sin without the aid of some sort of religion?

Answer. I do not believe that the orthodox religion helps anybody to be just, generous or honest. Superstition is not the soil in which goodness grows. Falsehood is poor medicine.

Question. Would you consent to live in any but a Christian community? If you would, please name one.

Answer. I would not live in a community where all were orthodox Christians. I would rather dwell in Central Africa. If I could have my choice I would rather live among people who were free, who sought for truth and lived according to reason. Sometime there will be such a community.

Question. Is the noun "United States" singular or plural, as you use English?

Answer. I use it in the singular.

Question. Have you read Nordau's "Degeneracy"? If so, what do you think of it?

Answer. I think it is substantially insane.

Question. What do you think of Bishop Doane's advocacy of free rum as a solution of the liquor problem?

Answer. I am a believer in liberty. All the temperance legislation, all the temperance societies, all the agitation, all these things have done no good.

Question. Do you agree with Mr. Carnegie that a college education is of little or no practical value to a man?

Answer. A man must have education. It makes no difference where or how he gets it. To study the dead languages is time wasted so far as success in business is concerned. Most of the colleges in this country are poor because controlled by theologians.

Question. What suggestion would you make for the improvement of the newspapers of this country?

Answer. Every article in a newspaper should be signed by the writer. And all writers should do their best to tell the exact facts.

Question. What do you think of Niagara Falls?

Answer. It is a dangerous place. Those great rushing waters— there is nothing attractive to me in them. There is so much noise; so much tumult. It is simply a mighty force of nature—one of those tremendous powers that is to be feared for its

danger. What I like in nature is a cultivated field, where men can work in the free open air, where there is quiet and repose—no turmoil, no strife, no tumult, no fearful roar or struggle for mastery. I do not like the crowded, stuffy workshop, where life is slavery and drudgery. Give me the calm, cultivated land of waving grain, of flowers, of happiness.

Question. What is worse than death?

Answer. Oh, a great many things. To be dishonored. To be worthless. To feel that you are a failure. To be insane. To be constantly afraid of the future. To lose the ones you love.

—*The Herald*, Rochester, New York, February 25, 1896.

Is Life Worth Living—Christian Science And Politics

Question. With all your experiences, the trials, the responsibilities, the disappointments, the heartburnings, Colonel, is life worth living?

Answer. Well, I can only answer for myself. I like to be alive, to breathe the air, to look at the landscape, the clouds and stars, to repeat old poems, to look at pictures and statues, to hear music, the voices of the ones I love. I like to talk with my wife, my girls, my grandchildren. I like to sleep and to dream. Yes, you can say that life, to me, is worth living.

Question. Colonel, did you ever kill any game?

Answer. When I was a boy I killed two ducks, and it hurt me as much as anything I ever did. No, I would not kill any living creature. I am sometimes tempted to kill a mosquito on my hand, but I stop and think what a wonderful construction it has, and shoo it away.

Question. What do you think of political parties, Colonel?

Answer. In a country where the sovereignty is divided among the people, that is to say, among the men, in order to accomplish anything, many must unite, and I believe in joining the party that is going the nearest your way. I do not believe in being the slave or serf or servant of a party. Go with it if it is going your road, and when the road forks, take the one that leads to the place you wish to visit, no matter whether the party goes that way or not. I do not believe in belonging to a party or being the property of any organization. I do not believe in giving a mortgage on yourself or a deed of trust for any purpose whatever. It is better to be free and vote wrong than to be a slave and vote right. I believe in taking the chances. At the same time, as long as a party is going my way, I believe in placing that party above particular persons, and if that party nominates a man that I despise, I will vote for him if he is going my way. I would rather have a bad man belonging to my party in place, than a good man belonging to the other, provided my man believes in my principles, and to that extent I believe in party loyalty.

Neither do I join in the general hue and cry against bosses. There has always got to be a leader, even in a flock of wild geese. If anything is to be accomplished, no matter what, somebody takes the lead and the others allow him to go on. In that way political bosses are made, and when you hear a man howling against bosses at the top of his lungs, distending his cheeks to the bursting point, you may know that he has ambition to become a boss.

I do not belong to the Republican party, but I have been going with it, and when it goes wrong I shall quit, unless the other is worse. There is no office, no place, that I want, and as it does not cost anything to be right, I think it better to be that way.

Question. What is your idea of Christian Science?

Answer. I think it is superstition, pure and unadulterated. I think that soda will cure a sour stomach better than thinking. In my judgment, quinine is a better tonic than meditation. Of course cheerfulness is good and depression bad, but if you can absolutely control the body and all its functions by thought, what is the use of buying coal? Let the mercury go down and keep yourself hot by thinking. What is the use of wasting money for food? Fill your stomach with think. According to these Christian Science people all that really exists is an illusion, and the only realities are the things that do not exist. They are like the old fellow in India who said that all things were illusions. One day he was speaking to a crowd on his favorite hobby. Just as he said "all is illusion" a fellow on an elephant rode toward him. The elephant raised his trunk as though to strike, thereupon the speaker ran away. Then the crowd laughed. In a few moments the speaker returned. The people shouted: "If all is illusion, what made you run away?" The speaker replied: "My poor friends, I said all is illusion. I say so still. There was no elephant. I did not run away. You did not laugh, and I am not explaining now. All is illusion."

That man must have been a Christian Scientist.

—*The Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, November, 1897.

Vivisection

***Question*. Why are you so utterly opposed to vivisection?**

Answer. Because, as it is generally practiced, it is an unspeakable cruelty. Because it hardens the hearts and demoralizes those who inflict useless and terrible pains on the bound and helpless. If these vivisectionists would give chloroform or ether to the animals they dissect; if they would render them insensible to pain, and if, by cutting up these animals, they could learn anything worth knowing, no one would seriously object.

The trouble is that these doctors, these students, these professors, these amateurs, do not give anesthetics. They insist that to render the animal insensible does away with the value of the experiment. They care nothing for the pain they inflict. They are so eager to find some fact that will be of benefit to the human race, that they are utterly careless of the agony endured.

Now, what I say is that no decent man, no gentleman, no civilized person, would vivisect an animal without first having rendered that animal insensible to pain. The doctor, the scientist, who puts his knives, forceps, chisels and saws into the flesh, bones and nerves of an animal without having used an anesthetic, is a savage, a pitiless, heartless monster. When he says he does this for the good of man, because he wishes to do good, he says what is not true. No such man wants to do good; he commits the crime for his own benefit and because he wishes to gratify an insane cruelty or to gain a reputation among like savages.

These scientists now insist that they have done some good. They do not tell exactly what they have done. The claim is general in its character—not specific. If they have done good, could they not have done just as much if they had used anesthetics? Good is not the child of cruelty.

Question. Do you think that the vivisectionists do their work without anesthetics? Do they not, as a rule, give something to deaden pain?

Answer. Here is what the trouble is. Now and then one uses chloroform, but the great majority do not. They claim that it interferes with the value of the experiment, and, as I said before, they object to the expense. Why should they care for what the animals suffer? They inflict the most horrible and useless pain, and they try the silliest experiments—experiments of no possible use or advantage.

For instance: They flay a dog to see how long he can live without his skin. Is this trifling experiment of any importance? Suppose the dog can live a week or a month or a year, what then? What must the real character of the scientific wretch be who would try an experiment like this? Is such a man seeking the good of his fellow- men?

So, these scientists starve animals until they slowly die; watch them from day to day as life recedes from the extremities, and watch them until the final surrender, to see how long the heart will flutter without food; without water. They keep a diary of their sufferings, of their whinings and moanings, of their insanity. And this diary is

published and read with joy and eagerness by other scientists in like experiments. Of what possible use is it to know how long a dog or horse can live without food?

So, they take animals, dogs and horses, cut through the flesh with the knife, remove some of the back bone with the chisel, then divide the spinal marrow, then touch it with red hot wires for the purpose of finding, as they say, the connection of nerves; and the animal, thus vivisected, is left to die.

A good man will not voluntarily inflict pain. He will see that his horse has food, if he can procure it, and if he cannot procure the food, he will end the sufferings of the animal in the best and easiest way. So, the good man would rather remain in ignorance as to how pain is transmitted than to cut open the body of a living animal, divide the marrow and torture the nerves with red hot iron. Of what use can it be to take a dog, tie him down and cut out one of his kidneys to see if he can live with the other?

These horrors are perpetrated only by the cruel and the heartless —so cruel and so heartless that they are utterly unfit to be trusted with a human life. They inoculate animals with a virus of disease; they put poison in their eyes until rottenness destroys the sight; until the poor brutes become insane. They given them a disease that resembles hydrophobia, that is accompanied by the most frightful convulsions and spasms. They put them in ovens to see what degree of heat it is that kills. They also try the effect of cold; they slowly drown them; they poison them with the venom of snakes; they force foreign substances into their blood, and, by inoculation, into their eyes; and then watch and record their agonies; their sufferings.

Question. Don't you think that some good has been accomplished, some valuable information obtained, by vivisection?

Answer. I don't think any valuable information has been obtained by the vivisection of animals without chloroform that could not have been obtained with chloroform. And to answer the question broadly as to whether any good has been accomplished by vivisection, I say no.

According to the best information that I can obtain, the vivisectors have hindered instead of helped. Lawson Tait, who stands at the head of his profession in England, the best surgeon in Great Britain, says that all this cutting and roasting and freezing and torturing of animals has done harm instead of good. He says publicly that the vivisectors have hindered the progress of surgery. He declares that they have not only done no good, but asserts that they have done only harm. The same views according to Doctor Tait, are entertained by Bell, Syme and Fergusson.

Many have spoken of Darwin as though he were a vivisector. This is not true. All that has been accomplished by these torturers of dumb and helpless animals amounts to nothing. We have obtained from these gentlemen Koch's cure for consumption, Pasteur's factory of hydrophobia and Brown-Sequard's elixir of life. These three failures, gigantic, absurd, ludicrous, are the great accomplishment of vivisection.

Surgery has advanced, not by the heartless tormentors of animals, but by the use of anesthetics—that is to say, chloroform, ether and cocaine. The cruel wretches, the scientific assassins, have accomplished nothing. Hundreds of thousands of animals

have suffered every pain that nerves can feel, and all for nothing—nothing except to harden the heart and to make criminals of men.

They have not given anesthetics to these animals, but they have been guilty of the last step in cruelty. They have given curare, a drug that attacks the centers of motion, that makes it impossible for the animal to move, so that when under its influence, no matter what the pain may be, the animal lies still. This curare not only destroys the power of motion, but increases the sensitiveness of the nerves. To give this drug and then to dissect the living animal is the extreme of cruelty. Beyond this, heartlessness cannot go.

Question. Do you know that you have been greatly criticized for what you have said on this subject?

Answer. Yes; I have read many criticisms; but what of that. It is impossible for the ingenuity of man to say anything in defence of cruelty—of heartlessness. So, it is impossible for the defenders of vivisection to show any good that has been accomplished without the use of anesthetics. The chemist ought to be able to determine what is and what is not poison. There is no need of torturing the animals. So, this giving to animals diseases is of no importance to man—not the slightest; and nothing has been discovered in bacteriology so far that has been of use or that is of benefit.

Personally, I admit that all have the right to criticise; and my answer to the critics is, that they do not know the facts; or, knowing them, they are interested in preventing a knowledge of these facts coming to the public. Vivisection should be controlled by law. No animal should be allowed to be tortured. And to cut up a living animal not under the influence of chloroform or ether, should be a penitentiary offence.

A perfect reply to all the critics who insist that great good has been done is to repeat the three names—Koch, Pasteur and Brown- Sequard.

The foundation of civilization is not cruelty; it is justice, generosity, mercy.

—*Evening Telegram*, New York, September 30, 1893.

Divorce

Question. The *Herald* would like to have you give your ideas on divorce. On last Sunday in your lecture you said a few words on the subject, but only a few. Do you think the laws governing divorce ought to be changed?

Answer. We obtained our ideas about divorce from the Hebrews— from the New Testament and the church. In the Old Testament woman is not considered of much importance. The wife was the property of the husband.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox or his wife." In this commandment the wife is put on an equality with other property, so under certain conditions the husband could put away his wife, but the wife could not put away her husband.

In the New Testament there is little in favor of marriage, and really nothing as to the rights of wives. Christ said nothing in favor of marriage, and never married. So far as I know, none of the apostles had families. St. Paul was opposed to marriage, and allowed it only as a choice of evils. In those days it was imagined by the Christians that the world was about to be purified by fire, and that they would be changed into angels.

The early Christians were opposed to marriage, and the "fathers" looked upon woman as the source of all evil. They did not believe in divorces. They thought that if people loved each other better than they did God, and got married, they ought to be held to the bargain, no matter what happened.

These "fathers" were, for the most part, ignorant and hateful savages, and had no more idea of right and wrong than wild beasts.

The church insisted that marriage was a sacrament, and that God, in some mysterious way, joined husband and wife in marriage—that he was one of the parties to the contract, and that only death could end it.

Of course, this supernatural view of marriage is perfectly absurd. If there be a God, there certainly have been marriages he did not approve, and certain it is that God can have no interest in keeping husbands and wives together who never should have married.

Some of the preachers insist that God instituted marriage in the Garden of Eden. We now know that there was no Garden of Eden, and that woman was not made from the first man's rib. Nobody with any real sense believes this now. The institution of marriage was not established by Jehovah. Neither was it established by Christ, not any of his apostles.

In considering the question of divorce, the supernatural should be discarded. We should take into consideration only the effect upon human beings. The gods should be allowed to take care of themselves.

Is it to the interest of a husband and wife to live together after love has perished and when they hate each other? Will this add to their happiness? Should a woman be

compelled to remain the wife of a man who hates and abuses her, and whom she loathes? Has society any interest in forcing women to live with men they hate?

There is no real marriage without love, and in the marriage state there is no morality without love. A woman who remains the wife of a man whom she despises, or does not love, corrupts her soul. She becomes degraded, polluted, and feels that her flesh has been soiled. Under such circumstances a good woman suffers the agonies of moral death. It may be said that the woman can leave her husband; that she is not compelled to live in the same house or to occupy the same room. If she has the right to leave, has she the right to get a new house? Should a woman be punished for having married? Women do not marry the wrong men on purpose. Thousands of mistakes are made—are these mistakes sacred? Must they be preserved to please God?

What good can it do God to keep people married who hate each other? What good can it do the community to keep such people together?

Question. Do you consider marriage a contract or a sacrament?

Answer. Marriage is the most important contract that human beings can make. No matter whether it is called a contract or a sacrament, it remains the same. A true marriage is a natural concord or agreement of souls—a harmony in which discord is not even imagined. It is a mingling so perfect that only one seems to exist. All other considerations are lost. The present seems eternal. In this supreme moment there is no shadow, or the shadow is as luminous as light.

When two beings thus love, thus united, this is the true marriage of soul and soul. The idea of contract is lost. Duty and obligation are instantly changed into desire and joy, and two lives, like uniting streams, flow on as one.

This is real marriage.

Now, if the man turns out to be a wild beast, if he destroys the happiness of the wife, why should she remain his victim?

If she wants a divorce, she should have it. The divorce will not hurt God or the community. As a matter of fact, it will save a life.

No man not poisoned by superstition will object to the release of an abused wife. In such a case only savages can object to divorce. The man who wants courts and legislatures to force a woman to live with him is a monster.

Question. Do you believe that the divorced should be allowed to marry again?

Answer. Certainly. Has the woman whose rights have been outraged no right to build another home? Must this woman, full of kindness, affection and health, be chained until death releases her? Is there no future for her? Must she be an outcast forever? Can she never sit by her own hearth, with the arms of her children about her neck, and by her side a husband who loves and protects her?

There are no two sides to this question.

All human beings should be allowed to correct their mistakes. If the wife has flagrantly violated the contract of marriage, the husband should be given a divorce. If the wife wants a divorce, if she loathes her husband, if she no longer loves him, then the divorce should be granted.

It is immoral for a woman to live as the wife of a man whom she abhors. The home should be pure. Children should be well-born. Their parents should love one another.

Marriages are made by men and women, not by society, not by the state, not by the church, not by the gods. Nothing is moral, that does not tend to the well-being of sentient beings.

The good home is the unit of good government. The hearthstone is the corner-stone of civilization. Society is not interested in the preservation of hateful homes. It is not to the interest of society that good women should be enslaved or that they should become mothers by husbands whom they hate.

Most of the laws about divorce are absurd or cruel, and ought to be repealed.

—*The Herald*, New York, February, 1897.

Music, Newspapers, Lynching And Arbitration

Question. How do you enjoy staying in Chicago?

Answer. Well, I am about as happy as a man can be when he is away from home. I was at the opera last night. I am always happy when I hear the music of Wagner interpreted by such a genius as Seidl. I do not believe there is a man in the world who has in his brain and heart more of the real spirit of Wagner than Anton Seidl. He knows how to lead, how to phrase and shade, how to rush and how to linger, and to express every passion and every mood. So I was happy last night to hear him. Then I heard Edouard de Reszke, the best of bass singers, with tones of a great organ, and others soft and liquid, and Jean de Reszke, a great tenor, who sings the "Swan Song" as though inspired; and I liked Bispham, but hated his part. He is a great singer; so is Mme. Litvinne.

So, I can say that I am enjoying Chicago. In fact, I always did. I was here when the town was small, not much more than huts and hogs, lumber and mud; and now it is one of the greatest of cities. It makes me happy just to think of the difference. I was born the year Chicago was incorporated. In my time matches were invented. Steam navigation became really useful. The telegraph was invented. Gas was discovered and applied to practical uses, and electricity was made known in its practical workings to mankind. Thus, it is seen the world is progressing; men are becoming civilized. But the process of civilization even now is slow. In one or two thousand years we may hope to see a vast improvement in man's condition. We may expect to have the employer so far civilized that he will not try to make money for money's sake, but in order that he may apply it to good uses, to the amelioration of his fellow-man's condition. We may also expect the see the workingman, the employee, so far civilized that he will know it is impossible and undesirable for him to attempt to fix the wages paid by his employer. We may in a thousand or more years reasonably expect that the employee will be so far civilized and become sufficiently sensible to know that strikes and threats and mob violence can never improve his condition. Altruism is nonsense, craziness.

Question. Is Chicago as liberal, intellectually, as New York?

Answer. I think so. Of course you will find thousands of free, thoughtful people in New York—people who think and want others to do the same. So, there are thousands of respectable people who are centuries behind the age. In other words, you will find all kinds. I presume the same is true of Chicago. I find many liberal people here, and some not quite so liberal.

Some of the papers here seem to be edited by real pious men. On last Tuesday the *Times-Herald* asked pardon of its readers for having given a report of my lecture. That editor must be pious. In the same paper, columns were given to the prospective prize- fight at Carson City. All the news about the good Corbett and the orthodox Fitzsimmons—about the training of the gentlemen who are going to attack each others' jugulars and noses; who are expected to break jaws, blacken eyes, and peel foreheads in a few days, to settle the question of which can bear the most pounding.

In this great contest and in all its vulgar details, the readers of the *Times-Herald* are believed by the editor of that religious daily to take great interest.

The editor did not ask the pardon of his readers for giving so much space to the nose-smashing sport. No! He knew that would fill their souls with delight, and, so knowing, he reached the correct conclusion that such people would not enjoy anything I had said. The editor did a wise thing and catered to a large majority of his readers. I do not think that we have as religious a daily paper in New York as the *Times-Herald*. So the editor of the *Times- Herald* took the ground that men with little learning, in youth, might be agnostic, but as they grew sensible they would become orthodox. When he wrote that he was probably thinking of Humboldt and Darwin, of Huxley and Haeckel. May be Herbert Spencer was in his mind, but I think that he must have been thinking of a few boys in his native village.

Question. What do you think about prize-fighting anyway?

Answer. Well, I think that prize-fighting is worse, if possible, than revival meetings. Next to fighting to kill, as they did in the old Roman days, I think the modern prize-fight is the most disgusting and degrading of exhibitions. All fights, whether cock-fights, bull-fights or pugilistic encounters, are practiced and enjoyed only by savages. No matter what office they hold, what wealth or education they have, they are simply savages. Under no possible circumstances would I witness a prize-fight or a bull-fight or a dog-fight. The Marquis of Queensbury was once at my house, and I found his opinions were the same as mine. Everyone thinks that he had something to do with the sport of prize-fighting, but he did not, except to make some rules once for a college boxing contest. He told me that he never saw but one prize-fight in his life, and that it made him sick.

Question. How are you on the arbitration treaty?

Answer. I am for it with all my heart. I have read it, and read it with care, and to me it seems absolutely fair. England and America should set an example to the world. The English-speaking people have reason enough and sense enough, I hope, to settle their differences by argument—by reason. Let us get the wild beast out of us. Two great nations like England and America appealing to force, arguing with shot and shell! What is education worth? Is what we call civilization a sham? Yes, I believe in peace, in arbitration, in settling disputes like reasonable, human beings. All that war can do is to determine who is the stronger. It throws no light on any question, addresses no argument. There is a point to a bayonet, but no logic. After the war is over the victory does not tell which nation was right. Civilized men take their differences to courts or arbitrators. Civilized nations should do the same. There ought to be an international court.

Let every man do all he can to prevent war—to prevent the waste, the cruelties, the horrors that follow every flag on every field of battle. It is time that man was human—time that the beast was out of his heart.

Question. What do you think of McKinley's inaugural?

Answer. It is good, honest, clear, patriotic and sensible. There is one thing in it that touched me; I agree with him that lynching has to be stopped. You see that now we

are citizens of the United States, not simply of the State in which we happen to live. I take the ground that it is the business of the United States to protect its citizens, not only when they are in some other country, but when they are at home. The United States cannot discharge this obligation by allowing the States to do as they please. Where citizens are being lynched the Government should interfere. If the Governor of some barbarian State says that he cannot protect the lives of citizens, then the United States should, if it took the entire Army and Navy.

Question. What is your opinion of charity organizations?

Answer. I think that the people who support them are good and generous—splendid—but I have a poor opinion of the people in charge. As a rule, I think they are cold, impudent and heartless. There is too much circumlocution, or too many details and too little humanity. The Jews are exceedingly charitable. I think that in New York the men who are doing the most for their fellow-men are Jews. Nathan Strauss is trying to feed the hungry, warm the cold, and clothe the naked. For the most part, organized charities are, I think, failures. A real charity has to be in the control of a good man, a real sympathetic, a sensible man, one who helps others to help themselves. Let a hungry man go to an organized society and it requires several days to satisfy the officers that the man is hungry. Meanwhile he will probably starve to death.

Question. Do you believe in free text-books in the public schools?

Answer. I do not care about the text-book question. But I am in favor of the public school. Nothing should be taught that somebody does not know. No superstitions—nothing but science.

Question. There has been a good deal said lately about your suicide theology, Colonel. Do you still believe that suicide is justifiable?

Answer. Certainly. When a man is useless to himself and to others he has a right to determine what he will do about living. The only thing to be considered is a man's obligation to his fellow- beings and to himself. I don't take into consideration any supernatural nonsense. If God wants a man to stay here he ought to make it more comfortable for him.

Question. Since you expounded your justification of suicide, Colonel, I believe you have had some cases of suicide laid at your door?

Answer. Oh, yes. Every suicide that has happened since that time has been charged to me. I don't know how the people account for the suicides before my time. I have not yet heard of my being charged with the death of Cato, but that may yet come to pass. I was reading the other day that the rate of suicide in Germany is increasing. I suppose my article has been translated into German.

Question. How about lying, Colonel? Is it ever right to lie?

Answer. Of course, sometimes. In war when a man is captured by the enemy he ought to lie to them to mislead them. What we call strategy is nothing more than lies. For the accomplishment of a good end, for instance, the saving of a woman's reputation, it is many times perfectly right to lie. As a rule, people ought to tell the

truth. If it is right to kill a man to save your own life it certainly ought to be right to fool him for the same purpose. I would rather be deceived than killed, wouldn't you?

—*The Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, Illinois, March, 1897.

A Visit To Shaw's Garden

Question. I was told that you came to St. Louis on your wedding trip some thirty years ago and went to Shaw's Garden?

Answer. Yes; we were married on the 13th of February, 1862. We were here in St. Louis, and we did visit Shaw's Garden, and we thought it perfectly beautiful. Afterward we visited the Kew Gardens in London, but our remembrance of Shaw's left Kew in the shade.

Of course, I have been in St. Louis many times, my first visit being, I think, in 1854. I have always liked the town. I was acquainted at one time with a great many of your old citizens. Most of them have died, and I know but few of the present generation. I used to stop at the old Planter's House, and I was there quite often during the war. In those days I saw Hackett as Falstaff, the best Falstaff that ever lived. Ben de Bar was here then, and the Maddern sisters, and now the daughter of one of the sisters, Minnie Maddern Fiske, is one of the greatest actresses in the world. She has made a wonderful hit in New York this season. And so the ebb and flow of life goes on—the old pass and the young arrive.

"Death and progress!" It may be that death is, after all, a great blessing. Maybe it gives zest and flavor to life, ardor and flame to love. At the same time I say, "long life" to all my friends.

I want to live—I get great happiness out of life. I enjoy the company of my friends. I enjoy seeing the faces of the ones I love. I enjoy art and music. I love Shakespeare and Burns; love to hear the music of Wagner; love to see a good play. I take pleasure in eating and sleeping. The fact is, I like to breathe.

I want to get all the happiness out of life that I can. I want to suck the orange dry, so that when death comes nothing but the peelings will be left, and so I say: "Long life!"

—*The Republic*, St. Louis, April 11, 1897.

The Venezuelan Boundary Discussion And The Whipping-Post

Question. What is your opinion as to the action of the President on the Venezuelan matter?

Answer. In my judgment, the President acted in haste and without thought. It may be said that it would have been well enough for him to have laid the correspondence before Congress and asked for an appropriation for a commission to ascertain the facts, to the end that our Government might intelligently act. There was no propriety in going further than that. To almost declare war before the facts were known was a blunder—almost a crime. For my part, I do not think the Monroe doctrine has anything to do with the case. Mr. Olney reasons badly, and it is only by a perversion of facts, and an exaggeration of facts, and by calling in question the motives of England that it is possible to conclude that the Monroe doctrine has or can have anything to do with the controversy. The President went out of his way to find a cause of quarrel. Nobody doubts the courage of the American people, and we for that reason can afford to be sensible and prudent. Valor and discretion should go together. Nobody doubts the courage of England.

America and England are the leading nations, and in their keeping, to a great extent, is the glory of the future. They should be at peace. Should a difference arise it should be settled without recourse to war.

Fighting settles nothing but the relative strength. No light is thrown on the cause of the conflict—on the question or fact that caused the war.

Question. Do you think that there is any danger of war?

Answer. If the members of Congress really represent the people, then there is danger. But I do not believe the people will really want to fight about a few square miles of malarial territory in Venezuela—something in which they have no earthly or heavenly interest. The people do not wish to fight for fight's sake. When they understand the question they will regard the administration as almost insane.

The message has already cost us more than the War of 1812 or the Mexican war, or both. Stocks and bonds have decreased in value several hundred millions, and the end is not yet. It may be that it will, on account of the panic, be impossible for the Government to maintain the gold standard—the reserve. Then gold would command a premium, the Government would be unable to redeem the greenbacks, and the result would be financial chaos, and all this the result of Mr. Cleveland's curiosity about a boundary line between two countries, in neither of which we have any interest, and this curiosity has already cost us more than both countries, including the boundary line, are worth.

The President made a great mistake. So did the House and Senate, and the poor people have paid a part of the cost.

Question. What is your opinion of the Gerry Whipping Post bill?

Answer. I see that it has passed the Senate, and yet I think it is a disgrace to the State. How the Senators can go back to torture, to the Dark Ages, to the custom of savagery, is beyond belief. I hope that the House is nearer civilized, and that the infamous bill will be defeated. If, however, the bill should pass, then I hope Governor Morton will veto it.

Nothing is more disgusting, more degrading, than the whipping-post. It degrades the whipped and the whipper. It degrades all who witness the flogging. What kind of a person will do the whipping? Men who would apply the lash to the naked backs of criminals would have to be as low as the criminals, and probably a little lower.

The shadow of the whipping-post does not fall on any civilized country, and never will. The next thing we know Mr. Gerry will probably introduce some bill to brand criminals on the forehead or cut off their ears and slit their noses. This is in the same line, and is born of the same hellish spirit. There is no reforming power in torture, in bruising and mangling the flesh.

If the bill becomes a law, I hope it will provide that the lash shall be applied by Mr. Gerry and his successors in office. Let these pretended enemies of cruelty enjoy themselves. If the bill passes, I presume Mr. Gerry could get a supply of knouts from Russia, as that country has just abolished the whipping-post.

—*The Journal*, New York, December 24, 1895.

Colonel Shepard's Stage Horses

[One of Colonel Shepard's equine wrecks was picked up on Fifth avenue yesterday by the Prevention of Cruelty Society, and was laid up for repairs. The horse was about twenty- eight years old, badly foundered, and its leg was cut and bleeding. It was the leader of three that had been hauling a Fifth avenue stage, and, according to the Society's agents, was in about as bad a condition as a horse could be and keep on his feet. The other two horses were little better, neither of them being fit to drive.*

Colonel Shepard's scrawny nags have long been an eyesore to Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who is compelled to see them from his windows at number 400 Fifth avenue. He said last night:]

It might not be in good taste for me to say anything about Colonel Shepard's horses. He might think me prejudiced. But I am satisfied horses cannot live on faith or on the substance of things hoped for. It is far better for the horse, to feed him without praying, than to pray without feeding him. It is better to be kind even to animals, than to quote Scripture in small capitals. Now, I am not saying anything against Colonel Shepard. I do not know how he feeds his horses. If he is as good and kind as he is pious, then I have nothing to say. Maybe he does not allow the horses to break the Sabbath by eating. They are so slow that they make one think of a fast. They put me in mind of the Garden of Eden—the rib story. When I watch them on the avenue I, too, fall to quoting Scripture, and say, "Can these dry bones live?" Still, I have a delicacy on this subject; I hate to think about it, and I think the horses feel the same way.

—*Morning Advertiser*, New York, January 21, 1892.

A Reply To The Rev. L. A. Banks

Question. Have you read the remarks made about you by the Rev. Mr. Banks, and what do you think of what he said?

Answer. The reverend gentleman pays me a great compliment by comparing me to a circus. Everybody enjoys the circus. They love to see the acrobats, the walkers on the tight rope, the beautiful girls on the horses, and they laugh at the wit of the clowns. They are delighted with the jugglers, with the music of the band. They drink the lemonade, eat the colored popcorn and laugh until they nearly roll off their seats. Now the circus has a few animals so that Christians can have an excuse for going. Think of the joy the circus gives to the boys and girls. They look at the show bills, see the men and women flying through the air, bursting through paper hoops, the elephants standing on their heads, and the clowns, in curious clothes, with hands on their knees and open mouths, supposed to be filled with laughter.

All the boys and girls for many miles around know the blessed day. They save their money, obey their parents, and when the circus comes they are on hand. They see the procession and then they see the show. They are all happy. No sermon ever pleased them as much, and in comparison even the Sunday school is tame and dull.

To feel that I have given as much joy as the circus fills me with pleasure. What chance would the Rev. Dr. Banks stand against a circus?

The reverend gentleman has done me a great honor, and I tender him my sincere thanks.

Question. Dr. Banks says that you write only one lecture a year, while preachers write a brand new one every week—that if you did that people would tire of you. What have you to say to that?

Answer. It may be that great artists paint only one picture a year, and it may be that sign painters can do several jobs a day. Still, I would not say that the sign painters were superior to the artists. There is quite a difference between a sculptor and a stone-cutter.

There are thousands of preachers and thousands and thousands of sermons preached every year. Has any orthodox minister in the year 1898 given just one paragraph to literature? Has any orthodox preacher uttered one great thought, clothed in perfect English that thrilled the hearers like music—one great strophe that became one of the treasures of memory?

I will make the question a little clearer. Has any orthodox preacher, or any preacher in an orthodox pulpit uttered a paragraph of what may be called sculptured speech since Henry Ward Beecher died? I do not wonder that the sermons are poor. Their doctrines have been discussed for centuries. There is little chance for originality; they not only thresh old straw, but the thresh straw that has been threshed a million times—straw in which there has not been a grain of wheat for hundreds of years. No wonder that they have nervous prostration. No wonder that they need vacations, and

no wonder that their congregations enjoy the vacations as keenly as the ministers themselves. Better deliver a real good address fifty-two times than fifty-two poor ones—just for the sake of variety.

Question. Dr. Banks says that the tendency at present is not toward Agnosticism, but toward Christianity. What is your opinion?

Answer. When I was a boy "Infidels" were very rare. A man who denied the inspiration of the Bible was regarded as a monster. Now there are in this country millions who regard the Bible as the work of ignorant and superstitious men. A few years ago the Bible was the standard. All scientific theories were tested by the Bible. Now science is the standard and the Bible is tested by that.

Dr. Banks did not mention the names of the great scientists who are or were Christians, but he probably thought of Laplace, Humboldt, Haeckel, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Darwin, Helmholtz and Draper. When he spoke of Christian statesmen he likely thought of Jefferson, Franklin, Washington, Paine and Lincoln—or he may have thought of Pierce, Fillmore and Buchanan.

But, after all, there is no argument in names. A man is not necessarily great because he holds office or wears a crown or talks in a pulpit. Facts, reasons, are better than names. But it seems to me that nothing can be plainer than that the church is losing ground—that the people are discarding the creeds and that superstition has passed the zenith of its power.

Question. Dr. Banks says that Christ did not mention the Western Hemisphere because God does nothing for men that they can do for themselves. What have you to say?

Answer. Christ said nothing about the Western Hemisphere because he did not know that it existed. He did not know the shape of the earth. He was not a scientist—never even hinted at any science— never told anybody to investigate—to think. His idea was that this life should be spent in preparing for the next. For all the evils of this life, and the next, faith was his remedy.

I see from the report in the paper that Dr. Banks, after making the remarks about me preached a sermon on "Herod the Villain in the Drama of Christ." Who made Herod? Dr. Banks will answer that God made him. Did God know what Herod would do? Yes. Did he know that he would cause the children to be slaughtered in his vain efforts to kill the infant Christ? Yes. Dr. Banks will say that God is not responsible for Herod because he gave Herod freedom. Did God know how Herod would use his freedom? Did he know that he would become the villain in the drama of Christ? Yes. Who, then, is really responsible for the acts of Herod?

If I could change a stone into a human being, and if I could give this being freedom of will, and if I knew that if I made him he would murder a man, and if with that knowledge I made him, and he did commit a murder, who would be the real murderer?

Will Dr. Banks in his fifty-two sermons of next year show that his God is not responsible for the crimes of Herod?

No doubt Dr. Banks is a good man, and no doubt he thinks that liberty of thought leads to hell, and honestly believes that all doubt comes from the Devil. I do not blame him. He thinks as he must. He is a product of conditions.

He ought to be my friend because I am doing the best I can to civilize his congregation.

—*The Plain Dealer*, Cleveland, Ohio, 1898.

Cuba—Zola And Theosophy

***Question*. What do you think, Colonel, of the Cuban question?**

Answer. What I know about this question is known by all. I suppose that the President has information that I know nothing about. Of course, all my sympathies are with the Cubans. They are making a desperate—an heroic struggle for their freedom. For many years they have been robbed and trampled under foot. Spain is, and always has been, a terrible master—heartless and infamous. There is no language with which to tell what Cuba has suffered. In my judgment, this country should assist the Cubans. We ought to acknowledge the independence of that island, and we ought to feed the starving victims of Spain. For years we have been helping Spain. Cleveland did all he could to prevent the Cubans from getting arms and men. This was a criminal mistake—a mistake that even Spain did not appreciate. All this should instantly be reversed, and we should give aid to Cuba. The war that Spain is waging shocks every civilized man. Spain has always been the same. In Holland, in Peru, in Mexico, she was infinitely cruel, and she is the same to-day. She loves to torture, to imprison, to degrade, to kill. Her idea of perfect happiness is to shed blood. Spain is a legacy of the Dark Ages. She belongs to the den, the cave period. She has no business to exist. She is a blot, a stain on the map of the world. Of course there are some good Spaniards, but they are not in control.

I want Cuba to be free. I want Spain driven from the Western World. She has already starved five hundred thousand Cubans—poor, helpless non-combatants. Among the helpless she is like a hyena—a tiger among lambs. This country ought to stop this gigantic crime. We should do this in the name of humanity—for the sake of the starving, the dying.

Question. Do you think we are going to have war with Spain?

Answer. I do not think there will be war. Unless Spain is insane, she will not attack the United States. She is bankrupt. No nation will assist her. A civilized nation would be ashamed to take her hand, to be her friend. She has not the power to put down the rebellion in Cuba. How then can she hope to conquer this country? She is full of brag and bluster. Of course she will play her hand for all it is worth, so far as talk goes. She will double her fists and make motions. She will assume the attitude of war, but she will never fight. Should she commence hostilities, the war would be short. She would lose her navy. The little commerce she has would be driven from the sea. She would drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation and disgrace. I do not believe that Spain is insane enough to fire upon our flag. I know that there is nothing too mean, too cruel for her to do, but still she must have sense enough to try and save her own life. No, I think there will be no war, but I believe that Cuba will be free. My opinion is that the Maine was blown up from the outside—blown up by Spanish officers, and I think the report of the Board will be to that effect. Such a crime ought to redden even the cheeks of Spain. As soon as this fact is known, other nations will regard Spain with hatred and horror. If the Maine was destroyed by Spain we will ask for indemnity. The people insist that the account be settled and at once. Possibly we may attack

Spain. There is the only danger of war. We must avenge that crime. The destruction of two hundred and fifty-nine Americans must be avenged. Free Cuba must be their monument. I hope for the sake of human nature that the Spanish did not destroy the Maine. I hope it was the result of an accident. I hope there is to be no war, but Spain must be driven from the New World.

Question. What about Zola's trial and conviction?

Answer. It was one of the most infamous trials in the history of the world. Zola is a great man, a genius, the best man in France. His trial was a travesty on justice. The judge acted like a bandit. The proceedings were a disgrace to human nature. The jurors must have been ignorant beasts. The French have disgraced themselves. Long live Zola.

Question. Having expressed yourself less upon the subject of Theosophy than upon other religious beliefs, and as Theosophy denies the existence of a God as worshiped by Christianity, what is your idea of the creed?

Answer. Insanity. I think it is a mild form of delusion and illusion; vague, misty, obscure, half dream, mixed with other mistakes and fragments of facts—a little philosophy, absurdity— a few impossibilities—some improbabilities—some accounts of events that never happened—some prophecies that will not come to pass— a structure without foundation. But the Theosophists are good people; kind and honest. Theosophy is based on the supernatural and is just as absurd as the orthodox creeds.

—*The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Ky., February, 1898.

How To Become An Orator

Question. What advice would you give to a young man who was ambitious to become a successful public speaker or orator?

Answer. In the first place, I would advise him to have something to say—something worth saying—something that people would be glad to hear. This is the important thing. Back of the art of speaking must be the power to think. Without thoughts words are empty purses. Most people imagine that almost any words uttered in a loud voice and accompanied by appropriate gestures, constitute an oration. I would advise the young man to study his subject, to find what others had thought, to look at it from all sides. Then I would tell him to write out his thoughts or to arrange them in his mind, so that he would know exactly what he was going to say. Waste no time on the how until you are satisfied with the what. After you know what you are to say, then you can think of how it should be said. Then you can think about tone, emphasis, and gesture; but if you really understand what you say, emphasis, tone, and gesture will take care of themselves. All these should come from the inside. They should be in perfect harmony with the feelings. Voice and gesture should be governed by the emotions. They should unconsciously be in perfect agreement with the sentiments. The orator should be true to his subject, should avoid any reference to himself.

The great column of his argument should be unbroken. He can adorn it with vines and flowers, but they should not be in such profusion as to hide the column. He should give variety of episode by illustrations, but they should be used only for the purpose of adding strength to the argument. The man who wishes to become an orator should study language. He should know the deeper meaning of words. He should understand the vigor and velocity of verbs and the color of adjectives. He should know how to sketch a scene, to paint a picture, to give life and action. He should be a poet and a dramatist, a painter and an actor. He should cultivate his imagination. He should become familiar with the great poetry and fiction, with splendid and heroic deeds. He should be a student of Shakespeare. He should read and devour the great plays. From Shakespeare he could learn the art of expression, of compression, and all the secrets of the head and heart.

The great orator is full of variety—of surprises. Like a juggler, he keeps the colored balls in the air. He expresses himself in pictures. His speech is a panorama. By continued change he holds the attention. The interest does not flag. He does not allow himself to be anticipated. A picture is shown but once. So, an orator should avoid the commonplace. There should be no stuffing, no filling. He should put no cotton with his silk, no common metals with his gold. He should remember that "gilded dust is not as good as dusted gold." The great orator is honest, sincere. He does not pretend. His brain and heart go together. Every drop of his blood is convinced. Nothing is forced. He knows exactly what he wishes to do—knows when he has finished it, and stops.

Only a great orator knows when and how to close. Most speakers go on after they are through. They are satisfied only with a “lame and impotent conclusion.” Most speakers lack variety. They travel a straight and dusty road. The great orator is full of episode. He convinces and charms by indirection. He leaves the road, visits the fields, wanders in the woods, listens to the murmurs of springs, the songs of birds. He gathers flowers, scales the crags and comes back to the highway refreshed, invigorated. He does not move in a straight line. He wanders and winds like a stream.

Of course, no one can tell a man what to do to become an orator. The great orator has that wonderful thing called presence. He has that strange something known as magnetism. He must have a flexible, musical voice, capable of expressing the pathetic, the humorous, the heroic. His body must move in unison with his thought. He must be a reasoner, a logician. He must have a keen sense of humor —of the laughable. He must have wit, sharp and quick. He must have sympathy. His smiles should be the neighbors of his tears. He must have imagination. He should give eagles to the air, and painted moths should flutter in the sunlight.

While I cannot tell a man what to do to become an orator, I can tell him a few things not to do. There should be no introduction to an oration. The orator should commence with his subject. There should be no prelude, no flourish, no apology, no explanation. He should say nothing about himself. Like a sculptor, he stands by his block of stone. Every stroke is for a purpose. As he works the form begins to appear. When the statue is finished the workman stops. Nothing is more difficult than a perfect close. Few poems, few pieces of music, few novels end well. A good story, a great speech, a perfect poem should end just at the proper point. The bud, the blossom, the fruit. No delay. A great speech is a crystallization in its logic, an efflorescence in its poetry.

I have not heard many speeches. Most of the great speakers in our country were before my time. I heard Beecher, and he was an orator. He had imagination, humor and intensity. His brain was as fertile as the valleys of the tropics. He was too broad, too philosophic, too poetic for the pulpit. Now and then, he broke the fetters of his creed, escaped from his orthodox prison, and became sublime.

Theodore Parker was an orator. He preached great sermons. His sermons on “Old Age” and “Webster,” and his address on “Liberty” were filled with great thoughts, marvelously expressed. When he dealt with human events, with realities, with things he knew, he was superb. When he spoke of freedom, of duty, of living to the ideal, of mental integrity, he seemed inspired.

Webster I never heard. He had great qualities; force, dignity, clearness, grandeur; but, after all, he worshiped the past. He kept his back to the sunrise. There was no dawn in his brain. He was not creative. He had no spirit of prophecy. He lighted no torch. He was not true to his ideal. He talked sometimes as though his head was among the stars, but he stood in the gutter. In the name of religion he tried to break the will of Stephen Girard—to destroy the greatest charity in all the world; and in the name of the same religion he defended the Fugitive Slave Law. His purpose was the

same in both cases. He wanted office. Yet he uttered a few very great paragraphs, rich with thought, perfectly expressed.

Clay I never heard, but he must have had a commanding presence, a chivalric bearing, an heroic voice. He cared little for the past. He was a natural leader, a wonderful talker—forcible, persuasive, convincing. He was not a poet, not a master of metaphor, but he was practical. He kept in view the end to be accomplished. He was the opposite of Webster. Clay was the morning, Webster the evening. Clay had large views, a wide horizon. He was ample, vigorous, and a little tyrannical.

Benton was thoroughly commonplace. He never uttered an inspired word. He was an intense egoist. No subject was great enough to make him forget himself. Calhoun was a political Calvinist—narrow, logical, dogmatic. He was not an orator. He delivered essays, not orations. I think it was in 1851 that Kossuth visited this country. He was an orator. There was no man, at that time, under our flag, who could speak English as well as he. In the first speech I read of Kossuth's was this line: "Russia is the rock against which the sigh for freedom breaks." In this you see the poet, the painter, the orator.

S. S. Prentiss was an orator, but, with the recklessness of a gamester, he threw his life away. He said profound and beautiful things, but he lacked application. He was uneven, disproportioned, saying ordinary things on great occasions, and now and then, without the slightest provocation, uttering the sublimest and most beautiful thoughts.

In my judgment, Corwin was the greatest orator of them all. He had more arrows in his quiver. He had genius. He was full of humor, pathos, wit, and logic. He was an actor. His body talked. His meaning was in his eyes and lips. Gov. O. P. Morton of Indiana had the greatest power of statement of any man I ever heard. All the argument was in his statement. The facts were perfectly grouped. The conclusion was a necessity.

The best political speech I ever heard was made by Gov. Richard J. Oglesby of Illinois. It had every element of greatness—reason, humor, wit, pathos, imagination, and perfect naturalness. That was in the grand years, long ago. Lincoln had reason, wonderful humor, and wit, but his presence was not good. His voice was poor, his gestures awkward—but his thoughts were profound. His speech at Gettysburg is one of the masterpieces of the world. The word "here" is used four or five times too often. Leave the "heres" out, and the speech is perfect.

Of course, I have heard a great many talkers, but orators are few and far between. They are produced by victorious nations—born in the midst of great events, of marvelous achievements. They utter the thoughts, the aspirations of their age. They clothe the children of the people in the gorgeous robes of giants. The interpret the dreams. With the poets, they prophesy. They fill the future with heroic forms, with lofty deeds. They keep their faces toward the dawn—toward the ever-coming day.

—*New York Sun*, April, 1898.

John Russell Young And Expansion

***Question*. You knew John Russell Young, Colonel?**

Answer. Yes, I knew him well and we were friends for many years. He was a wonderfully intelligent man—knew something about everything, had read most books worth reading. He was one of the truest friends. He had a genius for friendship. He never failed to do a favor when he could, and he never forgot a favor. He had the genius of gratitude. His mind was keen, smooth, clear, and he really loved to think. I had the greatest admiration for his character and I was shocked when I read of his death. I did not know that he had been ill. All my heart goes out to his wife—a lovely woman, now left alone with her boy. After all, life is a fearful thing at best. The brighter the sunshine the deeper the shadow.

Question. Are you in favor of expansion?

Answer. Yes, I have always wanted more—I love to see the Republic grow. I wanted the Sandwich Islands, wanted Porto Rico, and I want Cuba if the Cubans want us. I want the Philippines if the Filipinos want us—I do not want to conquer and enslave those people. The war on the Filipinos is a great mistake—a blunder—almost a crime.

If the President had declared his policy, then, if his policy was right, there was no need of war. The President should have told the Filipinos just exactly what he wanted. It is a small business, after Dewey covered Manila Bay with glory, to murder a lot of half- armed savages. We had no right to buy, because Spain had no right to sell the Philippines. We acquired no rights on those islands by whipping Spain.

Question. Do you think the President should have stated his policy in Boston the other day?

Answer. Yes, I think it would be better if he would unpack his little budget—I like McKinley, but I liked him just as well before he was President. He is a good man, not because he is President, but because he is a man—you know that real honor must be earned— people cannot give honor—honor is not alms—it is wages. So, when a man is elected President the best thing he can do is to remain a natural man. Yes, I wish McKinley would brush all his advisers to one side and say his say; I believe his say would be right.

Now, don't change this interview and make me say something mean about McKinley, because I like him. The other day, in Chicago, I had an interview and I wrote it out. In that "interview" I said a few things about the position of Senator Hoar. I tried to show that he was wrong—but I took pains to express by admiration for Senator Hoar. When the interview was published I was made to say that Senator Hoar was a mud-head. I never said or thought anything of the kind. Don't treat me as that Chicago reporter did.

Question. What do you think of Atkinson's speech?

Answer. Well, some of it is good—but I never want to see the soldiers of the Republic whipped. I am always on our side.

—*The Press*, Philadelphia, February 20, 1899.

Psychical Research And The Bible

Question. What is your conception of true intellectual hospitality? As Truth can brook no compromises, has it not the same limitations that surround social and domestic hospitality?

Answer. In the republic of mind we are all equals. Each one is sceptered and crowned. Each one is the monarch of his own realm. By "intellectual hospitality" I mean the right of every one to think and to express his thought. It makes no difference whether his thought is right or wrong. If you are intellectually hospitable you will admit the right of every human being to see for himself; to hear with his own ears, see with his own eyes, and think with his own brain. You will not try to change his thought by force, by persecution, or by slander. You will not threaten him with punishment—here or hereafter. You will give him your thought, your reasons, your facts; and there you will stop. This is intellectual hospitality. You do not give up what you believe to be the truth; you do not compromise. You simply give him the liberty you claim for yourself. The truth is not affected by your opinion or by his. Both may be wrong. For many years the church has claimed to have the "truth," and has also insisted that it is the duty of every man to believe it, whether it is reasonable to him or not. This is bigotry in its basest form. Every man should be guided by his reason; should be true to himself; should preserve the veracity of his soul. Each human being should judge for himself. The man that believes that all men have this right is intellectually hospitable.

Question. In the sharp distinction between theology and religion that is now recognized by many theologians, and in the liberalizing of the church that has marked the last two decades, are not most of your contentions already granted? Is not the "lake of fire and brimstone" an obsolete issue?

Answer. There has been in the last few years a great advance. The orthodox creeds have been growing vulgar and cruel. Civilized people are shocked at the dogma of eternal pain, and the belief in hell has mostly faded away. The churches have not changed their creeds. They still pretend to believe as they always have—but they have changed their tone. God is now a father—a friend. He is no longer the monster, the savage, described in the Bible. He has become somewhat civilized. He no longer claims the right to damn us because he made us. But in spite of all the errors and contradictions, in spite of the cruelties and absurdities found in the Scriptures, the churches still insist that the Bible is *inspired*. The educated ministers admit that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses; that the Psalms were not written by David; that Isaiah was the work of at least three; that Daniel was not written until after the prophecies mentioned in that book had been fulfilled; that Ecclesiastes was not written until the second century after Christ; that Solomon's Song was not written by Solomon; that the book of Esther is of no importance; and that no one knows, or pretends to know, who were the authors of Kings, Samuel, Chronicles, or Job. And yet these same gentlemen still cling to the dogma of inspiration! It is no longer claimed that the Bible is true—but *inspired*.

Question. Yet the sacred volume, no matter who wrote it, is a mine of wealth to the student and the philosopher, is it not? Would you have us discard it altogether?

Answer. Inspiration must be abandoned, and the Bible must take its place among the books of the world. It contains some good passages, a little poetry, some good sense, and some kindness; but its philosophy is frightful. In fact, if the book had never existed I think it would have been far better for mankind. It is not enough to give up the Bible; that is only the beginning. The *supernatural* must be given up. It must be admitted that Nature has no master; that there never has been any interference from without; that man has received no help from heaven; and that all the prayers that have ever been uttered have died unanswered in the heedless air. The religion of the supernatural has been a curse. We want the religion of usefulness.

Question. But have you no use whatever for prayer—even in the sense of aspiration—or for faith, in the sense of confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right?

Answer. There is a difference between wishing, hoping, believing, and—knowing. We can wish without evidence or probability, and we can wish for the impossible—for what we believe can never be. We cannot hope unless there is in the mind a possibility that the thing hoped for can happen. We can believe only in accordance with evidence, and we know only that which has been demonstrated. I have no use for prayer; but I do a good deal of wishing and hoping. I hope that some time the right will triumph—that Truth will gain the victory; but I have no faith in gaining the assistance of any god, or of any supernatural power. I never pray.

Question. However fully materialism, as a philosophy, may accord with the merely human *reason*, is it not wholly antagonistic to the instinctive faculties of the mind?

Answer. Human reason is the final arbiter. Any system that does not commend itself to the reason must fall. I do not know exactly what you mean by *materialism*. I do not know what matter is. I am satisfied, however, that without matter there can be no force, no life, no thought, no reason. It seems to me that mind is a form of force, and force cannot exist apart from matter. If it is said that God created the universe, then there must have been a time when he commenced to create. If at that time there was nothing in existence but himself, how could he have exerted any force? Force cannot be exerted except in opposition to force. If God was the only existence, force could not have been exerted.

Question. But don't you think, Colonel, that the materialistic philosophy, even in the light of your own interpretation, is essentially pessimistic?

Answer. I do not consider it so. I believe that the pessimists and the optimists are both right. This is the worst possible world, and this is the best possible world—because it is as it must be. The present is the child, and the necessary child, of all the past.

Question. What have you to say concerning the operations of the Society for Psychical Research? Do not its facts and conclusions prove, if not immortality, at least the continuity of life beyond the grave? Are the millions of Spiritualists deluded?

Answer. Of course I have heard and read a great deal about the doings of the Society; so, I have some knowledge as to what is claimed by Spiritualists, by Theosophists, and by all other believers in what are called "spiritual manifestations." Thousands of wonderful tings have been established by what is called "evidence" —the testimony of good men and women. I have seen things done that I could not explain, both by mediums and magicians. I also know that it is easy to deceive the senses, and that the old saying "that seeing is believing" is subject to many exceptions. I am perfectly satisfied that there is, and can be, no force without matter; that everything that is—all phenomena—all actions and thoughts, all exhibitions of force, have a material basis—that nothing exists,—ever did, or ever will exist, apart from matter. So I am satisfied that no matter ever existed, or ever will, apart from force.

We think with the same force with which we walk. For every action and for every thought, we draw upon the store of force that we have gained from air and food. We create no force; we borrow it all. As force cannot exist apart from matter, it must be used *with* matter. It travels only on material roads. It is impossible to convey a thought to another without the assistance of matter. No one can conceive of the use of one of our senses without substance. No one can conceive of a thought in the absence of the senses. With these conclusions in my mind—in my brain—I have not the slightest confidence in "spiritual manifestations," and do not believe that any message has ever been received from the dead. The testimony that I have heard—that I have read—coming even from men of science—has not the slightest weight with me. I do not pretend to see beyond the grave. I do not say that man is, or is not, immortal. All I say is that there is no evidence that we live again, and no demonstration that we do not. It is better ignorantly to hope than dishonestly to affirm.

Question. And what do you think of the modern development of metaphysics—as expressed outside of the emotional and semi- ecclesiastical schools? I refer especially to the power of mind in the curing of disease—as demonstrated by scores of drugless healers.

Answer. I have no doubt that the condition of the mind has some effect upon the health. The blood, the heart, the lungs answer— respond to—emotion. There is no mind without body, and the body is affected by thought—by passion, by cheerfulness, by depression. Still, I have not the slightest confidence in what is called "mind cure." I do not believe that thought, or any set of ideas, can cure a cancer, or prevent the hair from falling out, or remove a tumor, or even freckles. At the same time, I admit that cheerfulness is good and depression bad. But I have no confidence in what you call "drugless healers." If the stomach is sour, soda is better than thinking. If one is in great pain, opium will beat meditation. I am a believer in what you call "drugs," and when I am sick I send for a physician. I have no confidence in the supernatural. Magic is not medicine.

Question. One great object of this movement, is to make religion scientific—an aid to intellectual as well as spiritual progress. Is it not thus to be encouraged, and destined to succeed—even though it prove the reality and supremacy of the spirit and the secondary importance of the flesh?

Answer. When religion becomes scientific, it ceases to be religion and becomes science. Religion is not intellectual—it is emotional. It does not appeal to the reason. The founder of a religion has always said: “Let him that hath ears to hear, hear!” No founder has said: “Let him that hath brains to think, think!” Besides, we need not trouble ourselves about “spirit” and “flesh.” We know that we know of no spirit—without flesh. We have no evidence that spirit ever did or ever will exist apart from flesh. Such existence is absolutely inconceivable. If we are going to construct what you call a “religion,” it must be founded on observed and known facts. Theories, to be of value, must be in accord with all the facts that are known; otherwise they are worthless. We need not try to get back of facts or behind the truth. The *why* will forever elude us. You cannot move your hand quickly enough to grasp your image back of the mirror.

—*Mind*, New York, March, 1899.

This Century's Glories

The laurel of the nineteenth century is on Darwin's brow. This century has been the greatest of all. The inventions, the discoveries, the victories on the fields of thought, the advances in nearly every direction of human effort are without parallel in human history. In only two directions have the achievements of this century been excelled. The marbles of Greece have not been equalled. They still occupy the niches dedicated to perfection. They sculptors of our century stand before the miracles of the Greeks in impotent wonder. They cannot even copy. They cannot give the breath of life to stone and make the marble feel and think. The plays of Shakespeare have never been approached. He reached the summit, filled the horizon. In the direction of the dramatic, the poetic, the human mind, in my judgment, in Shakespeare's plays reached its limit. The field was harvested, all the secrets of the heart were told. The buds of all hopes blossomed, all seas were crossed and all the shores were touched.

With these two exceptions, the Grecian marbles and the Shakespeare plays, the nineteenth century has produced more for the benefit of man than all the centuries of the past. In this century, in one direction, I think the mind has reached the limit. I do not believe the music of Wagner will ever be excelled. He changed all passions, longing, memories and aspirations into tones, and with subtle harmonies wove tapestries of sound, whereon were pictured the past and future, the history and prophecy of the human heart. Of course Copernicus, Galileo, Newton and Kepler laid the foundations of astronomy. It may be that the three laws of Kepler mark the highest point in that direction that the mind has reached.

In the other centuries there is now and then a peak, but through ours there runs a mountain range with Alp on Alp—the steamship that has conquered all the seas; the railway, with its steeds of steel with breath of flame, covers the land; the cables and telegraphs, along which lightning is the carrier of thought, have made the nations neighbors and brought the world to every home; the making of paper from wood, the printing presses that made it possible to give the history of the human race each day; the reapers, mowers and threshers that superseded the cradles, scythes and flails; the lighting of streets and houses with gas and incandescent lamps, changing night into day; the invention of matches that made fire the companion of man; the process of making steel, invented by Bessemer, saving for the world hundreds of millions a year; the discovery of anesthetics, changing pain to happy dreams and making surgery a science; the spectrum analysis, that told us the secrets of the suns; the telephone, that transports speech, uniting lips and ears; the phonograph, that holds in dots and marks the echoes of our words; the marvelous machines that spin and weave, that manufacture the countless things of use, the marvelous machines, whose wheels and levers seem to think; the discoveries in chemistry, the wave theory of light, the indestructibility of matter and force; the discovery of microbes and bacilli, so that now the plague can be stayed without the assistance of priests.

The art of photography became known, the sun became an artist, gave us the faces of our friends, copies of the great paintings and statues, pictures of the world's wonders, and enriched the eyes of poverty with the spoil of travel, the wealth of art. The cell

theory was advanced, embryology was studied and science entered the secret house of life. The biologists, guided by fossil forms, followed the paths of life from protoplasm up to man. Then came Darwin with the "Origin of Species," "Natural Selection," and the "Survival of the Fittest." From his brain there came a flood of light. The old theories grew foolish and absurd. The temple of every science was rebuilt. That which had been called philosophy became childish superstition. The prison doors were opened and millions of convicts, of unconscious slaves, roved with joy over the fenceless fields of freedom. Darwin and Haeckel and Huxley and their fellow-workers filled the night of ignorance with the glittering stars of truth. This is Darwin's victory. He gained the greatest victory, the grandest triumph. The laurel of the nineteenth century is on his brow.

Question. How does the literature of to-day compare with that of the first half of the century, in your opinion?

Answer. There is now no poet of laughter and tears, of comedy and pathos, the equal of Hood. There is none with the subtle delicacy, the aerial footstep, the flame-like motion of Shelley; none with the amplitude, sweep and passion, with the strength and beauty, the courage and royal recklessness of Byron. The novelists of our day are not the equals of Dickens. In my judgment, Dickens wrote the greatest of all novels. "The Tale of Two Cities" is the supreme work of fiction. Its philosophy is perfect. The characters stand out like living statues. In its pages you find the blood and flame, the ferocity and self-sacrifice of the French Revolution. In the bosom of the Vengeance is the heart of the horror. In 105, North Tower, sits one whom sorrow drove beyond the verge, rescued from death by insanity, and we see the spirit of Dr. Manette tremblingly cross the great gulf that lies between the night of dreams and the blessed day, where things are as they seem, as a tress of golden hair, while on his hands and cheeks fall Lucie's blessed tears. The story is filled with lights and shadows, with the tragic and grotesque. While the woman knits, while the heads fall, Jerry Cruncher gnaws his rusty nails and his poor wife "flops" against his business, and prim Miss Pross, who in the desperation and terror of love held Mme. Defarge in her arms and who in the flash and crash found that her burden was dead, is drawn by the hand of a master. And what shall I say of Sidney Carton? Of his last walk? Of his last ride, holding the poor girl by the hand? Is there a more wonderful character in all the realm of fiction? Sidney Carton, the perfect lover, going to his death for the love of one who loves another. To me the three greatest novels are "The Tale of Two Cities," by Dickens, "Les Miserables," by Hugo, and "Ariadne," by Ouida.

"Les Miserables" is full of faults and perfections. The tragic is sometimes pushed to the grotesque, but from the depths it brings the pearls of truth. A convict becomes holier than the saint, a prostitute purer than the nun. This book fills the gutter with the glory of heaven, while the waters of the sewer reflect the stars.

In "Ariadne" you find the aroma of all art. It is a classic dream. And there, too, you find the hot blood of full and ample life. Ouida is the greatest living writer of fiction. Some of her books I do not like. If you wish to know what Ouida really is, read "Wanda," "The Dog of Flanders," "The Leaf in a Storm." In these you will hear the beating of her heart.

Most of the novelists of our time write good stories. They are ingenious, the characters are well drawn, but they lack life, energy. They do not appear to act for themselves, impelled by inner force. They seem to be pushed and pulled. The same may be said of the poets. Tennyson belongs to the latter half of our century. He was undoubtedly a great writer. He had no flame or storm, no tidal wave, nothing volcanic. He never overflowed the banks. He wrote nothing as intense, as noble and pathetic as the "Prisoner of Chillon;" nothing as purely poetic as "The Skylark;" nothing as perfect as the "Grecian Urn," and yet he was one of the greatest of poets. Viewed from all sides he was far greater than Shelley, far nobler than Keats. In a few poems Shelley reached almost the perfect, but many are weak, feeble, fragmentary, almost meaningless. So Keats in three poems reached a great height—in "St. Agnes' Eve," "The Grecian Urn," and "The Nightingale"—but most of his poetry is insipid, without thought, beauty or sincerity.

We have had some poets ourselves. Emerson wrote many poetic and philosophic lines. He never violated any rule. He kept his passions under control and generally "kept off the grass." But he uttered some great and splendid truths and sowed countless seeds of suggestion. When we remember that he came of a line of New England preachers we are amazed at the breadth, the depth and the freedom of his thought.

Walt Whitman wrote a few great poems, elemental, natural—poems that seem to be a part of nature, ample as the sky, having the rhythm of the tides, the swing of a planet.

Whitcomb Riley has written poems of hearth and home, of love and labor worthy of Robert Burns. He is the sweetest, strongest singer in our country and I do not know his equal in any land.

But when we compare the literature of the first half of this century with that of the last, we are compelled to say that the last, taken as a whole, is best. Think of the volumes that science has given to the world. In the first half of this century, sermons, orthodox sermons, were published and read. Now reading sermons is one of the lost habits. Taken as a whole, the literature of the latter half of our century is better than the first. I like the essays of Prof. Clifford. They are so clear, so logical that they are poetic. Herbert Spencer is not simply instructive, he is charming. He is full of true imagination. He is not the slave of imagination. Imagination is his servant. Huxley wrote like a trained swordsman. His thrusts were never parried. He had superb courage. He never apologized for having an opinion. There was never on his soul the stain of evasion. He was as candid as the truth. Haeckel is a great writer because he reveres a fact, and would not for his life deny or misinterpret one. He tells what he knows with the candor of a child and defends his conclusions like a scientist, a philosopher. He stands next to Darwin.

Coming back to fiction and poetry, I have great admiration for Edgar Fawcett. There is in his poetry thought, beauty and philosophy. He has the courage of his thought. He knows our language, the energy of verbs, the color of adjectives. He is in the highest sense an artist.

Question. What do you think of Hall Caine's recent efforts to bring about a closer union between the stage and pulpit?

Answer. Of course, I am not certain as to the intentions of Mr. Caine. I saw "The Christian," and it did not seem to me that the author was trying to catch the clergy.

There is certainly nothing in the play calculated to please the pulpit. There is a clergyman who is pious and heartless. John Storm is the only Christian, and he is crazy. When Glory accepts him at last, you not only feel, but you know she has acted the fool. The lord in the piece is a dog, and the real gentleman is the chap that runs the music hall. How the play can please the pulpit I do not see. Storm's whole career is a failure. His followers turn on him like wild beasts. His religion is a divine and diabolical dream. With him murder is one of the means of salvation. Mr. Caine has struck Christianity a stinging blow between the eyes. He has put two preachers on the stage, one a heartless hypocrite and the other a madman. Certainly I am not prejudiced in favor of Christianity, and yet I enjoyed the play. If Mr. Caine says he is trying to bring the stage and the pulpit together, then he is a humorist, with the humor of Rabelais.

Question. What do recent exhibitions in this city, of scenes from the life of Christ, indicate with regard to the tendencies of modern art?

Answer. Nothing. Some artists love the sombre, the melancholy, the hopeless. They enjoy painting the bowed form, the tear-filled eyes. To them grief is a festival. There are people who find pleasure in funerals. They love to watch the mourners. The falling clods make music. They love the silence, the heavy odors, the sorrowful hymns and the preacher's remarks. The feelings of such people do not indicate the general trend of the human mind. Even a poor artist may hope for success if he represents something in which many millions are deeply interested, around which their emotions cling like vines. A man need not be an orator to make a patriotic speech, a speech that flatters his audience. So, an artist need not be great in order to satisfy, if his subject appeals to the prejudice of those who look at his pictures.

I have never seen a good painting of Christ. All the Christs that I have seen lack strength and character. They look weak and despairing. They are all unhealthy. They have the attitude of apology, the sickly smile of non-resistance. I have never seen an heroic, serene and triumphant Christ. To tell the truth, I never saw a great religious picture. They lack sincerity. All the angels look almost idiotic. In their eyes is no thought, only the innocence of ignorance.

I think that art is leaving the celestial, the angelic, and is getting in love with the natural, the human. Troyon put more genius in the representation of cattle than Angelo and Raphael did in angels. No picture has been painted of heaven that is as beautiful as a landscape by Corot. The aim of art is to represent the realities, the highest and noblest, the most beautiful. The Greeks did not try to make men like gods, but they made gods like men. So that great artists of our day go to nature.

Question. Is it not strange that, with one exception, the most notable operas written since Wagner are by Italian composers instead of German?

Answer. For many years German musicians insisted that Wagner was not a composer. They declared that he produced only a succession of discordant noises. I account for this by the fact that the music of Wagner was not German. His

countrymen could not understand it. They had to be educated. There was no orchestra in Germany that could really play “Tristan and Isolde.” Its eloquence, its pathos, its shoreless passion was beyond them. There is no reason to suppose that Germany is to produce another Wagner. Is England expected to give us another Shakespeare?

—*The Sun*, New York, March 19, 1899.

Capital Punishment And The Whipping-Post

Question. What do you think of Governor Roosevelt's decision in the case of Mrs. Place?

Answer. I think the refusal of Governor Roosevelt to commute the sentence of Mrs. Place is a disgrace to the State. What a spectacle of man killing a woman—taking a poor, pallid, frightened woman, strapping her to a chair and then arranging the apparatus so she can be shocked to death. Many call this a Christian country. A good many people who believe in hell would naturally feel it their duty to kill a wretched, insane woman.

Society has a right to protect itself, but this can be done by imprisonment, and it is more humane to put a criminal in a cell than in a grave. Capital punishment degrades and hardens a community and it is a work of savagery. It is savagery. Capital punishment does not prevent murder, but sets an example—an example by the State—that is followed by its citizens. The State murders its enemies and the citizen murders his. Any punishment that degrades the punished, must necessarily degrade the one inflicting the punishment. No punishment should be inflicted by a human being that could not be inflicted by a gentleman.

For instance, take the whipping-post. Some people are in favor of flogging because they say that some offences are of such a frightful nature that flogging is the only punishment. They forget that the punishment must be inflicted by somebody, and that somebody is a low and contemptible cur. I understand that John G. Shortall, president of the Humane Society of Illinois, has had a bill introduced into the Legislature of the State for the establishment of the whipping-post.

The shadow of that post would disgrace and darken the whole State. Nothing could be more infamous, and yet this man is president of the Humane Society. Now, the question arises, what is humane about this society? Certainly not its president. Undoubtedly he is sincere. Certainly no man would take that position unless he was sincere. Nobody deliberately pretends to be bad, but the idea of his being president of the Humane Society is simply preposterous. With his idea about the whipping-post he might join a society of hyenas for the cultivation of ferocity, for certainly nothing short of that would do justice to his bill. I have too much confidence in the legislators of that State, and maybe my confidence rests in the fact that I do not know them, to think that the passage of such a bill is possible. If it were passed I think I would be justified in using the language of the old Marylander, who said, "I have lived in Maryland fifty years, but I have never counted them, and my hope is, that God won't."

Question. What did you think of the late Joseph Medill?

Answer. I was not very well acquainted with Mr. Medill. I had a good many conversations with him, and I was quite familiar with his work. I regard him as the greatest editor of the Northwestern States and I am not sure that there was a greater one in the country. He was one of the builders of the Republican party. He was on the

right side of the great question of Liberty. He was a man of strong likes and I may say dislikes. He never surrendered his personality. The atom called Joseph Medill was never lost in the aggregation known as the Republican party. He was true to that party when it was true to him. As a rule he traveled a road of his own and he never seemed to have any doubt about where the road led. I think that he was an exceedingly useful man. I think the only true religion is usefulness. He was a very strong writer, and when touched by friendship for a man, or a cause, he occasionally wrote very great paragraphs, and paragraphs full of force and most admirably expressed.

—*The Tribune*, Chicago, March 19, 1899.

Expansion And Trusts

[This was Colonel Ingersoll's last interview.]*

I am an expansionist. The country has the land hunger and expansion is popular. I want all we can honestly get.

But I do not want the Philippines unless the Filipinos want us, and I feel exactly the same about the Cubans.

We paid twenty millions of dollars to Spain for the Philippine Islands, and we knew that Spain had no title to them.

The question with me is not one of trade or convenience; it is a question of right or wrong. I think the best patriot is the man who wants his country to do right.

The Philippines would be a very valuable possession to us, in view of their proximity to China. But, however desirable they may be, that cuts no figure. We must do right. We must act nobly toward the Filipinos, whether we get the islands or not.

I would like to see peace between us and the Filipinos; peace honorable to both; peace based on reason instead of force.

If control had been given to Dewey, if Miles had been sent to Manila, I do not believe that a shot would have been fired at the Filipinos, and that they would have welcomed the American flag.

Question. Although you are not in favor of taking the Philippines by force, how do you regard the administration in its conduct of the war?

Answer. They have made many mistakes at Washington, and they are still making many. If it has been decided to conquer the Filipinos, then conquer them at once. Let the struggle not be drawn out and the drops of blood multiplied. The Republican party is being weakened by inaction at the Capital. If the war is not ended shortly, the party in power will feel the evil effects at the presidential election.

Question. In what light do you regard the Philippines as an addition to the territory of the United States?

Answer. Probably in the future, and possibly in the near future, the value of the islands to this country could hardly be calculated. The division of China which is bound to come, will open a market of four hundred millions of people. Naturally a possession close to the open doors of the East would be of an almost incalculable value to this country.

It might perhaps take a long time to teach the Chinese that they need our products. But suppose that the Chinese came to look upon wheat in the same light that other people look upon wheat and its product, bread? What an immense amount of grain it would take to feed four hundred million hungry Chinamen!

The same would be the case with the rest of our products. So you will perhaps agree with me in my view of the immense value of the islands if they could but be obtained by honorable means.

Question. If the Democratic party makes anti-imperialism the prominent plank in its platform, what effect will it have on the party's chance for success?

Answer. Anti-imperialism, as the Democratic battle-cry, would greatly weaken a party already very weak. It is the most unpopular issue of the day. The people want expansion. The country is infected with patriotic enthusiasm. The party that tries to resist the tidal wave will be swept away. Anybody who looks can see.

Let a band at any of the summer resorts or at the suburban breathing spots play a patriotic air. The listeners are electrified, and they rise and off go their hats when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is struck up. Imperialism cannot be fought with success.

Question. Will the Democratic party have a strong issue in its anti-trust cry?

Answer. In my opinion, both parties will nail anti-trust planks in their platforms. But this talk is all bosh with both parties. Neither one is honest in its cry against trusts. The one making the more noise in this direction may get the votes of some unthinking persons, but every one who is capable of reading and digesting what he reads, knows full well that the leaders of neither party are sincere and honest in their demonstrations against the trusts.

Why should the Democratic party lay claim to any anti-trust glory? Is it not a Republican administration that is at present investigating the alleged evils of trusts?

—*The North American*, Philadelphia, June 22, 1899.

Volume 9

An Address To The Colored People

** An address delivered to the colored people at Galesburg, Illinois, 1867.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS—Slavery has in a thousand forms existed in all ages, and among all people. It is as old as theft and robbery.

Every nation has enslaved its own people, and sold its own flesh and blood. Most of the white race are in slavery to-day. It has often been said that any man who ought to be free, will be. The men who say this should remember that their own ancestors were once cringing, frightened, helpless slaves.

When they became sufficiently educated to cease enslaving their own people, they then enslaved the first race they could conquer. If they differed in religion, they enslaved them. If they differed in color, that was sufficient. If they differed even in language, it was enough. If they were captured, they then pretended that having spared their lives, they had the right to enslave them. This argument was worthless. If they were captured, then there was no necessity for killing them. If there was no necessity for killing them, then they had no right to kill them. If they had no right to kill them, then they had no right to enslave them under the pretence that they had saved their lives.

Every excuse that the ingenuity of avarice could devise was believed to be a complete justification, and the great argument of slaveholders in all countries has been that slavery is a divine institution, and thus stealing human beings has always been fortified with a “Thus saith the Lord.”

Slavery has been upheld by law and religion in every country. The word Liberty is not in any creed in the world. Slavery is right according to the law of man, shouted the judge. It is right according to the law of God, shouted the priest. Thus sustained by what they were pleased to call the law of God and man, slaveholders never voluntarily freed the slaves, with the exception of the Quakers. The institution has in all ages been clung to with the tenacity of death; clung to until it sapped and destroyed the foundations of society; clung to until all law became violence; clung to until virtue was a thing only of history; clung to until industry folded its arms—until commerce reefed every sail—until the fields were desolate and the cities silent, except where the poor free asked for bread, and the slave for mercy; clung to until the slave forging the sword of civil war from his fetters drenched the land in the master’s blood. Civil war has been the great liberator of the world.

Slavery has destroyed every nation that has gone down to death. It caused the last vestige of Grecian civilization to disappear forever, and it caused Rome to fall with a crash that shook the world. After the disappearance of slavery in its grossest forms in Europe, Gonzales pointed out to his countrymen, the Portuguese, the immense profits that they could make by stealing Africans, and thus commenced the modern slave-trade—that aggregation of all horror—that infinite of all cruelty, prosecuted only by demons, and defended only by fiends. And yet the slave-trade has been defended and sustained by every civilized nation, and by each and all has been

baptized “Legitimate commerce,” in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost:

It was even justified upon the ground that it tended to Christianize the negro.

It was of the poor hypocrites who had used this argument that Whittier said,

“They bade the slaveship speed from coast to coast,
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost.”

Backed and supported by such Christian and humane arguments slavery was planted upon our soil in 1620, and from that day to this it has been the cause of all our woes, of all the bloodshed—of all the heart-burnings—hatred and horrors of more than two hundred years, and yet we hated to part with the beloved institution. Like Pharaoh we would not let the people go. He was afflicted with vermin, with frogs—with water turned to blood—with several kinds of lice, and yet would not let the people go. We were afflicted with worse than all these combined—the Northern Democracy—before we became grand enough to say, “Slavery shall be eradicated from the soil of the Republic.” When we reached this sublime moral height we were successful. The Rebellion was crushed and liberty established.

A majority of the civilized world is for freedom—nearly all the Christian denominations are for liberty. The world has changed—the people are nobler, better and purer than ever.

Every great movement must be led by heroic and self-sacrificing pioneers. In England, in Christian England, the soul of the abolition cause was Thomas Clarkson. To the great cause of human freedom he devoted his life. He won over the eloquent and glorious Wilberforce, the great Pitt, the magnificent orator, Burke, and that far-seeing and humane statesman, Charles James Fox.

In 1788 a resolution was introduced in the House of Commons declaring that the slave trade ought to be abolished. It was defeated. Learned lords opposed it. They said that too much capital was invested by British merchants in the slave-trade. That if it were abolished the ships would rot at the wharves, and that English commerce would be swept from the seas. Sanctified Bishops—lords spiritual—thought the scheme fanatical, and various resolutions to the same effect were defeated.

The struggle lasted twenty years, and yet during all those years in which England refused to abolish the hellish trade, that nation had the impudence to send missionaries all over the world to make converts to a religion that in their opinion, at least, allowed man to steal his brother man—that allowed one Christian to rob another of his wife, his child, and of that greatest of all blessings—his liberty. It was not until the year 1808 that England was grand and just enough to abolish the slave-trade, and not until 1833 that slavery was abolished in all her colonies.

The name of Thomas Clarkson should be remembered and honored through all coming time by every black man, and by every white man who loves liberty and hates cruelty and injustice.

Clarkson, Wilberforce, Pitt, Fox, Burke, were the Titans that swept the accursed slaver from that highway—the sea.

In St. Domingo the pioneers were Oge and Chevannes; they headed a revolt; they were unsuccessful, but they roused the slaves to resistance. They were captured, tried, condemned and executed. They were made to ask forgiveness of God, and of the King, for having attempted to give freedom to their own flesh and blood. They were broken alive on the wheel, and left to die of hunger and pain. The blood of these martyrs became the seed of liberty; and afterward in the midnight assault, in the massacre and pillage, the infuriated slaves shouted their names as their battle-cry, until Toussaint, the greatest of the blacks, gave freedom to them all.

In the United States, among the Revolutionary fathers, such men as John Adams, and his son John Quincy—such men as Franklin and John Jay were opposed to the institution of slavery. Thomas Jefferson said, speaking of the slaves, “When the measure of their tears shall be full—when their groans shall have involved heaven itself in darkness—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunder manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality.”

Thomas Paine said, “No man can be happy surrounded by those whose happiness he has destroyed.” And a more self-evident proposition was never uttered.

These and many more Revolutionary heroes were opposed to slavery and did what they could to prevent the establishment and spread of this most wicked and terrible of all institutions.

You owe gratitude to those who were for liberty as a principle and not from mere necessity. You should remember with more than gratitude that firm, consistent and faithful friend of your downtrodden race, Wm. Lloyd Garrison. He has devoted his life to your cause. Many years ago in Boston he commenced the publication of a paper devoted to liberty. Poor and despised—friendless and almost alone, he persevered in that grandest and holiest of all possible undertakings. He never stopped, or stayed, or paused until the chain was broken and the last slave could lift his toil-worn face to heaven with the light of freedom shining down upon him, and say, I am a Free Man.

You should not forget that noble philanthropist, Wendell Phillips, and your most learned and eloquent defender, Charles Sumner.

But the real pioneer in America was old John Brown. Moved not by prejudice, not by love of his blood, or his color, but by an infinite love of Liberty, of Right, of Justice, almost single-handed, he attacked the monster, with thirty million people against him. His head was wrong. He miscalculated his forces; but his heart was right. He struck the sublimest blow of the age for freedom. It was said of him that, he stepped from the gallows to the throne of God. It was said that he had made the scaffold to Liberty what Christ had made the cross to Christianity. The sublime Victor Hugo declared that John Brown was greater than Washington, and that his name would live forever.

I say, that no man can be greater than the man who bravely and heroically sacrifices his life for the good of others. No man can be greater than the one who meets death

face to face, and yet will not shrink from what he believes to be his highest duty. If the black people want a patron saint, let them take the brave old John Brown. And as the gentleman who preceded me said, at all your meetings, never separate until you have sung the grand song,

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

You do not, in my opinion, owe a great debt of gratitude to many of the white people.

Only a few years ago both parties agreed to carry out the Fugitive Slave Law. If a woman ninety-nine one-hundredths white had fled from slavery—had traveled through forests, crossed rivers, and through countless sufferings had got within one step of Canada—of free soil—with the light of the North Star shining in her eyes, and her babe pressed to her withered breast, both parties agreed to clutch her and hand her back to the dominion of the hound and lash. Both parties, as parties, were willing to do this when the Rebellion commenced.

The truth is, we had to give you your liberty. There came a time in the history of the war when, defeated at the ballot box and in the field—driven to the shattered gates of eternal chaos—we were forced to make you free; and on the first day of January, 1863, the justice so long delayed was done, and four millions of people were lifted from the condition of beasts of burden to the sublime heights of freedom. Lincoln, the immortal, issued, and the men of the North sustained the great proclamation.

As in the war there came a time when we were forced to make you free, so in the history of reconstruction came a time when we were forced to make you citizens; when we were forced to say that you should vote, and that you should have and exercise all the rights that we claim for ourselves.

And to-day I am in favor of giving you every right that I claim for myself.

In reconstructing the Southern States, we could take our choice, either give the ballot to the negro, or allow the rebels to rule. We preferred loyal blacks to disloyal whites, because we believed liberty safer in the hands of its friends than in those of its foes.

We must be for freedom everywhere. Freedom is progress—slavery is desolation, cruelty and want.

Freedom invents—slavery forgets. The problem of the slave is to do the least work in the longest space of time. The problem of free men is to do the greatest amount of work in the shortest space of time. The free man, working for wife and children, gets his head and his hands in partnership.

Freedom has invented every useful machine, from the lowest to the highest, from the simplest to the most complex. Freedom believes in education—the salvation of slavery is ignorance.

The South always dreaded the alphabet. They looked upon each letter as an abolitionist, and well they might. With a scent keener than their own bloodhounds they detected everything that could, directly or indirectly, interfere with slavery. They knew that when slaves begin to think, masters begin to tremble. They knew that free

thought would destroy them; that discussion could not be endured; that a free press would liberate every slave; and so they mobbed free thought, and put an end to free discussion and abolished a free press, and in fact did all the mean and infamous things they could, that slavery might live, and that liberty might perish from among men.

You are now citizens of many of the States, and in time you will be of all. I am astonished when I think how long it took to abolish the slave-trade, how long it took to abolish slavery in this country. I am also astonished to think that a few years ago magnificent steamers went down the Mississippi freighted with your fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and maybe some of you, bound like criminals, separated from wives, from husbands, every human feeling laughed at and outraged, sold like beasts, carried away from homes to work for another, receiving for pay only the marks of the lash upon the naked back. I am astonished at these things. I hate to think that all this was done under the Constitution of the United States, under the flag of my country, under the wings of the eagle.

The flag was not then what it is now. It was a mere rag in comparison. The eagle was a buzzard, and the Constitution sanctioned the greatest crime of the world.

I wonder that you—the black people—have forgotten all this. I wonder that you ask a white man to address you on this occasion, when the history of your connection with the white race is written in your blood and tears—is still upon your flesh, put there by the branding-iron and the lash.

I feel like asking your forgiveness for the wrongs that my race has inflicted upon yours. If, in the future, the wheel of fortune should take a turn, and you should in any country have white men in your power, I pray you not to execute the villainy we have taught you.

One word in conclusion. You have your liberty—use it to benefit your race. Educate yourselves, educate your children, send teachers to the South. Let your brethren there be educated. Let them know something of art and science. Improve yourselves, stand by each other, and above all be in favor of liberty the world over.

The time is coming when you will be' allowed to be good and useful citizens of the Great Republic. This is your country as much as it is mine. You have the same rights here that I have—the same interest that I have. The avenues of distinction will be open to you and your children. Great advances have been made. The rebels are now opposed to slavery—the Democratic party is opposed to slavery, *as they say*. There is going to be no war of races. Both parties want your votes in the South, and there will be just enough negroes without principle to join the rebels to make them think they will get more, and so the rebels will treat the negroes well. And the Republicans will be sure to treat them well in order to prevent any more joining the rebels.

The great problem is solved. Liberty has solved it—and there will be no more slavery. On the old flag, on every fold and on every star will be liberty for all, equality before the law. The grand people are marching forward, and they will not pause until the earth is without a chain, and without a throne.

Speech At Indianapolis

GRANT CAMPAIGN

THE Democratic party, so-called, have several charges which they make against the Republican party. They give us a variety of reasons why the Republican party should no longer be entrusted with the control of this country. Among other reasons they say that the Republican party during the war was guilty of arresting citizens without due process of law—that we arrested Democrats and put them in jail without indictment, in Lincoln bastiles, without making an affidavit before a Justice of the Peace—that on some occasions we suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, that we put some Democrats in jail without their being indicted. I am sorry we did not put more. I admit we arrested some of them without an affidavit filed before a Justice of the Peace. I sincerely regret that we did not arrest more. I admit that for a few hours on one or two occasions we interfered with the freedom of the press; I sincerely regret that the Government allowed a sheet to exist that did not talk on the side of this Government.

I admit that we did all these things.

It is only proper and fair that we should answer these charges. Unless the Republican party can show that they did these things either according to the strict letter of law, according to the highest precedent, or from the necessity of the case, then we must admit that our party did wrong. You know as well as I that every Democratic orator talks about the fathers, about Washington and Jackson, Madison, Jefferson, and many others; they tell us about the good old times when politicians were pure, when you could get justice in the courts, when Congress was honest, when the political parties differed, and differed kindly and honestly; and they are shedding crocodile tears day after day—praying that the good old honest times might return again. They tell you that the members of this radical party are nothing like the men of the Revolution. Let us see.

I lay this down as a proposition, that we had a right to do anything to preserve this Government that our fathers had a right to do to found it. If they had a right to put Tories in jail, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, and on some occasions *corpus*, in order to found this Government, we had a right to put rebels and Democrats in jail and to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in order to preserve the Government they thus formed. If they had a right to interfere with the freedom of the press in order that liberty might be planted upon this soil, we had a right to do the same thing to prevent the tree from being destroyed. In a word, we had a right to do anything to preserve this Government which they had a right to do to found it.

Did our fathers arrest Tories without writs, without indictments—did they interfere with the personal rights of Tories in the name of liberty—did they have Washington bastiles, did they have Jefferson jails—did they have dungeons in the time of the Revolution in which they put men that dared talk against this country and the liberties of the colonies? I propose to show that they did—that where we imprisoned one they imprisoned a hundred—that where we interfered with personal liberty once

they did it a hundred times—that they carried on a war that *was* a war—that they knew that when an appeal was made to force that was the end of law—that they did not attempt to gain their liberties through a Justice of the Peace or through a Grand Jury; that they appealed to force and the God of battles, and that any man who sought their protection and at the same time was against them and their cause they took by the nape of the neck and put in jail, where he ought to have been.

The old Continental Congress in 1774 and 1776 had made up their minds that we ought to have something like liberty in these colonies, and the first step they took toward securing that end was to provide for the selection of a committee in every county and township, with a view to examining and finding out how the people stood touching the liberty of the colonies, and if they found a man that was not in favor of it, the people would not have anything to do with him politically, religiously, or socially. That was the first step they took, and a very sensible step it was.

What was the next step? They found that these men were so lost to every principle of honor that they did not hurt them any by disgracing them.

So they passed the following resolution which explains itself:

Resolved. That it be recommended to the several provincial assemblies or conventions or councils, or committees of safety, to arrest and secure every person in their respective colonies whose going at large, may, in their opinion, endanger the safety of the colony or the liberties of America.—Journal of Congress, vol. 1, page 149.

What was the Committee of Safety? Was it a Justice of the Peace? No. Was it a Grand Jury? No. It was simply a committee of five or seven persons, more or less, appointed to watch over the town or county and see that these Tories were attending to their business and not interfering with the rights of the colonies. Whom were they to thus arrest and secure? Every man that had committed murder—that had taken up arms against America, or voted the Democratic or Tory ticket? No. “Every person whose going at large might in their opinion, endanger the safety of the colony or the liberties of America.” It was not necessary that they had committed any overt act, but if in the opinion of this council of safety, it was dangerous to let them run at large they were locked up. Suppose that we had done that during the last war? You would have had to build several new jails in this county. What a howl would have gone up all over this State if we had attempted such a thing as that, and yet we had a perfect right to do anything to preserve our liberties, which our fathers had a right to do to obtain them.

What more did they do? In 1777 the same Congress that signed the immortal Declaration of Independence (and I think they knew as much about liberty and the rights of men as any Democrat in Marion county) adopted another resolution:

Resolved. That it be recommended to the Executive powers of the several States, forthwith to apprehend and secure all persons who have in their general conduct and conversation evinced a disposition inimical to the cause of America, and that the persons so seized be confined in such places and treated in such manner as shall be consistent with their several characters and security of their persons.—-Journal of Congress, vol. 2, p. 246.

If they had talked as the Democrats talked during the late war—if they had called the soldiers, “Washington hirelings,” and if when they allowed a few negroes to help them fight, had branded the struggle for liberty as an abolition war, they would be “apprehended and confined in such places and treated in such manner as was consistent with their characters and security of their persons,” and yet all they did was to show a disposition inimical to the independence of America. If we had pursued a policy like that during the late war, nine out of ten of the members of the Democratic party would have been in jail—there would not have been jails and prisons enough on the face of the whole earth to hold them. .

Now, when a Democrat talks to you about Lincoln bastiles, just quote this to him:

Whereas, The States of Pennsylvania and Delaware are threatened with an immediate invasion from a powerful army, who have already landed at the head of Chesapeake Bay; and whereas, The principles of sound policy and self-preservation require that persons who may be reasonably suspected of aiding or abetting the cause of the enemy may be prevented from pursuing measures injurious to the general weal,

Resolved, That the executive authorities of the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware be requested to cause all persons within their respective States, notoriously disaffected, to be apprehended, disarmed and secured until such time as the respective States think they may be released without injury to the common cause.—-Journal of Congress, vol. 2, p. 240.

That is what they did with them. When there was an invasion threatened the good State of Indiana, if we had said we will imprison all men who by their conduct and conversation show that they are inimical to our cause, we would have been obliged to import jails and corral Democrats as we did mules in the army. Our fathers knew that the flag was never intended to protect any man who wanted to assail it.

What more did they do? There was a man by the name of David Franks, who wrote a letter and wanted to send it to England. In that letter he gave it as his opinion that the colonies were becoming disheartened and sick of the war. The heroic and chivalric fathers of the Revolution violated the mails, took the aforesaid letter and then they took the aforesaid David Franks by the collar and put him in jail. Then they passed a resolution in Congress that inasmuch as the said letter showed a disposition inimical to the liberties of the United States, Major General Arnold be requested to cause the said David Franks to be forthwith arrested, put in jail and confined till the further order of Congress. (Jour. Cong., vol. 3, p. 96 and 97.)

How many Democrats wrote letters during the war declaring that the North never could conquer the South? How many wrote letters to the soldiers in the army telling them to shed no more fraternal blood in that suicidal and unchristian war? It would have taken all the provost marshals in the United States to arrest the Democrats in Indiana who were guilty of that offence. And yet they are talking about our fathers being such good men, while they are cursing us fordoing precisely what they did, only to a less extent than they did.

We are still on the track of the old Continental Congress. I want you to understand the spirit that animated those men. They passed a resolution which is particularly applicable to the Democrats during the war:

With respect to all such unworthy Americans as, regardless of their duty to their Creator, their country, and their posterity, have taken part with our oppressors, and, influenced by the hope or possession of ignominious rewards, strive to recommend themselves to the bounty of the administration by misrepresenting and traducing the conduct and principles of the friends of American liberty, and opposing every measure formed for its preservation and security,

Resolved, That it be recommended to the different assemblies, conventions and committees or councils of safety in the United Colonies, by the most speedy and effectual measures, to frustrate the mischievous machinations and restrain the wicked practices of these men. And it is the opinion of this Congress that they ought to be disarmed and the more dangerous among them either kept in safe custody or bound with sufficient sureties for their good behavior.

And in order that the said assemblies, conventions, committees or councils of safety may be enabled with greater ease and facility to carry this resolution into execution,

Resolved, That they be authorized to call to their aid whatever Continental troops stationed in or near their respective colonies that may be conveniently spared from their more immediate duties, and commanding officers of such troops are hereby directed to afford the said assemblies, conventions, committees or councils of safety, all such assistance in executing this resolution as they may require, and which, consistent with the good of the service, may be supplied—Journal of Congress, vol. i, p. 22,

Do you hear that, Democrat? The old Continental Congress said to these committees and councils of safety: "Whenever you want to arrest any of these scoundrels, call on the Continental troops." And General Washington, the commander-in-chief of the army, and the officers under him, were directed to aid in the enforcement of all the measures adopted with reference to disaffected and dangerous persons. And what had these persons done? Simply shown by their conversation, and letters directed to their friends, that they were opposed to the cause of American liberty. They did not even spare the Governors of States. They were not appalled by any official position that a Tory might hold. They simply said, "If you are not in favor of American liberty, we will put you 'where the dogs won't bite you.'" One of these men was Governor Eden of Maryland. Congress passed a resolution requesting the Council of Safety of Maryland to seize and secure his person and papers, and send such of them as related to the American dispute to Congress without delay. At the same time the person and papers of another man, one Alexander Ross, were seized in the same manner. Ross was put in jail, and his papers transmitted to Congress.

There was a fellow by the name of Parke and another by the name of Morton, who presumed to undertake a journey from Philadelphia to New York without getting a pass. Congress ordered them to be arrested and imprisoned until further orders. They did not wait to have an affidavit filed before a Justice of the Peace. They took

them by force and put them in jail, and that was the end of it. So much for the policy of the fathers, in regard to arbitrary arrests.

During the war there was a great deal said about our occasionally interfering with the elections. Let us see how the fathers stood upon that question.

They held a convention in the State of New York in Revolutionary times, and there were some gentlemen in Queens County that were playing the role of Kentucky—they were going to be neutral—they refused to vote to send deputies to the convention—they stood upon their dignity just as Kentucky stood upon hers—a small place to stand on, the Lord knows. What did our fathers do with them? They denounced them as unworthy to be American citizens and hardly fit to live. Here is a resolution adopted by the Continental Congress on the 3d of January, 1776:

Resolved, That all such persons in Queens County aforesaid as voted against sending deputies to the present Convention of New York, and named in a list of delinquents in Queens County, published by the Convention of New York, be put out of the protection of the United Colonies, and that all trade and intercourse with them cease; that none of the inhabitants of that county be permitted to travel or abide in any part of these United Colonies out of their said colony without a certificate from the Convention or Committee of Safety of the Colony of New York, setting forth that such inhabitant is a friend of the American cause, and not of the number of those who voted against sending deputies to the said Convention, and that such of the inhabitants as shall be found out of the said county without such certificate, be apprehended and imprisoned three months.

Resolved, That no attorney or lawyer ought to commence, prosecute or defend any action at law of any kind, for any of the said inhabitants of Queens County, who voted against sending deputies to the Convention as aforesaid, and such attorney or lawyer as shall countenance this revolution, are enemies to the American cause, and shall be treated accordingly.

What had they done? Simply voted against sending delegates to the convention, and yet the fathers not only put them out of the protection of law, but prohibited any lawyer from appearing in their behalf in a court. Democrats, don't you wish we had treated you that way during the war?

What more did they do? They ordered a company of troops from Connecticut, and two or three companies from New Jersey, to go into the State of New York, and take away from every person who had voted against sending deputies to the convention, all his arms, and if anybody refused to give up his arms, they put him in jail. Don't you wish you had lived then, my friend Democrat? Don't you wish you had prosecuted the war as our fathers prosecuted the Revolution?

I now want to show you how far they went in this direction. A man by the name of Sutton, who lived on Long Island, had been going around giving his constitutional opinions upon the war. They had him arrested, and went on to resolve that he should be taken from Philadelphia, pay the cost of transportation himself, be put in jail there, and while in jail should board himself. Wouldn't a Democrat have had a hard scramble for victuals if we had carried out that idea? Just see what outrageous and

terrible things the fathers did. And why did they do it? Because they saw that in order to establish the liberties of America it was necessary they should take the Tory by the throat just as it was necessary for us to take rebels by the throat during the late war.

They had paper money in those days—shin-plasters—and some of the Democrats of those times had legal doubts about this paper currency. One of these Democrats, Thomas Harriott, was called before a Committee of Safety of New York, and there convicted of having refused to receive in payment the Continental bills. The committee of New York conceiving that he was a dangerous person, informed the Provincial Congress of the facts in the case, and inquired whether Congress thought he ought to go at large. Upon receipt of this information by Congress an order for the imprisonment of the offender was passed, as follows:

Resolved, That the General Committee of the city of New York be requested and authorized, and are hereby requested and authorized to direct that Thomas Harriott be committed to close jail in this city, there to remain until further orders of this Congress.—Amer. Archives, 4th series, vol. 6, P. i, 344.

And yet all that he had done was to refuse to take Continental money. He had simply given his opinion on the legal tender law, just as the Democrats of Indiana did in regard to greenbacks, and as a few circuit judges decided when they declared the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional. It would have been perfectly proper and right that they, every man of them, should be, like Thomas Harriott, "committed to close jail, there to remain until further orders."

Did our forefathers ever interfere with religion? Yes, they did with a preacher by the name of Daniels, because he would not pray for the American cause. He thought he could coax the Lord to beat us. They said to him, "You pray on our side, sir." He would not do it, and so they put him in jail and gave him work enough to pray himself out, and it took him some time to do it. They interfered with a *lack* of religion. They believed that a Tory or traitor in the pulpit was no better than anybody else. That is the way I have sometimes felt during the war. I have thought that I would like to see some of those white cravatted gentlemen "snaked" right out of the pulpits where they had dared to utter their treason, and set to playing checkers through a grated window.

It is not possible that our fathers ever interfered with the writ of *habeas corpus*, is it? Yes sir. Our fathers advocated the doctrine that the good of the people is the supreme law of the land. They also advocated the doctrine that in the midst of armies law falls to the ground; the doctrine that when a country is in war it is to be governed by the laws of war. They thought that laws were made for the protection of good citizens, for the punishment of citizens that were bad, when they were not too bad or too numerous; then they threw the law-book down while they took the cannon and whipped the badness out of them; that is the next step, when the stones you throw, and kind words, and grass have failed. They said, why did we not appeal to law? We did; but it did no good. A large portion of the people were up in arms in defiance of law, and there was only one way to put them down, and that was by force of arms; and whenever an appeal is made to force, that force is governed by the law of war.

The fathers suspended the writ in the case of a man who had committed an offence in the State of New York. They sent him to the State of Connecticut to be confined, just as men were sent from Indiana to Fort Lafayette. The attorneys came before the convention of New York to hear the matter inquired into, but the committee of the convention to whom the matter was referred refused to inquire into the original cause of commitment—a direct denial of the authority of the writ. The writ of *habeas corpus* merely brings the body before the judge that he may inquire why he is imprisoned. They refused to make any such inquiry. Their action was endorsed by the convention and the gentleman was sent to Connecticut and put in jail. They not only did these things in one instance, but in a thousand. They took men from Maryland and put them in prison in Pennsylvania, and they took men from Pennsylvania and confined them in Maryland, Whenever they thought the Tories were so thick at one point that the rascals might possibly be released, they took them somewhere else.

They did not interfere with the freedom of the press, did they? Yes, sir. They found a gentleman who was speaking and writing against the liberties of the colonies, and they just took his paper away from him, and gave it to a man who ran it in the interest of the colonies, using the Tory's type and press. [A voice—That was right.] Right! of course it was right. What right has a newspaper in Indiana to talk against the cause for which your son is laying down his life on the field of battle? What right has any man to make it take thousands of men more to crush a rebellion? What right has any man protected by the American flag to do all in his power to put it in the hands of the enemies of his country? The same right that any man has to be a rascal, a thief and traitor—no other right under heaven. Our fathers had sense enough to see that, and they said, "One gentleman in the rear printing against our noble cause, will cost us hundreds of noble lives at the front." Why have you a right to take a rebel's horse? Because it helps you and weakens the enemy. That is by the law of war. That is the principle upon which they seized the Tory printing press. They had the right to do it. And if I had had the power in this country, no man should have said a word, or written a line, or printed anything against the cause for which the heroic men of the North sacrificed their lives. I would have enriched the soil of this country with him before he should have done it. A man by the name of James Rivington undertook to publish a paper against the country. They would not speak to him; they denounced him, seized his press, and made him ask forgiveness and promise to print no more such stuff before they would let him have his sheet again. No person but a rebel ever thought that was wrong. There is no common sense in going to the field to fight and leaving a man at home to undo all that you accomplish.

Our fathers did not like these Tories, and when the war was over they confiscated their estates—took their land and gave it over to good Union men.

How did they do it? Did they issue summons, and have a trial? No, sir. They did it by wholesale—they did it by resolution, and the estates of hundreds of men were taken from them without their having a day in court or any notice or trial whatever. They said to the Tories: "You cast your fortunes with the other side, let them pay you. The flag you fought against protects the land you owned and it will prevent you from

having it." Nor is that all. They ran thousands of them out of the country away up into Nova Scotia, and the old blue-nosed Tories are there yet.

In his letter to Governor Cooke of Rhode Island, Washington enumerates an act of that colony, declaring that "none should speak, write, or act against the proceedings of Congress or their Acts of Assembly, under penalty of being disarmed and disqualified from holding any office, and being further punished by imprisonment," as one that met his approbation, and which should exist in other colonies. There is the doctrine for you Democrats. So I could go on by the hour or by the day. I could show you how they made domiciliary visits, interfered with travel, imprisoned without any sort of writ or affidavit—in other words, did whatever they thought was necessary to whip the enemy and establish their independence.

What next do they charge against us? That we freed negroes. So we did. That we allowed those negroes to fight in the army. Yes, we did, That we allowed them to vote. We did that too. That we have made them citizens. Yes, we have, and what are you Democrats going to do about it?

Now, what did our fathers do? Did they free any of the negroes? Yes, sir. Did they allow any of them to fight in the army? Yes, sir. Did they permit any of them to vote? Yes, sir. Did they make them citizens? Yes, sir. Let us see whether they did or not.

Before we had the present Constitution we had what were called Articles of Confederation. The fourth of those articles provided that every free inhabitant of the colony should be a citizen. It did not make any difference whether he was white or black; and negroes voted by the side of Washington and Jefferson. Just here the question arises, if negroes were good enough in 1787 and 1790 to vote by the side of such men, whether rebels and their sympathizers are good enough now to vote alongside of the negro.

Did they let any of these negroes fight? In 1750, when Massachusetts had slaves, there appeared in the Boston Gazette the following notice:

"Ran away from his master, Wm. Brown, of Framingham, on the 30th September last, a mulatto fellow, about 27 years of age, named Crispus, about 6 feet high, short curly hair, had on a light colored bear-skin coat, brown jacket, new buckskin breeches, blue yarn stockings and check woolen shirt," etc.

This "mulatto fellow" did not come back, and so they advertised the next week and the week following, but still the toes of the blue yarn socks pointed the other way. That was in 1750. 1760 came and 1770, and the people of this continent began to talk about having their liberties. And while wise and thoughtful men were talking about it, making petitions for popular rights and laying them at the foot of the throne, the King's troops were in Boston. One day they marched down King street, on their way to arrest some citizen. The soldiery were attacked by a mob, and at its head was a "mulatto fellow" who shouted "here they are," and it was observed that this "mulatto fellow" was about six feet high—that his knees were nearer together than common, and that he was about 47 years of age. The soldiers fired upon the mob and he fell, shot through with five balls—the first man that led a charge against British aggression—the first martyr whose blood was shed for American liberty upon this

soil. They took up that poor corpse, and as it lay in Faneuil Hall it did more honor to the place than did Daniel Webster defending the Fugitive Slave Law.

They allowed him to fight. Would our fathers have been brutal enough, if he had not been killed, to put him back into slavery? No! They would have said that a man who fights for liberty should enjoy it. If a man fights for that flag it shall protect him. Perish forever from the heavens the flag that will not defend its defenders, be they white or black.

Thus our fathers felt. They raised negro troops by the company and the regiment, and gave his liberty to every man that fought for liberty. Not only that, but they allowed them to vote. They voted in the Carolinas, in Tennessee, in New York, in all the New England States. Our fathers had too much decency to act upon the Democratic doctrine.

In the war of 1812, negroes fought at Lake Erie and at New Orleans, and then the fathers, as in the Revolution, were too magnanimous to turn them back into slavery. You need not get mad, my Democratic friends, because you hate Ben. Butler. Let me read you an abolition document.

You will all say it is right; you cannot say anything else when you hear it. Butler, you know, was down in New Orleans, and he made some of those rebels dance a tune that they did not know, and he made them keep pretty good time too:

To the Free Colored Inhabitants of Louisiana:

Through a mistaken policy you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights in which our country is engaged. This shall no longer exist. As sons of freedom you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessing. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands and brothers you are summoned to rally around the standard of the eagle—to defend all which is dear in existence. Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her cause without amply remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds can not be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise a man who should attempt to deceive you. In the sincerity of a soldier and the language of truth I address you. To every noble-hearted, generous free man of color volunteering to serve during the present contest and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty in money and lands now received by the white soldiers of the United States, viz: $124 in money and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The noncommissioned officers and privates will also be entitled to the same monthly pay and daily rations and clothing furnished any American soldier.

On enrolling yourselves in companies, the Major General commanding will select officers for your government from your white fellow-citizens. Your non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves. Due regard will be paid to their feelings as freemen and soldiers. You will not by being associated with white men in the same corps, be exposed to improper companions or unjust sarcasm.

As a distinct battalion or regiment pursuing the path of glory, you will undivided receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen.

To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions and my anxiety to engage your valuable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the Governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of enrollment, and give you every necessary information on the subject of this address.

This is a terrible document to a Democrat. Let us look back over it a little. "Through a mistaken policy." We had not sense enough to let the negroes fight during the first part of the war. "As sons of freedom" we had got sense by this time. "Americans." Oh! shocking! Think of calling negroes Americans. "Your country!" Is that not enough to make a Democrat sick? "As fathers, husbands, brothers." Negro brothers. That is too bad. "Your intelligent minds." Now, just think of a negro having an intelligent mind. "Are not to be led away by false representations." Then precious few of them will vote the Democratic ticket. "Your sense of honor will lead you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you." Then how they will hate the Democratic party. Then he goes on to say that the same bounty, money and land that the white soldiers receive will be paid to these negroes. Not only that, but they are to have the same pay, clothing and rations. Only think of a negro having as much land, as much to eat and as many clothes to wear as a white man. Is not this a vile abolition document? And yet there is not a Democrat in Indiana that dare open his mouth against it, full of negro equality as it is. Now, let us see when and by whom this proclamation was issued. You will find that it is dated, "Headquarters 7th Military District, Mobile, September 21st, 1814," and signed "Andrew Jackson, Major General Commanding."

Oh, you Jackson Democrats. You gentlemen that are descended from Washington and Jackson—great heavens, what a descent! Do you think. Jackson was a Democrat? He generally passed for a good Democrat; yet he issued that abominable abolition proclamation and put negroes on an equality with white men. That is not the worst of it, either; for after he got these negroes into the army he made a speech to them, and what did he say in that speech? Here it is in full:

To the Men of Color:

Soldiers—From the shores of Mobile I called you to arms. I invited you to share in the perils and to divide the glory with your white countrymen. I expected much from you, for I was not uninformed of those qualities which must render you so formidable to an invading foe. I knew that you could endure hunger, thirst, and all the hardships of war. I knew that you loved the land of your nativity, and that like ourselves you had to defend all that is most dear to man. But you surpass my hopes. I have found in you united to these qualities that noble enthusiasm which impels to great deeds. Soldiers, the President of the United States shall be informed of your conduct on the present occasion and the voice of the representatives of the American nation shall applaud your valor as your General now praises your ardor. The enemy is near. His sails cover the lakes. But the brave are united, and if he finds' us contending among ourselves, it will be only for the prize of valor, its noblest reward.

There is negro equality for you. There is the first man since the heroes of the Revolution died that issued a proclamation and put negroes on an equality with

white men, and he was as good a Democrat as ever lived in Indiana. I could go on and show where they voted, and who allowed them to vote, but I have said enough on that question, and also upon the question of their fighting in the army, and of their being citizens, and have established, I think conclusively, this:

First. That our fathers, in order to found this Government, arrested men without warrant, indictment or affidavit by the hundred and by the thousand; that we, in order to preserve the Government that they thus founded, arrested a few people without warrant.

Second. That our fathers, for the purpose of founding the Government, suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*; that we, for the purpose of preserving the same Government, did the same thing.

Third. That they, for the purpose of inaugurating this Government, interfered with the liberty of the press; that we, on one or two occasions, for the purpose of preserving the Government, interfered with the liberty of the press.

Fourth. That our fathers allowed negroes to fight in order that they might secure the liberties of America; that we, in order to preserve those liberties, allow negroes to fight.

Fifth. That our fathers, out of gratitude to the negroes in the Revolutionary war, allowed them to vote; that we have done the same. That they made them citizens, and we have followed their example.

As far as I have gone, I have shown that the fathers of the Revolution and the War of 1812 set us the example for everything we have done. Now, Mr. Democrat, if you want to curse us, curse them too. Either quit yawping about the fathers, or quit yawping about us.

Now, then, was there any necessity, during this war, to follow the example of our fathers? The question was put to us in 1861: “Shall the majority rule?” and also the balance of that question: “Shall the minority submit?” The minority said they would not. Upon the right of the majority to rule rests the entire structure of our Government. Had we, in 1861, given up that principle, the foundations of our Government would have been totally destroyed. In fact there would have been no Government, even in the North. It is no use to say the majority shall rule if the minority consents. Therefore, if, when a man has been duly elected President, anybody undertakes to prevent him from being President, it is your duty to protect him and enforce submission to the will of the majority. In 1861 we had presented to us the alternative, either to let the great principle that lies at the foundation of our Government go by the board, or to appeal to arms, and to the God of battles, and fight it through.

The Southern people said they were going out of the Union; we implored them to stay, by the common memories of the Revolution, by an apparent common destiny; by the love of man, but they refused to listen to us—rushed past us, and appealed to the arbitrament of the sword; and now I, for one, say by the decision of the sword let them abide.

Now, I want to show how mean the American people were in 1861. The vile and abominable institution of slavery had so corrupted us that we did not know right from wrong. It crept into the pulpit until the sermon became the echo of the bloodhound's bark. It crept upon the bench, and the judge could not tell whether the corn belonged to the man that raised it, or to the fellow that did not, but he rather thought it belonged to the latter. We had lost our sense of justice. Even the people of Indiana were so far gone as to agree to carry out the Fugitive Slave Law. Was it not low-lived and contemptible? We agreed that if we found a woman ninety-nine one hundredths white, who, inspired by the love of liberty, had run away from her masters, and had got within one step of free soil, we would clutch her and bring her back to the dominion of the Democrat, the bloodhound and the lash. We were just mean enough to do it. We used to read that some hundreds of years ago a lot of soldiers would march into a man's house, take him out, tie him to a stake driven into the earth, pile fagots around him, and let the thirsty flames consume him, and all because they differed from him about religion. We said it was horrible; it made our blood run cold to think of it; yet at the same time many a magnificent steamboat floated down the Mississippi with wives and husbands, fragments of families torn asunder, doomed to a life of toil, requited only by lashes upon the naked back, and branding irons upon the quivering flesh, and we thought little of it. When we set out to put down the Rebellion the Democratic party started up all at once and said, "You are not going to interfere with slavery, are you?" Now, it is remarkable that whenever we were going to do a good thing, we had to let on that we were going to do a mean one. If we had said at the outset, "We will break the shackles from four millions of slaves" we never would have succeeded. We had to come at it by degrees. The Democrats scented it out. They had a scent keener than a bloodhound when anything was going to be done to affect slavery. "Put down rebellion," they said, "but don't hurt slavery." We said, "We will not; we will restore the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is." We were in good faith about it. We had no better sense then than to think that it was worth fighting for, to preserve the cause of quarrel—the bone of contention—so as to have war all the time. Every blow we struck for slavery was a blow against us. The Rebellion was simply slavery with a mask on. We never whipped anybody but once so long as we stood upon that doctrine; that was at Donelson; and the victory there was not owing to the policy, but to the splendid genius of the next President of the United States. After a while it got into our heads that slavery was the cause of the trouble, and we began to edge up slowly toward slavery. When Mr. Lincoln said he would destroy slavery if absolutely necessary for the suppression of the Rebellion, people thought that was the most radical thing that ever was uttered. But the time came when it was necessary to free the slaves, and to put muskets into their hands. The Democratic party opposed us with all their might until the draft came, and they wanted negroes for substitutes; and I never heard a Democrat object to arming the negroes after that.

[The speaker from this point presented the history of the Republican policy of reconstruction, and touched lightly on the subject of the national debt. He glanced at the finances, reviewing in the most scathing manner the history and character of Seymour, paid a most eloquent tribute to the character and public services of General Grant, and closed with the following words:]

The hero of the Rebellion, who accomplished at Shiloh what Napoleon endeavored at Waterloo; who captured Vicksburg by a series of victories unsurpassed, taking the keystone from the rebel arch; who achieved at Missionary Ridge a success as grand as it was unexpected to the country; who, having been summoned from the death-bed of rebellion in the West, marched like an athlete from the Potomac to the James, the grandest march in the history of the world. This was all done without the least flourish upon his part. No talk about destiny—without faith in a star—with the simple remark that he would "fight it out on that line," without a boast, modest to bashfulness, yet brave to audacity, simple as duty, firm as war, direct as truth—this hero, with so much common sense that he is the most uncommon man of his time, will be, in spite of Executive snares and Cabinet entanglements, of competent false witnesses of the Democratic party, the next President of the United States. He will be trusted with the Government his genius saved.

SPEECH NOMINATING BLAINE.

June 75, 1876.

MASSACHUSETTS may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Bristow; so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention can not carry the State of Massachusetts, I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that State. If the nominee of this convention cannot carry the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts by seventy-five thousand majority, I would advise them to sell out Faneuil Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman; they demand a reformer after as well as before the election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs—with the wants of the people; with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future. They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this Government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties and prerogatives of each and every department of this Government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money, and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come, they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire, greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil.

This money has to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen, at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders, and protect its protectors, is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a Confederate congress. The man who has, in full, heaped and rounded measure, all these splendid qualifications, is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past, and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience and brain beneath her flag—such a man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat.

This is a grand year—a year filled with recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of liberty—a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for the man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander—for the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of rebellion; for the man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who is still a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now, is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred, because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the convention, in the name of the great Republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle, and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next President of this country, that prince of parliamentarians—that leader of leaders—James G. Blaine.

Centennial Oration

July 4, 1876.

THE Declaration of Independence is the grandest, the bravest, and the profoundest political document that was ever signed by the representatives of a people. It is the embodiment of physical and moral courage and of political wisdom.

I say of physical courage, because it was a declaration of war against the most powerful nation then on the globe; a declaration of war by thirteen weak, unorganized colonies; a declaration of war by a few people, without military stores, without wealth, without strength, against the most powerful kingdom on the earth; a declaration of war made when the British navy, at that day the mistress of every sea, was hovering along the coast of America, looking after defenceless towns and villages to ravage and destroy. It was made when thousands of English soldiers were upon our soil, and when the principal cities of America were in the substantial possession of the enemy. And so, I say, all things considered, it was the bravest political document ever signed by man. And if it was physically brave, the moral courage of the document is almost infinitely beyond the physical. They had the courage not only, but they had the almost infinite wisdom, to declare that all men are created equal.

Such things had occasionally been said by some political enthusiast in the olden time, but, for the first time in the history of the world, the representatives of a nation, the representatives of a real, living, breathing, hoping people, declared that all men are created equal. With one blow, with one stroke of the pen, they struck down all the cruel, heartless barriers that aristocracy, that priestcraft, that kingcraft had raised between man and man. They struck down with one immortal blow that infamous spirit of caste that makes a god almost a beast, and a beast almost a god. With one word, with one blow, they wiped away and utterly destroyed, all that had been done by centuries of war—centuries of hypocrisy—centuries of injustice.

One hundred years ago our fathers retired the gods from politics.

What more did they do? They then declared that each man has a right to live. And what does that mean? It means that he has the right to make his living. It means that he has the right to breathe the air, to work the land, that he stands the equal of every other human being beneath the shining stars; entitled to the product of his labor—the labor of his hand and of his brain.

What more? That every man has the right to pursue his own happiness in his own way. Grander words than these have never been spoken by man.

And what more did these men say? They laid down the doctrine that governments were instituted among men for the purpose of preserving the rights of the people. The old idea was that people existed solely for the benefit of the state—that is to say, for kings and nobles.

The old idea was that the people were the wards of king and priest—that their bodies belonged to one and their souls to the other.

And what more? That the people are the source of political power. That was not only a revelation, but it was a revolution. It changed the ideas of people with regard to the source of political power. For the first time it made human beings men. What was the old idea? The old idea was that no political power came from, or in any manner belonged to, the people. The old idea was that the political power came from the clouds; that the political power came in some miraculous way from heaven; that it came down to kings, and queens, and robbers. That was the old idea. The nobles lived upon the labor of the people; the people had no rights; the nobles stole what they had and divided with the kings, and the kings pretended to divide what they stole with God Almighty. The source, then, of political power was from above. The people were responsible to the nobles, the nobles to the king, and the people had no political rights whatever, no more than the wild beasts of the forest. The kings were responsible to God; not to the people. The kings were responsible to the clouds; not to the toiling millions they robbed and plundered.

And our forefathers, in this Declaration of Independence, reversed this thing, and said: No; the people, they are the source of political power, and their rulers, these presidents, these kings are but the agents and servants of the great sublime people. For the first time, really, in the history of the world, the king was made to get off the throne and the people were royally seated thereon. The people became the sovereigns, and the old sovereigns became the servants and the agents of the people. It is hard for you and me now to even imagine the immense results of that change. It is hard for you and for me, at this day, to understand how thoroughly it had been ingrained in the brain of almost every man, that the king had some wonderful right over him; that in some strange way the king owned him; that in some miraculous manner he belonged, body and soul, to somebody who rode on a horse—to somebody with epaulettes on his shoulders and a tinsel crown upon his brainless head.

Our forefathers had been educated in that idea, and when they first landed on American shores they believed it. They thought they belonged to somebody, and that they must be loyal to some thief who could trace his pedigree back to antiquity's most successful robber.

It took a long time for them to get that idea out of their heads and hearts. They were three thousand miles away from the despotisms of the old world, and every wave of the sea was an assistant to them. The distance helped to disenchant their minds of that infamous belief, and every mile between them and the pomp and glory of monarchy helped to put republican ideas and thoughts into their minds. Besides that, when they came to this country, when the savage was in the forest and three thousand miles of waves on the other side, menaced by barbarians on the one hand and famine on the other, they learned that a man who had courage, a man who had thought, was as good as any other man in the world, and they built up, as it were, in spite of themselves, little republics. And the man that had the most nerve and heart was the best man, whether he had any noble blood in his veins or not.

It has been a favorite idea with me that our forefathers were educated by Nature, that they grew grand as the continent upon which they landed; that the great rivers—the wide plains—the splendid lakes—the lonely forests—the sublime mountains—that all these things stole into and became a part of their being, and they grew great as the

country in which they lived. They began to hate the narrow, contracted views of Europe. They were educated by their surroundings, and every little colony had to be to a certain extent a republic. The kings of the old world endeavored to parcel out this land to their favorites. But there were too many Indians. There was too much courage required for them to take and keep it, and so men had to come here who were dissatisfied with the old country—who were dissatisfied with England, dissatisfied with France, with Germany, with Ireland and Holland. The kings' favorites stayed at home. Men came here for liberty, and on account of certain principles they entertained and held dearer than life. And they were willing to work, willing to fell the forests, to fight the savages, willing to go through all the hardships, perils and dangers of a new country, of a new land; and the consequence was that our country was settled by brave and adventurous spirits, by men who had opinions of their own and were willing to live in the wild forests for the sake of expressing those opinions, even if they expressed them only to trees, rocks, and savage men. The best blood of the old world came to the new.

When they first came over they did not have a great deal of political philosophy, nor the best ideas of liberty. We might as well tell the truth. When the Puritans first came, they were narrow. They did not understand what liberty meant—what religious liberty, what political liberty, was; but they found out in a few years. There was one feeling among them that rises to their eternal honor like a white shaft to the clouds—they were in favor of universal education. Wherever they went they built schoolhouses, introduced books and ideas of literature. They believed that every man should know how to read and how to write, and should find out all that his capacity allowed him to comprehend. That is the glory of the Puritan fathers.

They forgot in a little while what they had suffered, and they forgot to apply the principle of universal liberty—of toleration. Some of the colonies did not forget it, and I want to give credit where credit should be given. The Catholics of Maryland were the first people on the new continent to declare universal religious toleration. Let this be remembered to their eternal honor. Let it be remembered to the disgrace of the Protestant government of England, that it caused this grand law to be repealed. And to the honor and credit of the Catholics of Maryland let it be remembered that the moment they got back into power they re-enacted the old law. The Baptists of Rhode Island also, led by Roger Williams, were in favor of universal religious liberty.

No American should fail to honor Roger Williams. He was the first grand advocate of the liberty of the soul. He was in favor of the eternal divorce of church and state. So far as I know, he was the only man at that time in this country who was in favor of real religious liberty. While the Catholics of Maryland declared in favor of religious *toleration*, they had no idea of religious liberty. They would not allow anyone to call in question the doctrine of the Trinity, or the inspiration of the Scriptures. They stood ready with branding-iron and gallows to burn and choke out of man the idea that he had a right to think and to express his thoughts.

So many religions met in our country—so many theories and dogmas came in contact—so many follies, mistakes, and stupidities became acquainted with each

other, that religion began to fall somewhat into disrepute. Besides this, the question of a new nation began to take precedence of all others.

The people were too much interested in this world to quarrel about the next. The preacher was lost in the patriot. The Bible was read to find passages against kings.

Everybody was discussing the rights of man. Farmers and mechanics suddenly became statesmen, and in every shop and cabin nearly every question was asked and answered.

During these years of political excitement the interest in religion abated to that degree that a common purpose animated men of all sects and creeds.

At last our fathers became tired of being colonists—tired of writing and reading and signing petitions, and presenting them on their bended knees to an idiot king. They began to have an aspiration to form a new nation, to be citizens of a new republic instead of subjects of an old monarchy. They had the idea—the Puritans, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Quakers, and a few Freethinkers, all had the idea—that they would like to form a new nation.

Now, do not understand that all of our fathers were in favor of independence. Do not understand that they were all like Jefferson; that they were all like Adams or Lee; that they were all like Thomas Paine or John Hancock. There were thousands and thousands of them who were opposed to American independence. There were thousands and thousands who said: “When you say men are created equal, it is a lie; when you say the political power resides in the great body of the people, it is false.” Thousands and thousands of them said: “We prefer Great Britain.” But the men who were in favor of independence, the men who knew that a new nation must be born, went on full of hope and courage, and nothing could daunt or stop or stay the heroic, fearless few.

They met in Philadelphia; and the resolution was moved by Lee of Virginia, that the colonies ought to be independent states, and ought to dissolve their political connection with Great Britain.

They made up their minds that a new nation must be formed. All nations had been, so to speak, the wards of some church. The religious idea as to the source of power had been at the foundation of all governments, and had been the bane and curse of man.

Happily for us, there was no church strong enough to dictate to the rest. Fortunately for us, the colonists not only, but the colonies differed widely in their religious views. There were the Puritans who hated the Episcopalians, and Episcopalians who hated the Catholics, and the Catholics who hated both, while the Quakers held them all in contempt. There they were, of every sort, and color and kind, and how was it that they came together? They had a common aspiration. They wanted to form a new nation. More than that, most of them cordially hated Great Britain; and they pledged each other to forget these religious prejudices, for a time at least, and agreed that there should be only one religion until they got through, and that was the religion of patriotism. They solemnly agreed that the new nation should not belong to any particular church, but that it should secure the rights of all.

Our fathers founded the first secular government that was ever founded in this world. Recollect that. The first secular government; the first government that said every church has exactly the same rights and no more; every religion has the same rights, and no more. In other words, our fathers were the first men who had the sense, had the genius, to know that no church should be allowed to have a sword; that it should be allowed only to exert its moral influence.

You might as well have a government united by force with Art, or with Poetry, or with Oratory, as with Religion. Religion should have the influence upon mankind that its goodness, that its morality, its justice, its charity, its reason, and its argument give it, and no more. Religion should have the effect upon mankind that it necessarily has, and no more. The religion that has to be supported by law is without value, not only, but a fraud and curse. The religious argument that has to be supported by a musket, is hardly worth making. A prayer that must have a cannon behind it, better never be uttered. Forgiveness ought not to go in partnership with shot and shell. Love need not carry knives and revolvers.

So our fathers said: “We will form a secular government, and under the flag with which we are going to enrich the air, we will allow every man to worship God as he thinks best.” They said: “Religion is an individual thing between each man and his creator, and he can worship as he pleases and as he desires.” And why did they do this? The history of the world warned them that the liberty of man was not safe in the clutch and grasp of any church. They had read of and seen the thumbscrews, the racks, and the dungeons of the Inquisition. They knew all about the hypocrisy of the olden time. They knew that the church had stood side by side with the throne; that the high priests were hypocrites, and that the kings were robbers. They also knew that if they gave power to any church, it would corrupt the best church in the world. And so they said that power must not reside in a church, or in a sect, but power must be wherever humanity is—in the great body of the people. And the officers and servants of the people must be responsible to them. And so I say again, as I said in the commencement, this is the wisest, the pro-foundest, the bravest political document that ever was written and signed by man.

They turned, as I tell you, everything squarely about. They derived all their authority from the people. They did away forever with the theological idea of government.

And what more did they say? They said that whenever the rulers abused this authority, this power, incapable of destruction, returned to the people. How did they come to say this? I will tell you. They were pushed into it. How? They felt that they were oppressed; and whenever a man feels that he is the subject of injustice, his perception of right and wrong is wonderfully quickened.

Nobody was ever in prison wrongfully who did not believe in the writ of *habeas corpus*. Nobody ever suffered wrongfully without instantly having ideas of justice.

And they began to inquire what rights the king of Great Britain had. They began to search for the charter of his authority. They began to investigate and dig down to the bed-rock upon which society must be founded, and when they got down there, forced there, too, by their oppressors, forced against their own prejudices and education,

they found at' the bottom of things, not lords, not nobles, not pulpits, not thrones, but humanity and the rights of men.

And so they said, We are men; we are men. They found out they were men. And the next thing they said, was, "We will be free men; we are weary of being colonists; we are tired of being subjects; we are men; and these colonies ought to be states; and these states ought to be a nation; and that nation ought to drive the last British soldier into the sea." And so they signed that brave Declaration of Independence.

I thank every one of them from the bottom of my heart for signing that sublime declaration. I thank them for their courage—for their patriotism—for their wisdom—for the splendid confidence in themselves and in the human race. I thank them for what they were, and for what we are—for what they did, and for what we have received—for what they suffered, and for what we enjoy.

What would we have been if we had remained colonists and subjects? What would we have been to-day? Nobodies—ready to get down on our knees and crawl in the very dust at the sight of somebody that was supposed to have in him some drop of blood that flowed in the veins of that mailed marauder—that royal robber, William the Conqueror.

They signed that Declaration of Independence, although they knew that it would produce a long, terrible, and bloody war. They looked forward and saw poverty, deprivation, gloom, and death. But they also saw, on the wrecked clouds of war, the beautiful bow of freedom.

These grand men were enthusiasts; and the world has been raised only by enthusiasts. In every country there have been a few who have given a national aspiration to the people. The enthusiasts of 1776 were the builders and framers of this great and splendid Government; and they were the men who saw, although others did not, the golden fringe of the mantle of glory that will finally cover this world. They knew, they felt, they believed that they would give a new constellation to the political heavens—that they would make the Americans a grand people—grand as the continent upon which they lived.

The war commenced. There was little money, and less credit. The new nation had but few friends. To a great extent each soldier of freedom had to clothe and feed himself. He was poor and pure, brave and good, and so he went to the fields of death to fight for the rights of man.

What did the soldier leave when he went?

He left his wife and children.

Did he leave them in a beautiful home, surrounded by civilization, in the repose of law, in the security of a great and powerful republic?

No. He left his wife and children on the edge, on the fringe of the boundless forest, in which crouched and crept the red savage, who was at that time the ally of the still more savage Briton. He left his wife to defend herself, and he left the prattling babes to be defended by their mother and by nature. The mother made the living; she planted the corn and the potatoes, and hoed them in the sun, raised the children,

and, in the darkness of night, told them about their brave father and the “sacred cause.” She told them that in a little while the war would be over and father would come back covered with honor and glory.

Think of the women, of the sweet children who listened for the footsteps of the dead—who waited through the sad and desolate years for the dear ones who never came.

The soldiers of 1776 did not march away with music and banners. They went in silence, looked at and gazed after by eyes filled with tears. They went to meet, not an equal, but a superior—to fight five times their number—to make a desperate stand to stop the advance of the enemy, and then, when their ammunition gave out, seek the protection of rocks, of rivers, and of hills.

Let me say here: The greatest test of courage on the earth is to bear defeat without losing heart. That army is the bravest that can be whipped the greatest number of times and fight again.

Over the entire territory, so to speak, then settled by our forefathers, they were driven again and again. Now and then they would meet the English with something like equal numbers, and then the eagle of victory would proudly perch upon the stripes and stars. And so they went on as best they could, hoping and fighting until they came to the dark and somber gloom of Valley Forge.

There were very few hearts then beneath that flag that did not begin to think that the struggle was useless; that all the blood and treasure had been shed and spent in vain. But there were some men gifted with that wonderful prophecy that fulfills itself, and with that wonderful magnetic power that makes heroes of everybody they come in contact with.

And so our fathers went through the gloom of that terrible time, and still fought on. Brave men wrote grand words, cheering the despondent; brave men did brave deeds, the rich man gave his wealth, the poor man gave his life, until at last, by the victory of Yorktown, the old banner won its place in the air, and became glorious forever.

Seven long years of war—fighting for what? For the principle that all men are created equal—a truth that nobody ever disputed except a scoundrel; nobody, nobody in the entire history of this world. No man ever denied that truth who was not a rascal, and at heart a thief; never, never, and never will. What else were they fighting for? Simply that in America every man should have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Nobody ever denied that except a villain; never, never. It has been denied by kings—they were thieves. It has been denied by statesmen—they were liars. It has been denied by priests, by clergymen, by cardinals, by bishops, and by popes—they were hypocrites.

What else were they fighting for? For the idea that all political power is vested in the great body of the people. The great body of the people make all the money; do all the work. They plow the land, cut down the forests; they produce everything that is produced. Then who shall say what shall be done with what is produced except the producer?

Is it the non-producing thief, sitting on a throne, surrounded by vermin?

Those were the things they were fighting for; and that is all they were fighting for. They fought to build up a new, a great nation; to establish an asylum for the oppressed of the world everywhere. They knew the history of this world. They knew the history of human slavery.

The history of civilization is the history of the slow and painful enfranchisement of the human race. In the olden times the family was a monarchy, the father being the monarch. The mother and children were the veriest slaves. The will of the father was the supreme law. He had the power of life and death. It took thousands of years to civilize this father, thousands of years to make the condition of wife and mother and child even tolerable. A few families constituted a tribe; the tribe had a chief; the chief was a tyrant; a few tribes formed a nation; the nation was governed by a king, who was also a tyrant. A strong nation robbed, plundered, and took captive the weaker ones. This was the commencement of human slavery.

It is not possible for the human imagination to conceive of the horrors of slavery. It has left no possible crime uncommitted, no possible cruelty unperpetrated. It has been practiced and defended by all nations in some form. It has been upheld by all religions. It has been defended by nearly every pulpit. From the profits derived from the slave trade churches have been built, cathedrals reared and priests paid. Slavery has been blessed by bishop, by cardinal, and by pope. It has received the sanction of statesmen, of kings, and of queens. It has been defended by the throne, the pulpit and the bench. Monarchs have shared in the profits. Clergymen have taken their part of the spoils, reciting passages of Scripture in its defence at the same time, and judges have taken their portion in the name of equity and law.

Only a few years ago our ancestors were slaves. Only a few years ago they passed with and belonged to the soil, like the coal under it and rocks on it.

Only a few years ago they were treated like beasts of burden, worse far than we treat our animals at the present day. Only a few years ago it was a crime in England for a man to have a Bible in his house, a crime for which men were hanged, and their bodies afterward burned. Only a few years ago fathers could and did sell their children. Only a few years ago our ancestors were not allowed to speak or write their thoughts—that being a crime. Only a few years ago to be honest, at least in the expression of your ideas, was a felony. To do right was a capital offence; and in those days chains and whips were the incentives to labor, and the preventives of thought. Honesty was a vagrant, justice a fugitive, and liberty in chains. Only a few years ago men were denounced because they doubted the inspiration of the Bible—because they denied miracles, and laughed at the wonders recounted by the ancient Jews.

Only a few years ago a man had to believe in the total depravity of the human heart in order to be respectable. Only a few years ago, people who thought God too good to punish in eternal flames an unbaptized child were considered infamous.

As soon as our ancestors began to get free they began to enslave others. With an inconsistency that defies explanation, they practiced upon others the same outrages that had been perpetrated upon them. As soon as white slavery began to be

abolished, black slavery commenced. In this infamous traffic nearly every nation of Europe embarked. Fortunes were quickly realized; the avarice and cupidity of Europe were excited; all ideas of justice were discarded; pity fled from the human breast; a few good, brave men recited the horrors of the trade; avarice was deaf; religion refused to hear; the trade went on; the governments of Europe upheld it in the name of commerce—in the name of civilization and religion.

Our fathers knew the history of caste. They knew that in the despotisms of the Old World it was a disgrace to be useful. They knew that a mechanic was esteemed as hardly the equal of a hound, and far below a blooded horse. They knew that a nobleman held a son of labor in contempt—that he had no rights the royal loafers were bound to respect.

The world has changed.

The other day there came shoemakers, potters, workers in wood and iron, from Europe, and they were received in the city of New York as though they had been princes. They had been sent by the great republic of France to examine into the arts and manufactures of the great republic of America. They looked a thousand times better to me than the Edward Alberts and Albert Edwards—the royal vermin, that live on the body politic. And I would think much more of our Government if it would fete and feast them, instead of wining and dining the imbeciles of a royal line.

Our fathers devoted their lives and fortunes to the grand work of founding a government for the protection of the rights of man. The theological idea as to the source of political power had poisoned the web and woof of every government in the world, and our fathers banished it from this continent forever.

What we want to-day is what our fathers wrote down. They did not attain to their ideal; we approach it nearer, but have not reached it yet. We want, not only the independence of a State, not only the independence of a nation, but something far more glorious—the absolute independence of the individual. That is what we want. I want it so that I, one of the children of Nature, can stand on an equality with the rest; that I can say this is my air, my sunshine, my earth, and I have a right to live, and hope, and aspire, and labor, and enjoy the fruit of that labor, as much as any individual or any nation on the face of the globe.

We want every American to make to-day, on this hundredth anniversary, a declaration of individual independence. Let each man enjoy his liberty to the utmost—enjoy all he can; but be sure it is not at the expense of another. The French Convention gave the best definition of liberty I have ever read: “The liberty of one citizen ceases only where the liberty of another citizen commences.” I know of no better definition. I ask you to-day to make a declaration of individual independence. And if you are independent be just. Allow everybody else to make his declaration of individual independence. Allow your wife, allow your husband, allow your children to make theirs. Let everybody be absolutely free and independent, knowing only the sacred obligations of honesty and affection. Let us be independent of party, independent of everybody and everything except our own consciences and our own brains. Do not belong to any clique. Have the clear title-deeds in fee simple to yourselves, without any mortgage on the premises to anybody in the world.

It is a grand thing to be the owner of yourself. It is a grand thing to protect the rights of others. It is a sublime thing to be free and just.

Only a few days ago I stood in Independence Hall—in that little room where was signed the immortal paper. A little room, like any other; and it did not seem possible that from that room went forth ideas, like cherubim and seraphim, spreading their wings over a continent, and touching, as with holy fire, the hearts of men.

In a few moments I was in the park, where are gathered the accomplishments of a century. Our fathers never dreamed of the things I saw. There were hundreds of locomotives, with their nerves of steel and breath of flame—every kind of machine, with whirling wheels and curious cogs and cranks, and the myriad thoughts of men that have been wrought in iron, brass and steel. And going out from one little building were wires in the air, stretching to every civilized nation, and they could send a shining messenger in a moment to any part of the world, and it would go sweeping under the waves of the sea with thoughts and words within its glowing heart. I saw all that had been achieved by this nation, and I wished that the signers of the Declaration—the soldiers of the Revolution—could see what a century of freedom has produced. I wished they could see the fields we cultivate—the rivers we navigate—the railroads running over the Alleghanies, far into what was then the unknown forest—on over the broad prairies—on over the vast plains—away over the mountains of the West, to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. All this is the result of a hundred years of freedom.

Are you not more than glad that in 1776 was announced the sublime principle that political power resides with the people? That our fathers then made up their minds nevermore to be colonists and subjects, but that they would be free and independent citizens of America?

I will not name any of the grand men who fought for liberty. All should be named, or none. I feel that the unknown soldier who was shot down without even his name being remembered—who was included only in a report of “a hundred killed,” or “a hundred missing,” nobody knowing even the number that attached to his august corpse—is entitled to as deep and heartfelt thanks as the titled leader who fell at the head of the host.

Standing here amid the sacred memories of the first, on the golden threshold of the second, I ask, Will the second century be as grand as the first? I believe it will, because we are growing more and more humane. I believe there is more human kindness, more real, sweet human sympathy, a greater desire to help one another, in the United States, than in all the world besides.

We must progress. We are just at the commencement of invention. The steam engine—the telegraph—these are but the toys with which science has been amused. Wait; there will be grander things, there will be wider and higher culture—a grander standard of character, of literature and art.

We have now half as many millions of people as we have years, and many of us will live until a hundred millions stand beneath the flag. We are getting more real solid sense. The schoolhouse is the finest building in the village. We are writing and

reading more books; we are painting and buying more pictures; we are struggling more and more to get at the philosophy of life, of things—trying more and more to answer the questions of the eternal Sphinx. We are looking in every direction—investigating; in short, we are thinking and working. Besides all this, I believe the people are nearer honest than ever before. A few years ago we were willing to live upon the labor of four million slaves. Was that honest? At last, we have a national conscience. At last, we have carried out the Declaration of Independence. Our fathers wrote it—we have accomplished it. The black man was a slave—we made him a citizen. We found four million human beings in manacles, and now the hands of a race are held up in the free air without a chain.

I have had the supreme pleasure of seeing a man—once a slave—sitting in the seat of his former master in the Congress of the United States. I have had that pleasure, and when I saw it my eyes were filled with tears. I felt that we had carried, out the Declaration of Independence—that we had given reality to it, and breathed the breath of life into its every word. I felt that our flag would float over and protect the colored man and his little children, standing straight in the sun, just the same as though he were white and worth a million. I would protect him more, because the rich white man could protect himself.

All who stand beneath our banner are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon it: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the three grandest words in all the languages of men.

Liberty: Give to every man the fruit of his own labor—the labor of his hands and of his brain.

Fraternity: Every man in the right is my brother.

Equality: The rights of all are equal: Justice, poised and balanced in eternal calm, will shake from the golden scales in which are weighed the acts of men, the very dust of prejudice and caste: No race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of men.

The Declaration of Independence has at last been carried out in letter and in spirit.

The second century will be grander than the first.

Fifty millions of people are celebrating this day. To-day, the black man looks upon his child and says: The avenues to distinction are open to you—upon your brow may fall the civic wreath—this day belongs to you.

We are celebrating the courage and wisdom of our fathers, and the glad shout of a free people the anthem of a grand nation, commencing at the Atlantic, is following the sun to the Pacific, across a continent of happy homes.

We are a great people. Three millions have increased to fifty—thirteen States to thirty-eight. We have better homes, better clothes, better food and more of it, and more of the conveniences of life, than any other people upon the globe.

The farmers of our country live better than did the kings and princes two hundred years ago—and they have twice as much sense and heart. Liberty and labor have

given us all. I want every person here to believe in the dignity of labor—to know that the respectable man is the useful man—the man who produces or helps others to produce something of value, whether thought of the brain or work of the hand.

I want you to go away with an eternal hatred in your breast of injustice, of aristocracy, of caste, of the idea that one man has more rights than another because he has better clothes, more land, more money, because he owns a railroad, or is famous and in high position. Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part—who loves his friends the best—is most willing to help others—truest to the discharge of obligation—who has the best heart—the most feeling—the deepest sympathies—and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself is the best man. I am willing to swear to this.

What has made this country? I say again, liberty and labor. What would we be without labor? I want every farmer when plowing the rustling corn of June—while mowing in the perfumed fields—to feel that he is adding to the wealth and glory of the United States. I want every mechanic—every man of toil, to know and feel that he is keeping the cars running, the telegraph wires in the air; that he is making the statues and painting the pictures; that he is writing and printing the books; that he is helping to fill the world with honor, with happiness, with love and law.

Our country is founded upon the dignity of labor—upon the equality of man. Ours is the first real Republic in the history of the world. Beneath our flag the people are free. We have retired the gods from politics. We have found that man is the only source of political power, and that the governed should govern. We have disfranchised the aristocrats of the air and have given one country to mankind.

Bangor Speech

HAYES CAMPAIGN 1876.

I HAVE the honor to belong to the Republican party; the grandest, the sublimest party in the history of the world. This grand party is not only in favor of the liberty of the body, but also the liberty of the soul. This sublime party gives to all the labor of their hands and of their brains. This party allows every person to think for himself and to express his thoughts. The Republican party forges no chains for the mind, no fetters for the souls of men. It declares that the intellectual domain shall be forever free. In the free air there is room for every wing. The Republican party endeavors to remove all obstructions on the highway of progress. In this sublime undertaking it asks the assistance of all. Its platform is Continental. Upon it there is room for the Methodist, the Baptist, the Catholic, the Universalist, the Presbyterian, and the Freethinker. There is room for all who are in favor of the preservation of the sacred rights of men.

I am going to give you a few reasons for voting the Republican ticket. The Republican party depends upon reason, upon argument, upon education, upon intelligence and upon patriotism. The Republican party makes no appeal to ignorance and prejudice. It wishes to destroy both.

It is the party of humanity, the party that hates caste, that honors labor, that rewards toil, that believes in justice. It appeals to all that is elevated and noble in man, to the higher instincts, to the nobler aspirations. It has accomplished grand things.

The horizon of the past is filled with the glory of Republican achievement. The monuments of its wisdom, its power and patriotism crowd all the fields of conflict. Upon the Constitution this party wrote equal rights for all; upon every statute book, humanity; upon the flag, liberty. The Republican party of the United States is the conscience of the nineteenth century. It is the justice of this age, the embodiment of social progress and honor. It has no knee for the past. Its face is toward the future. It is the party of advancement, of the dawn, of the sunrise.

The Republican party commenced its grand career by saying that the institution of human slavery had cursed enough American soil; that the territories should not be damned with that most infamous thing; that this country was sacred to freedom; that slavery had gone far enough. Upon that issue the great campaign of 1860 was fought and won. The Republican party was born of wisdom and conscience.

The people of the South claimed that slavery should be protected; that the doors of the territories should be thrown open to them and to their institutions. They not only claimed this, but they also insisted that the Constitution of the United States protected slave property, the same as other property everywhere. The South was defeated, and then appealed to arms. In a moment all their energies were directed toward the destruction of this Government. They commenced the war—they fired upon the flag that had protected them for nearly a century.

The North was compelled to decide instantly between the destruction of the nation and civil war.

The division between the friends and enemies of the Union at once took place. The Government began to defend itself. To carry on the war money was necessary. The Government borrowed, and finally issued its notes and bonds. The Democratic party in the North sympathized with the Rebellion. Everything was done to hinder, embarrass, obstruct and delay. They endeavored to make a rebel breastwork of the Constitution; to create a fire in the rear. They denounced the Government; resisted the draft; shot United States officers; declared the war a failure and an outrage; rejoiced over our defeats, and wept and cursed at our victories.

To crush the Rebellion in the South and keep in subjection the Democratic party at the North, thousands of millions of money were expended—the nation burdened with a fearful debt, and the best blood of the country poured out upon the fields of battle.

In order to destroy the Rebellion it became necessary to destroy slavery. As a matter of fact, slavery was the Rebellion. As soon as this truth forced itself upon the Government—thrust as it were into the brain of the North upon the point of a rebel bayonet—the Republican party resolved to destroy forever the last vestige of that savage and cruel institution; an institution that made white men devils and black men beasts.

The Republican party put down the Rebellion; saved the nation; destroyed slavery; made the slave a citizen; put the ballot in the hands of the black man; forgave the assassins of the Government; restored nearly every rebel to citizenship, and proclaimed peace to, and for each and all.

For sixteen years the country has been in the hands of that great party. For sixteen years that grand party, in spite of rebels in arms—in spite of the Democratic party of the North, has preserved the territorial integrity, and the financial honor of the country. It has endeavored to enforce the laws; it has tried to protect loyal men at the South; it has labored to bring murderers and assassins to justice, and it is working now to preserve the priceless fruits of its great victory.

The present question is, whom shall we trust? To whom shall we give the reins of power? What party will best preserve the rights of the people?

What party is most deserving of our confidence? There is but one way to determine the character of a party, and that is, by ascertaining its history.

Could we have safely trusted the Democratic party in 1860? No. And why not? Because it was a believer in the right of secession—a believer in the sacredness of human slavery. The Democratic party then solemnly declared—speaking through its most honored and trusted leaders—that each State had the right to secede. This made the Constitution a *nudum pactum*, a contract without a consideration, a Democratic promise, a wall of mist, and left every State free to destroy at will the fabric of American Government—the fabric reared by our fathers through years of toil and blood.

Could we have safely trusted that party in 1864, when, in convention assembled, it declared the war a failure, and wished to give up the contest at a moment when universal victory was within the grasp of the Republic? Had the people put that party in power then, there would have been a Southern Confederacy to-day, and upon the limbs of four million people the chains of slavery would still have clanked. Is there one man present who, to-day, regrets that the Vallandigham Democracy of 1864 was spurned and beaten by the American people? Is there one man present who, to-day, regrets the utter defeat of that mixture of slavery, malice and meanness, called the Democratic party, in 1864?

Could we have safely trusted that party in 1868?

At that time the Democracy of the South was trying to humble and frighten the colored people or exterminate them. These inoffensive colored people were shot down without provocation, without mercy. The white Democrats were as relentless as fiends. They killed simply to kill. They murdered these helpless people, thinking that they were in some blind way getting their revenge upon the people of the North. No tongue can exaggerate the cruelties practiced upon the helpless freedmen of the South. These white Democrats had been reared amid and by slavery. Slavery knows no such thing as justice, no such thing as mercy. Slavery does not dream of governing by reason, by argument or persuasion. Slavery depends upon force, upon the bowie-knife, the revolver, the whip, the chain and the bloodhound. The white Democrats of the South had been reared amid slavery; they cared nothing for reason; they knew of but one thing to be used when there was a difference of opinion or a conflict of interest, and that was brute force. It never occurred to them to educate, to inform, and to reason. It was easier to shoot than to reason; it was quicker to stab than to argue; cheaper to kill than to educate. A grave costs less than a schoolhouse; bullets were cheaper than books; and one knife could stab more than forty schools could convert.

They could not bear to see the negro free—to see the former slave trampling on his old chains, holding a ballot in his hand. They could not endure the sight of a negro in office. It was gall and wormwood to think of a slave occupying a seat in Congress; to think of a negro giving his ideas about the political questions of the day. And so these white Democrats made up their minds that by a reign of terrorism they would drive the negro from the polls, drive him from all official positions, and put him back in reality in the old condition. To accomplish this they commenced a system of murder, of assassination, of robbery, theft, and plunder, never before equaled in extent and atrocity. All this was in its height when in 1868 the Democracy asked the control of this Government.

Is there a man here who in his heart regrets that the Democrats failed in 1868? Do you wish that the masked murderers who rode in the darkness of night to the hut of the freedman and shot him down like a wild beast, regardless of the prayers and tears of wife and children, were now holding positions of honor and trust in this Government? Are you sorry that these assassins were defeated in 1868?

In 1872 the Democratic party, bent upon victory, greedy for office, with itching palms and empty pockets, threw away all principle—if Democratic doctrines can be called

principles—and nominated a life-long enemy of their party for President. No one doubted or doubts the loyalty and integrity of Horace Greeley. But all knew that if elected he would belong to the party electing him; that he would have to use Democrats as his agents, and all knew, or at least feared, that the agents would own and use the principal. All believed that in the malicious clutch of the Democratic party Horace Greeley would be not a President, but a prisoner—not a ruler, but a victim. Against that grand man I have nothing to say. I simply congratulate him upon his escape from being used as a false key by the Democratic party.

During all these years the Democratic party prophesied the destruction of the Government, the destruction of the Constitution, and the banishment of liberty from American soil.

In 1864 that party declared that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, there should be a cessation of hostilities. They then declared "that the Constitution had been violated in every part, and that public liberty and private rights had been trodden down."

And yet the Constitution remained and still remains; public liberty still exists, and private rights are still respected.

In 1868, growing more desperate, and being still filled with the spirit of prophecy, this same party in its platform said: "Under the repeated assaults of the Republican party, the pillars of the Government are rocking on their base, and should it succeed in November next, and inaugurate its President, we will meet as a subjected and conquered people, amid the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the Constitution."

The Republican party did succeed in November, 1868, and did inaugurate its President, and we did not meet as a subjected and conquered people amid the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the Constitution. We met as a victorious people, amid the proudest achievements of liberty, protected by a Constitution spotless and stainless—pure as the Alpine snow thrice sifted by the northern blast.

You must not forget the condition of the Government when it came into the hands of the Republican party. Its treasury was empty, its means squandered, its navy dispersed, its army unreliable, the offices filled with rebels and rebel spies; the Democratic party of the North rubbing its hands in a kind of hellish glee and shouting, "I told you so."

When the Republican party came into power in 1861, it found the Southern States in arms; it came into power when human beings were chained hand to hand and driven like cattle to market; when white men were engaged in the ennobling business of raising dogs to pursue and catch men and women; when the bay of the bloodhound was considered as the music of the Union. It came into power when, from thousands of pulpits, slavery was declared to be a divine institution. It took the reins of Government when education was an offence, when mercy, humanity and justice were political crimes.

The Republican party came into power when the Constitution of the United States upheld the crime of crimes, a Constitution that gave the lie direct to the Declaration of Independence, and, as I said before, when the Southern States were in arms.

To the fulfillment of its great destiny it gave all its energies. To the almost superhuman task, it gave its every thought and power. For four long and terrible years, with vast armies in the field against it; beset by false friends; in constant peril; betrayed again and again; stabbed by the Democratic party, in the name of the Constitution; reviled and slandered beyond conception; attacked in every conceivable manner—the Republican party never faltered for an instant. Its courage increased with the difficulties to be overcome. Hopeful in defeat, confident in disaster, merciful in victory; sustained by high aims and noble aspirations, it marched forward, through storms of shot and shell—on to the last fortification of treason and rebellion—forward to the shining goal of victory, lasting and universal.

During these savage and glorious years, the Democratic party of the North, as a party, assisted the South. Democrats formed secret societies to burn cities—to release rebel prisoners. They shot down officers who were enforcing the draft; they declared the war unconstitutional; they left nothing undone to injure the credit of the Government; they persuaded soldiers to desert; they went into partnership with rebels for the purpose of spreading contagious diseases through the North. They were the friends and allies of persons who regarded yellow fever and smallpox as weapons of civilized warfare. In spite of all this, the Republicans succeeded.

The Democrats declared slavery to be a divine institution; The Republican party abolished it. The Constitution of the United States was changed from a sword that stabbed the rights of four million people to a shield for every human being beneath our flag.

The Democrats of New York burned orphan asylums and inaugurated a reign of terror in order to co-operate with the raid of John Morgan. Remember, my friends, that all this was done when the fate of our country trembled in the balance of war; that all this was done when the great heart of the North was filled with agony and courage; when the question was, “Shall Liberty or Slavery triumph?”

No words have ever passed the human lips strong enough to curse the Northern allies of the South.

The United States wanted money. It wanted money to buy muskets and cannon and shot and shell, it wanted money to pay soldiers, to buy horses, wagons, ambulances, clothing and food. Like an individual, it had to borrow this money; and, like an honest individual, it must pay this money. Clothed with sovereignty, it had, or at least exercised, the power to make its notes a legal tender. This quality of being a legal tender was the only respect in which these notes differ from those signed by an individual. As a matter of fact, every note issued was a forced loan from the people, a forced loan from the soldiers in the field—in short, a forced loan from every person that took a single dollar. Upon every one of these notes is printed a promise. The belief that this promise will be made good gives every particle of value to each note that it has. Although each note, by law, is a legal tender, yet if the Government declared that it never would redeem these notes, the people would not take them if

revolution could hurl such a Government from power. So that the belief that these notes will finally be paid, added to the fact that in the meantime they are a legal tender, gives them all the value they have. And, although all are substantially satisfied that they will be paid, none know at what time. This uncertainty as to the time, as to when, affects the value of these notes.

They must be paid, unless a promise can be delayed so long as to amount to a fulfillment. They must be paid. The question is, "How?" The answer is, "By the industry and prosperity of the people." They cannot be paid by law. Law made them; labor must pay them; and they must be paid out of the profits of the people. We must pay the debt with eggs, not with goose. In a terrible war we spent thousands of millions; all the bullets thrown; all the powder burned; all the property destroyed, of every sort, kind, and character; all the time of the people engaged—all these things were a dead loss. The debt represents the loss. Paying the debt is simply repairing the loss. When we, as a people, shall have made a net amount, equal to the amount thrown, as it were, away in war, or somewhere near that amount, we will resume specie payment; we will redeem our promises. We promised on paper, we shall pay in gold and silver. We asked the people to hold this paper until we got the money, and they are holding the paper and we are getting the money.

As soon as the slaves were free, the Republican party said, "They must be citizens, not vagrants." The Democratic party opposed this just, this generous measure. The freedmen were made citizens. The Republican party then said, "These citizens must vote; they must have the ballot, to keep what the bullet has won." The Democratic party said "No." The negroes received the ballot. The Republican party then said, "These voters must be educated, so that the ballot shall be the weapon of intelligence, not of ignorance." The Democratic party objected. But schools were founded, and books were put in the hands of the colored people, instead of whips upon their backs. We said to the Southern people, "The colored men are citizens; their rights must be respected; they are voters, they must be allowed to vote; they were and are our friends, and we are their protectors."

All this was accomplished by the Republican party.

It changed the organic law of the land, so that it is now a proper foundation for a free government; it struck the cruel shackles from four million human beings; it put down the most gigantic rebellion in the history of the world; it expunged from the statute books of every State, and of the Nation, all the cruel and savage laws that Slavery had enacted; it took whips from the backs, and chains from the limbs, of men; it dispensed with bloodhounds as the instruments of civilization; it banished to the memory of barbarism the slave-pen, the auction block, and the whipping-post; it purified a Nation; it elevated the human race.

All this was opposed by the Democratic party; opposed with a bitterness, compared to which ordinary malice is sweet. I say the Democratic party, because I consider those who fought against the Government, in the fields of the South, and those who opposed in the North, as Democrats—one and all. The Democratic party has been, during all these years, the enemy of civilization, the hater of liberty, the despiser of justice.

When I say the Democratic party sympathized with the Rebellion, I mean a majority of that party. I know there are in the Democratic party, soldiers who fought for the Union. I do not know why they are there, but I have nothing to say against them. I will never utter a word against any man who bared his breast to a storm of shot and shell, for the preservation of the Republic. When I use the term Democratic party, I do not mean those soldiers.

There are others in the Democratic party who are there just because their fathers were Democrats. They do not mean any particular harm. Others are there because they could not amount to anything in the Republican party. A man only fit for a corporal in the Republican ranks, will make a leader in the Democratic party. By the Democratic party, I mean that party that sided with the South—that believed in secession—that loved slavery—that hated liberty—that denounced Lincoln as a tyrant—that burned orphan asylums—that gloried in our disasters—that denounced every effort to save the nation—they are the gentlemen I mean, and they constitute a large majority of the Democratic party.

The Democrats hate the negro to-day, with a hatred begotten of a well-grounded fear that the colored people are rapidly becoming their superiors in industry, intellect and character.

The colored people have suffered enough. They were and are our friends. They are the friends of this country, and cost what it may they must be protected. The white loyal man must be protected. They have been ostracized, slandered, mobbed, and murdered. Their very blood cries from the ground.

These two things—payment of the debt and protection of loyal citizens, are the things to be done. Which party can be trusted?

Which will be the more apt to pay the debt?

Which will be the more apt to protect the colored and white loyalist at the South?

Who is Samuel J. Tilden?

Samuel J. Tilden is an attorney. He never gave birth to an elevated, noble sentiment in his life. He is a kind of legal spider, watching in a web of technicalities for victims. He is a compound of cunning and heartlessness—of beak and claw and fang. He is one of the few men who can grab a railroad and hide the deep cuts, tunnels and culverts in a single night. He is a corporation wrecker. He is a demurrer filed by the Confederate congress. He waits on the shores of bankruptcy to clutch the drowning by the throat. He was never married. The Democratic party has satisfied the longings of his heart. He has looked upon love as weakness. He has courted men because women cannot vote. He has contented himself by adopting a rag-baby, that really belongs to Mr. Hendricks, and his principal business at present is explaining how he came to adopt this child.

Samuel J. Tilden has been for years without number a New York Democrat.

New York has been, and still is, the worst governed city in the world. Political influence is bought and sold like stocks and bonds. Nearly every contract is larceny in disguise—nearly every appointment is a reward for crime, and every election is a

fraud. Among such men Samuel J. Tilden has lived; with such men he has acted; by such men he has been educated; such men have been his scholars, and such men are his friends. These men resisted the draft, but Samuel J. Tilden remained their friend. They burned orphan asylums, but Tilden's friendship never cooled. They inaugurated riot and murder, but Tilden wavered not. They stole a hundred millions, and when no more was left to steal—when the people could not even pay the interest on the amount stolen—then these Democrats, clapping their hands over their bursting pockets, began shouting for reform. Mr. Tilden has been a reformer for years, especially of railroads. The vital issue with him has been the issue of bogus stock. Although a life-long Democrat, he has been an amalgamationist—of corporations. While amassing millions, he has occasionally turned his attention to national affairs. He left his private affairs (and his reputation depends upon these affairs being kept private) long enough to assist the Democracy to declare the war for the restoration of the Union a failure; long enough to denounce Lincoln as a tyrant and usurper. He was generally too busy to denounce the political murders and assassinations in the South—too busy to say a word in favor of justice and liberty; but he found time to declare the war for the preservation of the country an outrage. He managed to spare time enough to revile the Proclamation of Emancipation—time enough to shed a few tears over the corpse of slavery; time enough to oppose the enfranchisement of the colored man; time enough to raise his voice against the injustice of putting a loyal negro on a political level with a pardoned rebel; time enough to oppose every forward movement of the nation.

No man should ever be elected President of this country who raised his hand to dismember and destroy it. No man should be elected President who sympathized with those who were endeavoring to destroy it. No man should be elected President of this great nation who, when it was in deadly peril, did not endeavor to save it by act and word. No man should be elected President who does not believe that every negro should be free—that the colored people should be allowed to vote. No man should be placed at the head of the nation—in command of the army and navy—who does not believe that the Constitution, with all its amendments, should be sacredly enforced. No man should be elected President of this nation who believes in the Democratic doctrine of "States Rights;" who believes that this Government is only a federation of States. No man should be elected President of our great country who aided and abetted her enemies in war—who advised or countenanced resistance to a draft in time of war, who by slander impaired her credit, sneered at her heroes, and laughed at her martyrs. Samuel J. Tilden is the possessor of nearly every disqualification mentioned.

Mr. Tilden is the author of an essay on finance, commonly called a letter of acceptance, in which his ideas upon the great subject are given in the plainest and most direct manner imaginable. All through this letter or essay there runs a vein of honest bluntness really refreshing. As a specimen of bluntness and clearness, take the following extracts:

How shall the Government make these notes at all times as good as specie? It has to provide in reference to the mass which would be kept in use by the wants of business a central reservoir of coin, adequate to the adjustment of the temporary fluctuations

of the international balance, and as a guaranty against transient drains, artificially created by panic or by speculation. It has also to provide for the payment in coin of such fractional currency as may be presented for redemption, and such inconsiderable portion of legal tenders as individuals may from time to time desire to convert for special use, or in order to lay by in coin their little store of money. To make the coin now in the treasury available for the objects of this reserve, to gradually strengthen and enlarge that reserve, and to provide for such other exceptional demands for coin as may arise, does not seem to me a work of difficulty. If wisely planned and discreetly pursued, it ought not to cost any sacrifice to the business of the country. It should tend, on the contrary, to the revival of hope and confidence.

In other words, the way to pay the debt is to get the money, and the way to get the money is to provide a central reservoir of coin to adjust fluctuations. As to the resumption he gives us this:

The proper time for the resumption is the time when wise preparation shall have ripened into perfect ability to accomplish the object with a certainty and ease that will inspire confidence and encourage the reviving of business.

The earliest time in which such a result can be brought about is best. Even when preparations shall have been matured, the exact date would have to be chosen with reference to the then existing state of trade and credit operations in our own country, and the course of foreign commerce and condition of exchanges with other nations. The specific measure and actual date are matters of details, having reference to ever-changing conditions. They belong to the domain of practical, administrative statesmanship. The captain of a steamer, about starting from New York to Liverpool, does not assemble a council over his ocean craft, and fix an angle by which to lash the rudder for the whole voyage. A human intelligence must be at the helm to discern the shifting forces of water and winds. A human mind must be at the helm to feel the elements day by day, and guide to a mastery over them. Such preparations are everything. Without them a legislative command fixing a day—an official promise fixing a day, are shams. They are worse. They are a snare and a delusion to all who trust them. They destroy all confidence among thoughtful men whose judgment will at last sway public opinion. An attempt to act on such a command, or such a promise without preparation, would end in a new suspension. It would be a fresh calamity, prolific of confusion, distrust, and distress.

That is to say, Congress has not sufficient intelligence to fix the date of resumption. They cannot fix the proper time. But a Democratic convention has human intelligence enough to know that the first day of January, 1879, is not the proper date. That convention knew what the state of trade and credit in our country and the course of foreign commerce and the condition of exchanges with other nations would be on the first day of January, 1879. Of course they did, or else they never would have had the impudence to declare that resumption would be impossible at that date.

The next extract is more luminous still:

The Government of the United States, in my opinion, can advance to a resumption of specie payments on its legal tender notes by gradual and safe processes tending to

relieve the present business distress. If charged by the people with the administration of the executive office, I should deem it a duty so to exercise the powers with which it has or may be invested by Congress, as the best and soonest to conduct the country to that beneficent result.

Why did not this great statesman tell us of some “gradual and safe process”? He promises, if elected, to so administer the Government that it will soon reach a beneficent result. How is this to be done? What is his plan? Will he rely on “a human intelligence at the helm,” or on “the central reservoir,” or on some “gradual and safe process”?

I defy any man to read this letter and tell me what Mr. Tilden really proposes to do. There is nothing definite said. He uses such general terms, such vague and misty expressions, such unmeaning platitudes, that the real idea, if he had one, is lost in fog and mist.

Suppose I should, in the most solemn and impressive manner, tell you that the fluctuations caused in the vital stability of shifting financial operations, not to say speculations of the wildest character, cannot be rendered instantly accountable to a true financial theory based upon the great law that the superfluous is not a necessity, except in vague thoughts of persons unacquainted with the exigencies of the hour, and cannot, in the absence of a central reservoir of coin with a human intelligence at the head, hasten by any system of convertible bonds the expectation of public distrust, no matter how wisely planned and discreetly pursued, failure is assured whatever the real result may be.

Must we wage this war for the right forever? Is there no time when the soldiers of progress can rest? Will the bugles of the great army of civilization never sound even a halt? It does seem as though there can be no stop, no rest. It is in the world of mind as in the physical world. Every plant of value has to be cultivated. The land must be plowed, the seeds must be planted and watered. It must be guarded every moment. Its enemies crawl in the earth and fly in the air. The sun scorches it, the rain drowns it, the dew rusts it. He who wins it must fight. But the weeds they grow in spite of all. Nobody plows for them except accident. The winds sow the seeds, chance covers them, and they flourish and multiply. The sun cannot burn them—they laugh at rain and frost—they care not for birds and beasts. In spite of all they grow. It is the same in politics. A true Republican must continue to grow, must work, must think, must advance. The Republican party is the party of progress, of ideas, of work. To make a Republican you must have schools, books, papers. To make a Democrat, take all these away. Republicans are the useful; Democrats the noxious—corn and wheat against the dog fennel and Canada thistles.

Republicans of Maine, do not forget that each of you has two votes in this election—one in Maine and one in Indiana.

Remember that we are relying on you. There is no stronger tie between the prairies of Illinois and the pines of Maine—between the Western States and New England, than James G. Blaine.

We are relying on Maine for from twelve to fifteen thousand on the 12th of September, and Indiana will answer with from fifteen to twenty thousand, and hearing these two votes the Nation in November will declare for Hayes and Wheeler.

Cooper Union Speech, New York

HAYES CAMPAIGN. 1876.

I AM just on my way home from the grand old State of Maine, and there has followed me a telegraphic dispatch which I will read to you. If it were not good, you may swear I would not read it: “Every Congressional district, every county in Maine, Republican by a large majority. The victory is overwhelming, and the majority will exceed 15,000.” That dispatch is signed by that knight-errant of political chivalry, James G. Blaine.

I suppose we are all stockholders in the great corporation known as the United States of America, and as such stockholders we have a right to vote the way we think will best subserve our own interests. Each one has certain stock in this Government, whether he is rich, or whether he is poor, and the poor man has the same interest in the United States of America that the richest man in it has. It is our duty, conscientiously and honestly, to hear the argument upon both sides of the political question, and then go and vote conscientiously for the side that we believe will best preserve our interest in the United States of America. Two great parties are before you now asking your support—the Democratic party and the Republican party. One wishes to be kept in power, the other wishes to have a chance once more at the Treasury of the United States. The Democratic party is probably the hungriest organization that ever wandered over the desert of political disaster in the history of the world. There never was, in all probability, a political stomach so thoroughly empty, or an appetite so outrageously keen as the one possessed by the Democratic party. The Democratic party has been howling like a pack of wolves looking in with hungry and staring eyes at the windows of the National Capitol, and scratching at the doors of the White House. They have been engaged in these elegant pursuits for sixteen long, weary years. Occasionally they have retired to some convenient eminence and lugubriously howled about the Constitution. The Democratic party comes and asks for your vote, not on account of anything it has done, not on account of anything it has accomplished, but on account of what it promises to do; the Democratic party can make just as good a promise as any other party in the world, and it will come farther from fulfilling it than any other party on this globe. The Republican party having held this Government for sixteen years, proposes to hold it for four years more. The Republican party comes to you with its record open, and asks every man, woman and child in this broad country to read its every word. And I say to you, that there is not a line, a paragraph, or a page of that record that is not only an honor to the Republican party, but to the human race. On every page of that record is written some great and glorious action, done either for the liberty of man, or the preservation of our common country. We ask every body to read its every word. The Democratic party comes before you with its record closed, recording every blot and blur, and stain and treason, and slander and malignity, and asks you not to read a single word, but to be kind enough to take its infamous promises for the future.

Now, my friends, I propose to tell you, to-night, something that has been done by the Democratic party, and then allow you to judge for yourselves. Now, if a man came to you, you owning a steamboat on the Hudson River, and he wished to hire out to you as an engineer, and you inquired about him, and found he had blown up and destroyed and wrecked every steamboat he had ever been engineer on, and you should tell him: “I can’t hire you; you blew up such an engine, you wrecked such a ship,” he would say to you, “My Lord! Mister, you must let bygones be bygones.” If a man came to your bank, or came to a solitary individual here to borrow a hundred dollars, and you went and inquired about him and found he never paid a note in his life, found he was a dead-beat, and you say to him, “I cannot loan you money.” “Why?” “Because, I have ascertained you never pay your debts.” “Ah, yes,” he says, “you are no gentleman going prying into a man’s record,” I tell you, my good friends, a good character rests upon a record, and not upon a prospectus, a good record rests upon a deed accomplished, and not upon a promise, a good character rests upon something really done, and not upon a good resolution, and you cannot make a good character in a day. If you could, Tilden would have one to-morrow night.

I propose now to tell you, my friends, a little of the history of the Republican party, also a little of the history of the Democratic party.

And first, the Republican party. The United States of America is a free country, it is the only free country upon this earth; it is the only republic that was ever established among men. We have read, we have heard, of the republics of Greece, of Egypt, of Venice; we have heard of the free cities of Europe. There never was a republic of Venice; there never was a republic of Rome; there never was a republic of Athens; there never was a free city in Europe; there never was a government not cursed with caste; there never was a government not cursed with slavery; there never was a country not cursed with almost every infamy, until the Republican party of the United States made this a free country. It is the first party in the world that contended that the respectable man was the useful man; it is the first party in the world that said, without regard to previous conditions, without regard to race, every human being is entitled to life, to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and it is the only party in the world that has endeavored to carry those sublime principles into actual effect. Every other party has been allied to some piece of rascality; every other party has been patched up with some thieving, larcenous, leprous compromise. The Republican party keeps its forehead in the grand dawn of perpetual advancement; the Republican party is the party of reason; it is the party of argument; it is the party of education; it believes in free schools, it believes in scientific schools; it believes that the schools are for the public and all the public; it believes that science never should be interfered with by any sectarian influence whatever.

The Republican party is in favor of science; the Republican party, as I said before, is the party of reason; it argues; it does not mob; it reasons; it does not murder; it persuades you, not with the shot gun, not with tar and feathers, but with good sound reason, and argument.

In order for you to ascertain what the Republican party has done for us, let us refresh ourselves a little; we all know it, but it is well enough to hear it now and then. Let us

then refresh our recollection a little, in order to understand what the grand and great Republican party has accomplished in the land.

We will consider, in the first place, the condition of the country when the Republican party was born. When this Republican party was born there was upon the statute books of the United States of America a law known as the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, by which every man in the State of New York was made by law a bloodhound, and could be set and hissed upon a negro, who was simply attempting to obtain his birthright of freedom, just as you would set a dog upon a wolf. That was the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. Around the neck of every man it put a collar as on a dog, but it had not the decency to put the man's name on the collar. I said in the State of Maine, and several other States, and expect to say it again although I hurt the religious sentiment of the Democratic party, and shocked the piety of that organization by saying it, but I did say then, and now say, that the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850 would have disgraced hell in its palmiest days.

I tell you, my friends, you do not know how easy it is to shock the religious sentiments of the Democratic party; there is a deep and pure vein of piety running through that organization; it has been for years spiritually inclined; there is probably no organization in the world that really will stand by any thing of a spiritual character, at least until it is gone, as that Democratic party will. Everywhere I have been I have crushed their religious hopes. You have no idea how sorry I am that I hurt their feelings so upon the subject of religion. Why, I did not suppose that they cared anything about Christianity, but I have been deceived. I now find that they do, and I have done what no other man in the United States ever did—I have made the Democratic party come to the defence of Christianity. I have made the Democratic party use what time they could spare between drinks in quoting Scripture. But notwithstanding the fact that I have shocked the religious sentiment of that party, I do not want them to defend Christianity any more; they will bring it into universal contempt if they do. Yes, yes, they will make the words honesty and reform a stench in the nostrils of honest men. They made the words of the Constitution stand almost for treason, during the entire war, and every decent word that passes the ignorant, leprous, malignant lips of the Democratic party, becomes dishonored from that day forth.

At the same time, in 1850, when the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, in nearly all of the Western States, there was a law by which the virtues of pity and hospitality became indictable offences. There was a law by which the virtue of charity became a crime, and the man who performed a kindness could be indicted, imprisoned, and fined. It was the law of Illinois—of my own State—that if one gave a drop of cold water, or a crust of bread, to a fugitive from slavery, he could be indicted, fined and imprisoned, under the infamous slave law of 1850, under the infamous black laws of the Western States.

At the time the Republican party was born, (and I have told this many times) if a woman ninety-nine one-hundredths white had escaped from slavery, carrying her child on her bosom, having gone through morass and brush and thorns and thickets, had crossed creeks and rivers, and had finally got within one step of freedom, with the light of the North star shining in her tear-filled eyes—with her child upon her

withered breast—it would have been an indictable offence to have given her a drop of water or a crust of bread; not only that, but under the slave law of 1850, it was the duty of every Northern citizen claiming to be a free man, to clutch that woman and hand her back to the dominion of her master and to the Democratic lash. The Democrats are sorry that those laws have been repealed. The Republican party with the mailed hand of war tore from the statute books of the United States, and from the statute books of each State, every one of those infamous, hellish laws, and trampled them beneath her glorious feet.

Such laws are infamous beyond expression; one would suppose they had been passed by a Legislature, the lower house of which were hyenas, the upper house snakes, and the executive a cannibal king. The institution of slavery had polluted, had corrupted the church, not only in the South, but a large proportion of the church in the North; so that ministers stood up in their pulpits here in New York and defended the very infamy that I have mentioned. Not only that, but the Presbyterians, South, in 1863, met in General Synod, and passed two resolutions.

The first resolution read, “Resolved, that slavery is a divine institution” (and as the boy said, “so is hell”).

Second, “Resolved, that God raised up the Presbyterian Church, South, to protect and perpetuate that institution.”

Well, all I have to say is that, if God did this, he never chose a more infamous instrument to carry out a more diabolical object. What more had slavery done? At that time it had corrupted the very courts, so that in nearly every State in this Union if a Democrat had gone to the hut of a poor negro, and had shot down his wife and children before his very eyes, had strangled the little dimpled babe in the cradle, there was no court before which this negro could come to give testimony. He was not allowed to go before a magistrate and indict the murderer; he was not allowed to go before a grand jury and swear an indictment against the wretch. Justice was not only blind, but deaf; and that was the idea of justice in the South, when the Republican party was born. When the Republican party was born the bay of the bloodhound was the music of the Union; when this party was born the dome of our Capitol at Washington cast its shadow upon slave-pens in which crouched and shuddered women from whose breasts their babes had been torn by wretches who are now crying for honesty and reform. When the Republican party was born, a bloodhound was considered as one of the instrumentalities of republicanism. When the Republican party was born, the church had made the cross of Christ a whipping-post. When the Republican party was born, courts of the United States had not the slightest idea of justice, provided a black man was on the other side. When this party came into existence, if a negro had a plot of ground and planted corn in it, and the rain had fallen upon it, and the dew had lain lovingly upon it, and the arrows of light shot from the exhaustless quiver of the sun, had quickened the blade, and the leaves waved in the perfumed air of June, and it finally ripened into the full ear in the golden air of autumn, the courts of the United States did not know to whom the corn belonged, and if a Democrat had driven the negro off and shucked the corn, and that case had been left to the Supreme Court of many of the States in this Union, they would have read all the authorities, they would have heard all the arguments, they

would have heard all the speeches, then pushed their spectacles back on their bald and brainless heads and decided, all things considered, the Democrat was entitled to that corn. We pretended at that time to be a free country; it was a lie. We pretended at that time to do justice in our courts; it was a lie, and above all our pretence and hypocrisy rose the curse of slavery, like Chimborazo above the clouds.

Now, my friends, what is there about this great Republican party? It is the party of intellectual freedom. It is one thing to bind the hands of men; it is one thing to steal the results of physical labor of men, but it is a greater crime to forge fetters for the souls of men. I am a free man; I will do my own thinking or die; I give a mortgage on my soul to nobody; I give a deed of trust on my soul to nobody; no matter whether I think well or I think ill; whatever thought I have shall be my thought, and shall be a free thought, and I am going to give cheerfully, gladly, the same right to thus think to every other human being.

I despise any man who does not own himself. I despise any man who does not possess his own spirit. I would rather die a beggar, covered with rags, with my soul erect, fearless and free, than to live a king in a palace of gold, clothed with the purple of power, with my soul slimy with hypocrisy, crawling in the dust of fear. I will do my own thinking, and when I get it thought, I will say it. These are the splendid things, my friends, about the Republican party; intellectual and physical liberty for all.

Now, my friends, I have told you a little about the Republican party. Now, I will tell you a little more about the Republican party. When that party came into power it elected Abraham Lincoln President of the United States. I live in the State that holds within its tender embrace the sacred ashes of Abraham Lincoln, the best, the purest man that was ever President of the United States. I except none. When he was elected President of the United States, the Democratic party said: “We will not stand it;” the Democratic party South said: “We will not bear it;” and the Democratic party North said: “You ought not to bear it.”

James Buchanan was then President. James Buchanan read the Constitution of the United States, or a part of it, and read several platforms made by the Democratic party, and gave it as his deliberate opinion that a State had a right to go out of the Union. He gave it as his deliberate opinion that this was a Confederacy and not a Nation, and when he said that, there was another little, dried up, old bachelor sitting over in the amen corner of the political meeting and he squeaked out: “That is my opinion too,” and the name of that man was Samuel J. Tilden.

The Democratic party then and now says that the Union is simply a Confederacy; but I want this country to be a Nation. I want to live in a great and splendid country. A great nation makes a great people. Your surroundings have something to do with it. Great plains, magnificent rivers, great ranges of mountains, a country washed by two oceans—all these things make us great and grand as the continent on which we live. The war commenced, and the moment the war commenced the whole country was divided into two parties. No matter what they had been before, whether Democrats, Freesoilers, Republicans, old Whigs, or Abolitionists—the whole country divided into two parties—the friends and enemies of the country—patriots and traitors, and they so continued until the Rebellion was put down. I cheerfully admit that thousands of

Democrats went into the army, and that thousands of Democrats were patriotic men. I cheerfully admit that thousands of them thought more of their country than they did of the Democratic party, and they came with us to fight for the country, and I honor every one of them from the bottom of my heart, and nineteen out of twenty of them have voted the Republican ticket from that day to this. Some of them came back and went to the Democratic party again and are still in that party; I have not a word to say against them, only this: They are swapping off respectability for disgrace. They give to the Democratic party all the respectability it has, and the Democratic party gives to them all the disgrace they have.

Democratic soldier, come out of the Democratic party. There was a man in my State got mad at the railroad and would not ship his hogs on it, so he drove them to Chicago, and it took him so long to get them there that the price had fallen; when he came back, they laughed at him, and said to him, "You didn't make much, did you, driving your hogs to Chicago?" "No," he said, "I didn't make anything except the company of the hogs on the way." Soldier of the Republic, I say, with the Democratic party all you can make is the company of the hogs on the way down. Come out, come out and leave them alone in their putridity—in their rottenness. Leave them alone. Do not try to put a new patch on an old garment. Leave them alone. I tell you the Democratic party must be left alone; it must be left to enjoy the primal curse, "On thy belly shalt thou crawl and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life," O Democratic party.

Now, my friends, I need not tell you how we put down the Rebellion. You all know. I need not describe to you the battles you fought. I need not tell you of the men who sacrificed their lives. I need not tell you of the old men who are still waiting for footsteps that never will return. I need not tell you of the women who are waiting for the return of their loved ones. I need not tell you of all these things. You know we put down the Rebellion; we fought until the old flag triumphed over every inch of American soil redeemed from the clutch of treason.

Now, my friends, what was the Democratic party doing when the Republican party was doing these splendid things? When, the Republican party said this was a nation; when the Republican party said we shall be free; when the Republican party said slavery shall be extirpated from American soil; when the Republican party said the negro shall be a citizen, and the citizen shall have the ballot, and the citizen shall have the right to cast that ballot for the government of his choice peaceably—what was the Democratic party doing?

I will tell you a few things that the Democratic party has done within the last sixteen years. In the first place, they were not willing that this country should be saved unless slavery could be saved with it. There never was a Democrat, North or South—and by Democrat I mean the fellows who stuck to the party all during the war, the ones that stuck to the party after it was a disgrace; the ones that stuck to the party from simple, pure cussedness—there never was one who did not think more of the institution of slavery than he did of the Government of the United States; not one that I ever saw or read of. And so they said to us for all those years: "If you can save the Union with slavery, and without any help from us, we are willing you should do it; but we do not propose that this shall be an abolition war." So the Democratic party

from the first said, “An effort to preserve this Union is unconstitutional,” and they made a breastwork of the Constitution for rebels to get behind and shoot down loyal men, so that the first charge I lay at the feet of the Democratic party, the first charge I make in the indictment, is that they thought more of slavery than of liberty and of this Union, and in my judgment they are in the same condition this moment. The next thing they did was to discourage enlistments in the North. They did all in their power to prevent any man’s going into the army to assist in putting down the Rebellion. And that grand reformer and statesman, Samuel J. Tilden, gave it as his opinion that the South could sue, and that every soldier who put his foot on sacred Southern soil would be a trespasser, and could be sued before a Justice of the Peace. The Democratic party met in their conventions in every State North, and denounced the war as an abolition war, and Abraham Lincoln as a tyrant. What more did they do? They went into partnership with the rebels. They said to the rebels just as plainly as though they had spoken it: “Hold on, hold out, hold hard, fight hard, until we get the political possession of the North, and then you can go in peace.”

What more? A man by the name of Jacob Thompson—a nice man and a good Democrat, who thinks that of all the men to reform the Government Samuel J. Tilden is the best man—Jacob Thompson had the misfortune to be a very vigorous Democrat, and I will show you what I mean by that. A Democrat during the war who had a musket—you understand, a musket—he was a rebel, and during the war a rebel that did not have a musket was a Democrat. I call Mr. Thompson a vigorous Democrat, because he had a musket. Jacob Thompson was the rebel agent in Canada, and when he went there he took between six and seven hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of co-operating with the Northern Democracy. He got himself acquainted with and in connection with the Democratic party in Ohio, in Indiana, and in Illinois. The vigorous Democrats, the real Democrats, in these States had organized themselves under the heads of “Sons of Liberty,” “Knights of the Golden Circle,” “Order of the Star,” and various other beautiful names, and their object was to release rebel prisoners from Camp Chase, Camp Douglass in Chicago, and from one camp in Indianapolis and another camp at Rock Island. Their object was to raise a fire in the rear, as they called it—in other words, to burn down the homes of Union soldiers while they were in the front fighting for the honor of their country. That was their object, and they put themselves in connection with Jacob Thompson. They were to have an uprising on the 16th of August, 1864. It was thought best to hold a few public meetings for the purpose of arousing the public mind. They held the first meeting in the city of Peoria, where I live. That was August 3rd, 1864. Here they came from every part of the State, and were addressed by the principal Democratic politicians in Illinois.

To that meeting Fernando Wood addressed a letter, in which he said that although absent in body he should be present in spirit. George Pendleton of Ohio, George Pugh of the same State, Seymour of Connecticut, and various other Democratic gentlemen, sent acknowledgments and expressions of regret to this Democratic meeting that met at this time for the purpose of organizing an uprising among the Democratic party. I saw that meeting, and heard some of their speeches. They denounced the war as an abolition nigger war. They denounced Abraham Lincoln as a tyrant. They carried transparencies that said, “Is there money enough in the land to

pay this nigger debt? Arouse, brothers, and hurl the tyrant Lincoln from the throne." And the men that promulgated that very thing are running for the most important political offices in the country, on the ground of honesty and reform. And Jacob Thompson says that he furnished the money to pay the expenses of that Democratic meeting. They were all paid by rebel gold, by Jacob Thompson. He has on file the voucher from these Democratic gentlemen in favor of Tilden and Hendricks. The next meetings were held in Springfield, Illinois, and Indianapolis, Indiana, the expenses of which were paid in the same way. They shipped to one town these weapons of our destruction in boxes labeled Sunday school books!

That same rebel agent, Jacob Thompson, hired a Democrat by the name of Churchill to burn the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Thompson coolly remarked: "I don't think he has had much luck, as I have only heard of a *few* fires."

In Indianapolis a man named Dodds was arrested—a sound Democrat—so sound that the Government had to take him by the nape of the neck and put him in Fort Lafayette. The convention of Democrats then met in the city of Chicago, and declared the war a failure. There never was a more infamous lie on this earth than when the Democratic convention declared in 1864 that the war was a failure. It was but a few days afterward that the roar of Grants cannon announced that a lie. Rise from your graves, Union soldiers, one and all, that fell in support of your country—rise from your graves, and lift your skeleton hands on high, and swear that when the Democratic party resolved that the war for the preservation of your country was a failure, that the Democratic party was a vast aggregated liar. Well, we grew magnanimous, and let Dodds out of Fort Lafayette; and where do you suppose Dodds is now? He is in Wisconsin. What do you suppose Dodds is doing? Making speeches. Whom for? Tilden and Hendricks—"Honesty and reform!" This same Jacob Thompson, Democrat, hired men to burn New York, and they did set fire in some twenty places, and they used Greek fire, as he said in his letter, and ingenuously adds: "I shall never hereafter advise the use of Greek fire." They knew that in the smoke and ruins would be found the charred remains of mothers and children, and that the flames leaping like serpents would take the child from the mothers arms, and they were ready to do it to preserve the infamous institution of slavery; and the Democratic party has never objected to it from that day to this. They burned steamboats, and many men with them, and the hounds that did it are skulking in the woods of Missouri. While these things were going on, Democrats in the highest positions said: "Not one cent to prosecute the war."

The next question we have to consider is about paying the debt. This is the first question. The second question is the protection of the citizen, whether he is white or black. We owe a large debt. Two-thirds of that debt was incurred in consequence of the action and the meanness of the Democrats. There are some people who think that you can defer the payment of a promise so long that the postponement of the debt will serve in lieu of its liquidation—that you pay your debts by putting off your creditors.

The people have to support the Government; the Government cannot support the people. The Government has no money but what it received from the people. It had therefore to borrow money to carry on the war. Every greenback that it issued was a

forced loan. My notes are not a legal tender, though if I had the power I might possibly make them so. We borrowed money and we have to pay the debt. That debt represents the expenses of war. The horses and the gunpowder and the rifles and the artillery are represented in that debt—it represents all the munitions of war. Until we pay that debt we can never be a solvent nation. Until our net profits amount to as much as we lost during the war we can never be a solvent people. If a man cannot understand that, there is no use in talking to him on the subject. The alchemists in olden times who fancied that they could make gold out of nothing were not more absurd than the American advocates of soft money. They resemble the early explorers of our continent who lost years in searching for the fountain of eternal youth, but the ear of age never caught the gurgle of that spring. We all have heard of men who spent years of labor in endeavoring to produce perpetual motion. They produced machines of the most ingenious character with cogs and wheels, and pulleys without number, but these ingenious machines had one fault, they would not go. You will never find a way to make money out of nothing. It is as great nonsense as the fountain of perpetual youth. You cannot do it.

Gold is the best material which labor has yet found as a measure of value. That measure of value must be as valuable as the object it measures.

The value of gold arises from the amount of labor expended in producing it. A gold dollar will buy as much labor as produced that dollar.

Now, gentlemen, to pass from the financial part of this, and I will say one word before I do it. The Republican party intends to pay its debts in coin on the 1st of January, 1879. Paper money means probably the payment of the Confederate debt; a metallic currency, the discharge of honest obligations. We have touched hard-pan prices in this country, and we want to do a hard-pan business with hard money.

We now come to the protection of our citizens. A government that cannot protect its citizens, at home and abroad, ought to be swept from the map of the world. The Democrats tell you that they will protect any citizen if he is only away from home, but if he is in Louisiana or any other State in the Union, the Government is powerless to protect him. I say a government has a right to protect every citizen at home as well as abroad, and the Government has the right to take its soldiers across the State line, to take its soldiers into any State, for the purpose of protecting even one man. That is my doctrine with regard to the power of the Government. But here comes a Democrat to-day and tells me, (and it is the old doctrine of secession in disguise), that the State of Louisiana must protect its own citizens, and that if it does not, the General Government has nothing to do unless the Governor of that State asks assistance, no matter whether anarchy prevails or not. That is infamous. The United States has the right to draft you and me into the army and compel us to serve there, if its powers are being usurped. It is the duty of this Government to see to it that every citizen has all his rights in every State in this Union, and to protect him in the enjoyment of those rights, peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must.

Democrats tell us that they treat the colored man very well. I have frequently read stories relating how two white men were passing along the road when suddenly they were set upon by ten or twelve negroes, who sought their lives; but in the fight which

ensued, the ten or twelve negroes were killed, and not a white man hurt. I tell you it is infamous, and the Democratic press of the North laughs at it, and Mr. Samuel J. Tilden does not care. He knows that many of the Southern States are to be carried by assassination and murder, and he knows that if he is elected it will be by assassination and murder. It is infamous beyond the expression of language. Now, I ask you which party will be the most likely to preserve the liberty of the negro—the party who fought for slavery, or the men who gave them freedom? These are the two great questions—the payment of the debt, and the protection of our citizens. My friends, we have to pay the debt, as I told you, but it is of greater importance to make sacred American citizenship.

Now, these two parties have a couple of candidates. The Democratic party has put forward Mr. Samuel J. Tilden. Mr. Tilden is a Democrat who belongs to the Democratic party of the city of New York; the worst party ever organized in any civilized country. I wish you could see it. The pugilists, the prizefighters, the plug-uglies, the fellows that run with the "masheen;" nearly every nose is mashed, about half the ears have been chawed off; and of whatever complexion they are, their eyes are nearly always black. They have fists like tea-kettles and heads like bullets. I wish you could see them. I have been in New York every few weeks for fifteen years; and whenever I am here I see the old banner of Tammany Hall, "Tammany Hall and Reform;" "John Morrissey and Reform;" "John Kelley and Reform;" "William M. Tweed and Reform;" and the other day I saw the same old flag; "Samuel J. Tilden and Reform." The Democratic party of the city of New York never had but two objects—grand and petit larceny. Tammany Hall bears the same relation to the penitentiary that the Sunday school does to the church.

I have heard that the Democratic party got control of the city when it did not owe a dollar, and have stolen and stolen until it owes a hundred and sixty millions, and I understand that every election they have had was a fraud, every one. I understand that they stole everything they could lay their hands on; and what hands! Grasped and grasped and clutched, until they stole all it was possible for the people to pay, and now they are all yelling for "Honesty and Reform."

I understand that Samuel J. Tilden was a pupil in that school, and that now he is the head teacher. I understand that when the war commenced he said he would never aid in the prosecution of that old outrage. I understand that he said in 1860 and in 1861 that the Southern States could snap the tie of confederation as a nation would break a treaty, and that they could repel coercion as a nation would repel invasion. I understand that during the entire war he was opposed to its prosecution, and that he was opposed to the Proclamation of Emancipation, and demanded that the document be taken back. I understand that he regretted to see the chains fall from the limbs of the colored man. I understand that he regretted when the Constitution of the United States was elevated and purified, pure as the driven snow. I understand that he regretted when the stain was wiped from our flag and we stood before the world the only pure Republic that ever existed. This is enough for me to say about him, and since the news from Maine you need not waste your time in talking about him.

[A voice: "How about free schools?"]

I want every schoolhouse to be a temple of science in which shall be taught the laws of nature, in which the children shall be taught actual facts, and I do not want that schoolhouse touched, or that institution of science touched, by any superstition whatever. Leave religion with the church, with the family, and more than all, leave religion with each individual heart and man.

Let every man be his own bishop, let every man be his own pope, let every man do his own thinking, let every man have a brain of his own. Let every man have a heart and conscience of his own.

We are growing better, and truer, and grander. And let me say, Mr. Democrat, we are keeping the country for your children. We are keeping education for your children. We are keeping the old flag floating for your children; and let me say, as a prediction, there is only air enough on this continent to float that one flag.

Indianapolis Speech

HAYES CAMPAIGN. 1876

Delivered to the Veteran Soldiers of the Rebellion.

LADIES and Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens and Citizen Soldiers:—I am opposed to the Democratic party, and I will tell you why. Every State that seceded from the United States was a Democratic State. Every ordinance of secession that was drawn was drawn by a Democrat. Every man that endeavored to tear the old flag from the heaven that it enriches was a Democrat. Every man that tried to destroy this nation was a Democrat. Every enemy this great Republic has had for twenty years has been a Democrat. Every man that shot Union soldiers was a Democrat. Every man that denied to the Union prisoners even the worm-eaten crust of famine, and when some poor, emaciated Union patriot, driven to insanity by famine, saw in an insane dream the face of his mother, and she beckoned him and he followed, hoping to press her lips once again against his fevered face, and when he stepped one step beyond the dead line the wretch that put the bullet through his loving, throbbing heart was and is a Democrat.

Every man that loved slavery better than liberty was a Democrat. The man that assassinated Abraham Lincoln was a Democrat. Every man that sympathized with the assassin—every man glad that the noblest President ever elected was assassinated, was a Democrat. Every man that wanted the privilege of whipping another man to make him work for him for nothing and pay him with lashes on his naked back, was a Democrat. Every man that raised bloodhounds to pursue human beings was a Democrat. Every man that clutched from shrieking, shuddering, crouching mothers, babes from their breasts, and sold them into slavery, was a Democrat. Every man that impaired the credit of the United States, every man that swore we would never pay the bonds, every man that swore we would never redeem the greenbacks, every maligner of his country's credit, every calumniator of his country's honor, was a Democrat. Every man that resisted the draft, every man that hid in the bushes and shot at Union men simply because they were endeavoring to enforce the laws of their country, was a Democrat. Every man that wept over the corpse of slavery was a Democrat. Every man that cursed Abraham Lincoln because he issued the Proclamation of Emancipation—the grandest paper since the Declaration of Independence—every one of them was a Democrat. Every man that denounced the soldiers that bared their breasts to the storms of shot and shell for the honor of America and for the sacred rights of man; was a Democrat. Every man that wanted an uprising in the North, that wanted to release the rebel prisoners that they might burn down the homes of Union soldiers above the heads of their wives and children, while the brave husbands, the heroic fathers, were in the front fighting for the honor of the old flag, every one of them was a Democrat. I am not through yet. Every man that believed this glorious nation of ours is a confederacy, every man that believed the old banner carried by our fathers over the fields of the Revolution; the old flag carried by our fathers over the fields of 1812; the glorious old banner carried by our brothers over the plains of Mexico; the sacred banner carried by our brothers

over the cruel fields of the South, simply stood for a contract, simply stood for an agreement, was a Democrat. Every man who believed that any State could go out of the Union at its pleasure, every man that believed the grand fabric of the American Government could be made to crumble instantly into dust at the touch of treason, was a Democrat. Every man that helped to burn orphan asylums in New York, was a Democrat; every man that tried to fire the city of New York, although he knew that thousands would perish, and knew that the great serpent of flame leaping from buildings would clutch children from their mothers' arms—every wretch that did it was a Democrat. Recollect it! Every man that tried to spread smallpox and yellow fever in the North, as the instrumentalities of civilized war, was a Democrat. Soldiers, every scar you have on your heroic bodies was given you by a Democrat. Every scar, every arm that is lacking, every limb that is gone, is a souvenir of a Democrat. I want you to recollect it. Every man that was the enemy of human liberty in this country was a Democrat. Every man that wanted the fruit of all the heroism of all the ages to turn to ashes upon the lips—every one was a Democrat.

I am a Republican. I will tell you why: This is the only free Government in the world. The Republican party made it so. The Republican party took the chains from four millions of people. The Republican party, with the wand of progress, touched the auction-block and it became a schoolhouse. The Republican party put down the Rebellion, saved the nation, kept the old banner afloat in the air, and declared that slavery of every kind should be extirpated from the face of this continent. What more? I am a Republican because it is the only free party that ever existed. It is a party that has a platform as broad as humanity, a platform as broad as the human race, a party that says you shall have all the fruit of the labor of your hands, a party that says you may think for yourself, a party that says, no chains for the hands, no fetters for the soul.*

I am a Republican because the Republican party says this country is a Nation, and not a confederacy. I am here in Indiana to speak, and I have as good a right to speak here as though I had been born on this stand—not because the State flag of Indiana waves over me—I would not know it if I should see it. You have the same right to speak in Illinois, not because the State flag of Illinois waves over you, but because that banner, rendered sacred by the blood of all the heroes, waves over you and me. I am in favor of this being a Nation. Think of a man gratifying his entire ambition in the State of Rhode Island. We want this to be a Nation, and you cannot have a great, grand, splendid people without a great, grand, splendid country. The great plains, the sublime mountains, the great rushing, roaring rivers, shores lashed by two oceans, and the grand anthem of Niagara, mingle and enter, into the character of every American citizen, and make him or tend to make him a great and grand character. I am for the Republican party because it says the Government has as much right, as much power, to protect its citizens at home as abroad. The Republican party does not say that you have to go away from home to get the protection of the Government. The Democratic party says the Government cannot march its troops into the South to protect the rights of the citizens. It is a lie. The Government claims the right, and it is conceded that the Government has the right, to go to your house, while you are sitting by your fireside with your wife and children about you, and the old lady knitting, and the cat playing with the yarn, and everybody happy and serene—the

Government claims the right to go to your fireside and take you by force and put you into the army; take you down to the valley of the shadow of hell, put you by the ruddy, roaring guns, and make you fight for your flag. Now, that being so, when the war is over and your country is victorious, and you go back to your home, and a lot of Democrats want to trample upon your rights, I want to know if the Government that took you from your fireside and made you fight for it, I want to know if it is not bound to fight for you. The flag that will not protect its protectors is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves. The government that will not defend its defenders is a disgrace to the nations of the world. I am a Republican because the Republican party says, "We will protect the rights of American citizens at home, and if necessary we will march an army into any State to protect the rights of the humblest American citizen in that State." I am a Republican because that party allows me to be free—allows me to do my own thinking in my own way. I am a Republican because it is a party grand enough and splendid enough and sublime enough to invite every human being in favor of liberty and progress to fight shoulder to shoulder for the advancement of mankind. It invites the Methodist, it invites the Catholic, it invites the Presbyterian and every kind of sectarian; it invites the Freethinker; it invites the infidel, provided he is in favor of giving to every other human being every chance and every right that he claims for himself. I am a Republican, I tell you. There is room in the Republican air for every wing; there is room on the Republican sea for every sail. Republicanism says to every man: "Let your soul be like an eagle; fly out in the great dome of thought, and question the stars for yourself." But the Democratic party says; "Be blind owls, sit on the dry limb of a dead tree, and hoot only when that party says hoot."

In the Republican party there are no followers. We are all leaders. There is not a party chain. There is not a party lash. Any man that does not love this country, any man that does not love liberty, any man that is not in favor of human progress, that is not in favor of giving to others all he claims for himself; we do not ask him to vote the Republican ticket. You can vote it if you please, and if there is any Democrat within hearing who expects to die before another election, we are willing that he should vote one Republican ticket, simply as a consolation upon his death-bed. What more? I am a Republican because that party believes in free labor. It believes that free labor will give us wealth. It believes in free thought, because it believes that free thought will give us truth. You do not know what a grand party you belong to. I never want any holier or grander title of nobility than that I belong to the Republican party, and have fought for the liberty of man. The Republican party, I say, believes in free labor. The Republican party also believes in slavery. What kind of slavery? In enslaving the forces of nature.

We believe that free labor, that free thought, have enslaved the forces of nature, and made them work for man. We make old attraction of gravitation work for us; we make the lightning do our errands; we make steam hammer and fashion what we need. The forces of nature are the slaves of the Republican party. They have no backs to be whipped, they have no hearts to be torn—no hearts to be broken; they cannot be separated from their wives; they cannot be dragged from the bosoms of their husbands; they work night and day and they never tire. You cannot whip them, you cannot starve them, and a Democrat even can be trusted with one of them. I tell you I

am a Republican. I believe, as I told you, that free labor will give us these slaves. Free labor will produce all these things, and everything you have to-day has been produced by free labor, nothing by slave labor.

Slavery never invented but one machine, and that was a threshing machine in the shape of a whip. Free labor has invented all the machines. We want to come down to the philosophy of these things. The problem of free labor, when a man works for the wife he loves, when he works for the little children he adores—the problem is to do the most work in the shortest space of time. The problem of slavery is to do the least work in the longest space of time. That is the difference. Free labor, love, affection—they have invented everything of use in this world. I am a Republican.

I tell you, my friends, this world is getting better every day, and the Democratic party is getting smaller every day. See the advancement we have made in a few years, see what we have done. We have covered this nation with wealth, with glory and with liberty. This is the first free Government in the world. The Republican party is the first party that was not founded on some compromise with the devil. It is the first party of pure, square, honest principle; the first one. And we have the first free country that ever existed.

And right here I want to thank every soldier that fought to make it free, every one living and dead. I thank you again and again and again. You made the first free Government in the world, and we must not forget the dead heroes. If they were here they would vote the Republican ticket, every one of them. I tell you we must not forget them.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They, sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

Now, my friends, I have given you a few reasons why I am a Republican. I have given you a few reasons why I am not a Democrat. Let me say another thing. The Democratic party opposed every forward movement of the army of the Republic, every one. Do not be fooled. Imagine the meanest resolution that you can think of—that is the resolution the Democratic party passed. Imagine the meanest thing you can think of—that is what they did; and I want you to recollect that the Democratic party did these devilish things when the fate of this nation was trembling in the balance of war. I want you to recollect another thing; when they tell you about hard times, that the Democratic party made the hard times; that every dollar we owe to-day was made by the Southern and Northern Democracy.

When we commenced to put down the Rebellion we had to borrow money, and the Democratic party went into the markets of the world and impaired the credit of the United States. They slandered, they lied, they maligned the credit of the United States, and to such an extent did they do this, that at one time during the war paper was only worth about thirty-four cents on the dollar. Gold went up to $2.90. What did that mean? It meant that greenbacks were worth thirty-four cents on the dollar. What became of the other sixty-six cents? They were lied out of the greenback, they were slandered out of the greenback, they were maligned out of the greenback, they were calumniated out of the greenback, by the Democratic party of the North. Two-thirds of the debt, two-thirds of the burden now upon the shoulders of American industry, were placed there by the slanders of the Democratic party of the North, and the other third by the Democratic party of the South. And when you pay your taxes keep an account and charge two-thirds to the Northern Democracy and one-third to the Southern Democracy, and whenever you have to earn the money to pay the taxes, when you have to blister your hands to earn that money, pull off the blisters, and under each one, as the foundation, you will find a Democratic lie.

Recollect that the Democratic party did all the things of which I have told you, when the fate of our nation was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. Recollect that the Democratic party did these things when your brothers, your fathers, and your chivalric sons were fighting, bleeding, suffering, and dying upon the battle-fields of the South; when shot and shell were crashing through their sacred flesh. Recollect that this Democratic party was false to the Union when your husbands, your fathers, and your brothers, and your chivalric sons were lying in the hospitals of pain, dreaming broken dreams of home, and seeing fever pictures of the ones they loved; recollect that the Democratic party was false to the nation when your husbands, your fathers, and your brothers were lying alone upon the field of battle at night, the life-blood slowly oozing from the mangled and pallid lips of death; recollect that the Democratic party was false to your country when your husbands, your brothers, your fathers, and your sons were lying in the prison pens of the South, with no covering but the clouds, with no bed but the frozen earth, with no food except such as worms had re-p fused to eat, and with no friends except Insanity and Death. Recollect it, and spurn that party forever.

I have sometimes wished that there were words of pure hatred out of which I might construct sentences like snakes; out of which I might construct sentences that had fanged mouths, and that had forked tongues; out of which I might construct sentences that would writhe and hiss; and then I could give my opinion of the Northern allies of the Southern rebels during the great struggle for the preservation of the country.

There are three questions now submitted to the American people. The first is, Shall the people that saved this country rule it? Shall the men who saved the old flag hold it? Shall the men who saved the ship of State sail it, or shall the rebels walk her quarter-deck, give the orders and sink it? That is the question. Shall a solid South, a united South, united by assassination and murder, a South solidified by the shot-gun; shall a united South, with the aid of a divided North, shall they control this great and splendid country? We are right back where we were in 1861. This is simply a

prolongation of the war. This is the war of the idea, the other was the war of the musket. The other was the war of cannon, this is the war of thought; and we have to beat them in this war of thought, recollect that. The question is, Shall the men who endeavored to destroy this country rule it? Shall the men that said, This is not a Nation, have charge of the Nation?

The next question is, Shall we pay our debts? We had to borrow some money to pay for shot and shell to shoot Democrats with. We found that we could get along with a few less Democrats, but not with any less country, and so we borrowed the money, and the question now is, will we pay it? And which party is the more apt to pay it, the Republican party that made the debt—the party that swore it was constitutional, or the party that said it was unconstitutional?

Every time a Democrat sees a greenback, it says to him, "I vanquished you." Every time a Republican sees a greenback, it says, "You and I put down the Rebellion and saved the country."

Now, my friends, you have heard a great deal about finance. Nearly everybody that talks about it gets as dry—as dry as if they had been in the final home of the Democratic party for forty years.

I will now give you my ideas about finance. In the first place the Government does not support the people, the people support the Government.

The Government is a perpetual pauper. It passes round the hat, and solicits contributions; but then you must remember that the Government has a musket behind the hat. The Government produces nothing. It does not plow the land, it does not sow corn, it does not grow trees. The Government is a perpetual consumer. We support the Government. Now, the idea that the Government can make money for you and me to live on—why, it is the same as though my hired man should issue certificates of my indebtedness to him for me to live on.

Some people tell me that the Government can impress its sovereignty on a piece of paper, and that is money. Well, if it is, what's the use of wasting it making one dollar bills? It takes no more ink and no more paper—why not make one thousand dollar bills? Why not make a hundred million dollar bills and all be billionaires?

If the Government can make money, what on earth does it collect taxes from you and me for? Why does it not make what money it wants, take the taxes out, and give the balance to us? Mr. Greenbacker, suppose the Government issued a billion dollars to-morrow, how would you get any of it? [A voice, "Steal it."] I was not speaking to the Democrats. You would not get any of it unless you had something to exchange for it. The Government would not go around and give you your aver-: age. You have to have some corn, or wheat, or pork to give for it.

How do you get your money? By work. Where from? You have to dig it out of the ground. That is where it comes from. Men have always had a kind of hope that something could be made out of nothing. The old alchemists sought, with dim eyes, for something that could change the baser metals to gold. With tottering steps, they searched for the spring of Eternal Youth. Holding in trembling hands retort and crucible, they dreamed of the Elixir of Life. The baser metals are not gold. No human

ear has ever heard the silver gurgle of the spring of Immortal Youth. The wrinkles upon the brow of Age are still waiting for the Elixir of Life.

Inspired by the same idea, mechanics have endeavored, by curious combinations of levers and inclined planes, of wheels and cranks and shifting weights, to produce perpetual motion; but the wheels and levers wait for force. And, in the financial world, there are thousands now trying to find some way for promises to take the place of performance; for some way to make the word dollar as good as the dollar itself; for some way to make the promise to pay a dollar take the dollar's place. This financial alchemy, this pecuniary perpetual motion, this fountain of eternal wealth, are the same old failures with new names. Something cannot be made out of nothing. Nothing is a poor capital to, carry on business with, and makes a very unsatisfactory balance at your bankers.

Let me tell you another thing. The Democrats seem to think that you can fail to keep a promise so long that it is as good as though you had kept it. They say you can stamp the sovereignty of the Government upon paper.

I saw not long ago a piece of gold bearing the stamp of the Roman Empire. That Empire is dust, and over it has been thrown the mantle of oblivion, but that piece of gold is as good as though Julius Cæsar were still riding at the head of the Roman Legions.

Was it his sovereignty that made it valuable? Suppose he had put it upon a piece of paper—it would have been of no more value than a Democratic promise.

Another thing, my friends: this debt will be paid; you need not worry about that. The Democrats ought to pay it. They lost the suit, and they ought to pay the costs. But we in our patriotism are willing to pay our share.

Every man that has a bond, every man that has a greenback dollar has a mortgage upon the best continent of land on earth. Every one has a mortgage on the honor of the Republican party, and it is on record. Every spear of grass; every bearded head of golden wheat that grows upon this continent is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; every field of bannered corn in the great, glorious West is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; every particle of coal laid away by that old miser the sun, millions-of years ago, is a guarantee that every dollar will be paid; all the iron ore, all the gold and silver under the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas, waiting for the miners pick to give back the flash of the sun, every ounce is a guarantee that this debt will be paid; and all the cattle on the prairies, pastures and plains which adorn our broad land are guarantees that this debt will be paid; every pine standing in the sombre forests of the North, waiting for the woodman's axe, is a guarantee that this debt will be paid; every locomotive with its muscles of iron and breath of flame, and all the boys and girls bending over their books at school, every dimpled babe in the cradle, every honest man, every noble woman, and every man that votes the Republican ticket is a guarantee that the debt will be paid—these, all these, each and all, are the guarantees that every promise of the United States will be sacredly fulfilled.

What is the next question? The next question is, will we protect the Union men in the South? I tell you the white Union men have suffered enough. It is a crime in the

Southern States to be a Republican. It is a crime in every Southern State to love this country, to believe in the sacred rights of men.

The colored people have suffered enough. For more than two hundred years they have suffered the fabled torments of the damned; for more than two hundred years they worked and toiled without reward, bending, in the burning sun, their bleeding backs; for more than two hundred years, babes were torn from the breasts of mothers, wives from husbands, and every human tie broken by the cruel hand of greed; for more than two hundred years they were pursued by hounds, beaten with clubs, burned with fire, bound with chains; two hundred years of toil, of agony, of tears; two hundred years of hope deferred; two hundred years of gloom and shadow and darkness and blackness; two hundred years of supplication, of entreaty; two hundred years of infinite outrage, without a moment of revenge.

The colored people have suffered enough. They were and are our friends. They are the friends of this country, and, cost what it may, they must be protected.

There was not during the whole Rebellion a single negro that was not our friend. We are willing to be reconciled to our Southern brethren when they will treat our friends as men. When they will be just to the friends of this country; when they are in favor of allowing every American citizen to have his rights—then we are their friends. We are willing to trust them with the Nation when they are the friends of the Nation. We are willing to trust them with liberty when they believe in liberty. We are willing to trust them with the black man when they cease riding in the darkness of night, (those masked wretches,) to the hut of the freedman, and notwithstanding the prayers and supplications of his family, shoot him down; when they cease to consider the massacre of Hamburg as a Democratic triumph, then, I say, we will be their friends, and not before.

Now, my friends, thousands of the Southern people and thousands of the Northern Democrats are afraid that the negroes are going to pass them in the race of life. And, Mr. Democrat, he will do it unless you attend to your business. The simple fact that you are white cannot save you always. You have to be industrious, honest, to cultivate a sense of justice. If you do not the colored race will pass you, as sure as you live. I am for giving every man a chance. Anybody that can pass me is welcome.

I believe, my friends, that the intellectual domain of the future, as the land used to be in the State of Illinois, is open to pre-emption. The fellow that gets a fact first, that is his; that gets an idea first, that is his. Every round in the ladder of fame, from the one that touches the ground to the last one that leans against the shining summit of human ambition, belongs to the foot that gets upon it first.

Mr. Democrat, (I point down because they are nearly all on the first round of the ladder) if you can not climb, stand one side and let the deserving negro pass.

I must tell you one thing. I have told it so much, and you have all heard it fifty times, but I am going to tell it again because I like it. Suppose there was a great horse race here to-day, free to every horse in the world, and to all the mules, and all the scrubs* and all the donkeys.

At the tap of the drum they come to the line, and the judges say “it is a go.” Let me ask you, what does the blooded horse, rushing ahead, with nostrils distended, drinking in the breath of his own swiftness, with his mane flying like a banner of victory, with his veins standing out all over him, as if a network of life had been cast upon him—with his thin neck, his high withers, his tremulous flanks—what does he care how many mules and donkeys run on that track? But the Democratic scrub, with his chuckle-head and lop-ears, with his tail full of cockle-burrs, jumping high and short, and digging in the ground when he feels the breath of the coming mule on his cockle-burr tail, he is the chap that jumps the track and says, “I am down on mule equality.”

I stood, a little while ago, in the city of Paris, where stood the Bastile, where now stands the Column of July, surmounted by a figure of liberty. In its right hand is a broken chain, in its left hand a banner; upon its glorious forehead the glittering and shining star of progress—and as I looked upon it I said: “Such is the Republican party of my country.”

The other day going along the road I came to a place where the road had been changed, but the guide-board did not know it. It had stood there for twenty years pointing deliberately and solemnly in the direction of a desolate field; nobody ever went that way, but the guide-board thought the next man would. Thousands passed, but nobody heeded the hand on the guide-post, and through sunshine and storm it pointed diligently into the old field and swore to it the road went that way; and I said to myself: “Such is the Democratic party of the United States.”

The other day I came to a river where there had been a mill; a part of it was there still. An old sign said: “Cash for wheat.” The old water-wheel was broken; it had been warped by the sun, cracked and split by many winds and storms. There had not been a grain of wheat ground there for twenty years.

The door was gone, nobody had built a new dam, the mill was not worth a dam; and I said to myself: “Such is the Democratic party.”

I saw a little while ago a place on the road where there had once been an hotel. But the hotel and barn had burned down and there was nothing standing but two desolate chimneys, up the flues of which the fires of hospitality had not roared for thirty years. The fence was gone, and the post-holes even were obliterated, but in the road there was an old sign upon which were these words: “Entertainment for man and beast.” The old sign swung and creaked in the winter wind, the snow fell upon it, the sleet clung to it, and in the summer the birds sang and twittered and made love upon it. Nobody ever stopped there, but the sign swore to it, the sign certified to it! “Entertainment for man and beast,” and I said to myself: “Such is the Democratic party of the United States,” and I further said, “one chimney ought to be called Tilden and the other Hendricks.”

Now, my friends, I want you to vote the Republican ticket. I want you to swear you will not vote for a man who opposed putting down the Rebellion. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man opposed to the Proclamation of Emancipation. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man opposed to the utter abolition of slavery.

I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man who called the soldiers in the field, Lincoln hirelings. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man who denounced Lincoln as a tyrant. I want you to swear that you will not vote for any enemy of human progress. Go and talk to every Democrat that you can see; get him by the coatcollar, talk to him, and hold him like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, with your glittering eye; hold him, tell him all the mean things his party ever did; tell him kindly; tell him in a Christian spirit, as I do, but tell him. Recollect, there never was a more important election than the one you are going to hold in Indiana. I tell you we must stand by the country. It is a glorious country. It permits you and me to be free. It is the only country in the world where labor is respected. Let us support it. It is the only country in the world where the useful man is the only aristocrat. The man that works for a dollar a day, goes home at night to his little ones, takes his little boy on his knee, and he thinks that boy can achieve anything that the sons of the wealthy man can achieve. The free schools are open to him; he may be the richest, the greatest, and the grandest, and that thought sweetens every drop of sweat that rolls down the honest face of toil. Vote to save that country.

My friends, this country is getting better every day. Samuel J. Tilden says we are a nation of thieves and rascals. If that is so he ought to be the President. But I denounce him as a calumniator of my country; a maligner of this nation. It is not so. This country is covered with asylums for the aged, the helpless, the insane, the orphans and wounded soldiers. Thieves and rascals do not build such things. In the cities of the Atlantic coast this summer, they built floating hospitals, great ships, and took the little children from the sub-cellars and narrow, dirty streets of New York City, where the Democratic party is the strongest—took these poor waifs and put them in these great hospitals out at sea, and let the breezes of ocean kiss the roses of health back to their pallid cheeks. Rascals and thieves do not so. When Chicago burned, railroads were blocked with the charity of the American people. Thieves and rascals do not so.

I am a Republican. The world is getting better. Husbands are treating their wives better than they used to; wives are treating their husbands better. Children are better treated than they used to be; the old whips and clubs are out of the schools, and they are governing children by love and by sense. The world is getting better; it is getting better in Maine, in Vermont. It is getting better in every State of the North, and I tell you we are going to elect Hayes and Wheeler and the world will then be better still. I have a dream that this world is growing better and better every day and every year; that there is more charity, more justice, more love every day. I have a dream that prisons will not always curse the land; that the shadow of the gallows will not always fall upon the earth; that the withered hand of want will not always be stretched out for charity; that finally wisdom will sit in the legislatures, justice in the courts, charity will occupy all the pulpits, and that finally the world will be governed by justice and charity, and by the splendid light of liberty. That is my dream, and if it does not come true, it shall not be my fault. I am going to do my level best to give others the same chance I ask for myself. Free thought will give us truth; Free labor will give us wealth.

Chicago Speech

HAYES CAMPAIGN. 1876.

LADIES and Gentlemen:—Democrats and Republicans have a common interest in the United States. We have a common interest in the preservation of good order. We have a common interest in the preservation of a common country. And I appeal to all, Democrats and Republicans, to endeavor to make a conscientious choice; to endeavor to select as President and Vice-President of the United States the men and the parties, which, in your judgment, will best preserve this nation, and preserve all that is dear to us either as Republicans or Democrats.

The Democratic party comes before you and asks that you will give this Government into its hands; and you have a right to investigate as to the reputation and character of the Democratic organization. The Democratic party says, “Let bygones be bygones.” I never knew a man who did a decent action that wanted it forgotten. I never knew a man who did some great and shining act of self-sacrifice and heroic devotion who did not wish that act remembered. Not only so, but he expected his loving children would chisel the remembrance of it upon the marble that marked his last resting place. But whenever a man does an infamous thing; whenever a man commits some crime; whenever a man does that which mantles the cheeks of his children with shame; he is the man that says, “Let bygones be bygones.” The Democratic party admits that it has a record, but it says that any man that will look into it, any man that will tell it, is not a gentleman. I do not know whether, according to the Democratic standard, I am a gentleman or not; but I do say that in a certain sense I am one of the historians of the Democratic party.

I do not know that it is true that a man cannot give this record and be a gentleman, but I admit that a gentleman hates to read this record; a gentleman hates to give this record to the world; but I do it, not because I like to do it, but because I believe the best interests of this country demand that there shall be a history given of the Democratic party.

In the first place, I claim that the Democratic party embraces within its filthy arms the worst elements in American society. I claim that every enemy that this Government has had for twenty years has been and is a Democrat; every man in the Dominion of Canada that hates the great Republic, would like to see Tilden and Hendricks successful. Every titled thief in Great Britain would like to see Tilden and Hendricks the next President and Vice-President of the United States.

I say more; every State that seceded from this Union was a Democratic State. Every man who hated to see bloodhounds cease to be the instrumentalities of a free government—every one was a Democrat. In short, every enemy that this Government has had for twenty years, every enemy that liberty and progress has had in the United States for twenty years, every hater of our flag, every despiser of our Nation, every man who has been a disgrace to the great Republic for twenty years, has been a Democrat. I do not say that they are all that way; but nearly all who are that way are Democrats.

The Democratic party is a political tramp with a yellow passport. This political tramp begs food and he carries in his pocket old dirty scraps of paper as a kind of certificate of character. On one of these papers he will show you the ordinance of 1789; on another one of those papers he will have a part of the Fugitive Slave Law; on another one some of the black laws that used to disgrace Illinois; on another Governor Tilden's Letter to Kent; on another a certificate signed by Lyman Trumbull that the Republican party is not fit to associate with—that certificate will be endorsed by Governor John M. Palmer and my friend Judge Doolittle. He will also have in his pocket an old wood-cut, somewhat torn, representing Abraham Lincoln falling upon the neck of S. Corning Judd, and thanking him for saving the Union as Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Liberty. This political tramp will also have a letter dated Boston, Mass., saying: "I hereby certify that for fifty years I have regarded the bearer as a thief and robber, but I now look upon him as a reformer. Signed, Charles Francis Adams." Following this tramp will be a bloodhound; and when he asks for food, the bloodhound will crouch for employment on his haunches, and the drool of anticipation will run from his loose and hanging lips. Study the expression of that dog.

Translate it into English and it means "Oh! I want to bite a nigger!" And when the dog has that expression he bears a striking likeness to his master. The question is, Shall that tramp and that dog gain possession of the White House?

The Democratic party learns nothing; the Democratic party forgets nothing. The Democratic party does not know that the world has advanced a solitary inch since 1860. Time is a Democratic dumb watch. It has not given a tick for sixteen years. The Democratic party does not know that we, upon the great glittering highway of progress, have passed a single mile-stone for twenty years. The Democratic party is incapable of learning. The Democratic party is incapable of anything but prejudice and hatred. Every man that is a Democrat is a Democrat because he hates something; every man that is a Republican is a Republican because he loves something.

The Democratic party is incapable of advancement; the only stock that it has in trade to-day is the old infamous doctrine of Democratic State Rights. There never was a more infamous doctrine advanced on this earth, than the Democratic idea of State Rights. What is it? It has its foundation in the idea that this is not a Nation; it has its foundation in the idea that this is simply a confederacy, that this great Government is simply a bargain, that this great splendid people have simply made a trade, that the people of any one of the States are sovereign to the extent that they have the right to trample upon the rights of their fellow-citizens, and that the General Government cannot interfere. The great Democratic heart is fired to-day, the Democratic bosom is bloated with indignation because of an order made by General Grant sending troops into the Southern States to defend the rights of American citizens! Who objects to a soldier going? Nobody except a man who wants to carry an election by fraud, by violence, by intimidation, by assassination, and by murder.

The Democratic party is willing to-day that Tilden and Hendricks should be elected by violence; they are willing to-day to go into partnership with assassination and murder; they are willing to-day that every man in the Southern States, who is a friend of this Union, and who fought for our flag—that the rights of every one of these men

should be trampled in the dust, provided that Tilden and Hendricks be elected President and Vice-President of this country. They tell us that a State line is sacred; that you never can cross it unless you want to do a mean thing; that if you want to catch a fugitive slave you have the right to cross it; but if you wish to defend the rights of men, then it is a sacred line, and you cannot cross it. Such is the infamous doctrine of the Democratic party. Who, I say, will be injured by sending soldiers into the Southern States? No one in the world except the man who wants to prevent an honest citizen from casting a legal vote for the Government of his choice. For my part, I think more of the colored Union men of the South than I do of the white disunion men of the South. For my part, I think more of a black friend than I do of a white enemy. For my part, I think more of a friend black outside, and white in, than I do of a man who is white outside and black inside. For my part, I think more of black justice, of black charity, and of black patriotism, than I do of white cruelty, than I do of white treachery and treason. As a matter of fact, all that is done in the South to-day, of use, is done by the colored man. The colored man raises everything that is raised in the South, except hell. And I say here to-night that I think one hundred times more of the good, honest, industrious black man of the South than I do of all the white men together that do not love this Government, and I think more of the black man of the South than I do of the white man of the North who sympathizes with the white wretch that wishes to trample upon the rights of that black man.

I believe that this is a Government, first, not only of power, but that it is the right of this Government to march all the soldiers in the United States into any sovereign State of this Union to defend the rights of every American citizen in that State. If it is the duty of the Government to defend you in time of war, when you were compelled to go into the army, how much more is it the duty of the Government to defend in time of peace the man who, in time of war, voluntarily and gladly rushed to the rescue and defence of his country; and yet the Democratic doctrine is that you are to answer the call of the Nation, but the Nation will be deaf to your cry, unless the Governor of your State makes request of your Government. Suppose the Governors and every man trample upon your rights, is the Nation then to let you be trampled upon? Will the Nation hear only the cry of the oppressor, or will it heed the cry of the oppressed? I believe we should have a Government that can hear the faintest wail, the faintest cry for justice from the lips of the humblest citizen beneath the flag. But the Democratic doctrine is that this Government can protect its citizens only when they are away from home. This may account for so many Democrats going to Canada during the war. I believe that the Government must protect you, not only abroad but must protect you at home; and that is the greatest question before the American people to-day.

I had thought that human impudence had reached its limit ages and ages ago. I had believed that some time in the history of the world impudence had reached its height, and so believed until I read the congratulatory address of Abram S. Hewitt, Chairman of the National Executive Democratic Committee, wherein he congratulates the negroes of the South on what he calls a Democratic victory in the State of Indiana. If human impudence can go beyond this, all I have to say is, it never has. What does he say to the Southern people, to the colored people? He says to them in substance: “The reason the white people trample upon you is because the white

people are weak. Give the white people more strength, put the white people in authority, and, although they murder you now when they are weak, when they are strong they will let you alone. Yes; the only trouble with our Southern white brethren is that they are in the minority, and they kill you now, and the only way to save your lives is to put your enemy in the majority." That is the doctrine of Abram S. Hewitt, and he congratulates the colored people of the South upon the Democratic victory in Indiana. There is going to be a great crop of hawks next season—let us congratulate the doves. That is it. The burglars have whipped the police—let us congratulate the bank. That is it. The wolves have killed off almost all the shepherds—let us congratulate the sheep.

In my judgment, the black people have suffered enough. They have been slaves for two hundred years, and more than all, they have been compelled to keep the company of the men that owned them. Think of that! Think of being compelled to keep the society of the man who is stealing from you! Think of being compelled to live with the man that sold your wife! Think of being compelled to live with the man that stole your child from the cradle before your very eyes! Think of being compelled to live with the thief of your life, and spend your days with the white robber, and be under his control! The black people have suffered enough. For two hundred years they were owned and bought and sold and branded like cattle. For two hundred years every human tie was rent and torn asunder by the bloody, brutal hands of avarice and might. They have suffered enough. During the war the black people were our friends not only, but whenever they were entrusted with the family, with the wives and children of their masters, they were true to them. They stayed at home and protected the wife and child of the master while he went into the field and fought for the right to sell the wife and the right to whip and steal the child of the very black man that was protecting him. The black people, I say, have suffered enough, and for that reason I am in favor of the Government protecting them in every Southern State, if it takes another war to do it. We can never compromise with the South at the expense of our friends. We never can be friends with the men that starved and shot our brothers. We can never be friends with the men that waged the most cruel war in the world; not for liberty, but for the right to deprive other men of their liberty. We never can be their friends until they are the friends of our friends, until they treat the black man justly; until they treat the white Union man respectfully; until Republicanism ceases to be a crime; until to vote the Republican ticket ceases to make you a political and social outcast. We want no friendship with the enemies of our country. The next question is, who shall have possession of this country—the men that saved it,—or the men that sought to destroy it? The Southern people lit the fires of civil war. They who set the conflagration must be satisfied with the ashes left. The men that saved this country must rule it. The men that saved the flag must carry it. This Government is not far from destruction when it crowns with its highest honor in time of peace, the man that was false to it in time of war. This Nation is not far from the precipice of annihilation and destruction when it gives its highest honor to a man false, false to the country when everything we held dear trembled in the balance of war, when everything was left to the arbitrament of the sword.

The next question prominently before the people—though I think the great question is, whether citizens shall be protected at home—the next question I say, is the

financial question. With that there is no trouble. We had to borrow money, and we have to pay it. That is all there is of that, and we are going to pay it just as soon as we make the money to pay it with, and we are going to make the money out of prosperity.

We have to dig it out of the earth. You cannot make a dollar by law. You cannot redeem a cent by statute. You cannot pay one solitary farthing by all the resolutions, by all the speeches ever made beneath the sun.

If the greenback doctrine is right, that evidence of national indebtedness is wealth, if that is their idea, why not go another step and make every individual note a legal tender? Why not pass a law that every man shall take every other man's note? Then I swear we would have money in plenty. No, my friends, a promise to pay a dollar is not a dollar, no matter if that promise is made by the greatest and most powerful nation on the globe. A promise is not a performance. An agreement is not an accomplishment and there never will come a time when a promise to pay a dollar is as good as the dollar, unless everybody knows that you have the dollar and will pay it whenever they ask for it. We want no more inflation. We want simply to pay our debts as fast as the prosperity of the country allows it and no faster. Every speculator that was caught with property on his hands upon which he owed more than the property was worth, wanted the game to go on a little longer. Whoever heard of a man playing poker that wanted to quit when he was a loser? He wants to have a fresh deal. He wants another hand, and he don't want any man that is ahead to jump the game. It is so with the speculators in this country. They bought land, they bought houses, they bought goods, and when the crisis and crash came, they were caught with the property on their hands, and they want another inflation, they want another tide to rise that will again sweep this driftwood into the middle of the great financial stream. That is all. Every lot in this city that was worth five thousand and that is now worth two thousand—do you know what is the matter with that lot? It has been redeeming. It has been resuming. That is what is the matter with that lot. Every man that owned property that has now fallen fifty per cent., that property has been resuming; and if you could have another inflation to-morrow, the day that the bubble burst would find thousands of speculators who paid as much for property as property was worth, and they would ask for another tide of affairs in men. They would ask for another inflation. What for? To let them out and put somebody else in.

We want no more inflation. We want the simple honest payment of the debt, and to pay out of the prosperity of this country. But, says the greenback man, "We never had as good times as when we had plenty of greenbacks."

Suppose a farmer would buy a farm for ten thousand dollars and give his note. He would buy carriages, horses, wagons and agricultural implements, and give his note. He would send Mary, Jane and Lucy to school. He would buy them pianos, and send them to college, and would give his note, and the next year he would again give his note for the interest, and the next year again his note, and finally they would come to him and say, "We must settle up; we have taken your notes as long as we can; we want money." "Why," he would say to the gentleman, "I never had as good a time in my life as while I have been giving those notes. I never had a farm until the man gave it to me for my note. My children have been clothed as well as anybody's. We have

had carriages; we have had fine horses; and our house has been filled with music, and laughter, and dancing; and why not keep on taking those notes?" So it is with the greenback man; he says, "When we were running in debt we had a jolly time—let us keep it up." But, my friends, there must come a time when inflation would reach that point when all the Goverment notes in the world would not buy a pin; when all the Government notes in the world would not be worth as much as the last year's Democratic platform. I have no fear that these debts will not be paid. I have no fear that every solitary greenback dollar will not be redeemed; but, my friends, we shall have some trouble doing it. Why? Because the debt is a great deal larger than it should have been. In the first place, there should have been po debt. If it had not been for the Southern Democracy there would have been no war. If it had not been for the Northern Democracy the war would not have lasted one year.

There was a man tried in court for having murdered his father and mother. He was found guilty, and the judge asked him, "What have you to say that sentence of death shall not be pronounced on you?" "Nothing in the world Judge," said he, "only I hope your Honor will take pity on me and remember that I am a poor orphan."

I have no doubt that this debt will be paid. We have the honor to pay it, and we do not pay it on account of the avarice or greed of the bondholder. An honest man does not pay money to a creditor simply because the creditor wants it. The honest man pays at the command of his honor and not at the demand of the creditor.

The United States will pay its debts, not because the creditor demands, but because we owe it.

The United States will liquidate every debt at the command of its honor, and every cent will be paid. War is destruction, war is loss, and all the property destroyed, and the time that is lost, put together, amount to what we call a national debt. When in peace we shall have made as much net profit as there was wealth lost in the war, then we shall be a solvent people. The greenback will be redeemed, we expect to redeem it on the first day of January, 1879. We may fail; we will fail if the prosperity of the country fails; but we intend to try to do it, and if we fail, we will fail as a soldier fails to take a fort, high upon the rampart, with the flag of resumption in our hands. We will not say that we cannot pay the debt because there is a date fixed when the debt is to be paid. I have had to borrow money myself; I have had to give my note, and I recollect distinctly that every man I ever did give my note to insisted that somewhere in that note there should be some vague hint as to the cycle, as to the geological period, as to the time, as to the century and date when I expected to pay those little notes. I never understood that having a time fixed would prevent my being industrious; that it would interfere with my honesty; or with my activity, or with my desire to discharge that debt. And if any man in this great country owed you one thousand dollars, due you the first day of next January, and he should come to you and say: "I want to pay you that debt, but you must take that date out of that note." "Why?" you would say. "Why," he would reply in the language of Tilden, "I have to make wise preparation." "Well," you would say, "why don't you do it?" "Oh," he says, "I cannot do it while you have that date in that note." "Another thing," he says, "I have to get me a central reservoir of coin." And do you know I have always thought I would like to see the Democratic party around a central reservoir of coin.

Suppose this debtor would also tell you, “I want the date out of that note, because I have to come at it by a very slow and gradual process.” “Well,” you would say, “I do not care how slow or how gradual you are, provided that you get around by the time the note is due.”

What would you think of a man that wanted the date out of the note? You would think he was a mixture of rascal and Democrat. That is what you would think.

Now, my friends, the Democratic party (if you may call it a party) brings forward as its candidate Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. I am opposed to him, first, because he is an old bachelor. In a country like ours, depending for its prosperity and glory upon an increase of the population, to elect an old bachelor is a suicidal policy. Any man that will live in this country for sixty years, surrounded by beautiful women with rosy lips and dimpled cheeks, in every dimple lurking a Cupid, with pearly teeth and sparkling eyes—any man that will push them all aside and be satisfied with the embraces of the Democratic party, does not even know the value of time. I am opposed to Samuel J. Tilden, because he is a Democrat; because he belongs to the Democratic party of the city of New York; the worst party ever organized in any civilized country.

No man should be President of this Nation who denies that it is a Nation. Samuel J. Tilden denounced the war as an outrage. No man should be President of this country that denounced a war waged in its defence as an outrage. To elect such a man would be an outrage.

Samuel J. Tilden said that the flag stands for a contract; that it stands for a confederation; that it stands for a bargain. But the great, splendid Republican party says, “No! That flag stands for a great, hoping, aspiring, sublime Nation, not for a confederacy.”

I am opposed, I say, to the election of Samuel J. Tilden for another reason. If he is elected he will be controlled by his party, and his party will be controlled by the Southern stockholders in that party. They own nineteen-twentieths of the stock, and they will dictate the policy of the Democratic Corporation.

No Northern Democrat has the manliness to stand up before a Southern Democrat. Every Democrat, nearly, has a face of dough, and the Southern Democrat will swap his ears, change his nose, cut his mouth the other way of the leather, so that his own mother would not know him, in fifteen minutes. If Samuel J. Tilden is elected President of the United States, he will be controlled by the Democratic party, and the Democratic party will be controlled by the Southern Democracy—that is to say, the late rebels; that is to say, the men that tried to destroy the Government; that is to say, the men who are sorry they did not destroy the Government; that is to say, the enemies of every friend of this Union; that is to say, the murderers and the assassins of Union men living in the Southern country.

Let me say another thing. If Mr. Tilden does not act in accordance with the Southern Democratic command, the Southern Democracy will not allow a single life to stand between them and the absolute control of this country. Hendricks will then be their man. I say that it would be an outrage to give this country into the control of men

who endeavored to destroy it, to give this country into the control of the Southern rebels and haters of Union men.

And on the other hand, the Republican party has put forward Rutherford B. Hayes. He is an honest man. The Democrats will say, “That is nothing.” Well, let them try it. Rutherford B. Hayes has a good character.

Rutherford B. Hayes, when this war commenced, did not say with Tilden, “It is an outrage.” He did not say with Tilden, “I never will contribute to the prosecution of this war.” But he did say this, “I would go into this war if I knew I would be killed in the course of it, rather than to live through it and take no part in it.” During the war Rutherford B. Hayes received many wounds in his flesh, but not one scratch upon his honor. Samuel J. Tilden received many wounds upon his honor, but not one scratch on his flesh. Rutherford B. Hayes is a firm man; not an obstinate man, but a firm man; and I draw this distinction: A firm man will do what he believes to be right, because he wants to do right. He will stand firm because he believes it to be right; but an obstinate man wants his own way, whether it is right or whether it is wrong. Rutherford B. Hayes is firm in the right, and obstinate only when he knows he is in the right. If you want to vote for a man who fought for you, vote for Rutherford B. Hayes. If you want to vote for a man that carried our flag through the storm of shot and shell, vote for Rutherford B. Hayes. If you believe patriotism to be a virtue, vote for Rutherford B. Hayes. If you believe this country wants heroes, vote for Rutherford B. Hayes. If you want a man who turned against his country in time of war, vote for Samuel J. Tilden. If you believe the war waged for the salvation of our Nation was an outrage, vote for Samuel J. Tilden. If you believe it is better to stay at home and curse the brave men in the field, fighting for the sacred rights of man, vote for Samuel J. Tilden. If you want to pay a premium upon treason, if you want to pay a premium upon hypocrisy, if you want to pay a premium upon chicanery, if you want to pay a premium upon sympathizing with the enemies of your country, vote for Samuel J. Tilden.

If you believe that patriotism is right, if you believe the brave defender of liberty is better than the assassin of freedom, vote for Rutherford B. Hayes.

I am proud that I belong to the Republican party. It is the only party that has not begged pardon for doing right. It is the only party that has said: “There shall be no distinction on account of race, on account of color, on account of previous condition.” It is the only party that ever had a platform broad enough for all humanity to stand upon.

It is the first decent party that ever lived. The Republican party made the first free government that was ever made. The Republican party made the first decent constitution that any nation ever had. The Republican party gave to the sky the first pure flag that was ever kissed by the waves of air. The Republican party is the first party that ever said: “Every man is entitled to liberty,” not because he is white, not because he is black, not because he is rich, not because he is poor, but because he is a man.

The Republican party is the first party that knew enough to know that humanity is more than skin deep. It is the first party that said, “Government should be for all, as the light, as the air, is for all.”

And it is the first party that had the sense to say, “What air is to the lungs, what light is to the eyes, what love is to the heart, liberty is to the soul of man.” The Republican party is the first party that ever was in favor of absolute free labor, the first party in favor of giving to every man, without distinction of race or color, the fruits of the labor of his hands. The Republican party said, “Free labor will give us wealth, free thought will give us truth.” The Republican party is the first party that said to every man, “Think for yourself, and express that thought.” I am a free man. I belong to the Republican party. This is a free country. I will think my thought. I will speak my thought or die. I say the Republican party is for free labor.

Free labor has invented all the machines that ever added to the power, added to the wealth, added to the leisure, added to the civilization of mankind. Every convenience, everything of use, everything of beauty in the world, we owe to free labor and to free thought. Free labor, free thought!

Science took the thunderbolt from the gods, and in the electric spark, freedom, with thought, with intelligence and with love, sweeps under all the waves of the sea; science, free thought, took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created the giant that turns, with tireless arms, the countless wheels of toil.

The Republican party, I say, believes in free labor. Every solitary thing, every solitary improvement made in the United States has been made by the Republican party. Every reform accomplished was inaugurated, and was accomplished by the great, grand, glorious Republican party.

The Republican party does not say: “Let bygones be bygones.” The Republican party is proud of the past and confident of the future. The Republican party brings its record before you and implores you to read every page, every paragraph, every line and every shining word. On the first page you will find it written: “Slavery has cursed American soil long enough;” on the same page you will find it written: “Slavery shall go no farther.” On the same page you will find it written: “The bloodhounds shall not drip their gore upon another inch of American soil.” On the second page you will find it written: “This is a Nation, not a Confederacy; every State belongs to every citizen, and no State has a right to take territory belonging to any citizens in the United States and set up a separate Government.” On the third page you will find the grandest declaration ever made in this country: “Slavery shall be extirpated from the American soil.” On the next page: “The Rebellion shall be put down.” On the next page: “The Rebellion has been put down.” On the next page: “Slavery has been extirpated from the American soil.” On the next page: “The freedmen shall not be vagrants; they shall be citizens.” On the next page: “They are citizens.” On the next page: “The ballot shall be put in their hands;” and now we will write on the next page: “Every citizen that has a ballot in his hand, by the gods! shall have a right to cast that ballot.” That in short, that in brief, is the history of the Republican party. The Republican party says, and it means what it says: “This shall be a free country

forever; every man in it twenty-one years of age shall have the right to vote for the Government of his choice, and if any man endeavors to interfere with that right, the Government of the United States will see to it that the right of every American citizen is protected at the polls."

Now, my friends, there is one thing that troubles the average Democrat, and that is the idea that somehow, in some way, the negro will get to be the better man. It is the trouble in the South to-day. And I say to my Southern friends (and I admit that there are a great many good men in the South, but the bad men are in an overwhelming majority; the great mass of the population is vicious, violent, virulent and malignant; the great mass of the population is cruel, revengeful, idle, hateful,) and I tell that population: "If you do not go to work, the negro, by his patient industry, will pass you." In the long run, the nation that is honest, the people who are industrious, will pass the people who are dishonest, and the people who are idle, no matter how grand an ancestry they may have had, and so I say, Mr. Northern Democrat, look out!

The superior man is the man that loves his fellow-man; the superior man is the useful man; the superior man is the kind man, the man who lifts up his down-trodden brothers; and the greater the load of human sorrow and human want you can get in your arms, the easier you can climb the great hill of fame. The superior man is the man who loves his fellow-man. And let me say right here, the good men, the superior men, the grand men are brothers the world over, no matter what their complexion may be; centuries may separate them, yet they are hand in hand; and all the good, and all the grand, and all the superior men, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, are fighting the great battle for the progress of mankind.

I pity the man, I execrate and hate the man who has only to boast that he is white. Whenever I am reduced to that necessity, I believe shame will make me red instead of white. I believe another thing. If I cannot hoe my row, I will not steal corn from the fellow that hoes his row. If I belong to the superior race, I will be so superior that I can make my living without stealing from the inferior. I am perfectly willing that any Democrat in the world that can, shall pass me. I have never seen one yet, except when I looked over my shoulder. But if they can pass I shall be delighted.

Whenever we stand in the presence of genius, we take off our hats. Whenever we stand in the presence of the great, we do involuntary homage in spite of ourselves. Any one who can go by is welcome, any one in the world; but until somebody does go by, of the Democratic persuasion, I shall not trouble myself about the fact that may be, in some future time, they may get by. The Democrats are afraid of being passed, because they are being passed.

No man ever was, no man ever will be, the superior of the man whom he robs. No man ever was, no man ever will be, the superior of the man he steals from. I had rather be a slave than a slave-master. I had rather be stolen from than be a thief. I had rather be the wronged than the wrong-doer. And allow me to say again to impress it forever upon every man that hears me, you will always be the inferior of the man you wrong. Every race is inferior to the race it tramples upon and robs. There never was a man that could trample upon human rights and be superior to the man upon whom he trampled. And let me say another thing: No government can

stand upon the crushed rights of one single human being; and any compromise that we make with the South, if we make it at the expense of our friends, will carry in its own bosom the seeds of its own death and destruction, and cannot stand. A government founded upon anything except liberty and justice cannot and ought not to stand. All the wrecks on either side of the stream of time, all the wrecks of the great cities and nations that have passed away—all are a warning that no nation founded upon injustice can stand. From sand-enshrouded Egypt, from the marble wilderness of Athens, from every fallen, crumbling stone of the once mighty Rome, comes as it were a wail, comes as it were the cry, "No nation founded upon injustice can permanently stand." We must found this Nation anew. We must fight our fight. We must cling to our old party until there is freedom of speech in every part of the United States. We must cling to the old party until I can speak in every State of the South as every Southerner can speak in every State of the North. We must vote the grand old Republican ticket until there is the same liberty in every Southern State that there is in every Northern, Eastern and Western State. We must stand by the party until every Southern man will admit that this country belongs to every citizen of the United States as much as to the man that is born in that country. One more thing. I do not want any man that ever fought for this country to vote the Democratic ticket. You will swap your respectability for disgrace. There are thousands of you—great, grand, splendid men—that have fought grandly for this Union, and now I beseech of you, I beg of you, do not give respectability to the enemies and haters of your country. Do not do it. Do not vote with the Democratic party, of the North. Sometimes I think a rebel sympathizer in the North worse than a rebel, and I will tell you why. The rebel was carried into the rebellion by public opinion at home,—his father, his mother, his sweetheart, his brother, and everybody he knew; and there was a kind of wind, a kind of tornado, a kind of whirlwind that took him into the army. He went on the rebel side with his State. The Northern Democrat went against his own State; went against his own Government; and went against public opinion at home. The Northern Democrat rowed up stream against wind and tide. The Southern rebel went with the current; the Northern rebel rowed against the current from pure, simple cussedness.

And I beg every man that ever fought for the Union, every man that ever bared his breast to a storm of shot and shell, that the old flag might float over every inch of American soil redeemed from the clutch of treason; I beg him, I implore him, do not go with the Democratic party. And to every young man within the sound of my voice I say, do not tie your bright and shining prospects to that old corpse of Democracy. You will get tired of dragging it around. Do not cast your first vote with the enemies of your country. Do not cast your first vote with the Democratic party that was glad when the Union army was defeated. Do not cast your vote with that party whose cheeks flushed with the roses of joy when the old flag was trailed in disaster upon the field of battle. Remember, my friends, that that party did every mean thing it could, every dishonest and treasonable thing it could. Recollect that that party did all it could to divide this Nation, and destroy this country.

For myself I have no fear; Hayes and Wheeler will be the next President and Vice-President of the United States of America. Let me beg of you—let me implore you—let me beseech you, every man, to come out on election day. Every man, do your

duty; every man do his duty with regard to the State ticket of the great and glorious State of Illinois.

This year we need Republicans; this year we need men that will vote for the party; and I tell you that a Republican this year, no matter what you have against him, no matter whether you like him or do not like him, is better for the country, no matter how much you hate him, he is better for the country than any Democrat Nature can make, or ever has made.

We must, in this supreme election, we must at this supreme moment, vote only for the men who are in favor of keeping this Government in the power, in the custody, in the control of the great, the sublime Republican party.

Ladies and gentlemen, if I were insensible to the honor you have done me by this magnificent meeting—the most magnificent I ever saw on earth—a meeting such as only the marvelous City of Pluck could produce; if I were insensible of the honor, I would be made of stone. I shall remember it with delight; I shall remember it with thankfulness all the days of my life. And I ask in return of every Republican here to remember all the days of his life, every sacrifice made by this nation for liberty; every sacrifice made by every private soldier, every sacrifice made by every patriotic man and patriotic woman.

I do not ask you to remember in revenge, but I ask you never, never to forget. As the world swings through the constellations year after year, I want the memory, I want the patriotic memory of this country to sit by the grave of every Union soldier, and, while her eyes are filled with tears, to crown him again and again with the crown of everlasting honor. I thank you, I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, a thousand times. Good-night.

Eight To Seven Address

1877.

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether our country was to be forever governed by parties full of hatred, full of malice, full of slander. I have sometimes wondered whether or not in the future there would not be discovered such a science as the science of government. I do not know what you think, but what little I do know, and what little experience has been mine, is, I must admit, against it. We have passed through the most remarkable campaign of our history—a campaign remarkable in every respect.

It was bitter, passionate, relentless and desperate, and I admit, for one, that I added to its bitterness and relentlessness. I told, and frankly told, my real, honest opinion of the Democratic party of the North. I told, and cheerfully told, my opinion of the Democratic party of the South. And I have nothing to take back. But, to show you that my heart is not altogether wicked; I am willing to forgive and do forgive with all my heart, every person and every party that I ever said anything against. I believe that the campaign of 1876 was the turning-point, the midnight in the history of the American Republic.

I believe, and firmly believe, that if the Democratic party had swept into power, it would have been the end of progress, and the end of what I consider human liberty, beneath our flag. I felt so, and I went into the campaign simply because the rights of American citizens in at least sixteen States of the Union were trampled under foot. I did what little I could. I am glad I did it. We had, as I say, a wonderful campaign, and each party said and did about all that could be said and done. Everybody attended to politics. Business was suspended. Everything was given over to processions and torches, and flags and transparencies; and resolutions and conventions and speeches and songs. Old arguments were revamped. Old stories were pressed into service. The old story of the Rebellion was told again and again. The memories of the war were revived. The North was arrayed against the South as though upon the field of battle. Party cries were heard on every hand. Each party leaped like a tiger upon the reputation of the other, and tore with tooth and claw, with might and main, to the very end of the campaign.

I felt that it was necessary to arouse the North. I felt that it was necessary to tell again the story of the Rebellion, from Bull Run to Appomattox. I felt that it was necessary to describe what the Southern people were doing with Union men, and with colored men; and I felt it necessary so to describe it that the people of the North could hear the whips, and could hear the drops of blood as they fell upon the withered leaves. I did all I could to arouse the people of the North. I did all I could to prevent the Democratic party from getting into power. The first morning after the election, the Democracy had a banquet of joy, but all through the feast they saw sitting at the head of the table the dim outline of the skeleton of defeat. And, when the tide turned, Republicans rejoiced with a face ready at any moment to express the profoundest grief. Then came despatches and rumors, and estimated majorities, and vague talk

about Returning Boards, and intimidating voters, and stuffed ballot boxes, and fraudulent returns, and bribed clerks, and injunctions, and contempts of courts, and telegrams in cipher, and outrages, and octoroon balls in which reverend Senators were whirled in love's voluptuous waltz. Everybody discussed the qualifications of Electors and the value of Governors' certificates, and how to get behind returns, and how to buy an Elector, and who had the right to count; and persons expecting offices of trust, honor and profit began to threaten war and extermination, calls were made for a hundred thousand men, and there were no end of meetings, and resolutions and denunciations, and the downfall of the country was prophesied; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the name of the person who really was elected remained unknown. The last scene of this strange, eventful history, so far as the election by the people was concerned, was Cronin. I see him now as he leaves the land "where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save his own dashings." Cronin, the last surviving veteran of the grand army of "honesty and reform." Cronin, a quorum of one. Cronin, who elected the two others by a plurality of his own vote.

I see him now, armed with Hoadley's opinion and Grover's certificate, trudging wearily and drearily over the wide and wasted saleratus deserts of the West, with a little card marked "S. J. T. i5 G. P."

Then came the great question of who shall count the electoral vote. The Vice-President being a Republican, it was generally contended, at least by me, that he had a right to count that vote. My doctrine was, if the Vice-President would count the vote right, he had the right to count it.

The Vice-President not being a Democrat, the members of that party claimed that the House could prevent the Vice-President from counting it, and this was simply because the House was not Republican. Nearly all decided according to their politics. The Constitution is a little blind on this point, and where anything is blind I always see it my way. It was about this time that some of the Democrats began to talk about bringing one hundred thousand unarmed men to Washington to superintend the count. Others, however, got up a scheme to create, a court in the United States where politics should have no earthly influence. Nothing could be easier, they thought, after we had gone through such a hot and exciting campaign, than to pick out men who have no prejudices whatever on the subject. Finally a bill was passed creating a tribunal to count the vote, if any, and hear testimony, if any, and declare what man had been elected President, if any. This tribunal consisted of fifteen men, ten being chosen on account of their politics—five from the Senate and five from the House,—and they chose four judges from purely geographical considerations. I was there, and I know exactly how it was. Those four men were picked with a map of the United States in front of the pickers. The Democrats chose Justice Field, not because he was a Democrat, but because he lived on the Pacific slope. They chose Justice Clifford, not because he was a Democrat, but because he lived on the Eastern slope; that was fair. Thereupon the Republicans chose Justice Strong, not because he was a Republican, but because he lived on the Eastern slope. You can see the point. The Republicans chose Justice Miller, not because he was a Republican, but because he represented the great West. They then allowed these four to select a fifth man.

Well, it was impossible to select the fifth man from geographical considerations, you can see that yourselves. There was nothing left to choose between, you know, as far as geography was concerned. They then agreed that they would not take a Justice from any State in which the candidate for President lived. They left out Justice Hunt, from New York, and Justice Swayne, from Ohio. They knew of course that that would not influence them, but they did that simply—well, they did not want them there; that was all, and it would be unhandy to pick one man out of four. So they left Swayne and Hunt out. And then they would pick one man as between Justice Bradley and Justice Davis. Just at that time the people of the State of Illinois happened to be out of a Senator, and Judge Davis was there and expressed a willingness to go to the Senate. And the people of the State of Illinois elected him, and therefore there was nobody to choose from except Justice Bradley, and he was a Republican.

Now, you know this runs in families. His record was good—by marriage. He married a daughter of Chief Justice Hornblower, of New Jersey. Now, Hornblower was what you might call a partisan. Do you know they went to him—it was in the old times, and he was a kind of Whig,—they went to him with a petition, in the State of New Jersey, a petition addressed to the Legislature for the abolition of capital punishment, and Hornblower said, “I’ll be damned if I sign it while there is a Democrat in the State of New Jersey.”

As a matter of fact, however, I believe that Justice Bradley and all the other Justices, and all other persons on that tribunal decided as they honestly thought was right.

Judge Davis is as broad mentally as he is physically; he has an immensity of common sense, and as much judgment as any one man ever needs to use, and, in my judgment, he would have come to the same conclusion as Judge Bradley, precisely. These men were appointed—it was a Democratic scheme, and I am glad they got it up—and during that entire investigation, so much were the members of that party controlled by old associations and habits, and by partisan feeling that there was not a solitary one of the seven Democrats that ever once voted on the Republican side. And, as a necessity, the Republicans had to stand together. And so, notwithstanding the seven Democrats voted constantly together, the eight Republicans kept having a majority of one, until the last disputed State was given against the great party of “honesty and reform.” And, finally, when they found they were defeated, they made up their minds to prevent the counting of the vote. They made up their minds to wear out the session and prevent the election of a President. Just at that point, for a wonder, (nothing ever astonished me more), the members from the South said: “We do not want any more war; we have had war enough and we say that a President shall be peacefully elected, and that he shall be peacefully inaugurated!” As soon as I heard that I felt under a little obligation to the Democracy of the South, and when they stood in the gap and prevented the Democracy of the North from plunging this Government into the hell of civil war, I felt like taking them by the hand and saying, “We have beaten the enemy once, let us keep on. Let us join hands.” I felt like saying to the Democracy of the South, “You never will have a day’s prosperity in the South until you join the great, free, progressive party of the North—never!” And they never will.

Now, I say, I felt as though I were under a certain obligation to these people. They prevented this thing, and they made it possible for the Vice-President to declare Rutherford B. Hayes President of the United States. Now, right here, I want you to observe that this shows the real defects in our system of government. In the first place, our Government is being governed by fraud. If the very fountain of power is poisoned by fraud, then the whole Government is impure. We must find out some way to prevent fraudulent voting in the United States or our Government is a failure. Great cities were the mothers of election frauds. They inaugurated violence and intimidation. They produced the repeaters and the false boxes. They invented fan-tail tickets and pasters, and gradually these delightful and patriotic arts and practices have spread over almost the entire country.

Unless something is done to preserve the purity of the ballot-box our form of government must cease. The fountain of power is poisoned. The sovereignty of the people is stolen and destroyed. The Government becomes organized fraud, and all respect will soon be lost for the laws and decisions of the courts. The legislators are elected in many instances by fraud. The judges are in many instances chosen by fraud. Every department of the Government becomes tainted and corrupt. It is no longer a Republic, unless something can be devised to ascertain with certainty the really honest will of the sovereign people.

For the accomplishment of this object the good and patriotic men of all parties should most heartily unite. To cast an illegal vote should be considered by all as a crime. We must if possible get rid of the mob—the vagrants, the vagabonds who have no home and who take no interest in the cities where they vote. We must get rid of the rich mob too; and by the rich mob I mean the men who buy up these vagabonds. Various States have passed laws for the registration of voters; but they all leave wide open all the doors of fraud. Men are allowed to vote if they have been for one year in the State, and thirty or sixty days in the ward or precinct; and when they have failed to have their names registered before the day of election, they can avoid the effect of this neglect by making a few affidavits, certified to by reputable householders. Of course all necessary affidavits are made, with hundreds and thousands to spare. My idea is that the period of registration, in the first place, is too short, and, in the second place, no way should be given by which they can vote unless they have been properly registered, affidavit or no affidavit. Every man, when he goes into a ward or precinct, should be registered. It should be his duty to see that he is registered. Officers should be kept for that purpose, and he should never be allowed to cast a vote until he has been registered at least one year. Sixty days, say, or thirty days—sixty would be better—sixty days before the election the registry lists should be corrected, and every citizen should have the right to enter a complaint or objection as against any name found upon that list. Thirty days, or twenty days before the election, that list should be published and should be exposed in several public places in each ward and each precinct, and upon the day of election no man should be allowed to vote whose name was not upon the registry list. Our wards and precincts should be made smaller, so that people can vote without violence, without wasting an entire day, so that the honest business man that wishes to cast his ballot for the Government of his choice can walk to the polls like a gentleman and deposit his vote and go about his affairs. Allow me to say that unless some such plan is adopted in the

United States, there never will be another fair election in this country. During the last campaign all the arts and artifices of the city, all the arts and artifices of the lowest wards were spread over this entire country, and unless something is done to preserve the purity of the ballot-box, and guard the sovereign will of the people, we will cease to be a Republican Government.

Another thing—and I cannot say it too often—fraud at the ballot-box undermines all respect in the minds of the people for the Government. When they are satisfied that the election is a fraud they despise the officers elected. When they are satisfied it is a fraud, they despise the law made by the legislators. When they are satisfied it is a fraud, they hold in utter contempt the decisions of our highest and most august tribunals.

Another trouble in this country is that our terms of office are too short. Our elections are too frequent. They interfere with the business of our country. When elections are so frequent, men make a business of politics. If they fail to get one office they immediately run for another, and they keep running until the people elect them for the simple purpose of getting rid of the annoyance. Lengthen the terms, purify the ballot, and the present scramble for office will become contests for principles. A man who cannot get a living—unless he has been disabled in the service of his country or from some other cause—without holding office, is not fit for an office.

A professional office-seeker is one of the meanest, and lowest, and basest of human beings—a little higher than the lower animals and a little lower than man. He has no earthly or heavenly independence; not a particle; not a particle. A successful office-seeker is like the center of the earth; he weighs nothing himself, and draws all things towards the office he wants. He has not even a temper. You cannot insult him. Shut the door in his face, and, so far as he is concerned, it is left wide open, and you are standing on the threshold with a smile, extending the hand of welcome. He crawls and cringes and flatters and lies and swaggers and brags and tells of the influence he has in the ward he lives in. We cannot too often repeat that splendid saying, “The office should seek the man, not man the office.” If you will lengthen the term of office it will be so long between meals that he will have to do something else or starve. Adopt the system of registration, as I have suggested; have small and convenient election districts, so that, as I said before, the honest, law-abiding, and peaceable citizen can attend the polls; so that he will not be compelled to risk his life to deposit his ballot that will be stolen or thrown out, or forced to keep the company of ballots caused by fraudulent violence. Lengthen the term of office, drive the professional hunter and seeker of office from the field, and you will go far toward strengthening and vivifying and preserving the fabric of the Constitution. That is the kind of civil service reform I am in favor of, and as I am on that subject, I will say a word about it. There is but one vital question—but one question of real importance—in fact I might say in the whole world, and that is the great question of Civil Service Reform. There may be some others indirectly affecting the human race, and in which some people take a languid kind of interest, but the only question worth discussing and comprehending in all its phases is the one I have mentioned. This great question is in its infancy still. The doctrine as yet has been applied only to politics.*

** Colonel Ingersoll then read the following letter, of which he was the author.*

My Dear Sir:—In the olden times, during the purer days of the Republic, the motto was, “To the victors belong the spoils.” The great object of civil service reform is to reverse this motto. Our people are thoroughly disgusted with machine politics, and demand politics without any machine.

In every precinct and ward there are persons going about lauding one party and crying down the other. They make it their business to attend to the affairs of the Nation. They call conventions, pass resolutions; they put notices in papers of the times and places of meetings; they select candidates for office, and then insist upon having them elected; they distribute papers and political documents; they crowd the mails with newspapers, platforms, resolutions, facts and figures, and with everything calculated to help their party and hurt the other. In short, they are the disturbers of the public peace.

They keep the community in a perpetual excitement. In the last campaign, wherever they were was turmoil. They fired cannon, carried flags, torches and transparencies; they subsidized brass bands, and shouted and hurrahed as though the world had gone insane. They were induced to do these things by the hope of success and office. Take away this hope and there will be peace once more. This thing is unendurable. The staid, the quiet and respectable people, the moderate and conservative men who always have an idea of joining the other side just to show their candor, are heartily tired of the entire performance. These gentlemen demand a rest. They are not adventurers; they have incomes; they belong to families; they have monograms and liveries. They have succeeded, and they want quiet. Growth makes a noise; development, as they call it, is nothing but disturbance. We want stability, we want political petrifaction, and we therefore demand that these meetings shall be dismissed, that these processions shall halt, that these flags shall be furled. But these things never will be stopped until we stop paying men with office for making these disturbances. You know that it has been the habit for men elected to bestow political favors upon the men who elected them. This is a crying shame. It is a kind of bribery and corruption. Men should not work with the expectation of reward and success. The frightful consequences of rewarding one’s friends cannot be contemplated by a true patriot without a shudder. Exactly the opposite course is demanded by the great principle of civil service reform. There is no patriotism in working for place, for power and success. The true lover of his country is stimulated to action by the hope of defeat, and the prospect of office for his opponent. To such an extent has the pernicious system of rewarding friends for political services gone in this country, that until very lately it was difficult for a member of the defeated party to obtain a respectable office.

The result of all this is, that the country is divided, that these divisions are kept alive by these speakers, writers and convention callers. The great mission of civil service reform is not to do away with parties, but with conflicting opinion, by taking from all politicians the hope of reward. There is no other hope for peace. What do the people know about the wants of the nation? There are in every community a few quiet and respectable men, who know all about the wants of the people—gentlemen who have retired from business, who take no part in discussion and who are therefore free from prejudice. Let these men attend to our politics. They will not call conventions,

except in the parlors of hotels. They will not put out our eyes with flaring torches. They will not deafen us with speeches. They will carry on a campaign without producing opposition. They will have elections but no contests. All the offices will be given to the defeated party. This of itself will insure tranquillity at the polls. No one will be deprived of the privilege of casting a ballot. When campaigns are conducted in this manner a gentleman can engage in politics with a feeling that he is protected by the great principle of civil service reform. But just so long as men persist in rewarding their friends, as they call them, just so long will our country be cursed with political parties. Nothing can be better calculated to preserve the peace than the great principle of rewarding those who have confidence enough in our institutions to keep silent while peace will sit with folded wings upon the moss-covered political stump of a ruder age. I am satisfied that to civil service reform the Republican party is indebted for the last great victory. Upon this question the enthusiasm of the people was simply unbounded. In the harvest field, the shop, the counting-room, in the church, in the saloon, in, the palace and in the hut, nothing was heard and nothing discussed except the great principle of civil service reform.

Among the most touching incidents of the campaign was to see a few old soldiers, sacred with scars, sit down, and while battles and hair-breadth escapes, and prisons of want, were utterly forgotten, discuss with tremulous lips and tearful eyes the great question of civil service reform.

During the great political contest I addressed several quite large and intelligent audiences, and no one who did not has or can have the slightest idea of the hold that civil service reform had upon the very souls of our people. Upon all other subjects the indifference was marked. I dwelt upon the glittering achievements of my party, but they were indifferent. I pictured outrages perpetrated upon our citizens, but they did not care. All this went idly by, but when I touched upon civil service reform, old men, gray-haired and strong, broke down utterly—tears fell like rain. The faces of women grew ashen with the intensity of anguish, and even little children sobbed as though their hearts would break. To one who has witnessed these affecting scenes, civil service reform is almost a sacred thing. Even the speeches delivered upon this subject in German affected to tears thousands of persons wholly unacquainted with that language. In some instances those who did not understand a word were affected even more than those who did. Surely there must be something in the subject itself, apart from the words used to explain it, that can under such circumstances lead captive the hearts of men. During the entire campaign the cry of civil service reform was heard from one end of our land to the other. The sailor nailed those words to the mast. The miner repeated them between the strokes of the pick. Mothers explained them to their children. Emigrants painted them upon their wagons. They were mingled with the reaper's song and the shout of the pioneer. Adopt this great principle and we can have quiet and lady-like campaigns, a few articles in monthly magazines, a leader or two in the "Nation," in the pictorial papers wood-cuts of the residences of the respective candidates and now and then a letter from an old Whig would constitute all the aggressive agencies of the contest. I am satisfied that this great principle secured us our victories in Florida and Louisiana, and its effect on the High Joint Commission was greater than is generally supposed. It was this that finally decided the action of the returning boards.

Cronin is the only man upon whom this great principle was an utter failure. Let it be understood that friends are not to be rewarded. Let it be settled that political services are a barrier to political preferment, and my word for it, machine politics will never be heard of again.

Yours truly,——

I do not believe in carrying civil service reform to the extent that you will not allow an officer to resign. I do not believe that that principle should be insisted upon to that degree that there would only be two ways left to get out of office—death or suicide. I believe, other things being equal, any party having any office within its gift will give that office to the man that really believes in the principles of that party, and who has worked to give those principles ultimate victory. That is human nature. The man that plows, the man that sows, and the man that cultivates, ought to be the man that reaps. But we have in this country a multitude of little places, a multitude of clerkships in Washington; and the question is whether on the incoming of a new administration, these men shall all be turned out. In the first place, they are on starvation salaries, just barely enough to keep soul and body together, and respectability on the outside; and if there is a young man in this audience, I beg of him:

Never accept a clerkship from this Government. Do not live on a little salary; do not let your mind be narrowed; do not sell all the splendid possibilities of the future; do not learn to cringe and fawn and crawl.

I would rather have forty acres of land, with a log cabin on it and the woman I love in the cabin—with a little grassy winding path leading down to the spring where the water gurgles from the lips of earth whispering day and night to the white pebbles a perpetual poem—with holly-hocks growing at the corner of the house, and morning-glories blooming over the low latched door—with lattice work over the window so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the dimpled babe in the cradle, and birds—like songs with wings hovering in the summer air—than be the clerk of any government on earth.

Now, I say, let us lengthen the term of office—I do not care much how long—send a man to Congress at least for five years. And it would be a great blessing if there were not half as many of them sent.

We have too many legislators and too much legislation; too little about important matters, and too much about unimportant matters. Lengthen the term of office so that the man can turn his attention to something else when he gets in besides looking after his re-election. There is another defect we must remedy in our Constitution, in my judgment, and that is as to the mode of electing a President. I believe it of the greatest importance that the Executive should be entirely independent of the legislative and judicial departments of the country. I do not believe that Congress should have the right to create a vacancy which it can fill. I do not believe that the Senate of the United States, or the lower house of Congress, by a simple objection, should have the right to deprive any State of its electoral vote. Our Constitution now provides that the electors chosen in each State shall meet in their respective States upon a certain day and there cast their votes for President and Vice-President of the

United States. They shall properly certify to the votes which are cast, and shall transmit lists of them, together with the proper certificates, to the Vice-President of the United States. And it is then declared that upon a certain day in the presence of both houses of Congress, the Vice-President shall open the certificates and the votes shall then be counted. It does not exactly say who shall count these votes. It does not in so many words say the Vice-President shall do it, or may do it, or that both houses of Congress shall do it, or may do it, or that either house can prevent a count of the votes. It leaves us in the dark, and, to a certain degree, in blindness. I believe there is a way, and a very easy way, out of the entire trouble, and it is this: I do not care whether the electors first meet in their respective States or not, but I want the Constitution so amended that the electors of all the States shall meet on a certain day in the city of Washington, and count the votes themselves; to allow that body to be the judge of who are electors, to allow it to choose a chairman, and to allow the person so chosen to declare who is the President, and who is the Vice-President of the United States. The Executive is then entirely free and independent of the legislative department of Government. The Executive is then entirely free from the judicial department, and I tell you, it is a public calamity to have the ermine of the Supreme Court of the United States touched or stained by a political suspicion. In my judgment, this country can never stand such a strain again as it has now.

Now, my friends, all these questions are upon us and they have to be settled. We cannot go on as we have been going. We cannot afford to live as we have lived—one section running against the other. We cannot go along that way. It must be settled, either peaceably or there must again be a resort to the boisterous sword of civil war.

The people of the South must stop trampling on the rights of the colored men. It must not be a crime in any State of this Union to be a lover of this country. I have seen it stated in several papers lately that it is the duty of each State to protect its own citizens. Well, I know that. Suppose that the State does not do it; what then I say? Well, then, say these people, the Governor of the State has the right to call on the General Government for assistance. But suppose the Governor will not call for assistance, what then? Then, they tell us, the Legislature can do so by a joint resolution. But suppose the Legislature will not do it, what then? Then, say these people, it is a defect in the Constitution. In my judgment, that is the absurdest kind of secession. If the State of Illinois must protect me, if I have no right to call for the protection of the General Government, all I have to say is that my allegiance must belong to the Government that protects me. If Illinois protects me, and the General Government has not the power, then my first allegiance is due to Illinois; and should Illinois unsheathe the sword of civil war, I must stand by my State, if that doctrine is true. I say, my first allegiance is due to the General Government, and not to the State of Illinois, and if the State of Illinois goes out of the Union, I swear to you that I will not. What does the General Government propose to give me in exchange for my allegiance? The General Government has a right to take my property. The General Government has a right to take my body in its necessary defence. What does that Government propose to give in exchange for that right? Protection, or else our Government is a fraud. Who has a right to call for the protection of the United States? I say, the citizen who needs it. Can our Government obtain information only through the official sources? Must our Government wait until the Government asks

the proofs, while the State tramples upon the rights of the citizens? Must it wait until the Legislature calls for assistance to help it stop robbing and plundering citizens of the United States? Is that the doctrine and the idea of the Northern Democratic party? It is not mine. A Government that will not protect its citizens is a disgrace to humanity. A Government that waits until a Governor calls—a Government that cannot hear the cry of the meanest citizen under its flag when his rights are being trampled upon, even by citizens of a Southern State—has no right to exist.

It is the duty of the American citizen to see to it that every State has a Government, not only republican in form, but it is the duty of the United States to see to it that life, liberty and property are protected in each State. If they are not protected, it is the duty of the United States to protect them, if it takes all her military force both upon land and upon the sea. The people whose Government cannot always hear the faintest wail of the meanest man beneath its flag have no right to call themselves a nation. The flag that will not protect its protectors and defend its defenders is a rag that is not worth the air in which it waves.

How are we going to do it? Do it by kindness if you can; by conciliation if you can, but the Government is bound to try every way until it succeeds. Now, Rutherford B. Hayes was elected President. The Democracy will say, of course, that he never was elected, but that does not make any difference. He is President to-day, and all these things are about him to be settled.

What shall we do? What can we do? There are two Governors in South Carolina and two Legislatures and not one cent of taxes has been collected by either. A dual government would seem to be the most economical in the world. Now, the question for us to decide, the question to be decided by this administration is, how are we to ascertain which is the legal Government of the State, and what department of the Government has a right to ascertain that fact? Must it be left to Congress? Has the Senate alone the right to determine it? Can it be left in any way to the Supreme Court, or shall the Executive decide it himself? I do not say that the Executive has the power to decide that question for himself. I do not say he has not, but I do not say he has. The question, so far as Louisiana and South Carolina are concerned—that question is now in the Senate of the United States. Governor Kellogg is asking for admission as a Senator from the State of Louisiana, and the question is to be decided by the Senate first, whether he is entitled to his seat, and that question of course, rests upon the one fact—was the Legislature that elected him the legal Legislature of the State of Louisiana? It seems to me that when that question is pending in the Senate of the United States the President has not the right, or at least it would be improper for him to decide it on his own motion, and say this or that Government is the real and legal Government of the State of Louisiana. But some mode must be adopted, some way must be discovered to settle this question, and to settle it peacefully. We are an enlightened people. Force is the last thing that civilized men should resort to. As long as courts can be created, as long as courts of arbitration can be selected, as long as we can reason and think, and urge all the considerations of humanity upon each other, there should be no appeal to arms in the United States upon any question whatever. What should the President do? He could only spare twenty-five hundred men from the Indian war—that is the same army that has so

long been trampling on the rights of the South, the same army that the Democratic Congress wished to reduce, and that army of twenty-five hundred men is all he has to spare to protect American citizens in the Southern States. Is there any sentiment in the North that would uphold the Executive in calling for volunteers? Is there any sentiment here that would respond to a call for twenty, fifty, or a hundred thousand men? Is there any Congress to pass the necessary act to pay them if there was?

And so the President of the United States appreciated the situation, and the people of the South came to him and said, “We have had war enough, we have had trouble enough, our country languishes, we have no trade, our pockets are empty, something must be done for us, we are utterly and perfectly disgusted with the leadership of the Democratic party of the North. Now, will you let us be your friends?” And he had the sense to say, “Yes.” The President took the right hand of the North, and put it into the right hand of the South and said “Let us be friends. We parted at the cannon’s mouth; we were divided by the edge of the glittering sword; we must become acquainted again. We are equals. We are all fellow-citizens. In a Government of the people, by the people and for the people, there shall not be an outcast class, whether white or black. To this feast, every child of the Republic shall be invited and welcomed.” It was a grand thing grandly done. If the President succeeds in his policy, it will be an immense compliment to his brain. If he fails, it will be an equal compliment to his heart. He has opened the door; he has advanced; he has extended his hand, he has broken the silence of hatred with the words of welcome. Actuated by this broad and catholic spirit he has selected his constitutional advisors, and allow me to say right here, the President has the right to select his constitutional advisors to suit himself, and the idea of men endeavoring to force themselves or others into the Cabinet of the President, against, as it were, his will, why I would as soon think of circulating a petition to compel some woman to marry me.

He has gathered around him the men he considers the wisest and the best, and I say, let us give them a fair chance. I say, let us be honest with the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and give his policy a fair and honest chance. In order to show his good faith with the South he chose as a member of his Cabinet an ex-rebel from Tennessee. I confess, when I heard of it I did not like it. It did not seem to be exactly what I had been making all this fuss about. But I thought I would be honest about it, and I went and called on Mr. Key, and really he begins already to look a good deal like a Republican. A real honest looking man. And then I said to myself that he had not done much more harm than as though he had been a Democrat at the North during those four years, and had cursed and swore instead of fought about it. And so I told him “I am glad you are appointed.”

And I am. Give him a chance, and so far as the whole Cabinet is concerned—I have not the time to go over them one by one now, it is perfectly satisfactory to me. The President made up his mind that to appoint that man would be to say to the South: “I do not look upon you as pariahs in this Government. I look upon you as fellow-citizens; I want you to wipe forever the color line, or the Union line, from the records of this Government on account of what has been done heretofore.” What are you now? is the only question that should be asked. It was a strange thing for the President to appoint that man. It was an experiment. It is an experiment. It has not

yet been decided, but I believe it will simply be a proof of the President's wisdom. I can stand that experiment taken in connection with the appointment of Frederick Douglass as Marshal of the District of Columbia. I was glad to see that man's appointment. He is a good, patient, stern man. He has been fighting for the liberty of his race, and at the same time for our liberty. This man has done something for the freedom of my race as well as his own. This is no time for war. War settles nothing except the mere question of strength. That is all war ever did settle. You cannot shoot ideas into a man with a musket, or with cannon into one of those old Bourbon Democrats of the North. You cannot let prejudices out of a man with a sword.

This is the time for reason, for discussion, for compromise. This is the time to repair, to rebuild, to preserve. War destroys. Peace creates. War is decay and death. Peace is growth and life,—sunlight and air. War kills men. Peace maintains them. Artillery does not reason; it asserts. A bayonet has point enough, but no logic. When the sword is drawn, reason remains in the scabbard. It is not enough to win upon the field of battle, you must be victor within the realm of thought. There must be peace between the North and South some time; not a conquered peace, but a peace that conquers. The question is, can you and I forget the past? Can we forget everything except the heroic sacrifices of the men who saved this Government? Can we say to the South, "Let us be brothers"? Can we? I am willing to do it because, in the first place, it is right, and in the second place, it will pay if it can be carried out. We have fought and hated long enough. Our country is prostrate. Labor is in rags. Energy has empty hands. Industry has empty pockets. The wheels of the factory are still. In the safe of prudence money lies idle, locked by the key of fear. Confidence is what we need—confidence in each other; confidence in our institutions; confidence in our form of government; in the great future; confidence in law, confidence in liberty, confidence in progress, and in the grand destiny of the Great Republic. Now, do not imagine that I think this policy will please every body. Of course there are men South and North who can never be conciliated. They are the Implacables in the South—the Bourbons in the North.

Nothing will ever satisfy them. The Implacables want to own negroes and whip them; the Bourbons never will be satisfied until they can help catch one. The Implacables with violent hands drive emigration from their shores. They are poisoning the springs and sources of prosperity. They dine on hatred and sup on regret. They mourn over the lost cause and partake of the communion of revenge. They strike down the liberties of their fellow-citizens and refuse to enjoy their own. They remember nothing but wrongs, and they forget nothing but benefits. Their bosoms are filled with the serpents of hate. No one can compromise with them. Nothing can change them. They must be left to the softening influence of time and death. The Bourbons are the allies of the Implacables. A Bourbon in the majority is an Implacable in the minority. An Implacable in the minority is a Bourbon. We do not appeal to, but from these men. But there are in the South thousands of men who have accepted in good faith the results of the war; men who love and wish to preserve this nation, men tired of strife—men longing for a real Union based upon mutual respect and confidence. These men are willing that the colored man shall be free—willing that he shall vote, and vote for the Government of his choice—willing that his children shall be educated—willing that he shall have all the rights of an American

citizen. These men are tired of the Implacables and disgusted with the Bourbons. These men wish to unite with the patriotic men of the North in the great work of reestablishing a government of law. For my part, call me of what party you please, I am willing to join hands with these men, without regard to race, color or previous condition.

With a knowledge of our wants—with a clear perception of our difficulties, Rutherford B. Hayes became President.

Nations have been saved by the grandeur of one man. Above all things a President should be a patriot. Party at best is only a means—the good of the country, the happiness of the people, the only end.

Now, I appeal to you Democrats here—not a great many, I suppose—do not oppose this policy because you think it is going to increase the Republican strength. If it strengthens the Government, no matter whether it is Republican or Democratic, it is for the common good.

And you Republicans, you who have had all these feelings of patriotism and glory, I ask you to wait and let this experiment be tried. Do not prophesy failure for it and then work to fulfill the prophecy. Give the President a chance. I tell you to-night that he is as good a Republican as there is in the United States; and I tell you that if this policy is not responded to by the South, Rutherford B. Hayes will change it, just as soon and as often as is necessary to accomplish the end. The President has offered the Southern people the olive branch of peace, and so far as I am concerned, I implore both the Southern people and the Northern people to accept it. I extend to you each and all the olive branch of peace. Fellow-citizens of the South, I beseech you to take it. By the memory of those who died for naught; by the charred remains of your remembered homes; by the ashes of your statesman dead; for the sake of your sons and your daughters and their fair children yet to be, I implore you to take it with loving and with loyal hands. It will cultivate your wasted fields. It will rebuild your towns and cities. It will fill your coffers with gold. It will educate your children. It will swell the sails of your commerce. It will cause the roses of joy to clamber and climb over the broken cannon of war. It will flood the cabins of the freedman with light, and clothe the weak in more than coat of mail, and wrap the poor and lowly in “measureless content.” Take it. The North will forgive if the South will forget. Take it! The negro will wipe from the tablet of memory the strokes and scars of two hundred years, and blur with happy tears the record of his wrongs. Take it! It will unite our nation. It will make us brothers once again. Take it! And justice will sit in your courts under the outspread wings of Peace. Take it! And the brain and lips of the future will be free. Take it! It will bud and blossom in your hands and fill your land with fragrance and with joy.

Hard Times And The Way Out

** Boston, October 20, 1878.*

LADIES and Gentlemen:—The lovers of the human race, the philanthropists, the dreamers of grand dreams, all predicted and all believed that when man should have the right to govern himself, when every human being should be equal before the law, pauperism, crime, and want would exist only in the history of the past. They accounted for misery in their time by the rapacity of kings and the cruelty of priests. Here, in the United States, man at last is free. Here, man makes the laws, and all have an equal voice. The rich cannot oppress the poor, because the poor are in a majority. The laboring men, those who in some way work for their living, can elect every Congressman and every judge; they can make and interpret the laws, and if labor is oppressed in the United States by capital, labor has simply itself to blame. The cry is now raised that capital in some mysterious way oppresses industry; that the capitalist is the enemy of the man who labors. What is a capitalist? Every man who has good health; every man with good sense; every one who has had his dinner, and has enough left for supper, is, to that extent, a capitalist. Every man with a good character, who has the credit to borrow a dollar or to buy a meal, is a capitalist; and nine out of ten of the great capitalists in the United States are simply successful workingmen. There is no conflict, and can be no conflict, in the United States between capital and labor; and the men who endeavor to excite the envy of the unfortunate and the malice of the poor are the enemies of law and order.

As a rule, wealth is the result of industry, economy, attention to business; and as a rule, poverty is the result of idleness, extravagance, and inattention to business, though to these rules there are thousands of exceptions. The man who has wasted his time, who has thrown away his opportunities, is apt to envy the man who has not. For instance, there are six shoemakers working in one shop. One of them attends to his business. You can hear the music of his hammer late and early. He is in love with some girl on the next street. He has made up his mind to be a man; to succeed; to make somebody else happy; to have a home; and while he is working, in his imagination he can see his own fireside, with the firelight falling upon the faces of wife and child. The other five gentlemen work as little as they can, spend Sunday in dissipation, have the headache Monday, and, as a result, never advance. The industrious one, the one in love, gains the confidence of his employer, and in a little while he cuts out work for the others. The first thing you know he has a shop of his own, the next a store; because the man of reputation, the man of character, the man of known integrity, can buy all he wishes in the United States upon a credit. The next thing you know he is married, and he has built him a house, and he is happy, and his dream has been realized. After awhile the same five shoemakers, having pursued the old course, stand on the corner some Sunday when he rides by. He has a carriage, his wife sits by his side, her face covered with smiles, and they have two children, their eyes beaming with joy, and the blue ribbons are fluttering in the wind. And thereupon, these five shoemakers adjourn to some neighboring saloon and pass a resolution that there is an irrepressible conflict between capital and labor.

There is, in fact, no such conflict, and the laboring men of the United States have the power to protect themselves. In the ballot-box the vote of Lazarus is on an equality with the vote of Dives; the vote of a wandering pauper counts the same as that of a millionaire. In a land where the poor, where the laboring men have the right and have the power to make the laws, and do, in fact, make the laws, certainly there should be no complaint. In our country the people hold the power, and if any corporation in any State is devouring the substance of the people, every State has retained the power of eminent domain, under which it can confiscate the property and franchise of any corporation by simply paying to that corporation what such property is worth. And yet thousands of people are talking as though the rich combined for the express purpose of destroying the poor, are talking as though there existed a widespread conspiracy against industry, against honest toil; and thousands and thousands of speeches have been made and numberless articles have been written to fill the breasts of the unfortunate with hatred.

We have passed through a period of wonderful and unprecedented inflation. For years we enjoyed the luxury of going into debt, the felicity of living upon credit. We have in the United States about eighty thousand miles of railway, more than enough to make a treble track around the globe. Most of these miles were built in a period of twenty-five years, and at a cost of at least five thousand millions of dollars. Think of the ore that had to be dug, of the iron that was melted; think of the thousands employed in cutting bridge timber and ties, and giving to the wintry air the music of the axe; think of the thousands and thousands employed in making cars, in making locomotives, those horses of progress with nerves of steel and breath of flame; think of the thousands and thousands of workers in brass and steel and iron; think of the numberless industries that thrived in the construction of eighty thousand miles of railway, of the streams bridged, of the mountains tunneled, of the plains crossed; and think of the towns and cities that sprang up, as if by magic, along these highways of iron.

During the same time we had a war in which we expended thousands of millions of dollars, not to create, not to construct, but to destroy. All this money was spent in the work of demolition, and every shot and every shell and every musket and every cannon was used to destroy. All the time of every soldier was lost. An amount of property inconceivable was destroyed, and some of the best and bravest were sacrificed. During these years the productive power of the North was strained to the utmost; every wheel was in motion; there was employment for every kind and description of labor, and for every mechanic. There was a constantly rising market—speculation was rife, and it seemed almost impossible to lose. As a consequence, the men who had been toiling upon the farm became tired. It was too slow a way to get rich. They heard of their neighbor, of their brother, who had gone to the city and had suddenly become a millionaire. They became tired with the slow methods of agriculture. The young men of intelligence, of vim, of nerve became disgusted with the farms. On every hand fortunes were being made. A wave of wealth swept over the United States; huts became houses; houses became palaces with carpeted floors and pictured walls; tatters became garments; rags became robes; and for the first time in the history of the world, the poor tasted of the luxuries of wealth. We wondered how our fathers could have endured their poor and barren lives.

Every business was pressed to the snow line. Old life insurance associations had been successful; new ones sprang up on every hand. The agents filled every town. These agents were given a portion of the premium. You could hardly go out of your house without being told of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. You were shown pictures of life insurance agents emptying vast bags of gold at the feet of a disconsolate widow. You saw in imagination your own fatherless children wiping away the tears of grief and smiling with joy.

These agents insured everybody and everything. They would have insured a hospital or consumption in its last hemorrhage.

Fire insurance was managed in precisely the same way. The agents received a part of the premium, and they insured anything and everything, no matter what its danger might be. They would have insured powder in perdition, or icebergs under the torrid zone with the same alacrity. And then there were accident companies, and you could not go to the station to buy your ticket without being shown a picture of disaster. You would see there four horses running away with a stage, and old ladies and children being thrown out; you would see a steamer being blown up on the Mississippi, legs one way and arms the other, heads one side and hats the other; locomotives going through bridges, good Samaritans carrying off the wounded on stretchers.

The merchants, too, were not satisfied to do business in the old way. It was too slow; they could not wait for customers. They filled the country with drummers, and these drummers convinced all the country merchants that they needed about twice as many goods as they could possibly sell, and they took their notes on sixty and ninety days, and renewed them whenever desired, provided the parties renewing the notes would take more goods. And these country merchants pressed the goods upon their customers in the same manner. Everybody was selling, everybody was buying, and nearly all was done upon a credit. No one believed the day of settlement ever would or ever could come. Towns must continue to grow, and in the imagination of speculators there were hundreds of cities numbering their millions of inhabitants. Land, miles and miles from the city, was laid out in blocks and squares and parks; land that will not be occupied for residences probably for hundreds of years to come, and these lots were sold, not by the acre, not by the square mile, but by so much per foot. They were sold on credit, with a partial payment down and the balance secured by a mortgage.

These values, of course, existed simply in the imagination; and a deed of trust upon a cloud or a mortgage upon a last year's fog would have been just as valuable. Everybody advertised, and those who were not selling goods and real estate were in the medicine line, and every rock beneath our flag was covered with advice to the unfortunate; and I have often thought that if some sincere Christian had made a pilgrimage to Sinai and climbed its venerable crags, and in a moment of devotion dropped upon his knees and raised his eyes toward heaven, the first thing that would have met his astonished gaze would in all probability have been:

"St. 1860 X Plantation Bitters."

Suddenly there came a crash. Jay Cooke failed, and I have heard thousands of men account for the subsequent hard times from the fact that Cooke did fail. As well

might you account for the smallpox by saying that the first pustule was the cause of the disease. The failure of Jay Cooke & Co. was simply a symptom of a disease universal.

No language can describe the agonies that have been endured since 1873. No language can tell the sufferings of the men that have wandered over the dreary and desolate desert of bankruptcy. Thousands and thousands supposed that they had enough, enough for their declining years, enough for wife and children, and suddenly found themselves paupers and vagrants.

During all these years the bankruptcy law was in force, and whoever failed to keep his promise had simply to take the benefit of this law. As a consequence, there could be no real, solid foundation for business. Property commenced to decline; that is to say, it commenced to resume; that is to say, it began to be rated at its real instead of at its speculative value.

Land is worth what it will produce, and no more. It may have speculative value, and, if the prophecy is fulfilled, the man who buys it may become rich, and if the prophecy is not fulfilled, then the land is simply worth what it will produce. Lots worth from five to ten thousand dollars apiece suddenly vanished into farms worth twenty-five dollars per acre. These lots resumed. The farms that before that time had been considered worth one hundred dollars per acre, and are now worth twenty or thirty, have simply resumed. Magnificent residences supposed to be worth one hundred thousand dollars, that can now be purchased for twenty-five thousand, they have simply resumed. The property in the United States has not fallen in value, but its real value has been ascertained. The land will produce as much as it ever would, and is as valuable to-day as it ever was; and every improvement, every invention that adds to the productiveness of the soil or to the facilities for getting that product to market, adds to the wealth of the nation.

As a matter of fact, the property kept pace with what we were pleased to call our money. As the money depreciated, property appreciated; as the money appreciated, property depreciated. The moment property began to fall speculation ceased. There is but little speculation upon a falling market. The stocks and bonds, based simply upon ideas, became worthless, the collaterals became dust and ashes.

At the close of the war, when the Government ceased to be such a vast purchaser and consumer, many of the factories had to stop. When the crash came the men stopped digging ore; they stopped felling the forest; the fires died out in the furnaces; the men who had stood in the glare of the forge were in the gloom of want. There was no employment for them. The employer could not sell his product; business stood still, and then came what we call the hard times. Our wealth was a delusion and illusion, and we simply came back to reality. Too many men were doing nothing, too many men were traders, brokers, speculators. There were not enough producers of the things needed; there were too many producers of the things no one wished. There needed to be a re-distribution of men.

Many remedies have been proposed, and chief among these is the remedy of fiat money. Probably no subject in the world is less generally understood than that of money. So many false definitions have been given, so many strange, conflicting

theories have been advanced, that it is not at all surprising that men have come to imagine that money is something that can be created by law. The definitions given by the hard-money men themselves have been used as arguments by those who believe in the power of Congress to create wealth. We are told that gold is an instrumentality or a device to facilitate exchanges. We are told that gold is a measure of value. Let us examine these definitions.

"*Gold is an instrumentality or device to facilitate exchanges*."

That sounds well, but I do not believe it. Gold and silver are commodities. They are the products of labor. They are not instrumentalities; they are not devices to facilitate exchanges; they are the things exchanged for something else; and other things are exchanged for them. The only device about it to facilitate exchanges is the coining of these metals. Whenever the Government or any government certifies that in a certain piece of gold or silver there are a certain number of grains of a certain fineness, then he who gives it knows that he is not giving too much, and he who receives, that he is receiving enough, so that I will change the definition to this:

The *coining* of the precious metals is a device to facilitate exchanges.

The precious metals themselves are property; they are merchandise; they are commodities, and whenever one commodity is exchanged for another it is barter, and gold is the last refinement of barter.

The second definition is:

"*Gold is the measure of value*."

We are told by those who believe in fiat money that gold is a measure of value just the same as a half bushel or a yardstick.

I deny that gold is a measure of value. The yardstick is not a measure of value; it is simply a measure of quantity. It measures cloth worth fifty dollars a yard precisely as it does calico worth four cents. It is, therefore, not a measure of value, but of quantities. The same with the half bushel. The half bushel measures wheat precisely the same, whether that wheat is worth three dollars or one dollar. It simply measures quantity; not quality, or value. The yardstick, the half bushel, and the coining of money are all devices to facilitate exchanges. The yardstick assures the man who sells that he has not sold too much; it assures the man who buys that he has received enough; and in that way it facilitates exchanges. The coining of money facilitates exchange, for the reason that were it not coined, each man who did any business would have to carry a pair of scales and be a chemist.

It matters not whether the yardstick or half bushel are of gold, silver, or wood, for the reason that the yardstick and half bushel are not the things bought. We buy not them, but the things they measure.

If gold and silver are not the measure of value, what is? I answer—intelligent labor. Gold gets its value from labor. Of course, I cannot account for the fact that mankind have a certain fancy for gold or for diamonds, neither can I account for the fact that we like certain things better than others to eat. These are simply facts in nature, and they are facts, whether they can be explained or not. The dollar in gold represents, on

the average, the labor that it took to dig and mint it, together with all the time of the men who looked for it without finding it. That dollar in gold, on the average, will buy the product of the same amount of labor in any other direction.

Nothing ever has been money, from the most barbarous to the most civilized times, unless it was a product of nature, and a something to which the people among whom it passed as money attached a certain value, a value not dependent upon law, not dependent upon "fiat" in any degree.

Nothing has ever been considered money that man could produce.

A bank bill is not money, neither is a check nor a draft. These are all devices simply to facilitate business, but in or of themselves they have no value.

We are told, however, that the Government can create money. This I deny. The Government produces nothing; it raises no wheat, no corn; it digs no gold, no silver. It is not a producer, it is a consumer.

The Government cannot by law create wealth. And right here I wish to ask one question, and I would like to have it answered some time. If the Government can make money, if it can create money, if by putting its sovereignty upon a piece of paper it can create absolute money, why should the Government collect taxes? We have in every district assessors and collectors; we have at every port customhouses, and we are collecting taxes day and night for the support of this Government. Now, if the Government can make money itself, why should it collect taxes from the poor? Here is a man cultivating a farm—he is working among the stones and roots, and digging day and night; why should the Government go to that man and make him pay twenty or thirty or forty dollars taxes when the Government, according to the theory of these gentlemen, could make a thousand-dollar fiat bill quicker than that man could wink? Why impose upon industry in that manner? Why should the sun borrow a candle?

And if the Government can create money, how much should it create, and if it should create it who will get it? Money has a great liking for money. A single dollar in the pocket of a poor man is lonesome; it never is satisfied until it has found its companions. Money gravitates towards money, and issue as much as you may, as much as you will, the time will come when that money will be in the hands of the industrious, in the hands of the economical, in the hands of the shrewd, in the hands of the cunning; in other words, in the hands of the successful.

The other day I had a conversation with one of the principal gentlemen upon that side, and I told him, "Whenever you can successfully palm off on a man a bill of fare for a dinner, I shall believe in your doctrine; and when I can satisfy the pangs of hunger by reading a cook-book, I shall join your party." Only that is money which stands for labor. Only that is money which will buy, on the average, in all other directions the result of the same labor expended in its production. As a matter of fact, there is money enough in the country to transact the business. Never before in the history of our Government was money so cheap; that is to say, was interest so low; never. There is plenty of money, and we could borrow all we wished had we the collaterals. We could borrow all we wish if there was some business in which we

could embark that promised a sure and reasonable return. If we should come to a man who kept a ferry, and find his boat on a sandbar and the river dry, what would he think of us should we tell him he had not enough boat? He would probably reply that he had plenty of boat, but not enough water. We have plenty of money, but not enough business. The reason we have not enough business is, we have not enough confidence, and the reason we have not confidence is because the market is slowly falling, and the reason it is slowly falling is that things have not yet quite resumed; that we have not quite touched the absolute bedrock of valuation. Another reason is because those that left the cultivation of the soil have not yet all returned, and they are living, some upon their wits, some upon their relatives, some upon charity, and some upon crime.

The next question is: Suppose the Government should issue a thousand millions of fiat money, how would it regulate the value thereof? Every creditor could be forced to take it, but nobody else. If a man was in debt one dollar for a bushel of wheat, he could compel the creditor to take the fiat money; but if he wished to buy the wheat, then the owner could say, “I will take one dollar in gold or fifty dollars in fiat money, or I will not sell it for fiat money at any price.” What will Congress do then? In order to make this fiat money good it will have to fix the price of every conceivable commodity; the price of painting a picture, of trying a lawsuit, of chiseling a statue, the price of a day’s work; in short, the price of every conceivable thing. This even will not be sufficient. It will be necessary, then, to provide by law that the prices fixed shall be received, and that no man shall be allowed to give more for anything than the price fixed by Congress. Now, I do not believe that any Congress has sufficient wisdom to tell beforehand what will be the relative value of all the products of labor.

When the volume of currency is inflated it is at the expense of the creditor class; when it is contracted it is contracted at the expense of the debtor class. In other words, inflation means going into debt; contraction means the payment of the debt.

A gold dollar is a dollar’s worth of gold.

A real paper dollar is a dollar’s worth of paper.

Another remedy has been suggested by the same persons who advocate fiat money. With a consistency perfectly charming, they say it would have been much better had we allowed the Treasury notes to fade out. Why allow fiat money to fade out when a simple act of Congress can make it as good as gold? When greenbacks fade out the loss falls upon the chance holder, upon the poor, the industrious, and the unfortunate. The rich, the cunning, the well-informed manage to get rid of what they happen to hold. When, however, the bills are redeemed, they are paid by the wealth and property of the whole country. To allow them to fade out is universal robbery; to pay them is universal justice. The greenback should not be allowed to fade away in the pocket of the soldier or in the hands of his widow and children. It is said that; the Continental money faded away. It was and is a disgrace to our forefathers. When the greenback fades away there will fade with it honor from the American heart, brain from the American head, and our flag from the air of heaven.

A great cry has been raised against the holders of bonds. They have been denounced by every epithet that malignity can coin. During the war our bonds were offered for

sale and they brought all that they then appeared to be worth. They had to be sold or the Rebellion would have been a success. To the bond we are indebted as much as to the greenback. The fact is, however, we are indebted to neither; we are indebted to the soldiers. But every man who took a greenback at less than gold committed the same crime, and no other, as he who bought the bonds at less than par in gold. These bonds have changed hands thousands of times. They have been paid for in gold again and again. They have been bought at prices far above par; they have been laid away by loving husbands for wives, by toiling fathers for children; and the man who seeks to repudiate them now, or to pay them in fiat rags, is unspeakably cruel and dishonest. If the Government has made a bad bargain it must live up to it. If it has made a foolish promise the only way is to fulfill it.

A dishonest government can exist only among dishonest people.

When our money is below par we feel below par.

We cannot bring prosperity by cheapening money; we cannot increase our wealth by adding to the volume of a depreciated currency. If the prosperity of a country depends upon the volume of its currency, and if anything is money that people can be made to think is money, then the successful counterfeiter is a public benefactor. The counterfeiter increases the volume of currency; he stimulates business, and the money issued by him will not be hoarded and taken from the channels of trade.

During the war, during the inflation—that is to say, during the years that we were going into debt—fortunes were made so easily that people left the farms, crowded to the towns and cities. Thousands became speculators, traders, and merchants; thousands embarked in every possible and conceivable scheme. They produced nothing; they simply preyed upon labor and dealt with imaginary values. These men must go back; they must become producers, and every producer is a paying consumer. Thousands and thousands of them are unable to go back. To a man who begs of you a breakfast you cannot say, “Why don’t you get a farm?” You might as well say, “Why don’t you start a line of steamships?” To him both are impossibilities. They must be helped.

We should all remember that society must support all of its members, all of its robbers, thieves, and paupers. Every vagabond and vagrant has to be fed and clothed, and society must support in some way all of its members. It can support them in jails, in asylums, in hospitals, in penitentiaries; but it is a very costly way. We have to employ judges to try them, juries to sit upon their cases, sheriffs, marshals, and constables to arrest them, policemen to watch them, and it may be, at last, a standing army to put them down. It would be far cheaper, probably, to support them all at some first-class hotel. We must either support them or help them support themselves. They let us go upon the one hand simply to take us by the other, and we can take care of them as paupers and criminals, or, by wise statesmanship, help them to be honest and useful men. Of all the criminals transported by England to Australia and Tasmania, the records show that a very large per cent.—something over ninety—became useful and decent people. In Australia they found homes; hope again spread its wings in their breasts. They had different ambitions; they were removed from vile and vicious associations. They had new surroundings; and, as a rule, man does not

morally improve without a corresponding improvement in his physical condition. One biscuit, with plenty of butter, is worth all the tracts ever distributed.

Thousands must be taken from the crowded streets and stifling dens, away from the influences of filth and want, to the fields and forests of the West and South. They must be helped to help themselves.

While the Government cannot create gold and silver, while it cannot by its fiat make money, it can furnish facilities for the creation of wealth. It can aid in the distribution of products, and in the distribution of men; it can aid in the opening of new territories; it can aid great and vast enterprises that cannot be accomplished by individual effort. The Government should see to it that every facility is offered to honorable adventure, enterprise and industry. Our ships ought to be upon every sea; our flag ought to be flying in every port. Our rivers and harbors ought to be improved. The usefulness of the Mississippi should be increased, its banks strengthened, and its channel deepened. At no distant day it will bear the commerce of a hundred millions of people. That grand river is the great guaranty of territorial integrity; it is the protest of nature against disunion, and from its source to the sea it will forever flow beneath one flag.

The Northern Pacific Railway should be pushed to completion. In this way labor would be immediately given to many thousands of men. Along the line of that thoroughfare would spring up towns and cities; new communities with new surroundings; and where now is the wilderness there would be thousands and thousands of happy homes.

The Texas Pacific should also be completed. A vast agricultural and mineral region would be opened to the enterprise and adventure of the American people. Probably Arizona holds within the miserly clutches of her rocks greater wealth than any other State or territory of the world. The construction of that road would put life and activity into a hundred industries. It would give employment to many thousands of people, and homes at last to many millions. It would cause the building of thousands of miles of branches to open, not only new territory, but to connect with roads already built. It would double the products of gold and silver, open new fields to trade, create new industries, and make it possible for us to supply eight millions of people in the Republic of Mexico with our products. The construction of this great highway will enable the Government to dispense with from ten to fifteen regiments of infantry and cavalry now stationed along the border. People enough will settle along this line to protect themselves. It will permanently settle the Indian question, saving the people millions each year. It will effectually destroy the present monopoly, and in this way greatly increase production and consumption. It will double our trade with China and Japan, and with the Pacific States as well. It will settle the Southern question by filling the Southern States with immigrants, diversifying the industries of that section, changing and rebuilding the commercial and social fabric; it will do away with the conservatism of regret and the prejudice born of isolation. It will transmute to wealth the unemployed muscle of the country. It will rescue California from the control of a single corporation, from the government of an oligarchy united, watchful, despotic, and vindictive. It will liberate the farmers, the merchants, and even the politicians of the Pacific coast. Besides, it must not be forgotten so to frame

the laws and charters that Congress shall forever have the control of fares and freights. In this way the public will be perfectly protected and the Government perfectly secured.

Look at the map, and you will see the immense advantages its construction will give to the entire country, not only to the South, but to the East and West as well. It is one hundred and fifty miles nearer from Chicago to San Diego than to San Francisco. You will see that the whole of Texas, a State containing two hundred and ten thousand square miles; a State four times as large as Illinois, five times as large as New York, capable of supporting a population of twenty millions of people, is put in direct and immediate communication with the whole country. Territory to the extent of nearly a million square miles will be given to agriculture, trade, commerce, and mining, by the construction of this line.

Let this road be built, and we shall feel again the enthusiasm born of enterprise. In the vast stagnation there will be at last a current. Something besides waiting is necessary to secure, or to even hasten, the return of prosperity. Secure the completion of this line and extend the time for building the Northern Pacific, and confidence and employment will return together.

More men must cultivate the soil. In the older States lands are too high. It requires too much capital to commence. There are so many failures in business; so many merchants, traders, and manufacturers have been wrecked and stranded upon the barren shores of bankruptcy, that the people are beginning to prefer the small but certain profits of agriculture to the false and splendid promises of speculation. We must open new territories; we must give the mechanics now out of employment an opportunity to cultivate the soil—not as day-laborers but as owners; not as tenants, but as farmers. Something must be done to develop the resources of this country. With the best lands of the world; with a population intellectual, energetic, and ingenious far beyond the average of mankind; with the richest mines of the globe; with plenty of capital; with a surplus of labor; with thousands of arms folded in enforced idleness; with billions of gold asking to be dug; with millions of acres waiting for the plow, thousands upon thousands are in absolute want.

New avenues must be opened. All our territory must be given to immigration. Greater facilities must be offered. Obstacles that cannot be overcome by individual enterprise must be conquered by the Government for the good of all. Every man out of employment is impoverishing the country. Labor transmutes muscle into wealth. Idleness is a rust that devours even gold. For five years we have been wasting the labor of millions—wasting it for lack of something to do. Prosperity has been changed to want and discontent. On every hand the poor are asking for work. That is a wretched government where the honest and industrious beg, unsuccessfully, for the right to toil; where those who are willing, anxious, and able to work, cannot get bread. If everything is to be left to the blind and heartless working of the laws of supply and demand, why have governments? If the nation leaves the poor to starve, and the weak and unfortunate to perish, it is hard to see for what purpose the nation should be preserved. If our statesmen are not wise enough to foster great enterprises, and to adopt a policy that will give us prosperity, it may be that the laboring classes,

driven to frenzy by hunger, the bitterness of which will be increased by seeing others in the midst of plenty, will seek a remedy in destruction.

The transcontinental commerce of this country should not be in the clutch and grasp of one corporation. All sections of the Union should, as far as possible, be benefited. Cheap rates will come, and can be maintained only by competition. We should cultivate commercial relations with China and Japan. Six hundred millions of people are slowly awaking from a lethargy of six thousand years. In a little while they will have the wants of civilized men, and America will furnish a large proportion of the articles demanded by these people. In a few years there will be as many ships upon the Pacific as upon the Atlantic. In a few years our trade with China will be far greater than with Europe. In a few years we will sustain the same relation to the far East that Europe once sustained to us. America for centuries to come will supply six hundred millions of people with the luxuries of life. A country that expects to control the trade of other countries must develop its own resources to the utmost. We have pursued a small, a mean, and a penurious course. Demagogues have ridden into office and power upon the cry of economy, by opposing every measure looking to the improvement of the country, by endeavoring to see how cheaply nothing could be done. A government, like an individual, should live up to its privileges; it should husband its resources, simply that it may use them. A nation that expects to control the commerce of half a world must have its money equal with gold and silver. It must have the money of the world.

Whenever the laboring men are out of employment they begin to hate the rich. They feel that the dwellers in palaces, the riders in carriages, the wearers of broadcloth, silk, and velvet have in some way been robbing them. As a matter of fact, the palace builders are the friends of labor. The best form of charity is extravagance. When you give a man money, when you toss him a dollar, although you get nothing, the man loses his manhood. To help others help themselves is the only real charity. There is no use in boosting a man who is not climbing. Whenever I see a splendid home, a palace, a magnificent block, I think of the thousands who were fed—of the women and children clothed, of the firesides made happy.

A rich man living up to his privileges, having the best house, the best furniture, the best horses, the finest grounds, the most beautiful flowers, the best clothes, the best food, the best pictures, and all the books that he can afford, is a perpetual blessing.

The prodigality of the rich is the providence of the poor.

The extravagance of wealth makes it possible for the poor to save.

The rich man who lives according to his means, who is extravagant in the best and highest sense, is not the enemy of labor. The miser, who lives in a hovel, wears rags, and hoards his gold, is a perpetual curse. He is like one who dams a river at its source.

The moment hard times come the cry of economy is raised. The press, the platform, and the pulpit unite in recommending economy to the rich. In consequence of this cry, the man of wealth discharges servants, sells horses, allows his carriage to become a hen-roost, and after taking employment and food from as many as he can,

congratulates himself that he has done his part toward restoring prosperity to the country.

In that country where the poor are extravagant and the rich economical will be found pauperism and crime; but where the poor are economical and the rich are extravagant, that country is filled with prosperity.

The man who wants others to work to such an extent that their lives are burdens, is utterly heartless. The toil of the world should continually decrease. Of what use are your inventions if no burdens are lifted from industry—if no additional comforts find their way to the home of labor; why should labor fill the world with wealth and live in want?

Every labor-saving machine should help the whole world. Every one should tend to shorten the hours of labor.

Reasonable labor is a source of joy. To work for wife and child, to toil for those you love, is happiness; provided you can make them happy. But to work like a slave, to see your wife and children in rags, to sit at a table where food is coarse and scarce, to rise at four in the morning, to work all day and throw your tired bones upon a miserable bed at night, to live without leisure, without rest, without making those you love comfortable and happy—this is not living—it is dying—a slow, lingering crucifixion.

The hours of labor should be shortened. With the vast and wonderful improvements of the nineteenth century there should be not only the necessaries of life for those who toil, but comforts and luxuries as well.

What is a reasonable price for labor? I answer: Such a price as will enable the man to live; to have the comforts of life; to lay by a little something for his declining years, so that he can have his own home, his own fireside; so that he can preserve the feelings of a man.

Every man ought to be willing to pay for what he gets. He ought to desire to give full value received. The man who wants two dollars' worth of work for one is not an honest man.

I sympathize with every honest effort made by the children of labor to improve their condition. That is a poorly governed country in which those who do the most have the least. There is something wrong when men are obliged to beg for leave to toil. We are not yet a civilized people; when we are, pauperism and crime will vanish from our land.

There is one thing, however, of which I am glad and proud, and that is, that society is not, in our country, petrified; that the poor are not always poor.

The children of the poor of this generation may, and probably will, be the rich of the next. The sons of the rich of this generation may be the poor of the next; so that after all, the rich fear and the poor hope.

I sympathize with the wanderers, with the vagrants out of employment; with the sad and weary men who are seeking for work. When I see one of these men, poor and

friendless—no matter how bad he is—I think that somebody loved him once; that he was once held in the arms of a mother; that he slept beneath her loving eyes, and wakened in the light of her smile. I see him in the cradle, listening to lullabies sung soft and low, and his little face is dimpled as though touched by the rosy fingers of Joy.

And then I think of the strange and winding paths, the weary roads he has traveled from that mother's arms to vagrancy and want.

There should be labor and food for all. We invent; we take advantage of the forces of nature; we enslave the winds and waves; we put shackles upon the unseen powers and chain the energy that wheels the world. These slaves should release from bondage all the children of men.

By invention, by labor—that is to say, by working and thinking—we shall compel prosperity to dwell with us.

Do not imagine that wealth can be created by law; do not for a moment believe that paper can be changed to gold by the fiat of Congress.

Do not preach the heresy that you can keep a promise by making another in its place that is never to be kept. Do not teach the poor that the rich have conspired to trample them into the dust.

Tell the workingmen that they are in the majority; that they can make and execute the laws.

Tell them that since 1873 the employers have suffered about as much as the employed.

Tell them that the people who have the power to make the laws should never resort to violence. Tell them never to envy the successful. Tell the rich to be extravagant and the poor to be economical.

Tell every man to use his best efforts to get him a home. Without a home, without some one to love, life and country are meaningless words. Upon the face of the patriot must have fallen the firelight of home.

Tell the people that they must have honest money, so that when a man has a little laid by for wife and child, it will comfort him even in death; so that he will feel that he leaves something for bread, something that, in some faint degree, will take his place; that he has left the coined toil of his hands to work for the loved when he is dust.

Tell your representatives in Congress to improve our rivers and harbors; to release our transcontinental commerce from the grasp of monopoly; to open all our territories, and to build up our trade with the whole world.

Tell them not to issue a dollar of fiat paper, but to redeem every promise the nation has made.

If fiat money is ever issued it will be worthless, for the folly that would issue has not the honor to pay when the experiment fails.

Tell them to put their trust in work. Debts can be created by law, but they must be paid by labor.

Tell them that “fiat money” is madness and repudiation is death.

Suffrage Address

** This address was delivered at a Suffrage Meeting in Washington, D. C., January 24,1880*

LADIES and Gentlemen: I believe the people to be the only rightful source of political power, and that any community, no matter where, in which any citizen is not allowed to have his voice in the making of the laws he must obey, that community is a tyranny. It is a matter of astonishment to me that a meeting like this is necessary in the Capital of the United States. If the citizens of the District of Columbia are not permitted to vote, if they are not allowed to govern themselves, and if there is no sound reason why they are not allowed to govern themselves, then the American idea of government is a failure. I do not believe that only the rich should vote, or that only the whites should vote, or that only the blacks should vote. I do not believe that right depends upon wealth, upon education, or upon color. It depends absolutely upon humanity. I have the right to vote because I am a man, because I am an American citizen, and that right I should and am willing to share equally with every human being. There has been a great deal said in this country of late in regard to giving the right of suffrage to women. So far as I am concerned I am willing that every woman in the nation who desires that privilege and honor shall vote. If any woman wants to vote I am too much of a gentleman to say she shall not. She gets her right, if she has it, from precisely the same source that I get mine, and there are many questions upon which I would deem it desirable that women should vote, especially upon the question of peace or war. If a woman has a child to be offered upon the altar of that Moloch, a husband liable to be drafted, and who loves a heart that can be entered by the iron arrow of death, she surely has as much right to vote for peace as some thrice-besotted sot who reels to the ballot-box and deposits a vote for war. I believe, and always have, that there is only one objection to a woman voting, and that is, the men are not sufficiently civilized for her to associate with them, and for several years I have been doing what little I can to civilize them. The only question before this meeting, as I understand it, is, Shall the people of this District manage their own affairs—whether they shall vote their own taxes and select their own officers who are to execute the laws they make? and for one, I say there is no human being with ingenuity enough to frame an argument against this question. It is all very well to say that Congress will do this, but Congress has a great deal to do besides. There is enough before that body coming from all the States and Territories of the Union, and the numberless questions arising in the conduct of the General Government. I am opposed to a government where the few govern the many. I am opposed to a government that depends upon suppers, and upon flattery; upon crooking the hinges of the knee; upon favors, upon subterfuges. We want to be manly men in this District. We must direct and control our own affairs, and if we are not capable of doing it, there is no part of the Union where they are capable. It is said there is a vast amount of ignorance here. That is true; but that is also true of every section of the United States. There is too much ignorance and there will continue to be until the people become great enough, generous enough, and splendid enough to see that no child shall grow up in their midst without a good, common-school education. The

people of this District are capable of managing their educational affairs if they are allowed to do so. The fact is, a man now living in the District lives under a perpetual flag of truce. He is nobody. He counts for nothing. He is not noticed except as a suppliant. Nothing as a citizen. That day should pass away. It will be a perpetual education for this people to govern themselves, and until they do they cannot be manly men. They say, though, that there is a vast rabble here. Very well. Make your election laws so as to exclude the vast rabble. Let it be understood that no man shall vote who has not lived here at least one year.

Let your registration laws prohibit any man from voting unless he has been registered at least six months. We do not want to be governed by people who have no abode here—who are political Bedouins of the desert. We want to be governed by people who live with us—who live somewhere among us, and whom somebody knows, and if a law is properly framed there will be no trouble about self-government in the District of Columbia. Let the experiment be tried here of a perfect, complete and honest registration; let every man, no matter who he is or where he comes from, vote only by strict compliance with a good registry law. We can have a fair election, and wherever there is a fair election there will be good government. Our Government depends for its stability upon honest elections. The great principle underlying our system of government is that the people have the virtue and the patriotism to govern themselves. That is the foundation stone, the corner and the base of our edifice, and upon it our Government is on trial to-day. And until a man is considered infamous who casts an illegal vote, our Government will not be safe. Whoever casts an illegal vote knowingly is a traitor to the principle upon which our Government is founded. And whoever deprives a citizen of his right to vote is also a traitor to our Government. When these things are understood; when the finger of public scorn shall be pointed at every man who votes illegally, or unlawfully prevents an honest vote, then you will have a splendid Government. It is humiliating for one hundred and seventy-five thousand people to depend simply upon the right of petition. The few will disregard the petition of the many.

I have not one word to say against the officers of the District. Not a word. But let them do as well as they can; that is no justification. It is no justification of a monarchy that the king is a good man; it is no justification of a tyranny that the despot does justice. There may come another who will do injustice; and a free people like ours should not be satisfied to be governed by strangers. They would better have bad men of their own choosing than to have good men forced upon them. You have property here, and you have a right to protect it, and a right to improve it. You have life and liberty and the right to protect it. You have a right to say what money shall be assessed and collected and paid for that protection. You have laws and you have a right to have them executed by officers of your own selection, and by nobody else. In my judgment, all that is necessary to have these things done is to have the subject properly laid before Congress, and let that body thoroughly and perfectly understand the situation. There is no member there, who rightly understanding our wishes, will dare continue this disfranchisement of the people. We have the same right to vote that their constituents have, precisely—no more and no less.

This District ought to have one representative in Congress, a representative with a right to speak—not a tongueless dummy. The idea of electing a delegate who has simply the privilege of standing around! We ought to have a representative who has not only the right to talk, but who will talk. This District has the right to a vote in the committees of Congress, and not simply the privilege of receiving a little advice. And more than that, this District ought to have at least one electoral vote in a selection of a President of the United States. A smaller population than yours is represented not only in Congress, but in the Electoral College. If it is necessary to amend the Constitution to secure these rights let us try and have it amended; and when that question is put to the people of the whole country they will be precisely as willing that the people of the District of Columbia shall have an equal voice as that they themselves should have a voice.

Let us stop at no half-way ground, but claim, and keep claiming all our rights until somebody says we shall have them. And let me tell you another thing: Once have the right of self-government recognized here, have a delegate in Congress, and an electoral vote for President, and thousands will be willing to come here and become citizens of the District. As it is, the moment a man settles here his American citizenship falls from him like dead leaves from a tree. From that moment he is nobody. Every American citizen wants a little political power—wants to cast his vote for the rulers of the nation. He wants to have something to say about the laws he has to obey, and they are not willing to come here and disfranchise themselves. The moment it is known that a man is from the District he has no influence, and no one cares what his political opinions may be. Now, let us have it so that we can vote and be on an equality with the rest of the voters of the United States. This Government was founded upon the idea that the only source of power is the people. Let us show at the Capital that we have confidence in that principle; that every man should have a vote and voice in the South, in the North, everywhere, no matter how low his condition, no matter that he was a slave, no matter what his color is, or whether he can read or write, he is clothed with the right to name those who make the laws he is to obey. While the lowest and most degraded in every State in this Union have that right, the best and most intelligent in the District have not that right. It will not do. There is no sense in it—there is no justice in it—nothing American in it. If this were the case in some of the capitals of Europe we would not be surprised; but here in the United States, where we have so much to say about the right of self-government, that two hundred thousand people should not have the right to say who shall make, and who shall execute the laws is at least an anomaly and a contradiction of our theory of government, and for one, I propose to do what little I can to correct it. It has been said that you had once here the right of self-government. If I understand it, the right you had was to elect somebody to some office, and all the other officers were appointed. You had no control over your Legislature; you had very little control over your other officers, and the people of the District were held responsible for what was actually done by the appointing power. We want no appointing power. If it is necessary to have a police magistrate, I say the people are competent to elect that magistrate; and if he is not a good man they are qualified to select another in his place. You ought to elect your judges. I do not want the office of the Judiciary so far from the people that it may feel entirely independent. I want every officer in this

District held-accountable to the people, and, unless he discharges his duties faithfully, the people will put him out, and select another in his stead.

I want it understood that no American citizen can be forced to pay a dollar in a State or in the district where he lives who is not represented, and where he has not the right to vote. It is all tyranny, and all infamous. The people of the United States wonder to-day that you have submitted to this outrage as long as you have.

Neither do I believe that only the rich should have the right to vote; that only they should govern; or that only the educated should govern. I have noticed among educated men many who did not know enough to govern themselves. I have known many wealthy men who did not believe in liberty, in giving the people the same rights they claimed for themselves. I believe in that government where the ballot of Lazarus counts as much as the vote of Dives. Let the rich, let the educated, govern the people by moral suasion and by example and by kindness, and not by brute force. And in a community like this, where the avenues to distinction are open alike to all, there will be many more reasons for acting like men. When you can hold any position, when every citizen can have conferred upon him honor and responsibility, there is some stimulus to be a man. But in a community where but the few are clothed with power by appointment, no incentive exists among the people. If the avenues to distinction and honor are open to all, such a government is beneficial on every hand, and the poorest man in the community may say to himself, “If I pursue the right course the very highest place is open to me.” And the poorest man, with his little tow-headed boy on his knee, can say, “John, all the avenues are open to you; although I am poor, you may be rich, and while I am obscure, you may become distinguished.”

That idea sweetens every hour of toil and renders holy every drop of sweat that rolls down the face of labor. I hate tyranny in every form. I despise it, and I execrate a tyrant wherever he may be, and in every country where the people are struggling for the right of self-government I sympathize with them in their struggle. Wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn in favor of human rights I am a rebel. I sympathize with all the people in Europe who are endeavoring to push kings from thrones and struggling for the right to govern themselves. America ought to send greeting to every part of the world where such a struggle is pending, and we of the District of Columbia ought to be able to join in the greeting, but we never shall be until we have the right of self-government ourselves. No man who is a good citizen can have any objection to self-government here. No man can be opposed to it who believes that our people have enough wisdom, enough virtue, enough patriotism to govern themselves. The man who doubts the right of the people to govern themselves casts a little doubt upon the question, simply because he is not man enough himself to believe in liberty. I would trust the poor of this country with our liberties as soon as I would the rich. I will trust the huts and hovels, just as soon as I will the mansions and palaces. I will trust those who work by the day in the street as soon as I will the bankers of the United States. I will trust the ignorant—even the ignorant. Why? Because they want education, and no people in this country are so anxious to have their children educated as those who are not educated themselves. I will trust the ignorant with the liberties of this country quicker than I would some of the educated who doubt the principles upon which our Government is founded. But let the intelligent do what

they can to instruct the ignorant. Let the wealthy do what they can to give the blessings of liberty to the poor, and then this Government will remain forever. The time is passing away when any man of genius can be respected who will not use that genius in elevating his fellow-man. The time is passing away when men, however wealthy, can be respected unless they use their millions for the elevation of mankind. The time is coming when no man will be called an honest man who is not willing to give to every other man, be he white or black, every right that he asks for himself.

For my part, I am willing to live under a government where all govern, and am not willing to live under any other. I am willing to live where I am on an equality with other men, where they have precisely my rights, and no more; and I despise any government that is not based upon this principle of human equality. Now, let us go just for that one thing, that we have the same right as any other people in the United States—that is, to govern this District ourselves. Let us be represented in the lawmaking power, and let us advocate a change in the fundamental law so that the people of this District shall be entitled to one vote as to who shall be President of the United States. And when that is done and our people are clothed with the panoply of citizenship, you will find this District growing not to two hundred thousand, but in a little while one million of people will live here. Now, for one, I have not the slightest feeling against members of Congress for what has been done. I believe when this matter is laid before them fully and properly you will find few men in that august body who will vote against the proposition. They have had trouble enough. They do not understand our affairs. They never did, never will, never can. No one who does not live here will. The public interests are so many and so conflicting, and touch the sides of so many, that the people must attend to this matter themselves. They know when they want a market, a judge, or a collector of taxes, and nobody else does and nobody else has a right to.

And instead of going up to Congress and standing around some committee-room with a long petition in your hands, begging somebody to wait just one moment, it will be far better that you should go to the polls and elect your representative, who can attend to your interests in Congress. But above all things, I want to warn you, charge you, beseech you, that in any legislation upon this subject you must secure a registration law that will prevent the casting of an illegal vote. Do this before it is known whether the District is Republican or Democratic. I do not care. No matter how much of a Republican I am, absolutely, I would rather be governed by Democrats who live here than by Republicans who do not. And now, while it is not known whether this is a Democratic or Republican community, let us get up a registration that no one can violate; because the moment you have an election, and it is ascertained to be either Democratic or Republican, the victorious party may be opposed to any registration or any legislation that will put in jeopardy their power. I have lived long enough to be satisfied that any State in this Union, no matter whether Democratic or Republican, will be safe as long as the people have the right to vote, and to see that the ballots will be counted. This country is now upon trial. In nearly every State in this Union there is liable to happen just the same thing that only the other day happened in Maine.

In every State there can be two legislatures, one in the State-house and the other on the fence. Let us in this District so guard the right to vote and the counting of the ballots, that we shall know after the election who has been elected and know with certainty the men who have been elected by the legal voters of the District.

It becomes us all, whether Republicans or Democrats, to unite in securing such a law. Let us act together, Democrats and Republicans, black and white, rich and poor, educated and ignorant—let us all unite upon the principle that we have the right to govern ourselves. Then it will make no difference whether the District of Columbia shall be Democratic or Republican, provided it is the will of a legal majority of her people.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you.

Wall Street Speech

1880.

FELLOW-CITIZENS of the Great City of New York: This is the grandest audience I ever saw. This audience certifies that General James A. Garfield is to be the next President of the United States. This audience certifies that a Republican is to be the next mayor of the city of New York. This audience certifies that the business men of New York understand their interests, and that the business men of New York are not going to let this country be controlled by the rebel South and the rebel North. In 1860 the Democratic party appealed to force; now it appeals to fraud. In 1860 the Democratic party appealed to the sword; now it appeals to the pen. It was treason then, it is forgery now. The Democratic party cannot be trusted with the property or with the honor of the people of the United States.

The city of New York owes a great debt to the country. Every man that has cleared a farm has helped to build New York; every man that helped to build a railway helped to build up the palaces of this city. Where I am now speaking are the termini of all the railways in the United States. They all come here. New York has been built up by the labor of the country, and New York owes it to the country to protect the best interests of the country.

The farmers of Illinois depend upon the merchants, the brokers and the bankers, upon the gentlemen of New York, to beat the rabble of New York. You owe to yourselves; you owe to the great Re public; and this city that does the business of a hemisphere—this city that will in ten years be the financial centre of this world—owes it to itself, to be true to the great principles that have allowed it to exist and flourish.

The Republicans of New York ought to say that this shall forever be a free country. The Republicans of New York ought to say that free speech shall forever be held sacred in the United States. The Republicans of New York ought to see that the party that defended the Nation shall still remain in power. The Republicans of New York should see that the flag is safely held by the hands that defended it in war. The Republicans of New York know that the prosperity of the country depends upon good government, and they also know that good government means protection to the people—rich and poor, black and white. The Republicans of New York know that a black friend is better than a white enemy. They know that a negro while fighting for the Government, is better than any white man who will fight against it.

The Republicans of New York know that the colored party in the South which allows every man to vote as he pleases, is better than any white man who is opposed to allowing a negro to cast his honest vote. A black man in favor of liberty is better than a white man in favor of slavery. The Republicans of New York must be true to their friends. This Government means to protect all its citizens, at home and abroad, or it becomes a byword in the mouths of the nations of the world.

Now, what do we want to do? We are going to have an election next Tuesday, and every Republican knows why he is going to vote the Republican ticket; while every

Democrat votes his without knowing why. A Republican is a Republican because he loves something; a Democrat is a Democrat because he hates something. A Republican believes in progress; a Democrat in retrogression. A Democrat is a “has been.” He is a “used to be.” The Republican party lives on hope; the Democratic on memory. The Democrat keeps his back to the sun and imagines himself a great man because he casts a great shadow. Now, there are certain things we want to preserve—that the business men of New York want to preserve—and, in the first place, we want an honest ballot. And where the Democratic party has power there never has been an honest ballot. You take the worst ward in this city, and there is where you will find the greatest Democratic majority. You know it, and so do I.

There is not a university in the North, East or West that has not in it a Republican majority. There is not a penitentiary in the United States that has not in it a Democratic majority—and they know it. Two years ago, about two hundred and eighty-three convicts were in the penitentiary of Maine. Out of that whole number there was one Republican, and only one. [A voice—”Who was the man?”] Well, I do not know, but he broke out. He said that he did not mind being in the penitentiary, but the company was a little more than he could stand.

You cannot rely upon that party for an honest ballot. Every law that has been passed in this country in the last twenty years, to throw a safeguard around the ballot-box, has been passed by the Republican party. Every law that has been defeated has been defeated by the Democratic party. And you know it. Unless we have an honest ballot the days of the Republic are numbered; and the only way to get an honest ballot is to beat the Democratic party forever. And that is what we are going to do. That party can never carry its record; that party is loaded down with the infamies of twenty years; yes, that party is loaded down with the infamies of fifty years. It will never elect a President in this world. I give notice to the Democratic party to-day that it will have to change its name before the people of the United States will change the administration. You will have to change your natures; you will have to change your personnel, and you will have to get enough Republicans to join you and tell you how to run a campaign. If you want an honest ballot—and every honest man does—then you will vote to keep the Republican party in power. What else do you want? You want honest money, and I say to the merchants and to the bankers and to the brokers, the only party that will give you honest money is the party that resumed specie payments. The only party that will give you honest money is the party that said a greenback is a broken promise until it is redeemed with gold. You can only trust the party that has been honest in disaster. From 1863 to 1879—sixteen long years—the Republican party was the party of honor and principle, and the Republican party saved the honor of the United States. And you know it.

During that time the Democratic party did what it could to destroy our credit at home and abroad.

We are not only in favor of free speech, and an honest ballot and honest money, but we are for law and order. What part of this country believes in free speech—the South or the North? The South would never give free speech to the country; there was no free speech in the city of New York until the Republican party came into power. The Democratic party has not intelligence enough to know that free speech is the germ of

this Republic. The Democratic party cares little for free speech because it has no argument to make—no reasons to offer. Its entire argument is summed up and ended in three words—"Hurrah for Hancock!" The Republican party believes in free speech because it has something to say; because it believes in argument; because it believes in moral suasion; because it believes in education. Any man that does not believe in free speech is a barbarian. Any State that does not support it is not a civilized State.

I have a right to express my opinion, in common with every other human being, and I am willing to give to every other human being the right that I claim for myself. Republicanism means justice in politics. Republicanism means progress in civilization. Republicanism means that every man shall be an educated patriot and a gentleman. I want to say to you to-day that it is an honor to belong to the Republican party. It is an honor to have belonged to it for twenty years; it is an honor to belong to the party that elected Abraham Lincoln President. And let me say to you that Lincoln was the greatest, the best, the purest, the kindest man that has ever sat in the presidential chair. It is an honor to belong to the Republican party that gave four millions of men the rights of freemen; it is an honor to belong to the party that broke the shackles from four millions of men, women and children. It is an honor to belong to the party that declared that bloodhounds were not the missionaries of civilization. It is an honor to belong to the party that said it was a crime to steal a babe from its mother's breast. It is an honor to belong to the party that swore that this is a Nation forever, one and indivisible. It is an honor to belong to the party that elected U. S. Grant President of the United States. It is an honor to belong to the party that issued thousands and thousands of millions of dollars in promises—that issued promises until they became as thick as the withered leaves of winter; an honor to belong to the party that issued them to put down a rebellion; an honor to belong to the party that put it down; an honor to belong to the party that had the moral courage and honesty to make every one of the promises made in war, as good as shining, glittering gold in peace. And I tell you that if there is another life, and if there is a day of judgment, all you need say upon that solemn occasion is, "I was in life and in my death a good square Republican."

I hate the doctrine of State Sovereignty because it fostered State pride; because it fostered the idea that it is more to be a citizen of a State than a citizen of this glorious country. I love the whole country. I like New York because it is a part of the country, and I like the country because it has New York in it. I am not standing here to-day because the flag of New York floats over my head, but because that flag for which more heroic blood has been shed than for any other flag that is kissed by the air of heaven, waves forever over my head. That is the reason I am here.

The doctrine of State Sovereignty was appealed to in defence of the slave-trade; the next time in defence of the slave trade as between the States; the next time in defence of the Fugitive Slave Law; and if there is a Democrat in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law he should be ashamed—if not of himself—of the ignorance of the time in which he lived.

That Fugitive Slave Law was a compromise so that we might be friends of the South. They said in 1850-52: "If you catch the slave we will be your friend;" and they tell us now: "If you let us trample upon the rights of the black man in the South, we will be

your friend." I do not want their friendship upon such terms. I am a friend of my friend, and an enemy of my enemy. That is my doctrine. We might as well be honest about it. Under that doctrine of State Rights, such men as I see before me—bankers, brokers, merchants, gentlemen—were expected to turn themselves into hounds and chase a poor fugitive that had been lured by the love of liberty and guided by the glittering North Star.

The Democratic party wanted you to keep your trade with the South, no matter to what depths of degradation you had to sink, and the Democratic party to-day says if you want to sell your goods to the Southern people, you must throw your honor and manhood into the streets. The patronage of the splendid North is enough to support the city of New York.

There is another thing: Why is this city filled with palaces, covered with wealth? Because American labor has been protected. I am in favor of protection to American labor, everywhere. I am in favor of protecting American brain and muscle; I am in favor of giving scope to American ingenuity and American skill. We want a market at home, and the only way to have it is to have mechanics at home; and the only way to have mechanics is to have protection; and the only way to have protection is to vote the Republican ticket. You, business men of New York, know that General Garfield understands the best interests not only of New York, but of the entire country. And you want to stand by the men who will stand by you. What does a simple soldier know about the wants of the city of New York? What does he know about the wants of this great and splendid country? If he does not know more about it than he knows about the tariff he does not know much. I do not like to hit the dead. My hatred stops with the grave, and I tell you we are going to bury the Democratic party next Tuesday. The pulse is feeble now, and if that party proposes to take advantage of the last hour, it is time it should go into the repenting business. Nothing pleases me better than to see the condition of that party to-day. What do the Democrats know on the subject of the tariff? They are frightened; they are rattled.

They swear their plank and platform meant nothing. They say in effect: "When we put that in we lied; and now having made that confession we hope you will have perfect confidence in us from this out." Hancock says that the object of the party is to get the tariff out of politics. That is the reason, I suppose, why they put that plank in the platform. I presume he regards the tariff as a little local issue, but I tell you to-day that the great question of protecting American labor never will be taken out of politics. As long as men work, as long as the laboring man has a wife and family to support, just so long will he vote for the man that will protect his wages.

And you can no more take it out of politics than you can take the question of Government out of politics. I do not want any question taken out of politics. I want the people to settle these questions for themselves, and the people of this country are capable of doing it. If you do not believe it, read the returns from Ohio and Indiana. There are other persons who would take the question of office out of politics. Well, when we get the tariff and office both out of politics, then, I presume, we will see two parties on the same side. It will not do.

David A. Wells has come to the rescue of the Democratic party on the tariff, and shed a few pathetic tears over scrap iron. But it will not do. You cannot run this country on scraps.

We believe in the tariff because it gives skilled labor good pay. We believe in the tariff because it allows the laboring man to have something to eat. We believe in the tariff because it keeps the hands of the producer close to the mouth of the devourer. We believe in the tariff because it developed American brain; because it builds up our towns and cities; because it makes Americans self-supporting; because it makes us an independent Nation. And we believe in the tariff because the Democratic party does not.

That plank in the Democratic party was intended for a dagger to assassinate the prosperity of the North. The Northern people have become aroused and that is the plank that is broken in the Democratic platform; and that plank was wide enough when it broke to let even Hancock through.

Gentlemen, they are gone. They are gone—honor bright. Look at the desperate means that have been resorted to by the Democratic party, driven to the madness of desperation. Not satisfied with having worn the tongue of slander to the very tonsils, not satisfied with attacking the private reputation of a splendid man, not satisfied with that, they have appealed to a crime; a deliberate and infamous forgery has been committed. That forgery has been upheld by some of the leaders of the Democratic party; that forgery has been defended by men calling themselves respectable. Leaders of the Democratic party have stood by and said that they were acquainted with the handwriting of James A. Garfield; and that the handwriting in the forged letter was his, when they knew that it was absolutely unlike his. They knew it, and no man has certified that that was the writing of James A. Garfield who did not know that in his throat of throats he told a falsehood.

Every honest man in the city of New York ought to leave such a party if he belongs to it. Every honest man ought to refuse to belong to the party that did such an infamous crime.

Senator Barnum, chairman of the Democratic Committee, has lost control. He is gone, and I will tell you what he puts me in mind of. There was an old fellow used to come into town every Saturday and get drunk. He had a little yoke of oxen, and the boys out of pity used to throw him into the wagon and start the oxen for home. Just before he got home they had to go down a long hill, and the oxen, when they got to the brow of it, commenced to run. Now and then the wagon struck a stone and gave the old fellow an awful jolt, and that would wake him up. After he had looked up and had one glance at the cattle he would fall helplessly back to the bottom, and always say, “Gee a little, if anything.” And that is the only order Barnum has been able to give for the last two weeks—”Gee a little, if anything.” I tell you now that forgery makes doubly sure the election of James A. Garfield. The people of the North believe in honest dealing; the people of the North believe in free speech and an honest ballot. The people of the North believe that this is a Nation; the people of the North hate treason; the people of the North hate forgery; the people of the North hate slander.

The people of the North have made up their minds to give to General Garfield a vindication of which any American may be forever proud.

James A. Garfield is to-day a poor man, and you know that there is not money enough in this magnificent street to buy the honor and manhood of James A. Garfield. Money cannot make such a man, and I will swear to you that money cannot buy him. James A. Garfield to-day wears the glorious robe of honest poverty. He is a poor man; I like to say it here in Wall Street; I like to say it surrounded by the millions of America; I like to say it in the midst of banks and bonds and stocks; I love to say it where gold is piled—that although a poor man, he is rich in honor; in integrity he is wealthy, and in brain he is a millionaire. I know him, and I like him. So do you all, gentlemen. Garfield was a poor boy, he is a certificate of the splendid form of our Government. Most of these magnificent buildings have been built by poor boys; most of the success of New York began almost in poverty. You know it. The kings of this street were once poor, and they may be poor again; and if they are fools enough to vote for Hancock they ought to be. Garfield is a certificate of the splendor of our Government, that says to every poor boy, "All the avenues of honor are open to you." I know him, and I like him. He is a scholar; he is a statesman; he is a soldier; he is a patriot; and above all, he is a magnificent man; and if every man in New York knew him as well as I do, Garfield would not lose a hundred votes in this city.

Compare him with Hancock, and then compare General Arthur with William H. English. If there ever was a pure Republican in this world, General Arthur is one.

You know in Wall Street, there are some men always prophesying disaster, there are some men always selling "short." That is what the Democratic party is doing to-day. You know as well as I do that if the Democratic party succeeds, every kind of property in the United States will depreciate. You know it. There is not a man on the street, who if he knew Hancock was to be elected would not sell the stocks and bonds of every railroad in the United States "short." I dare any broker here to deny it. There is not a man in Wall or Broad Street, or in New York, but what knows the election of Hancock will depreciate every share of railroad stock, every railroad bond, every Government bond, in the United States of America. And if you know that, I say it is a crime to vote for Hancock and English.

I belong to the party that is prosperous when the country is prosperous. I belong to the party that believes in good crops; that is glad when a fellow finds a gold mine; that rejoices when there are forty bushels of wheat to the acre; that laughs when every railroad declares dividends, that claps both its hands when every investment pays; when the rain falls for the farmer, when the dew lies lovingly on the grass. I belong to the party that is happy when the people are happy; when the laboring man gets three dollars a day; when he has roast beef on his table; when he has a carpet on the floor; when he has a picture of Garfield on the wall. I belong to the party that is happy when everybody smiles, when we have plenty of money, good horses, good carriages; when our wives are happy and our children feel glad. I belong to the party whose banner floats side by side with the great flag of the country; that does not grow fat on defeat.

The Democratic party is a party of famine; it is a good friend of an early frost, it believes in the Colorado beetle and the weevil. When the crops are bad the Democratic mouth opens from ear to ear with smiles of joy; it is in partnership with bad luck; a friend of empty pockets; rags help it. I am on the other side. The Democratic party is the party of darkness. I believe in the party of sunshine; and in the party that even in darkness believes that the stars are shining and waiting for us.

Now, gentlemen, I have endeavored to give you a few reasons for voting the Republican ticket; and I have given enough to satisfy any reasonable man. And you know it. Do not go with the Democratic party, young man. You have a character to make.

You cannot make it, as the Democratic party does, by passing a resolution.

If your father voted the Democratic ticket, that is disgrace enough for one family. Tell the old man you can stand it no longer. Tell the old gentleman that you have made up your mind to stand with the party of human progress; and if he asks you why you cannot vote the Democratic ticket you tell him: “Every man that tried to destroy the Government, every man that shot at the holy flag in heaven, every man that starved our soldiers, every keeper of Libby, Andersonville and Salisbury, every man that wanted to burn the negro, every one that wanted to scatter yellow fever in the North, every man that opposed human liberty, that regarded the auction-block as an altar and the howling of the bloodhound as the music of the Union, every man who wept over the corpse of slavery, that thought lashes on the naked back were a legal tender for labor performed, every one willing to rob a mother of her child—every solitary one was a Democrat.”

Tell him you cannot stand that party. Tell him you have to go with the Republican party, and if he asks you why, tell him it destroyed slavery, it preserved the Union, it paid the national debt; it made our credit as good as that of any nation on the earth.

Tell him it makes every dollar in a four per cent, bond worth a dollar and ten cents; that it satisfies the demands of the highest civilization. Tell the old man that the Republican party preserved the honor of the Nation; that it believes in education; that it looks upon the schoolhouse as a cathedral. Tell him that the Republican party believes in absolute intellectual liberty; in absolute religious freedom; in human rights, and that human rights rise above States. Tell him that the Republican party believes in humanity, justice, human equality, and that the Republican party believes this is a Nation and will be forever and ever; that an honest ballot is the breath of the Republic’s life; that honest money is the blood of the Republic; and that nationality is the great throbbing beat of the heart of the Republic. Tell him that. And tell him that you are going to stand by the flag that the patriots of the North carried upon the battle-field of death. Tell him you are going to be true to the martyred dead; that you are going to vote exactly as Lincoln would have voted were he living. Tell him that if every traitor dead were living now, there would issue from his lips of dust, “Hurrah for Hancock!” that could every patriot rise, he would cry for Garfield and liberty; for union and for human progress everywhere. Tell him that the South seeks to secure by the ballot what it lost by the bayonet; to whip by the ballot those who fought it in the field. But we saved the country; and we have the heart and brains to take care of it. I

will tell you what we are going to do. We are going to treat them in the South just as well as we treat the people in the North. Victors cannot afford to have malice. The North is too magnanimous to have hatred. We will treat the South precisely as we treat the North. There are thousands of good people there. Let us give them money to improve their rivers and harbors; I want to see the sails of their commerce filled with the breezes of prosperity; their fences rebuilt; their houses painted. I want to see their towns prosperous; I want to see schoolhouses in every town; I want to see books in the hands of every child, and papers and magazines in every house; I want to see all the rays of light, of civilization of the nineteenth century, enter every home of the South; and in a little while you will see that country full of good Republicans. We can afford to be kind; we cannot afford to be unkind.

I will shake hands cordially with every believer in human liberty; I will shake hands with every believer in Nationality; I will shake hands with every man who is the friend of the human race. That is my doctrine. I believe in the great Republic; in this magnificent country of ours. I believe in the great people of the United States. I believe in the muscle and brain of America, in the prairies and forests. I believe in New York. I believe in the brains of your city. I believe that you know enough to vote the Republican ticket. I believe that you are grand enough to stand by the country that has stood by you. But whatever you do, I never shall cease to thank you for the great honor you have conferred upon me this day.

Brooklyn Speech

1880.

LADIES and Gentlemen: Years ago I made up my mind that there was no particular argument in slander. I made up my mind that for parties, as well as for individuals, honesty in the long-run is the best policy. I made up my mind that the people were entitled to know a man's honest thoughts, and I propose to-night to tell you exactly what I think. And it may be well enough, in the first place, for me to say that no party has a mortgage on me. I am the sole proprietor of myself. No party, no organization, has any deed of trust on what little brains I have, and as long as I can get my part of the common air I am going to tell my honest thoughts. One man in the right will finally get to be a majority. I am not going to say a word to-night that every Democrat here will not know is true, and, whatever he may say, I will compel him in his heart to give three cheers.

In the first place, I wish to admit that during the war there were hundreds of thousands of patriotic Democrats. I wish to admit that if it had not been for the War Democrats of the North, we never would have put down the Rebellion. Let us be honest. I further admit that had it not been for other than War Democrats there never would have been a rebellion to put down. War Democrats!

Why did we call them War Democrats? Did you ever hear anybody talk about a War Republican? We spoke of War Democrats to distinguish them from those Democrats who were in favor of peace upon any terms.

I also wish to admit that the Republican party is not absolutely perfect. While I believe that it is the best party that ever existed, while I believe it has, within its organization, more heart, more brain, more patriotism than any other organization that ever existed beneath the sun, I still admit that it is not entirely perfect. I admit, in its great things, in its splendid efforts to preserve this nation, in its grand effort to keep our flag in heaven, in its magnificent effort to free four millions of slaves, in its great and sublime effort to save the financial honor of this Nation, I admit that it has made some mistakes. In its great effort to do right it has sometimes by mistake done wrong. And I also wish to admit that the great Democratic party, in its effort to get office has sometimes by mistake done right. You see that I am inclined to be perfectly fair.

I am going with the Republican party because it is going my way; but if it ever turns to the right or left, I intend to go straight ahead.

In every government there is something that ought to be preserved, in every government there are many things that ought to be destroyed. Every good man, every patriot, every lover of the human race, wishes to preserve the good and destroy the bad; and every one in this audience who wishes to preserve the good will go with that section of our common country—with that party in our country that he honestly believes will preserve the good and destroy the bad. It takes a great deal of trouble to raise a good Republican. It is a vast deal of labor. The Republican party is the fruit of

all ages—of self-sacrifice and devotion. The Republican party is born of every good thing that was ever done in this world. The Republican party is the result of all martyrdom, of all heroic blood shed for the right. It is the blossom and fruit of the great world's best endeavor. In order to make a Republican you have to have schoolhouses. You have to have newspapers and magazines. A good Republican is the best fruit of civilization, of all there is of intelligence, of art, of music and of song. If you want to make Democrats, let them alone. The Democratic party is the settlings of this country. Nobody hoes weeds. Nobody takes especial pains to raise dog-fennel, and yet it grows under the very hoof of travel, The seeds are sown by accident and gathered by chance. But if you want to raise wheat and corn you must plough the ground. You must defend and you must harvest the crop with infinite patience and toil. It is precisely that way—if you want to raise a good Republican you must work. If you wish to raise a Democrat give him wholesome neglect. The Democratic party flatters the vices of mankind. That party says to the ignorant man, "You know enough." It says to the vicious man, "You are good enough."

The Republican party says, "You must be better next year than you are this." A Republican takes a man by the collar and says, "You must do your best, you must climb the infinite hill of human progress as long as you live." Now and then one gets tired. He says, "I have climbed enough and so much better than I expected to do that I do not wish to travel any farther." Now and then one gets tired and lets go all hold, and he rolls down to the very bottom, and as he strikes the mud he springs upon his feet transfigured, and says: "Hurrah for Hancock!"

There are things in this Government that I wish to preserve, and there are things that I wish to destroy; and in order to convince you that you ought to go the way that I am going: it is only fair that I give to you my reasons. This is a Republic founded upon intelligence and the patriotism of the people, and in every Republic it is absolutely necessary that there should be free speech. Free speech is the gem of the human soul. Words are the bodies of thought, and liberty gives to those words wings, and the whole intellectual heavens are filled with light. In a Republic every individual tongue has a right to the general ear. In a Republic every man has the right to give his reasons for the course he pursues to all his fellow-citizens, and when you say that a man shall not speak, you also say that others shall not hear. When you say a man shall not express his honest thought you say his fellow-citizens shall be deprived of honest thoughts; for of what use is it to allow the attorney for the defendant to address the jury if the jury has been bought? Of what use is it to allow the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," if the defendant is to be hung by a mob? I ask you to-night, is not every solitary man here in favor of free speech? Is there a solitary Democrat here who dares say he is not in favor of free speech? In which part of this country are the lips of thought free—in the South or in the North? Which section of our country can you trust the inestimable gem of free speech with? Can you trust it to the gentlemen of Mississippi or to the gentlemen of Massachusetts? Can you trust it to Alabama or to New York? Can you trust it to the South or can you trust it to the great and splendid North? Honor bright—honor bright, is there any freedom of speech in the South? There never was and there is none to-night—and let me tell you why.

They had the institution of human slavery in the South, which could not be defended at the bar of public reason. It was an institution that could not be defended in the high forum of human conscience. No man could stand there and defend the right to rob the cradle—none to defend the right to sell the babe from the breast of the agonized mother—none to defend the claim that lashes on a bare back are a legal tender for labor performed. Every man that lived upon the unpaid labor of another knew in his heart that he was a thief. And for that reason he did not wish to discuss that question. Thereupon the institution of slavery said, “You shall not speak; you shall not reason,” and the lips of free thought were manacled. You know it. Every one of you. Every Democrat knows it as well as every Republican. There never was free speech in the South.

And what has been the result? And allow me to admit right here, because I want to be fair, there are thousands and thousands of most excellent people in the South—thousands of them. There are hundreds and hundreds of thousands there who would like to vote the Republican ticket. And whenever there is free speech there and whenever there is a free ballot there, they will vote the Republican ticket. I say again, there are hundreds of thousands of good people in the South; but the institution of human slavery prevented free speech, and it is a splendid fact in nature that you cannot put chains upon the limbs of others without putting corresponding manacles upon your own brain. When the South enslaved the negro, it also enslaved itself, and the result was an intellectual desert. No book has been produced, with one exception, that has added to the knowledge of mankind; no paper, no magazine, no poet, no philosopher, no philanthropist, was ever raised in that desert. Now and then some one protested against that infamous institution, and he came as near being a philosopher as the society in which he lived permitted. Why is it that New England, a rock-clad land, blossoms like a rose? Why is it that New York is the Empire State of the great Union? I will tell you. Because you have been permitted to trade in ideas. Because the lips of speech have been absolutely free for twenty years.

We never had free speech in any State in this Union until the Republican party was born. That party was rocked in the cradle of intellectual liberty, and that is the reason I say it is the best party that ever existed in the wide, wide world. I want to preserve free speech, and, as an honest man, I look about me and I say, “How can I best preserve it?” By giving it to the South or North; to the Democracy or to the Republican party? And I am bound, as an honest man, to say free speech is safest with its earliest defenders. Where is there such a thing as a Republican mob to prevent the expression of an honest thought? Where? The people of the South are allowed to come to the North; they are allowed to express their sentiments upon every stump in the great East, the great West, and in the great Middle States; they go to Maine, to Vermont, and to all our States, and they are allowed to speak, and we give them a respectful hearing, and the meanest thing we do is to answer their arguments.

I say to-night that we ought to have the same liberty to discuss these questions in the South that Southerners have in the North. And I say more than that, the Democrats of the North ought to compel the Democrats of the South to treat the Republicans of the South as well as the Republicans of the North treat them. We treat the Democrats

well in the North; we treat them like gentlemen in the North; and yet they go into partnership with the Democracy of the South, knowing that the Democracy of the South will not treat Republicans in that section with fairness. A Democrat ought to be ashamed of that.

If my friends will not treat other people as well as the friends of the other people treat me, I'll swap friends.

First, then, I am in favor of free speech, and I am going with that section of my country that believes in free speech; I am going with that party that has always upheld that sacred right. When you stop free speech, when you say that a thought shall die in the womb of the brain,—why, it would have the same effect upon the intellectual world that to stop springs at their sources would have upon the physical world. Stop the springs at their sources and they cease to gurgle, the streams cease to murmur, and the great rivers cease rushing to the embrace of the sea. So you stop thought. Stop thought in the brain in which it is born, and theory dies; and the great ocean of knowledge to which all should be permitted to contribute, and from which all should be allowed to draw, becomes a vast desert of ignorance.

I have always said, and I say again, that the more liberty there is given away, the more you have. I endeavor to be consistent in my life and action. I am a believer in intellectual liberty, and wherever the torch of knowledge burns the whole horizon is filled with a glorious halo. I am a free man. I would be less than a man if I did not wish to hand this flame to my child with the flame increased rather than diminished.

Whom will we trust to take care of free speech? Let us consider and be honest with one another. The gem of the brain is the innocence of the soul.

I am not only in favor of free speech, but I am also in favor of an absolutely honest ballot. There is only one emperor in this country; there is one czar; only one supreme crown and king, and that is the will, the legally expressed will of the majority. Every American citizen is a sovereign. The poorest and humblest may wear that crown, the beggar holds in his hand that sceptre equally with the proudest and richest, and so far as his sovereignty is concerned, the poorest American, he who earns but one dollar a day, has the same voice in controlling the destiny of the United States as the millionaire. The man who casts an illegal vote, the man who refuses to count a legal vote, poisons the fountain of power, poisons the springs of justice, and is a traitor to the only king in this land. The Government is upon the edge of Mexicanization through fraudulent voting. The ballot-box is the throne of America; the ballot-box is the ark of the covenant. Unless we see to it that every man who has a right to vote, votes, and unless we see to it that every honest vote is counted, the days of this Republic are numbered.

When you suspect that a Congressman is not elected; when you suspect that a judge upon the bench holds his place by fraud, then the people will hold the law in contempt and will laugh at the decisions of courts, and then come revolution and chaos.

It is the duty of every good man to see to it that the ballot-box is kept absolutely pure. It is the duty of every patriot, whether he is a Democrat or Republican—and I want

further to admit that I believe a large majority of Democrats are honest in their opinions, and I know that all Republicans *must* be honest in their opinions. It is the duty, then, of all honest men of both parties to see to it that only honest votes are cast and counted. Now, honor bright, which section of this Union can you trust the ballot-box with?

Do you wish to trust Louisiana, or do you wish to trust Alabama that gave, in 1872, thirty-four thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight Republican majority and now gives ninety-two thousand Democratic majority? And of that ninety-two thousand majority, every one is a lie! A contemptible, infamous lie! Because if every voter had been allowed to vote, there would have been forty thousand Republican majority. Honor bright, can you trust it with the masked murderers who rode in the darkness of night to the hut of the freedman and shot him down, notwithstanding the supplication of his wife and the tears of his babe? Can you trust it to the men who since the close of our war have killed more men, simply because those men wished to vote, simply because they wished to exercise a right with which they had been clothed by the sublime heroism of the North—who have killed more men than were killed on both sides in the Revolutionary war; than were killed on both sides during the War of 1812; than were killed on both sides in both wars? Can you trust them? Can you trust the gentlemen who invented the tissue ballot? Do you wish to put the ballot-box in the keeping of the shot-gun, of the White-Liners, of the Ku Klux? Do you wish to put the ballot-box in the keeping of men who openly swear that they will not be ruled by a majority of American citizens if a portion of that majority is made of black men? And I want to tell you right here, I like a black man who loves this country better than I do a white man who hates it. I think more of a black man who fought for our flag than for any white man who endeavored to tear it out of heaven!

I say, can you trust the ballot-box to the Democratic party? Read the history of the State of New York. Read the history of this great and magnificent city—the Queen of the Atlantic—read her history and tell us whether you can implicitly trust Democratic returns? Honor bright!

I am not only, then, for free speech, but I am for an honest ballot; and in order that you may have no doubt left upon your minds as to which party is in favor of an honest vote, I will call your attention to this striking fact. Every law that has been passed in every State of this Union for twenty long years, the object of which was to guard the American ballot-box, has been passed by the Republican party, and in every State where the Republican party has introduced such a bill for the purpose of making it a law; in every State where such a bill has been defeated, it has been defeated by the Democratic party. That ought to satisfy any reasonable man to satiety.

I am not only in favor of free speech and an honest ballot, but I am in favor of collecting and disbursing the revenues of the United States. I want plenty of money to collect and pay the interest on our debt. I want plenty of money to pay our debt and to preserve the financial honor of the United States. I want money enough to be collected to pay pensions to widows and orphans and to wounded soldiers. And the question is, which section in this country can you trust to collect and disburse that revenue? Let us be honest about it. Which section can you trust? In the last four

years we have collected four hundred and sixty-eight million dollars of the internal revenue taxes. We have collected principally from taxes upon high wines and tobacco, four hundred and sixty-eight million dollars, and in those four years we have seized, libeled and destroyed in the Southern States three thousand eight hundred and seventy-four illicit distilleries. And during the same time the Southern people have shot to death twenty-five revenue officers and wounded fifty-five others, and the only offence that the wounded and dead committed was an honest effort to collect the revenues of this country. Recollect it—don't you forget it. And in several Southern States to-day every revenue collector or officer connected with the revenue is furnished by the Internal Revenue Department with a breech-loading rifle and a pair of revolvers, simply for the purpose of collecting the revenue.

I don't feel like trusting such people to collect the revenue of my Government.

During the same four years we have arrested and have indicted seven thousand and eighty-four Southern Democrats for endeavoring to defraud the revenue of the United States. Recollect—three thousand eight hundred and seventy-four distilleries seized. Twenty-five revenue officers killed, fifty-five wounded, and seven thousand and eighty-four Democrats arrested. Can we trust them?

The State of Alabama in its last Democratic convention passed a resolution that no man should be tried in a Federal Court for a violation of the revenue laws—that he should be tried in a State Court. Think of it—he should be tried in a State Court! Let me tell you how it will come out if we trust the Southern States to collect this revenue. A couple of Methodist ministers had been holding a revival for a week, and at the end of the week one said to the other that he thought it time to take up a collection. When the hat was returned he found in it pieces of slate-pencils and nails and buttons, but not a single solitary cent—not one—and his brother minister got up and looked at the contribution, and said, "Let us thank God!" And the owner of the hat said, "What for?" And the brother replied, "Because you got your hat back." If we trust the South we shan't get our hats back.

I am next in favor of honest money. I am in favor of gold and silver, and paper with gold and silver behind it. I believe in silver, because it is one of the greatest of American products, and I am in favor of anything that will add to the value of an American product. But I want a silver dollar worth a gold dollar, even if you make it or have to make it four feet in diameter. No government can afford to be a clipper of coin. A great Republic cannot afford to stamp a lie upon silver or gold. Honest money, an honest people, an honest Nation. When our money is only worth eighty cents on the dollar, we feel twenty per cent, below par. When our money is good we feel good. When our money is at par, that is where we are. I am a profound believer in the doctrine that for nations as well as men, honesty is the best policy, always, everywhere, and forever.

What section of this country, what party, will give us honest money—honor bright—honor bright? I have been told that during the war, we had plenty of money. I never saw it. I lived years without seeing a dollar. I saw promises for dollars, but not dollars. And the greenback, unless you have the gold behind it, is no more a dollar than a bill of fare is a dinner. You cannot make a paper dollar without taking a

dollar's worth of paper. We must have paper that represents money. I want it issued by the Government, and I want behind every one of these dollars either a gold or silver dollar, so that every greenback under the flag can lift up its hand and swear, "I know that my redeemer liveth."

When we were running into debt, thousands of people mistook that for prosperity, and when we began paying they regarded it as adversity. Of course we had plenty when we bought on credit. No man has ever starved when his credit was good, if there were no famine in that country. As long as we buy on credit we shall have enough. The trouble commences when the pay-day arrives. And I do not wonder that after the war thousands of people said, "Let us have another inflation." Which party said, "No, we must pay the promise made in war"? Honor bright! The Democratic party had once been a hard money party, but it drifted from its metallic moorings and floated off in the ocean of inflation, and you know it. They said, "Give us more money;" and every man that had bought on credit and owed a little something on what he had purchased, when the property went down commenced crying, or many of them did, for inflation. I understand it.

A man, say, bought a piece of land for six thousand dollars; paid five thousand dollars on it; gave a mortgage for one thousand dollars, and suddenly, in 1873, found that the land would not pay the other thousand. The land had resumed, and then he said, looking lugubriously at his note and mortgage, "I want another inflation." And I never heard a man call for it that did not also say, "If it ever comes, and I don't unload, you may shoot me."

It was very much as it is sometimes in playing poker, and I make this comparison knowing that hardly a person here will understand it. I have been told that along toward morning the man that is ahead suddenly says, "I have got to go home. The fact is, my wife is not well." And the fellow who is behind says, "Let us have another deal; I have my opinion of the fellow that will jump a game." And so it was in the hard times of 1873. They said: "Give us another deal; let us get our driftwood back into the centre of the stream." And they cried out for more money. But the Republican party said: "We do want more money, but not more promises. We have got to pay this first, and if we start out again upon that wide sea of promise we may never touch the shore." A thousand theories were born of want; a thousand theories were born of the fertile brain of trouble; and these people said, "After all, what is money? Why, it is nothing but a measure of value, just the same as a half bushel or yardstick." True; and consequently it makes no difference whether your half bushel is of wood or gold or silver or paper; and it makes no difference whether your yardstick is gold or paper. But the trouble about that statement is this: A half bushel is not a measure of value; it is a measure of quantity, and it measures rubies, diamonds and pearls precisely the same as corn and wheat. The yardstick is not a measure of value; it is a measure of length, and it measures lace worth one hundred dollars a yard precisely as it does cent tape. And another reason why it makes no difference to the purchaser whether the half bushel is gold or silver, or whether the yardstick is gold or paper, you do not buy the yardstick; you do not get the half bushel in the trade. And if it were so with money—if the people that had the money at the start of the trade, kept it after the consummation of the bargain—then it would not make any difference

what you made your money of. But the trouble is the money changes hands. And let me say to-night, money is a thing—it is a product of nature—and you can no more make a "fiat" dollar than you can make a fiat star. I am in favor of honest money. Free speech is the brain of the Republic; an honest ballot is the breath of its life, and honest money is the blood that courses through its veins.

If I am fortunate enough to leave a dollar when I die, I want it to be a good one. I do not wish to have it turn to ashes in the hands of widowhood, or become a Democratic broken promise in the pocket of the orphan; I want it money. I want money that will outlive the Democratic party. They told us—and they were honest about it—they said, "When we have plenty of money, we are prosperous." And I said, "When we are prosperous, we have plenty of money." When we are prosperous, then we have credit, and credit inflates the currency. Whenever a man buys a pound of sugar and says, "Charge it," he inflates the currency; whenever he gives his note, he inflates the currency; whenever his word takes the place of money, he inflates the currency. The consequence is that when we are prosperous, credit takes the place of money, and we have what we call "plenty."

But you cannot increase prosperity simply by using promises to pay. Suppose you should come to a river that was about dry, so dry that the turtle had to help the catfish over the shoals, and there you would see the ferryboat, and the gentleman who kept the ferry, up on the sand, high and dry, and the cracks all opening in the sun, filled with loose oakum, looking like an average Democratic mouth listening to a constitutional argument, and you should say to him, "How is business?" And he would say, "Dull." And then you would say to him, "Now, what you want is more boat." He would probably answer, "If I had a little more water I could get along with this one."

Suppose I next came to a man running a railroad, complaining of hard times. "Why," said he, "I did a million dollars' worth of business the first year and used five hundred thousand dollars' worth of grease. The second year I did five hundred thousand dollars' worth of business and used four hundred thousand dollars' worth of grease." "Well," said I, "the reason your road fell off was because you did not use enough grease."

But I want to be fair, and I wish to-night to return my thanks to the Democratic party. You did a great and splendid work. You went all over the United States and you said upon every stump that a greenback was better than gold. You said, "We have at last found the money of the poor man. Gold loves the rich; gold haunts banks and safes and vaults; but we have money that will go around inquiring for a man that is dead broke. We have finally found money that will stay in a pocket with holes in it." But, after all, do you know that money is the most social thing in this world? If a fellow has one dollar in his pocket, and he meets another with two, do you know that dollar is absolutely homesick until it gets where the other two are? And yet the Greenbackers told us that they had finally invented money that would be the poor mans friend. They said, "It is better than gold, better than silver," and they got so many men to believe it that when we resumed and said, "Here is your gold for your greenback," the fellows who had the greenback said, "We don't want it. The greenbacks are good enough for us." Do you know, if they had wanted it we could not

have given it to them? And so I return my thanks to the Greenback party. But allow me to say in this connection, the days of their usefulness have passed forever.

Now, I am not foolish enough to claim that the Republican party resumed. I am not silly enough to say that John Sherman resumed. But I will tell you what I do say. I say that every man who raised a bushel of corn or a bushel of wheat or a pound of beef or pork for sale helped to resume. I say that the gentle rain and the loving dew helped to resume. The soil of the United States impregnated by the loving sun helped to resume. The men that dug the coal and the iron and the silver and the copper and the gold helped to resume. And the men upon whose foreheads fell the light of furnaces helped to resume. And the sailors who fought with the waves of the seas helped to resume.

I admit to-night that the Democrats earned their share of the money to resume with. All I claim is that the Republican party furnished the honesty to pay it over. That is what I claim; and the Republican party set the day, and the Republican party worked to the promise. That is what I say. And had it not been for the Republican party this Nation would have been financially dishonored. I am for honest money, and I am for the payment of every dollar of our debt, and so is every Democrat now, I take it. But what did you say a little while ago? Did you say we could resume? No; you swore we could not, and you swore our bonds would be worthless as the withered leaves of winter. And now when a Democrat goes to England and sees an American four per cent, quoted at one hundred and ten he kind of swells up, and says: “That’s the kind of man I am.” In that country he pretends he was a Republican in this. And I do not blame him. I do not begrudge him enjoying respectability when away from home. The Republican party is entitled to the credit for keeping this Nation grandly and splendidly honest. I say, the Republican party is entitled to the credit of preserving the honor of this Nation.

In 1873 came the crash, and all the languages of the world cannot describe the agonies suffered by the American people from 1873 to 1879. A man who thought he was a millionaire came to poverty; he found his stocks and bonds ashes in the paralytic hand of old age. Men who expected to live all their lives in the sunshine of joy found themselves beggars and paupers. The great factories were closed, the workmen were demoralized, and the roads of the United States were filled with tramps. In the hovel of the poor and the palace of the rich came the serpent of temptation and whispered in the American ear the terrible word “Repudiation.” But the Republican party said, “No; we will pay every dollar. No; we have started toward the shining goal of resumption and we never will turn back.” And the Republican party struggled until it had the happiness of seeing upon the broad shining forehead of American labor the words “Financial Honor.”

The Republican party struggled until every paper promise was as good as gold. And the moment we got back to gold then we commenced to rise again. We could not jump until our feet touched something that they could be pressed against. And from that moment to this we have been going, going, going higher and higher, more prosperous every hour. And now they say, “Let us have a change.” When I am sick I want a change; when I am poor I want a change; and if I were a Democrat I would

have a personal change. We are prosperous to-day, and must keep so. We are back to gold and silver. Let us stay there; and let us stay with the party that brought us there.

Now, I am not only in favor of free speech and an honest ballot-box and an honest collection of the revenue of the United States, and an honest money, but I am in favor of the idea, of the great and splendid truth, that this is a Nation one and indivisible. I deny that we are a confederacy bound together with ropes of cloud and chains of mist. This is a Nation, and every man in it owes his first allegiance to the grand old flag for which more brave blood was shed than for any other flag that waves in the sight of heaven. There is another thing; we all want to live in a land where the law is supreme. We desire to live beneath a flag that will protect every citizen beneath its folds. We desire to be citizens of a Government so great and so grand that it will command the respect of the civilized world. Most of us are convinced that our Government is the best upon this earth. It is the only Government where manhood, and manhood alone, is not made simply a condition of citizenship, but where manhood, and manhood alone, permits its possessor to have his equal share in control of the Government. It is the only Government in the world where poverty is upon an exact equality with wealth, so far as controlling the destiny of the Republic is concerned. It is the only Nation where the man clothed in rags stands upon an equality with the one wearing purple. It is the only country in the world where, politically, the hut is upon an equality with the palace.

For that reason every poor man should stand by this Government, and every poor man who does not is a traitor to the best interests of his children; every poor man who does not is willing his children should bear the badge of political inferiority; and the only way to make this Government a complete and perfect success is for the poorest man to think as much of his manhood as the millionaire does of his wealth. A man does not vote in this country simply because he is rich; he does not vote in this country simply because he has an education; he does not vote simply because he has talent or genius; we say that he votes because he is a man, and that he has his manhood to support; and we admit in this country that nothing can be more valuable to any human being than his manhood, and for that reason we put poverty on an equality with wealth. We say in this country manhood is worth more than gold. We say in this country that without Liberty the Nation is not worth preserving. Now, I appeal to-day to every poor man; I appeal to-day to every laboring man, and I ask him, is there another country on this globe where you can have equal rights with others? There is another thing; do you want a Government of law or of brute force? In which part of this country do you find law supreme? In which part of this country can a man find justice in the courts; in the North or in the South? Where is crime punished? Where is innocence protected, in the North or in the South? Which section of this country will you trust?

You can tell what a man is by the way he treats persons in his power, and the man that will sneak and crawl in the presence of greatness, will trample the weak when he gets them in his power. What class of people does the State have in its power? Criminals and creditors; and you can judge of a State by the way it treats its criminals and creditors. Georgia is the best State in the South. They have a penitentiary system by which they hire out their convict labor. Only two years ago the whole thing was

examined by a friend of mine, Col. Allston. He had been in the rebel army and was my good friend. He used to come to my house day after day to see me. He got converted and had the grit to say so. Being a member of the Legislature, he had a committee of investigation appointed. Now, in order that you may understand the difference, you must know that in the Northern penitentiaries the average annual death rate is one per cent.; that is, of one thousand convicts, ten will die in a year, on the average. That low death rate is because we are civilized, because we do not kill; but in the Georgia penitentiary it was as high as fifteen, twenty-seven and forty-seven per cent., at a time when there was no typhoid or yellow fever, or epidemic of any kind. They died for four months at a rate of ten per cent, per month. They crowded the convicts in together, regardless of sex. They treated them precisely as wild beasts, and many of them were shot down. Persons high in authority, Senators of the United States, held interests in those contracts, and Robert Allston denounced them. When on a visit he said, “I believe when I get home I shall be killed.” I told him not to go back to Georgia, but to stay in the civilized North; but no, he would go back, and on the very day of his arrival he was murdered in cold blood. Do you want to trust such men? * * *

The Southern people say this is a Confederacy and they are honest in it. They fought for it, they believed it. They believe in the doctrine of State Sovereignty, and many Democrats of the North believe in the same doctrine. No less a man than Horatio Seymour—standing it may be at the head of Democratic statesmen—said, if he has been correctly reported, only the other day, that he despised the word “Nation.” I bless that word. I owe my first allegiance to this Nation, and it owes its first protection to me. I am talking here to-night, not because I am protected by the flag of New York. I would not know that flag if I should see it. I am talking here, and have the right to talk here, because the flag of my country is above us. I have the same right as though I had been born upon this very platform. I am proud of New York because it is a part of my country. I am proud of my country because it has such a State as New York in it, and I will be prouder of New York on a week from next Tuesday than ever before in my life. I despise the doctrine of State Sovereignty. I believe in the rights of the States, but not in the sovereignty of the States. States are political conveniences. Rising above States, as the Alps above valleys, are the rights of man. Rising above the rights of the Government, even in this Nation, are the sublime rights of the people. Governments are good only so long as they protect human rights. But the rights of a man never should be sacrificed upon the altar of the State, or upon the altar of the Nation.

Let me tell you a few objections that I have to State Sovereignty. That doctrine has never been appealed to for any good. The first time it was appealed to was when our Constitution was made. And the object then was to keep the slave-trade open until the year 1808. The object then was to make the sea the highway of piracy—the object then was to allow American citizens to go into the business of selling men and women and children, and feed their cargo to the sharks of the sea, and the sharks of the sea were as merciful as they. That was the first time that the appeal to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was made, and the next time was for the purpose of keeping alive the interstate slave-trade, so that a gentleman in Virginia could sell the slave who had nursed him, and rob the cradles of their babes. Think of it! It was

made so they could rob the cradle in the name of law. Think of it! Think of it! And the next time they appealed to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law—a law that made a bloodhound of every Northern man; that made charity a crime; a law that made love a state-prison offence; that branded the forehead of charity as if it were a felon. Think of it!

It is a part of my honor to hate such principles. I have no respect for any man who is so mean, cruel and wicked, as to allow himself to be transformed into a bloodhound to bay upon the tracks of innocent human prey. I will follow my logic, no matter where it goes, after it has consulted with my heart. If you ever come to a conclusion without calling the heart in, you will come to a bad conclusion.

A good man is pretty apt to be right; a perfectly honest man is like the surface of the stainless mirror, that gives back by simply looking at him, the image of the one who looks.

The next time they appealed to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was to increase the area of human slavery, so that the bloodhound, with clots of blood dropping from his loose and hanging jaws, might traverse the billowy plains of Kansas. Think of it!

The Democratic party then said the Federal Government had a right to cross the State line. And the next time they appealed to that infamous doctrine was in defence of secession and treason; a doctrine that cost us six thousand millions of dollars; a doctrine that cost four hundred thousand lives; a doctrine that filled our country with widows, our homes with orphans. And I tell you, the doctrine of State Sovereignty is the viper in the bosom of this Republic, and if we do not kill that viper it will kill us.

The Democrats tell us that in the olden time the Federal Government had a right to cross a State line to put shackles upon the limbs of men. It had the right to cross a State line to trample upon the rights of human beings, but now it has no right to cross those lines upon an errand of mercy or justice. We are told that now, when the Federal Government wishes to protect a citizen, a State line rises like a Chinese wall, and the sword of Federal power turns to air the moment it touches one of those lines. I deny it and I despise, abhor and execrate the doctrine of State Sovereignty. The Democrats tell us if we wish to be protected by the Federal Government we must leave home. I wish they would try it for about ten days. They say the Federal Government can defend a citizen in England, France, Spain or Germany, but cannot defend a child of the Republic sitting around the family hearth. I deny it. A Government that cannot protect its citizens at home is unfit to be called a Government. I want a Government with an ear so good that it can hear the faintest cry of the oppressed wherever its flag floats. I want a Government with an arm long enough and a sword sharp enough to cut down treason wherever it may raise its serpent head. I want a Government that will protect a freedman, standing by his little log hut, with the same alacrity and with the same efficiency that it would protect Vanderbilt, living in a palace of marble and gold. Humanity is a sacred thing, and manhood is a thing to be preserved. Let us look at it. For instance, here is a war, and the Federal Government says to a man, “We want you,” and he says, “No, I don’t want to go,” and then they put a lot of pieces of paper in a wheel and on one of those pieces is his name, and another man turns the crank, and then they pull it out and

there is his name, and they say, “Come,” and so he goes. And they stand him in front of the brazen-throated guns; they make him fight for his native land, and when the war is over he goes home and he finds the war has been unpopular in his neighborhood, and they trample on his rights, and he says to the Federal Government, “Protect me.” And he says to the Government, “I owe my allegiance to you. You must protect me.” What will you say of that Government if it says to him, “You must look to your State for protection”? “Ah, but,” he says, “my State is the very power trampling upon me,” and, of course, the robber is not going to send for the police, It is the duty of the Government to defend even its drafted men; and if that is the duty of the Government, what shall I say of the volunteer, who for one moment holds his wife in a tremulous and agonized embrace, kisses his children, shoulders his musket, goes to the field and says, “Here I am, ready to die for my native land”? A Nation that will not defend its volunteer defenders is a disgrace to the map of this world. This is a Nation. Free speech is the brain of the Republic; an honest ballot is the breath of its life; honest money is the blood of its veins; and the idea of nationality is its great, beating, throbbing heart. I am for a Nation. And yet the Democrats tell me that it is dangerous to have centralized power. How would you have it? I believe in the localization of power; I believe in having enough of it localized in one place to be effectively used; I believe in a localization of brain. I suppose Democrats would like to have it spread all over your body, and they act as though theirs was.

There is another thing in which I believe: I believe in the protection of American labor. The hand that holds Aladdin’s lamp must be the hand of toil. This Nation rests upon the shoulders of its workers, and I want the American laboring man to have enough to wear; I want him to have enough to eat:

I want him to have something for the ordinary misfortunes of life; I want him to have the pleasure of seeing his wife well-dressed; I want him to see a few blue ribbons fluttering about his children; I want him to see the flags of health flying in their beautiful cheeks; I want him to feel that this is his country, and the shield of protection is above his labor.

And I will tell you why I am for protection, too. If we were all farmers we would be stupid. If we were all shoemakers we would be stupid. If we all followed one business, no matter what it was, we would become stupid. Protection to American labor diversifies American industry, and to have it diversified touches and develops every part of the human brain. Protection protects ingenuity; it protects intelligence; and protection raises sense; and by protection we have greater men, better looking women and healthier children. Free trade means that our laborer is upon an equality with the poorest paid labor of this world. And allow me to tell you that for an empty stomach, “Hurrah for Hancock!” is a poor consolation. I do not think much of a Government where the people do not have enough to eat. I am a materialist to that extent; I want something to eat. I have been in countries where the laboring man had meat once a year; sometimes twice—Christmas and Easter. And I have seen women carrying upon their heads a burden that no man in this audience could carry, and at the same time knitting busily with both hands, and those women lived without meat; and when I thought of the American laborer, I said to myself, “After all, my country is

the best in the world." And when I came back to the sea and saw the old flag flying, it seemed to me as though the air from pure joy had burst into blossom.

Labor has more to eat and more to wear in the United States than in any other land of this earth. I want America to produce everything that Americans need. I want it so that if the whole world should declare war against us, if we were surrounded by walls of cannon and bayonets and swords, we could supply all our material wants in and of ourselves. I want to live to see the American woman dressed in American silk; the American man in everything, from hat to boots, produced in America by the cunning hand of American toil. I want to see the workingman have a good house, painted white, grass in the front yard, carpets on the floor, pictures on the wall. I want to see him a man, feeling that he is a king by the divine right of living in the Republic. And every man here is just a little bit a king, you know. Every man here is a part of the sovereign power. Every man wears a little of purple; every man has a little of crown and a little of sceptre; and every man that will sell his vote for money or be ruled by prejudice is unfit to be an American citizen.

I believe in American labor, and I will tell you why. The other day a man told me that we had produced in the United States of America one million tons of steel rails. How much are they worth? Sixty dollars a ton. In other words, the million tons are worth sixty million dollars. How much is a ton of iron worth in the ground? Twenty-five cents. American labor takes twenty-five cents worth of iron in the ground and adds to it fifty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents. One million tons of rails, and the raw material not worth twenty-four thousand dollars! We build a ship in the United States worth five hundred thousand dollars, and the value of the ore in the earth, of the trees in the great forest, of all that enters into the composition of that ship bringing five hundred thousand dollars in gold is only twenty thousand dollars; four hundred and eighty thousand dollars by American labor, American muscle, coined into gold; American brains made a legal tender the world round.

I propose to stand by the Nation. I want the furnaces kept hot. I want the sky to be filled with the smoke of American industry, and upon that cloud of smoke will rest forever the bow of perpetual promise. That is what I am for. Where did this doctrine of a tariff for revenue only come from? From the South. The South would like to stab the prosperity of the North. They would rather trade with Old England than with New England. They would rather trade with the people who were willing to help them in war than with those who conquered the Rebellion. They knew what gave us our strength in war. They knew that all the brooks and creeks and rivers of New England were putting down the Rebellion. They knew that every wheel that turned, every spindle that revolved, was a soldier in the army of human progress. It won't do! They were so lured by the greed of office that they were willing to trade upon the misfortunes of a Nation. It won't do! I do not wish to belong to a party that succeeds only when my country fails. I do not wish to belong to a party whose banner went up with the banner of rebellion. I do not wish to belong to a party that was in partnership with defeat and disaster. I do not. And there is not a Democrat here who does not know that a failure of the crops this year would have helped his party. You know that an early frost would have been a godsend to them. You know that the potato-bug could have done them more good than all their speakers.

I wish to belong to that party which is prosperous when the country is prosperous. I belong to that party which is not poor when the golden billows are running over the seas of wheat. I belong to that party which is prosperous when there are oceans of corn, and when the cattle are upon the thousand hills. I belong to that party which is prosperous when the furnaces are aflame, and when you dig coal and iron and silver; when everybody has enough to eat; when everybody is happy; when the children are all going to school, and when joy covers my Nation as with a garment. That party which is prosperous then, is my party.

Now, then, I have been telling you what I am for. I am for free speech, and so ought you to be. I am for an honest ballot, and if you are not you ought to be. I am for the collection of the revenue. I am for honest money. I am for the idea that this is a Nation forever. I believe in protecting American labor. I want the shield of my country above every anvil, above every furnace, above every cunning head and above every deft hand of American labor.

Now, then, which section of this country will be the more apt to carry these ideas into execution? Which party will be the more apt to achieve these grand and splendid things? Honor bright? Now we have not only to choose between sections of the country; we have to choose between parties. Here is the Democratic party, and I admit there are thousands of good Democrats who went to the war, and some of those that stayed at home were good men; and I want to ask you, and I want you to tell me in reply what that party did during the war when the War Democrats were away from home. What did they do? That is the question. I say to you, that every man who tried to tear our flag out of heaven was a Democrat. The men who wrote the ordinances of secession, who fired upon Fort Sumter; the men who starved our soldiers, who fed them with the crumbs that the worms had devoured before, they were Democrats. The keepers of Libby, the keepers of Andersonville, were Democrats—Libby and Andersonville, the two mighty wings that will bear the memory of the Confederacy to eternal infamy! The men who wished to scatter yellow fever in the North and who tried to fire the great cities of the North—they were all Democrats. He who said that the greenback would never be paid and he who slandered sixty cents out of every dollar of the Nation's promises were Democrats. Who were joyful when your brothers and your sons and your fathers lay dead on a field of battle that the country had lost? They were Democrats. The men who wept when the old banner floated in triumph above the ramparts of rebellion—they were Democrats. You know it. The men who wept when slavery was destroyed, who believed slavery to be a divine institution, who regarded bloodhounds as apostles and missionaries, and who wept at the funeral of that infernal institution—they were Democrats. Bad company—bad company!

And let me implore all the young men here not to join that party. Do not give new blood to that institution. The Democratic party has a yellow passport. On one side it says "dangerous." They imagine they have not changed, and that is because they have not intellectual growth. That party was once the enemy of my country, was once the enemy of our flag, and more than that, it was once the enemy of human liberty, and that party to-night is not willing that the citizens of the Republic should exercise all

their rights irrespective of their color. And allow me to say right here that I am opposed to that party.

We have not only to choose between parties, but to choose between candidates. The Democracy have put forward as the bearers of their standard General Hancock and William H. English. The Democrats have at last nominated a Union soldier. They nominated George B. McClellan once, because he failed to whip the South; they nominated Mr. Greeley, when they despised him, and now they have nominated General Hancock. Do they think the South loves him? At Gettysburg they say he fought against them, and that is one great reason why he should be President—that he shot rebels. Do the men that fought at Gettysburg still believe in State Sovereignty? Wade Hampton says, "We must vote as Lee and Jackson fought." They fought for State Sovereignty. Has the South changed? Hancock went to kill them then; they want to vote for him now. Who has changed? [A voice: "Hancock."] I think so. They are using him as a figure-head. They have dressed him in the noble blue, with the patriotic coat and Union buttons, and they do not like him any better than they did at Gettysburg. It would be just as consistent for the Republicans to have nominated Wade Hampton. Did General Hancock believe in State Sovereignty when he was at Gettysburg? If he did, he was a murderer, and not a Union soldier—he was killing men he believed to be in the right, and a man cannot fight unless his conscience approves of what his sword does, and if he was honest at that time, he did not believe in State Sovereignty, and it seems to me he would hate to have the men who tried to destroy this Government cheering him. All the glory he ever got was in the service of the Republican party, and if he does not look out he will lose it all in the service of the Democratic party. He had a conversation with General Grant. It was a time when he had been appointed at the head of the Department of the Gulf. In that conversation he stated to General Grant that he was opposed to "nigger domination." Grant said to him, "We must obey the laws of Congress. We are soldiers." And that meant, the military is not above the civil authority. And I tell you to-night, that the army and the navy are the right and left hands of the civil power. Grant said to him: "Three or four million ex-slaves, without property and without education, cannot dominate over thirty or forty millions of white people, with education and property." General Hancock replied to that: "I am opposed to 'nigger domination.'" Allow me to say that I do not believe any man fit for the presidency of the great Republic, who is capable of insulting a down-trodden race. I never meet a negro that I do not feel like asking his forgiveness for the wrongs that my race has inflicted on his. I remember that from the white man he received for two hundred years agony and tears; I remember that my race sold a child from the agonized breast of a mother; I remember that my race trampled with the feet of greed upon all the holy relations of life; and I do not feel like insulting the colored man; I feel rather like asking the forgiveness of his race for the crimes that my race have put upon him. "Nigger domination!" What a fine scabbard that makes for the sword of Gettysburg! It won't do!

What is General Hancock for, besides the presidency? How does he stand upon the great questions affecting American prosperity? He told us the other day that the tariff is a local question. The tariff affects every man and woman, live they in hut, hovel or palace; it affects every man that has a back to be covered or a stomach to be filled,

and yet he says it is a local question. So is death. He also told us that he heard that question discussed once, in Pennsylvania. He must have been eavesdropping. And he tells us that his doctrine of the tariff will continue as long as Nature lasts. Then Senator Randolph wrote him a letter. I do not know whether Senator Randolph answered it or not; but that answer was worse than the first interview; and I understand now that another letter is going through a period of incubation at Governor's Island, upon the great subject of the tariff. It won't do!

They say one thing they are sure of, he is opposed to paying Southern pensions and Southern claims. He says that a man that fought against this Government has no right to a pension. Good! I say a man that fought against this Government has no right to office. If a man cannot earn a pension by tearing our flag out of the sky, he cannot earn power. [A Voice—"How about Longstreet?"] Longstreet has repented of what he did. Longstreet admits that he was wrong. And there was no braver officer in the Southern Confederacy. Every man of the South who will say, "I made a mistake"—I do not want him to say that he knew he was wrong—all I ask him to say is that he now thinks he was wrong; and every man of the South to-day who says he was wrong, and who says from this day forward, henceforth and forever, he is for this being a Nation.

I will take him by the hand. But while he is attempting to do at the ballot-box what he failed to accomplish upon the field of battle, I am against him; while he uses a Northern general to bait a Southern trap, I won't bite. I will forgive men when they deserve to be forgiven; but while they insist that they were right, while they insist that State Sovereignty is the proper doctrine, I am opposed to their climbing into power.

Hancock says that he will not pay these claims; he agrees to veto a bill that his party may pass; he agrees in advance that he will defeat a party that he expects will elect him; he, in effect, says to the people, "You can not trust that party, but you can trust me." He says, "Look at them; I admit they are a hungry lot; I admit that they haven't had a bite in twenty years; I admit that an ordinary famine is satiety compared to the hunger they feel. But between that vast appetite known as the Democratic party, and the public treasury, I will throw the shield of my veto." No man has a right to say in advance what he will veto, any more than a judge has a right to say in advance how he will decide a case. The veto power is a distinction with which the Constitution has clothed the Executive, and no President has a right to say that he will veto until he has heard both sides of the question. But he agrees in advance.

I would rather trust a party than a man. Death may veto Hancock, and Death has not been a successful politician in the United States. Tyler, Fillmore, Andy Johnson—I do not wish Death to elect any more Presidents; and if he does, and if Hancock is elected, William H. English becomes President of the United States. No, no, no! All I need to say about him is simply to pronounce his name; that is all. You do not want him. Whether the many stories that have been told about him are true or not I do not know, and I will not give currency to a solitary word against the reputation of an American citizen unless I know it to be true. What I have against him is what he has done in public life. When Charles Sumner, that great and splendid publicist—Charles Sumner, the philanthropist, one who spoke to the conscience of his time and to the

history of the future—when he stood up in the United States Senate and made a great and glorious plea for human liberty, there crept into the Senate a villain and struck him down as though he had been a wild beast. That man was a member of Congress, and when a resolution was introduced in the House, to expel that man, William H. English voted “No.” All the stories in the world could not add to the infamy of that public act. That is enough for me, and whatever his private life may be, let it be that of an angel, never, never, never would I vote for a man that would defend the assassin of free speech. General Hancock, they tell me, is a statesman; that what little time he has had to spare from war he has given to the tariff, and what little time he could spare from the tariff he has given to the Constitution of his country; showing under what circumstances a Major-General can put at defiance the Congress of the United States. It won’t do!

But while I am upon that subject it may be well for me to state that he never will be President of the United States. Now, I say that a man who in time of peace prefers peace, and prefers the avocations of peace; a man who in the time of peace would rather look at the corn in the air of June, rather listen to the hum of bees, rather sit by his door with his wife and children; the man who in time of peace loves peace, and yet when the blast of war blows in his ears, shoulders a musket and goes to the field of war to defend his country, and when the war is over goes home and again pursues the avocations of peace—that man is just as good, to say the least of it, as a man who in a time of profound peace makes up his mind that he would like to make his living killing other folks. To say the least of it, he is as good.

The Republicans have named as their standard bearers James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur. James A. Garfield was a volunteer soldier, and he took away from the field of Chickamauga as much glory as any one man could carry. He is not only a soldier—7-he is a statesman. He has studied and discussed all the great questions that affect the prosperity and well-being of the American people. His opinions are well known, and I say to you tonight that there is not in this Nation, there is not in this Republic a man with greater brain and greater heart than James A. Garfield. I know him and I like him. I know him as well as any other public man, and I like him. The Democratic party say that he is not honest. I have been reading some Democratic papers to-day, and you would say that every one of their editors had a private sewer of his own into which has been emptied for a hundred years the slops of hell. They tell me that James A. Garfield is not honest. Are you a Democrat? Your party tried to steal nearly half of this country. Your party stole the armament of a nation. Your party was willing to live upon the unpaid labor of four millions of people. You have no right to the floor for the purpose of making a motion of honesty. James A. Garfield has been at the head of the most important committees of Congress; he is a member of the most important one of the whole House. He has no peer in the Congress of the United States. And you know it. He is the leader of the House. With one wave of his hand he can take millions from the pocket of one industry and put it into the pocket of another; with a motion of his hand he could have made himself a man of wealth, but he is to-night a poor man. I know him and I like him. He is as genial as May and he is as generous as Autumn. And the men for whom he has done unnumbered favors, the men whom he had pity enough not to destroy with an

argument, the men who, with his great generosity, he has allowed, intellectually, to live, are now throwing filth at the reputation of that great and splendid man.

Several ladies and gentlemen were passing a muddy place around which were gathered ragged and wretched urchins. And these little wretches began to throw mud at them; and one gentleman said, “If you don’t stop I will throw it back at you.” And a little fellow said, “You can’t do it without dirtying your hands, and it doesn’t hurt us anyway.”

I never was more profoundly happy than on the night of that 12th day of October when I found that between an honest and a kingly man and his maligners, two great States had thrown their shining shields. When Ohio said, “Garfield is my greatest son, and there never has been raised in the cabins of Ohio a grander man”—and when Indiana held up her hands and said, “Allow me to indorse that verdict,” I was profoundly happy, because that said to me, “Garfield will carry every Northern State;” that said to me, “The Solid South will be confronted by a great and splendid North.”

I know Garfield—I like him. Some people have said, “How is it that you support Garfield, when he was a minister?” “How is it that you support Garfield when he is a Christian?” I will tell you. There are two reasons. The first is I am not a bigot; and secondly, James A. Garfield is not a bigot. He believes in giving to every other human being every right he claims for himself. He believes in freedom of speech and freedom of thought; untrammeled conscience and upright manhood. He believes in an absolute divorce between church and state. He believes that every religion should rest upon its morality, upon its reason, upon its persuasion, upon its goodness, upon its charity, and that love should never appeal to the sword of civil power. He disagrees with me in many things; but in the one thing, that the air is free for all, we do agree. I want to do equal and exact justice everywhere.

I want the world of thought to be without a chain, without a wall, and I wish to say to you, [turning toward Mr. Beecher and directly addressing him] that I thank you for what you have said to-night, and to congratulate the people of this city and country that you have intellectual horizon enough, intellectual sky enough to take the hand of a man, howsoever much he may disagree in some things with you, on the grand platform and broad principle of citizenship. James A. Garfield, believing with me as he does, disagreeing with me as he does, is perfectly satisfactory to me. I know him, and I like him.

Men are to-day blackening his reputation, who are not fit to blacken his shoes. He is a man of brain. Since his nomination he must have made forty or fifty speeches, and every one has been full of manhood and genius. He has not said a word that has not strengthened him with the American people. He is the first candidate who has been free to express himself and who has never made a mistake. I will tell you why he does not make a mistake; because he spoke from the inside out. Because he was guided by the glittering Northern Star of principle. Lie after lie has been told about him. Slander after slander has been hatched and put in the air, with its little short wings, to fly its day, and the last lie is a forgery.

I saw to-day the fac-simile of a letter that they pretend he wrote upon the Chinese question. I know his writing; I know his signature; I am well acquainted with his writing. I know handwriting, and I tell you to-night, that letter and that signature are forgeries. A forgery for the benefit of the Pacific States; a forgery for the purpose of convincing the American workingman that Garfield is without heart. I tell you, my fellow-citizens, that cannot take from him a vote. But Ohio pierced their centre and Indiana rolled up both flanks and the rebel line cannot re-form with a forgery for a standard. They are gone!

Now, some people say to me, "How long are you going to preach the doctrine of hate?" I never did preach it. In many States of this Union it is a crime to be a Republican. I am going to preach my doctrine until every American citizen is permitted to express his opinion and vote as he may desire in every State of this Union. I am going to preach my doctrine until this is a civilized country. That is all.

I will treat the gentlemen of the South precisely as we do the gentlemen of the North. I want to treat every section of the country precisely as we do ours-. I want to improve their rivers and their harbors; I want to fill their land with commerce; I want them to prosper; I want them to build schoolhouses; I want them to open the lands to immigration to all people who desire to settle upon their soil. I want to be friends with them; I want to let the past be buried forever; I want to let bygones be bygones, but only upon the basis that we are now in favor of absolute liberty and eternal justice. I am not willing to bury nationality or free speech in the grave for the purpose of being friends. Let us stand by our colors; let the old Republican party that has made this a Nation—the old Republican party that has saved the financial honor of this country—let that party stand by its colors.

Let that party say, "Free speech forever!" Let that party say, "An honest ballot forever!" Let that party say, "Honest money forever! the Nation and the flag forever!" And let that party stand by the great men carrying her banner, James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur. I would rather trust a party than a man. If General Garfield dies, the Republican party lives; if General Garfield dies, General Arthur will take his place—a brave, honest, and intelligent gentleman, upon whom every Republican can rely. And if he dies, the Republican party lives, and as long as the Republican party does not die, the great Republic will live. As long as the Republican party lives, this will be the asylum of the world. Let me tell you, Mr. Irishman, this is the only country on the earth where Irishmen have had enough to eat. Let me tell you, Mr. German, that you have more liberty here than you had in the Fatherland. Let me tell you, all men, that this is the land of humanity.

Oh! I love the old Republic, bounded by the seas, walled by the wide air, domed by heaven's blue, and lit with the eternal stars. I love the Republic; I love it because I love liberty. Liberty is my religion, and at its altar I worship, and will worship.

Address To The 86th Illinois Regiment

PEORIA, ILLS. 1865.

THE history of the past four years seems to me like a terrible dream. It seems almost impossible that the events that have now passed into history ever happened. That hundreds of thousands of men, born and reared under one flag, with the same history, the same future, and, in truth, the same interests, should have met upon the terrible field of death, and for four long years should have fought with a bitterness and determination never excelled; that they should have filled our land with orphans and widows, and made our country hollow with graves, is indeed wonderful; but that the people of the South should have thus fought—thus attempted to destroy and overthrow the Government founded by the heroes of the Revolution—merely for the sake of perpetuating the infamous institution of slavery, is wonderful almost beyond belief.

Strange that people should be found in this, the nineteenth century, to fight against freedom and to die for slavery! It is most wonderful that the terrible war ceased as suddenly as it did, and that the soldiers of the Republic, the moment that the angel of peace spread her white wings over our country, dropped from their hands the instruments of war and eagerly went back to the plough, the shop and the office, and are to-day, with the same determination that characterized them in battle, engaged in effacing every vestige of the desolation and destruction of war. But the progress we have made as a people is if possible still more astonishing. We pretended to be the lovers of freedom, yet we defended slavery. We quoted the Declaration of Independence and voted for the compromise of 1850.

From servility and slavishness we have marched to heroism. We were tyrants. We are liberators. We were slave-catchers. We are now the chivalrous breakers of chains.

From slavery, over a bloody and terrible path, we have marched to freedom. Hirelings of oppression, we have become the champions of justice—the defenders of the right—the pillar upon which rests the hope of the world. To whom are we indebted for this wonderful change? Most of all to you, the soldiers of the great Republic. We thank you that the hands of time were not turned back a thousand years—that the Dark Ages did not again come upon the world—that Prometheus was not again chained—that the river of progress was not stopped or stayed—that the dear blood shed during all the past was not rendered vain—that the sublime faith of all the grand and good did not become a bitter dream, but a reality more glorious than ever entered into the imagination of the rapt heroes of the past. Soldiers of the Eighty-sixth Illinois, we thank you, and through you all the defenders of the Republic, living and dead. We thank you that the deluge of blood has subsided, that the ark of our national safety is at rest, that the dove has returned with the olive branch of peace, and that the dark clouds of war are in the far distance, covered with the beautiful bow.

In the name of humanity, in the name of progress, in the name of freedom, in the name of America, in the name of the oppressed of the whole world, we thank you

again and again. We thank you, that in the darkest hour you never despaired of the Republic, that you were not dismayed, that through disaster and defeat, through cruelty and famine, through the serried ranks of the enemy, in spite of false friends, you marched resolutely, unflinchingly and bravely forward. Forward through shot and shell! Forward through fire and sword! Forward past the corpses of your brave comrades, buried in shallow graves by the hurried hands of heroes! Forward past the scattered bones of starved captives! Forward through the glittering bayonet lines, and past the brazen throats of the guns! Forward through the din and roar and smoke and hell of war! Onward through blood and fire to the shining, glittering mount of perfect and complete victory, and from the top your august hands unfurled to the winds the old banner of the stars, and it waves in triumph now, and shall forever, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific!

We thank you that our waving fields of golden wheat and rustling corn are not trodden down beneath the bloody feet of invasion—that our homes are not ashes—that our hearthstones are not desolate—that our towns and cities still stand, that our temples and institutions of learning are secure, that prosperity covers us as with a mantle, and, more than all, we thank you that the Republic still lives; that law and order reign supreme; that the Constitution is still sacred; that a republican government has ceased to be only an experiment, and has become a certainty for all time; that we have by your heroism established the sublime and shining truth that a government by the people, for the people, can and will stand until governments cease among men; that you have given the lie to the impudent and infamous prophecy of tyranny, and that you have firmly established the Republic upon the great ideas of National Unity and Human Liberty.

We thank you for our commerce on the high seas, upon our lakes and beautiful rivers, for the credit of our nation, for the value of our money, and for the grand position that we now occupy among the nations of the earth. We thank you for every State redeemed, for every star brought back to glitter again upon the old flag, and we thank you for the grand future that you have opened for us and for our children through all the ages yet to come; and, not only for us and our children, but for mankind.

Thanks to your efforts our country is still an asylum for the oppressed of the Old World; the arms of our charity are still open, we still beckon them across the sea, and they come in multitudes,'leaving home, the graves of their sires, and the dear memories of the heart, and with their wives and little ones come to this, the only free land upon which the sun shines—and with their countless hands of labor add to the wealth, the permanence and the glory of our country. And let them come from the land of Luther, of Hampden and Emmett. Whoever is for freedom and the sacred rights of man is a true American, and as such, we welcome them all. We thank you to-day in the name of four millions of people, whose shackles you have so nobly and generously broken, and who, from the condition of beasts of burden, have by your efforts become men. We thank you in the name of this poor and hitherto despised and insulted race, and say that their emancipation was, and is, the crowning glory of

this most terrible war. Peace without liberty could have been only a bloody delusion and a snare. Freedom is peace; Slavery is war.

We must act justly and honorably with these emancipated men, knowing that the eyes of the civilized world are upon us. We must do what is best for both races. We must not be controlled merely by party.

If the Government is founded upon principle, it will stand against the shock of revolution and foreign war as long as liberty is sacred, the rights of man respected, and honor dwells in the hearts of men.

We thank you for the lesson that has been taught the Old World by your patriotism and valor; believing that when the people shall have learned that sublime and divine lesson, thrones will become kingless, kings crownless, royalty an epitaph, the purple of power the shroud of death, the chains of tyranny will fall from the bodies of men, the shackles of superstition from the souls of the people, the spirit of persecution will fly from the earth, and the banner of Universal Freedom, with the words "Civil and Religious Liberty for the World" written upon every fold, blazing from every star, will float over every land and sea under the whole heavens.

We thank you for the glorious past, for the still more glorious future, and will continue to thank you while our hearts are warm with life. We will gather around you in the hour of your death and soothe your last moments with our gratitude. We will follow you tearfully to the narrow house of the dead, and over your sacred remains erect the whitest and purest marble. The hands of love will adorn your last abode, and the chisel will record that beneath rests the sacred dust of the Heroic Saviors of the Great Republic. Such ground will be holy, and future generations will draw inspiration from your tombs, courage from your heroic examples, patience and fortitude from your sufferings, and strength eternal from your success.

I cannot stop without speaking of the heroic dead. It seems to me as though their spirits ought to hover over you to-day—that they might join with us in giving thanks for the great victory,—that their faces might grow radiant to think that their blood was not shed in vain,—that the living are worthy to reap the benefits of their sacrifices, their sufferings and death, and it almost seems as if their sightless eyes are suffused with tears. Then we think of the dear mothers waiting for their sons, of the devoted wives waiting for their husbands, of the orphans asking for fathers whose returning footsteps they can never hear; that while they can say "my country," they cannot say "my son," "my husband," or "my father."

My heart goes out to all the slain, to those heroic corpses sleeping far away from home and kindred in unknown and lonely graves, to those poor pieces of dear, bleeding earth that won for me the blessings I enjoy to-day.

Shall I recount their sufferings? They were starved day by day with a systematic and calculating cruelty never equaled by the most savage tribes. They were confined in dens as though they had been beasts, and then they slowly faded and wasted from life. Some were released from their sufferings by blessed insanity, until their parched and fevered lips, their hollow and glittering eyes, were forever closed by the angel of death. And thus they died, with the voices of loved ones in their ears; the faces of the

dear absent hovering over them; around them their dying comrades, and the fiendish slaves of slavery.

And what shall I say more of the regiment before me? It is enough that you were a part of the great army that accomplished so much for America and mankind.

It is but just, however, to say that you were at the bloody field of Perryville, that you stood with Thomas at Chickamauga and kept at bay the rebel host, that you marched to the relief of Knoxville through bitter cold, hunger and privations, and had the honor of relieving that heroic garrison.

It is but just to say that you were with Sherman in his wonderful march through the heart of the Confederacy; that you were in the terrible charge at Kenesaw Mountain, and held your ground for days within a few steps of the rebel fortifications; that you were at Atlanta and took part in the terrible conflict before that city and marched victoriously through her streets; that you were at Savannah; that you had the honor of being present when Johnson surrendered, and his ragged rebel horde laid down their arms; that from there you marched to Washington and beneath the shadow of the glorious dome of our Capitol, that lifts from the earth as though jealous of the stars, received the grandest national ovation recorded in the annals of the world.

Decoration Day Oration

New York City.

1882.

THIS day is sacred to our heroes dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of Spring.

This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty Nation bends above its honored graves, and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love.

Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart.

To-day we tell the history of our country's life—recount the lofty deeds of vanished years—the toil and suffering, the defeats and victories of heroic men,—of men who made our Nation great and free.

We see the first ships whose prows were gilded by the western sun. We feel the thrill of discovery when the New World was found. We see the oppressed, the serf, the peasant and the slave, men whose flesh had known the chill of chains—the adventurous, the proud, the brave, sailing an unknown sea, seeking homes in unknown lands. We see the settlements, the little clearings, the blockhouse and the fort, the rude and lonely huts. Brave men, true women, builders of homes, fellers of forests, founders of States.

Separated from the Old World,—away from the heartless distinctions of caste,—away from sceptres and titles and crowns, they governed themselves. They defended their homes; they earned their bread. Each citizen had a voice, and the little villages became republics. Slowly the savage was driven back. The days and nights were filled with fear, and the slow years with massacre and war, and cabins' earthen floors were wet with blood of mothers and their babes.

But the savages of the New World were kinder than the kings and nobles of the Old; and so the human tide kept coming, and the places of the dead were filled. Amid common dangers and common hopes, the prejudiced and feuds of Europe faded slowly from their hearts. From every land, of every speech, driven by want and lured by hope, exiles and emigrants sought the mysterious Continent of the West.

Year after year the colonists fought and toiled and suffered and increased. They began to talk about liberty—to reason of the rights of man. They * t asked no help from distant kings, and they began to doubt the use of paying tribute to the useless. They lost respect for dukes and lords, and held in high esteem all honest men. There was the dawn of a new day. They began to dream of independence. They found that they could make and execute the laws. They had tried the experiment of self-government. They had succeeded. The Old World wished to dominate the New. In the care and keeping of the colonists was the destiny of this Continent—of half the world.

On this day the story of the great struggle between colonists and kings should be told. We should tell our children of the contest—first for justice, then for freedom. We should tell them the history of the Declaration of Independence—the chart and compass of all human rights:—All men are equal, and have the right to life, to liberty and joy.

This Declaration uncrowned kings, and wrested from the hands of titled tyranny the sceptre of usurped and arbitrary power. It superseded royal grants, and repealed the cruel statutes of a thousand years. It gave the peasant a career; it knighted all the sons of toil; it opened all the paths to fame, and put the star of hope above the cradle of the poor man's babe.

England was then the mightiest of nations—mistress of every sea—and yet our fathers, poor and few, defied her power.

To-day we remember the defeats, the victories, the disasters, the weary marches, the poverty, the hunger, the sufferings, the agonies, and above all, the glories of the Revolution. We remember all—from Lexington to Valley Forge, and from that midnight of despair to Yorktown's cloudless day. We remember the soldiers and thinkers—the heroes of the sword and pen. They had the brain and heart, the wisdom and courage to utter and defend these words: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." In defence of this sublime and self-evident truth the war was waged and won.

To-day we remember all the heroes, all the generous and chivalric men who came from other lands to make ours free. Of the many thousands who shared the gloom and glory of the seven sacred years, not one remains. The last has mingled with the earth, and nearly all are sleeping now in unmarked graves, and some beneath the leaning, crumbling stones from which their names have been effaced by Time's irreverent and relentless hands. But the Nation they founded remains. The United States are still free and independent. The "government derives its just power from the consent of the governed," and fifty millions of free people remember with gratitude the heroes of the Revolution.

Let us be truthful; let us be kind. When peace came, when the independence of a new Nation was acknowledged, the great truth for which our fathers fought was half denied, and the Constitution was inconsistent with the Declaration. The war was waged for liberty, and yet the victors forged new fetters for their fellow-men. The chains our fathers broke were put by them upon the limbs of others. "Freedom for All" was the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, through seven years of want and war. In peace the cloud was forgotten and the pillar blazed unseen.

Let us be truthful; all our fathers were not true to themselves. In war they had been generous, noble and self-sacrificing; with peace came selfishness and greed. They were not great enough to appreciate the grandeur of the principles for which they fought. They ceased to regard the great truths as having universal application. "Liberty for All" included only themselves. They qualified the Declaration. They interpolated the word "white." They obliterated the word "All."

Let us be kind. We will remember the age in which they lived. We will compare them with the citizens of other nations. They made merchandise of men. They legalized a crime. They sowed the seeds of war. But they founded this Nation.

Let us gratefully remember.

Let us gratefully forget.

To-day we remember the heroes of the second war with England, in which our fathers fought for the freedom of the seas—for the rights of the American sailor. We remember with pride the splendid victories of Erie and Champlain and the wondrous achievements upon the sea—achievements that covered our navy with a glory that neither the victories nor defeats of the future can dim. We remember the heroic services and sufferings of those who fought the merciless savage of the frontier. We see the midnight massacre, and hear the war-cries of the allies of England. We see the flames climb around the happy homes, and in the charred and blackened ruins the mutilated bodies of wives and children. Peace came at last, crowned with the victory of New Orleans—a victory that "did redeem all sorrows" and all defeats.

The Revolution gave our fathers a free land—the War of 1812 a free sea.

To-day we remember the gallant men who bore our flag in triumph from the Rio Grande to the heights of Chapultepec.

Leaving out of question the justice of our cause—the necessity for war—we are yet compelled to applaud the marvelous courage of our troops. A handful of men, brave, impetuous, determined, irresistible, conquered a nation. Our history has no record of more daring deeds.

Again peace came, and the Nation hoped and thought that strife was at an end. We had grown too powerful to be attacked. Our resources were boundless, and the future seemed secure. The hardy pioneers moved to the great West. Beneath their ringing strokes the forests disappeared, and on the prairies waved the billowed seas of wheat and corn. The great plains were crossed, the mountains were conquered, and the foot of victorious adventure pressed the shore of the Pacific. In the great North all the streams went singing to the sea, turning wheels and spindles, and casting shuttles back and forth. Inventions were springing like magic from a thousand brains. From Labor's holy altars rose and leaped the smoke and flame, and from the countless forges ran the chant of rhythmic stroke.

But in the South, the negro toiled unpaid, and mothers wept while babes were sold, and at the auction-block husbands and wives speechlessly looked the last good-bye. Fugitives, lighted by the Northern Star, sought liberty on English soil, and were, by Northern men, thrust back to whip and chain. The great statesmen, the successful politicians, announced that law had compromised with crime, that justice had been bribed, and that time had barred appeal. A race was left without a right, without a hope. The future had no dawn, no star—nothing but ignorance and fear, nothing but work and want. This, was the conclusion of the statesmen, the philosophy of the politicians—of constitutional expounders:—this was decided by courts and ratified by the Nation.

We had been successful in three wars. We had wrested thirteen colonies from Great Britain. We had conquered our place upon the high seas. We had added more than two millions of square miles to the national domain. We had increased in population from three to thirty-one millions. We were in the midst of plenty. We were rich and free. Ours appeared to be the most prosperous of Nations. But it was only appearance. The statesmen and the politicians were deceived. Real victories can be won only for the Right. The triumph of Justice is the only Peace. Such is the nature of things. He who enslaves another cannot be free. He who attacks the right, assaults himself. The mistake our fathers made had not been corrected. The foundations of the Republic were insecure. The great dome of the temple was clad in the light of prosperity, but the corner-stones were crumbling. Four millions of human beings were enslaved. Party cries had been mistaken for principles—partisanship for patriotism—success for justice.

But Pity pointed to the scarred and bleeding backs of slaves; Mercy heard the sobs of mothers reft of babes, and Justice held aloft the scales, in which one drop of blood shed by a master's lash, outweighed a Nation's gold. There were a few men, a few women, who had the courage to attack this monstrous crime. They found it entrenched in constitutions, statutes, and decisions—barricaded and bastioned by every department and by every party. Politicians were its servants, statesmen its attorneys, judges its menials, presidents its puppets, and upon its cruel altar had been sacrificed our country's honor. It was the crime of the Nation—of the whole country—North and South responsible alike.

To-day we reverently thank the abolitionists. Earth has no grander men—no nobler women. They were the real philanthropists, the true patriots. When the will defies fear, when the heart applauds the brain, when duty throws the gauntlet down to fate, when honor scorns to compromise with death,—this is heroism. The abolitionists were heroes. He loves his country best who strives to make it best. The bravest men are those who have the greatest fear of doing wrong. Mere politicians wish the country to do something for them. True patriots desire to do something for their country. Courage without conscience is a wild beast. Patriotism without principle is the prejudice of birth, the animal attachment to place. These men, these women, had courage and conscience, patriotism and principle, heart and brain.

The South relied upon the bond,—upon a barbarous clause that stained, disfigured and defiled the Federal pact, and made the monstrous claim that slavery was the Nation's ward. The spot of shame grew red in Northern cheeks, and Northern men declared that slavery had poisoned, cursed and blighted soul and soil enough, and that the Territories must be free. The radicals of the South cried: "No Union without Slavery!" The radicals of the North replied: "No Union without Liberty!" The Northern radicals were right. Upon the great issue of free homes for free men, a President was elected by the free States. The South appealed to the sword, and raised the standard of revolt. For the first time in history the oppressors rebelled.

But let us to-day be great enough to forget individuals,—great enough to know that slavery was treason, that slavery was rebellion, that slavery fired upon our flag and sought to wreck and strand the mighty ship that bears the hope and fortune of this world. The first shot liberated the North. Constitution, statutes and decisions,

compromises, platforms, and resolutions made, passed, and ratified in the interest of slavery became mere legal lies, base and baseless. Parchment and paper could no longer stop or stay the onward march of man. The North was free. Millions instantly resolved that the Nation should not die—that Freedom should not perish, and that Slavery should not live.

Millions of our brothers, our sons, our fathers, our husbands, answered to the Nation's call.

The great armies have desolated the earth. The greatest soldiers have been ambition's dupes. They waged war for the sake of place and pillage, pomp and power,—for the ignorant applause of vulgar millions,—for the flattery of parasites, and the adulation of sycophants and slaves.

Let us proudly remember that in our time the greatest, the grandest, the noblest army of the world fought, not to enslave, but to free; not to destroy, but to save; not for conquest, but for conscience; not only for us, but for every land and every race.

With courage, with enthusiasm, with a devotion' never excelled, with an exaltation and purity of purpose never equaled, this grand army fought the battles of the Republic. For the preservation of this Nation, for the destruction of slavery, these soldiers, these sailors, on land and sea, disheartened by no defeat, discouraged by no obstacle, appalled by no danger, neither paused nor swerved until a stainless flag, without a rival, floated over all our wide domain, and until every human being beneath its folds was absolutely free.

The great victory for human rights—the greatest of all the years—had been won; won by the Union men of the North, by the Union men of the South, and by those who had been slaves. Liberty was national, Slavery was dead.

The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be.

It is the emblem of equal rights.

It means free hands, free lips, self-government and the sovereignty of the individual.

It means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom.

It means universal education,—light for every mind, knowledge for every child.

It means that the schoolhouse is the fortress of Liberty.

It means that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" that each man is accountable to and for the Government; that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty.

It means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden,—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his State and his country.

It means that the ballot-box is the Ark of the Covenant; that the source of authority must not be poisoned.

It means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution. It means that every citizen of the Republic—native or naturalized—must be protected; at home, in every State,—abroad, in every land, on every sea.

It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood, have perished from our laws; that our Government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and the strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give the guarantee of simple justice to each and all.

It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong.

It means national hospitality,—that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste,—in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life; and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free.

That flag is the emblem of a supreme will—of a Nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey. It shields and canopies alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut. That flag was given to the air in the Revolution's darkest days. It represents the sufferings of the past, the glories yet to be; and like the bow of heaven, it is the child of storm and sun.

This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads,—sacred to the living and the dead—sacred to the scarred and maimed,—sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons.

Here in this peaceful land of ours,—here where the sun shines, where flowers grow, where children play, millions of armed men battled for the right and breasted on a thousand fields the iron storms of war.

These brave, these incomparable men, founded the first Republic. They fulfilled the prophecies; they brought to pass the dreams; they realized the hopes, that all the great and good and wise and just have made and had since man was man.

But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told.

They fought, they died; and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant or a slave.

Decoration Day Address

New York City.

1888.

THIS is a sacred day—a day for gratitude and love.

To-day we commemorate more than independence, more than the birth of a nation, more than the fruits of the Revolution, more than physical progress, more than the accumulation of wealth, more than national prestige and power.

We commemorate the great and blessed victory over ourselves—the triumph of civilization, the reformation of a people, the establishment of a government consecrated to the preservation of liberty and the equal rights of man.

Nations can win success, can be rich and powerful, can cover the earth with their armies, the seas with their fleets, and yet be selfish, small and mean. Physical progress means opportunity for doing good. It means responsibility. Wealth is the end of the despicable, victory the purpose of brutality.

But there is something nobler than all these—something that rises above wealth and power—something above lands and palaces—something above raiment and gold—it is the love of right, the cultivation of the moral nature, the desire to do justice, the inextinguishable love of human liberty.

Nothing can be nobler than a nation governed by conscience, nothing more infamous than power without pity, wealth without honor and without the sense of justice.

Only by the soldiers of the right can the laurel be won or worn.

On this day we honor the heroes who fought to make our Nation just and free—who broke the shackles of the slave, who freed the masters of the South and their allies of the North. We honor chivalric men who made America the hope and beacon of the human race—the foremost Nation of the world.

These heroes established the first republic, and demonstrated that a government in which the legally expressed will of the people is sovereign and supreme is the safest, strongest, securest, noblest and the best.

They demonstrated the human right of the people, and of all the people, to make and execute the laws—that authority does not come from the clouds, or from ancestry, or from the crowned and titled, or from constitutions and compacts, laws and customs—not from the admissions of the great, or the concessions of the powerful and victorious—not from graves, or consecrated dust—not from treaties made between successful robbers—not from the decisions of corrupt and menial courts—not from the dead, but from the living—not from the past but from the present, from the people of to-day—from the brain, from the heart and from the conscience of those who live and love and labor.

The history of this world for the most part is the history of conflict and war, of invasion, of conquest, of victorious wrong, of the many enslaved by the few.

Millions have fought for kings, for the destruction and enslavement of their fellow-men. Millions have battled for empire, and great armies have been inspired by the hope of pillage; but for the first time in the history of this world millions of men battled for the right, fought to free not themselves, but others, not for prejudice, but for principle, not for conquest, but for conscience.

The men whom we honor were the liberators of a Nation, of a whole country, North and South—of two races. They freed the body and the brain, gave liberty to master and to slave. They opened all the highways of thought, and gave to fifty millions of people the inestimable legacy of free speech.

They established the free exchange of thought. They gave to the air a flag without a stain, and they gave to their country a Constitution that honest men can reverently obey. They destroyed the hateful, the egotistic and provincial—they established a Nation, a national spirit, a national pride and a patriotism as broad as the great Republic.

They did away with that ignorant and cruel prejudice that human rights depend on race or color, and that the superior race has the right to oppress the inferior. They established the sublime truth that the superior are the just, the kind, the generous, and merciful—that the really superior are the protectors, the defenders, and the saviors of the oppressed, of the fallen, the unfortunate, the weak and helpless. They established that greatest of all truths that nothing is nobler than to labor and suffer for others.

If we wish to know the extent of our debt to these heroes, these soldiers of the right, we must know what we were and what we are. A few years ago we talked about liberty, about the freedom of the world, and while so talking we enslaved our fellow-men. We were the stealers of babes and the whippers of women. We were in partnership with bloodhounds. We lived on unpaid labor. We held manhood in contempt. Honest toil was disgraceful—sympathy was a crime—pity was unconstitutional—humanity contrary to law, and charity was treason. Men were imprisoned for pointing out in heaven's dome the Northern Star—for giving food to the hungry, water to the parched lips of thirst, shelter to the hunted, succor to the oppressed. In those days criminals and courts, pirates and pulpits were in partnership—liberty was only a word standing for the equal rights of robbers.

For many years we insisted that our fathers had founded a free Government, that they were the lovers of liberty, believers in equal rights. We were mistaken. The colonists did not believe in the freedom of to-day. Their laws were filled with intolerance, with slavery and the infamous spirit of caste. They persecuted and enslaved. Most of them were narrow, ignorant and cruel. For the most part, their laws were more brutal than those of the nations from which they came. They branded the forehead of intelligence, bored with hot irons the tongue of truth. They persecuted the good and enslaved the helpless. They were believers in pillories and whipping-posts for honest, thoughtful men.

When their independence was secured they adopted a Constitution that legalized slavery, and they passed laws making it the duty of free men to prevent others from becoming free. They followed the example of kings and nobles. They knew that monarchs had been interested in the slave trade, and that the first English commander of a slave-ship divided his profits with a queen.

They forgot all the splendid things they had said—the great principles they had so proudly and eloquently announced. The sublime truths faded from their hearts. The spirit of trade, the greed for office, took possession of their souls. The lessons of history were forgotten. The voices coming from all the wrecks of kingdoms, empires and republics on the shores of the great river were unheeded and unheard.

If the foundation is not justice, the dome cannot be high enough, or splendid enough, to save the temple.

But above everything in the minds of our fathers was the desire for union—to create a Nation, to become a Power.

Our fathers compromised.

A compromise is a bargain in which each party defrauds the other, and himself.

The compromise our fathers made was the coffin of honor and the cradle of war.

A brazen falsehood and a timid truth are the parents of compromise.

But some—the greatest and the best—believed in liberty for all. They repeated the splendid sayings of the Roman: “By the law of nature all men are free;”—of the French King: “Men are born free and equal;”—of the sublime Zeno: “All men are by nature equal, and virtue alone establishes a difference between them.”

In the year preceding the Declaration of Independence, a society for the abolition of slavery was formed in Pennsylvania and its first President was one of the wisest and greatest of men—Benjamin Franklin. A society of the same character was established in New York in 1785; its first President was John Jay—the second, Alexander Hamilton.

But in a few years these great men were forgotten. Parties rivaled each other in the defence of wrong. Politicians cared only for place and power. In the clamor of the heartless, the voice of the generous was lost. Slavery became supreme. It dominated legislatures, courts and parties; it rewarded the faithless and little; it degraded the honest and great.

And yet, through all these hateful years, thousands and thousands of noble men and women denounced the degradation and the crime. Most of their names are unknown. They have given a glory to obscurity. They have filled oblivion with honor.

In the presence of death it has been the custom to speak of the worthlessness, and the vanity, of life. I prefer to speak of its value, of its importance, of its nobility and glory.

Life is not merely a floating shadow, a momentary spark, a dream that vanishes. Nothing can be grander than a life filled with great and noble thoughts—with brave

and honest deeds. Such a life sheds light, and the seeds of truth sown by great and loyal men bear fruit through all the years to be. To have lived and labored and died for the right—nothing can be sublimer.

History is but the merest outline of the exceptional—of a few great crimes, calamities, wars, mistakes and dramatic virtues. A few mountain peaks are touched, while all the valleys of human life, where countless victories are won, where labor wrought with love—are left in the eternal shadow.

But these peaks are not the foundation of nations. The forgotten words, the unrecorded deeds, the unknown sacrifices, the heroism, the industry, the patience, the love and labor of the nameless good and great have for the most part founded, guided and defended States. The world has been civilized by the unregarded poor, by the untitled nobles, by the uncrowned kings who sleep in unknown graves mingled with the common dust.

They have thought and wrought, have borne the burdens of the world. The pain and labor have been theirs—the glory has been given to the few.

The conflict came. The South unsheathed the sword. Then rose the embattled North, and these men who sleep to-night beneath the flowers of half the world, gave all for us.

They gave us a Nation—a republic without a slave—a republic that is sovereign, and to whose will every citizen and every State must bow. They gave us a Constitution for all—one that can be read without shame and defended without dishonor. They freed the brain, the lips and hands of men.

All that could be done by force was done. All that could be accomplished by the adoption of constitutions was done. The rest is left to education—the innumerable influences of civilization—to the development of the intellect, to the cultivation of the heart and the imagination.

The past is now a hideous dream.

The present is filled with pride, with gratitude, and hope.

Liberty is the condition of real progress. The free man works for wife and child—the slave toils from fear. Liberty gives leisure and leisure refines, beautifies and ennobles. Slavery gives idleness and idleness degrades, deforms and brutalizes.

Liberty and slavery—the right and wrong—the joy and grief—the day and night—the glory and the gloom of all the years.

Liberty is the word that all the good have spoken.

It is the hope of every loving heart—the spark and flame in every noble breast—the gem in every splendid soul—the many-colored dream in every honest brain.

This word has filled the dungeon with its holy light,—has put the halo round the martyr's head,—has raised the convict far above the king, and clad even the scaffold with a glory that dimmed and darkened every throne.

To the wise man, to the wise nation, the mistakes of the past are the torches of the present. The war is over. The institution that caused it has perished. The prejudices that fanned the flames are only ashes now. We are one people. We will stand or fall together. At last, with clear eyes we see that the triumph of right was a triumph for all. Together we reap the fruits of the great victory. We are all conquerors. Around the graves of the heroes—North and South, white and colored—together we stand and with uncovered heads reverently thank the saviors of our native land.

We are now far enough away from the conflict—from its hatreds, its passions, its follies and its glories, to fairly and philosophically examine the causes and in some measure at least to appreciate the results.

States and nations, like individuals, do as they must. Back of revolution, of rebellion, of slavery and freedom, are the efficient causes. Knowing this, we occupy that serene height from which it is possible to calmly pronounce a judgment upon the past.

We know now that the seeds of our war were sown hundreds and thousands of years ago—sown by the vicious and the just, by prince and peasant, by king and slave, by all the virtues and by all the vices, by all the victories and all the defeats, by all the labor and the love, the loss and gain, by all the evil and the good, and by all the heroes of the world.

Of the great conflict we remember only its glory and its lessons. We remember only the heroes who made the Republic the first of nations, and who laid the foundation for the freedom of mankind.

This will be known as the century of freedom. Slowly the hosts of darkness have been driven back.

In 1808 England and the United States united for the suppression of the slave-trade. The Netherlands joined in this holy work in 1818. France lent her aid in 1819 and Spain in 1820. In the same year the United States declared the traffic to be piracy, and in 1825 the same law was enacted by Great Britain. In 1826 Brazil agreed to suppress the traffic in human flesh. In 1833 England abolished slavery in the West Indies, and in 1843 in her East Indian possessions, giving liberty to more than twelve millions of slaves. In 1846 Sweden abolished slavery, and in 1848 it was abolished in the colonies of Denmark and France. In 1861 Alexander II., Czar of all the Russias, emancipated the serfs, and on the first day of January, 1863, the shackles fell from millions of the citizens of this Republic. This was accomplished by the heroes we remember to-day—this, in accordance with the Proclamation of Emancipation signed by Lincoln,—greatest of our mighty dead—Lincoln the gentle and the just—and whose name will be known and honored to "the last syllable of recorded time." And this year, 1888, has been made blessed and memorable forever—in the vast empire of Brazil there stands no slave.

Let us hope that when the next century looks from the sacred portals of the East, its light will only fall upon the faces of the free.

** By request, Col. Ingersoll closed this address with his "Vision of War," to which he added "A Vision of the Future." This accounts for its repetition in this volume.*

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching-down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen,

the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides and school-houses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines.

They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

A vision of the future rises:

I see our country filled with happy homes, with firesides of content,—the foremost land of all the earth.

I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by Science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret, subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth; a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward, where work and worth go hand in hand, where the poor girl trying to win bread with the needle—the needle that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor,"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain,—shapely and fair,—the married harmony of form and function,—and, as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.

Ratification Speech

Harrison and Morton.

1888.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, Ladies and Gentlemen—The speaker who is perfectly candid, who tells his honest thought, not only honors himself, but compliments his audience. It is only to the candid that man can afford to absolutely open his heart. Most people, whenever a man is nominated for the presidency, claim that they were for him from the very start—as a rule, claim that they discovered him. They are so anxious to be with the procession, so afraid of being left, that they insist that they got exactly the man they wanted.

I will be frank enough with you to say that the convention did not nominate my choice. I was for the nomination of General Gresham, believing that, all things considered, he was the best and most available man—a just judge, a soldier, a statesman. But there is something in the American blood that bows to the will of the majority. There is that splendid fealty and loyalty to the great principle upon which our Government rests; so that when the convention reached its conclusion, every Republican was for the nominee. There were good men from which to select this ticket. I made my selection, and did the best I could to induce the convention to make the same. Some people think, or say they think, that I made a mistake in telling the name of the man whom I was for. But I always know whom I am for, I always know what I am for, and I know the reasons why I am for the thing or for the man.

And it never once occurred to me that we could get a man nominated, or elected, and keep his name a secret. When I am for a man I like to stand by him, even while others leave, no matter if at last I stand alone. I believe in doing things above board, in the light, in the wide air. No snake ever yet had a skin brilliant enough, no snake ever crawled through the grass secretly enough, silently or cunningly enough, to excite my admiration. My admiration is for the eagle, the monarch of the empyrean, who, poised on outstretched pinions, challenges the gaze of all the world. Take your position in the sunlight; tell your neighbors and your friends what you are for, and give your reasons for your position; and if that is a mistake, I expect to live making only mistakes. I do not like the secret way, but the plain, open way; and I was for one man, not because I had anything against the others, who were all noble, splendid men, worthy to be Presidents of the United States.

Now, then, leaving that subject, two parties again confront each other. With parties as with persons goes what we call character. They have built up in the nation in which they live reputation, and the reputation of a party should be taken into consideration as well as the reputation of a man. What is this party? What has it done? What has it endeavored to do? What are the ideas in its brain? What are the hopes, the emotions and the loves in its heart? Does it wish to make the world grander and better and freer? Has it a high ideal? Does it believe in sunrise, or does it keep its back to the sacred east of eternal progress? These are the questions that every American should ask. Every man should take pride in this great Nation—

America, with a star of glory in her forehead!—and every man should say, “I hope when I lie down in death I shall leave a greater and grander country than when I was born.”

This is the country of humanity. This is the Government of the poor. This is where man has an even chance with his fellow-man. In this country the poorest man holds in his hand at the day of election the same unit, the same amount, of political power as the owner of a hundred millions. That is the glory of the United States.

A few days ago our party met in convention. Now, let us see who we are. Let us see what the Republican party is. Let us see what is the spirit that animates this great and splendid organization.

And I want you to think one moment, just one moment: What was this country when the first Republican President was elected? Under the law then, every Northern man was a bloodhound, pledged to catch human beings, who, led by the light of the Northern Star, were escaping to free soil. Remember that. And remember, too, that when our first President was elected we found a treasury empty, the United States without credit, the great Republic unable to borrow money from day to day to pay its current expenses. Remember that. Think of the glory and grandeur of the Republican party that took the country with an empty exchequer, and then think of what the Democratic party says to-day of the pain and anguish it has suffered administering the Government with a surplus!

We must remember what the Republican party has done—what it has accomplished for nationality, for liberty, for education and for the civilization of our race. We must remember its courage in war, its honesty in peace. Civil war tests to a certain degree the strength, the stability and the patriotism of a country. After the war comes a greater strain. It is a great thing to die for a cause, but it is a greater thing to live for it. We must remember that the Republican party not only put down a rebellion, not only created a debt of thousands and thousands of millions, but that it had the industry and the intelligence to pay that debt, and to give to the United States the best financial standing of any nation.

When this great party came together in Chicago what was the first thing the convention did? What was the first idea in its mind? It was to honor the memory of the greatest and grandest men the Republic has produced. The first name that trembled upon the lips of the convention was that of Abraham Lincoln—Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest and grandest men who ever lived, and, in my judgment, the greatest man that ever sat in the presidential chair. And why the greatest? Because the kindest, because he had more mercy and love in his heart than were in the heart of any other President. And so the convention paid its tribute to the great soldier, to the man who led, in company with others, the great army of freedom to victory, until the old flag floated over every inch of American soil and every foot of that territory was dedicated to the eternal freedom of mankind.

And what next did this convention do? The next thing was to send fraternal greetings to the Americans of Brazil. Why? Because Brazil had freed every slave, and because that act left the New World, this hemisphere, without a slave—left two continents dedicated to the freedom of man—so that with that act of Brazil the New World,

discovered only a few years ago, takes the lead in the great march of human progress and liberty. That is the second thing the convention did. Only a little while ago the minister to this country from Brazil, acting under instructions from his government, notified the President of the United States that this sublime act had been accomplished—notified him that from the bodies of millions of men the chains of slavery had fallen—an act great enough to make the dull sky of half the world glow as though another morning had risen upon another day.

And what did our President say? Was he filled with enthusiasm? Did his heart beat quicker? Did the blood rush to his cheek? He simply said, as it is reported, "that he hoped time would justify the wisdom of the measure." It is precisely the same as though a man should quit a life of crime, as though some gentleman in the burglar business should finally announce to his friends: "I have made up my mind never to break into another house," and the friend should reply: "I hope that time will justify the propriety of that resolution."

That was the first thing, with regard to the condition of the world, that came into the mind of the Republican convention. And why was that? Because the Republican party has fought for liberty from the day of its birth to the present moment.

And what was the next? The next resolution passed by the convention was, "that we earnestly hope, we shall soon congratulate our fellow-citizens of Irish birth upon the peaceful recovery of home rule in Ireland."

Wherever a human being wears a chain, there you will find the sympathy of the Republican party. Wherever one languishes in a dungeon for having raised the standard of revolt in favor of human freedom, there you will find the sympathy of the Republican party. I believe in liberty for Ireland, not because it is Ireland, but because they are human beings, and I am for liberty, not as a prejudice, but as a principle.

The man rightfully in jail who wants to get out is a believer in liberty as a prejudice; but when a man out of jail sees a man wrongfully in jail and is willing to risk his life to give liberty to the man who ought to have it, that is being in favor of liberty as a principle. So I am in favor of liberty everywhere, all over the world, and wherever one man tries to govern another simply because he has been born a lord or a duke or a king, or wherever one governs another simply by brute force, I say that that is oppression, and it is the business of Americans to do all they can to give liberty to the oppressed everywhere.

Ireland should govern herself. Those who till the soil should own the soil, or have an opportunity at least of becoming the owners. A few landlords should not live in extravagance and luxury while those who toil live on the leavings, on parings, on crumbs and crusts. The treatment of Ireland by England has been one continuous crime. There is no meaner page in history.

What is the next thing in this platform? And if there is anything in it that anybody can object to, we will find it out to-night. The next thing is the supremacy of the Nation.-Why, even the Democrats now believe in that, and in their own platform are willing to commence that word with a capital N. They tell us that they are in favor of

an indissoluble Union—just as I presume they always have been. But they now believe in a Union. So does the Republican party. What else? The Republican party believes, not in State Sovereignty, but in the preservation of all the rights reserved to the States by the Constitution.

Let me show you the difference: For instance, you make a contract with your neighbor who lives next door—equal partners—and at the bottom of the contract you put the following addition: "If there is any dispute as to the meaning of this contract, my neighbor shall settle it, and any settlement he shall make shall be final." Is there any use of talking about being equal partners any longer? Any use of your talking about being a sovereign partner? So, the Constitution of the United States says: "If any question arises between any State and the Federal Government it shall be decided by a Federal Court." That is the end of what they call State Sovereignty.

Think of a sovereign State that can make no treaty, that cannot levy war, that cannot coin money. But we believe in maintaining the rights of the States absolutely in their integrity, because we believe in local self-government. We deny, however, that a State has any right to deprive a citizen of his vote. We deny that the State has any right to violate the Federal law, and we go further and we say that it is the duty of the General Government to see to it that every citizen in every State shall have the right to exercise all of his privileges as a citizen of the United States—"the right of every lawful citizen," says our platform, "native or foreign, white or black, to cast a free ballot."

Let me say one word about that.

The ballot is the king, the emperor, the ruler of America; it is the only rightful sovereign of the Republic; and whoever refuses to count an honest vote, or whoever casts a dishonest vote, is a traitor to the great principle upon which our Government is founded. The man poisons, or endeavors to poison, the springs of authority, the fountains of justice, of rightful dominion and power; and until every citizen can cast his vote everywhere in this land and have that vote counted, we are not a republican people, we are not a civilized nation. The Republican party will not have finished its mission until this country is civilized. That is its business. It was born of a protest against barbarism.

The Republican party was the organized conscience of the United States. It had the courage to stand by what it believed to be right. There is something better even than success in this world; or in other words, there is only one kind of success, and that is to be for the right. Then whatever happens, you have succeeded.

Now, comes the next question. The Republican party not only wants to protect every citizen in his liberty, in his right to vote, but it wants to have that vote counted. And what else?

The next thing in this platform is protection for American labor.

I am going to tell you in a very brief way why I am in favor of protection. First, I want this Republic substantially independent of the rest of the world. You must remember that while people are civilized—some of them—so that when they have a quarrel they leave it to the courts to decide, nations still occupy the position of savages toward

each other. There is no national court to decide a question, consequently the question is decided by the nations themselves, and you know what selfishness and greed and power and the ideas of false glory will do and have done. So that this Nation is not safe one moment from war. I want the Republic so that it can live although at war with all the world.

We have every kind of climate that is worth having. Our country embraces the marriage of the pine and palm; we have all there is of worth; it is the finest soil in the world and the most ingenious people that ever contrived to make the forces of nature do their work. I want this Nation substantially independent, so that if every port were blockaded we would be covered with prosperity as with a mantle. Then, too, the Nation that cannot take care of itself in war is always at a disadvantage in peace. That is one reason. Let me give you the next.

The next reason is that whoever raises raw material and sells it will be eternally poor. There is no State in this Union where the farmer raises wheat and sells it, that the farmer is not poor. Why? He only makes one profit, and, as a rule, that is a loss. The farmer that raises corn does better, because he can sell, not corn, but pork and beef and horses. In other words, he can make the second or third profit, and those farmers get rich. There is a vast difference between the labor necessary to raise raw material and the labor necessary to make the fabrics used by civilized men. Remember that; and if you are confined simply to raw material your labor will be unskilled; unskilled labor will be cheap, the raw material will be cheap, and the result is that your country will grow poorer and poorer, while the country that buys your raw material, makes it into fabrics and sells it back to you, will grow intelligent and rich. I want you to remember this, because it lies at the foundation of this whole subject. Most people who talk on this point bring forward column after column of figures, and a man to understand it would have to be a walking table of logarithms. I do not care to discuss it that way. I want to get at the foundation principles, so that you can give a reason, as well as myself, why you are in favor of protection.

Let us take another step. We will take a locomotive—a wonderful thing—that horse of progress, with its flesh of iron and steel and breath of flame—a wonderful thing. Let us see how it is made. Did you ever think of the deft and cunning hands, of the wonderfully accurate brains, that can make a thing like that? Did you ever think about it? How much do you suppose the raw material lying in the earth was worth that was changed into that locomotive? A locomotive that is worth, we will say, twelve thousand dollars; how much was the raw material worth lying in the earth, deposited there millions of years ago? Not as much as one dollar. Let us, just for the sake of argument, say five dollars. What, then, has labor added to the twelve thousand dollar locomotive? Eleven thousand nine hundred and ninety-five dollars. Now, why? Because, just to the extent that thought is mingled with labor, wages increase; just to the extent you mix mind with muscle, you give value to labor; just to the extent that the labor is skilled, deft, apt, just to that extent or in that proportion, is the product valuable. Think about it. Raw material! There is a piece of canvas five feet one way, three the other. Raw material would be to get a man to whitewash it; that is raw material. Let a man of genius paint a picture upon it; let him put in that picture the emotions of his heart, the landscapes that have made poetry in his brain,

the recollection of the ones he loves, the prattle of children, a mother's tear, the sunshine of her smile, and all the sweet and sacred memories of his life, and it is worth five thousand dollars—ten thousand dollars.

Noise is raw material, but the great opera of "Tristan and Isolde" is the result of skilled labor. There is the same difference between simple brute strength and skilled labor that there is between noise and the symphonies of Beethoven. I want you to get this in your minds.

Now, then, whoever sells raw material gives away the great profit. You raise cotton and sell it; and just as long as the South does it and does nothing more the South will be poor, the South will be ignorant, and it will be solidly Democratic.

Now, do not imagine that I am saying anything against the Democratic party. I believe the Democratic party is doing the best it can under the circumstances. You know my philosophy makes me very charitable. You find out all about a man, all about his ancestors, and you can account for his vote always. Why? Because there are causes and effects in nature. There are sometimes antecedents and subsequents that have no relation to each other, but at the same time, all through the web and woof of events, you find these causes and effects, and if you only look far enough, you will know why a man does as he does.

I have nothing to say against the Democratic party. I want to talk against ideas, not against people. I do not care anything about their candidates, whether they are good, bad or indifferent. What, gentlemen, are your ideas? What do you propose to do? What is your policy? That is what I want to know, and I am willing to meet them upon the field of intellectual combat. They are in possession; they are in the rifle pits of office; we are in the open field, but we will plant our standard, the flag that we love, without a stain, and under that banner, upon which so many dying men have looked in the last hour when they thought of home and country—under that flag we will carry the Democratic fortifications.

Another thing; we want to get at this business so that we will understand what we are doing. I do not believe in protecting American industry for the sake of the capitalist, or for the sake of any class, but for the sake of the whole Nation. And if I did not believe that it was for the best interests of the whole Nation I should be opposed to it.

Let us take this next step. Everybody, of course, cannot be a farmer. Everybody cannot be a mechanic. All the people in the world cannot go at one business. We must have a diversity of industry. I say, the greater that diversity, the greater the development of brain in the country. We then have what you might call a mental exchange; men are then pursuing every possible direction in which the mind can go, and the brain is being developed upon all sides; whereas, if you all simply cultivated the soil, you would finally become stupid. If you all did only one business you would become ignorant; but by pursuing all possible avocations that call for taste, genius, calculation, discovery, ingenuity, invention—by having all these industries open to the American people, we will be able to raise great men and great women; and I am for protection, because it will enable us to raise greater men and greater women. Not only because it will make more money in less time, but because I would rather have greater folks and less money.

One man of genius makes a continent sublime. Take all the men of wealth from Scotland—who would know it? Wipe their names from the pages of history, and who would miss them? Nobody. Blot out one name, Robert Burns, and how dim and dark would be the star of Scotland. The great thing is to raise great folks. That is what we want to do, and we want to diversify all the industries and protect them all. How much? Simply enough to prevent the foreign article from destroying the domestic. But they say, then the manufacturers will form a trust and put the prices up. If we depend upon the foreign manufacturers will they not form trusts? We can depend on competition. What do the Democrats want to do? They want to do away with the tariff, so as to do away with the surplus. They want to put down the tariff to do away with the surplus. If you put down the tariff a small per cent, so that the foreign article comes to America, instead of decreasing, you will increase the surplus. Where you get a dollar now, you will get five then. If you want to stop getting anything from imports, you want to put the tariff higher, my friend.

Let every Democrat understand this, and let him also understand that I feel and know that he has the same interest in this great country that I have, and let me be frank enough and candid enough and honest enough to say that I believe the Democratic party advocates the policy it does because it believes it will be the best for the country. But we differ upon a question of policy, and the only way to argue it is to keep cool. If a man simply shouts for his side, or gets mad, he is a long way from any intellectual improvement.

If I am wrong in this, I want to be set right. If it is not to the interest of America that the shuttle shall keep flying, that wheels shall keep turning, that cloth shall be woven, that the forges shall flame and that the smoke shall rise from the numberless chimneys—if that is not to the interest of America, I want to know it. But I believe that upon the great cloud of smoke rising from the chimneys of the manufactories of this country, every man who will think can see the bow of national promise.

“Oh, but,” they say, “you put the prices so high.” Let me give you two or three facts: Only a few years ago I know that we paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars a ton for Bessemer steel. At that time the tariff was twenty-eight dollars a ton, I believe. I am not much on figures. I generally let them add it up, and I pay it and go on about my business. With the tariff at twenty-eight dollars a ton, that being a sufficient protection against Great Britain, the ingenuity of America went to work. Capital had the courage to try the experiment, and the result was that, instead of buying thousands and thousands and thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions of tons of steel from Great Britain, we made it here in our own country, and it went down as low as thirty dollars a ton. Under this “rascally protection” it went down to one-fourth of what free trade England was selling it to us for.

And so I might go on all night with a thousand other articles; all I want to show you is that we want these industries here, and we want them protected just as long as they need protection. We want to rock the cradle just as long as there is a child in it. When the child gets to be seven or eight feet high, and wears number twelve boots, we will say: “Now you will have to shift for yourself.” What we want is not simply for the capitalist, not simply for the workingmen, but for the whole country.

If there is any object worthy the attention of this or any other government, it is the condition of the workingmen. What do they do? They do all that is done. They are the Atlases upon whose mighty shoulders rests the fabric of American civilization. The men of leisure are simply the vines that run round this great sturdy oak of labor. If there is anything noble enough, and splendid enough to claim the attention of a nation, it is this question, and I hope the time will come when labor will receive far more than it does to-day. I want you all to think of it—how little, after all, the laboring man, even in America, receives.

[A voice: “Under protection.”]

Yes, sir, even under protection. Take away that protection, and he is instantly on a level with the European serf. And let me ask that good, honest gentleman one question. If the laborer is better off in other countries, why does not the American laborer emigrate to Europe?

There is no place in the wide world where, in my judgment, labor reaps its true reward. There never has been. But I hope the time will come when the American laborer will not only make a living for himself, for his wife and children, but lay aside something to keep the roof above his head when the winter of age may come. My sympathies are all with them, and I would rather see thousands of... “ palaces of millionaires unroofed than to see desolation in the cabins of the poor. I know that this world has been made beautiful by those who have labored and those who have suffered. I know that we owe to them the conveniences of life, and I have more conveniences, I live a more luxurious life, than any monarch ever lived one hundred years ago. I have more conveniences than any emperor could have purchased with the revenue of his empire one hundred years ago. It is worth something to live in this age of the world.

And what has made us such a great and splendid and progressive and sensible people?

[A voice: “Free thought.”]

Free thought, of course. Back of every invention is free thought. Why does a man invent? Slavery never invents; freedom invents. A slave working for his master tries to do the least work in the longest space of time, but a free man, working for wife and children, tries to do the most work in the shortest possible time. He is in love with what he is doing, consequently his head and his hands go in partnership; muscle and brain unite, and the result is that the head invents something to help the hands, and out of the brain leaps an invention that makes a slave of the forces of nature—those forces that have no backs to be whipped, those forces that shed no tears, those forces that are destined to work forever for the happiness of the human race.

Consequently I am for the protection of American labor, American genius, American thought. I do not want to put our workingmen on a level with the citizens of despotisms. Why do not the Democrats and others want the Chinese to come here? Are they in favor of being protected? Why is it that the Democrats and others object to penitentiary labor? I will tell you. They say that a man in the penitentiary can produce cheaper. He has no family to support, he has no children to look after; and

they say, it is hardly fair to make the father of a family and an honest man compete with a criminal within the walls of a penitentiary. So they ask to be protected.

What is the difference whether a man is in the penitentiary, or whether he is in the despotism of some European state? “Ah, but,” they say, “you let the laborer of Europe come here himself.” Yes, and I am in favor of it always. Why? This world belongs to the human race. And when they come here, in a little while they have our wants, and if they do not their children do, and you will find the second generation of Irishmen or Germans or of any other nationality just as patriotic as the tenth generation from the first immigrant. I want them to come. Then they get our habits.

Who wants free trade? Only those who want us for their customers, who would like to sell us everything that we use—England, Germany, all those countries. And why? Because one American will buy more than one thousand, yes, five thousand Asiatics. America consumes more to-day than China and India, more than ten billion would of semi-civilized and barbarous peoples. What do they buy—what does England sell? A little powder, a little whiskey, cheap calico, some blankets—a few things of that kind. What does the American purchase? Everything that civilized man uses or that civilized man can want.

England wants this market. Give her free trade, and she will become the most powerful, the richest nation that ever had her territories marked upon the map of the world. And what do we become? Nobodies. Poor. Invention will be lost, our minds will grow clumsy, the wondrous, deft hand of the mechanic paralyzed—a great raw material producing country—ignorant, poor, barbaric. I want the cotton that is raised in this country to be spun here, to be woven into cloth. I want everything that we use to be made by Americans. We can make the cloth, we can raise the food to feed and to clothe this Nation, and the Nation is now only in its infancy.

Somehow people do not understand this. They really think we are getting filled up. Look at the map of this country. See the valley of the Mississippi. Put your hand on it. Trace the rivers coming from the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, and sweeping down to the Gulf, and know that in the valley of the Mississippi, with its wondrous tributaries, there can live and there can be civilized and educated five hundred millions of human beings.

Let us have some sense. I want to show you how far this goes beyond the intellectual horizon of some people who hold office. For instance: We have a tariff on lead, and by virtue of that tariff on lead nearly every silver mine is worked in this country. Take the tariff from lead and there would remain in the clutch of the rocks, of the quartz misers, for all time, millions and millions of silver; but when that is put with lead, and lead runs with silver, they can make enough on lead and silver to pay for the mining, and the result is that millions and millions are added every year to the wealth of the United States.

Let me tell you another thing: There is not a State in the Union but has something it wants protected. And Louisiana—a Democratic State, and will be just as long as Democrats count the votes—Louisiana has the impudence to talk about free trade and yet it wants its sugar protected. Kentucky says free trade, except hemp; and if anything needs protection it is hemp. Missouri says hemp and lead. Colorado, lead

and wool; and so you can make the tour of the States and every one is for free trade with an exception—that exception being to the advantage of that State, and when you put the exceptions together you have protected the industries of all the States.

Now, if the Democratic party is in favor of anything, it is in favor of free trade. If President Clevelands message means anything it means free trade. And why? Because it says to every man that gets protection: If you will look about you, you will find that you pay for something else that is protected more than you receive in benefits for what is protected of yours; consequently the logic of that is free trade. They believe in it I have no doubt. When the whole world is civilized, when men are everywhere free, when they all have something like the same tastes and ambitions, when they love their families and their children, when they want the same kind of food and roofs above them—if that day shall ever come—the world can afford to have its trade free, but do not put the labor of America on a par with the labor of the Old World.

Now, about taxes—internal revenue. That was resorted to in time of war. The Democratic party made it necessary. We had to tax everything to beat back the Democratic hosts, North and South. Now, understand me. I know that thousands and hundreds of thousands of individual Democrats were for this country, and were as pure patriots as ever marched beneath the flag. I know that—hundreds of thousands of them. I am speaking of the party organization that staid at home and passed resolutions that every time the Union forces won a victory the Constitution had been violated. I understand that. Those taxes were put on in time of war, because it was necessary. Direct taxation is always odious. A government dislikes, to be represented among all the people by a tax gatherer, by an official who visits homes carrying consternation and grief wherever he goes. Everybody, from the most ancient times of which I have ever read, until the present moment, dislikes a tax gatherer. I have never yet seen in any cemetery a monument with this inscription: “Sacred to the memory of the man who loved to pay his taxes.” It is far better if we can collect the needed revenue of this Government indirectly. But, they say, you must not take the taxes off tobacco; you must not take the taxes off alcohol or spirits or whiskey. Why? Because it is immoral to take off the taxes. Do you believe that there was, on the average, any more drunkenness in this country before the tax was put on than there is now? I do not. I believe there is as much liquor drank to-day, per capita, as there ever was in the United States. I will not blame the Democratic party. I do not care what they drink. What they think is what I have to do with. I will be plain with them, because I know lots of fellows in the Democratic party, and that is the only bad thing about them—splendid fellows. And I know a good many Republicans, and I am willing to take my oath that that is the only good thing about them. So, let us all be fair.

I want the taxes taken from tobacco and whiskey; and why? Because it is a war measure that should not be carried on in peace; and in the second place, I do not want that system inaugurated in this country, unless there is an absolute necessity for it, and the moment the necessity is gone, stop it.

The moral side of this question? Only a couple of years ago, I think it was, the Prohibitionists said that they wanted this tax taken from alcohol. Why? Because as

long as the Government licensed, as long as the Government taxed and received sixty millions of dollars in revenue, just so long the Government would make this business respectable, just so long the Government would be in partnership with this liquor crime. That is what they said then. Now we say take the tax off, and they say it is immoral. Now, I have a little philosophy about this. I may be entirely wrong, but I am going to give it to you. You never can make great men and great women, by keeping them out of the way of temptation. You have to educate them to withstand temptation. It is all nonsense to tie a man's hands behind him and then praise him for not picking pockets. I believe that temperance walks hand in hand with liberty. Just as life becomes valuable, people take care of it. Just as life is great, and splendid and noble, as long as the future is a kind of gallery filled with the ideal, just so long will we take care of ourselves and avoid dissipation of every kind. Do you know, I believe, as much as I believe that I am living, that if the Mississippi itself were pure whiskey and its banks loaf sugar, and all the flats covered with mint, and all the bushes grew teaspoons and tumblers, there would not be any more drunkenness than there is now!

As long as you say to your neighbor "you must not" there is something in that neighbor that says, "Well I will determine that for myself, and you just say that again and I will take a drink if it kills me." There is no moral question involved in it, except this: Let the burden of government rest as lightly as possible upon the shoulders of the people, and let it cause as little irritation as possible. Give liberty to the people. I am willing that the women who wear silks, satins and diamonds; that the gentlemen who smoke Havana cigars and drink champagne and Chateau Yquem; I am perfectly willing that they shall pay my taxes and support this Government, and I am willing that the man who does not do that, but is willing to take the domestic article, should go tax free.

Temperance walks hand in hand with liberty. You recollect that little old story about a couple of men who were having a discussion on this prohibition question, and the man on the other side said to the Prohibitionist: "How would you like to live in a community where every body attended to his own business, where every body went to bed regularly at night, got up regularly in the morning; where every man, woman and child was usefully employed during the day; no backbiting, no drinking of whiskey, no cigars, and where they all attended divine services on Sunday, and where no profane language was used?" "Why," said he, "such a place would be a paradise, or heaven; but there is no such place." "Oh," said the other man, "every well regulated penitentiary is that way." So much for the moral side of the question.

Another point that the Republican party calls the attention of the country to is the use that has been made of the public land. Oh, say the Democratic party, see what States, what empires have been given away by the Republican party—and see what the Republican party did with it. Road after road built to the great Pacific. Our country unified—the two oceans, for all practical purposes, washing one shore. That is what it did, and what else? It has given homes to millions of people in a civilized land, where they can get all the conveniences of civilization. And what else? Fifty million acres have been taken back by the Government. How was this done? It was by virtue of the provisions put in the original grants by the Republican party.

There is another thing to which the Republican party has called the attention of the country, and that is the admission of new States where there are people enough to form a State. Now, with a solid South, with the assistance of a few Democrats from the North, comes a State, North Dakota, with plenty of population, a magnificent State, filled with intelligence and prosperity. It knocks at the door for admission, and what is the question asked by this administration? Not "Have you the land, have you the wealth, have you the men and women?" but "Are you Democratic or Republican?" And being intelligent people, they answer: "We are Republicans." And the solid South, assisted by the Democrats of the North, says to that people: "The door is shut; we will not have you." Why? "Because you would add two to the Republican majority in the Senate." Is that the spirit in which a nation like this should be governed? When a State asks for admission, no matter what the politics of its people may be, I say, admit that State; put a star on the flag that will glitter for her.

The next thing the Republican party says is, gold and silver shall both be money. You cannot make every thing payable in gold—that would be unfair to the poor man. You shall not make every thing payable in silver—that would be unfair to the capitalist; but it shall be payable in gold and silver. And why ought we to be in favor of silver? Because we are the greatest silver producing nation in the world; and the value of a thing, other things being equal, depends on its uses, and being used as money adds to the value of silver. And why should we depreciate one of our own products by saying that we will not take it as money? I believe in bimetalism, gold and silver, and you cannot have too much of either or both. No nation ever died of a surplus, and in all the national cemeteries of the earth you will find no monument erected to a nation that died from having too much silver. Give me all the silver I want and I am happy.

The Republican party has always been sound on finance. It always knew you could not pay a promise with a promise. The Republican party always had sense enough to know that money could not be created by word of mouth, that you could not make it by a statute, or by passing resolutions in a convention. It always knew that you had to dig it out of the ground by good, honest work. The Republican party always knew that money is a commodity, exchangeable for all other commodities, but a commodity just as much as wheat or corn, and you can no more make money by law than you can make wheat or corn by law. You can by law, make a promise that will to a certain extent take the place of money until the promise is paid. It seems to me that any man who can even understand the meaning of the word democratic can understand that theory of money.

Another thing right in this platform. Free schools for the education of all the children in the land. The Republican party believes in looking out for the children. It knows that the a, b, c's are the breastworks of human liberty. They know that every schoolhouse is an arsenal, a fort, where missiles are made to hurl against the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; so they are for the free school.

And what else? They are for reducing the postage one-half. Why? Simply for the diffusion of intelligence. What effect will that have? It will make us more and more one people. The oftener we communicate with each other the more homogeneous we become. The more we study the same books and read the same papers the more we

swap ideas, the more we become true Americans, with the same spirit in favor of liberty, progress and the happiness of the human race.

What next? The Republican party says, let us build ships for America—for American sailors. Let our fleets cover the seas, and let our men-of-war protect the commerce of the Republic—not that we can wrong some weak nation, but so that we can keep the world from doing wrong to us. This is all. I have infinite contempt for civilized people who have guns carrying balls weighing several hundred pounds, who go and fight poor, naked savages that can only throw boomerangs and stones.

I hold such a nation in infinite contempt.

What else is in this platform? You have no idea of the number of things in it till you look them over. It wants to cultivate friendly feelings with all the governments in North, Central and South America, so that the great continents can be one—instigated, moved, pervaded, inspired by the same great thoughts. In other words, we want to civilize this continent and the continent of South America. And what else? This great platform is in favor of paying—not giving, but paying—pensions to every man who suffered in the great war. What would we have said at the time? What, if the North could have spoken, would it have said to the heroes of Gettysburg on the third day? “Stand firm! We will empty the treasures of the Nation at your feet.” They had the courage and the heroism to keep the hosts of rebellion back without that promise, and is there an American to-day that can find it in his heart to begrudge one solitary dollar that has found its way into the pocket of a maimed soldier, or into the hands of his widow or his orphan?

What would we have offered to the sailors under Farragut on condition that they would pass Forts St. Phillip and Jackson? What would we have offered to the soldiers under Grant in the Wilderness? What to the followers of Sherman and Sheridan? Do you know, I can hardly conceive of a spirit contemptible enough—and I am not now alluding to the President of the United States—I can hardly conceive of a spirit contemptible enough to really desire to keep a maimed soldier from the bounty of this Nation. It would be a disgrace and a dishonor if we allowed them to die in poorhouses, to drop by life’s highway and to see their children mourning over their poor bodies, glorious with scars, maimed into immortality. I may do a great many bad things before I die, but I give you my word that so long as I live I will never vote for any President that vetoed a pension bill unless upon its face it was clear that the man was not a wounded soldier.

What next in this platform? For the protection of American homes. I am a believer in the home. I have said, and I say again—the hearthstone is the foundation of the great temple; the fireside is the altar where the true American worships. I believe that the home, the family, is the unit of good government, and I want to see the aegis of the great Republic over millions of happy homes.

That is all there is in this world worth living for. Honor, place, fame, glory, riches—they are ashes, smoke, dust, disappointment, unless there is somebody in the world you love, somebody who loves you; unless there is some place that you can call home, some place where you can feel the arms of children around your neck, some place that is made absolutely sacred by the love of others.

So I am for this platform. I am for the election of Harrison and Morton, and although I did nothing toward having that ticket nominated, because, I tell you, I was for Gresham, yet I will do as much toward electing the candidates, within my power, as any man who did vote on the winning side.

We have a good ticket, a noble, gallant soldier at the head; that is enough for me. He is in favor of liberty and progress. And you have for Vice-President a man that you all know better than I do, but a good, square, intelligent, generous man. That is enough for me. And these men are standing on the best platform that was ever adopted by the Republican party—a platform that stands for education, liberty, the free ballot, American industry; for the American policy that has made us the richest and greatest Nation of the globe.

Reunion Address

Elmwood, Ills.

1895.

LADIES and Gentlemen, Fellow-citizens, Old Friends and Comrades:

It gives me the greatest pleasure to meet again those with whom I became acquainted in the morning of my life. It is now afternoon. The sun of life is slowly sinking in the west, and, as the evening comes, nothing can be more delightful than to see again the faces that I knew in youth.

When first I knew you the hair was brown; it is now white. The lines were not quite so deep, and the eyes were not quite so dim. Mingled with this pleasure is sadness,—sadness for those who have passed away—for the dead.

And yet I am not sure that we ought to mourn for the dead. I do not know which is better—life or death. It may be that death is the greatest gift that ever came from nature's open hands. We do not know.

There is one thing of which I am certain, and that is, that if we could live forever here, we would care nothing for each other. The fact that we must die, the fact that the feast must end, brings our souls together, and treads the weeds from out the paths between our hearts.

And so it may be, after all, that love is a little flower that grows on the crumbling edge of the grave. So it may be, that were it not for death there would be no love, and without love all life would be a curse.

I say it gives me great pleasure to meet you once again; great pleasure to congratulate you on your good fortune—the good fortune of being a citizen of the first and grandest republic ever established upon the face of the earth.

That is a royal fortune. To be an heir of all the great and brave men of this land, of all the good, loving and patient women; to be in possession of the blessings that they have given, should make every healthy citizen of the United States feel like a millionaire.

This, to-day, is the most prosperous country on the globe; and it is something to be a citizen of this country.

It is well, too, whenever we meet, to draw attention to what has been done by our ancestors. It is well to think of them and to thank them for all their work, for all their courage, for all their toil.

Three hundred years ago our country was a vast wilderness, inhabited by a few savages. Three hundred years ago—how short a time; hardly a tick of the great clock of eternity—three hundred years; not a second in the life even of this planet—three hundred years ago, a wilderness; three hundred years ago, inhabited by a few

savages; three hundred years ago a few men in the Old World, dissatisfied, brave and adventurous, trusted their lives to the sea and came to this land.

In 1776 there were only three millions of people all told. These men settled on the shores of the sea. These men, by experience, learned to govern themselves. These men, by experience, found that a man should be respected in the proportion that he was useful. They found, by experience, that titles were of no importance; that the real thing was the man, and that the real things in the man were heart and brain. They found, by experience, how to govern themselves, because there was nobody else here when they came. The gentlemen who had been in the habit of governing their fellow-men staid at home, and the men who had been in the habit of being governed came here, and, consequently, they had to govern themselves.

And finally, educated by experience, by the rivers and forests, by the grandeur and splendor of nature, they began to think that this continent should not belong to any other; that it was great enough to count one, and that they had the intelligence and manhood to lay the foundations of a nation.

It would be impossible to pay too great and splendid a tribute to the great and magnificent souls of that day. They saw the future. They saw this country as it is now, and they endeavored to lay the foundation deep; they endeavored to reach the bed-rock of human rights, the bed-rock of justice. And thereupon they declared that all men were born equal; that all the children of nature had at birth the same rights, and that all men had the right to pursue the only good,—happiness.

And what did they say? They said that men should govern men; that the power to govern should come from the consent of the governed, not from the clouds, not from some winged phantom of the air, not from the aristocracy of ether. They said that this power should come from men; that the men living in this world should govern it, and that the gentlemen who were dead should keep still.

They took another step, and said that church and state should forever be divorced. That is no harm to real religion. It never was, because real religion means the doing of justice; real religion means the giving to others every right you claim for yourself; real religion consists in duties of man to man, in feeding the hungry, in clothing the naked, in defending the innocent, and in saying what you believe to be true.

Our fathers had enough sense to say that, and a man to do that in 1776 had to be a pretty big fellow. It is not so much to say it now, because they set the example; and, upon these principles of which I have spoken, they fought the war of the Revolution.

At no time, probably, were the majority of our forefathers in favor of independence, but enough of them were on the right side, and they finally won a victory. And after the victory, those that had not been even in favor of independence became, under the majority rule, more powerful than the heroes of the Revolution.

Then it was that our fathers made a mistake. We have got to praise them for what they did that was good, and we will mention what they did that was wrong.

They forgot the principles for which they fought. They forgot the sacredness of human liberty, and, in the name of freedom, they made a mistake and put chains on the limbs of others.

That was their error; that was the poison that entered the American blood; that was the corrupting influence that demoralized presidents and priests; that was the influence that corrupted the United States of America.

That mistake, of course, had to be paid for, as all mistakes in nature have to be paid for. And not only do you pay for your mistake itself, but you pay at least ten per cent, compound interest. Whenever you do wrong, and nobody finds it out, do not imagine you have gotten over it; you have not. Nature knows it.

The consequences of every bad act are the invisible police that no prayers can soften, and no gold can bribe.

Recollect that. Recollect, that for every bad act, there will be laid upon your shoulder the arresting hand of the consequences; and it is precisely the same with a nation as it is with an individual. You have got to pay for all of your mistakes, and you have got to pay to the uttermost farthing. That is the only forgiveness known in nature. Nature never settles unless she can give a receipt in full.

I know a great many men differ with me, and have all sorts of bankruptcy systems, but Nature is not built that way.

Finally, slavery took possession of the Government. Every man who wanted an office had to be willing to step between a fugitive slave and his liberty.

Slavery corrupted the courts, and made judges decide that the child born in the State of Pennsylvania, whose mother had been a slave, could not be free.

That was as infamous a decision as was ever rendered, and yet the people, in the name of the law, did this thing, and the Supreme Court of the United States did not know right from wrong.

These dignified gentlemen thought that labor could be paid by lashes on the back—which was a kind of legal tender—and finally an effort was made to subject the new territory—the Nation—to the institution of slavery.

Then we had a war with Mexico, in which we got a good deal of glory and one million square miles of land, but little honor. I will admit that we got but little honor out of that war. That territory they wanted to give to the slaveholder.

In 1803 we purchased from Napoleon the Great, one million square miles of land, and then, in 1821, we bought Florida from Spain. So that, when the war came, we had about three million square miles of new land. The object was to subject all this territory to slavery.

The idea was to go on and sell the babes from their mothers until time should be no more. The idea was to go on with the branding-iron and the whip. The idea was to make it a crime to teach men, human beings, to read and write; to make every Northern man believe that he was a bulldog, a bloodhound to track down men and

women, who, with the light of the North Star in their eyes, were seeking the free soil of Great Britain.

Yes, in these times we had lots of mean folks. Let us remember that.

And all at once, under the forms of law, under the forms of our Government, the greatest man under the flag was elected President. That man was Abraham Lincoln. And then it was that those gentlemen of the South said: “We will not be governed by the majority; we will be a law unto ourselves.”

And let me tell you here to-day—I am somewhat older than I used to be; I have a little philosophy now that I had not at the nine o’clock in the morning portion of my life—and I do not blame anybody. I do not blame the South; I do not blame the Confederate soldier.

She—the South—was the fruit of conditions. She was born to circumstances stronger than herself; and do you know, according to my philosophy, (which is not quite orthodox), every man and woman in the whole world are what conditions have made them.

So let us have some sense. The South said, “We will not submit; this is not a nation, but a partnership of States.” I am willing to go so far as to admit that the South expressed the original idea of the Government.

But now the question was, to whom did the newly acquired property belong? New States had been carved out of that territory; the soil of these States had been purchased with the money of the Republic, and had the South the right to take these States out of the Republic? That was the question.

The great West had another interest, and that was that no enemy, no other nation, should control the mouth of the Mississippi. I regard the Mississippi River as Nature’s protest against secession. The old Mississippi River says, and swears to it, that this country shall be one, now and forever.

What was to be done? The South said, “We will never remain,” and the North said, “You shall not go.” It was a little slow about saying it, it is true. Some of the best Republicans in the North said, “Let it go.” But the second, sober thought of the great North said, “No, this is our country and we are going to keep it on the map of the world.”

And some who had been Democrats wheeled into line, and hundreds and thousands said, “This is our country,” and finally, when the Government called for volunteers, hundreds and thousands came forward to offer their services. Nothing more sublime was ever seen in the history of this world.

I congratulate you to-day that you live in a country that furnished the greatest army that ever fought for human liberty in any country round the world. I want you to know that. I want you to know that the North, East and West furnished the greatest army that ever fought for human liberty. I want you to know that Gen. Grant commanded more men, men fighting for the right, not for conquest, than any other general who ever marshaled the hosts of war.

Let us remember that, and let us be proud of it. The millions who poured from the North for the defence of the flag—the story of their heroism has been told to you again and again. I have told it myself many times. It is known to every intelligent man and woman in the world. Everybody knows how much we suffered. Everybody knows how we poured out money like water; how we spent it like leaves of the forest. Everybody knows how the brave blood was shed. Everybody knows the story of the great, the heroic struggle, and everybody knows that at last victory came to our side, and how the last sword of the Rebellion was handed to Gen. Grant. There is no need to tell that story again.

But the question now, as we look back, is, was this country worth saving? Was the blood shed in vain? Were the lives given for naught? That is the question.

This country, according to my idea, is the one success of the world. Men here have more to eat, more to wear, better houses, and, on the average, a better education than those of any other nation now living, or any that has passed away.

Was the country worth saving?

See what we have done in this country since 1860. We were not much of a people then, to be honor bright about it. We were carrying, in the great race of national life, the weight of slavery, and it poisoned us; it paralyzed our best energies; it took from our politics the best minds; it kept from the bench the greatest brains.

But what have we done since 1860, since we really became a free people, since we came to our senses, since we have been willing to allow a man to express his honest thoughts on every subject?

Do you know how much good we did? The war brought men together from every part of the country and gave them an opportunity to compare their foolishness. It gave them an opportunity to throw away their prejudices, to find that a man who differed with them on every subject might be the very best of fellows. That is what the war did. We have been broadening ever since.

I sometimes have thought it did men good to make the trip to California in 1849. As they went over the plains they dropped their prejudices on the way. I think they did, and that's what killed the grass.

But to come back to my question, what have we done since 1860?

From 1860 to 1880, in spite of the waste of war, in spite of all the property destroyed by flame, in spite of all the waste, our profits were one billion three hundred and seventy-four million dollars. Think of it! From 1860 to 1880! That is a vast sum.

From 1880 to 1890 our profits were two billion one hundred and thirty-nine million dollars.

Men may talk against wealth as much as they please; they may talk about money being the root of all evil, but there is little real happiness in this world without some of it. It is very handy when staying at home and it is almost indispensable when you travel abroad. Money is a good thing. It makes others happy; it makes those happy whom you love, and if a man can get a little together, when the night of death drops

the curtain upon him, he is satisfied that he has left a little to keep the wolf from the door of those who, in life, were dear to him. Yes, money is a good thing, especially since special providence has gone out of business.

I can see to-day something beyond the wildest dream of any patriot who lived fifty years ago. The United States to-day is the richest nation on the face of the earth. The old nations of the world, Egypt, India, Greece, Rome, every one of them, when compared with this great Republic, must be regarded as paupers.

How much do you suppose this Nation is worth to-day? I am talking about land and cattle, products, manufactured articles and railways. Over seventy thousand million dollars. Just think of it.

Take a thousand dollars and then take nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand; so you will have one thousand piles of one thousand each. That makes only a million, and yet the United States today is worth seventy thousand millions. This is thirty-five percent, more than Great Britain is worth.

We are a great Nation. We have got the land. This land was being made for many millions of years. Its soil was being made by the great lakes and rivers, and being brought down from the mountains for countless ages.

This continent was standing like a vast pan of milk, with the cream rising for millions of years, and we were the chaps that got there when the skimming commenced.

We are rich, and we ought to be rich. It is our own fault if we are not. In every department of human endeavor, along every path and highway, the progress of the Republic has been marvelous, beyond the power of language to express.

Let me show you: In 1860 the horse-power of all the engines, the locomotives and the steamboats that traversed the lakes and rivers—the entire power—was three million five hundred thousand. In 1890 the horse-power of engines and locomotives and steamboats was over seventeen million.

Think of that and what it means! Think of the forces at work for the benefit of the United States, the machines doing the work of thousands and millions of men!

And remember that every engine that puffs is puffing for you; every road that runs is running for you. I want you to know that the average man and woman in the United States to-day has more of the conveniences of life than kings and queens had one hundred years ago.

Yes, we are getting along.

In 1860 we used one billion eight hundred million dollars' worth of products, of things manufactured and grown, and we sent to other countries two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth.

In 1893 we used three billion eighty-nine million dollars' worth, and we sent to other countries six hundred and fifty-four million dollars' worth.

You see, these vast sums are almost inconceivable. There is not a man to-day with brains large enough to understand these figures; to understand how many cars this

money put upon the tracks, how much coal was devoured by the locomotives, how many men plowed and worked in the fields, how many sails were given to the wind, how many ships crossed the sea.

I tell you, there is no man able to think of the ships that were built, the cars that were made, the mines that were opened, the trees that were felled—no man has imagination enough to grasp the meaning of it all. No man has any conception of the sea till he crosses it. I knew nothing of how broad this country is until I went over it in a slow train.

Since 1860 the productive power of the United States has more than trebled.

I like to talk about these things, because they mean good houses, carpets on the floors, pictures on the walls, some books on the shelves. They mean children going to school with their stomachs full of good food, prosperous men and proud mothers.

All my life I have taken a much deeper interest in what men produce than in what nature does. I would rather see the prairies, with the oats and the wheat and the waving corn, and the schoolhouse, and hear the thrush sing amid the happy homes of prosperous men and women—I would rather see these things than any range of mountains in the world. Take it as you will, a mountain is of no great value.

In 1860 our land was worth four billion five hundred million dollars; in 1890 it was worth fourteen billion dollars.

In 1860 all the railroads in the United States were worth four hundred million dollars, now they are worth a little less than ten thousand million dollars.

I want you to understand what these figures mean.

For thirty years we spent, on an average, one million dollars a day in building railroads.—I want you to think what that means. All that money had to be dug out of the ground. It had to be made by raising something or manufacturing something. We did not get it by writing essays on finance, or discussing the silver question. It had to be made with the ax, the plow, the reaper, the mower; in every form of industry; all to produce these splendid results.

We have railroads enough now to make seven tracks around the great globe, and enough left for side tracks. That is what we have done here, in what the European nations are pleased to call “the new world.”

I am telling you these things because you may not know them, and I did not know them myself until a few days ago. I am anxious to give away information, for it is only by giving it away that you can keep it. When you have told it, you remember it. It is with information as it is with liberty, the only way to be dead sure of it is to give it to other people.

In 1860 the houses in the United States, the cabins on the frontier, the buildings in the cities, were worth six thousand million dollars. Now they are worth over twenty-two thousand million dollars. To talk about figures like these is enough to make a man dizzy.

In 1860 our animals of all kinds, including the Illinois deer—commonly called swine—the oxen and horses, and all others, were worth about one thousand million dollars; now they are worth about four thousand million dollars.

Are we not getting rich? Our national debt today is nothing. It is like a man who owes a cent and has a dollar.

Since 1860 we have been industrious. We have created two million five hundred thousand new farms. Since 1860 we have done a good deal of plowing; there have been a good many tired legs. I have been that way myself. Since 1860 we have put in cultivation two hundred million acres of land. Illinois, the best State in the Union, has thirty-five million acres of land, and yet, since 1860, we have put in cultivation enough land to make six States of the size of Illinois. That will give you some idea of the quantity of work we have done. I will admit I have not done much of it myself, but I am proud of it.

In 1860 we had four million five hundred and sixty-five thousand farmers in this country, whose land and implements were worth over sixteen thousand million dollars. The farmers of this country, on an average, are worth five thousand dollars, and the peasants of the Old World, who cultivate the soil, are not worth, on an average, ten dollars beyond the wants of the moment. The farmers of our country produce, on an average, about one million four hundred thousand dollars' worth of stuff a day.

What else? Have we in other directions kept pace with our physical development? Have we developed the mind? Have we endeavored to develop the brain? Have we endeavored to civilize the heart? I think we have.

We spend more for schools per head than any nation in the world. And the common school is the breath of life.

Great Britain spends one dollar and thirty cents per head on the common schools; France spends eighty cents; Austria, thirty cents; Germany, fifty cents; Italy, twenty-five cents, and the United States over two dollars and fifty cents.

I tell you the schoolhouse is the fortress of liberty. Every schoolhouse is an arsenal, filled with weapons and ammunition to destroy the monsters of ignorance and fear.

As I have said ten thousand times, the school-house is my cathedral. The teacher is my preacher.

Eighty-seven per cent, of all the people of the United States, over ten years of age, can read and write. There is no parallel for this in the history of the wide world.

Over forty-two millions of educated citizens, to whom are opened all the treasures of literature!

Forty-two millions of people, able to read and write! I say, there is no parallel for this. The nations of antiquity were very ignorant when compared with this great Republic of ours. There is no other nation in the world that can show a record like ours. We ought to be proud of it. We ought to build more schools, and build them

better. Our teachers ought to be paid more, and everything ought to be taught in the public school that is worth knowing.

I believe that the children of the Republic, no matter whether their fathers are rich or poor, ought to be allowed to drink at the fountain of education, and it does not cost more to teach everything in the free schools than it does teaching reading and writing and ciphering.

Have we kept up in other ways? The post office tells a wonderful story. In Switzerland, going through the post office in each year, are letters, etc., in the proportion of seventy-four to each inhabitant. In England the number is sixty; in Germany, fifty-three; in France, thirty-nine; in Austria, twenty-four; in Italy, sixteen, and in the United States, our own home, one hundred and ten. Think of it. In Italy only twenty-five cents paid per head for the support of the public schools and only sixteen letters. And this is the place where God's agent lives. I would rather have one good schoolmaster than two such agents.

There is another thing. A great deal has been said, from time to time, about the workingman. I have as much sympathy with the workingman as anybody on the earth—who does not work. There has always been a desire in this world to let somebody else do the work, nearly everybody having the modesty to stand back whenever there is anything to be done. In savage countries they make the women do the work, so that the weak people have always the bulk of the burdens. In civilized communities the poor are the ones, of course, that work, and probably they are never fully paid. It is pretty hard for a manufacturer to tell how much he can pay until he sells the stuff which he manufactures. Every man who manufactures is not rich. I know plenty of poor corporations; I know tramp railroads that have not a dollar. And you will find some of them as anarchistic as you will find their men. What a man can pay, depends upon how much he can get for what he has produced. What the farmer can pay his help depends upon the price he receives for his stock, his corn and his wheat.

But wages in this country are getting better day by day. We are getting a little nearer to being civilized day by day, and when I want to make up my mind on a subject I try to get a broad view of it, and not decide it on one case.

In 1860 the average wages of the workingman were, per year, two hundred and eighty-nine dollars. In 1890 the average was four hundred and eighty-five. Thus the average has almost doubled in thirty years. The necessaries of life are far cheaper than they were in 1860. Now, to my mind, that is a hopeful sign. And when I am asked how can the dispute between employer and employee be settled, I answer, it will be settled when both parties become civilized.

It takes a long time to educate a man up to the point where he does not want something for nothing. Yet, when a man is civilized, he does not.

He wants for a thing just what it is worth; he wants to give labor its legitimate reward, and when he has something to sell he never wants more than it is worth. I do not claim to be civilized myself; but all these questions between capital and labor will be settled by civilization.

We are to-day accumulating wealth at the rate of more than seven million dollars a day. Is not this perfectly splendid?

And in the midst of prosperity let us never forget the men who helped to save our country, the men whose heroism gave us the prosperity we now enjoy.

We have one-seventh of the good land of this world. You see there is a great deal of poor land in the world. I know the first time I went to California, I went to the Sink of the Humboldt, and what a forsaken look it had. There was nothing there but mines of brimstone. On the train, going over, there was a fellow who got into a dispute with a minister about the first chapter of Genesis. And when they got along to the Sink of the Humboldt the fellow says to the minister:

“Do you tell me that God made the world in six days, and then rested on the seventh?”

He said, “I do.”

“Well,” said the fellow, “don’t you think he could have put in another day here to devilish good advantage?”

But, as I have said, we have got about one-seventh of the good land of the world. I often hear people say that we have too many folks here; that we ought to stop immigration; that we have no more room. The people who say this know nothing of their country. They are ignorant of their native land. I tell you that the valley of the Mississippi and the valleys of its tributaries can support a population of five hundred millions of men, women, and children. Don’t talk of our being overpopulated; we have only just started.

Here, in this land of ours, five hundred million men and women and children can be supported and educated without trouble. We can afford to double two or three times more. But what have we got to do? We have got to educate them when they come. That is to say, we have got to educate their children, and in a few generations we will have them splendid American citizens, proud of the Republic.

We have no more patriotic men under the flag than the men who came from other lands, the hundreds and thousands of those who fought to preserve this country. And I think just as much of them as I would if they had been born on American soil. What matters it where a man was born? It is what is inside of him you have to look at—what kind of a heart he has, and what kind of a head. I do not care where he was born; I simply ask, Is he a man? Is he willing to give to others what he claims for himself? That is the supreme test.

Now, I have got a hobby. I do not suppose any of you have heard of it. I think the greatest thing for a country is for all of its citizens to have a home. I think it is around the fireside of home that the virtues grow, including patriotism. We want homes.

Until a few years ago it was the custom to put men in prison for debt. The authorities threw a man into jail when he owed something which he could not pay, and by throwing him into jail they deprived him of an opportunity to earn what would pay it. After a little time they got sense enough to know that they could not collect a debt in

this way, and that it was better to give him his freedom and allow him to earn something, if he could. Therefore, imprisonment for debt was done away with.

At another time, when a man owed anything, if he was a carpenter, a blacksmith or a shoemaker, and not able to pay it, they took his tools, on a writ of sale and execution, and thus incapacitated him so that he could do nothing. Finally they got sense enough to abolish that law, to leave the mechanic his tools and the farmer his plows, horses and wagons, and after this, debts were paid better than ever they were before.

Then we thought of protecting the home-builder, and we said: "We will have a homestead exemption. We will put a roof over wife and child, which shall be exempt from execution and sale," and so we preserved hundreds of thousands and millions of homes, while debts were paid just as well as ever they were paid before.

Now, I want to take a step further. I want, the rich people of this country to support it. I want the people who are well off to pay the taxes. I want the law to exempt a homestead of a certain value, say from two thousand dollars to two thousand five hundred, and to exempt it, not only from sale on judgment and execution, but to exempt it from taxes of all sorts and kinds. I want to keep the roof over the heads of children when the man himself is gone. I want that homestead to belong not only to the man, but to wife and children. I would like to live to see a roof over the heads of all the families of the Republic. I tell you, it does a man good to have a home. You are in partnership with nature when you plant a hill of corn. When you set out a tree you have a new interest in this world. When you own a little tract of land you feel as if you and the earth were partners. All these things dignify human nature.

Bad as I am, I have another hobby. There are thousands and thousands of criminals in our country. I told you a little while ago I did not blame the South, because of the conditions which prevailed in the South. The people of the South did as they must. I am the same about the criminal. He does as he must.

If you want to stop crime you must treat it properly. The conditions of society must not be such as to produce criminals.

When a man steals and is sent to the penitentiary he ought to be sent there to be reformed and not to be brutalized; to be made a better man, not to be robbed.

I am in favor, when you put a man in the penitentiary, of making him work, and I am in favor of paying him what his work is worth, so that in five years, when he leaves the prison cell, he will have from two hundred dollars to three hundred dollars as a breastwork between him and temptation, and something for a foundation upon which to build a nobler life.

Now he is turned out and before long he is driven back. Nobody will employ him, nobody will take him, and, the night following the day of his release he is without a roof over his head and goes back to his old ways. I would allow him to change his name, to go to another State with a few hundred dollars in his pocket and begin the world again.

We must recollect that it is the misfortune of a man to become a criminal.

I have hobbies and plenty of them.

I want to see five hundred millions of people living here in peace. If we want them to live in peace, we must develop the brain, civilize the heart, and above all things, must not forget education. Nothing should be taught in the school that somebody does not know.

When I look about me to-day, when I think of the advance of my country, then I think of the work that has been done.

Think of the millions who crossed the mysterious sea, of the thousands and thousands of ships with their brave prows towards the West.

Think of the little settlements on the shores of the ocean, on the banks of rivers, on the edges of forests.

Think of the countless conflicts with savages—of the midnight attacks—of the cabin floors wet with the blood of dead fathers, mothers and babes.

Think of the winters of want, of the days of toil, of the nights of fear, of the hunger and hope.

Think of the courage, the sufferings and hardships.

Think of the homesickness, the disease and death.

Think of the labor; of the millions and millions of trees that were felled, while the aisles of the great forests were filled with the echoes of the ax; of the many millions of miles of furrows turned by the plow; of the millions of miles of fences built; of the countless logs changed to lumber by the saw—of the millions of huts, cabins and houses.

Think of the work. Listen, and you will hear the hum of wheels, the wheels with which our mothers spun the flax and wool. Listen, and you will hear the looms and flying shuttles with which they wove the cloth.

Think of the thousands still pressing toward the West, of the roads they made, of the bridges they built; of the homes, where the sunlight fell, where the bees hummed, the birds sang and the children laughed; of the little towns with mill and shop, with inn and schoolhouse; of the old stages, of the crack of the whips and the drivers' horns; of the canals they dug.

Think of the many thousands still pressing toward the West, passing over the Alleghanies to the shores of the Ohio and the great lakes—still onward to the Mississippi—the Missouri.

See the endless processions of covered wagons drawn by horses, by oxen,—men and boys and girls on foot, mothers and babes inside. See the glimmering camp fires at night; see the thousands up with the sun and away, leaving the perfume of coffee on the morning air, and sometimes leaving the new-made grave of wife or child. Listen, and you will hear the cry of "Gold!" and you will see many thousands crossing the great plains, climbing the mountains and pressing on to the Pacific.

Think of the toil, the courage it has taken to possess this land!

Think of the ore that was dug, the furnaces that lit the nights with flame; of the factories and mills by the rushing streams.

Think of the inventions that went hand in hand with the work; of the flails that were changed to threshers; of the sickles that became cradles, and the cradles that were changed to reapers and headers—of the wooden plows that became iron and steel; of the spinning wheel that became the jennie, and the old looms transformed to machines that almost think—of the steamboats that traversed the rivers, making the towns that were far apart neighbors and friends; of the stages that became cars, of the horses changed to locomotives with breath of flame, and the roads of dust and mud to highways of steel, of the rivers spanned and the mountains tunneled.

Think of the inventions, the improvements that changed the hut to the cabin, the cabin to the house, the house to the palace, the earthen floors and bare walls to carpets and pictures—that changed famine to feast—toil to happy labor and poverty to wealth.

Think of the cost.

Think of the separation of families—of boys and girls leaving the old home—taking with them the blessings and kisses of fathers and mothers. Think of the homesickness, of the tears shed by the mothers left by the daughters gone. Think of the millions of brave men deformed by labor now sleeping in their honored graves.

Think of all that has been wrought, endured and accomplished for our good, and let us remember with gratitude, with love and tears the brave men, the patient loving women who subdued this land for us.

Then think of the heroes who served this country; who gave us this glorious present and hope of a still more glorious future; think of the men who really made us free, who secured the blessings of liberty, not only to us, but to billions yet unborn.

This country will be covered with happy homes and free men and free women.

To-day we remember the heroic dead, those whose blood reddens the paths and highways of honor; those who died upon the field, in the charge, in prison-pens, or in famine's clutch; those who gave their lives that liberty should not perish from the earth. And to-day we remember the great leaders who have passed to the realm of silence, to the land of shadow. Thomas, the rock of Chickamauga, self-poised, firm, brave, faithful; Sherman, the reckless, the daring, the prudent and the victorious; Sheridan, a soldier fit to have stood by Julius Cæsar and to have uttered the words of command; and Grant, the silent, the invincible, the unconquered; and rising above them all, Lincoln, the wise, the patient, the merciful, the grandest figure in the Western world. We remember them all today and hundreds of thousands who are not mentioned, but who are equally worthy, hundreds of thousands of privates, deserving of equal honor with the plumed leaders of the host.

And what shall I say to you, survivors of the death-filled days? To you, my comrades, to you whom I have known in the great days, in the time when the heart beat fast and the blood flowed strong; in the days of high hope—what shall I say? All I can say is that my heart goes out to you, one and all. To you who bared your bosoms to the

storms of war; to you who left loved ones to die, if need be, for the sacred cause. May you live long in the land you helped to save; may the winter of your age be as green as spring, as full of blossoms as summer, as generous as autumn, and may you, surrounded by plenty, with your wives at your sides and your grandchildren on your knees, live long. And when at last the fires of life burn low; when you enter the deepening dusk of the last of many, many happy days; when your brave hearts beat weak and slow, may the memory of your splendid deeds; deeds that freed your fellow-men; deeds that kept your country on the map of the world; deeds that kept the flag of the Republic in the air—may the memory of these deeds fill your souls with peace and perfect joy. Let it console you to know that you are not to be forgotten. Centuries hence your story will be told in art and song, and upon your honored graves flowers will be lovingly laid by millions' of men and women now unborn.

Again expressing the joy that I feel in having met you, and again saying farewell to one and all, and wishing you all the blessings of life, I bid you goodbye.

The Chicago And New York Gold Speech

1896.

LADIES and Gentlemen: This is our country.

The legally expressed will of the majority is the supreme law of the land. We are responsible for what our Government does. We cannot excuse ourselves because of the act of some king, or the opinions of nobles. We are the kings. We are the nobles. We are the aristocracy of America, and when our Government does right we are honored, and when our Government does wrong the brand of shame is on the American brow.

Again we are on the field of battle, where thought contends with thought, the field of battle where facts are bullets and arguments are swords.

To-day there is in the United States a vast congress consisting of the people, and in that congress every man has a voice, and it is the duty of every man to inquire into all questions presented, to the end that he may vote as a man and as a patriot should.

No American should be dominated by prejudice. No man standing under our flag should follow after the fife and drum of a party. He should say to himself: “I am a free man, and I will discharge the obligations of an American citizen with all the intelligence I possess.”

I love this country because the people are free; and if they are not free it is their own fault.

To-night I am not going to appeal to your prejudices, if you have any. I am going to talk to the sense that you have. I am going to address myself to your brain and to your heart. I want nothing of you except that you will preserve the institutions of the Republic; that you will maintain her honor unstained. That is all I ask.

I admit that all the parties who disagree with me are honest. Large masses of mankind are always honest, the leader not always, but the mass of people do what they believe to be right. Consequently there is no argument in abuse, nothing calculated to convince in calumny. To be kind, to be candid, is far nobler, far better, and far more American. We live in a Democracy, and we admit that every other human being has the same right to think, the same right to express his thought, the same right to vote that we have, and I want every one who hears me to vote in exact accord with his sense, to cast his vote in accordance with his conscience. I want every one to do the best he can for the great Republic, and no matter how he votes, if he is honest, I shall find no fault.

But the great thing is to understand what you are going to do; the great thing is to use the little sense that we have. In most of us the capital is small, and it ought to be turned often. We ought to pay attention, we ought to listen to what is said and then think, think for ourselves.

Several questions have been presented to the American people for their solution, and I propose to speak a little about those questions, and I do not want you to pretend to agree with me. I want no applause unless you honestly believe I am right.

Three great questions are presented: First, as to money; second, as to the tariff, and third, whether this Government has the right of self-defence. Whether this is a Government of law, or whether there shall be an appeal from the Supreme Court to a mob. These are the three questions to be answered next Tuesday by the American people.

First, let us take up this money question. Thousands and thousands of speeches have been made on the subject. Pamphlets thick as the leaves of autumn have been scattered from one end of the Republic to the other, all about money, as if it were an exceedingly metaphysical question, as though there were something magical about it.

What is money? Money is a product of nature. Money is a part of nature. Money is something that man cannot create. All the legislatures and congresses of the world cannot by any possibility create one dollar, any more than they could suspend the attraction of gravitation or hurl a new constellation into the concave sky. Money is not made. It has to be found. It is dug from the crevices of rocks, washed from the sands of streams, from the gravel of ancient valleys; but it is not made. It cannot be created. Money is something that does not have to be redeemed. Money is the redeemer. And yet we have a man running for the presidency on three platforms with two Vice-Presidents, who says that money is the creature of law. It may be that law sometimes is the creature of money, but money was never the creature of law.

A nation can no more create money by law than it can create corn and wheat and barley by law, and the promise to pay money is no nearer money than a warehouse receipt is grain, or a bill of fare is a dinner. If you can make money by law, why should any nation be poor?

The supply of law is practically unlimited. Suppose one hundred people should settle on an island, form a government, elect a legislature. They would have the power to make law, and if law can make money, if money is the creature of law, why should not these one hundred people on the island be as wealthy as Great Britain? What is to hinder? And yet we are told that money is the creature of law. In the financial world that is as absurd as perpetual motion in mechanics; it is as absurd as the fountain of eternal youth, the philosopher's stone, or the transmutation of metals.

What is a dollar? People imagine that a piece of paper with pictures on it, with signatures, is money. The greenback is not money—never was; never will be. It is a promise to pay money; not money. The note of the nation is no nearer money than the note of an individual. A bank note is not money. It is a promise to pay money; that is all.

Well, what is a dollar? In the civilized world it is twenty-three grains and twenty-two one hundredths of pure gold. That is a dollar. Well, cannot we make dollars out of silver? Yes, I admit it, but in order to make a silver dollar you have got to put a dollars worth of silver in the silver dollar, and you have to put as much silver in it as you can buy for twenty-three grains and twenty-two one-hundredths' of a grain of

pure gold. It takes a dollar's worth of silver to make a dollar. It takes a dollar's worth of paper to make a paper dollar. It takes a dollar's worth of iron to make an iron dollar; and there is no way of making a dollar without the value.

And let me tell you another thing. You do not add to the value of gold by coining it any more than you add to the value of wheat by measuring it; any more than you add to the value of coal by weighing it. Why do you coin gold? Because every man cannot take a chemist's outfit with him. He cannot carry a crucible and retort, scales and acids, and so the Government coins it, simply to certify how much gold there is in the piece.

Ah, but, says this same gentleman, what gives our money—our silver—its value? It is because it is a legal tender, he says. Nonsense; nonsense. Gold was not given value by being made a legal tender, but being valuable it was made a legal tender. And gold gets no value to-day from being a legal tender. I not only say that, but I will prove it; and I will not only prove it, but I will demonstrate it. Take a twenty dollar gold piece, hammer it out of shape, mar the Goddess of Liberty, pound out the United States of America and batter the eagle, and after you get it pounded how much is it worth?

It is worth exactly twenty dollars. Is it a legal tender? No. Has its value been changed? No. Take a silver dollar. It is a legal tender; now pound it into a cube, and how much is it worth? A little less than fifty cents. What gives it the value of a dollar? The fact that it is a legal tender? No; but the promise of the Government to keep it on an equality with gold. I will not only say this, but I will demonstrate it. I do not ask you to take my word; just use the sense you have.

The Mexican silver dollar has a little more silver in it than one of our dollars, and the Mexican silver dollar is a legal tender in Mexico. If there is any magic about legal tender it ought to work as well in Mexico as in the United States. I take an American silver dollar and I go to Mexico. I buy a dinner for a dollar and I give to the Mexican the American dollar and he gives me a Mexican dollar in change. Yet both of the dollars are legal tender. Why is it that the Mexican dollar is worth only fifty cents? Because the Mexican Government has not agreed to keep it equal with gold; that is all, that is all.

We want the money of the civilized world, and I will tell you now that in the procession of nations every silver nation lags behind—every one. There is not a silver nation on the globe where decent wages are paid for human labor—not one. The American laborer gets ten times as much here in gold as a laborer gets in China in silver, twenty times as much as a laborer does in India, four times as much as a laborer gets in Russia; and yet we are told that the man who will "follow England" with the gold standard lacks patriotism and manhood. What then shall we say of the man that follows China, that follows India in the silver standard?

Does that require patriotism?

It certainly requires self-denial.

And yet these gentlemen say that our money is too good. They might as well say the air is too pure; they might as well say the soil is too rich. How can money be too good? Mr. Bryan says that it is so good, people hoard it; and let me tell him they

always will. Mr. Bryan wants money so poor that everybody will be anxious to spend it. He wants money so poor that the rich will not have it. Then he thinks the poor can get it. We are willing to toil for good money. Good money means the comforts and luxuries of life. Real money is always good. Paper promises and silver substitutes may be poor; words and pictures may be cheap and may fade to worthlessness—but gold shines on.

In Chicago, many years ago, there was an old colored man at the Grand Pacific. I met him one morning, and he looked very sad, and I said to him, "Uncle, what is the matter?" "Well," he said, "my wife ran away last night. Pretty good looking woman; a good deal younger than I am; but she has run off." And he says: "Colonel, I want to give you my idea about marriage. If a man wants to marry a woman and have a good time, and be satisfied and secure in his mind, he wants to marry some woman that no other man on God's earth would have."

That is the kind of money these gentlemen want in the United States. Cheap money. Do you know that the words cheap money are a contradiction in terms? Cheap money is always discounted when people find out that it is cheap. We want good money, and I do not care how much we get. But we want good money. Men are willing to toil for good money; willing to work in the mines; willing to work in the heat and glare of the furnace; willing to go to the top of the mast on the wild sea; willing to work in tenements; women are willing to sew with their eyes filled with tears for the sake of good money. And if anything is to be paid in good money, labor is that thing. If any man is entitled to pure gold, it is the man who labors. Let the big fellows take cheap money. Let the men living next the soil be paid in gold. But I want the money of this country as good as that of any other country.

When our money is below par we feel below par. I want our money, no matter how it is payable, to have the gold behind it. That is the money I want in the United States.

I want to teach the people of the world that a Democracy is honest. I want to teach the people of the world that America is not only capable of self-government, but that it has the self-denial, the courage, the honor, to pay its debts to the last farthing.

Mr. Bryan tells the farmers who are in debt that they want cheap money. What for? To pay their debts. And he thinks that is a compliment to the tillers of the soil. The statement is an insult to the farmers, and the farmers of Maine and Vermont have answered him.

And if the farmers of those States with their soil can be honest, I think a farmer in Illinois has no excuse for being a rascal. I regard the farmers as honest men, and when the sun shines and the rains fall and the frosts wait, they will pay their debts. They are good men, and I want to tell you to-night that all the stories that have been told about farmers being Populists are not true.

You will find the Populists in the towns, in the great cities, in the villages. All the failures, no matter for what reason, are on the Populist's side. They want to get rich by law. They are tired of work.

And yet Mr. Bryan says vote for cheap money so that you can pay your debts in fifty cent dollars. Will an honest man do it?

Suppose a man has borrowed a thousand bushels of wheat of his neighbor, of sixty pounds to the bushel, and then Congress should pass a law making thirty pounds of wheat a bushel. Would that farmer pay his debt with five hundred bushels and consider himself an honest man?

Mr. Bryan says, "Vote for cheap money to pay your debts," and thereupon the creditor says, "What is to become of me?" Mr. Bryan says, "We will make it one dollar and twenty-nine cents an ounce, and make it of the ratio of sixteen to one, make it as good as gold." And thereupon the poor debtor says, "How is that going to help me?" And in nearly all the speeches that this man has made he has taken the two positions, first, that we want cheap money to pay debts, and second, that the money would be just as good as gold for creditors.

Now, the question is: Can Congress make fifty cents' worth of silver worth one dollar? That is the question, and if Congress can, then I oppose the scheme on account of its extravagance. What is the use of wasting all that silver? Think about it. If Congress can make fifty cents' worth of silver worth a dollar by law, why can it not make one cent's worth of silver worth a dollar by law. Let us save the silver and use it for forks and spoons. The supply even of silver is limited—the supply of law is inexhaustible. Do not waste silver, use more law. You cannot fix values by law any more than you can make cooler summers by shortening thermometers.

There is another trouble. If Congress, by the free coinage of silver, can double its value, why should we allow an Englishman with a million dollars' worth of silver bullion at the market price, to bring it to America, have it coined free of charge, and make it exactly double the value? Why should we put a million dollars in his pocket? That is too generous. Why not buy the silver from him in the open market and let the Government make the million dollars? Nothing is more absurd; nothing is more idiotic. I admit that Mr. Bryan is honest. I admit it. If he were not honest his intellectual pride would not allow him to make these statements.

Well, another thing says our friend, "Gold has been cornered"; and thousands of people believe it.

You have no idea of the credulity of some folks. I say that it has not been cornered, and I will not only prove it, I will demonstrate it. Whenever the Stock Exchange or some of the members have a corner on stocks, that stock goes up, and if it does not, that corner bursts. Whenever gentlemen in Chicago get up a corner on wheat in the Produce Exchange, wheat goes up or the corner bursts. And yet they tell me there has been a corner in gold for all these years, yet since 1873 to the present time the rate of interest has steadily gone down.

If there had been a corner the rate of interest would have steadily advanced. There is a demonstration. But let me ask, for my own information, if they corner gold what will prevent their cornering silver? Or are you going to have it so poor that it will not be worth cornering?

Then they say another thing, and that is that the demonetization of silver is responsible for all the hardships we have endured, for all the bankruptcy, for all the panics. That is not true, and I will not only prove it, but I will demonstrate it. The

poison of demonetization entered the American veins, as they tell us, in 1873, and has been busy in its hellish work from that time to this; and yet, nineteen years after we were vaccinated, 1892, was the most prosperous year ever known by this Republic. All the wheels turning, all the furnaces aflame, work at good wages, everybody prosperous. How, Mr. Bryanite, how do you account for that? Just be honest a minute and think about it.

Then there is another thing. In 1816 Great Britain demonetized silver, and that wretched old government has had nothing but gold from that day to this as a standard. And to show you the frightful results of that demonetization, that government does not own now above one-third of the globe, and all the winds are busy floating her flags. There is a demonstration.

Mr. Bryan tells us that free coinage will bring silver 16 to 1. What is the use of stopping there? Why not make it 1 to 1? Why not make it equal with gold and be done with it? And why should it stop at exactly one dollar and twenty-nine cents? I do not know. I am not well acquainted with all the facts that enter into the question of value, but why should it stop at exactly one dollar and twenty-nine cents? I do not know. And I guess if he were cross-examined along toward the close of the trial he would admit that he did not know.

And yet this statesman calls this silver the money of our fathers. Well, let us see. Our fathers did some good things. In 1792 they made gold and silver the standards, and at a ratio of 15 to 1. But where you have two metals and endeavor to make a double standard it is very hard to keep them even. They vary, and, as old Dogberry says, “An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.” They made the ratio 15 to 1, and who did it? Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. Jefferson, the greatest man, with one exception, that ever sat in the presidential chair. With one exception. [A voice: “Who was that?”] Abraham Lincoln. Alexander Hamilton, with more executive ability than any other man that ever stood under the flag. And how did they fix the ratio? They found the commercial value in the market; that is how they did it. And they went on and issued American dollars 15 to 1; and in 1806, when Jefferson was President, the coinage was stopped. Why? There was too much silver in the dollars, and people instead of passing them around put them aside and sold them to the silversmiths.

Then in 1834 the ratios changed; not quite sixteen to one. That was based again on the commercial value, and instead of sixteen to one they went into the thousands in decimals. It was not quite sixteen to one. They wanted to fix it absolutely on the commercial value. Then a few more dollars were coined; and our fathers coined of these sacred dollars up to 1873, eight millions, and seven millions had been melted.

In 1853 the gold standard was in fact adopted, and, as I have told you, from 1792 to 1873 only eight millions of silver had been coined.

What have the “enemies of silver” done since that time? Under the act of 1878 we have coined over four hundred and thirty millions of these blessed dollars. We bought four million ounces of silver in the open market every month, and in spite of the vast purchases silver continued to go down. We are coining about two millions a month now, and silver is still going down. Even the expectation of the election of

Bryan cannot add the tenth of one per cent, to the value of silver bullion. It is going down day by day.

But what I want to say to-night is, if you want silver money, measure it by the gold standard.

I wish every one here would read the speech of Senator Sherman, delivered at Columbus a little while ago, in which he gives the history of American coinage, and every man who will read it will find that silver was not demonetized in 1873. You will find that it was demonetized in 1853, and if he will read back he will find that the apostles of silver now were in favor of the gold standard in 1873. Senator Jones of Nevada in 1873 voted for the law of 1873. He said from his seat in the Senate, that God had made gold the standard. He said that gold was the mother of civilization. Whether he has heard from God since or not I do not know. But now he is on the other side. Senator Stewart of Nevada was there at the time; he voted for the act of 1873, and said that gold was the only standard. He has changed his mind. So they have said of me that I used to talk another way, and they have published little portions of speeches, without publishing all that was said. I want to tell you to-night that I have never changed on the money question.

On many subjects I have changed. I am very glad to feel that I have grown a little in the last forty or fifty years. And a man should allow himself to grow, to bud and blossom and bear new fruit, and not be satisfied with the rotten apples under the tree.

But on the money question I have not changed. Sixteen years ago in this city at Cooper Union, in 1880, in discussing this precise question, I said that I wanted gold and silver and paper; that I wanted the paper issued by the General Government, and back of every paper dollar I wanted a gold dollar or a silver dollar worth a dollar in gold. I said then, “I want that silver dollar worth a dollar in gold if you have to make it four feet in diameter.” I said then, “I want our paper so perfectly secure that when the savage in Central Africa looks upon a Government bill of the United States his eyes will gleam as though he looked at shining gold.” I said then, “I want every paper dollar of the Union to be able to hold up its hand and swear, ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’“ I said then, “The Republic cannot afford to debase money; cannot afford to be a clipper of coin; an honest nation, honest money; for nations as well as individuals, honesty is the best policy everywhere and forever.” I have not changed on that subject. As I told a gentleman the other day, “I am more for silver than you are because I want twice as much of it in a dollar as you do.”

Ah, but they say, “free coinage would bring prosperity.” I do not believe it, and I will tell you why. Elect Bryan, come to the silver standard, and what would happen? We have in the United States about six hundred million dollars in gold. Every dollar would instantly go out of circulation. Why? No man will use the best money when he can use cheaper. Remember that. No carpenter will use mahogany when his contract allows pine. Gold will go out of circulation, and what next would happen? All the greenbacks would fall to fifty cents on the dollar. The only reason they are worth a dollar now is because the Government has agreed to pay them in gold. When you come to a silver basis they fall to fifty cents. What next? All the national bank notes

would be cut square in two. Why? Because they are secured by United States bonds, and when we come to a silver basis, United States bonds would be paid in silver, fifty cents on the dollar. And what else would happen? What else? These sacred silver dollars would instantly become fifty cent pieces, because they would no longer be redeemable in gold; because the Government would no longer be under obligation to keep them on a parity with gold. And how much currency and specie would that leave for us in the United States? In value three hundred and fifty million dollars. That is five dollars per capita. We have twenty dollars per capita now, and yet they want to go to five dollars for the purpose of producing prosperous times!

What else would happen? Every human being living on an income would lose just one-half. Every soldiers' pension would be cut in two. Every human being who has a credit in the savings bank would lose just one-half. All the life insurance companies would pay just one-half. All the fire insurance companies would pay just one-half, and leave you the ashes for the balance. That is what they call prosperity.

And what else? The Republic would be dishonored. The believers in monarchy—in the divine right of kings—the aristocracies of the Old World—would say, "Democracy is a failure, freedom is a fraud, and liberty is a liar;" and we would be compelled to admit the truth. No; we want good, honest money. We want money that will be good when we are dead. We want money that will keep the wolf from the door, no matter what Congress does. We want money that no law can create; that is what we want. There was a time when Rome was mistress of the world, and there was a time when the arch of the empire fell, and the empire was buried in the dust of oblivion; and before those days the Roman people coined gold, and one of those coins is as good to-night as when Julius Cæsar rode at the head of his legions. That is the money we want. We want money that is honest.

But Mr. Bryan hates the bondholders. Who are the bondholders? Let us be honest; let us have some sense. When this Government was in the flame of civil war it was compelled to sell bonds, and everybody who bought a bond bought it because he believed the great Republic would triumph at last. Every man who bought a bond was our friend, and every bond that he purchased added to the chances of our success. They were our friends, and I respect them all. Most of them are dead, and the bonds they bought have been sold and resold maybe hundreds of times, and the men who have them now paid a hundred and twenty in gold, and why should they not be paid in gold? Can any human being think of any reason? And yet Mr. Bryan says that the debt is so great that it cannot be paid in gold. How much is the Republic worth? Let me tell you? This Republic to-day—its lands in cultivation, its houses, railways, canals, and money—is worth seventy thousand million dollars. And what do we owe? One billion five hundred million dollars, and what is the condition of the country? It is the condition of a man who has seventy dollars and owes one dollar and a half. This is the richest country on the globe. Have we any excuse for being thieves? Have we any excuse for failing to pay the debt? No, sir; no, sir. Mr. Bryan hates the bondholders of the railways. Why? I do not know. What did those wretches do? They furnished the money to build the one hundred and eighty thousand miles of railway in the United States; that is what they did.

They paid the money that threw up the road-bed, that shoveled the gravel; they paid the men that turned the ore into steel and put it in form for use; they paid the men that cut down the trees and made the ties, that manufactured the locomotives and the cars. That is what they did. No wonder that a presidential failure hates them.

So this man hates bankers. Now, what is a banker? Here is a little town of five thousand people, and some of them have a little money. They do not want to keep it in the house because some Bryan man might find it; I mean if it were silver. So one citizen buys a safe and rents a room and tells all the people, "You deposit the overplus with me to hold it subject to your order upon your orders signed as checks;" and so they do, and in a little while he finds that he has on hand continually about one hundred thousand dollars more than is called for, and thereupon he loans it to the fellow who started the livery stable and to the chap that opened the grocery and to the fellow with the store, and he makes this idle money work for the good and prosperity of that town. And that is all he does. And these bankers now, if Mr. Bryan becomes President, can pay the depositors in fifty cent dollars; and yet they are such rascally wretches that they say, "We prefer to pay back gold." You can see how mean they are.

Mr. Bryan hates the rich. Would he like to be rich? He hates the bondholders. Would he like to have a million? He hates the successful man. Does he want to be a failure? If he does, let him wait until the third day of November. We want honest money because we are honest people; and there never was any real prosperity for a nation or an individual without honesty, without integrity, and it is our duty to preserve the reputation of the great Republic.

Better be an honest bankrupt than a rich thief. Poverty can hold in its hand the jewel, honor—a jewel that outshines all other gems. A thousand times better be poor and noble than rich and fraudulent.

Then there is another question—the question of the tariff. I admit that there are a great many arguments in favor of free trade, but I assert that all the facts are the other way. I want American people as far as possible to manufacture everything that Americans use.

The more industries we have the more we will develop the American brain, and the best crop you can raise in every country is a crop of good men and good women—of intelligent people. And another thing, I want to keep this market for ourselves. A nation that sells raw material will grow ignorant and poor; a nation that manufactures will grow intelligent and rich. It only takes muscle to dig ore. It takes mind to manufacture a locomotive, and only that labor is profitable that is mixed with thought. Muscle must be in partnership with brain. I am in favor of keeping this market for ourselves, and yet some people say: "Give us the market of the world." Well, why don't you take it? There is no export duty on anything. You can get things out of this country cheaper than from any other country in the world. Iron is as cheap here in the ground, so are coal and stone, as any place on earth. The timber is as cheap in the forest. Why don't you make things and sell them in Central Africa, in China and Japan? Why don't you do it? I will tell you why. It is because labor is too high; that is all. Almost the entire value is labor. You make a ton of steel rails worth

twenty-five dollars; the ore in the ground is worth only a few cents, the coal in the earth only a few cents, the lime in the cliff only a few cents—altogether not one dollar and fifty cents; but the ton is worth twenty-five dollars; twenty-three dollars and fifty cents labor! That is the trouble. The steamship is worth five hundred thousand dollars, but the raw material is not worth ten thousand dollars. The rest is labor. Why is labor higher here than in Europe? Protection. And why do these gentlemen ask for the trade of the world? Why do they ask for free trade? Because they want cheaper labor. That is all; cheaper labor. The markets of the world! We want our own markets. I would rather have the market of Illinois than all of China with her four hundred millions. I would rather have the market of one good county in New York than all of Mexico. What do they want in Mexico? A little red calico, a few sombreros and some spurs. They make their own liquor and they live on red pepper and beans. What do you want of their markets? We want to keep our own. In other words, we want to pursue the policy that has given us prosperity in the past. We tried a little bit of free trade in 1892 when we were all prosperous. I said then: "If Grover Cleveland is elected it will cost the people five hundred million dollars." I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, nor a profitable son, but I placed the figure too low. His election has cost a thousand million dollars. There is an old song, "You Put the Wrong Man off at Buffalo;" we took the wrong man on at Buffalo. We tried just a little of it, not much. We tried the Wilson bill—a bill, according to Mr. Cleveland, born of perfidy and dishonor—a bill that he was not quite foolish enough to sign and not brave enough to veto. We tried it and we are tired of it, and if experience is a teacher the American people know a little more than they did. We want to do our own work, and we want to mingle our thought with our labor. We are the most inventive of all the peoples. We sustain the same relation to invention that the ancient Greeks did to sculpture. We want to develop the brain; we want to cultivate the imagination, and we want to cover our land with happy homes. A thing is worth sometimes the thought that is in it, sometimes the genius. Here is a man buys a little piece of linen for twenty-five cents, he buys a few paints for fifteen cents, and a few brushes, and he paints a picture; just a little one; a picture, maybe, of a cottage with a dear old woman, white hair, serene forehead and satisfied eyes; at the corner a few hollyhocks in bloom—may be a tree in blossom, and as you listen you seem to hear the songs of birds—the hum of bees, and your childhood all comes back to you as you look. You feel the dewy grass beneath your bare feet once again, and you go back in your mind until the dear old woman on the porch is once more young and fair. There is a soul there. Genius has done its work. And the little picture is worth five, ten, may be fifty thousand dollars. All the result of labor and genius.

And another thing we want is to produce great men and great women here in our own country; then again we want business. Talk about charity, talk about the few dollars that fall unconsciously from the hand of wealth, talk about your poorhouses and your sewing societies and your poor little efforts in the missionary line in the worst part of your town! Ah, there is no charity like business. Business gives work to labor's countless hands; business wipes the tears from the eyes of widows and orphans; business dimples with joy the cheek of sorrow; business puts a roof above the heads of the homeless; business covers the land with happy homes.

We do not want any populistic philanthropy. We want no fiat philosophy. We want no silver swindles. We want business. Wind and wave are our servants; let them work. Steam and electricity are our slaves; let them toil. Let all the wheels whirl; let all the shuttles fly. Fill the air with the echoes of hammer and saw. Fill the furnace with flame; the moulds with liquid iron. Let them glow.

Build homes and palaces of trade. Plow the fields, reap the waving grain. Create all things that man can use. Business will feed the hungry, clothe the naked, educate the ignorant, enrich the world with art—fill the air with song. Give us Protection and Prosperity. Do not cheat us with free trade dreams. Do not deceive us with debased coin. Give us good money—the life blood of business—and let it flow through the veins and arteries of commerce.

And let me tell you to-night the smoke arising from the factories' great plants forms the only cloud on which has ever been seen the glittering bow of American promise. We want work, and I tell you to-night that my sympathies are with the men who work, with the women who weep. I know that labor is the Atlas on whose shoulders rests the great superstructure of civilization and the great dome of science adorned with all there is of art. Labor is the great oak, labor is the great column, and labor, with its deft and cunning hands, has created the countless things of art and beauty. I want to see labor paid. I want to see capital civilized until it will be willing to give labor its share, and I want labor intelligent enough to settle all these questions in the high court of reason. And let me tell the workingman to-night: You will never help your self by destroying your employer. You have work to sell. Somebody has to buy it, if it is bought, and somebody has to buy it that has the money. Who is going to manufacture something that will not sell. Nobody is going into the manufacturing business through philanthropy, and unless your employer makes a profit, the mill will be shut down and you will be out of work. The interest of the employer and the employed should be one. Whenever the employers of the continent are successful, then the workingman is better paid, and you know it. I have some hope in the future for the workingman. I know what it is to work. I do not think my natural disposition runs in that direction, but I know what it is to work, and I have worked with all my might at one dollar and a half a week. I did the work of a man for fifty cents a day, and I was not sorry for it. In the horizon of my future burned and gleamed the perpetual star of hope. I said to myself: I live in a free country, and I have a chance; I live in a free country, and I have as much liberty as any other man beneath the flag, and I have enjoyed it.

Something has been done for labor. Only a few years ago a man worked fifteen or sixteen hours a day, but the hours have been reduced to at least ten and are on the way to still further reduction. And while the hours have been decreased the wages have as certainly been increased. In forty years—in less—the wages of American workingmen have doubled. A little while ago you received an average of two hundred and eighty-five dollars a year; now you receive an average of more than four hundred and ninety dollars; there is the difference. So it seems to me that the star of hope is still in the sky for every workingman. Then there is another thing: every workingman in this country can take his little boy on his knee and say, "John, all the avenues to distinction, wealth, and glory are open to you. There is the free school; take your

chances with the rest." And it seems to me that that thought ought to sweeten every drop of sweat that trickles down the honest brow of toil.

So let us have protection! How much? Enough, so that our income at least will equal our outgo. That is a good way to keep house. I am tired of depression and deficit. I do not like to see a President pawning bonds to raise money to pay his own salary. I do not like to see the great Republic at the mercy of anybody, so let us stand by protection.

There is another trouble. The gentleman now running for the presidency—a tireless talker—oh, if he had a brain equal to his vocal chords, what a man! And yet when I read his speeches it seems to me as though he stood on his head and thought with his feet. This man is endeavoring to excite class against class, to excite the poor against the rich. Let me tell you something. We have no classes in the United States. There are no permanent classes here. The millionaire may be a mendicant, the mendicant may be a millionaire. The man now working for the millionaire may employ that millionaire's sons to work for him. There is a chance for us all. Sometimes a numskull is born in the mansion, and a genius rises from the gutter. Old Mother Nature has a queer way of taking care of her children. You cannot tell. You cannot tell. Here we have a free open field of competition, and if a man passes me in the race I say: "Good luck. Get ahead of me if you can, you are welcome."

And why should I hate the rich? Why should I make my heart a den of writhing, hissing snakes of envy? Get rich. I do not care. I am glad I live in a country where somebody can get rich. It is a spur in the flank of ambition. Let them get rich. I have known good men that were quite rich, and I have known some mean men who were in straitened circumstances. So I have known as good men as ever breathed the air, who were poor. We must respect the man; what is inside, not what is outside.

That is why I like this country. That is why I do not want it dishonored. I want no class feeling. The citizens of America should be friends. Where capital is just and labor intelligent, happiness dwells. Fortunate that country where the rich are extravagant and the poor economical. Miserable that country where the rich are economical and the poor are extravagant. A rich spendthrift is a blessing. A rich miser is a curse. Extravagance is a splendid form of charity. Let the rich spend, let them build, let them give work to their fellow-men, and I will find no fault with their wealth, provided they obtained it honestly.

There was an old fellow by the name of Socrates. He happened to be civilized, living in a barbarous time, and he was tried for his life. And in his speech in which he defended himself is a paragraph that ought to remain in the memory of the human race forever.

He said to those judges, "During my life I have not sought ambition, wealth. I have not sought to adorn my body, but I have endeavored to adorn my soul with the jewels of patience and justice, and above all, with the love of liberty." Such a man rises above all wealth.

Why should we envy the rich? Why envy a man who has no earthly needs? Why envy a man that carries a hundred canes? Why envy a man who has that which he cannot

use? I know a great many rich men and I have read about a great many others, and I do not envy them. They are no happier than I am. You see, after all, few rich men own their property. The property owns them. It gets them up early in the morning. It will not let them sleep; it makes them suspect their friends. Sometimes they think their children would like to attend a first-class funeral. Why should we envy the rich? They have fear; we have hope. They are on the top of the ladder; we are close to the ground. They are afraid of falling, and we hope to rise.

Why should we envy the rich? They never drank any colder water than I have. They never ate any lighter biscuits or any better corn bread. They never drank any better Illinois wine, or felt better after drinking it, than I have; than you have. They never saw any more glorious sunsets with the great palaces of amethyst and gold, and they never saw the heavens thicker with constellations; they never read better poetry. They know no more about the ecstasies of love than we do. They never got any more pleasure out of courting than I did. Why should we envy the rich? I know as much about the ecstasies of love of wife and child and friends as they. They never had any better weather in June than I have, or you have. They can buy splendid pictures. I can look at them. And who owns a great picture or a great statue? The man who bought it? Possibly, and possibly not. The man who really owns it, is the man who understands it, that appreciates it, the man into whose heart its beauty and genius come, the man who is ennobled and refined and glorified by it.

They have never heard any better music than I have.

When the great notes, winged like eagles, soar to the great dome of sound, I have felt just as good as though I had a hundred million dollars.

Do not try to divide this country into classes. The rich man that endeavors to help his fellow-man deserves the honor and respect of the great Republic. I have nothing against the man that got rich in the free and open field of competition. Where they combine to rob their fellow-men, then I want the laws enforced. That is all. Let them play fair and they are welcome to all they get.

And why should we hate the successful? Why? We cannot all be first. The race is a vast procession; a great many hundred millions are back of the center, and in front there is only one human being; that is all. Shall we wait for the other fellows to catch up? Shall the procession stop? I say, help the fallen, assist the weak, help the poor, bind up the wounds, but do not stop the procession.

Why should we envy the successful? Why should we hate them? And why should we array class against class? It is all wrong. For instance, here is a young man, and he is industrious. He is in love with a girl around the corner. She is in his brain all day—in his heart all night, and while he is working he is thinking. He gets a little ahead, they get married. He is an honest man, he gets credit, and the first thing you know he has a good business of his own and he gets rich; educates his children, and his old age is filled with content and love. Good! His companions bask in the sunshine of idleness. They have wasted their time, wasted their wages in dissipation, and when the winter of life comes, when the snow falls on the barren fields of the wasted days, then shivering with cold, pinched with hunger, they curse the man who has succeeded. Thereupon they all vote for Bryan.

Then there is another question, and that is whether the Government has a right to protect itself? And that is whether the employees of railways shall have a right to stop the trains, a right to prevent interstate commerce, a right to burn bridges and shoot engineers? Has the United States the right to protect commerce between the States? I say, yes.

It is the duty of the President to lay the mailed hand of the Republic upon the mob. We want no mobs in this country. This is a Government of the people and by the people, a Government of law, and these laws should be interpreted by the courts in judicial calm. We have a supreme tribunal. Undoubtedly it has made some bad decisions, but it has made a vast number of good ones. The judges do the best they can. Of course they are not like Mr. Bryan, infallible. But they are doing the best they can, and when they make a decision that is wrong it will be attacked by reason, it will be attacked by argument, and in time it will be reversed, but I do not believe in attacking it with a torch or by a mob. I hate the mob spirit. Civilized men obey the law. Civilized men believe in order. Civilized men believe that a man that makes property by industry and economy has the right to keep it. Civilized men believe that that man has the right to use it as he desires, and they will judge of his character by the manner in which he uses it. If he endeavors to assist his fellow-man he will have the respect and admiration of his fellow-men. But we want a Government of law. We do not want labor questions settled by violence and blood.

I want to civilize the capitalist so that he will be willing to give what labor is worth. I want to educate the workingman so that he will be willing to receive what labor is worth. I want to civilize them both to that degree that they can settle all their disputes in the high court of reason.

But when you tell me that they can stop the commerce of the Nation, then you preach the gospel of the bludgeon, the gospel of torch and bomb. I do not believe in that religion. I believe in a religion of kindness, reason and law. The law is the supreme will of the supreme people, and we must obey it or we go back to savagery and black night. I stand by the courts. I stand by the President who endeavors to preserve the peace. I am against mobs; I am against lynchings, and I believe it is the duty of the Federal Government to protect all of its citizens at home and abroad; and I want a Government powerful enough to say to the Governor of any State where they are murdering American citizens without process of law—I want the Federal Government to say to the Governor of that State: “Stop; stop shedding the blood of American citizens. And if you cannot stop it, we can.” I believe in a Government that will protect the lowest, the poorest and weakest as promptly as the mightiest and strongest. That is my Government. This old doctrine of State Sovereignty perished in the flame of civil war, and I tell you to-night that that infamous lie was surrendered to Grant with Lee’s sword at Appomattox.

I believe in a strong Government, not in a Government that can make money, but in a strong Government.

Oh, I forgot to ask the question, “If the Government can make money why should it collect taxes?”

Let us be honest. Here is a poor man with a little yoke of cattle, cultivating forty acres of stony ground, working like a slave in the heat of summer, in the cold blasts of winter, and the Government makes him pay ten dollars taxes, when, according to these gentlemen, it could issue a one hundred thousand dollar bill in a second. Issue the bill and give the fellow with the cattle a rest. Is it possible for the mind to conceive anything more absurd than that the Government can create money?

Now, the next question is, or the next thing is, you have to choose between men. Shall Mr. Bryan be the next President or shall McKinley occupy that chair? Who is Mr. Bryan? He is not a tried man. If he had the capacity to reason, if he had logic, if he could spread the wings of imagination, if there were in his heart the divine flower called pity, he might be an orator, but lacking all these, he is as he is.

When Major McKinley was fighting under the flag, Bryan was in his mother's arms, and judging from his speeches he ought to be there still. What is he? He is a Populist. He voted for General Weaver.

Only a little while ago he denied being a Democrat. His mind is filled with vagaries. A fiat money man. His brain is an insane asylum without a keeper.

Imagine that man President. Whom would he call about him? Upon whom would he rely? Probably for Secretary of State he would choose Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota; for Secretary of the Interior, Henry George; for Secretary of War, Tillman with his pitchforks; for Postmaster-General, Peffer of Kansas. Once somebody said: "If you believe in fiat money, why don't you believe in fiat hay, and you can make enough hay out of Peffer's whiskers to feed all the cattle in the country." For Secretary of the Treasury, Coin Harvey. For Secretary of the Navy, Coxey, and then he could keep off the grass. And then would come the millennium. The great cryptogram and the Bacon cipher; the single tax, State saloons, fiat money, free silver, destruction of banks and credit, bondholders and creditors mobbed, courts closed, debts repudiated and the rest of the folks made rich by law.

And suppose Bryan should die, and then think, think of Thomas Watson sitting in the chair of Abraham Lincoln. That is enough to give a patriot political nightmare.

If McKinley dies there is an honest capable man to take his place. A man who believes in business, in prosperity. A man who knows what money is. A man who would never permit the laying of a land warrant on a cloud. A man of good sense, a man of level head. A man that loves his country, a man that will protect its honor.

And is McKinley a tried man? Honest, candid, level-headed, putting on no airs, saying not what he thinks somebody else thinks, but what he thinks, and saying it in his own honest, forcible way. He has made hundreds of speeches during this campaign, not to people whom he ran after, but to people who came to see him. Not from the tail end of cars, but from the doorstep of his home, and every speech has been calculated to make votes. Every speech has increased the respect of the American people for him, every one. He has never slopped over. Four years ago I read a speech made by him at Cleveland, on the tariff. I tell you to-night that he is the best posted man on the tariff under the flag. I tell you that he knows the road to prosperity. I read that speech. It had foundation, proportion, dome, and he handled

his facts as skillfully as Caesar marshaled his hosts on the fields of war, and ever since I read it I have had profound respect for the intelligence and statesmanship of William McKinley.

He will call about him the best, the wisest, and the most patriotic men, and his cabinet will respect the highest and loftiest interests and aspirations of the American people.

Then you have to make another choice. You have to choose between parties, between the new Democratic and the old Republican. And I want to tell you the new Democratic is worse than the old, and that is a good deal for me to say. In 1861 hundreds and hundreds of thousands of Democrats thought more of country than of party. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands shouldered their muskets, rushed to the rescue of the Republic, and sustained the administration of Abraham Lincoln. With their help the Rebellion was crushed, and now hundreds and hundreds of thousands of Democrats will hold country above party and will join with the Republicans in saving the honor, the reputation, of the United States; and I want to say to all the National Democrats who feel that they cannot vote for Bryan, I want to say to you, vote for McKinley. This is no war for blank cartridges. Your gun makes as much noise, but it does not do as much execution.

If you vote for Palmer it is not to elect him, it is simply to defeat Bryan, and the sure way to defeat Bryan is to vote for McKinley. You have to choose between parties. The new Democratic party, with its allies, the Populists and Socialists and Free Silverites, represents the follies, the mistakes, and the absurdities of a thousand years. They are in favor of everything that cannot be done. Whatever is, is wrong. They think creditors are swindlers, and debtors who refuse to pay their debts are honest men. Good money is bad and poor money is good. A promise is better than a performance. They desire to abolish facts, punish success, and reward failure. They are worse than the old. And yet I want to be honest. I am like the old Dutchman who made a speech in Arkansas. He said: “Ladies and Gentlemen, I must tell you the truth. There are good and bad in all parties except the Democratic party, and in the Democratic party there are bad and worse.” The new Democratic party, a party that believes in repudiation, a party that would put the stain of dishonesty on every American brow and that would make this Government subject to the mob.

You have to make your choice. I have made mine. I go with the party that is traveling my way.

I do not pretend to belong to anything or that anything belongs to me. When a party goes my way I go with that party and I stick to it as long as it is traveling my road. And let me tell you something. The history of the Republican party is the glory of the United States. The Republican party has the enthusiasm of youth and the wisdom of old age. The Republican party has the genius of administration. The Republican party knows the wants of the people. The Republican party kept this country on the map of the world and kept our flag in the air. The Republican party made our country free, and that one fact fills all the heavens with light. The Republican party is the pioneer of progress; the grandest organization that has ever existed among men. The Republican party is the conscience of the nineteenth century. I am proud to belong to

it. Vote the Republican ticket and you will be happy here, and if there is another life you will be happy there.

I had an old friend down in Woodford County, Charley Mulidore. He won a coffin on Lincoln's election. He took it home and every birthday he called in his friends. They had a little game of "sixty-six" on the coffin lid. When the game was over they opened the coffin and took out the things to eat and drink and had a festival, and the minister in the little town, hearing of it, was scandalized, and he went to Charley Mulidore and he said: "Mr. Mulidore, how can you make light of such awful things?" "What things?" "Why," he said, "Mr. Mulidore, what did you do with that coffin? In a little while you die, and then you come to the day of judgment." "Well, Mr. Preacher, when I come to that day of judgment they will say, 'What is your name?' I will tell them, 'Charley Mulidore.' And they will say, 'Mr. Mulidore, are you a Christian?' 'No, sir, I was a Republican, and the coffin I got out of this morning I won on Abraham Lincoln's election.' And then they will say, 'Walk in, Mr. Mulidore, walk in, walk in; here is your halo and there is your harp.'"

If you want to live in good company vote the Republican ticket. Vote for Black for Governor of the State of New York—a man in favor of protection and honest money; a man that believes in the preservation of the honor of the Nation. Vote for members of Congress that are true to the great principles of the Republican party. Vote for every Republican candidate from the lowest to the highest. This is a year when we mean business. Vote, as I tell you, the Republican ticket if you want good company.

If you want to do some good to your fellow-men, if you want to say when you die—when the curtain falls—when the music of the orchestra grows dim—when the lights fade; if you want to live so at that time you can say "the world is better because I lived," vote the Republican ticket in 1896. Vote with the party of Lincoln—greatest of our mighty dead; Lincoln the Merciful. Vote with the party of Grant, the greatest soldier of his century; a man worthy to have been matched against Cæsar for the mastery of the world; as great a general as ever planted on the field of war the torn and tattered flag of victory. Vote with the party of Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas. But the time would fail me to repeat even the names of the philosophers, the philanthropists, the thinkers, the orators, the statesmen, and the soldiers who made the Republican party glorious forever.

We love our country; dear to us for its reputation throughout the world. We love our country for her credit in all the marts of the world. We love our country, because under her flag we are free. It is our duty to hand down the American institutions to our children unstained, unimpaired. It is our duty to preserve them for ourselves, for our children, and for their fair children yet to be.

This is the last speech that I shall make in this campaign, and to-night there comes upon me the spirit of prophecy. On November 4th you will find that by the largest majorities in our history, William McKinley has been elected President of the United States.

Volume 10

Address To The Jury In The Munn Trial

IF the Court please and the gentlemen of the jury: Out of an abundance of caution and, as it were, an extravagance of prudence, I propose to make a few remarks to you in this case. The evidence has been gone over by my associates, and arguments have been submitted to you which, in my judgment, are perfectly convincing as far as the innocence of this defendant is concerned. I am aware, however, that there is a prejudice against a case of this character. I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I know there is a prejudice against a case of this kind; and there is a very good reason for it. I believe to a certain degree with the district attorney in this case, who has said that every man who makes whiskey is demoralized. I believe, gentlemen, to a certain degree, it demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery, until it empties into the hell of crime, dishonor, and death, that it demoralizes everybody that touches it. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime. All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of the stream of death—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; the millions struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing. And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank—I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol. And I know that we, to a certain degree, have to fight that prejudice in this case; and so I say, for this reason among others, I deem it proper that I should submit to you, gentlemen, the ideas that occur to my mind upon this subject.

It may be proper for me to say here that I thank you, one and all, for the patience you have shown during this trial. You have patiently heard this testimony; you have patiently given your attention, I believe, to every word that has fallen from the lips of these witnesses, and for one I am grateful to you for it.

Now, gentlemen, understanding that there is this prejudice, knowing at the time the case commenced that it existed, I asked each one of you if there was any prejudice in your minds which in your judgment would prevent your giving a fair and candid verdict in this case, and you all, honestly, I know, replied that there was not. The district attorney, Judge Bangs, stated to you in the opening of this case, for the purpose of preparing your minds for the examination of this testimony, that you must, first of all, divest your minds of sympathy. I do not say that, gentlemen, neither would I say it were I the attorney of the Government of the United States, but I do say this: Divest yourselves of prejudice if you have it, but do not, gentlemen, divest yourselves of sympathy. What is the great distinguishing characteristic of man? What is it that distinguishes you and me from the lower animals—from the beasts? More, I say, than anything else, human sympathy—human sympathy. Were it not for sympathy, gentlemen, the idea of justice never would have entered the human brain.

This thing called sympathy is the mother of justice, and although justice has been painted blind, never has she been represented as heartless until so represented by the district attorney in this case. I tell you there is no more sacred, no more holy, and no purer thing than what you and I call sympathy; and the man who is unsympathetic is not a man. Gentlemen, the white breast of the lily is filthy as compared to the human heart perfumed with love and sympathy. I do not want you to divest yourselves of sympathy, neither do I want you to try the case entirely upon sympathy, but I want you sympathetic enough to put yourselves honestly in the place of this defendant. Now, gentlemen, as a matter of fact, this case resolves itself into simply one point; all the rest is nothing; all the rest is the merest fog that can be brushed from the mind with a wave of the hand, and it is all resolved down to simply one point, and that is: Is Jacob Rehin worthy of credit? Has Jacob Rehm told against this defendant a true story?

Now, that is all there is in this case. The other points that they raise, and which I shall allude to before I get through, are valuable only as they cast a certain amount of suspicion upon the defendant, but the real point is, and the attorneys for the Government know it, Is Mr. Jacob Rehm's story worthy of credit? Did he tell the truth? Judge Bangs felt that was the only question, and for that reason, in advance, he defended the reputation of Jacob Rehm for truth and veracity; and he made to the jury this remarkable statement: "The reputation of Jacob Rehm for truth and veracity is good. It spreads all over the city of Chicago like sunlight." That was the statement made by the district attorney of the United States. I do not believe that he would swear to that part of his speech. It was an insult to every person on this jury. It was an insult to this court; it was an insult to the intelligence of every bystander, that the reputation of Jacob Rehm spread like sunlight all over the city of Chicago! My God! what kind of sunlight do you mean? Think of it!

Now, then, gentlemen, he knew it was necessary to defend the character of Mr. Rehm; he knew it was necessary to defend that statement. He knew that the testimony of Mr. Rehm was the only nail upon which the jury could possibly hang a verdict of guilty in this case.

And now I propose to examine a little the testimony of Mr. Jacob Rehm. I believe it was stated by Judge Bangs that one of the best tests of truth was that a lie was at war with all the facts in the universe, and that every fact standing, as it were, on guard, was a member of the police of the universe to arrest all lies.

Let me state another truth. Every fact in the universe will fit every other fact in the universe. A lie never did, never will, fit anything but another lie made to fit it. Never, never! A lie is unnatural. A lie, in the nature of things, is a monstrosity. A lie is no part of the great circle, including the universe within its grasp, and consequently, as I said before, will fit nothing except another lie. Now, then, to examine the testimony of a witness, you examine into its naturalness, into its probability, because you expect another man to act something as you would under the same circumstances. We have no other way to judge other people except by our own experience and an authenticated record of the experience of others, consequently, when a man is telling a story, you have to apply to it the test of your own experience, and as I say the recorded tests of other honest men.

Now, let us suppose just for a moment that the testimony of Mr. Jacob Rehm is true. Let us suppose it. It has been stated to you, and admirably stated, by Judge Doolittle,—admirably stated,—that it was the height of absurdity to suppose that a man would do as he did for nothing. But let me put it in another light somewhat. According to the testimony of Mr. Jacob Rehm, he first tried to stop this stealing. Nobody offered him any money to stop it, but he simply went to the collector, Irwin, and said they were stealing, and that it must be stopped; and thereupon Collector Irwin changed the gaugers for the purpose of stopping the stealing. A few days thereafter, somebody came to him and wanted the stealing to commence, and he told them they would have to pay for it, and the amount they would have to pay for it, and he then went to Collector Irwin, whom he supposed at that time to be a perfectly honest and upright man, and told him, in short, that they wanted to steal, and would give five hundred dollars a month. Irwin said, “Go ahead.”

He admits that they did steal. He admits that they made a bargain with him. He admits that that happened, and he assigned all these gaugers and store-keepers. He admits that he did that for two years. He admits that he received at least one hundred and twenty thousand dollars of this money. He admits that in order to carry out this scheme he knew that every distiller would have to sign a lie every time he made a report to the Government. He admits that he knew every gauger would have to swear to a lie at the end of every month in his report of the transactions of each day. He admits that every store-keeper would be guilty of perjury every time he made a report. He admits that he knew that the thing that he was committing for two years was a daily penitentiary offence. He admits that he put himself in the power of all these gaugers and all these store-keepers, and all these distillers and rectifiers,—put it in their power to have him arrested for a penitentiary offence at any moment during the whole two years, and yet he tells you that he did this absolutely for nothing! He tells you every cent he received he divided and paid over; that he never kept a solitary dollar, except it may be for a box of cigars. I want the attorney for the Government to tell this jury that he believes that story. And if he does tell you so, gentlemen, I will give you notice now that you need not believe any other word Mr. Ayer says—if he says he believes that.

Now, then, what more? He knew that all these men were committing these penitentiary offences, and that he was putting himself in the power of all these men; and what was his motive? What, gentlemen, was his object?

It is impossible for me to imagine. If he got no money, if he made nothing out of this transaction, it is impossible for me to imagine why he embarked in such a course of crime. Why then did he say to you, gentlemen, that he paid all this money over? It was to build up a reputation with you. It was to make you think that whereas he paid this all over, that whereas he did all this business simply to accommodate his friends, that he was worthy of credit in his statement of this case. He told you that he did not keep a dollar simply to make a reputation with you. What did he want a reputation with you for? So that he would be believed. And what did he want to be believed for? So that he could send Munn to the penitentiary and, as the price of Munn’s incarceration, get his own liberty. That is the reason he swore it, and there is no other reason in the world. Is it probable a man would commit all these crimes for nothing?

Is it possible that he would hire and bribe other men to commit these crimes for nothing? I ask you; I ask your common sense; I appeal to your brains: Is it probable that he would do all that absolutely for nothing? Is it probable he would lay himself liable to the penitentiary every hour in the day for two years for nothing? There is and can be but one answer to such a question as that. Why, gentlemen, if his statement is true that he did all this for nothing, he is the most disinterested villain, the most self-sacrificing and self-denying thief of which the history of the world gives any record. Is it possible?

Is it possible, I say, that a man would make himself the sewer of all the official rot in this city, in which was deposited the excrement of frauds? Is it possible he would turn himself into a scavenger cart into which should be thrown all the moral offal of the city of Chicago for nothing? Whoever answers that question in the affirmative is, in my judgment, an idiot. Nobody can. Nobody has a mind so constructed that it can lodge an affirmative answer to that question within its brain.

What next? He tells you that Munn was in this plot; and that he, Mr. Rehm, at the same time was selling protection to these distillers. No distillers—and you know it—would have given him ten dollars a barrel unless they expected protection. He then was engaged in the sale of protection, was he not? Did you ever know of a vender crying down his own wares? Did you ever hear of a merchant crying down the quality of the cloth he wished to sell? Did you ever hear of a grocery man endeavoring to cry down that which he wished you to buy?

Jacob Rehm was selling protection at ten dollars a barrel, and sometimes asking twelve dollars and fifty cents. Was it not natural for him to endeavor to convince distillers that he had plenty of protection to sell? Was it not natural for him to make the distillers believe, “If you will give me ten dollars a barrel you will have perfect protection”? Would it be natural for him to say, “I will protect you for ten dollars a barrel, and yet I have none of the officers in my pay”? They would say, “What kind of protection have you got, sir?” Would it not be natural for him to make out his protection as good as he possibly could? Would it not be natural for him to tell you, “I have got all these officers on my side, from the lowest gauger to the gentleman who presides over the internal revenue department at the city of Washington”? The more protection he had the more money he could get, and consequently it would not be natural for him to cry down his own protection.

If Mr. Munn was in it, and if Mr. Munn at that time was the superior officer of the collector, and this man had protection to sell, would he not have said that Munn was also in the ring? When he was trying to sell protection to George Burrows at ten dollars a barrel, George Burrows asked him if Munn was in the ring and he said he was not. If Mr. Munn had been why didn’t he say that Munn was? For the reason that that would make his protection appear to be of a better quality, and he could have sold it at a better price. But he said “no,” and that they did not need him, because they could manage him, and fool him through this man Bridges, and you will recollect that Bridges was appointed directly by the Government and not by Munn; and Bridges reported directly to the Government and not to Munn. He had nothing to do with him one way or the other, except that they were both in the Revenue Department.

Now, I say if it is possible that a man can cry down his own wares that he wishes to sell, then you may say that the statement of Rehm is natural.

Now, gentlemen, why should he inform Burrows that Munn was about to make a visit here? In order that Burrows might have an opportunity to have his house put in order. Why should he have sent notices to other distillers that Munn was coming? Why should he tell them to put their houses in order? So as to be ready for a visit from Mr. Munn. It may be that the counsel for the Government will say, "This shows the infinite fidelity of this infinite rascal."

Now, I will come to this part of my argument again, but the next thing I will speak of is his story, where he says that he actually paid the money to Munn himself, and if there is anything left of that after I get through with it you are at perfect liberty to find the defendant guilty. You must recollect that he had a bargain. Now, according to his story, he paid this money to Bridges. You must recollect, according to his story, that Munn at that time was one of the conspirators, had been receiving money—a half of thirty-five thousand dollars or forty-five thousand dollars having gone into his pocket. Recollect that. He goes over one day to the rectifying-house of Roelle & Junker, and there are some barrels found, the stamps of which had not been scratched. Mr. Munn was assured by Roelle that there was no fraud. Roelle still swears that there was no fraud. He was afterward assured by Junker that there was no fraud. Junker still swears that there was no fraud.

Now, what does Rehm come in to swear? Rehm says that Bridges came to him and told him that Munn was going to make trouble—going to make trouble about these barrels that had the stamps on that were not scratched off. Why did not Rehm say to him, "How is he going to make a fuss? He has got twenty thousand dollars of money already. He is in the conspiracy. He is a nice man to make a fuss! What is he going to make a fuss about?" Would it not have been just as likely that Bridges should have made a fuss as that Munn should have made it? Bridges, according to the testimony of your immaculate witness, was in this no more than Munn—not one particle. And why was Munn going to make trouble? Mr. Rehm has endeavored to answer that question. Mr. Rehm then goes to Munn, sent there by Bridges—it would be very hard to find out why he did not give the money to Bridges,—but he went to Munn and says: "You are going to make some trouble about what you found at Roelle & Junker's?" "Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," he says, "the men at work there—the persons employed there—will make a fuss about it, but they will see it and say that it is overlooked."

Now, that is the reason that Rehm puts in the mouth of the defendant. Afterward he goes himself to Junker and advises him to give him five hundred dollars, and Junker proposes one thousand dollars, and gives him one thousand dollars, and then he sends for Munn and he comes to his office, and he hands him one thousand dollars.

Now, gentlemen, the reason Munn gave was that the men there would notice it and make a disturbance about it.

Well, then, why not pay the men? What is the use of paying Munn? If this was done to prevent the men working at the rectifying-house from making trouble, why not pay the men? Why not pay the men who were going to make the trouble? Why give an extra thousand dollars to a conspirator to whom you had already given twenty thousand dollars, and who, at that time, according to the testimony of Rehm, was officially rotten? Why not give the money to men who were going to make the trouble? And the next question is this—and if you will recollect the testimony of Roelle, he swears that when the defendant came to the rectifying-house, he (Roelle) was alone. He swears that he was alone. He swears that all the rest had gone to dinner, and according to Roelle's testimony there was nobody there but himself. Where were the men that were going to make this disturbance? Where were the men that were going to notice this oversight? Where were the men that were going to stir up difficulties at Washington or any other place? According to the testimony of Roelle those people were at dinner, and where, gentlemen, is the philosophy of that lie which they have told? Where is it? Why should he have paid Munn money? Why didn't he pay it to Bridges? If it was for the purpose of stopping the men from making trouble, why not pay it to the men they wished to stop? I ask the gentlemen to answer that question. I ask the gentlemen to tell us what men were in danger of making this trouble? Was it the gauger who received six hundred dollars a month for being a liar and a thief? Was it the book-keeper who, every report that he made, swore to a lie? Was there any danger of these liars and of these thieves making a fuss on their own account? Was there any danger of that gauger stopping his own pay? Was there any danger of that book-keeper trying to throw himself out of employment? Was there any danger of any thief or of any conspirator saying anything calculated to bring this rascality to the surface? If a bribed gauger would not tell it; if a bribed book-keeper would not tell it, I ask the Attorney-General for the Government, would Munn tell it, who had received, according to your evidence, over twenty thousand dollars of fraudulent money? Was there any danger of Munn turning state's evidence against himself? Was there not just as much danger of Bridges making a fuss as Munn? Was there not, according to their testimony, the same danger of Rehm himself going to Washington as there would be of a bribed gauger, and of a lying book-keeper? Gentlemen, your story won't hang together. There is no philosophy in it, and it will not fit anything except another lie made on purpose to fit it; and it has got to be made by a better mechanic than Jacob Rehm.

Now, then, gentlemen, what more? The district attorney told you, and I was astonished when he told it—I was astonished—he said that the testimony of Jacob Rehm was not impeached; that, on the contrary, it was sustained by these other witnesses. Had he made such a statement under oath I am afraid an indictment for perjury would lie. He said that the testimony had been sustained rather than impeached. How sustained?

"Mr. Rehm, did you ever give Mr. Burroughs notice that Mr. Munn was coming in order that he might put his house in order?"

Mr. Rehm says, "No."

We then asked Mr. Burroughs, "Did Mr. Rehm ever give you such notice?" and he corroborates Mr. Rehm by saying "Yes," if that is what you call corroboration.

“Did you tell Mr. Hesing that Munn was not in it?” “I did not.” “Mr. Hesing, did Mr. Rehm tell you that Munn was not in it.” “He did.”

That is another instance of the attorney’s idea of corroboration.

“Did you tell Hesing that Hoyt was innocent?” “I did not.” “Mr. Hesing, did Mr. Rehm tell you that Hoyt was innocent?” “He did.”

Another corroboration.

“Did you tell him that Munn never was in it—that Munn was innocent?” “No.”

We then asked him,

“Did he tell you that?” “He did.”

We say to Burroughs,

“In 1874, in 1873, in 1872, did Rehm tell you that Munn was not in it?” “He did.”

That is another idea I suppose of corroboration.

Q. Mr. Rehm, how much money did the house of Dickenson &c Leach give you? A. Twenty-five thousand dollars.

Q. Will you swear they did not give you thirty? A. I will.

Mr. Leach on the stand:

Q. How much money did your house give Rehm? A. Between forty thousand and fifty thousand dollars.

Another instance of corroboration.

We then called Mr. Burroughs upon the stand. He belonged to the same house:

Q. How much money did you give Jacob Rehm? A. Fifty-two thousand dollars.

Another instance of corroboration.

Q. Mr. Rehm, did Mr. Abel ever give you any money? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How many times? A. Once.

Q. How much? A. Five hundred dollars.

Q. Will you swear it was not a thousand? A. Yes.

Mr. Abel take the stand.

Q. Did you ever pay Jacob Rehm any money? A. Yes.

Q. How often? A. Once.

Q. How much? A. Two thousand dollars.

And that is another instance of the corroboration of Jacob Rehm. And when a man is thus corroborated, gentlemen, his reputation for truth and veracity “spreads like sunlight all over the city of Chicago.” There was not a circumstance, there was not a

statement made by Mr. Rehm except it was made in the presence of Bridges, who is in Canada; of Irwin, who is in his grave, or in the presence of the defendant, who stands here with his mouth closed—not one solitary circumstance, with those exceptions, that has not been contradicted. Can you believe this man? Can you believe this man who has been contradicted by every one brought upon the stand? Can you take his word after he has sworn as he has? I tell you, gentlemen, you cannot do it, and as Judge Doolittle told you, if there is an infamous crime in the world, it is the crime of perjury. All the sneaking instincts; all the groveling, crawling instincts unite and blend in this one crime called perjury. It clothes itself, gentlemen, in the shining vestments of an oath in order that it may tell a lie.

Perjury poisons the wells of truth, the sources of justice. Perjury leaps from the hedges of circumstance, from the walls of fact, to assassinate justice and innocence. Perjury is the basest and meanest and most cowardly of crimes. What can it do? Perjury can change the common air that we breathe into the axe of an executioner. Perjury out of this air can forge manacles for free hands. Perjury out of a single word can make a hangman's rope and noose. Perjury out of a word can build a scaffold upon which the great and noble must suffer. It was told during the Middle Ages and in the time of the Inquisition, that the inquisitors had a statue of the Virgin Mary, and when a man was brave enough to think his own thoughts he was brought before this tribunal and before this beautiful statue, robed in gorgeous robes and decked with jewels, and as a punishment he was made to embrace it. The inquisitor touched a hidden spring; the arms of the statue clutched the victim and drew him to a breast filled with daggers. Such, gentlemen, is perjury, and if you take into consideration the evidence of this witness when you retire to the jury-room, you, in my judgment, will commit an outrage. Every man here should spurn that man from the threshold of his conscience as he would a rabid cur from the threshold of his house.

Is there any safety in the world if you take the testimony of these men, especially when character avails nothing? Is there any safety in human society if you will take the testimony of a perjured man? Is there any safety in living among mankind if this is the law,—if the statement of a confessed conspirator makes the character of a great and good man worthless? For one I had rather flee to the woods and live with wild beasts and savage nature.

Gentlemen, I know that you will pay no attention to that kind of testimony. I know it. I know that you cannot do it. And why? You know that that man is swearing a lie for the purpose of protection. You know that that man is swearing a lie under the smile of the Government of the United States. You know it. You know he expects a benefit from it. You know it. When the other witnesses, Burroughs and Hesing, that swear here—understand that they are swearing beneath a frown. Understand that they know that no mercy will be extended to them by the attorneys that they have offended. Understand that, and when you understand that a man is swearing to protect himself, and when he is a man that will swear to a lie for money, of course he will swear to a lie to keep himself out of the penitentiary, or to shorten his time—I say, when you know a man is placed in that condition, you have no right to give the least weight to his testimony, not one particle.

What more, gentlemen. Why, they have another witness, and he has sworn nothing. He has sworn nothing that has anything to do with this conspiracy one way or the other. Nothing! The only evidence against the defendant, I tell you, is the evidence of Mr. Jacob Rehm.

The defendant, gentlemen, was an officer of the revenue for several years. When he came to Chicago, in 1871, the district attorney said the distillers were here in full blast making illicit whiskey. If he had read the evidence he knew better; if he had not, he had no business to make any statement about it. In 1871, when the defendant came here, according to the testimony of all these men, the distilleries were running straight, and the rascality did not commence until the fall of 1872, when Jacob Rehm sold protection to these distillers. The defendant had been here a year before any frauds were committed. He was then supervisor of internal revenue up to May, 1875. During that time he did many official acts; during that time he wrote hundreds and thousands of letters; during that time he made hundreds and hundreds of visits to all these establishments. They have searched the records; they have had every nook and cranny looked at by a hired detective, and all that they can possibly bring forward is the beggarly account presented in this case: First, that there were four or five barrels of rum without the ten cent stamps, and that, you know, is a thing that ought to send a man to the penitentiary; next, twenty-five barrels of which the stamps had not been scratched, but about which there was no fraud. Ought a man to be sent to the penitentiary because he does not seize a house when there has been a technical violation without any fraud? A supervisor that will do it ought to be kicked out of office; he ought to be kicked out of the society of honest and decent men, and if this defendant was satisfied from the story of Roelle and Junker that there had been no fraud committed by leaving the stamps on the twenty-five barrels unscratched, and had seized that house, that would have been an act of meanness, an act of oppression, which I do not believe even a Government attorney would uphold unless he was hired in the case. Now, what next did he do? The next thing he did he went to Golsen & Eastman. Gentlemen, I do not care to speak much of Golsen. If there ever was a man utterly devoid of such a thing as principle, if there ever was a man that would read the statute against stealing, and stand in perfect amazement that anybody ever thought of making such a statute, it certainly must be Golsen. You heard him, and he is the man that said he told lies in business; he is the man that said he did not think it was wrong to swear lies in business, and his business now is to keep out of the penitentiary; that is his principal business, that is one of the gentlemen they have hired, that is one of the gentlemen they have brought forward here to offend the nostrils of decent men. Now, then, he went to Golsen & Eastman. Judge Bangs told you in his speech that Golsen then and there explained his infamy to Munn.

If there is anything which makes my blood boil it is to have the evidence misstated for the purpose of putting a man in the penitentiary. I never will make a misstatement to add to my reputation.

I recollect that evidence so perfectly. I recollected it so clearly that it shocked me when he stated that the man Golsen explained all his rascality and villainy to Munn. Why, I never heard of such evidence. What was it? It was said by Mr. Ayer in the

opening that in the presence of Munn, Golsen said to Bridges, “It is not now all right,” or something like that, “but I can make it right,” or that he said in the presence of Munn, to Bridges, something that should have put Munn on his guard. I heard that, and I heard Golsen, when he came on the stand, say that he said that to Bridges, and you will bear me out when I say that I asked him in his cross-examination, “Did Munn hear it? Did you say it thinking that Munn did hear it?” and he did not pretend any such thing. He did not pretend it, and I tell you I was hurt, I was touched, I admit it, when Judge Bangs made the statement. I have an interest in this case. I am not only an attorney in this case, but, gentlemen, I am proud to say I am the defendant’s friend. I am more than his attorney; I am his friend, and when an attorney makes a statement like that I must say it shocks me. Golsen did not swear that he explained his villainy to Munn—not a word of that kind or character. On the contrary he simply said he told this to Bridges, not to Munn, and that Munn did not hear it.

What more? Col. Eastman was there at the same time.

Col. Eastman says he did everything he could to impress upon Mr. Munn that it was an honest transaction. What more? Then he went through the rectifying-house like an honest man. How did he act? Like an honest man. Did he act like somebody trying to cover up a fraud? No, he acted like an honest man, and I tell you up to that time Mr. Eastman had borne a good reputation—a good character in the state of Illinois. Munn believed what he said. He believed there had been an accident. Munn believed they made the charge in the books not for the purpose of covering up a fraud, but for the purpose of making the books agree with the facts. So much for that.

I do not recollect any others. I do not recollect any others that amount to anything—that can throw the slightest suspicion on this defendant. If he were upon trial now for failing to make a report; if he were on trial now for malfeasance or non-feasance or negligence as an officer, it would be proper to bring all these things before this jury, but that is not the case. He is here for entering into a conspiracy to defraud the Government, and these things that they have shown outside,—and it is perfectly amazing to me they have not shown more,—it is perfectly amazing to me that a man could be in that position the years he was without making more mistakes—I say, all they prove in the world is (give them their very worst construction), that he was guilty of some negligence as an officer, but they do not attempt to prove that he was in a conspiracy with Mr. Jacob Rehm to steal.

The next point, gentlemen, to which I wish to call your attention is the testimony of Mr. Rehm before the grand jury. You recollect when we put on Mr. Ward to show what Rehm testified to before the grand jury, that Mr. Ayer suggested that we had better have the notes. I saw then that he was extremely anxious for Schlichter to get on the stand. Then we introduced Mr. Oleson, and he still spoke about having the notes. I understood that it was a part of his case to have Schlichter brought on the stand in some way. Now, then, it does not make any difference to me whether Schlichter swore to the truth or not. Not a particle, not a particle, but I think he did. But if he did swear a lie, and he will swear a lie every chance he gets, in the course of time he will get such a character and such a reputation that a district attorney of the United States will stand up and say: “Schlichter’s reputation is good; it spreads like

sunlight all over the city of Chicago." Now, then, you have been told by Judge Doolittle all the men who swore that he did swear before the grand jury, that he did not know of any crookedness. You have heard the testimony of men who swear that he did swear before the grand jury that he knew of no fraud. If he did so swear he perjured himself or he has perjured himself now. But what more? Whether he swore that or not, he swore this according to their own statements:

Q. At the time you burned your books had you any knowledge that they contained any evidence of fraud against the Government? A. No, sir.

Now, he knew the distillers used a certain amount of malt to make a certain amount of high-wines, and he knew the more malt they used the more high-wines they would have to account for, and if they bought twice as much malt as was necessary to make the whiskey upon which they paid the tax, he knew that that was evidence that they had been running without paying the tax. If it takes a certain amount of malt for a gallon of high-wines, and his books would show they had used twice as much malt as they had paid taxes, according to gallons, then he did know that his books did contain evidence showing that they had committed fraud. And when he said his books did not, he told what he knew was a deliberate lie. What more does he say? He says these books were burned up about the first of May just to get them out of the way,—for no earthly object except simply to get them out of the way,—and he swears that he sold to nearly all these distillers malt, and he knew that the amount of malt sold to each of these distilleries would determine the amount of whiskey they had made, that is, not into a barrel or into a gallon, but approximately, and he knew the more malt they used the more tax they would have to show that they had paid. And he knew that his books would be evidence against every distiller in the city. He knew that, and yet he swears here, squarely and fairly, that at the time he burned his books he did not know that they were of any value as evidence against these distillers.

Now, gentlemen, I want to call your attention to another thing. When I asked him, when he was called here on the stand, if he was not asked about crookedness, whether he was not asked about fraud, at first he stumbled into telling the truth, as far as that was concerned, as far as being asked was concerned, and then told a lie as to how he answered it. Now, let me read it to you; you may have forgotten it. There is nothing like having these things printed:

Q. Were you sworn before that grand jury by anybody? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Were you asked any question about this whiskey business? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Were you asked by one of the grand jurors whether you knew of any illicit whiskey being made in this city by any of those distilleries? A. No, sir.

Q. I ask you in regard to your answer to that, if you did not say you did not? A. I did not.

Q. What did you say? A. The question was not asked in that way.

Q. Well, wait until I ask you, and then you can tell. Were you not asked if you knew of any crookedness about whiskey, and didn't you reply "No"? A. No; I answered "Yes."

There is his testimony. He was afraid then that he was caught, and he was going to swear deliberately that he swore before the grand jury, that he did know of crookedness. Then he changed his idea, and says afterward that it is about the one hundred and fifty barrels. He says now, “Put your question.” Then I put this question—”Put your question.” [Question repeated.] “A. The question was not put to me in that way.”

Now, he gets out of it and says it was the one hundred and fifty barrels he talked about; but I asked him then if he was not asked if he did not know about any crookedness here and how he answered it, and he says that he answered it “Yes.” That is, before he found out that it was necessary to change his answer or to change his mind upon that question. That is what he says. And it is utterly impossible, gentlemen, to get out of the fact that he did, before that grand jury, swear that he knew of no crookedness. You can not get out upon Mr. Roelle’s testimony. You can not get out upon the idea that Schlichter put it in. Schlichter did not put it into the memory of the old man Samson. Schlichter did not write it in the memory of Mr. Hoag. Schlichter did not write it in the consciousness of Mr. Oleson. Schlichter did not write it in short-hand in the head of J. D. Ward. Schlichter, I tell you, by his short-hand necromancy, has not changed six or seven men into liars whether he put that in the second line from the top or not. He cannot do that with his short-hand, gentlemen. He could not make old Mr. Samson come here and say, “I asked that question myself; I thought that when he was there he was the head centre of all the rascality. And so just before he went out I put one of those general, pinching questions as to whether he knew anything. It was a kind of conscience scraper.” The old man put that question just as these witnesses were going out: “Do you know anything about any fraud? Do you know anything about any crookedness?” It was a kind of a last question that would cover the case, and the old man recollects that he put it to Jacob Rehm and he recollects why he put it to him, because he believed at that time that he was the head centre of the villainy. Mr. Hoag says the same thing. Mr. Hoag says that he looked upon him as the great rascal in the business; and he recollects distinctly that he asked him that question; and he recollects as distinctly how he answered it. J. D. Ward was the attorney of the United States, and he swears to it that he recollects it perfectly. Oleson was an attorney of the United States. He says that he recollects it perfectly. And yet is this all to be accounted for, gentlemen, by saying that Mr. Schlichter inserted it in his notes and that all these other gentlemen are mistaken? The fact is, gentlemen, that Mr. Rehm, when he was there, had not made up his mind to vomit; he had not yet made up his mind that he could make a bargain with the United States to get out of punishment. He did not know at that time that he need not go to the penitentiary if he would furnish a substitute. He did not know, gentlemen, at that time that he could have any understanding with anybody; if he would bring better blood than his they would deal lightly with him. He did not know at that time that two owls could be traded off for an eagle. He did not know at that time that two snakes could be traded off for a decent man. As soon as he found that out, then, instead of saying that he did not know anything about any crookedness; instead of saying that he did not know anything about any fraud, he said, gentlemen, “I know all about it. I know all of them; every one of them.”

Now, gentlemen, I want you to put against that man's testimony the lies he swore to himself. I want you to put against that man's testimony the improbability that he would commit numberless crimes for nothing. I want you to put against that man's testimony the testimony of every one who has contradicted and disputed him. I want you to put against that man's testimony the idea and the fact that he warned these other men against the approach of Munn. I want you to put against that man's testimony all the circumstances of the lies he has sworn; and I want you, in addition to that, to put against that man's testimony the evidence of this defendant.

You have been told by the district attorney—and if I have said anything too strong in the warmth of this discussion I beg his pardon. I have known Judge Bangs a long time, I have been his friend, I respect him; but I must say I felt a little outraged at what he said, because he said he had sympathy with this defendant. He got up here and said that the defendant bore a most excellent reputation. He got up and said that he sympathized with him, and all at once I saw his sympathy was a cloak under which he concealed a dagger to stab him. Now, then, he says good character is nothing. Good character is nothing! Good character, gentlemen, is not made in a day. It is the work of a life. The walls of that grand edifice called a good character have to be worked at during life. All the good deeds, all the good words, everything right and true and honest that he does, goes into this edifice, and it is domed and pinnacled with lofty aspirations and grand ambitions. It is not made in a day, neither can it be crumbled into blackened dust by a word from the putrid mouth of a perjurer. Let these snakes writhe and hiss about it. Let the bats fly in at its windows if they can. They cannot destroy it; but above them all rises the grand dome of a good character, not with the bats and snakes, but up, gentlemen, with eagles in the sunlight. They cannot prevail against a good character. Is it worth anything? If ever I am indicted for any offence and stand before a jury, I hope that I shall be able to prove as unsullied a reputation as Daniel W. Munn has proved. And when I read those letters, not only saying that his character was good, but adding "above reproach," it thrilled me and I thought to myself then, "if ever you get in trouble will anybody certify as splendidly and as grandly to your reputation?" There is not a man of this jury that can prove a better reputation. There is not a judge on the bench in the United States that can prove a better reputation. There never was and there never will be an attorney at this bar that can prove a better reputation. There is not one in this audience that can prove a better reputation. And yet we are told that that splendid fabric called a good character cannot stand for a moment against a word from a gratuitous villain—not one moment.

Such, gentlemen, is not the law of this country. Such, gentlemen, never will be the law of this land or of any other. I deny it, and I hurl it back with scorn. A good character will stand against the testimony of all the thieves on earth. A good character, like a Gibraltar, will stand against the testimony of all the rascals in the universe, no matter how they assail it. It will stand, and it will stand firmer and grander the more it is assaulted. What is the use of doing honestly? What is the use of working and toiling? What is the use of taking care of your wife and your children? Where is the use, I say, of being honest in your business? What is the use of always paying your debts as you agree? What is the use of living for others? Character is made of duty and love and sympathy, and, above all, of living and working for others.

What is the use of being true to principle? What is the use of taking a sublime stand in favor of the right with the world against you? What is the use of being true to yourself? What is the use, I say, if all this character, if all this noble action, if all this efflorescence of soul can be blasted and blown from the world simply by a word from the mouth of a confessed felon? And yet we are assured here in this august tribunal, in a Federal court of the United States, where the defendant stands under the protection of the the Constitution of his country, that his character is absolutely worthless.

They say, “Why don’t you bring somebody to impeach Mr. Jacob Rehm?” Why? because he has impeached himself.

To impeach a man is the last method. If he tells an improbable story, that impeaches him. If he tells an unnatural story, that impeaches him. If you prove he has sworn a different way, that impeaches him. If you show he has stated a different way, that impeaches him. What is the use of impeaching him any more? That would be a waste of time.

Now, gentlemen, I say to you, and I say to you once for all, I want you to get out of your minds and out of your hearts any prejudice against this man on account of these times. I understand now that in every man’s pathway hiss and writhe the serpents of suspicion. I understand now that every man in high place can be pointed at with the dirty finger of a scurvy rascal. I understand that. I understand that no matter how high his position is, that any man, no matter how low, how leprous he may be, what a cancerous heart he may have, he can point his finger at the man high up on the ladder of fame, and the man has to come down and explain to the wretched villain. I understand that; but these prejudices I want out of your mind. I want you to try this case according to the evidence and nothing else. I want you to say whether you believe the testimony of these conspirators and scoundrels. I want you to say whether you are going to take the testimony of that man, and if you bring in a verdict of guilty I want you to be able to defend yourselves when you go to the defendant and tell him: “We found you guilty upon a man’s testimony who admitted that he was a thief: who admitted that he was a perjurer; who admitted that he hired others to swear lies, and who committed crimes without number year after year.” I want you to say whether that is an excuse to give to him. Is it an excuse to give to his pallid, invalid wife? Is it an excuse to give to his father eighty years old, trembling upon the verge of the grave: “I sent your son to the penitentiary upon the evidence of a convicted thief”? I say is it an excuse to give to his weeping wife? Is it an excuse to give to his child: “I sent your father to the penitentiary upon the evidence of Jacob Rehm”? There is not one of you can go to the child, or to the sick wife, or to the old man, or to the defendant himself, and without the blush of shame say: “I sent you to the penitentiary upon the evidence of Jacob Rehm.” You cannot do it. It is not in human nature to do it.

Now, gentlemen, there is one other thing I want to say. Suspicion is not evidence. Suspicious circumstances are not evidence. All the suspicion in the world, all the suspicious circumstances in the world, amount not to evidence. I want to say one more thing. They say that the testimony of a thief ought to be corroborated. By whom? another thief? No. Because that other thief wants corroboration, and that other thief would want corroboration, and so on until thieves ran out, which I think

would be a long time in this particular community at this particular time. Understand that whatever one thief swears, that it is not corroborated because another thief swears to the same thing, and upon the point upon which Judge Doolittle dwelt so splendidly he must be corroborated upon the exact point. For instance, Mr. Munn went to his house, Mr. Munn went to his office, and another man says, I saw him there. That is not corroboration. He must be corroborated in the fact that he gave him the money, not that Munn went to his house—not that he had an opportunity to give him the money—not that he was there, but he must be corroborated as to the exact, identical point that makes the guilt.

Now, gentlemen, I am going to leave this case with you. I feel a great interest in it. The defendant feels an infinite interest in it, infinite, I tell you. It is all he has on earth, all he has is with you. You are going to take his hopes; you are going to take his aspirations; you are going to take his ambition; you are going to take his family; you are going to take his child; you are going to take everything he has in this world into your power. It is a fearful thing to take this responsibility. I know it. But you are going to take it—his future, everything he has dreamed and hoped for, everything that he has expected to attain—his character, everything he has that is dear to him, and you are going to say "Not guilty," or you are going to cover him with the mantle of infamy and shame forever; you are going to disgrace his blood; you are going to bring those that love him down with sorrow to their graves; you are either going to do that or you are going to say, "We will not believe the testimony of self-convicted robbers and thieves." And, gentlemen, I ask you, I implore you, I beseech you, more than that, I demand of you that you find in this case a verdict of "Not guilty." Put yourself in his place. Do you want to be convicted on that kind of testimony? Do you want to go to the penitentiary with that kind of witnesses against you? Do you want to be locked up on that kind of testimony? Do you want to be separated from your wife or your child on that kind of evidence? Do you want to be rendered infamous during your life upon the testimony of such men as Golsen and Conklin and Rehm? Do you? Do you? Do you? Does any man in the world imagine that twelve honest men can be found that can rob another of his citizenship, of his honor, of his character, of his home, and of his entire fortune, simply upon the testimony of such scoundrels? No, gentlemen. For myself, for this defendant, I have no fear. All I ask is that you will give to this evidence the weight that it deserves. All I ask of the prosecuting attorney in this case is that he do his duty. All I ask of him is to state just as nearly as he can, as I have no doubt he will, the evidence in the case. All I ask of him is that he give to all these circumstances their due weight, and no more. I ask him to fight for justice and not for his reputation. I ask him to fight for the honor of the Government. I ask him to fight for the complete doing of justice, if he can, but I hope he will leave out of the case all idea that he must win a case or that I must lose a case. We are contending for too great a stake. Personally, I care nothing about it, whether I make or lose what you please to call reputation in this affair. I care everything for my client. I care everything for his honor, and more than that, gentlemen, I love the United States of America. I love this Government, I love this form of government, and I do not want to see the sources of government poisoned. I do not want to see a state of things in the United States of America whereby a man can be consigned to a dungeon upon the testimony of a robber and thief, simply upon

a political issue, simply by the testimony of some man who wishes to purchase immunity at the price of another's liberty and honor.

One more point, and I have done. I had forgotten it, or I should have mentioned it before. They have appealed to you all along to say that the fact that high-wines were so cheap during all this time put Mr. Munn upon his information, so to speak, that there were frauds. Let me take those books and let us see. On the 6th day of June, 1874, the tax on spirits was seventy cents, and the price was ninety-four cents. That made them get twenty-four cents a gallon for the whiskey. Understand, the tax was seventy, the price was ninety-four. That made them get twenty-four cents for the whiskey. Now, then, on the 10th of June it was ninety-six and a half cents. That made twenty-six and a half for the whiskey. On the 10th of June, 1874, twenty-six and a half they got for the whiskey. February 11, 1874, ninety-six cents, which made twenty-six cents; and so it went on in that way, until what? Until the tax was raised from seventy cents to ninety cents, and what is it now? The tax on whiskey, gentlemen, is ninety cents, and the price on the 10th day of May, 1876, is one dollar and seven cents; so that the price of whiskey now is only seventeen cents above the tax, and at the time that Mr. Munn ought to have known that everybody was a thief and rascal, the price was twenty-six cents above the tax, ten cents more than now. From these figures, gentlemen, you will see it, and how high did it go? The day Mr. Munn was turned out of office—gentlemen, on the tenth day of May, 1875,—the tax then being ninety cents, whiskey was worth one dollar and fifteen cents. The day he was turned out. It was nine cents more than it is today. You are welcome to all you can make out of that argument. It was worth nine cents more a gallon above the tax the day he was turned out than it is to-day, and if Mr. Munn was bound to take judicial notice that there was nothing but frauds in the district, and every distillery was running crooked, I say that the officers of the Government are bound to take that notice to-day, and you must recollect, gentlemen, that it was admitted in this case that there were frauds all over the country, that there were distilleries running in St. Louis, in San Francisco, in Milwaukee, in Peoria or Pekin, in Peoria, I believe, in my town, not a sound has been heard, and not a solitary man, I believe, charged with fraud—in St. Louis, in Louisville, in Cincinnati, in all these towns. Now, where was the whiskey being made that was crooked? Nobody could tell. If there was a vast amount being made in Cincinnati it would lessen the price in Chicago, no matter whether the Chicago distillers were running honestly or not. If there was a vast amount being made in St. Louis it would lessen the price, no matter whether the other distilleries were running honestly or not, consequently it was impossible for the supervisor to tell it.

There is another thing I forgot. During all the time Jacob Rehm was doing this gratuitous rascality he was one of the bondsmen on the official bond of Hoyt. He was not only helping Hoyt steal and giving him all the money, but he was making himself responsible for the money he stole, and he did not charge any commission on it. He did not charge for any shrinkage or shortage or anything in the world, but made himself liable for the uttermost farthing. He was on the bond of Collector Irwin, called the stamp bond, and so do not forget that he did not only not take any money, but he went on the acknowledgments of the thieves that stole it. He not only did not

take any himself, but he made himself liable as a bondsman for what he gave to them. Do not forget these things.

Now, gentlemen, I believe I have said about all I wish to say to you; the rest is for you. You must take the case, and, as I said, you do not want to go off on any prejudice against the kind or the character of the case. You do not want to go off on the idea that the air is full of rascality because some of us are to be tried next. We don't know. Let us try this case fairly and squarely on the evidence, and the next time I meet you, gentlemen, every one of you will be glad that you found this defendant not guilty, as you cannot avoid doing.

[The Jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty."]

Closing Address To The Jury In The First Star Route Trial

MAY it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury: Let us understand each other at the very threshold. For one I am as much opposed to official dishonesty as any man in this world. The taxes in this country are paid by labor and by industry, and they should be collected and disbursed by integrity. The man that is untrue to his official oath, the man that is untrue to the position the people have honored him with, ought to be punished. I have not one word to say in defence of any man who I believe has robbed the Treasury of the United States. I want it understood in the first place that we are not defending; that we are not excusing; that we are not endeavoring to palliate in the slightest degree dishonesty in any Government official. I will go still further: I will not defend any citizen who has committed what I believe to be a fraud upon the Treasury of this Government. Let us understand each other at the commencement.

You have been told that we are a demoralized people; that the tide of dishonesty is rising ready to sweep from one shore of our country to the other. You have been appealed to to find innocent men guilty in order that that tide may be successfully resisted. You have been told—and I have heard the story a thousand times—that this country was demoralized by what the gentlemen are pleased to call the war, and that owing to the demoralization of the war it is necessary to make an example of somebody that the country may take finally the road to honesty. We were in a war lasting four years, but I take this occasion to deny that that war demoralized the people of the United States. Whoever fights for the right, or whoever fights for what he believes to be right, does not demoralize himself. He ennobles himself. The war through which we passed did not demoralize the people. It was not a demoralization; it was a reformation. It was a period of moral enthusiasm, during which the people of the United States became a thousand times grander and nobler than they had ever been before. The effect of that war has been good, and only good. We were not demoralized by it. When we broke the shackles from four millions of men, women and children it did not demoralize us. When we changed the hut of the slave into the castle of the freeman it did not demoralize us. When we put the protecting arm of the law about that hut and the flag of this nation above it, it was not very demoralizing. When we stopped stealing babes the country did not suddenly become corrupted. That war was the noblest affirmation of humanity in the history of this world. We are a greater people, we are a grander people, than we were before that war. That war repealed statutes that had been made by robbery and theft. It made this country the home of man. We were not demoralized.

There is another thing you have been told in order that you might find somebody guilty. You have been told that our country is distinguished among the nations of the world only for corruption. That is what you have been told. I care not who said it first. It makes no difference to me that it was quoted from a Republican Senator. I deny it. This country is not distinguished for corruption. No true patriot believes it. This country is distinguished for something else. The credit of the United States is

perfect. Its bonds are the highest in the world. Its promise is absolute pure gold. Is that the result of being distinguished for corruption? I have heard that nonsense, that intellectual rot all my life, that the people used to be honest, but at present they are exceedingly bad. It is the capital stock of every prosecuting lawyer; but in it there is not one word of truth. Is this country distinguished only for its corruption throughout Europe? No. It is respected by every prince and by every king; it is loved by every peasant. Is it because we have such a reputation for corruption that a million people from foreign lands sought homes under our flag last year? Is corruption all we are distinguished for? Is it because we are a nation of rascals that the word America sheds light in every hut and in every tenement in Europe? Is it because we are distinguished for corruption that that one word, America, is the dawn of a career to every poor man in the Old World? I always supposed that we were distinguished for free schools, for free speech, for just laws; not for corruption. A country covered with schoolhouses, where the children of the poor are put upon an exact equality with those of the rich, is not distinguished for corruption. And yet in the name of this universal corruption you are appealed to to become also corrupt. This nation is substantially a hundred years old, and to-day the assessed property of the United States is valued at $50,000,000,000. Is that the result of corruption, or is it the result of labor, of integrity and of virtue? I deny that my country is distinguished for corruption. I assert that it rises above the other nations distinguished for humanity as high as Chimborazo above the plains. Never will I put a stain upon the forehead of my country in order that I may win some case, and in order that I may consign some honest man to the penitentiary. I stand here to deny that this is a corrupt country. Let me say that the only tribute that I ever heard paid to corruption was indirectly paid by Mr. Merrick himself. He told you that official corruption destroyed the French Empire, and upon the ruins of that empire arose the French Republic. He makes official corruption the father of French liberty. If it works that way I hope they will have it in every monarchy on the globe. Napoleon stole something besides money; he stole liberty, and the French people finally got to that condition of mind where they preferred to be trampled on by Germany rather than to have their liberty devoured by Napoleon. From that splendid sentiment sprang the French Republic. This country is the land not of slavery, but of liberty, not of unpaid toil, but of successful industry. There is not a poor man to-day in all Europe or a poor boy who does not think about America. I recollect one time in Ireland that I met with a little fellow about ten years old with a couple of rags for pantaloons and a string for a suspender. I said, “My little man, what are you going to do when you grow up?” “*Going to America*.” It is the dream of every peasant in Germany. He will go to America; not because it is the land of corruption, but because it is the land of plenty, the land of free schools, the land where humanity is respected.

There is another thing about this country. We have a king here, and that king is the law. That king is the legally expressed will of a majority, and that law is your sovereign and mine. You have no right to violate one law to carry out another. We all stand equal before that law, and the law must be upheld as an entirety, and in no other way. If in this case you believe these defendants beyond a doubt to be guilty, it is your duty to find them so, and you must find them so in order to preserve your own respect. I do not agree with this prosecution in the idea that the perpetuity of the

Republic depends upon this verdict. Decide as badly as you please, as horribly as you can, the Republic will stand. The Republic will stand in spite of this verdict, and the Republic will stand until people lose confidence in verdicts—until they lose confidence in legal redress. When the time comes that we have no confidence in courts and no confidence in juries, then the great temple will lean to its fall, and not until then. As long as we can get redress in the courts, as long as the laws shall be honestly administered, as long as honesty and intelligence sit upon the bench, as long as intelligence sits in the chairs of jurors, this country will stand, the law will be enforced and the law will be respected. But so far as my clients are concerned, everything they have, everything they love, everything for which they hope, home, friends, wife, children, and that priceless something called reputation, without which a man is simply living clay, everything they have is at stake, and everything depends upon your verdict. I want you to understand that everything depends upon your decision, and yet my clients with their world at stake, home, everything, *everything*, ask only at your hands the mercy of an honest verdict according to the evidence and according to the law. That is all we ask, and that we expect. By an honest verdict I mean a verdict in accordance with the testimony and in accordance with the law, a verdict that is a true and honest transcript of each juror's mind, a verdict that is the honest result of this evidence. Whoever takes into consideration the desire, or the supposed desire, of the outside public is bribed. Whoever finds a verdict to please power, whoever violates his conscience that he may be in accord, or in supposed accord, with an administration or with the Government, is bribed. Whoever finds a verdict that he may increase his own reputation is bribed. Whoever finds a verdict for fear he will lose his reputation is bribed. Whoever bends to the public judgment, whoever bows before the public press, is bribed.

Fear, prejudice, malice, and the love of approbation bribe a thousand men where gold bribes one. An honest verdict is the result not of fear, but of courage; not of prejudice, but of candor; not of malice, but of kindness. Above all, it is the result of a love of justice. Allow me to say right here that I believe every solitary man on this jury wishes to give a verdict exactly in accordance with this testimony and exactly in accordance with the law. Every man on this jury wishes to preserve his own manhood. Every man on this jury wishes to give an honest verdict. There are no words sufficiently base to describe a man who will knowingly give a dishonest verdict. I believe every man upon this jury to be absolutely honest in this case. The mind of every juror, like the needle to the pole, should be governed simply by the evidence. That needle is not disturbed by wind or wave, and the mind of the honest juror never should be disturbed by clamor, nor by prejudice, nor by suspicion. Your minds should not be affected by the fume, by the froth, by the fiction, or by the fury of this prosecution. You should pay attention simply to the evidence, and to use the language of one of my clients, you should be governed by the frozen facts. That is all you have any right to think of and all you have any right to examine.

Having now said thus much about the duties of jurors, let me say one word about the duties of lawyers. I believe it is the duty of a lawyer, no matter whether prosecuting or defending, to make the testimony as clear as he can. If there is anything contradictory it is his business if he possibly can to make it clear. If there is any question of law about which there is a doubt, it is his right and it is his duty to give to

the court the result of his study and of his thoughts, for the purpose of enlightening the court upon that particular branch of law. No matter if he may believe the court understands it, if there is the slightest fear that the court does not or has forgotten it, it is his duty to bring the attention of the court to that law. It is not his duty to abuse anybody. It is not my duty to abuse anybody. There is no logic in abuse; not the slightest; and when a lawyer, under the pretext of explaining the evidence to the jury, calls a defendant a thief and a robber, he steps beyond the line of duty and, in my judgment, beyond the line of his privilege. What light does that throw upon the case? In his effort to explain the law to the court what cloud does it remove from the intellectual horizon of his honor for the attorney to call the defendant a robber, a thief, or a pickpocket? I shall in this case give you what I believe to be the facts. I shall call your attention to the testimony. I shall endeavor to throw what light I am capable of throwing upon this entire question. I shall not deal in personalities. They are beneath me. I shall not deal in epithets. Nobody worth convincing can be convinced in that way. Now, let us see what the law is, and let us see what our facts are. In the beginning of this dusty branch I shall ask the pardon of every juror in advance for going over these facts once again. You see they strike every man in a peculiar way. No two minds are exactly alike. No pair of eyes distinguish exactly the same object or the same peculiarities of the objects. This is an indictment under section 5440 of the Revised Statutes, and there must not only be a conspiracy to defraud, but there must be an overt act done in pursuance of that conspiracy for the purpose of effecting the object of it. Now, then, how must these overt acts be stated in this indictment? Is the overt act a part of the crime, and must it, be described with the same particularity that you describe the offence? Which of the overt acts set out in this indictment is the overt act depended upon, together with the act of conspiring, to make this offence? I hold, may it please your Honor, that every overt act set out in the indictment must be proved exactly as it is alleged, no matter whether the description was necessary to be put in the indictment or not. No matter how foolish, how unnecessary the description, it must be substantiated, and it must be proven precisely as it is charged. No matter whether the particular thing described is of importance or not, no matter how infinitely unnecessary it was to speak of it, still, if it is a matter of description, it must be proven precisely as it is charged. Upon that subject I wish to call the attention of the Court to some authorities, and it will take me but a few moments. I will call the attention of the Court first to the case of the State against Noble, 15 Maine, 476. Here a man was indicted for fraudulently and willfully taking from the river and converting to his own use certain logs. These logs were described as marked “W” with a cross, and “H” with another cross, and with a girdle. Now, it seems that a part of this mark was not found, according to the testimony upon the logs taken:

“The description of these logs in the indictment is the only way the logs could be distinguished and could not be rejected as surplusage. It has been settled that if a man be indicted for stealing a black horse, and the evidence be that he stole a white one, he cannot be convicted. The description of a log by the mark is more essential than that of a horse by its color. If it was not necessary to describe the log so particularly by the mark, yet so having stated it, there can be no conviction without proof of it.”

Now, the court, in deciding this, says:

"It may be regarded as a general rule, both in criminal prosecutions and in civil actions, that an unnecessary averment may be rejected where enough remains to show that an offence has been committed, or that a cause of action exists. In Ricketts vs. Solway, 2 Barn., & Aid., 360, Abbott, C. J., says: 'There is one exception, however, to this rule, which is, where the allegation contains matter of description. Then, if the proof given be different from the statement, the variance is fatal.' As an illustration of this exception, Starkie puts the case of a man charged with stealing a black horse. The allegation of color is unnecessary, yet as it is descriptive of that, which is the subject-matter of the charge, it cannot be rejected as surplusage, and the man convicted of stealing a white horse. The color is not essential to the offence of larceny, but it is made material to fix the identity of that, which the accused is charged with stealing."

3 Stark., 1531. "In the case before us the subject-matter is a pine log marked in a particular manner described. The marks determine the identity, and are, therefore, matter purely of description. It would not be easy to adduce a stronger case of this character. It' might have been sufficient to have stated that the defendant took a log merely, in the words of the statute. But under the charge of taking a pine log we are quite clear that the defendant could not be convicted of taking an oak or a birch log. The offence would be the same; but the charge to which the party was called to answer, and which it was incumbent on him to meet, is for taking a log of an entirely different description. The kind of timber and the artificial marks by which it was distinguished are descriptive parts of the subject-matter of the charge which cannot be disregarded, although they may have been unnecessarily introduced. The log proved to have been taken was a different one from that charged in the indictment; and the defendant could be legally called upon to answer only for taking the log there described. In our judgment, therefore, the jury were erroneously instructed that the marks might be rejected as surplusage; and the exceptions are accordingly sustained."

I also cite the case of the State against Clark, 3 Foster, New Hampshire, 429:

"Indictment for fraudulently altering the assignment of a mortgage. The indictment set forth the mortgage, and also the assignment, as it was alleged to have been originally made from Miles Burnham to Noah Clark, the respondent; and alleged that the assignment was signed, sealed, delivered, witnessed by two witnesses, and duly and legally recorded at length, in the registry of deeds of Rockingham county, on the 18th of September, 1844. It then alleged that this assignment was fraudulently altered on the 28th of June, 1844, by inserting the letter 'S' in two places, between the words 'Noah' and 'Clark,' so that the assignment originally made to Noah Clark, after the alteration appeared as if it were made to Noah S. Clark.

"On trial the records of deeds were produced, and there was found a record of the assignment purporting to be made to Noah S. Clark, the record bearing date September 18, 1844, but there was no record of any assignment to Noah Clark. The respondent's counsel objected that this evidence did not support the allegations of the indictment. The forgery was alleged to have been committed on the 28th of June,

1844, and the court admitted evidence that Miles Burnham, who executed the assignment, being applied to about the 30th of July, 1846, for a loan of money upon a mortgage of the same property, declined to make the loan unless he was satisfied there was no mortgage of conveyance of the land by Noah Clark, and the person who drew the assignment searched the records with Burnham, and found no such deed on record. This evidence was objected to, but was understood to be introductory to other material and pertinent evidence, and was therefore admitted; but no such other evidence, to which it was introductory, was offered.

"The jury found a verdict of guilty, which the defendant moved to set aside."

Upon that the court says:

"We are not able to look upon this statement that the deed was duly recorded as well as witnessed and acknowledged according to the statute, in any other light than as part of the description of the deed and conveyance which the defendant was charged with altering. We are, therefore, of opinion that the evidence upon this point did not sustain the indictment."

Now, if the statement that the mortgage was recorded was such a material part of the description that a failure to prove the record as charged was fatal, so, I say, in these overt acts, if they charge that a thing was done or a paper filed on a certain day and it turns out not to be so, that is a fatal variance, and under that description in the indictment the charge cannot be substantiated. I refer to the case against Northumberland, 46 New Hampshire, 158, and also to the King against Wennard, 6 Carrington & Paine, 586.

Clark vs. Commonwealth, 16 B., Monroe, 213:

"The doctrine seems to have been well settled in England and this country, that in criminal cases, although words merely formal in their character may be treated as surplusage and rejected as such, a descriptive averment in an indictment must be proved as laid, and no allegation, whether it be necessary or unnecessary, more or less particular, which is descriptive of the identity of what is legally essential to the charge in the indictment, can be rejected as surplusage."

And in this case I cite Dorsett's case, 5th Roger's Record, 77:

"On an indictment for coining there was an alleged possession of a die made of iron and steel, when, in fact, it was made of zinc and antimony. The variance was deemed fatal."

And yet it was not necessary to state of what the die was made. If the indictment had simply said he had in his possession this die, it would have been enough, but the pleader went on and described it, saying it was made of iron and steel. It turned out upon the trial that it was made of zinc and antimony, and the variance was held to be fatal. So I cite the court to Wharton's American Crim. Law, 3rd edition, page 291, and to Roscoe on Criminal Evidence, 151. Now I cite the case of the United States against Foye, 1st Curtis's Circuit Court Reports, 368, and I do not think it will be easy to find a case going any further than this. It goes to the end of the road:

"A letter containing money deposited in the mail for the purpose of ascertaining whether its contents were stolen on a particular route and actually sent on a post-route, is a letter intended to be sent by post within the meaning of the post-office act."

This I understand was a decoy letter.

"The description of the termini between which the letter was intended to be sent by post cannot be rejected as surplusage, but must be proved as laid."

Upon that the court says:

"But a far more difficult question arises under the other part of the objection. The indictment alleges, not only that this letter was intended to be conveyed by post, but describes where it was to be conveyed; it fixes the termini as Georgetown and Ipswich. The allegation is, in substance, that the letter was intended to be conveyed by post from Georgetown to Ipswich. The question is, whether the words from Georgetown to Ipswich can be treated as surplusage. It was necessary to allege that the letter was intended to be conveyed by post. The words from Georgetown to Ipswich are descriptive of this intent. They describe, more particularly, that intent which it was necessary to allege. In United States vs. Howard, 3 Sumner, 15, Mr. Justice Story lays down the following rule, which we consider to be correct: 'No allegation, whether it be necessary or unnecessary, whether it be more or less particular, which is descriptive of the identity of that which is legally essential to the charge in the indictment, can ever be rejected as surplusage.' Apply that rule to this case. It is legally essential to the charge to allege some intent to have the letter conveyed somewhere by post. Suppose the indictment had alleged an intent to have it conveyed between two places where no post-office existed, and over a post-route where no postroad was established by law. Inasmuch as the court must take notice of the laws establishing post-offices and post-roads, the indictment would then have been bad; because this necessary allegation would, on its face, have been false. Words, therefore, which describe the termini and the route, and thus show what in particular was intended, do identify the intent, and show it to be such an intent as was capable, in point of law, of existing.

"And we are obliged to conclude that they cannot be treated as surplusage, and must be proved, substantially, as laid. We are of opinion, therefore, that there was a variance between the indictment and the proof; and that, for this cause, a new trial should be granted."

So I refer to the State vs. Langley, 34th New Hampshire, 530.

The Court. I think, Colonel Ingersoll, there is no doubt about this doctrine.

Mr. Ingersoll. I do not want any doubt about it.

The Court. There cannot be.

Mr. Ingersoll. Well, I will just read this because I do not want any doubt about it in anybody's mind.

The Court. I have no doubt about it.

Mr. Ingersoll. Very well:

"If a recovery is to be had, it must be *secundum allegata et probata*; and the rule is one of entire inflexibility in respect to all such descriptive averments of material matters. The cases upon this point, many of which are collected in the case of State vs. Copp, 15 N. H., 2F5, are quite uniform."

Now, if the Court please, I not only read this with regard to the overt acts, but with regard to the description of the crime itself—the conspiracy. I will then refer to State against Copp, 15th New Hampshire. I will also refer to the case of Rex against Whelpley, 4th Carrington & Payne, 132; to 3d Starkie on Evidence, sections 1542 to 1544, inclusive; also to the United States against Denee and others, 3d Wood, page 48, and a case under this exact section, 5440:

"It seems clear that the statute upon which this indictment is based is not intended to relieve the pleader from any supposed necessity of setting out the means agreed upon to carry out the conspiracy by requiring him to aver some overt act done in pursuance of the conspiracy and make such act a necessary ingredient of the offence." The court then refers to the Commonwealth against Shed, 7th Cushing, 514, and continues—in that case it was different:

"That difficulty does not exist here, for the overt act is part of the offence, and must be proved as laid in the indictment."

So I find that the court passed upon this very question, and I wish to call the attention of the Court again to one line on page 961 of the record in this case:

"But in all cases the principle is simply this: That where the act which was done in pursuance of the conspiracy is described in the indictment it must be described with accuracy and completeness, and if there is a variance in the proof it is fatal to the prosecution."

When I come to that part as to the necessity of describing offences then I will cite the Court to some other authorities in connection with these.

Now, then, we have got it established, gentlemen of the jury. There is no longer any doubt about that law, and the Court will so instruct you, that wherever they set out in the indictment that we did a certain thing in pursuance of the conspiracy, they must prove that thing precisely as charged, no matter whether the description was necessary or unnecessary. They must prove precisely as they state. They wrote the indictment, and they wrote it knowing they must prove it, and if they wrote it badly it is not the business of this jury to help them out of that dilemma.

Now, as I say, we come to the dust and ashes of this case, the overt acts, and I take up these routes precisely in the order in which they were proved by the prosecution. First. I take up route 34149. Now, let us see where we are. The first charge is that we filed false and altered petitions by Peck, Miner, Vaile, and Rerdell. When did we file them? The indictment charges that we filed them on the 10th day of July, 1879. When did the evidence show they were filed? On the 3d day of April, 1878. That is a fatal variance, and that is the end eternal, everlasting, of that overt act. Without taking into consideration the fact that every petition was true and genuine, the

petitions were not sent by the persons as charged. It was presented by Senator Saunders, and that is the absolute end of that overt act, and you have no right to take it into consideration any more than if nothing had been said upon the subject.

Second. That on the 10th of July a false oath was placed upon the records. Now, that is an overt act, and you know as well as I do that the description of that must be perfect. If they say it is of one date and the evidence shows that it is of another, it is of no use. It is gone. They say, then, that a false oath was filed. When? On the 10th day of July. Suppose the oath to have been false. When was it filed? The evidence says April 3, 1879. That is the end of the false oath, no matter whether that oath is good or bad. No matter whether they committed perjury or wrote it with perfect and absolute honesty, it is utterly and entirely worthless as an overt act.

Third. An order for expedition July 10, 1879, alleged to have been made by Brady. As a matter of fact the order was signed by French. There is a misdescription. No matter if Brady told him to sign it, it was not as a matter of fact signed by Brady—it was signed by French. They described it as an order signed by Brady. It is an order signed by French, and the misdescription of variance is absolutely fatal, and you have no more right to consider it than you have the decree of some empire long since vanished from the earth. Now, this is all the evidence on this route. That is all of it with the exception of who received the money, and I will come to that after awhile. That is route 34149.

According to their statement in the indictment, holding them by that, there is not the slightest testimony. We can consider that route out. We have only eighteen now to look after. That is the end of that. It has not a solitary prop; upon the roof of that route not a shingle is left—not one.

Let us take the next route, 38135. What do we do in that according to the indictment? And now, gentlemen, recollect, they wrote this indictment. You would think we did, but we didn't. They wrote it, and they are bound by it. But if I had been employed on behalf of the defendants to write it I should have written it just in that way.

First. Sending and filing a false oath. When did we send it; when did we file it? On the 26th day of June. That is what the indictment says. What does the evidence say? April 18, 1879. Now, that is the end of that. It was a true oath, but that does not make any difference. That oath is gone. That has been sworn out of the case, and dated out of the case. What is the next?

Second. Filing false petitions. When did we file them? The 26th day of June, 1879. The last petition was filed the 8th of May, 1879, and it does not make one particle of difference whether these dates were before or after the conspiracy as set forth, but as a matter of fact, every one of the petitions was true. That charge is gone, A fatal variance. What is the next fraudulent order? That of June 20. There was never the slightest evidence introduced to show that it was a fraudulent order—not the slightest. And what is the next charge? Fraudulently filing a subcontract. And right here I stop to ask the Court, of course not expecting an answer now, but in the charge to the jury, is it possible to defraud the Government of the United States by filing a subcontract?

Now, gentlemen, I want you to think of it. How would you go to work to defraud the Government by filing a subcontract? If the subcontract provides for a greater amount of pay than the Government is giving the original contractor, the Government will not pay it; it will only pay up to the amount that it agreed to pay the contractor. It is like A giving an order on B to pay C what A owes B. He need not pay him any more. That is all. And if the ingenuity of malice can think of a way by which the Government could be defrauded by the filing of a subcontract I will abandon the case. It is an impossible, absurd charge, something that never happened and never will happen. Well, that is the end of this route with one exception. This is the Agate route. This is the route where thirty dollars it is claimed has been taken from the Government. It is that route. You remember the productiveness of that post-office. They established an office and nobody found it out except the fellow that was postmaster, and in his lonely grandeur I think he remained about eighteen months and never sold a stamp. That is all that is left in that route, that order putting Agate upon the route and taking it off, and then giving one month's extra pay. That is all—another child washed—38135—that is all there is to that route; no evidence except epithets, no testimony except abuse. If anything is left under that it is simply "robber, thief, pickpocket." That is all.

Now we come to another route, and I again beg pardon for calling attention to these little things. The Government has forced us to do it. It is like a lawsuit among neighbors. Each is so anxious to beat the other they begin to charge for things that they never dreamed of at the time they were delivered. They will charge for neighborly acts, time lost in attending the funeral of members of each other's family before they get through the lawsuit. So the Government started out in this case, and not finding a great point had to put in little ones, and we have to answer the kind of points they make.

41119. Overt acts. First. Filing a false oath. When did we file it? The 25th day of June, the indictment says. Who filed it? Peck and Miner. Well, when was it filed or when was it transmitted? According to their story, June 23, 1879. This oath is marked 8 C, and an effort was made to prove by a man by the name of Blois that it was a forgery. That was objected to, first, that it was not charged to be forged in the indictment; and second, that a notary public had already sworn that it was genuine, and that he could not be impeached in that way, and thereupon that oath was withdrawn, and you will never hear of it any more. I do not know whether it is true or not. That is found on record, page 1469. Now, recollect that oath was withdrawn. That is the end of it.

Second. Filing false petitions. When were they filed? July 8, 1879, and it turned out that that charge was true, with two exceptions: First, that they were not filed at that time; and, second, that all the petitions were true. That is the only harm about that charge.

Third. A fraudulent order made by Brady, July 8th. Now let us see what the fraud consists in. The fraud is claimed to be in expediting to thirty-three hours when the petition only called for forty-eight. You remember the charge expediting to thirty-three hours, when the petition only called for forty-eight. Now, let us see. It is claimed that to grant more than the petitions ask is a crime; certainly it must be admitted that to grant less is equally a crime. The only evidence now of fraud in this

is that he was asked to expedite the forty-eight hours, but he expedited to thirty-three. That is to say, he violated the petitions, and if that is good doctrine, then the petitions must settle whether expedition is to be granted or not. If that is good doctrine there is no appeal from the petition. I do not believe that doctrine, gentlemen. I believe it is the business of the Post-Office Department to grant all the facilities to the people of the United States that the people need. He must get his information from the people, and from the representatives of the people; and while he is not bound to give all they ask, if he does give what the people want, and what their representatives indorse, you cannot twist or torture it into a crime. That is what I insist. Now, the only charge is here, and while they ask for forty-eight hours he gave thirty-three. That is the only crime. Did he pay too much for it? There is no evidence of it. Before I get through I will show you that there is no evidence that he ever paid a dollar too much for any service whatever.

Now, then, if the doctrine contended for by the Government is correct, then a petition is the standard of duty and the warrant of action, and if they gain upon this route they lose upon every other route. Let us examine. There are three charges. First, false petitions. They were all true. Second, false oaths. They offered to prove it, and then withdrew it. Third, that while the petitions called for forty-eight hours he granted thirty-three, and before you can find that that was fraudulent you must understand the precise connections that this mail made with all others, and it was incumbent upon them to prove, not an inference, but a fact, that there was not only reason, but reason in money—sound reason for expediting it instead of forty-eight to thirty-three. That is the end of that route. There is not a jury on earth, let it be summoned by prejudice and presided over by ignorance, that would find a verdict of guilty upon the testimony in that route. It is impossible. Another child gone.

44155. Let us see what we get there, and I have not got to my client yet. First, filing false petitions, by Peck, Miner, Vaile and Rerdell. When? On the 27th of June, 1879. Were they false? Let us see. Mr. Bliss, speaking of these petitions contained in a jacket held in his hand, dated the 29th of June, 1879, record, page 687, said: “We do not attack the genuineness of these petitions.” That is the end of that. So much for that.

Second. A fraudulent order increasing service, and yet all the petitions are admitted to be genuine, and the order was in accordance with the petitions on the route. Before the order was fraudulent because it was not in accordance with the petitions, and in this route it is a fraud because it is in accordance with the petitions. Now, just take it. Here is the route. Every petition is genuine, the oath is true, not a petition attacked, the order in accordance therewith, and the only evidence that the order is a fraud is that it was in accordance with genuine petitions recommended by the people and by the representatives of the people. That is all.

Let me tell you another thing. Expedition had been granted on the route long before, and this was simply an increase of trips, and no charge was made that the order granting the expedition ever was a fraud.

Third. Another fraudulent order by Brady, of April 17, 1880, and it turns out that this order was in fact made by French. That was the only evidence that it was fraudulent,

but the mere fact that French made it takes it out of this case, and you have no more right to consider it than you would an order made in the Treasury Department. The only objection to this order now is what? That it was in violation of the petitions. How? That it took off one or two of the trips. That was the fraud of the order of April 17, 1880. The fraud consisted in taking off two or three trips that had been put on.

Now, let us see. The next fraudulent order was July 16, 1880. What was that for? For putting the service back precisely as it was. Now, I want you, gentlemen, to understand that, every one of you. Here is a charge in the indictment of a fraudulent order that took off, say, two trips from the service. That is a fraud they say. Then the next order put those two trips back, and that they say is another fraud. It would have been very hard to have made an order in that case to have satisfied the Government; it was an order to decrease it; it was an order to put it back where it was; that is, it was a fraud, consequently it was a fraud to do anything about it. That is all there is in that case.

Let us boil it down. False petitions. That is the charge. The evidence is that the petitions are all true. A false oath is the charge. The evidence is that the oath is true. A fraudulent order decreasing the service, another fraudulent order increasing the service, that is, leaving it just where he found it. In other words, according to this indictment, Brady committed a fraud in reducing the trips, and another fraud by putting the trips back. I think it was only one trip that he reduced. Now, that is all there is in that case. People may talk about it one day or one year. That is all there is, and that is nothing.

38145. Fraudulently filing what? A subcontract with J. L. Sanderson. I say you cannot fraudulently file a subcontract against the Government. It is an impossibility. Besides all that, Mr. Sanderson filed his own subcontract. There is no evidence that anybody else did file it or present it for filing. It was not our contract; it was Sanderson's subcontract. How comes that in his indictment? Let me tell you. In the first indictment they had Sanderson; and when they copied that first indictment, with certain variations to make this, they forgot this part and put in the fraudulent filing of Sanderson's contract. It never should have been in this case. It has not the slightest relationship. The real charge of fraud in this route is that a retrospective order was made, and this order bore date February 26, 1881, and was retrospective in this: that it was to take effect from the 15th of January, 1881; but understand me, this was Sanderson's route. He received that money, and it has nothing to do with us. Still I will answer it. That retrospective order gave pay from the 15th of January, 1881. Now, it seems that before the order of February 26, an order had been made by telegraph, dated 15th of January, 1881, to Sanderson, and this telegraphic order was for daily service on eighty-nine miles. The jacket order of February 26, 1881, was for daily service on the whole route from January 15, 1881. If that order had been carried out he would have received pay for daily service on the whole route, instead of for daily service on the eighty-nine miles to which he was entitled. It turned out that the order of February 26, 1881, was signed by Postmaster-General Maynard. The only possible charge is that Sanderson received pay for a daily service on the whole route from January 15, 1881, to February 26, 1881, instead of eighty-nine miles. But we find in the table of payments introduced by the Government, that for that quarter a

deduction was made of three thousand four hundred and twenty-two dollars and nineteen cents, showing that the department could only have paid for the daily service on the eighty-nine miles, and that is exactly what the daily service would come to on the balance of the route. That ends that route. We had nothing to do with it anyway. It was Sanderson. He filed his own contract, he got his own orders, he collected his own money and settled with the department. We have nothing to do with it and we will bid it farewell.

The next is No. 38156. First, filing false oath June 12, 1879. The oath was filed May 6, 1879.. That is the end of that. I do not care whether it is true or false, that is, so far as this verdict is concerned. I care whether it is true or false, so far as my clients are concerned, but so far as this verdict is concerned, it makes no difference. There is a fatal variance. Second, it is alleged that Brady made a fraudulent order June 12, 1879. The order of June 12, 1879, was made by French. There is another fatal variance. You have no right to take it into consideration. French is not one of the parties here. Third, sending a subcontract of Dorsey and filing it. As I told you before, you cannot by any possibility thus defraud the Government; not even if you set up nights to think about it. There is no proof that the subcontract was a fraud. Let us have some sense. It is an absolute impossibility to commit this offence, and therefore we will talk no more about it. Fourth, the fraudulent order of Brady increasing the distance four miles. This was done on the 20th of December, 1880. That is the only real charge in this route. I turn to the record and find from the evidence, on page 943, that the distance was from five to six miles, according to the Government's own proof. Beside all that, the order of which they complain is not in the record. It was never proved by the Government and never offered by the Government, so far as I can find. That is the end of that route. The only charge in it is that they increased the distance four miles, and the evidence of the Government is that it was from five to six.

The next is 46132. Overt acts: Filing a false oath by everybody June 24, 1879. The evidence shows it was filed April 11, 1879. That is the end of that. No matter whether it is true or false, it is gone. Second, the fraudulent filing of a subcontract. Well, I have shown you that that cannot be fraudulent. The subcontract of Vaile shows that Vaile was to receive one hundred per cent. It was executed April 1, 1878, in consequence, as my friend General Henkle explained, of a conspiracy made on the 23d of May following. The service commenced July 1, 1878. There could have been no fraud in it. It was filed as a matter of fact May 24, 1879, and not June 4. Even if it had been a fraud, which is an impossibility, the description is wrong and the variance is fatal. There is no evidence that any order was fraudulent. Every one in this case is supported by petitions, and every petition is admitted to be honest, or proved to be honest and genuine. There is no proof at all, and not the slightest attempt on the part of the Government to prove that there was any fraud on this route. So much for that.

No. 46247. Let us see just where we are. First, filing false and forged petitions. When? July 26, 1879. By whom? By Peck, Dorsey, and Rerdell. Now, after they had solemnly written that in the indictment, and after it had been solemnly found to be a fact by the grand jury, the attorneys for the Government come into court and admit during the trial that all the petitions upon this route were genuine; every one. It was

admitted, I say, that every petition was genuine. Read from page 1008 of the record and there you will find what the Court said about these very petitions:

“I shall take the responsibility of dispensing with the reading of petitions when there is no point made with regard to them.”

The petitions were so good, they were so honest, they were so genuine, they were so sensible, that the curiosity of the Court was aroused to find what on earth they were being read for on the part of the prosecution. You remember it. Every one genuine, honor bright, from the first line to the last. In reply to the Court at that time Mr. Bliss said:

“There is no point made as to the increase of trips. These—” Meaning the petitions—”relate to the increase of trips. There is no point made there.”

It is thus admitted that every petition was genuine. Second, a fraudulent order increasing one trip. This order was never proved by the Government. It was not even offered by the Government, so that the route stands in this way: First, a charge of false petitions; second, an admission that the petitions were all genuine; third, a charge that a fraudulent order was made; fourth, no proof that the order was made. That is all there is to that. And that is the end of it.

No. 38134. First, sending false and fraudulent petitions, and filing the same. When? July 8,1879. On page 1031 of the record I find the following:

“Mr. Bliss. The petitions under your Honor’s ruling I am not going to offer.”

Why? Because they were all genuine. The court had mildly suggested the impropriety of the Government proving its case by reading honest petitions. Consequently, when it came to this, the next route, he said:

“The petitions under your Honor’s ruling I am not going to offer.”

Why? Because they are all honest, and under a charge in the indictment that they are all fraudulent he did not see the propriety of reading them. That is what he meant. This remark was made because the Government admitted these petitions to be honest. When were these petitions filed? The indictment says July 8. The evidence says May 6. So that if every petition had been a forgery you could not take them into consideration on this route. It is charged that Miner & Co. signed and placed in Brady’s office a false oath on July 8. On record, page 1032, it appears that it was filed May 8, 1879, and not as described in the indictment. The pleader has the privilege of describing it right or describing it wrong. If he describes it right it can go in evidence. If he describes it wrong it cannot go in evidence, and they have no right to complain if you throw out evidence that they make it impossible for you to receive. It has been charged with regard to this affidavit that Dorsey was not at that time contractor, and therefore had no right to make the affidavit. The affidavit was made April 21, 1879, and the regulation that such affidavits must be made by the contractors was made July 1, 1879. That is a sufficient answer. The next charge is a fraudulent order made by Brady, July 8. The petitions were all admitted to be genuine. There was no evidence that the order was not asked for by the petitions. There was no evidence that the order in and of itself was fraudulent; not the slightest. There is nothing like

taking these things up as we go and seeing what the Government has established. I know that you want to know exactly what has been done in this case and you want to find a verdict in accordance with the evidence.

Route 38140. Overt acts: First, making, sending, and filing false petitions. When were they made and sent? The 23d day of May, 1879. There were some petitions filed May 10, 1879, and there was a letter of the same date. They are misdescribed. They are all genuine but they are out of the case as far as this is concerned. I will tell you after awhile where they are applicable in this case. A letter of Belford, of April 29, 1879, and a letter of Senator Chaffee, of April 24, 1879, we have, while the indictment charges that they were all filed May 23, 1879. There is an absolute and a fatal variance. All these petitions, however, are admitted to be genuine and honest. See record, pages 1001-1003. The charge in the indictment is that they were forged, false, and altered. The admission in open court, by the representatives of the Government, is, that they were genuine and honest. There is the difference between an indictment and testimony. There is the difference between public rumor and fact. There is the difference between the press and the evidence. The next is that a false oath was filed by John W. Dorsey on the 23d of May, 1879. When was that oath filed? April 30, 1879. A fatal variance. Yet the man who wrote the indictment had the affidavit before him. Why did he not put in the true date? I will tell you after awhile. Did he know it was not true when he put it in the indictment? He did, undoubtedly.

Third. Fraudulent order of May 23; reducing the time from nineteen and three-quarter hours to twelve hours. As a matter of fact, no order was made on the 23d of May upon this route. It is charged in the indictment that it was made on the 23d of May. The evidence shows that it was on the 9th of May. There is a fatal variance, and that order cannot be considered by this jury as to this branch of the case. Here is an order of which they complain. They charge that it was made on the 23d day of May, the same day the conspiracy was entered into. As a matter of fact, it was made on the 9th of May. On this description it goes out, and it goes out on a still higher principle: That an order could not have been made on the 9th of May in pursuance of a conspiracy made on the 23d of that month. But I am speaking now simply as to the description of this offence.

Fourth. A subcontract was fraudulently filed. I have shown you it is impossible to fraudulently file a contract; utterly impossible. All the agreements imaginable between the contractor and subcontractor cannot even tend to defraud the Government of a solitary dollar. I make a bid and the contract is awarded to me at so much. The mail has to be carried. The Government pays, say five thousand dollars a year, it makes no difference to the Government who carries the mail under that contract, so long as it is carried. It is utterly impossible to defraud the Government by contracting with A, B, C, or D. That is the end of that route. The order itself is misdescribed, and that is all there is in it. When the order is gone everything is gone.

No. 38113. Overt acts: Fraudulently filing a subcontract. We do not need to talk about that any more. Second, Brady fraudulently made an order for increase of trips. The evidence is that an increase was asked for by a great many officers, a great many representatives, and by hundreds of citizens, and that the increase was insisted upon not only by the officers who were upon the ground, but by General Sherman himself.

I do not know how it is with you, but with me General Sherman's opinion would have great weight. He is a man capable of controlling hundreds of thousands of men in the field—a man with the genius, with the talent, with the courage, and with the intrepidity to win the greatest victories, and to carry on the greatest possible military operations. I would have nearly as much confidence in his opinion as I would in the guess of this prosecution. In my judgment, I would think as much of his opinion given freely as I would of the opinion of a lawyer who was paid for giving it. General Sherman has been spoken of slightingly in this case; but he will be remembered a long time after this case is forgotten, after all engaged in it are forgotten, and even after this indictment shall have passed from the memory of man.

No. 38152. Overt acts: Fraudulent orders of August 3, 1880, discontinuing the service and allowing a month's extra pay for the service discontinued. That is all. May it please your Honor, in this route the only point is, had the Postmaster General the right to discontinue the service? And if he did discontinue it, was he under any obligation to allow a month's extra pay? It is the only question. I call your Honor's attention to the case of the United States against Reeside, 8 Wallace, 38; Fullenwider against the United States, 9 Court of Claims, 403; and Garfielde against the United States, 3 Otto, 242. In those cases it is decided not only that the Postmaster-General has the right to allow this month's extra pay, but he must do it. That is in full settlement of all the damages that the contractor may have sustained. The Court can see the very foundation of that law. For illustration, I bid upon a route of one thousand miles. I am supposed to get ready to carry the mail. Five hundred miles are taken from that route. The law steps in and says that for that damage I shall have one month's extra pay on the portion of the route discontinued. It makes no difference whether I have made any preparation or not. The law gives me that and no more. If I should go into the Supreme Court and say that my preparations had cost me fifty thousand dollars, and the month's extra pay was only five thousand dollars, I have no redress for the other forty-five thousand dollars. That is all that is charged in this instance. And if the Second Assistant Postmaster-General or any one else had done differently he would have acted contrary to law. He is indicted for doing in this case exactly what is in accordance with the law. Let us get to the next route. That is all there is in this.

No. 38015. Overt acts: Sending a false oath. When? May 21. The evidence shows that on May 14 it was sent, on May 15 it was filed. A fatal variance, no matter whether it is true or false. That oath is gone. That is the end of it.

What else? They did not show that the oath was false. First, it is misdescribed in the indictment as to the date it is filed; second, the evidence shows that it is honest and genuine, which is also fatal. That is the end of this route, as far as the indictment is concerned. Second, that Dorsey made and Rerdell filed false petitions. There is no proof that any of the petitions were false, no proof that any were forged, and no proof that John W. Dorsey or M. C. Rerdell had anything to do with that route one way or the other. All the petitions on record, page 1160, are admitted to be genuine except one. One petition asking for a ten-hour schedule was attacked and only one. But this petition was filed May 14, 1879, and that is out so far as the indictment is concerned.

The Court. What is the date of the indictment?

Mr. Ingersoll. The 23d day of May. The indictment says that this was filed July 10, 1879; the evidence says May 14, 1879. A fatal variance. It is not the same one they were talking about. They did not find the petition they described. It is their misfortune. Now, here is only one petition attacked. Who attacked it? Mr. Shaw. See page 1159. They were going to show that that was a forgery, and they were going to show it by Shaw. That was the only one they attacked. What does Shaw say?

"I signed a petition for increase of service and expedition upon that route, but I did not read the petition. If I had, I should have discovered a ten-hour schedule."

He would not have discovered it if it had not been there, would he? That shows it was there.

"I would not have recommended a ten-hour schedule on a seventy-mile route."

He was the man that was going to prove that ten hours was not there. But it shows that he was not able to do it, because he first swore that he never read it, and second, that he would not have signed it if he had. Good by, Mr. Shaw. That is all there is as to that matter. The Court will understand I am going now upon what is in the indictment, and not what has been thrown in from the outside.

The Court. I understand that.

Mr. Ingersoll. I am going according to the strict letter of this indictment. I am holding these gentlemen to the law. That is what the law is for. You cannot come into this court and throw seven or eight cords of paper at a man and say, "You are guilty." They have managed this case after that fashion, but I propose to bring them back to the law.

Route 35051. First. Signing, sending and filing false petitions. When? August 2, 1879. There is no evidence of any petitions being filed on that day—none whatever. The only thing near it is a letter of Frederick Billings, on record, page 1217. This letter was dated July 31, 1879. Under the charge of signing, sending and filing false petitions, the only evidence is that a man by the name of Billings wrote a letter, and there is not the slightest testimony to show that a solitary word in that letter was false—not one. Nothing to connect it with Mr. Billings; no evidence that he ever spoke to him on the subject; no evidence that Billings knew who was carrying the mail; no evidence that he ever knew or did a thing except to write that letter, and he was interested, I believe, in the Northern Pacific railroad. Now, that is everything there is there; that is all there is in that case. Nobody has tried to show that the letter of Billings was not true.

What else? A fraudulent order of August, 1879. Who made it? The indictment says Brady made it. The evidence says it was signed by French, and it was in accordance with Billings' letter. Is there any fraud now in that route? Let us be honest. False petitions: Not one filed. False oath: Not one attacked. Simply a letter that we did not write, and that there is no evidence that we ever asked to have written. That is the end of that. But they cannot even get the letter in, gentlemen. They did not describe it right.

The next route is 40104. Overfacts: First. Fraudulently filing a subcontract. That you cannot do. When did we file it? July. 23, 1879, the indictment says. What does the evidence say? May 8, 1879. First, we could not commit the offence; secondly, you could not prove it under this description.

Second. Filing a false oath. When did we file it? July 23. That is what the indictment says. What does the evidence say? November 26, 1878. A fatal variance. See record, page 1305. That is the end of that. The indictment is for something. You have got to follow it, and it certainly is not as hard work to write an offence against a man as it is to prove it. If they cannot write an offence, you certainly ought not to find the man guilty. Besides all that, that oath was not even impeached, it was not ever attacked. There was not a word said upon the subject except in the indictment. It was charged to be false, and not one word of evidence was offered to this jury to show that it was false.

Third. An alleged fraudulent order of increase by Brady, July 23, 1879. Brady never signed any such order. It was signed by French. That is the end of it, no matter whether it was good or bad, honest or dishonest. That is the end of it, and yet there is not a particle of evidence to show that it was dishonest, but you must hold them to their own case as they have written it, and not as they wish it was now.

Fourth. A fraudulent order of April 10, 1880, allowing one month's extra pay on the service reduced. This order was not even proved by the Government. As a matter of fact, it was not offered by the Government; and if it had been offered, and if it had been proved, it would have only established the fact that Mr. Brady acted in accordance with law.

Now, we come to some more. 44160. First, filing false petitions. When did we file them? July 16, 1880. The proof is that they were filed long before that time The proof is that Peck, Dorsey and Rerdell had nothing to do with this route after the 1st of April, 1879, and the petition claimed to be signed by Utah people and claimed to be fraudulent in the petition marked 19 Q. It was filed on the 7th day of May, 1879.

That is a fatal variance. This indictment charges it was filed July 16, 1880. The petition cannot be considered.

There is another petition marked 20 Q, claimed to have been written by Miner, upon which the name of Hall is said to have been forged. It has no file mark whatever, and consequently cannot be the petition referred to in the indictment. That was filed. That, however, has been explained by General Henkle fully. This petition was identified by McBean, and was signed by him, and he recognized the signatures of many of the citizens of Canyon City. Mr. Merrick admitted that the petition, 19 Q, was never acted upon. As a matter of fact, orders had been made before the petition was received, which shows conclusively that they were not acted upon. The petition marked 20 Q, to which Hall's name was, as is claimed, forged, was never filed, and was consequently never acted upon. This charge stands as follows: Two petitions, one being filed May 17, 1879—a fatal variance—and the other not filed—another fatal variance. These petitions are both described as having been filed July 16, 1880. The variance is absolutely fatal, and these petitions cannot be considered. Besides, the order was made before the petition 19 Q was filed.

Second. The fraudulent order by Brady for increase of trips, July 16, 1880. The only objection to this route is that the expedition was made before service was put on. This was in the power of the Postmaster-General. It has been done many times, and is still being done by the Postoffice Department, and the fact that it was done in this case does not even tend to show that any fraud was committed or intended. That is all there is in that case. The petitions were never acted upon. One was never filed, and the other is not described, or rather is misdescribed.

Route 48150. Overt Acts: A fraudulent order by Brady reducing service to three trips a week, and allowing a month's pay on service dispensed with July 26, 1880. This point, gentlemen, I have already argued.

Whenever the Post-Office Department dispenses with any service it is bound to give one month's extra pay any time after the contract has been made and any time after the bid has been accepted. It is bound to give the month's extra pay on the service dispensed with, and this question, as you heard me say a little while ago, has been decided by the Supreme Court in Garfield's case. This route was operated by Sanderson. He was the subcontractor, and, according to the subcontract filed and presented here in evidence, he received every cent of the pay. We could have had no interest in perpetrating any fraud upon that route. Why? Because another man, J. L. Sanderson, received every dollar, and we not one cent.

Another fraudulent order of increase, August 24, from Powderhorn to Barnum, seven miles. No fraud was shown, but the order in fact, was made for the benefit of Sanderson and not for the benefit of any of the defendants in this case. In other words, it was made for the benefit of the people, it was made because they wished to reach another post-office.

Another charge is that the subcontract made by Sanderson was filed September 18, 1878. Recollect the charge is about filing this subcontract. The fact is it was filed in 1878 to take effect from July 1, 1878. See record, page 1406. On this very route the subcontract took effect the 1st of July, 1878, with Sanderson, and from that moment until now he has received every dollar. This route, as a matter of fact, is out of the scheme. Sanderson carried the mail from the 1st of July, 1878, until the end of that contract, the last day of June, 1882. So much for that route. It is gone. Nobody can get it back, either, in this scheme.

Route 40113. Overt Acts: Filing of a false oath. When? June 3, 1879. When was it filed? May 7, 1879. That oath is gone. Was it false? They did not attack it. They never impeached it. Good.

Second. False petitions filed. When? June 3, 1879. All the petitions were filed prior to May 10, 1879. They are gone. One was filed May 23, but none was filed as alleged on June 3. They are gone. A magnificently written instrument. A fatal variance as to every petition. And yet not a solitary petition was attacked. Every petition was genuine and honest.

Third. A fraudulent order by Brady for increase and expedition. This order was asked for by the petitions. No fraud was established. See record, page 1503 on this route; also page 2159.

Fourth. They also charge that Brady made a fraudulent order on the 4th of January, 1881. But the Government never proved that order, never offered any order of that date. That is the end of that order.

Fifth. A fraudulent order of February 11, 1881. This was not offered by the Government, and no evidence was offered as to the existence of the order, neither the jacket, nor the order, nor the petitions, so far as I can find. That is the end of that. Every overt act so far, except some of the orders, wrong. The overt acts charged were filing fraudulent petitions. When? May 23, 1879. These are the petitions said to have been gotten up by Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox was a Government witness and he swore that every petition was honest, that every name was genuine, and that in order to get the names he did not circulate a falsehood, he circulated only the truth. To use his own language, "I did only straightforward, honest work." That is all there is on that.

44140 is the number of this route, and this evidence is on record, page 1568, and in regard to getting up these petitions you will recollect the language used by the Court. His Honor said in effect clearly, "Every man carrying the mail has the right to take care of his business. He has the right to get up petitions. He has the right to call the attention of the people to what he supposes to be their needs in that regard. He has the right to do it; and the fact that he does it is not the slightest evidence that he has conspired with any human being." Deny me the right to attend to my own affairs? If I have taken the route from the Government, and contract to carry the mail, tell me that I cannot suggest to my fellow-citizens that they ought to have a daily mail instead of a weekly? Tell me that I have not the right to talk it on the corners, in every postoffice for which I start, and that if I do I am liable to be pursued and convicted of an infamous offence? Every man has the right to attend to his own affairs, and he has the right to get all the people he can to help him. He has no right to go around lying about it, but he has the right to call their attention to the facts the same as you would have the right to get a road by your house; just exactly the same as you would have the right to get a school-house built in your district, no matter if you were to have the contract for making the brick. You have a right to say what you please in favor of education, no matter if you are an architect and expect to be employed to build the schoolhouse, and any other doctrine is infinitely absurd.

There is another charge: That a false oath was filed on the 24th of May. The affidavit was made by Mr. Peck, and I believe it has been admitted that Mr. Peck never did anything wrong. Then there is alleged to be a fraudulent order for increase, signed June 26, and they never introduced the slightest evidence tending to show that there was fraud in the order. It was made in accordance with the petitions. It was made in accordance with what we believed to be the policy of the Post-Office Department. And allow me to say to your Honor that I think that the general policy of the Post-Office Department, as disclosed in the documents that have been presented in the reports made to Congress that have become a part of this case, I think even from that evidence I have the right to draw an inference as to what the policy of the department was.

The Court. I have no doubt in the world as to the views of the Post-Office Department in regard to that subject. The Court refused to receive evidence on that subject in defence, for the simple reason that the Court was of opinion that no Second Assistant

Postmaster-General had the authority to establish any policy for this Government or for any branch of this Government. The policy of the Government is to be found in its laws, and the Court was unwilling to allow a Second Assistant Postmaster-General to set up his policy in his defence against a charge in this court. He had no right to have a policy.

Mr. Ingersoll. We never set up the policy of the Second Assistant. We never asked to be allowed to prove the policy of the Second Assistant. We never imagined it, nor dreamed of it, nor heard of it until this moment. What we wanted to show was the policy, not of the Second Assistant, but of the Postmaster-General. But I am not speaking now upon that branch.

The Court. The Postmaster-General by law is the head of the department of course. But several assistants were given him by law, and he had the authority to apportion out the business of the department amongst those several assistants. The particular business of the department pertaining to the increase of service and expedition of routes belonged under this apportionment to the Second Assistant Postmaster-General. His acts, therefore, are to be looked to.

Mr. Ingersoll. I do not claim, if the Court please, that his policy had anything to do with it. I simply claim that from the orders that have been introduced, not of the Second Assistant, from the books that have been introduced, showing the views of the Postmaster-General, not of the Second Assistant. I also admit that if the Postmaster-General had ordered by direct order the Second Assistant Postmaster-General to expedite every one of these routes, even then there could have been such a thing as a conspiracy to expedite them too greatly, and to receive money from every man for whom they were expedited. I understand that. But in the absence of any proof that it is so, all I have ever insisted was that the general policy of the head of the department might be followed by any subordinate officer without laying himself open to the charge that he had been purchased. That is all.

Now, gentlemen, all these things had been asked. They had been earnestly solicited by hundreds of Congressmen, by Senators, by Judges, by Governors, by Cabinet officers and by hundreds and hundreds of citizens.

Now, let me recapitulate all the overt acts—and I have gone over them all now excepting one, and I will come to that presently. In the indictment there are twelve charges as to filing false petitions. There are ten charges as to false oaths. There are seven charges as to fraudulently filing subcontracts; and the evidence is that the ten oaths are substantially true; that it is impossible to fraudulently file a subcontract; and as to the petitions, that every one is absolutely genuine and honest with the exception of three. They prove that the words “schedule, thirteen hours,” were inserted; that is, they tried to prove that by Mr. Blois, who is an expert on handwriting, as has been demonstrated to you. One with thirteen hours inserted in it, and the very next paragraph in that same petition begs for faster time. I have not the slightest idea that that ever was inserted by anybody. I believe it was in there when it was signed. And why? There would have teen, there could have been, there can be, no earthly reason for inserting those words. You cannot imagine a reason for it.

Now, that is thirteen hours. Then there is another one they say had some names of persons living in Utah, and we say that that is not described properly; not only that, but that it was never acted upon, and in my judgment that whole thing is a mistake and not a crime, because there were plenty of petitions without that. There was no need of it. All the other petitions have either been proved, or have been admitted to be absolutely genuine.

Now, I have gone over every overt act except payments, and when it was said here in court, or when the objection was made to these being proved as overt acts, the Court will remember that again and again and again, the prosecution denied that they were offered as overt acts.

The Court. I never understood them as being offered as overt acts.

Mr. Ingersoll. At that time the Court made just the remark that your Honor has made now. He said: “But what are the payments?” Now, I will take up the payments, and we will see whether there are any overt acts in the payments, gentlemen.

Now, let me call your attention to that magnificent rule that has been laid down by the Court. When you describe an offence you are held by the description. When it is said that I made a false claim against the Government in a conspiracy case, for instance, that I conspired to defraud the Government, that I presented a false claim, it may be that the laxity or lenity of pleading might go the extent of saying that the pleader need not state the amount of that false claim, but if the pleader does state the amount of that false claim he is bound by that statement. Now, that is my doctrine.

The Court. What I understood in regard to the evidence of the payments is this: The charge was a conspiracy to defraud and the averment was that the fraud had been completed, and this evidence of payments was to show that the fraud had been carried out.

Mr. Ingersoll. That is all. Now, let us see if this can be tortured into an overt act. I now come to the presentation of false claims charged to have been presented and collected by these defendants. It is a short business. On the route from Kearney to Kent the charge is that Peck and Vaile presented false claims on the third quarter of 1879 for five hundred and fifty dollars and seventy-two cents. The entire pay for that quarter, three trips and expedition, was seven hundred and ninety-five dollars and seventy-eight cents. And there is no charge that the increase of trips was fraudulent. Only the expedition was attacked. The three trips, according to the old schedule price, came to seven hundred and thirty-five dollars and eighty-one cents, all of which was honestly carried, honestly earned. Now, deducting from the pay seven hundred and ninety-five dollars and seventy-eight cents, the amount of the three trips on the old schedule honestly performed, seven hundred and thirty-five dollars and eighteen cents, if the expedition was fraudulent, we have a fraudulent claim of sixty dollars and sixteen cents. And yet the Government charges that we made a claim of five hundred and fifty dollars and seventy-two cents. Not one cent is allowed for carrying the two additional trips without expedition.

There is another trouble about this. It is charged that Peck and Vaile presented this claim for their benefit. The record, page 386, shows that Peck did not present this

claim; that it was presented by H. M. Vaile; that H. M. Vaile received the warrant for the full amount; that he held a subcontract at that time for every dollar. This is another fatal variance, and the evidence of Vaile is that every dollar belonged to him; that not a dollar of that money was ever paid to any other one of the defendants; that he paid all the expenses; that he paid the debts, and that there never went a solitary cent to any Government official. So much for that payment.

The next charge is that on route 41119, from Toquerville to Adairville, Peck presented a false claim for the third quarter of 1879 for two thousand four hundred and sixty dollars and fourteen cents. The pay for that quarter was three thousand six hundred and twenty-eight dollars and fourteen cents for seven trips and expedition. The pay for the three trips on the old schedule was eight hundred and seventy-six dollars, a difference of two thousand seven hundred and fifty-two dollars and fourteen cents. And yet the Government charges that the false claim presented was two thousand four hundred and sixty dollars and fourteen cents. If they give the figures they must give them correctly. If I am charged with presenting a claim against the Government for two thousand four hundred and sixty dollars, that is not substantiated by showing that I presented a claim for two thousand seven hundred dollars. If you give the figures you must stand by the figures, and you are bound by them. You cannot charge one thing and prove something else. This is a fatal variance.

In addition to this fact, we find the deductions for failures in that very quarter amounted to five hundred and forty dollars and forty-two cents, and this deducted from the other amount leaves two thousand, two hundred and eleven dollars and seventy-two cents. So that in both cases the variance is absolutely fatal. I am showing you these things, gentlemen, so that you may see that there is in this case no evidence to fit the charges in this indictment.

44140, Eugene City to Bridge Creek. It is charged that Peck and Dorsey presented a false account for the third quarter of 1879 for four thousand seven hundred and eighty-three dollars and ninety-nine cents. The pay for three trips with expedition was four thousand, six hundred and eighty-nine dollars and twenty-two cents; the pay for one trip on the old schedule was six hundred and seventeen dollars, a difference of four thousand and seventy-two dollars and twenty-two cents. The Government says the difference was four thousand seven hundred and eighty-three dollars and ninety-nine cents, an absolutely fatal variance.

Now, as a matter of fact, there were deductions in that quarter of one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two dollars and eighty-three cents, and this is deducted from the entire pay, leaving only as a claim three thousand seven hundred and sixty-six dollars and thirty-nine cents. And yet the Government charges that we presented a false claim for four thousand seven hundred and eighty-three dollars and forty-nine cents. It will not do. It is a fatal variance. But when we take into consideration that there is no claim that the increase of trips was fraudulent, only the expedition, and that by the old schedule one trip came to six hundred and seventeen dollars, that three trips came to one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one dollars, and that added to deductions would make three thousand seven hundred and seventy-three dollars and eighty-three cents, to be deducted from four thousand six hundred and eighty-nine

dollars and twenty-two cents, it would leave as a fraudulent claim, even if their claim was true, nine hundred and fifteen dollars and thirty-nine cents.

Now, the next is 44155, The Dalles to Baker City. The false claim was eight thousand eight hundred and ninety-six dollars, by Peck. The pay per quarter was sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars and nine cents. The pay for three trips and expedition was seven thousand seven hundred and seventy dollars—a difference of eight thousand eight hundred and ninety-six dollars and nine cents. But there were deductions, ninety-nine dollars and thirty-four cents, leaving eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventy-five cents. But by making this claim the Government concedes that the expedition was legal, and another trouble is that the payment on this route was made to Vaile, not to Peck or Miner. It was made to Vaile, who was the subcontractor for the full amount, and this is another fatal variance.

Now, route 46132, Julian to Colton. The charge is that Peck and Vaile presented a fraudulent claim for the third quarter of 1879, for one thousand six hundred and fifty seven dollars and seventy-one cents. The pay for three trips and expedition is one thousand nine hundred and fifty-four dollars and seventy-one cents. For three trips on the old schedule it was eight hundred and ninety-one dollars, a difference of one thousand and sixty-three dollars and seventy-three cents. A fatal variance. Besides it was not Peck and Vaile. Vaile was the subcontractor at full rates on this route. He presented the claim. He received the entire pay. Another variance. Route 44160, Canyon City to Camp McDermitt. The charge is that Peck and Vaile presented a false account for the fourth quarter of 1879, for eleven thousand eight hundred and nineteen dollars and sixty-six cents. It is charged in the indictment that this was paid in pursuance of the order set out in the indictment, and we find on page sixty-four that the order was dated July 16, 1880. That was the order. No such payment was made in pursuance of that order for the reason that an order was made nearly a year afterwards, and the order of July 16, 1880, as set out in the indictment, was not retrospective, a fatal mistake in their indictment. As a matter of fact, the pay for the fourth quarter of 1879 was five thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars. There were deductions to the amount of three hundred and fifty-two dollars and seventy-two cents and the balance was five thousand and twenty-two dollars and twenty-eight cents, instead of eleven thousand eight hundred and nineteen dollars and sixty-six cents. And this was paid to Vaile, who was a subcontractor at full rates, and the variance in the case is absurd and fatal.

Route 46247, Redding to Alturas. The charge is that Peck and Dorsey filed a fraudulent account for the third quarter of 1879 for seven thousand four hundred and eighty-five dollars and six cents. This was in pursuance of the order set out in the indictment, and the only order set out in the indictment is dated February 11, 1881. That is another fatal variance.

The next route is 35051, Bismarck to Miles City. The charge is that Miner and Vaile presented a false account for the fourth quarter of 1879, for fourteen thousand one hundred. The pay for the quarter for six trips was seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. For three trips under the old order the pay was eight thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, leaving eight thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars as

the outside sum that could have been fraudulent, and yet the Government charges fourteen thousand one hundred dollars, an absolutely fatal variance. Besides that, there were deductions in that very quarter of four thousand five hundred and three dollars. This amount deducted from eight thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars leaves four thousand two hundred and fifty-six dollars and eleven cents as the greatest amount that could by any possibility have been fraudulent.

Three routes are lumped together next in the indictment, 38134, 38135, 38140, 38134, Pueblo to Rosita; 38135, Pueblo to Greenhorn; and 38,140, Trinidad to Madison.

The charge here is on page eighty-one of the indictment that Miner presented a fraudulent account for the fourth quarter of 1879 on routes amounting to two thousand seven hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-seven cents.

The greatest possible difference that could be made on route 38135 is seven hundred and sixty-seven dollars and twenty cents. The greatest difference that could be made on route 38134 is one thousand nine hundred and forty dollars.

The greatest difference that could be made on route 38140 is six hundred and eighty-nine dollars and fifty-one cents. These three differences added together do not make what is charged in the indictment, three thousand seven hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-seven cents, but as a matter of fact they amount to three thousand three hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventy-one cents. This cannot be the fraudulent claim described in the indictment.

But I find that on the first route there was a reduction of twelve dollars and sixty cents, on the second route of one hundred and fifty-four dollars and thirty-eight cents, and on the third of thirty-eight dollars and two cents, and these deductions added together make two hundred and five dollars and ninety cents, and deducted from the three thousand three hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventy-one cents leaves three thousand one hundred and ninety dollars and eighty-one cents. And yet the Government charges that the fraudulent claim was two thousand seven hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-seven cents. It is impossible that the amount of the claim said to be fraudulent by the Government can be correct; but, as a matter of fact, according to the evidence, there was no fraud upon any claim in that route.

The next is route 38150, Saguache to Lake City. The charge is that Miner presented a false account for two thousand two hundred and two dollars and seventy-seven cents, and that he did this in pursuance of the order set out in the indictment, and the only order set out is dated August 24, 1880. That is an absolutely fatal variance. As a matter of fact, Sanderson was a subcontractor on this route from July 1, 1878, at full rates, and he carried the mail from July 1, 1878. The route was expedited on his oath and for his benefit. No point was made during the trial that the oath was not true. And the pay was calculated upon Sanderson's oath, and the money paid to him. The only claim is that there was an error in the order of four thousand five hundred and sixty-eight dollars per year, and it is admitted that the mistake was afterwards corrected and the money refunded. You remember it, gentlemen. Mr. Turner, in making up the account showing how much the expedition would come to—and you understand the way in which they make up that expedition—made a mistake and

added to the expedition and the then schedule the amount of the then schedule, four thousand and odd dollars. He made the mistake and it was honestly made. No man would dishonestly do it because it was so easy of detection, and that was his only fault, gentlemen. The only crime he ever committed in this case was to make that mistake. That mistake was afterwards discovered, and the money was paid back by Mr. Sanderson; and, yet, that man has been indicted, has been taken from his home charged with a crime. He has been pursued as though he were a wild beast. He made one mistake. They could not prove the slightest thing against him. There was no evidence touching him. There was only one way for them, and that was to dismiss him with an insult. You remember the case. Not one thing against that man—not one single thing. He stands as clear of any charge in this indictment as any one upon this jury. He is an honest man. It is admitted now there was no conspiracy on this route either. It is Sanderson's route, not ours. Not only that, but the Government says that it was not one of the routes with which Vaile had anything to do, or in which Vaile had any possible interest. The failure here is fatal to the indictment, and I shall endeavor to show that it is fatal to the entire case.

The next route is 35105, Vermillion to Sioux Falls. It is charged that Vaile and Dorsey presented a false account for the third quarter of 1879, for eight hundred and eighty-one dollars and fourteen cents. The pay for six trips and expedition was one thousand and eighty-five dollars and fifty-eight cents. The pay for two trips on the old schedule was two hundred and four dollars and forty-four cents, showing a balance for once, as stated in the indictment—it being the only time—of eight hundred and eighty-one dollars and fourteen cents.

Parties are entitled to pay for the extra trips, and the number of men and horses has nothing to do with the value of an extra trip. You understand that. If I agree to carry the mail once a week for five thousand dollars a quarter, and you wanted me to carry it twice a week, then I get ten thousand dollars a quarter, no matter if I do it with the same horses and the same men. That is not the Government's business. You all understand that, do you not? Every time you increase a trip you increase the pay to the exact extent of that trip, no matter whether it takes more horses or not. If I agree to carry the mail once a month for five thousand dollars a year, and you want me to carry it once a week I am entitled to twenty thousand dollars, no matter if I do it with all the same men and same horses. It is nobody's business. But, if the Government wants the mail carried faster, then I am entitled to pay according to the men and animals required at a more rapid rate. You all understand that. But as a matter of fact, upon this route, Vaile was the subcontractor at full rates, was so recognized by the Government and received every dollar himself, and, consequently, the charge that it was paid to John W. Dorsey is not true, and is a fatal variance. The Government proved it was paid to Vaile.

Next we have two routes, 38145, Ojo Caliente to Parrot City, and 38156, Silverton to Parrot City. These routes are put together in the indictment. It is charged that a false account was presented of six thousand and four dollars and seventeen cents, and that this was done in pursuance of an order set out in the indictment. The order set out is on page forty-seven. It is in relation to route 38145. The order was made not in relation to the other route. No order as to the other route was made. This was made

February 26, 1881, consequently the claim presented for the third quarter of 1879 could not by any possibility have been in pursuance of that order. That order was made in 1881. The payment for the third quarter of 1879 could not by any possibility have been made in pursuance of that order. The evidence shows that it was paid before, and consequently there is a fatal variance.

Routes 40104, Mineral Park to Pioche, and 40113, Wilcox to Clifton—two routes put together. The charge is a fraudulent presentation for the third quarter of 1879, of seven thousand and sixty-four dollars and seventy-two cents. The pay on the first route was ten thousand five hundred and three dollars and sixty-two cents, on the second route three thousand five hundred and twenty-eight dollars. No proof has been offered that the expedition was fraudulent. Not a witness was called on route 40113. Not a solitary petition was objected to, the truth of no oath was called in question, the honesty of no order was attacked, and how can you say that the claim was fraudulent? No order attacked, no oath questioned, no petition impeached. The only evidence upon these two routes was something read in regard to productiveness and the size of the mail, and that is all.

Route 38113, Rawlins to White River. The charge is that John W. Dorsey and Rerdell presented a false account for the third quarter of 1879 for two thousand nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. The order set out in the indictment was made March 8, 1881, consequently the variance is absolutely fatal, and there is no allegation in the indictment that the expedition was fraudulent.

Now I have gone through every route with the payments. As to the general allegation of the amount of money fraudulently claimed and received, the allegation in the indictment is that J. W. Dorsey received, by virtue of these fraudulent orders, made in pursuance of the conspiracy, brought to perfection by these overt acts, for the year ending the 30th day of June, 1880, one hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred and ninety-one dollars. Good. The evidence shows that there was paid on the seven Dorsey routes in all sixty-two thousand eight hundred and thirty-one dollars and forty-six cents. That is fatal as to that.

But we will go further. One of these routes was turned over to Vaile by Dorsey, route 35015, and the amount paid to Vaile was two thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven dollars and sixteen cents. So that the amount paid on the Dorsey routes, instead of being one hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred and ninety-one dollars, was in truth and in fact fifty-eight thousand nine hundred and ninety-four dollars and thirty cents.

Now, the charge is that this was all received by John W. Dorsey, whereas the evidence shows that John W. Dorsey received three warrants, two for eighty-seven dollars each, both of which were recouped, and one warrant for three hundred and ninety-two dollars, and that is every cent he ever received, according to the evidence in this case. There is what you might call a discrepancy. The indictment says he got one hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred and ninety-one dollars. The evidence shows that he got three hundred and ninety-two dollars and not another copper. I shall insist that that is a variance. If it is not a variance, I will take my oath it is a difference.

The second claim is that John R. Miner received upon the routes awarded to him, and claimed to be his in the indictment, ninety-three thousand and sixty-seven dollars for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880. The evidence is that as a matter of fact on all these routes the money was paid to assignees and subcontractors, and that John R. Miner as a fact, received not one cent from the Government.

The third charge is that Peck received for the same fiscal year one hundred and eight-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-eight dollars. The evidence shows that he received nothing. There is another difference. Thus it will be seen that every link in the chain in this indictment is either a mistake or a falsehood. Every other one is a mistake and then every other one is a falsehood, and this indictment was made by adding mistakes to falsehoods, and what the indictment weaves the evidence reveals.

Now, why were these dates put in this indictment, gentlemen? We have now gone over every overt act charged in this indictment. The result is that not one of the charges set forth has really been sustained. Hereafter I will notice some things that have been proved outside of the indictment. Nearly every petition and letter is admitted to have been honest and genuine. Those that have been attacked were misdescribed in the indictment and the evidence has shown that they were substantially true. There is a fatal variance between the allegation and the proof so far as these charges in the indictment are concerned, and they are left absolutely without a prop. The dates attached to the overt acts are false. There is only one of the routes in which the petitions are properly described, and that is route 44140, where the petitions are alleged to have been and were filed on the 23d of May, and every one was proved to have been genuine and honest. The dates in the indictment were false. Now, why? Let me tell you, gentlemen. They had to deceive the grand jury. It would not do to tell the grand jury these men conspired on the 23d of May, and in pursuance to that conspiracy filed some affidavits on the third day preceding. They had first to deceive the grand jury and put in false dates for the filing of petitions, for the filing of subcontracts and for the drawing of money. What else did they want these false dates for? To deceive the Circuit Court, or rather the Supreme Court—to deceive his Honor, because if the date of these petitions, the date of these oaths, had been set forth in the indictment it would have been bad. The Court would have instantly said, you cannot prove a conspiracy on the 23d of May by showing acts in April previous. So these false dates were put in, in the first place, to fool the grand jury, and in the next place to keep this Court in the dark. It was necessary to have a good charge on paper, and why? Did they expect to win this case on that indictment? No; but they could keep it in court long enough to allow them to attack and malign the character of these defendants; they could keep it in court long enough to vent their venom and spleen upon good and honest men, and justify in part the commencement of this prosecution.

This forenoon I tried to strip the green leaves off the tree of this indictment. Now I propose to attack the principal limbs and trunk. What is the scheme of this indictment? I insist that the law is precisely the same as to the scheme of the conspiracy in its description that it is as to the description of an overt act. Now, what is the scheme of this indictment? That is to say, the scheme of this conspiracy? We

want to know what we are doing. It is the great bulwark of human liberty that the charge against a man must be in writing, and must be truthfully described.

First. For the defendants, with the exception of the officers Brady and Turner, to write, and procure the writing of, fraudulent letters, communications, and applications. Now, let us be honest. Is there the slightest evidence that a fraudulent letter was ever written? Is there the slightest evidence that a fraudulent communication was ever sent to the department? Not the slightest evidence.

Second. To attach to said petitions and applications forged names. Is there any evidence of that except in one case, and the evidence in that case is that the order was made before the petition was received and that the petition was never acted upon. More than that, is there any evidence as to who forged any names to any petitions? Not the slightest. Which of these defendants are you going to find guilty upon that petition when there is not the slightest evidence as to who wrote it? What next? To have these petitions signed by fictitious names or with the names of persons not residing upon the routes. Is there any evidence of that kind? Is there any evidence that the signatures of real persons were attached, and the real persons did not live upon the routes? I leave it to you, gentlemen.

Fourth. To make and procure false oaths, declarations, and statements. Those I shall examine.

Fifth. For William H. Turner falsely to indorse on the back of these jackets false brief statements of the contents of genuine petitions. You know what has become of that charge, gentlemen.

This indictment against Turner has been changed into a certificate of good moral character. That is the end of the indictment, so far as he is concerned, and I am glad of it. He is a man who fought to keep the flag of my country in the air, and who lay upon the field of Gettysburg sixteen days with the lead of the enemy in his body, and I am glad to have the evidence show that he was not only a patriot, but an honest man with a spotless reputation. I do not think that, in order to be a great man, you have got to be as cold as an icicle. I do not think that if you wish to be like God (if there is one) it is necessary to be heartless. That is not my judgment. When I find that a man is honest I am glad of it. When I find that a patriot has been sustained my heart throbs in unison with his. What is the next? That Brady, for the benefit, gain, and profit of all the defendants—and I emphasize the word all because upon that I am going to cite to the court a little law—made fraudulent orders; that is, for the benefit of Turner, Brady, and everybody else. Eighth. That he caused these fraudulent orders to be certified to the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-Office Department. Ninth. That Brady refused to enter fines against these contractors when they failed to perform their service; that he fraudulently refused to impose these fines. What is the evidence? The evidence is that the whole amount of fines imposed by Brady was one hundred and twenty-six thousand eight hundred and sixty-five dollars and eighty cents. That evidence is given in support of the charge that he refused to impose them, yet the imposition amounts to one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars. How much of that vast sum did he relieve the contractors from upon the evidence? Twenty-three thousand dollars, leaving standing of fines that

were paid, one hundred and three thousand six hundred and seventy dollars and twelve cents. That evidence is offered to show that he conspired not to impose the fines. One hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars imposed in fines, and only twenty-three thousand dollars remitted. Yet the charge was, and an argument has been made upon it before this jury, that the contractors agreed that he was to have fifty per cent, of all fines that he took off. Think of a man making that contract with aman having power to impose the fines. “Now, all you will take off I will give you fifty per cent. of.” There is an old story that a friend of a man who was bitten by a dog said to him, “If you will take some bread and sop it in the blood and give it to the dog it will cure the bite.” “Yes,” he says; “but, my God, suppose the other dogs should hear of it?” Think of putting yourself in the power of a man who has the right to fine you. And yet that is a part of the logic of this prosecution. The next charge is of fraudulently cutting off service and then fraudulently starting it and allowing a month’s extra pay. That happened, I believe, in two cases—thirty dollars in one case and something more in the other.

The Court. Thirty-nine dollars.

Mr. Ingersoll. Then the case is nine dollars better than I thought. Twelfth. By the defendants fraudulently filing, subcontracts. That I have already shown is an impossible offence. All these things were done for the purpose of deceiving the Postmaster-General. Now, the Court has already intimated that we have no right to say that the Postmaster-General would be a good witness to show whether he was deceived or not, and that it may be that his eyes were sealed so tightly that he has not got them open yet. But whether they can prove it by him or by somebody else they have got to prove it in order to make out this case.

That is the scheme of this indictment. It makes no difference whether the Postmaster-General has found out that he was deceived or not. The jury have got to find it out before they find a verdict against the defendants. It is possible that the Postmaster-General thinks he was not deceived or that he was; I do not know what his opinion is and do not care. They have got to prove it by somebody. I do not say they can prove it by him. I do not know. This is the scheme, and what I insist is that this scheme must be substantiated and must be proved precisely as it has been laid without the variation of a hair. You must prove it as you have charged it, and you must charge it as you prove it. It is simply a double statement. I wish to submit some authorities to the Court upon this question: Must the exact scheme be proved? First, I will refer the court to the tenth edition of Starkie, page 627. * * *

“It is a most general rule that no allegation which is descriptive of the identity of that which is legally essential to the claim or charge can ever be rejected. * * * As an absolute and natural identity of the claim or charge alleged with that proved consists in the agreement between them in all particulars, so their legal identity consists in their agreement in all the particulars legally essential to support the charge or claim, and the identity of those particulars depends wholly upon the proof of the allegation and circumstances by which they are ascertained, limited and described.”

No matter whether the description was necessary or unnecessary:

"To reject any allegation descriptive of that which is essential to a charge or a claim would obviously tend to mislead the adversary. * * * It seems, indeed, to be a universal rule that a plaintiff or prosecutor shall in no case be allowed to transgress those limits which in point of description, limitation, and extent he has prescribed for himself; he selects his own terms in order to express the nature and extent of his charge or claim, he cannot therefore justly complain that he is limited by them. * * * As no allegation therefore which is descriptive of any fact or matter which is legally essential to the claim or charge can be rejected altogether, inasmuch as the variance destroys the legal identity of the claim or charge alleged with that which is proved, upon the same principle no allegation can be proved partially in respect to the extent or magnitude where the precise extent or magnitude is in its nature descriptive of the charge or claim."

Nothing can be plainer than that. I refer also to Starkie on Evidence, 7th American edition, vol. 1, page 442. There he says:

"In the next place it is clear that no averment of any matter essential to the claim or charge can ever be rejected, and this position extends to all allegations which operate by way of description or limitation of that which is material."

I also cite Russell on Crimes, 9th American edition, vol. 3, page 305, and Roscoe's Criminal Evidence, 7th edition, page 86.

I now call the attention of the Court to the case of Rex vs. Pollman and others, 2 Campbell, 239. I may say before reading this decision that, in my judgment, so far as the scheme of this indictment is concerned, it should end this case:

"This was an indictment against the defendants which charged that they unlawfully and corruptly did meet, combine, conspire, consult, consent and agree among themselves and together, with divers other evil-disposed persons, to the jurors unknown, unlawfully and corruptly to procure, obtain, receive, have and take, namely, to the use of them, the said F. P., J. K. and S. H., and of certain other persons to the jurors likewise unknown, large sums of money, namely, the sum of two thousand pounds, as a compensation and reward for an appointment to be made by the lord's commissioners of the treasury of our lord the king of some person to a certain office, touching and concerning His Majesty's customs, to wit, the office of a coast waiter in the port of London, through the corrupt means and procurement of them, the said F. P., J. K. and S. H., and of certain other persons to the jurors unknown, the said office then and there being an office of public trust, touching the landing and shipping coastwise of divers goods liable to certain duties of custom."

The indictment went on and stated various overt acts in furtherance of the conspiracy.

"There were several other counts which all laid the conspiracy in the same way."

Now I come to the part of the case which, in my judgment, affects this:

"It appears that the defendants Pollman, Keylock and Harvey had entered into a negotiation with one Hesse to procure him the office mentioned in the indictment for the sum of two thousand pounds, which they had agreed to share among themselves

in certain stipulated proportions; but although this money was lodged at the banking house of Steyks, Snaith & Co, in which the defendant Watson was a partner, and he knew it was to be paid to Pollman and Keylock upon Hesse's appointment, there was no evidence to show that he knew that Sarah Harvey was to have a part of it, or that she was at all implicated in the transaction."

He was a co-conspirator, and he knew that the money was to be deposited at this place.

He knew that, but he did not know that Sarah Harvey was to have a part of it.

"Lord Ellenborough threw out a doubt whether as to Watson the indictment was supported by the evidence."

The evidence being that Watson did not know that it was to be divided in the precise way stated in the indictment. Manifestly, they need not have stated in the indictment how it was to be divided; but having stated it, the question is: Are they bound by the statement? Let us see:

"The attorney-general contended that the words in italics coming under a *videlicet* might be entirely rejected. The sense would be complete without them. The indictment would then run that the defendants conspired together to obtain a large sum of money as a consideration and reward for appointment to be made by the lord's commissioners of the treasury. This was the corpus delicti. The use to which the money might be applied was wholly immaterial. The offence of conspiring together would be complete however the money might be disposed of."

True.

"There was no occasion to state this, and the averment might be treated as surplusage. Suppose the manner in which the money was to be disposed of had been unknown. Would it have been impossible to convict those engaged in the conspiracy? But, without rejecting the words, the variance was immaterial. The charge in the indictment had been substantially made out as laid.

"Dallas and Walton, of counsel for Watson, denied that the words could be rejected, though laid under a videlicet, as they were material, and they were not repugnant to anything that went before. The application of the money might be of the very essence of the offence. Suppose it had been obtained for the use of the lords of the treasury, who would make the appointment: would not this be a much greater crime than if the money had been obtained for the benefit of a public charity?"

I think that reasoning is bad. I think the crime is exactly the same.

"But if the words were rejected then the variance was more palpable. In that case, there being no mention of any persons to whose use the money was obtained, the necessary presumption was that it was obtained to the use of the defendants themselves."

That is good sense.

"The evidence shows, however, that Watson was to have no part of it, and that he was utterly ignorant of the manner in which it was to be distributed.

"Lord Ellenborough. There can be no doubt that the indictment might have been so drawn as to include Watson in the conspiracy. Even if the manner the money to be applied was unknown, this might have been stated on the face of the indictment, and then no evidence of its application would have been required. The question is, whether the conspiracy as actually laid be proved by the evidence?"

That is the question: Have they made out a case according to the scheme of the indictment? Has the conspiracy as laid been proved by the evidence?

"I think that as to Watson it is not. He is charged with conspiring to procure this appointment through the medium of Mrs. Harvey, of whose existence for aught that appears he was utterly ignorant. When a conspiracy is charged it must be charged truly."

He did not know that Mrs. Harvey was to have a portion of the money, and yet she was a member of the conspiracy. The evidence showed that she was to have a portion of it, and Lord Ellenborough says that they did not prove the charge as laid, and that it cannot include Watson.

"Garrow submitted that it was unnecessary to prove that each of the defendants knew how the money was to be disposed of, and that it was enough to show that the destination of the money was as stated in the indictment. A fact of which all those engaged in the conspiracy must be taken to be cognizant. Watson by engaging with the other conspirators to gain the same end, had adopted the means by which the end was to be accomplished."

That is what the attorney for the Government says. Lord Ellenborough replies:

"You must prove that all the defendants were cognizant of the object of the conspiracy and the mode stated in the indictment by which it was to be carried into effect. A contrary doctrine would be extremely dangerous. The defendant Watson must be acquitted."

Now let us apply that case to this. In the first place, they must not only prove this indictment according to the scheme, but they must prove that every defendant understood that scheme, knew the scheme, how it was to be accomplished and what was done with the money.

The Court. In that case Watson was acquitted. What was done with the others?

Mr. Ingersoll. They, of course, were found guilty, because they were guilty, as the indictment charged. They knew the exact scheme set forth in the indictment. They were guilty exactly as the indictment said. They divided the money exactly as the indictment charged they divided the money, and they were cognizant of every fact set forth in the indictment. But Watson, although a co-conspirator, did not know what was to be done with the money, and consequently was to be discharged. Why? Because they did not prove the conspiracy as to him as charged. They need not have set forth in the indictment what was to be done with the money, but they did set it forth, and then they had to prove it. They need not have said that every man knew

what was done with the money, but they did say that every man knew, and they failed to prove it, and when they failed to prove it as to Watson he was discharged.

Now, gentlemen of the jury, what I insist upon and what I shall ask the Court to instruct you is that the Government, no matter how guilty the defendant may be, no matter if he has robbed this Government of hundreds of millions, is to be tried by this indictment, is to be guilty of this charge as written in this indictment and nowhere else; and he has got to understand it. They say he understood it, and they have got to prove that he understood it.

Now, upon that same subject they say that the money was to be divided between all these parties—between Rerdell, Turner and everybody. I think it was Mr. Bliss who said there was no evidence that Rerdell ever had any of the money. Certainly they do not think that Turner obtained any of the money. Is there any evidence of it? Not the slightest. Is there evidence that there ever was any division, any evidence that there was ever any money divided upon a solitary route mentioned in this indictment? Not one particle. If you say there is evidence, when was the division made?

The Court. The question is not what was done. The question is with what view the conspiracy was entered into.

Mr. Ingersoll. Certainly.

The Court. 'The object of the conspiracy may have failed, and this money might not have been divided as they intended, but still the conspiracy would be here.

Mr. Ingersoll. Good, perfectly. But if they set forth in this indictment that the money was divided, that statement is not worth a last year's dead leaf unless they prove it. That is all I insist upon. You cannot find anybody guilty of charges in an indictment unless you prove them. Unless you prove them they amount to no more than charges written in water, than characters engraved on fog or written on clouds. You have got to prove them.

Now, upon this same point I say that if the scheme has not been established by the evidence, the case fails, no matter what the proof. The offence must not only be proved as charged, but it must be charged as proved, doubling the statement for the sake of doubling the idea of accuracy. That is in Archibald's Criminal Pleadings, American edition, page 36. The same thing is held in First Chitty's Criminal Law, 213. I also refer to the case of King against Walker, 3d Campbell, 264; King vs. Robinson, 1st Hope's Nisi Prius Reports, 595. I have the books here, but I will not take up the time of this Court in reading them.

Now, if I am right, that is the language of that indictment. The overt acts with the leaves are gone; the scheme with the branch and trunk are gone. They prove no such scheme, they prove no such division.

I will now proceed to examine the alleged evidence against my clients, Stephen W. and John W. Dorsey, and I want to say right in the commencement that suspicion is not evidence. You charge that a couple of persons conspired. That they met about nine o'clock on the shadowy side of the street.

A suspicious circumstance. Why did they not get *under the lamp?* They were seen together once more, and the moment a man came up they walked off. Guilty. They ran. And out of these idiotic suspicions that never would have entered the mind, except for the reason that the persons were charged, hundreds of people begin to say, "There is something in it. They met four or five times. One of them wrote a letter to the other, and so help me God it was not dated." Another suspicious circumstance. "There was a heading on the paper. It was not the number of his office." So they work it up, and ignorance begins to stare, and wonder to open its mouth, and finally prejudice finds a verdict.

Suspicion, gentlemen, is not evidence. You want to go at this with this idea. Whatever a man does, the presumption is it is an honest act until the contrary is shown. These men wrote letters. They had a right to do it. They met. They had a right to meet. They entered into contracts. They had a right to do it, no matter whether they were dated or not dated. One of the greatest judges of England said if you let out of the greatest man's brains all the suspicions, all the rumors, all the mistakes, and all the nonsense, the amount of pure knowledge left would be extremely small. If you take out of this case all the suspicions, all the guesses, all the rumors, all the epithets, all the arrogant declarations, the amount of real evidence would be surprisingly small.

Now, I want to try this case that way. I do not want to try it by prejudice. Prejudice is born of ignorance and malice. One of the greatest men of this country said prejudice is the spider of the mind. It weaves its web over every window and over every crevice where light can enter, and then disputes the existence of the light that it has excluded. That is prejudice. Prejudice will give the lie to all the other senses. It will swear the northern star out of the sky of truth. You must avoid it. It is the womb of injustice, and a man who cannot rise above prejudice is not a civilized man; he is simply a barbarian. I do not want this case tried on prejudice. Prejudice will shut its eyes against the light. I want you to try it without that.

And right here, although it is a subject about which most courts are a little tender, the question arises as to the jury being judges of the law and fact. One of the attorneys for the Government, Mr. Merrick, told us that at one time he insisted that the jury was the judge of the law, and made this remarkable declaration:

"But even at the time I spoke the words to the jury I did not believe them to be indicative of safe and true principles of law."

Was he candid then? Is he candid now? I do not know. But his doctrine appears to be this: "When I am afraid of the court I insist on the jury judging the law. When I am afraid of the jury I turn the law over to the court. But in this case, having confidence in both judge and jury, it is wholly immaterial to me how the question is decided."

Now, if it please the Court, I believe the law to be simply this: I believe the jury to be absolute judges of the facts, and yet if on the facts they find a man guilty whom the court thinks is not guilty, the court will grant a new trial. The court has the power to set aside a verdict because the jury find contrary to the evidence. The court cannot do it, however, when the jury finds a verdict of not guilty. I do not believe that the jury have a right to disregard the law from the court unless a juryman upon his oath can say that he believes, he knows, or is satisfied that is not the law; and he must be

honest in that, and he must not be acting upon caprice. He must be absolutely honest. He must be in that condition of mind that to follow the law pointed out by the court would trample upon his conscience, and that he has not the right to do. That is all the distance I go.

The history of the world will show that some of the grandest advances made in law have been made by juries who would not allow their consciences to be trampled into the earth by tyrannical judges. I am not saying that for this case.

I am simply saying that as a fact. There was a time in this country when they used to try a man who helped another to gain his liberty, and there was now and then a man on the jury who had sense enough, and heart enough, and conscience enough to say, "I will die before I carry out that kind of law." They did not carry it out either, and finally the law became so contemptible, so execrable, that everybody despised it. All I ask this jury to do is just to be governed by the evidence and by the law as the Court will give it to them, honestly and fairly.

Now, I am coming to the evidence against John W. Dorsey. I am traveling through this case now we have started it. As you have heard very little about it, gentlemen, and there is nothing in the world like speaking on a fresh subject. I feel-an interest in John W. Dorsey. He is my client. I believe him to be an absolutely honest man. He is willing to take the effect of all his acts. He is no sneak, no skulk. He will take it as it is. Let us see what he has done.

The first witness is Mr. Boone. Mr. Boone swears that John W. Dorsey was one of the original partners. Well, that is so. It is claimed that the conspiracy was entered into before there was any bidding. Well, Boone does not uphold that view. Now, if Boone and Miner and John W. Dorsey and Peck had an arrangement with Brady whereby they were to bid and then have expedition and increase, I want to ask you why did Boone write to all the postmasters to find out about the roads and the cost of provender, and the kind of weather they had in the winter in order to ascertain what bid to make? If he had had an arrangement with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General to expedite the route he would have simply made up his mind to bid lower than anybody else, and he would not have cared a cent what kind of roads they had there, or what kind of weather they had in the winter, or how much horse provender cost, and yet he sent out thousands of circulars to find out these facts. For what? To make bids. What for? According to the Government these were routes on which they had already conspired for expedition and increase without the slightest reference to the horses and men, and of course, if that theory is true, Boone is one of the conspirators. But I will come to that hereafter.

More routes, according to Boone's testimony, were awarded than they anticipated. They got, I think, one hundred and twenty-six. They had no money to stock the routes. They got more than they expected. Well, that was not a crime. Boone left in August, 1878, and Mr. Merrick takes the ground that Boone had done the work, manipulated all the machinery, and yet could not be trusted with the secret. Boone had gathered all the information, he had done the entire business, and yet the secret up to that time had been successfully kept from him. Do you believe that?

Now, Vaile came, and another partnership was formed, and the second partnership remained in force, I think, till the 1st of April, 1879, or the last day of March, and then the routes were divided. Now, then, John W. Dorsey is charged with conspiracy as to these routes, and these routes were afterwards assigned to S. W. Dorsey to secure advances and indorsements that were made.

Now, of the routes mentioned in the indictment, John W. Dorsey was interested in seven at the time of the division. From Vermillion to Sioux Falls, from White River to Rawlins, from Garland to Parrott City, from Ouray to Los Pinos, from Silverton to Parrott City, from Mineral Park to Pioche, and from Tres Alamos to Clifton. How much money did he get on all these routes? I have already shown you. He received two warrants for eighty-seven dollars and they recouped them both. He received another warrant for three hundred and ninety-two dollars and succeeded in keeping it. That is all the money he got in these seven routes. Now, the testimony of Mr. Vaile shows, if it shows anything, that after April, 1879, he took those routes and kept them and never paid a dollar to any official in the world, and he also swears that no matter how much he got, it made no difference as to the routes that had been given to John W. Dorsey and Peck. It could not in any way affect their amount, and that no person in the world except themselves had any interest in them.

Now, it is charged that false affidavits were made by John W. Dorsey, and that the making of these false affidavits was the result of conspiracy. Let us see. It has been shown by the evidence, and I have already shown it, and conclusively shown it, that the affidavit was substantially correct, so far as the proportion was concerned.

Now, let me explain what I mean by proportion. For instance, I am getting five thousand dollars a year on a route, and it takes five men and ten horses. That is an aggregate of fifteen. Now, suppose I simply expedite it a certain number of miles an hour, and say it will take fifteen men and thirty horses. That makes an aggregate of forty-five, does it not? Then the Government gives me three times as much for the expedited service as for the then service. Now, suppose I am getting a thousand dollars, and it only takes one man and one horse, and I make an affidavit that it takes one hundred men and one hundred horses, and if it is expedited it will take two hundred men and two hundred horses, how much more do I get? I get just double, and the result of the affidavit is exactly the same as though I said the one man and one horse that it then took, and it would require two men and two horses. If you keep the proportion you cannot by any possibility commit a fraud against the Government. Now we understand that. Now let us see. When you make an affidavit, what do you do? When you make an affidavit of how many horses it will take, you take into consideration the length of the term, three or four years. You take into consideration the life of a horse. You take into consideration the roads and the weather. You take into consideration every risk, and find it is only a matter of judgment, only a matter of opinion, and the fact that men differ as to their judgment upon those points accounts for the fact that they make different affidavits. If everybody made the same calculation as to food, as to weather, as to roads, as to disease, everybody would make substantially the same bid, but on the same route they differ thousands of dollars a year, because they differ in judgment as to the number of horses it will require and as to the number of men.

And then there is another thing. Some men will make a horse do twice as much as others. Some men are hard and fierce and merciless. Some men are like they ask you to be in this case—icicles. Some men resemble the gods so far that they will make a horse do five times the work they should, and other men are merciful to the dumb beast. So they differ in judgment. One man says he can go twenty-five miles every day, and another man says he can only go fifteen. One man says stations ought to be built twenty-five miles apart; another says they should be built ten miles apart. They differ, and for that reason, gentlemen, the bids differ, and for that reason the affidavits differ.

I shall not speak of all these affidavits, but I shall speak of the ones that have been attacked. Mr. Merrick called Mr Dorsey a perjurer because he made two affidavits on route 38145. Now, no such charge is made in the indictment, but I will answer it. Now, then, as to the two indictments—The Court. Two affidavits.

Mr. Ingersoll. Two affidavits. Well, there ought to have been two indictments to cover both cases. Now, this is on route 38145, Garland to Parrott City. Now, there were two affidavits made on 38145, as is set forth in the evidence, but it is not in the indictment. The first affidavit was sworn to March 11, 1879, in Vermont, and filed April 16, 1879. Neither could come in under this conspiracy anyway. The second was made in Washington, April 26, 1879, and filed the same day, which is a suspicious circumstance. The letter dated April 23, 1879, according to the prosecution, purports to transmit an affidavit made on the 26. There is no evidence that the affidavit dated the 26 was inclosed in the letter dated the 23. The affidavit set forth the number of men and animals required to run the route on a schedule of fifty hours, three trips a week. There is no evidence as to the character of the paper transmitted, if any was transmitted, nor in fact, is there any evidence that any paper was transmitted with that letter.

Now, on page 804 of the record, Mr. Bliss submitted two papers to Mr. McSweeney, a witness, saying, “I show you two papers pinned together.” Who pinned them? I do not know. “One dated April 26, 1879, and the other dated April 24, 1879.” The paper dated April 26 is indorsed in the handwriting of William H. Turner. The indorsement on the paper dated April 24 is in the handwriting of Byron C. Coon. This fact shows that the papers that were read by Mr. Bliss as one paper and marked 17 E, were treated by the department as two separate papers received on separate dates, and so marked and so filed, and they were marked at the time they were identified as numbers 17 and 18. Now, the only question is whether the last affidavit was made for the purpose of committing a fraud upon the Government and whether the change in the figures in the last affidavit were intended to or could in any way defraud the Government of the United States.

Now, let us see what it is. Mr. Merrick charges that the second oath was willful perjury. In order to show that this was an honest transaction, and that Mr. Dorsey should be praised instead of blamed, I will call your intention now to the exact state of facts. Now, if I do not make out from this that it was a praiseworthy action instead of perjury, a good, honest action, I will abandon the case. In the first affidavit Dorsey swore that it would require three men and seven animals as the schedule then was, and that for the proposed schedule it would take eleven men and twenty-six animals.

Now, three men and seven animals make ten, and eleven men and twenty-six animals make thirty-seven. So that by the first affidavit he swore that it would take three and seven-tenths more animals to carry the mail on the expedited schedule than on the schedule as it then was, did he not? Three men and seven animals as against eleven men and twenty-six animals it would take three and seven-tenths more animals, consequently you would get for that three and seven-tenths more pay. Now, let us understand that. That is an increase in the ratio of ten to thirty-seven, and if his pay had been calculated on that first affidavit it would have been thirteen thousand four hundred and thirty-three dollars and four cents. But it was not calculated on that. He made another affidavit. Now, the second affidavit said that it would take twenty men and animals instead of ten, as it then was, and for the expedition fifty-four men and animals. Now, the ratio between twenty and fifty-four was two and seven-tenths instead of three and seven-tenths, so that under that second affidavit, which they say was willful and corrupt perjury, he would only get eight thousand four hundred and fifty-seven dollars, and the change of that affidavit, if the amount had been calculated on the first instead of the second, would have cost him for the three years yet remaining of his term fourteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-five dollars and sixty cents, and that change saved, exactly as if they had made the calculation on the other affidavit, about fifteen thousand dollars, and yet they tell me that that was willful and corrupt perjury. There has nothing been shown in the case more perfectly honorable. Nothing shown calculated to put John W. Dorsey in a fairer, in a grander light, than this very affidavit that is charged to have been willful perjury. Do you see? He made the first affidavit, and in it he made a mistake against the Government of fourteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-five dollars, and, then, like an honest man, he corrected it, and for that honest correction he is held up as a perjured scoundrel. It will not do, my friends.

But, as a matter of fact, not one of these affidavits is set out in the indictment, not one charged in the indictment. They are wandering tramps that were picked up as they went along with this case, and have no business here.

In route 38152 he made no affidavit. In route 38113 there is no charge in the indictment that he made any affidavit. In the route 38156 the affidavit was not false. It was charged and was not successfully impeached. In route 40104 the affidavit was never disputed and it was never attacked. In route 40113 the affidavit was not attacked, not a solitary witness was examined. In route 35105 no affidavit was made by Dorsey. In route 38134 there are two more affidavits.

Now let us see. Here is some more fraud. Put it down, 38134—two affidavits—a great fraud. The first affidavit said three men and twelve animals. That made fifteen; that for the expedition it would take seven men and thirty-eight animals. That made forty-five. In other words the proportion was fifteen to forty-five, just three times as much. Three times fifteen make forty-five. Then he made a second affidavit, filed with a purpose to defraud the Government. Let us see. In the second affidavit he said that it took two men and six animals. That makes eight. That on the expedition it would take six men and eighteen animals. That makes twenty-four. The proportion was eight to twenty-four. Three times eight make twenty-four; and three times fifteen make forty-five. So that the amount was raised exactly the same to a cent, under the

second affidavit that it was under the first, and consequently could not have been made for the purpose of defrauding anybody. Impossible. The proportion of course is the material thing in every affidavit, and it is only by that proportion that you can tell whether they are trying to defraud this Government or not. Suppose that second affidavit had changed the proportion so that he was not to get just the amount of money, then you might say it was a fraud. But it did not change the proportion.

On route 38156 another affidavit is filed and not successfully impeached. I went over that. I have got through with that. That is all there is to it. That is all, that is everything—everything—everything. There is no evidence tending to show that John W. Dorsey ever spoke to Thomas J. Brady. There is no evidence to show that he ever saw him. There is no evidence to show that he was ever seen in his company; no evidence to show that he ever saw Turner; that he ever heard of Turner; that he ever spoke to Turner; that he ever received a letter from Turner; that he ever wrote anything to him; no evidence as a matter of fact that he ever exchanged a word with these men; no evidence that he ever saw Harvey M. Vaile; that he ever spoke to him. Certainly there is no evidence that he ever conspired with him. No evidence that he ever made an agreement with Thomas J. Brady or with Mr. Turner or with any officer—no agreement of any sort, kind, character, or description at any place, upon any subject, or for any purpose, not the slightest; no evidence that he conspired with anybody; no evidence that he ever received from the United States a solitary dollar, with the exception of three hundred and ninety-two dollars—not the slightest.

There is no evidence that he ever wrote a false communication to the department—nothing of it. There is no evidence that he ever wrote a petition; no evidence that he ever forged one; no evidence that he ever signed anybody's name to one; no evidence that he did anything of the kind or that he ever changed one; no evidence that he ever put a man's name to it that did not live on the route; no evidence that he ever put in a fictitious name; no evidence that he helped to deceive the Postmaster-General—not the slightest. If there is I want somebody just to put their finger upon the evidence. There is no evidence that he ever made false statements at any time. There is no evidence that he ever paid, as I say, a dollar to any official, and no evidence that he ever promised to pay it. All the evidence is that he got three hundred and ninety-two dollars. He made the affidavits in accordance with what he believed to be the truth. The evidence shows that when he made the affidavits on those routes he had no personal interest, that he received not a dollar for making them. He made them because he supposed the contractor or subcontractor had to make them. He made them because he believed them to be true. He was guided by the little experience he had himself and by the statements made to him by others; and in all this evidence there is not a word, not a line, not a letter tending to show he did a dishonest act, and the jury will bear me out that in the affidavits attacked he was substantially right, while in the first instance he was too high; in others he was too low. But there is no evidence that he deliberately swore to what he believed to be untrue. The proportion sworn to by him has always been substantially correct. In other words, gentlemen, the testimony shows that John W. Dorsey is an honest man, and there is no jury, there never was, there never will be, that will find a man like that guilty upon evidence like this. It never happened; it never will happen.

Now, I come to my other client, Stephen W. Dorsey, and I feel an interest in him. He is my friend. I like him. He is a good man. He has good sense. He is not simply a politician, he is a statesman; and I want you to understand that he never did an act in this case that he did not thoroughly understand as well as any lawyer in this prosecution ever will understand; or as well as any lawyer of the defence ever will understand. He knew exactly his liabilities. He knew exactly his responsibility. He knew exactly what he did and he knew he did only what was right. In the opening of this case Mr. McSweeney made a statement. He told you the exact connection of Dorsey with this matter. He not only told you that, but he told you that Dorsey had lost money on these routes, and that he had never been repaid the money he had advanced, and in that connection he said that he had turned the routes over to James W. Bosler, and the department knew of James W. Bosler because they introduced testimony here that the warrants were paid to James W. Bosler. Mr. McSweeney stated that Bosler controlled the business, and now we are asked by the prosecution, "Why did you not bring James W. Bosler on the stand and show that you had lost money?" I return the compliment and say to them, why did you not bring James W. Bosler on the stand and show that it was not true that we had lost money, as he kept the books? I ask them that. Why did they not bring James W. Bosler?

Mr. Merrick. If your Honor please, there is no evidence whatever as to whether S. W. Dorsey lost money on those routes, and the statement of counsel made in the opening, I respectfully submit, cannot be used as evidence by the counsel in the case.

The Court. Of course it is impossible for me to say after so long a time spent in receiving evidence what evidence has been given on a disputed question. I cannot say from recollection what evidence has been given on this subject, but I understand the remarks now made are not made upon evidence in the case, but in reply to remarks made in the opening in the case.

Mr. Ingersoll. Partially so.

Mr. Merrick. The opening by their counsel.

The Court. By their counsel.

Mr. Merrick. By their counsel, Mr. McSweeney.

Mr. Ingersoll. Let me just state it, and the Court will understand it perfectly. Mr. McSweeney, in his opening, said that these routes had been turned over to James W. Bosler; that he received the money and paid it out, and that S. W. Dorsey on these very routes had not made money, but lost money. Very well. But that statement was simply a statement. It was never proved afterwards. The Government said to us, "Why did you not bring James W. Bosler to prove that?"

The Court. Where did they say that?

Mr. Ingersoll. They said it in their speeches. Mr. Merrick said it.

Mr. Merrick. Not to prove as to the money.

Mr. Ingersoll. Ay, "Why did you not bring James W. Bosler?"

Mr. Merrick. Yes, but not as to proof of money; but as to other questions in reference to the distribution of routes and the loaning of money by Dorsey, and by Bosler to Dorsey, and Dorsey's transfer of the routes to Bosler as security for the loan as appeared in Vaile's testimony.

The Court. I shall not interfere.

Mr. Merrick. I shall not attempt to arrest the course of counsel unless there is ground for it, and I ask the Court that, there being no evidence of this fact, that the counsel shall not—Mr. Ingersoll. [Interposing.] I am going to show there is some evidence.

The Court. I understand it is a remark in reply to an observation of your own.

Mr. Ingersoll. That is principally it. Now, they introduced the warrants that had been drawn by the contractors and subcontractors from the Post-Office Department; they proved that these warrants had been paid to James W. Bosler, and that one after the other, hundreds had been assigned to James W. Bosler. Now, then, I say, they say to us, "Why do you not bring in James W. Bosler and prove your innocence?" I say why did you not bring in James W. Bosler and prove our guilt? We opened the door. We told you the name of the witness. We told you that he had taken the routes; that he kept the books; that he disbursed the money, and that we had lost money. Instead of robbing the Government the Government has robbed us; and they say, "Why did you not bring Bosler?" and I say to them, why did you not bring him? They know him, and they know he is a reputable man.

Now, there is another point. I ask you all to remember what was said in the opening, and I understand that a defence is bound by its opening, bound by what it says to the jury. The question is, Has any fact been substantiated in this case that contradicts a statement made in the opening?

The Court. The defence has no right to avail itself of—Mr. Ingersoll. [Interposing.] Of what it says.

The Court. Of what it says in its opening unless it is followed by evidence.

Mr. Ingersoll. Certainly not, but it has a right to show that no evidence has been introduced by the Government that touches that opening statement. It has the right to do that, surely.

Now, then, Mr. Boone was the witness for the Government—a smart man. He swore who were interested in the bidding. He told and he positively swore that Dorsey was not interested in these routes. He gave the names of the persons interested, and he swore positively that he was not. Dorsey then, I say, had not the slightest interest. He loaned money, he went security, he assisted in getting sureties on bonds, and you recollect the trouble that they have made about some bonds. Has there any evidence been introduced to show that there was a bad bond? Has any evidence been introduced to show that the name of an insolvent man was put upon any bond as security? Has there been any evidence to show that any action was ever commenced on any of these bonds; any evidence tending to show that every bond was not absolutely good? As a matter of fact, the Government waived all of that. In offering the contract on route 35015, Mr. Merrick made this remark:

“It is offered for the purpose of showing the contract made. The contract itself is not an overt act. That is all right. There is nothing criminal about that.”

Good!

Nothing criminal about any contract, gentlemen. You will all admit they had to make the bids, and if they were the lowest bidders it was the duty of the Government to accept the bids and afterwards to make the contracts in accordance with them. There was nothing wrong in that. That is Dorsey’s first step. His first step really was an act of kindness. What was the second step? He was unable to advance any more money. Mr. Peck, Mr. Miner, Mr. Dorsey, and Mr. Boone were unable to advance the money, so Mr. Boone went out and Mr. Vaile came in, and the new partnership agreed to refund this money that had been advanced; that is, the money advanced by the other parties. What one gets another to advance is really advanced by him as long as he is liable for it. Mr. Vaile, a man of large experience and means, was taken in Boone’s place. Is there anything suspicious up to this time? That is the only test of this whole question. Is it natural? If it is natural there is no chance for suspicion. After Mr. Vaile came in, a written contract was made on August 16, 1878. There is no conspiracy up to that time. Not the slightest evidence of it; no arrangement with any officers up to that time. Now, under the August contract, Mr. Vaile took the entire business in charge, and he ran it, as I understand, until the first day of April, 1879. No officer had any interest in it then. There was no conspiracy then. Vaile received all the money and paid it out. Here we stand on the first day of April, 1879. Now, what is the history up to this time? That John W. Dorsey, Peck, Miner, and Boone were bidders; that certain routes had been awarded, they had not the money to stock the routes, and that S. W. Dorsey advanced some money and went security; that afterwards Boone went out and Vaile came in, and the contract was made by virtue of which Vaile became the treasurer and knew everybody, and ran the business to the first day of April, 1879. He swears positively that he made no arrangement and that he paid no money. It is also in evidence that in December, 1878, Stephen W. Dorsey and Vaile met for the first time, and met in the German-American Bank for the purpose of settling the claim upon which Dorsey was security, and replacing the notes upon which Dorsey was, by notes of Vaile, Miner & Co. Afterwards these notes were paid by Vaile and the security of Dorsey released. Now, in April, 1879, a division is made. The contract of August, 1878, was done away with and a division ‘of the routes was made, seventy per cent, being taken by Vaile and Miner and thirty per cent, by John W. Dorsey and Peck. In April, 1879, the parties divided instead of coming together. They do not conspire. They separate. They do not unite. They go asunder. From that moment they agree to have nothing in common. Each man takes his own, and each man attends to his own and does not help anybody else except when they insist that a contractor or subcontractor shall make the affidavit. They made affidavits on the routes on which they were contractors. That is all there is to it up to that time. Then these routes were assigned to Dorsey for the purpose of securing him.

Now, I go to the overt acts charged against Stephen W. Dorsey. Do you know I am delighted to get right to that page of my notes. I am delighted that I now have the opportunity to answer and to answer forever all the infamous things that have been charged against this man. Here we are, before this jury, a jury of his fellow-citizens, a

jury that has the courage to do right. I have finally the chance of telling here before men who know whether I am speaking the truth or not, what has been charged against Stephen W. Dorsey and what has been proved against him. Let us examine the overt acts charged. On route 38135 it is charged that Miner, Rerdell and S. W. Dorsey transmitted a false affidavit. The evidence is that the affidavit was made by Miner, not by Dorsey, transmitted by Miner, not by Dorsey, and that it was not transmitted as charged in the indictment, but transmitted on the 18th day of April, 1879. There is no evidence that Dorsey even heard of that affidavit, that he ever made it, that he ever transmitted it, that he ever saw it, that he ever knew of its existence. That is the first charge. There is not one particle of evidence to show that he ever knew there was such a paper. Upon that written lie, upon that mistake these infamous charges affecting the character of this man have been circulated over the United States.

What is the next? That he with others filed false petitions. I am telling you now all the charges; every one of them. What is the evidence? Oh, it is splendid to get to the facts. The evidence is that every petition is shown to have been genuine. There is no evidence that he ever filed one or sent one, or asked to have one sent on that route; and every petition is genuine and no charge made except as to one. In one they said the words “quicker time” were inserted; but the very next paragraph asked for quicker time, and nobody pretended that had been inserted. Besides that, it was charged in the indictment to have been filed on the 26th day of June. As a matter of fact, it was filed on the 8th day of May. It was never filed by Stephen W. Dorsey; it was never gotten up by Stephen W. Dorsey. There is no evidence that he ever knew of it or heard of it. Third, that he fraudulently filed a subcontract. Two mistakes and an impossible offence. That ends that route. That is everything on earth in it. I defy any man to make anything more out of it than I have. I have told every word.

The next route is No. 41119. It is charged that Stephen W. Dorsey with others transmitted a false oath. The evidence is that the oath was made by Peck, and it was transmitted by Peck and not by Stephen W. Dorsey. What else? That it is true. There are three mistakes in that charge. They say Dorsey made it. Peck made it They say Dorsey transmitted it. Peck transmitted it. They say it was false. The evidence shows it true. Thai is all there is to that route. It is the only charge on that route. No petitions were claimed to be false.

Now we come to route 38145. Let us see if we can do any better on that. The first charge is, that Stephen W. Dorsey fraudulently filed a subcontract. The subcontract was made with Sanderson, Sanderson got his own contract filed. This charge was copied from the old indictment. It is a mistake and that is all there is to it. These are the charges that have carried sorrow to many hearts. These are the charges that have darkened homes. These are the charges that have filled nights with grief and horror; every one of them a lie.

The next route is 38156. The first charge is that he transmitted a false oath. The oath was made by John W. Dorsey, and is true. The second charge is of fraudulently filing a subcontract, an impossible offence. That is everything on that route. Absolutely untrue.

Now we come to the next, No. 46217. The charge is filing base petitions. The evidence is that every petition was genuine. Every one. Mr. Bliss said—"We make no point about increase of trips on this route."

Every petition was for increase of trips. You will see that on record, page 1008. That is the only charge on that route, gentlemen. Utterly false!

Come now to route 38140. Charge: Filing false and forged petitions. Evidence: All the petitions genuine. Second charge: Transmitting a false oath and making it. Evidence: Oath made by John W. Dorsey, and true. That is all there is to that route. If they can rake up any more I want to see it. I have been through this record.

Route 38113. Charge: Fraudulently filing a subcontract. That is all. You cannot fraudulently file a subcontract.

Route 40113. Charge: Filing false and forged petitions. Evidence: Every petition admitted by the Government to be genuine. Good. Second: transmitting a false oath. Evidence: Oath made by John W. Dorsey, and the Government introduced no witness to show that it was false. See how these charges fall. See how they bite the ground. That is all.

I have told you every one in this indictment; every one. You will hardly believe it. Now let me give you the recapitulation. S. W. Dorsey is charged on eight routes with having transmitted four false oaths.

The evidence is he never made one nor transmitted one, and that the four oaths were all true. On five routes he is charged with having filed false petitions. The evidence is that all the petitions were genuine. None of the petitions charged in the indictment to have been transmitted by him were transmitted by him. He is charged with filing fraudulent subcontracts, and the evidence is that the subcontracts were genuine, and besides that, as I have said a dozen times, it is utterly impossible to fraudulently file a subcontract. Not a single, solitary charge in this indictment against Stephen W. Dorsey has been substantiated. Not one. He has been called a robber, he has been called a thief, but the evidence shows he is an honest man. Not one single thing alleged in that indictment has been substantiated against him, and I defy any human being to point to the evidence that does it. Now think of it. All this charge has been made against that man upon that evidence; no other evidence; not another line so far as the indictment is concerned. What is outside of the indictment? That he wrote two letters, taking possession of routes that had been turned over to him as security, which he had a right to do. What else? That he got up some petitions, or had them gotten up, in the State of Oregon. The man who got them up was brought here as a witness. I believe his name was Wilcox. He swore that everything he did was honest, and that every name to every petition was genuine. Now let us see. Another point has been made upon S. W. Dorsey. I want to read it to you. This is from the argument of Mr. Merrick:

"Peck, John W. Dorsey and Miner, or some other one of Stephen W. Dorsey's friends. Who was making up this conspiracy? Who was gathering around him arms and hands to reach into the public Treasury for his benefit, while his own were apparently

unoccupied with pelf? S. W. Dorsey. 'My brother and brother-in-law will go in, and Miner, or if not Miner, then one of my other friends.'"

This is quoted.

"One-of S. W. Dorsey's other facile friends. That was in 1877, gentlemen, the morning of this day of fraud and criminality. In that room where Boone and S. W. Dorsey sat arose the sun, and there was marked his course. There was fashioned the duration and the business of that criminal day."

Now, let us see what the evidence is. The object of that speech is to convince you that Dorsey said to Boone. "I will either put in Miner or one of my friends." Do you know that there is not money enough in the Treasury of the United States, there is not gold and silver enough in the veins of this earth to tempt me to misstate evidence when a man is on trial for his liberty or his life. Let us see what the evidence is:

"Q. Who else besides his brother-in-law and brother?—A. I could not say positively whether Mr. Miner's name was mentioned. He either mentioned his name or a friend of his from Sandusky, Ohio."

Now, I submit to you, gentlemen, what does that mean? Mr. Boone, in effect, says, "He told me either it was Miner or a friend of his from Sandusky. That is, he either described Miner by his name or he described him as a friend of his from Sandusky." Then there was objection made, and after that comes another question:

"Q. Was anything said of Mr. Miner's coming to Washington?—A. I could not say whether his name was mentioned or a friend of his; a personal friend."

What does that mean? Boone cannot remember Whether he called him Miner or called him a friend of his from Sandusky. What else?

"A. There was to be nobody that I understood outside of the parties I spoke of.

"Q. You and John W. Dorsey and Peck?—A. And Mr. Miner."

"Q. Or one of his friends?—A. Or Mr. Dorsey's friend. The arrangement made was not made until they came here. It was only to prepare the necessary blanks and papers pending their coming because the time was getting short, and it was necessary to get the information to bid upon. Nothing was said about any interest at all until after they came here, and then there was a partnership entered into."

Now, I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, what is the meaning of that testimony. The meaning is simply this: Boone could not remember whether he mentioned Miner's name or called him a friend of his from Sandusky, yet the object has been to make you believe that the testimony was that S. W. Dorsey said, "I will either have Miner or I will get another friend of mine." Dorsey had no interest in it, not the interest of one cent, not the interest of one dollar, directly, indirectly, or any other way. He had no interest in having a friend of his. All that Mr. Boone said is that Mr. Dorsey either called this man Miner or described him as a friend from Sandusky, Ohio. The evidence is that Mr. Miner did come, and the evidence is that the arrangement was made. What else is there outside in this case against Stephen W. Dorsey? I ask you to put your hand upon it. I ask anybody to point it out. What other suspicious

circumstance is there? I want you to understand that all the suspicious circumstances in the world are good for nothing. All the evidence on earth tending to show a thing does not show it. Anything that only tends that way never gets there; never.

You cannot infer a conspiracy. Unless you have the facts proved, you cannot infer the fact and then infer the conspiracy. There has not been—I want to say it again—there has not been a solitary fraudulent act proven against Stephen W. Dorsey. They have not done it and they cannot do it. All I ask of you, gentlemen, is to find a verdict in accordance with this testimony.

May it please the Court, it appears from the evidence in this case, I think the evidence of Mr. James, that Stephen W. Dorsey at one time, about sixteen or seventeen months ago, made a statement in writing of his connection with all these routes. That statement he gave to the Attorney-General and the Postmaster-General. There is no evidence of what was in that statement. The only evidence is that such a statement was made, embracing his connection with these routes.

The Court. You offered to prove that.

Mr. Ingersoll. Oh, no. The reason it was established was I wanted to show whether that statement was made before or after Mr. Rerdell made a statement. The fact simply appears that he made a statement.

The Court. You offered to prove the fact.

Mr. Ingersoll. I do not remember offering to prove it. I proved it.

The Court. If it was not proven—Mr. Ingersoll. [Interposing.] I did prove it as a fact.

The Court. That he made a statement.

Mr. Ingersoll. Yes, sir. Right here it is [taking up the record].

The Court. Oh, well, you cannot base any remarks upon that.

Mr. Ingersoll. Let me read what the evidence says:

"Q. Was this statement of Rerdell's made to you after you had received the statements of S. W. Dorsey as to his connection with all these entire routes or with this entire business?

"The Witness. To what statement do you refer?

"Mr. Ingersoll. To the statement that was made in writing and given to you and the attorney-general by ex-Senator S. W. Dorsey?

"A. It must have been after that.

"Q. You mean Rerdell's statement was after that?—A. Yes, sir.

"Q. Did you ever see that statement made by Senator Dorsey?—A. It was referred to the attorney-general.

"Q. Did you ever see it?—A. Certainly.

"Q. Do you know where it now is?—A. I do not."

I am not going to say a word about what was in that statement, but the Court will see that that has a direct bearing upon their action with regard to Rerdell's statement whether it was made before or after, which I will endeavor to show, and the only point that I wanted to make upon that statement now, was that the Government has not endeavored to prove that anything in that statement was inconsistent with the evidence in this case. I am not going to say what the statement was; simply that he made a statement, and it follows as naturally as night follows morning, and morning follows night, that if that statement had been incorrect it would have been brought forward. That is all.

The Court. For anything the Court knows it might have been a confession. We do not know anything about it.

Mr. Ingersoll. If it had been a confession it would have been here. That is the point I make. If there had been in that anything inconsistent with the testimony it would have been here.

The Court. Probably it would.

Mr. Ingersoll. Yes, sir; that is my point.

The Court. When a man is charged with crime no man has a right to say that because he did not deny it that is evidence of his guilt.

Mr. Ingersoll. No, sir; and no man has a right to say that because he did deny it is evidence of his innocence.

The Court. It is not evidence either way.

Mr. Ingersoll. It is not evidence either way, and if I am charged with a crime and I make a written statement to the Government of my entire connection with that thing, and they go on and examine it for one year and finally finish the trial without showing that that statement was incorrect, it is a moral demonstration that my statement agreed with the testimony.

The Court. On the principle, I suppose, of an account rendered and no objection made?

Mr. Ingersoll. Good. That is a good idea.

The Court. I do not see anything in that.

Mr. Ingersoll. I see a great deal in it, and it is a question whether the jury can see anything in it.

The Court. It is a question whether the Court too——

Mr. Ingersoll. [Interposing.] Very well.

The Court. [Continuing.] Whether the Court is going to allow an argument to be based upon a mere vacuum—wind, nothing.

Mr. Ingersoll. That would seem to be stealing the foundation of this case. [Laughter, and cries of "Silence" from the bailiffs.] We will consider the argument made to the Court, and not to the jury.

The next question, then, is what is the *corpus delicti*; that is, in a case of conspiracy? I do not believe the combination to be the corpus delicti—the mere association. It may be the corpus, but it is not the delicti, and under the law there must not only be a conspiracy, as I understand it, but also an overt act done by one of the conspirators to accomplish the object of the conspiracy. So that the conspiracy with the fraudulent purpose and the overt act constitute the corpus delicti. Now, I read from Best on Presumptions, page 279:

"The corpus delicti, the body of an offence, is the fact of its actually having been committed."

The dead body in a murder case is not the corpus delicti. It is the corpse and nothing more. It must be followed by evidence that murder was committed.

"The corpus delicti is the body, substance or foundation of the offence. It is the substantial and fundamental fact of its having been committed."

1 Haggard, 105, opinion by Lord Stowell.

I now refer you to Peoples vs. Powell, 63, N. Y., page 92. It seems that the defendants in this case were commissioners of charities of the county of Kings, and they were indicted for conspiring together to buy supplies contrary to law and without duly advertising. Their defence was that they were not aware that such a law existed; that they were ignorant of the law. The court below thought that made no difference. The court above said before they could be guilty of this crime there must be the intention to commit the crime, and this language is used:

"The agreement must have been entered into with an evil purpose, as distinguished from a purpose simply to do the act prohibited in ignorance of the prohibition. This is implied in the meaning of the word conspiracy. Mere concert is not conspiracy."

So combination is not conspiracy; partnership is not conspiracy; neither is it the corpus delicti of conspiracy. There must be the evil intent; there must be the wicked conspiracy not only, but there must be one at least overt act done in pursuance of it before the corpus delicti can be established.

"The actual criminal intention belongs to the definition of the offence and must be shown to justify a conviction for conspiracy. The offence originally consisted in a combination to convict an innocent person by perversion of the law. It has since been greatly extended, but I am of opinion that proof that the defendants agreed to do an act prohibited by statute, followed by overt acts in furtherance of the agreed purpose, did not conclusively establish that they were guilty of the crime of conspiracy."

It would be hard to find a stronger case, in my judgment, than that. Although they agreed to violate a statute—they agreed to buy supplies without complying with the statute by advertising—they claimed they were in ignorance of it, and the question was whether they were guilty of conspiracy, having no intent to do an illegal act, and the court of appeals decided that that verdict could not stand.

The Court. Because the court below had instructed the jury that whether what they did was done in ignorance or with knowledge it made no difference.

Mr. Ingersoll. Certainly; it made no difference. Everybody is supposed to know the law.

Now, the next point is, and great weight has been put upon it, gentlemen, that concurrence of action establishes conspiracy; that if one does a part and another another part and finally the culmination comes, that is absolute evidence, or in other words, an inference. Admitting, now, that they were perfectly honest, if any of these parties made a bid, that bid had to be accepted by the Government. They had to act together. The department and the man had to act together to have the bid accepted. The department and the man had to act together to make the contract. The department and the man had to act together to get the pay, and no matter how perfectly honest the transaction was they had to act together from the first step to the payment of the last dollar.

Now, in a business where they do have to act together, where one necessarily does one thing, and the other necessarily does another, the fact that that happens does not even tend to prove that there is any fraud. Upon this concurrence of action I refer to the case of Metcalfe against O'Connor and wife, in Little's Select Cases, 497. One of the men confessed that a large party went to the house where there was a disturbance and where they tried to take by force a boy from the custody of a man and woman. Now, the fact that these men did go the house, the fact that they were there at the time this happened, and the fact that one of the conspirators or one of the trespassers had confessed that he went there and that the other went with him for that purpose, the court decides that you cannot infer the purpose of these men from the statement of the other; neither can you infer it from the fact that they were there. You must find out for what purpose they were there by ascertaining what they did and when they were there, and that concurrence in actions shows nothing.

The Court. Did you not say that the decision there was that the conspiracy might be inferred from the combination to do the act?

Mr. Ingersoll. I will just read it and then there will be no guessing about it:

"This is a writ of error prosecuted by the defendants to a judgment for the plaintiffs in an action of trespass for an assault and battery alleged to have been committed upon the plaintiff Ann, the wife of the other plaintiff.

"We are of the opinion that the circuit court erred in refusing to instruct the jury, at the instance of the defendants, to find for all of them, except the defendant Metcalfe. He is the only one of the defendants proven to have touched the defendant Ann, and against the other defendants there is no evidence conducing in the slightest degree to prove them guilty of committing any assault or battery upon her, or of any intention to do so.

"It is true that it was proved that the other defendants confessed that they were at the house of Connor when the assault and battery charged is alleged to have been committed, and it was also proved that Metcalfe confessed that he and the other defendants had gone there for the purpose of taking from Connor by force an idiot

boy whom he had in his custody. But the circumstances of the other defendants being at Connor's house, there is no evidence they were there for any unlawful purpose; nor can it of itself be sufficient to render them responsible for any act done by Metcalfe in which they did not participate; and the confessions of Metcalfe are certainly not legitimate evidence against the others to prove the unlawful purpose with which they went to Connor's, and thereby to charge them with the consequences of his act."

Now, to all appearances, they went there together; to all appearances, they went there for the one purpose, and Metcalfe, the man who really did the mischief, confessed that they all went there for the one purpose, but the court held that that was not sufficient.

"Where several agree or conspire to commit a trespass, or for any other unlawful purpose, they will, no doubt, all be liable for the act of any one of them done in execution of the unlawful purpose; and when the agreement or conspiracy is first proved by other evidence, the confession of one of them will be admissible evidence against the others. But it is well settled that the confessions of one person cannot be admitted against the others to prove that they had conspired with him for an unlawful purpose."

Now, the next evidence that I wish to allude to, gentlemen, is the evidence of Mr. Walsh, and I will only say a few words, because it has been examined and it has been ground to powder. Everything in this world is true in proportion that it agrees with human experience; and you can safely say that everything is false or the probability is that it is false in proportion that it is not in accordance with human experience. Other things being equal, we act substantially alike.

Now, when anything really happens everything else that ever happened will fit it. You take a spar crystal, I do not care how far north you get it, and another spar crystal, no matter how far south you get it, and put them together and they will exactly fit each other—exactly. The slope is precisely the same. And it is so with facts. Every fact in this world will fit every other fact—just exactly. Not a hair's difference. But a lie will not fit anything but another lie made for the purpose—never. It never did. And finally, there has to come a place where this lie, or the lie made for the sake of it, has to join some truth, and there is a bad joint always. And that is the only way to examine testimony. Is it natural? Does it accord with what we know? Does it accord with our experience?

Now, take the testimony of Mr. Walsh, and I find some improbabilities in it. Just let me read you a few:

1. Bankers and brokers do not, as a rule, loan money without taking at least a note. That is my experience. And the poorer this broker is, the less money he has, the more security he wants. He not only wants an indorser but he would like to have a mortgage on your life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. That is the first improbability.

2. Bankers and brokers do not, as a rule, take notes that bear no interest, or in which the interest is not stated. People who live on interest find it always to their interest to

have the interest mentioned—always. I never got a cent of a banker that I did not pay interest, and generally in advance.

3. Bankers and brokers do not, as a rule, take notes payable on demand, because such notes are not negotiable.

4. It is hardly probable that when a banker and broker holds the note of another for twelve thousand dollars—the note being unpaid—he would loan thirteen thousand five hundred dollars more, taking another note on demand in which the rate of interest was not stated.

5. It is still more improbable that the same banker and broker, with a note for twelve thousand dollars and one for thirteen thousand five hundred dollars, being unpaid, would loan five thousand four hundred dollars more without taking any note or asking any security.

6. When such banker and broker called upon his debtor for a settlement, and exhibited the two notes, and thereupon his debtor took the two notes and put them in his pocket, it is highly improbable that the banker and broker would submit to such treatment.

7. It is improbable that such banker and broker would afterwards commence suit to recover the money, without mentioning to his attorney, in fact, that the notes had been taken away from him.

8. It is also improbable that the banker and broker would commence another suit for the same subject-matter and still keep the fact that the notes had been taken from him by violence, a secret from his attorney.

9. If Mr. Brady took the notes by force, it is improbable that he would immediately put himself in the power of the man he had robbed, by stating to him that he, Brady, was in the habit of taking bribes.

10. It is impossible that Mr. Brady could, in fact, have done this, which amounted to saying this: “I have taken twenty-five thousand five hundred dollars from you; of course, you are my enemy; of course, you will endeavor to be revenged, and I now point out the way in which you can have your revenge. I am Second Assistant Postmaster-General; I award contracts, increases, and expedition, and upon these I receive twenty per cent, as a bribe. I am a bribe-taker; I am a thief; make the most of it. I give you these tacts in order that I may put a weapon in your hands with which you can obtain your revenge.”

There are also other improbabilities connected with this testimony.

If Mr. Brady was receiving twenty per cent, of all increases and expeditions, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars per annum, it is not easy to see why he would be borrowing money from Mr. Walsh.

Now, if that story is true, boil it down and it is this, because if he got this twenty per cent, from everybody he had oceans of money—boil it all down and it is this: A rich man borrows without necessity and a poor banker loans without security. These twin improbabilities would breed suspicion in credulity itself. No man ever believed that

story, no man ever will. There is something wrong about it somewhere, unnatural, improbable, and it is for you to say, gentlemen, whether it is true or not, not for me. What is the effect of that testimony? So far as my clients are concerned it is admitted, I believe, by the prosecution—it was so stated, I believe, by his Honor from the bench—that it could not by any possibility affect any defendant except Mr. Brady, and the question now is, can it even affect him? I call the attention of the Court to 40th N. Y., page 228. I give the page from which I read:

"To make such admissions or declarations competent evidence, it must stand as a fact in the cause, admitted or proved, that the assignor or assignees were in a conspiracy to defraud the creditors. If that fact exist, then the acts and declarations of either, made in execution of the common purpose, and in aid of its fulfillment, are competent against either of them. The principle of its admissibility assumes that fact."

That the conspiracy has been established.

"In case of conspiracy, where the combination is proved, the acts and declarations of the conspirators are not received as evidence of that fact, but to show what was done, the means employed, the particular design in respect to the parties to be affected or wronged, and generally those details which, assuming the combination and the illegal purpose, unfold its extent, scope, and influence either upon the public or the individuals who suffer from the wrong, or show the execution of the illegal design. But when the issue is simply and only, was there a conspiracy to defraud, these declarations do not become evidence to establish it."

"So far then, as the admission of the evidence in this case, of declarations, subsequent to the assignment, is sought to be sustained as evidence of the common fraud, on the ground of conspiracy, the argument wholly fails. A conspiracy cannot be proved against three by evidence that one admitted it, nor against assignees by proof that the assignor admitted it; it is a fact that must be proved by evidence, the competency of which does not depend upon an assumption that it exists."

So to the same point is the case of Cowles against Coe, 21st Connecticut, 220. I will read that portion of the syllabus that conveys the idea:

"To prove the alleged conspiracy between the defendant and G., the plaintiff offered the deposition of R., stating declarations made by G. to R., while G. was engaged in purchasing goods of him, on credit, and relative to G.'s responsibility and means of obtaining money through the defendant's aid; these declarations were objected to, not on the ground that the conspiracy had not been sufficiently proved, but because the defendant was not present when they were made; it was held that they were admissible, within the rule regarding declarations made by a conspirator in furtherance of the common object."

Now, let us see what the court says about it:

"The remaining question is, whether the declarations of Gale to Edmund Curtiss and William Ives were properly received. These declarations were not offered as in any way tending to prove the combination claimed. The motion shows that they were offered and received after the plaintiff's evidence on that subject had been

introduced. Had they been admitted for that purpose, or if, under the circumstances, they could have had any influence with the jury on that point, we should feel bound to advise a new trial on this account."

All that I have said in respect to Walsh applies to what is known or what is called the confession of Rerdell. It was admitted by the prosecution that not one word said by him could bind any other defendant in the case. But, gentlemen, is there enough even to bind him? Did he confess that he was guilty of the conspiracy set forth in this indictment? And I want to make one other point. In this case there must be not only a conspiracy, but an overt act, and no man can confess himself into it without confessing that he was a conspirator, and that he knew that an overt act was to be done; because it takes that conspiracy and the overt act to 'make the offence. What overt act did Rerdell confess that he was guilty of—what overt act charged in this indictment? One. Filing a subcontract; and by no earthly method, by no earthly reasoning can you come to the conclusion that that could carry it into conspiracy. He must have confessed that he was guilty according to the scheme, according to the indictment set forth, and in no other way. That indictment says that the money was to be divided, that it was for the mutual benefit of certain persons. Unless that has been substantiated this case falls. According to the case of the King against Pomall the scheme of the indictment must be established, otherwise the case goes. In that case they charged it was one way, and they proved it was that way, and one of the defendants did not understand it that way and he was acquitted. Now, suppose they had not proved the scheme as they charged it, then all would have been acquitted, and unless the jury believe beyond a reasonable doubt, from the evidence that the scheme set forth in the indictment here was the scheme, then they must find everybody not guilty. There is no other way.

What is the next argument? The next argument is extravagance. What is extravagance? If I pay more for a thing than it is worth that is extravagance. If I buy a thing that I do not want, that is extravagance, and if I do this knowing it to be wrong, if I do this understanding that I am to have a part of the price, that is bribery, that is corruption, that is rascality. Nobody disputes that. How do you know that a thing is extravagant unless you know the price of it? For instance, an army officer is charged with extravagance in buying corn upon the plains at five dollars a bushel. How do you prove it is extravagance? You must prove that he could have obtained it for less or that there was a cheaper substitute that he should have obtained. How are you going to prove that too much was paid for carrying the mail upon these routes? Only by showing that it could have been carried for less. What witness was before this jury fixing the price? How are we to establish the fact that it was extravagance? We must show that it could have been obtained for less money. What witness came here and swore that he would carry it for less? And would it be fair to have the entire case decided upon one route when it is in evidence that my clients had thirty per cent, of one hundred and twenty-six routes? Would it be fair to decide the question whether they had made or lost money on one route? Your experience tells you that upon one route they might make a large sum of money and upon several other routes lose largely. A man who has bid for one hundred routes takes into view the average and says "upon some I shall lose and upon others I shall make." How are you to find that this was extravagance unless you know what it could have been done for? They may

say that they subcontracted some of the routes for much less. Yes; but what did they do with the rest of them? I might take a contract to build a dozen houses in this city, and on the first house make ten thousand dollars clear, and on the balance I might lose twenty-five thousand dollars. You have a right to take these things and to average them. When a man takes a contract he takes into consideration the chances that he must run in that new and wild country. It takes work to carry this mail. You ought to be there sometimes in the winter when the wind comes down with an unbroken sweep of three or four thousand miles, and then tell me what you think it is worth to carry the mail. All these things must be taken into consideration. Another thing: You must remember that every one of these routes was established by Congress. Congress first said, "Here shall be a route; here the mail shall be carried." It was the business then, I believe, of the First Assistant Postmaster-General to name the offices, and the Second Assistant to put on the service. Take that into consideration. Every one of these routes was established by Congress. Take another thing into consideration: That the increase of service and expedition was asked for, petitioned for, begged for, and urged by the members of both houses of Congress, and according to that book, which I believe is in evidence, a majority of both houses of Congress asked, recommended, and urged increase of service and expedition upon some of the nineteen routes in this indictment.

The Court. What evidence do you refer to?

Mr. Ingersoll. I refer to the Star Route investigation in Congress.

The Court. That record is not in evidence.

Mr. Ingersoll. I thought that was in evidence.

The Court. No, sir.

Mr. Ingersoll. It was used as if it was in evidence. I saw people reading from it, and supposed it was in evidence.

The Court. It is not in evidence.

Mr. Ingersoll. Well, we will leave that out. Now, upon these nineteen routes—this is in evidence—increase and expedition of service were recommended by such Senators as Booth, Farley, Slater, Grover, Chaffee, Chilcott, Saunders, and by the present Secretary of the Interior, Henry M. Teller, and by such members of Congress as Whiteaker, Page, Luttrell, Pacheco, Berry, Belford, Bingham, chairman of the postoffice committee, by Stevens of Arizona, a delegate, and by Maginnis of Montana, and Kidder of Dakota, by Generals Sherman, Terry, Miles, Hatch and Wilcox In addition to these, recommendations were made and read by judges of courts, by district attorneys, by governors of Territories, by governors of States, and by members of State Legislatures, by colonels, by majors, by captains, and by hundreds and hundreds of good, reputable, honest citizens. They were the ones to decide as a matter of fact whether this increase was or was not necessary.

I believe in carrying the mails. I believe in the diffusion of intelligence. I believe the men in Colorado or Wyoming, or any other Territory, that are engaged in digging gold or silver from the earth, or any other pursuits, have just as much right, in the

language of Henry M. Teller, to their mail as any gentleman has to his in the city of New York. We are a nation that believes in intelligence.

We believe in daily mail. That is about the only blessing we get from the General Government, excepting the privilege of paying taxes. Free mail, substantially free, is a blessing.

Now, there is another argument which has been used: Productiveness; but that has been so perfectly answered that I allude to it only for one purpose. How would the attorneys for the Government in this case like to have their fees settled upon that basis? Productiveness. Is it possible that this Government cannot afford to carry the mail? Is it possible that the pioneer can get beyond the Government? Is is possible that we are not willing to carry letters and papers to the men that make new Territories and new States and put new stars upon our flag? I have heard all I wish on the subject of productiveness.

Now, gentlemen, that is all the evidence there is in this case, that I have heard. What kind of evidence must we have in a conspiracy case? You have been told during this trial that it is very hard to get evidence in a conspiracy case, and therefore you must be economical enough to put up with a little. They tell you that this is a very peculiar offence, and people are very secret about it. Well, they are secret about most offences. Very few people steal in public. Very few commit offences who expect to be discovered. I know of no difference between this offence and any other. You have got to prove it. No matter how hard it is to prove you must prove it. It is harder to convict a man without testimony, or should be, than to produce testimony to prove it if he is guilty. All these crimes, of course, are committed in secret. That is always the way. But you must prove them. There is no pretence here that there is any direct evidence, any evidence of a meeting, any evidence of agreement, any evidence of an understanding. It is all circumstantial. I lay down these two propositions:

“The hypothesis of guilt must flow naturally from the facts proved, and be consistent, not with some of the facts, not with a majority of the facts, but with every fact.”

Let me read that again:

“*The hypothesis of guilt must flow naturally from the facts proved, and must be consistent with them; not some of them, not the majority of them, but all of them*.”

The second proposition is:

“The evidence must be such as to exclude every single reasonable hypothesis except that of the guilt of the defendant. In other words, all the facts proved must be consistent with and point to the guilt of the defendants not only, but every fact must be inconsistent with their innocence.”

That is the law, and has been since man spoke Anglo-Saxon. Let me read you that last proposition again. I like to read it:

“The evidence must be such as to exclude every reasonable hypothesis except that of the guilt of the defendants. In other words, all the facts proved must be consistent with and point to the guilt of the defendants not only, but they must be inconsistent, and every fact must be inconsistent with their innocence.”

Now, just apply that law to the case of John W. Dorsey. Apply that law to the case of Stephen W. Dorsey. Let me read further. I read now from 1 Bishop's Criminal Procedure, paragraph 1077.

"It matters not how clearly the circumstances point to guilt, still, if they are reasonably explainable on a theory which excludes guilt, they cannot satisfy the jury beyond reasonable doubt that the defendants are guilty, and hence they will be insufficient."

Just apply that to the case of Stephen W. Dorsey and John W. Dorsey. I would be willing that this jury should render a verdict with that changed. Change it. You are to find guilty if you have the slightest doubt of innocence. Even under that rule you could not find a verdict of guilty against John W. or Stephen W. Dorsey. If the rule were that you are to find guilty if you have a doubt as to innocence you could not do it; how much less when the rule is that you must have no doubt as to their guilt. The proposition is preposterous and I will not insult your intelligence by arguing it any further.

Now, then, there is another thing I want to keep before you. When a man has a little suspicion in his mind he tortures everything; he tortures the most innocent actions into the evidence of crime. Suspicion is a kind of intellectual dye that colors every thought that comes in contact with it. I remember I once had a conversation with Surgeon-General Hammond, in which he went on to state that he thought many people were confined in asylums, charged with insanity, who were perfectly sane. I asked him how he accounted for it. Said he, "Physicians are sent for to examine the man, and they are told before they get to him that he is crazy; therefore, the moment they look upon him they are hunting for insane acts and not sane acts; they are looking not to see how naturally he acts, but how unnaturally he acts." They are poisoned with the suspicion that he is insane, and if he coughs twice, or if he gets up and walks about uneasily—his mind is a little unsettled; something wrong! If he suddenly gets angry—sure thing! When a man believes himself to be or knows himself to be sane, and is charged with insanity, the very warmth, the very heat of his denial will convince thousands of people that he is insane. He suddenly finds himself insecure, and the very insecurity that he feels makes him act strangely. He finds in a moment that explanation only complicates. He finds that his denial is worthless; that his friends are suspicious, and that under pretence of his own good he is to be seized and incarcerated. Many a man as sane as you or I has under such circumstances gone to madness. It is a hard thing to explain. The more you talk about it the more outsiders having a suspicion are convinced that you are insane. It is much the same way when a man is charged with crime. It is heralded through all the papers, "this man is a robber and a thief." Why do they put it in the papers? Put anything good in a paper about Mr. Smith, and Mr. Smith is the only man who will buy it. Put in something bad about Mr. Smith and they will have to run the press nights to supply his neighbors with copies. The bad sells. The good does not. Then you must remember another thing: That these papers are large; some of them several hundred columns, for all I know—sixty or a hundred. Just imagine the pains it would take and the money it would cost to get facts enough to fill a paper like that. Economy will not permit of it. They publish what they imagine they can sell. As a rule, people would

rather heaf-something bad than something good. It is a splendid certificate to our race that rascality is still considered news. If they only put in honest actions as news it would be a certificate that honesty was rare; but as long as they publish the bad as news it is a certificate that the majority of mankind is still good.

Now, to be charged with a crime and to be suddenly deserted by your friends, and to know that you are absolutely innocent, is almost enough to drive the sanest man mad. I want you to think what these defendants have suffered in these long months. If the men who started this prosecution, if the men who originally poisoned the press of the country, feel that they have been rewarded simply because innocent men have suffered agony, let them so feel. I do not envy them their feelings.

There is another thing, gentlemen: The prosecution have endeavored to terrorize this jury. The effort has been deliberately made to terrorize you and every one of you. It was plainly intimated by Mr. Ker that this jury had been touched, and that if you failed to convict, you would be suspected of having been bribed. That was an effort to terrorize you, and the foundation of that argument was a belief in your moral cowardice. No man would have made it to you unless he believed at heart you were cowards. What does that argument mean? I cannot say whether you will be suspected or not; but, in my opinion, a juror in the discharge of his duty has no right to think of any consequence personal to himself. That is the beauty of doing right. You need not think of anything else. The future will take care of itself. I do not agree with the suggestion that it is better that you should be applauded for a crime than blamed for a virtue. Suppose you should gain the applause of the whole United States by giving a false verdict; how would the echo of that applause strike your heart? I do not believe that it is wiser to preserve the appearance of being honest than to be honest with the appearance against you. I would rather be absolutely honest, and have everybody in the world think I was dishonest, than to be dishonest and have the whole world believe in my honesty. You see you have got to stay with yourself all the time. You have to be your own company, and to be compelled to know that your company is dishonest, that your company is infamous, is not pleasant. I would rather know I was honest and have the whole world put upon the forehead of my reputation the brand of rascality.

You were also told that the people generally have anticipated your verdict.

That is simply an effort to terrorize you, so that you will say, “If the people think that way, of course we must think that way. No matter about the evidence. No matter if we have sworn to do justice. We will all try and be popular.” You were told in effect that the people were expecting a conviction, and the only inference is that you ought not to disappoint the public, and that it is your duty to piece and patch the testimony and violate your oath, rather than to disappoint the general expectation. Mr. Merrick told you you were trying these defendants, but that the people of the whole country were trying you. What was the object of that statement? Simply to terrorize this jury. What was the basis of that statement? Why, that not one of you have got the pluck to do right. It was not a compliment, gentlemen. It was intended for one, no doubt, but when you see where it was born, it becomes an insult. I do not believe you are going to care what the people say, or whether the people expect a verdict of guilty, or not. You have been told that they do. I might with equal propriety tell you that they do

not. I might with equal propriety say there is not a man in this court-house who expects a verdict of guilty. With equal propriety I might say, and will say, that there is not a man on this jury who expects there will be a verdict of guilty. But what has that to do with us?

Try this case according to the evidence; and if you know that every man, woman, and child in the United States want an acquittal, and you are satisfied of the guilt of the defendants, it is your duty to find them guilty.

If I were on the jury I would, in the language of the greatest man that ever trod this earth—

Strip myself to death, as to a bed

That longing have been sick for, before I would give a false verdict.

Again, Mr. Merrick said, after having stated in effect that a majority of the people were convinced of the guilt of the defendants, that the majority of the men of the United States do not often think wrong. What was the object? To terrorize you. That is all. This verdict is to be carried by universal suffrage; you are to let the men who are not on oath decide for the men who are; to let the men who have not heard the testimony give the verdict of the men who have heard the testimony. What else? Again the same gentleman said:

"There is to be a verdict, a verdict of the people for or against us." What is the object? To frighten you. Let the people have their verdict; you must have yours. If your verdict is founded on the evidence it will be upheld by every honest man in the world who knows the evidence. You need certainly to place very little value upon the opinion of those who do not know the evidence. Mr. Merrick also suggested—I will hardly put it that way—he was brave enough to hope that you have not been bribed. Brave enough to hope that! All this, gentlemen, is done simply for the purpose of terrorizing you. I tell you to find a verdict according to the evidence, no matter whom it hits, no matter whom it destroys, no matter whom it kills. Save your own consciences alive. Your verdict must rest on the evidence that has been introduced, and all else must be thrown aside, disregarded, like forgotten dreams. All that you have read, all the press has printed, must find no lodgment in your brains. You must regard them no more than you would the noises of animals made in sleep. You must stand by the testimony. You must stand by the law that the Court gives you. That is all we ask. These articles in the newspapers were not printed in the hope that justice might be done. They were printed in the hope that you may be influenced to disregard the evidence, in the hope that finally slander might be justified by your verdict. Gentlemen, you ought to remember that in this case you are absolutely supreme. You have nothing to do with the supposed desires of any men, or the supposed desires of any department, or the supposed desires of any Government, or the supposed desires of any President, or the supposed desires of the public. You have nothing to do with those things. You have to do only with the evidence. Here all power is powerless except your own. Position is naught. If the defendants are guilty, and the evidence convinces you that they are, your verdict must be in accordance with the evidence. You have no right to take into consideration the consequences. When you are asked to find a verdict contrary to the evidence, when you are asked to

piece out the testimony with your suspicions, then you are bound to take into consideration all the consequences. When appeals are made to your prejudice and to your fears, then the consequences should rise like mountains before you. Then you should think of the lives you are asked to wreck, of the homes your verdict would darken, of the hearts it would desolate, of the cheeks it would wet with tears, and of the reputations it would blast and blacken, of the wives it would worse than widow, and of the children it would more than orphan. When you are asked to find a false verdict think of these consesequences. When you are asked to please the public think of these consequences. When you are asked to please the press think of these consequences. When you are asked to act from fear, hatred, prejudice, malice, or cowardice think then of these consequences. But whenever you do right, consequences are nothing to you, because you are not responsible for them. Whoever does right clothes himself in a suit of armor that the arrows of consequences can never penetrate. When you do wrong you are responsible for all the consequences, to the last sigh and the last tear. If you do right nature is responsible. If you do wrong you are responsible.

You were told, too, by Mr. Merrick that you should have no sympathy; that you should be like icicles; that you should be godlike. A cool conception of deity! In that connection this heartless language, as it appears to me, was used:

“Man when he undertakes to judge his brother-man undertakes to perform the highest duty given to humanity.”

Good!

He should perform that duty without fear, without prejudice, without hatred, and without malice. He should perform that duty honestly, grandly, nobly.

I read on:

“Inclosed within the jury-box or on the bench he is separated from the great mass of mankind—”

Then you should not pay any attention to the opinion of the public. If you are separated you should not be dominated by the press. If you are separated you should not be disturbed by the desires of anybody. But he continues:

“and sentiments of brotherhood die away.”

About that time you would be nice men:

“Standing above humanity and nearest God he looks down upon his fellow, and judges them without any reference to the sorrow his judgment may bring.”

That is not my doctrine. The higher you get in the scale of being, the grander, the nobler, and the tenderer you will become. Kindness is always an evidence of greatness. Malice is the property of small souls. Whoever allows the feeling of brotherhood to die in his heart becomes a wild beast. You know it and so do I:

"Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one-half so good a grace as mercy does."

And yet the only mercy we ask in this case, gentlemen, is the mercy of an honest verdict. That is all.

I appeal to you for my clients, because the evidence shows that they are honest men. I appeal to you for my client, Stephen W. Dorsey, because the evidence shows that he is a man, a man with an intellectual horizon and a mental sky, a man of genius, generous, and honest. And yet this prosecution, this Government, these attorneys representing the majesty of the Republic, representing the only real Republic that ever existed, have asked you, gentlemen of the jury, not only to violate the law of the land, they have asked you to violate the law of nature. They have maligned mercy. They have laughed at mercy. They have trampled upon the holiest human ties, and they have even made light of the fact that a wife in this trial has sat by her husband's side. Think of it.

There is a painting in the Louvre, a painting of desolation, of despair and love. It represents the night of the crucifixion. The world is represented in shadow. The stars are dead, and yet in the darkness is seen a kneeling form. It is Mary Magdalene with loving lips and hands pressed against the bleeding feet of Christ. The skies were never dark enough nor starless enough; the storm was never fierce enough nor wild enough, the quick bolts of heaven were never lurid enough, and arrows of slander never flew thick enough to drive a noble woman from her husband's side. And so it is in all of human speech, the *holiest word is wife*.

And now, gentlemen, I have examined this testimony, I have examined every charge in the indictment against my clients not only, but every charge made outside of the indictment. I have shown you that the indictment is one thing and the evidence another. I have shown you that not one single charge has been substantiated against John W. Dorsey. I have demonstrated to you that not one solitary charge has been established against Stephen W. Dorsey—not one. I believe that I have shown to you that there is no foundation for a verdict of guilty against any defendant in this case.

I have spoken now, gentlemen, the last words that will be spoken in public for my clients, the last words that will be spoken in public for any of these defendants, the last words that will be heard in their favor until I hear from the lips of this foreman two eloquent words—*Not Guilty*. And now thanking the Court for many acts of personal kindness, and you, gentlemen of the jury, for your almost infinite patience, I leave my clients with all they have and with all they love and with all who love them in your hands.

Opening Address To The Jury In The Second Star Route Trial

Washington, D. C., Dec. 21, 1882.

MAY it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury: We consider that the right to be tried by jury is the right preservative of all other rights. The right to be tried by our peers, by men taken from the body of the county, by men whose minds have not been saturated with prejudice, by men who have no hatred, no malice to gratify, no revenge to wreak, no debts to pay, we consider an inestimable right, regarding the jury as the bulwark of civil liberty. Take that right from the defendants in any case and they are left at the mercy of power, at the mercy of prejudice. The experience of thousands of years, the experience of the English-speaking people, of the Anglo-Saxon people, the only people now upon the globe with a genius for law, is that the jury is a breastwork behind which an honest man is safe from the attack of an entire nation. We esteem it, I say, a privilege, a great and invaluable right, that we have you twelve men to stand between us and the prejudice of the hour. We believe that you will hear this case without passion, without hatred, and that you will decide it absolutely in accordance with the law and with the evidence. This is the tribunal absolutely supreme. In a case of this character, gentlemen, you are the judges of what is the law; you are the judges of what are the facts; you are the absolute judges of the worth of testimony; and you have not only the right, but it is your duty to utterly disregard the testimony of any man that you do not believe to be true. You, I say, are the exclusive judges, and for that reason we ask, we beg you, to hear all this testimony, to pay heed to every word, and then decide, not as somebody else desires, but as your judgment dictates, and as your conscience demands. Here before this jury all letters of Attorneys-General, all desires of Presidents, all popular clamor, all prejudice, no matter from what source, is turned simply to dust and ashes, and you are to regard them all simply as though they never had been.

There is one other thing. Some people are naturally suspicious. It is an infinitely mean trait in human nature. Suspicion is only another form of cowardice. The man who suspects constantly suspects because he is afraid. Whenever you find a man with a free, frank, generous, brave nature, you will find that man without suspicion. Suspicion is the soil in which prejudice grows, and prejudice is the upas tree in whose shade reason fails and justice dies. And allow me to say that no amount of suspicion amounts to evidence. No case is to be tried upon suspicion. No case is to be tried upon suspicious facts. No case is to be tried on scraps, and patches, and shreds, and ravelings. There must be evidence; there must be absolute, solid testimony. A case is tried according to the rocks of fact and not according to the clouds and fogs of suspicion. No juror has a right to make a decision until he feels his feet firmly fixed upon the bed-rock of truth.

So I say, gentlemen, that we are glad of the opportunity to make a statement of this case to you, and to tell you exactly the manner in which my clients became interested in what is known as the star-route service. You have to be guided in this case by the

indictment. That is the star and compass of this trial. You cannot go outside of it. The evidence must be confined to the charges contained in that instrument. If you find us guilty of a conspiracy, it must be such a conspiracy as is set forth in that indictment. That indictment is the charter of your authority, and you have no right to find us guilty of anything in the world except that which is therein charged.

Now, let me give you an exceedingly brief statement of what we are here for. It is charged in that indictment that all these defendants, including one who has been discharged by a jury, who has been found not guilty, Mr. Turner, including another who is dead, Mr. Peck, conspired together for the purpose of defrauding the United States, and we are met at the threshold with the statement that conspiracy is very hard to prove. It is like any other offence, gentlemen. They say conspirators generally meet in secret. My reply to that is that people generally steal in secret, and the fact that they stole in secret was never deemed an excuse for not proving the offence before they were found guilty. You can see that this is precisely like any other offence in the world. Men when they commit crimes endeavor to get away from the public eye. They are in love with darkness. They do not carry torches in front of them. And it is so in every crime. But whether conspiracy is difficult to prove or not, it must be established before you can find the defendants guilty. That is a difficulty that the Government must overcome by testimony. The jury must not endeavor to overcome it by a verdict. And I say here to-day that the same rule of evidence applies to this case as to any other, and you must be satisfied by the testimony the Government will offer that these men conspired together; that they entered into an arrangement wherein the part of each was marked out, and that that arrangement was contrary to law; and that the object of that arrangement was to defraud the Government of the United States.

This indictment is kind enough to tell us the means that were employed to carry out that conspiracy. How did they find these means, gentlemen? They must have had some evidence on which they relied. If they had evidence enough to convince them, they must introduce that evidence here, and if that evidence establishes beyond a reasonable doubt that these men conspired, then you will find them guilty; otherwise not. The difficulty of establishing it is something with which you have nothing to do. How did they conspire? What were the means they had agreed to use? Let us see. Thomas J. Brady was the Second Assistant Postmaster-General. The Postmaster-General was not included in the scheme, consequently they must deceive him. The Sixth Auditor was not included in this conspiracy, and as by virtue of his office it was his duty to go over all of these accounts and pass upon the legality of each item, it was necessary to deceive him. According to the indictment Mr. Turner was a clerk in the department, and his part of the rascality was, on the jackets inclosing petitions, to make false statements in regard to the contents of the petitions inclosed. The object of that being that when the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Brady, exhibited these jackets to the Postmaster-General, it being considered that he would not have time to read the petition, he would be misled by the false statements on the cover touching the contents.

The next step was for the contractors to get up false petitions; that is, petitions to be signed by persons who did not live along the route upon which the mail was to be

carried. These petitions also to be forged; that is to say, the names of persons put there by another, or the names of fictitious persons written, when in fact no such persons existed.

The next thing to do was to write false and fraudulent letters; to induce others to write such letters; the next thing, to make false affidavits; and the next thing, to make false orders—those to be made by Mr. Brady—and these false orders were to have, as a false foundation, false petitions, false letters, false communications, false affidavits, and fraudulently written representations.

That is the indictment. That is the scheme said to have been entered into by my clients with all of these defendants, and the object being to defraud the Government of the United States. Now, in order to establish that scheme, it would be necessary for the Government to prove it. Not to assert it. Neither have you the right to infer it. No man can be inferred out of his liberty. No man can be inferred into the penitentiary. That is not the way to deprive a man of his reputation and of liberty—by inference. They must prove it. They must prove that the petitions were false. They must prove that the letters were fraudulent. They must prove that the orders rested upon those false and fraudulent petitions, letters, and affidavits; and they must prove that Mr. Brady knew them to be false.

It is also stated in this indictment that service was to be paid for when it was not performed; that service was discontinued and a month's extra pay allowed; that fines were imposed and afterwards set aside because the contractors agreed to pay fifty per cent, of such fines to General Brady. I will speak of them when I come to them.

Now, there is a clear statement. What part, then, did my clients play in this scheme? I will tell you. It is charged in the indictment that John M. Peck was in this scheme, and, although he is dead, whatever he did, I imagine, can be established by the Government. A man can be found guilty, I understand, of having entered into a conspiracy with another, although the other be dead, and the living man can be convicted.

Now, it is stated in the outset that my clients never had been engaged in carrying the mail and that is regarded as an exceedingly suspicious circumstance. A man has got to commence some time, if he ever goes into the business, and if this doctrine be true, the first bid that a man ever makes is evidence that he has entered into a conspiracy. Suppose, on the other hand, my clients have long been engaged in this business. What would the Government counsel then have said? They would have said, gentlemen, that they had been engaged for years in the business. They knew all the tricks that were played, and consequently they were the very persons to form a conspiracy. And that is the wonderful thing about suspicion. It changes every fact. It colors every word it reads and every paper at which it looks; and no matter what are the facts, the moment they are regarded with a suspicious mind they prove what the man suspects.

So, then, the first charge is that we had never been in the business, and consequently our going into the business must have been the result of a conspiracy. Gentlemen, if the doctrine be laid down that it is dangerous for a man to make a bid the result of that doctrine will be to double the expenses of the Government in carrying the mails.

All that will be necessary, then, is for the old bidders to combine. They will know that there is no danger of any new men interfering with them, because the new men will be immediately indicted for conspiracy and the old men will have the field to themselves. You can see that this is infinitely absurd. There is only one step beyond such absurdity, and that is annihilation. No man can possess his faculties and get beyond that absurdity, if it is evidence of conspiracy, because it is the first thing.

As a matter of fact, however, John M. Peck had been engaged in the mail business. He was engaged in the business before 1874. He had been interested with others before that time. He was interested in several important routes from 1874 to 1878. It was in the fall of 1877 that he made arrangements to bid at the next letting. He was a business man. He was not an adventurer. He was secretary at that time of the Arkansas Central Railroad. He had been, I believe, for two sessions a member of the Ar-kansas Legislature. He was in good standing, solvent, and regarded as an honest man. In 1874 he was interested in the bids and, as I said, was engaged in carrying the mails at the time these contracts were entered into. He became acquainted with John W. Dorsey, I believe, in 1874. When he made up his mind to put in more bids for the letting of 1878 he went after John W. Dorsey, and they met together in the city of New York, I believe, in the month of September, and agreed that they would put in some bids for the letting of 1878. Peck was acquainted with John R. Miner and had been acquainted with him for a considerable time. Mr. Miner wanted to go into some other business than that in which he was then engaged, and those three men made up their minds to bid. Was there anything criminal in that? Nothing. Any men anywhere have the right to combine; the right to form a partnership; the right to come together for the purpose of making proposals for carrying the United States mails. Of course you will all admit that. Now, that is what they did. There was nothing criminal, nothing secret, nothing underhanded. Everything was above board, open, and in the daylight. There is no conspiracy yet, and we will show that.

John M. Peck had been troubled with a lung disease. He had gotten much better in September, and thought that he was almost well. Later in the fall he took a severe cold and got much worse, and from that difficulty, I believe, he never wholly recovered. He went, however, to Colorado and New Mexico, and finally died.

Now, let us see about John W. Dorsey. I believe that great pains have been taken to say that he was a tinsmith, which is a suspicious circumstance. Why? Is there any law against a tinsmith bidding to carry the mails? Is there any such provision in the statute? And yet that has been lugged forward as one of the evidences of a conspiracy in this case, and it has been lugged forward in a way to cast some disgrace upon this man—simply because he was a tinsmith. Well, do you know I have as much respect for a good tinsmith as for a good anything. What is the difference? Sometimes I have thought I had more respect for a good tinsmith than a poor professional man—sometimes. In this country of all others labor is held to be absolutely honorable, and I think a thousand times more of a man who works in the street and takes care of his wife and children than I do of somebody else who dresses well and lives on the labor of others, and then is impudent enough to endeavor to disgrace the source of his own bread. I think the man who eats the bread of idleness is under a certain obligation to speak well of labor. And yet we have the spectacle in this very court of the Attorney

General of the United States endeavoring to cast a little stain upon this man. As a matter of fact, and I am almost sorry to say it, John W. Dorsey is not a tinsmith. I am almost sorry to make the admission. He happened to be a merchant, which is no more honorable but somewhat easier. He dealt in stoves and tinware. That, gentlemen, is his crime, and upon that rests the terrible suspicion that he is a conspirator. And I want to say more, that his reputation for honesty, his reputation for fair dealing, is as good as that of any other man in the State in which he resides. He made up his mind to cast his fortunes with John M. Peck and with John R. Miner and make some bids for carrying the mails of the United States. That is all there is about it.

There is, however, another suspicious circumstance, and that is that John W. Dorsey was the brother of Stephen W. Dorsey, and Stephen W. Dorsey at that time was a Senator of the United States. That is another suspicious circumstance. Whenever you find a man with a Senator for a brother, put him down as a conspirator. Another suspicious circumstance, John M. Peck was the brother-in law of S. W. Dorsey, absolutely married a sister of Mrs. Dorsey, and that was the beginning of this hellish conspiracy. It was suspicious. He intended to rob the Government when he was courting that girl.

Now, we come to another man, Mr. John R. Miner, and the suspicious thing about Miner is that he lives in Sandusky. But that of itself would be nothing. Dorsey lived there once, too. Now, do you not see how they moved to that town with the diabolical purpose of swindling this great Government? Miner was not in very good health—do you not see—pretended to be sick so that he could leave Sandusky; and in some way Miner and Dorsey were excellent friends—another suspicious circumstance; and for several years whenever John R. Miner visited Washington he laid the foundations of this conspiracy by always stopping at the house of Senator Dorsey—another suspicious thing. And do you not recollect the delight, the abandon with which Mr. Bliss emphasized the word house, when he said that they met at Dorsey's house? I had a great notion to get up and plead guilty on that emphasis.. Miner came here. He and Peck were acquainted; and wherever you find four men acquainted, gentlemen, look out, there is trouble. When Miner came here he went directly to the house of Senator Dorsey. I admit it with all the damning consequences that flow from that admission. He did not even go to a hotel. He went directly to Dorsey's house. I want that in all your minds, because the prosecution regards that as one of the foundation facts in this conspiracy, and while admitting it, do you not see how much I save them in the way of evidence.

And there is another damning fact connected with this case. Dorsey in the top of his house had set apart one room for an office. It was up two or three pair of stairs. I think he established his office there to shield himself a little from the people who usually call on a Senator in the city of Washington. But he found that he put himself to more trouble than he did them, so he moved his office to the lower part of the building, and when John Miner got to that house he occupied a room right next to that office upstairs, and sometimes he went in there and wrote. Now, you see, gentlemen, how that conspiracy was planted; how the branches sprang out of the windows of that room and covered all the territory of the United States. I might as

well admit that frightful fact. I do not know that they know that, but I might as well admit it, because we want the worst to come first. Before Miner came here he wrote a letter. There is another place to put a pin of suspicion. He wrote a letter to S. W. Dorsey; that is, it was Miner or Peck, I have forgotten which, and may be that very forgetfulness of mine is another evidence of conspiracy. A letter was written either by Miner or Peck to Stephen W. Dorsey, saying that they were going to bid; that Peck was not well enough to be here at that particular time, and would he be kind enough to hand that letter to some man in whom he had confidence and let that man get such information as he could with regard to the routes upon which they expected to bid—all these Western star routes.

Now, what did S. W. Dorsey do? There was a man in town by the name of Boone. He sent for Mr. Boone, and I believe that Mr. Boone went to Mr. Dorsey's house, and that Dorsey handed him that letter in his house. And what was the object of the letter? For Boone to get information regarding these routes. Well, now, what did Boone do? Boone made up a circular which he sent to all the postmasters, or most of them, through Oregon, Washington Territory, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, California, Kansas, Nebraska; that is to say, the Western States and Territories; and in this circular a certain number of questions were propounded to each postmaster. First, the distance from that post-office to the next, and from the next to the next, and so through the route. Second, the condition of the roads, whether hilly or level. Third, about the snows in winter and the floods in spring. Fourth, the cost of hay and corn and oats. Fifth, the wages that would have to be paid to the man or men; and it may be some other questions in addition. Now, these circulars were sent by Boone to all the postmasters in consequence of a letter that he received in Dorsey's house. What for? So that by the time that Miner and Peck and John W. Dorsey came they could sit down and bid intelligently upon these routes; so that they would have some information that would guide them; in other words, that they would not be compelled to bid at random.

Now, we will show, gentlemen, that that was done, and if at that time there had been a conspiracy, certainly such information was of no particular value. Now, that is what Mr. Boone did, and I believe that is about all he did at that time. There is no conspiracy yet, no fraud yet. It is utterly impossible to defraud the Government by getting information from postmasters as to the condition of the roads, and as to the distance from one post-office to another. There is no fraud yet, no conspiracy up to this point. In a little while Mr. Miner and Mr. John W. Dorsey appeared. Ah, but they say Stephen W. Dorsey was at that time a Senator of the United States Yes, he was, and I believe he remained Senator until the 4th of March, 1879. When his brother came we will show to you that Stephen W. Dorsey said to his brother, "I would rather you would not bid; I would much rather that you would keep out of this business, because I am a Senator and somebody may find fault. Somebody may suspect, and consequently I would much rather you would get out of the business." John W. Dorsey did not agree with him. He said he did not see how that could interfere with him, and that he believed he could do well in that business, and the consequence was he went on. There is nothing suspicious so far as I can see in that. That is what we will show.

This man being a member of the United States Senate did what he did out of pure friendship; did what he did for his brother, what he did for Mr. Peck, and what he did for Mr.

Miner from pure friendship. I know it is very difficult for some people to imagine that any man does anything for friendship. They put behind every decent action the crawling snake of a mean and selfish motive. My opinion of human nature is somewhat different. I have known thousands and thousands of men capable of disinterested actions, thousands of men that would help a brother, a brother-in-law, or a friend, and help them to the extent of their fortune. I have known such men and I never supposed such acts could be tortured into evidence of meanness.

The first charge against Stephen W. Dorsey is that he sent some bonds and proposals for bids to a postmaster by the name of Clendenning, in the State of Arkansas. The trouble with these bonds, as I understand it, was that the amount of the bid was not put in the blank in the printed proposal. It is claimed by the prosecution that according to the law the postmaster has no right to certify to the solvency of the security until that blank is filled. I want to explain this so that you will understand it. I think I have one of the bonds and proposals here. I would like to have the Court see exactly the scope of it. [Exhibiting blank form of proposal and bond.] The proposal is that the undersigned,———— whose post-office address is————, of the county of————, and State of————, proposes to carry the mails of the United States from July 1, such a date, to June 30 of such a date, being four years, between such and such a place, under the advertisement of the Postmaster-General, for the sum of————dollars per annum. Now, if I understand the matter of the Clendenning bonds, they were filled up with the exception of the blank in which the amount of the bid was to be written. That is the charge, as I understand it. Whenever a man makes a proposal to carry the mail for four years on a certain route, that proposal must be accompanied with a bond in a certain amount, and certain men must sign that bond as sureties, and then a certain postmaster must certify to the solvency of the sureties, the sureties having made oath as to the value of their property. Now, understand that perfectly. It is not the bond that a man gives after his bid has been accepted. It is a bond that he gives to show that his bid is in good faith. That bond is conditioned that if the contract is awarded to him he will give another and sufficient bond not only, but I believe it is also conditioned that he will carry the mail. The charge is—and let us get at it just exactly—that some bonds were sent to a man by the name of Clendenning, who was a postmaster, and this blank was not filled. Let me tell you why. It was the custom—and I want your Honor to understand that perfectly, because so much was made of it before in talk—to leave that blank unfilled. It is the blank for the amount of the bid. In the advertisement of the Government the penalty of the bond is stated, so that the amount of the bid has nothing to do with the penalty in the bond. Understand me now. If the bond was for ten thousand dollars, it was because that amount had been put in the advertisement by the Government. It did not depend upon the amount of the bid. It had nothing to do with it. The amount of the bid threw no light upon the amount of the bond. The penalty of the bond was fixed by the Government before the bid was made and inserted in the advertisement published by the Government. Why then did they not wish to fill up this blank? This blank, gentlemen, told the amount of the bid. Where there are many bidders, and an

important route, if you let the postmaster who has to certify to the sureties know the amount of the bid he might sell you. He could go and tell somebody else “I have certified to all the sureties on this route, and the lowest bid up to this time is fifteen thousand dollars,” and the person whom he told might go and bid fourteen thousand nine, hundred and ninety-nine dollars and take the route. Ah, but they say the postmaster is not allowed to tell the amount of the bid. No. What was the penalty if he did? He would lose his office. Now, here is a postmaster holding an office worth, perhaps, a hundred dollars a century, or, perhaps, fifty dollars a year, and by selling information as to one bid he might make ten thousand dollars. I do not know what he could have made. Certainly the bidders did not feel like trusting the secret of their bids to the postmaster who certified to the sureties. As a consequence the bond was filled up with the penalty according to the advertisement, but the blank in which the amount of the bid was to be written was not filled, because they wanted the postmaster’s mind left a blank upon that subject. In other words, that blank was left unfilled, not to defraud the Government, but to prevent other people from defrauding the bidder. That is all there is about it. That is everything about the Cleudenning bonds. But it may be well enough to state, gentlemen, that those Clendenning bonds were never used on a solitary route in this indictment, and I believe never anywhere; that no contract was ever awarded upon any one of those proposals. The only rascality in the transaction, gentlemen, was the failure to fill a blank; and the reason they failed to fill that blank was because they did not want the postmaster to know the amount of the bid. Let us come right down to practical matters and things. For instance, suppose one of this jury is in the stone-cutting business, and the Government should issue an advertisement calling for proposals to furnish dressed granite, and specify that every man who bid must file a bond in a penalty of five thousand dollars to carry out his contract, and that that bond must be approved by the postmaster here. Suppose it was a contract of great proportions. Would the man who bid be willing that the amount of the bid should be inserted in the blank to be passed upon by the postmaster? No. Why? He would not want the postmaster to know it. Who else would he not want to know it? He would not want his sureties to know it. A man might be standing by while the bond was being approved and read the amount of the bid. The bidder would be afraid somebody would get at those figures and go and underbid him. Every man of common, ordinary sense knows that. If you made a bid you would not let your sureties know the amount and you would not give the amount to the keeping of a postmaster, neither would you leave it to chance or accident. You would say, “I will leave the amount a blank. I will keep it in my mind, and when the paper comes into my hands for the last time I will write, it in there and fold it and seal it and give it to the Government.” That is what every sensible and prudent man would do, and what has been done for years. And yet that act is brought forward as something to stain the reputation of an honest man; something to strike down as with a sword the character of an ex-Senator. They even say he wrote upon paper that had the mark of the United States Senate Chamber upon it. That is only another evidence that there was nothing wrong in it. It was stated, too, in the opening of this case, that an affidavit was made upon paper that bore the mark of the National Hotel of this city. Think of such a damning circumstance as that! Well, gentlemen, so much for the Clendenning bonds. We will prove that the blank was left unfilled on purpose, not to defraud the Government, but

to prevent other people from defrauding us. Let me say in that connection that there was an investigation in 1878 upon this very question. The Clendenning bonds were brought up. Testimony was heard, and we will be able to show you the facts that I have stated. Then, if I am right, gentlemen, there is nothing in it; and when the opening statement was made the Government knew, just as well as I know, that there was nothing in it; at least they ought to have known it. Probably it is not proper for me to say they knew it, because men get so prejudiced, so warped, so twisted that it is hard to tell what they know or what they do not know. But that has nothing to do with this case and, in my judgment, will never be admitted by the Court. If it is admitted by the Court we will establish exactly what I have told you. So much for the Clendenning bonds. Do not forget that the penalty of the bond was put in by the Government.

Do not forget that the amount of the bid was left blank simply to protect ourselves. Do not forget another thing: That leaving that blank unfilled could not by any possible peradventure injure the Government. The bond was just as good with that proposal unfilled at the time the sureties signed it as though it had been filled. It had to be filled before it was finally given to the Government or else there would be no bid. If there was no bid, then no obligation rested upon the sureties. Certainly they could not be harmed, and if there was no bid certainly the Government could not be harmed; unless the bid should have happened to be lower than any received; and yet out of that nothing, out of that one bramble, a forest of rascality has been manufactured. Gentlemen, that is the result of suspicion when it is hoed by malice and watered by hatred.

The next suspicious circumstance, gentlemen, is that we bid. That is a suspicious circumstance. Miner bid, Peck bid, and John W. Dorsey bid. And the suspicious circumstance is that they did not bid against each other. Why should they? I was at an auction the other day and unconsciously bid against myself, but I did not think it any evidence of rascality on my part; I thought it tended to show that I was not attending strictly to business, and yet it is brought forward as a suspicious circumstance that these gentlemen did not bid against themselves. Another suspicious circumstance is that they bid in their individual names. That is the way all the bidding is done, I believe. I believe every bond has to be signed by the individuals and not by any partnership. That I believe to be one of the regulations of the department. Well, there is no rascality yet, as far as I can see. Now, when the contract is accepted—I will come to the bidding question again—the contractor has to give a bond. One of those bonds will be put in evidence in this case. You will see what the contractor is bound to do. Then it can be subcontracted. You will find that the contract given by the subcontractor to the department is not a hundredth part as severe as the bond the contractor gives to the Government. In the contract that we give to the Government certain things are provided. You will find that a copy of it will be intro duced. The contractor is left to the mercy of discretion-I believe that is the word—of the Postmaster-General You will find that if he fails to carry the mail one trip, no matter by what he may be prevented, by flood or storm or fire, he is not to be paid for it. Although he is there ready with his men and horses, if he is prevented by the elements he has no pay. If the Postmaster-General thinks he ought to have carried it when he did not, he can take from his pay three times the value of the trip.

He can take from him one quarter's pay. He reserves in his own breast the power to declare that contract null and void, because in his judgment the contractor has not done his duty. Everything is left to him. The man who signs that contract gives a mortgage on his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. He has no redress. I simply call your attention to this to show you the obligation that a contractor takes upon himself. We will show you that he is under obligation to discharge any carrier that the Government does not like; that he has no right to carry any package or any letter that can go by mail; that he is to forfeit a trip when it is not run, or not to exceed three times the pay of a trip; that he is to forfeit one-quarter of a trip if the running time is so far behind that he fails to make connection with the next mail; that if he violates any of these provisions he forfeits a penalty equal to a quarter's pay, or if he violates any other provision touching the carriage of the mail and the time and manner thereof, without a satisfactory explanation in due time to the Postmaster-General, he can visit a penalty in his discretion, and the forfeitures may be increased in the penalty to a higher amount, in the discretion of the Postmaster-General, according to the nature or frequency of the failure and the importance of the mail. Provided that, except as specified, and except as provided by law, no penalty shall exceed three times the pay of a trip in each case.

It is also agreed by the said contractor and his sureties that the Postmaster-General may annul the contract for repeated failures; for violating the postal laws; for disobeying the instructions of the Post-Office Department; for refusing to discharge a carrier when required by the department; for transmitting commercial intelligence or matter which should go by mail; for transporting persons so engaged as aforesaid; whenever the contractor shall become a postmaster, &c.

It is further stipulated and agreed that such annulment shall not impair the right to claim damages from said contractor and his sureties under this contract; but such damages may, for the purpose of set-off or counter-claim in the settlement of any claim of said contractor or his sureties against the United States, whether arising under this contract or otherwise, be assessed and liquidated by the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-Office Department.

And it is further stipulated and agreed by the said contractor and his sureties that the contract may, in the discretion of the Postmaster-General, be continued in force beyond its express terms for a period not exceeding six months. You will see, gentlemen, how perfectly, how absolutely, the contractor is in the power of the department. The Government enforces its contracts. No matter how many years may elapse they are still after the sureties and are still after the principal. Nothing relieves a man but, death. Only a little while ago a case was decided in the Supreme Court of which I will speak to you. An importer of sugar gave the importers' bond to pay the duty upon that sugar. By the custom of trade, sugar is sold in bond.

The importer sold to a third person and the third person went to get the sugar. By law he could only take it after paying the tax; and yet one of the officers of the Government, contrary to law, allowed him to take the sugar without paying the tax. The Supreme Court has just held that the original importer and his sureties are liable to pay that tax—the man who took the sugar out having become bankrupt—although the sugar was given to the second party simply by a violation of law, and that law was

violated by one of the officers of the custom-house without the knowledge or consent of the original importer. I tell you, gentlemen, whenever a man gives a bond to this Government the Government stays with him. The Government does not die; the Government does not get tired; the Government does not get weary. The Government can afford to wait, and the poor man with the bond hanging over him cannot go into business, cannot get credit, but just lingers out a life of expectation, of hope, and of disappointment. I trust none of you will ever sign a bond to the Government. There is another thing, gentlemen. If you bid on a hundred routes and they are given to you and you put the service on ninety-nine of the routes and carry it in accordance with the contract, and yet fail on the hundredth route, the Postmaster-General has a right to declare you a failing contractor. A failing contractor on the hundredth route? Yes. On any more? Yes; on every one. And whoever is declared a failing contractor on one route is by virtue of that declaration a failing contractor on all. They are all taken from him. So that when a man bids for more than one route, for instance, a hundred or a thousand, and gets them and carries them all absolutely according to his contract but one, he can be declared a failing contractor on all. What does that mean? It means not simply ruin to him, but ruin to every one of his sureties, unless they are in a condition to go on and carry the mail. I want you to understand something of the obligation of a contractor with the Government of the United States.

Now, I come to the bidding. These bids were made with a full understanding of the obligation of a bidder. Messrs. Miner, Peck, and John W. Dorsey bid, I believe, on about twelve hundred routes. You see you are in great luck in bidding if you get one route in fifty that you bid upon. In the first place, there are about ten thousand star routes. I do not know that it is too much to say that the number of bids runs up into the hundreds of thousands; somewhere in that neighborhood. Hundreds of men often bid on one route. Consequently, nobody who bids expects to get more than a few of the routes for which they bid. Now, is there the slightest evidence in the statement of the Government as to the frauds in this bidding? Let me tell you how some frauds have been committed. Suppose, for instance, this was a fraudulent business, and Miner, Peck, and Dorsey were bidding. Let me explain it to you. I want you to know it. All there is in this case is simply to have you understand it. That is all there is. And if you do not agree with me when we get through the case I shall simply think that you have not comprehended it. Say that four men bid on the same route, one man four thousand dol-ars, another man three thousand dollars, another man two thousand dollars, and another man one thousand dollars.

Now, the man who bids one thousand dollars is of no account, has not a dollar in the world, and so when the bid is given to him he does not want it. He is what they call a straw man. The law provides then that the next man may have it. The law does not provide that he must take it. He may have it if he wants to, but you cannot force him to take it, because he is not the lowest bidder. He is the two thousand dollar man. He is another straw gentleman. He does not want it. Then the Government offers it to the next man at three thousand dollars. He is another chap made of hay. He says he doesn't want it. Understand the Government cannot force these straw and hay men to take it. Then they go to the fourth fellow, who bid four thousand dollars. It is a good thing at four thousand, and he says, "Yes; I will take it." That is what they call

fraudulent bidding. If you had found Dorsey and Miner and Peck bidding on the same route and one of them failing and another one taking it, you would not only have suspected fraud, but you would have known it. Now, if it is a badge of fraud for them to bid upon the same route and apparently against each other, I will ask you if it is not a badge of fair dealing that they were not found bidding against each other. They bid on about twelve hundred routes, and much to their astonishment they got one hundred and thirty-four contracts.

You have heard here a great deal of talk about the number of men and horses. We will show you all about it. Men differ upon this subject. If men did not differ upon it at all these bids would be alike. Instead of being a dozen bids, all different, and differing sometimes as much as ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or a hundred dollars or more, they would bid the same. If they all agreed on the number of horses and men it would take, and about what it would cost, they would bid about alike, wouldn't they? But when they are bidding they honestly differ. One man says it would take twenty horses, and another says "no, it will take forty." Do you not know that the number of horses depends a great deal upon the kind of man who makes the estimate. Here is a man who is hard and brutal, and he says a horse can do so much work. He says it is cheaper to buy him and wear him out than it is to feed him decently. You have known men who were perfectly willing to make fortunes out of a horse's agony, and out of animal pain. There are hundreds of them in the world. Now, take it on horse railroads, and with freighters, and teamsters. Whenever you find a mean, infamous man, if he cannot whip his wife, he will take his spite out on his horse. If a man is a good, broad, generous, free fellow he will say, "I don't want to work that horse to death; I think it will take four horses. I am going to keep my horses fat, and I am going to treat them as a gentleman should." Another man, a wretch, will come up and swear it would not take more than fifteen horses. When his horses are through the service you will simply see a pile of bones wrapped in a lamentable hide. You understand that.

Well, these men made twelve hundred bids and got one hundred and thirty-four contracts. Ah, but they say, here is another badge of fraud, another badge. Ah, they bid on small routes, on cheap routes, on routes where the mail was carried infrequently and on slow time. If it is a badge of fraud to bid on such routes the Government can never let out any more. Most of these routes were cheap routes. Now, I owe it to you to give you the reason for this. We will prove in the first place that these men were not rich men. If they had been very rich they probably would not have gone into the business at all. They would have gone into that perfectly respectable business of buying Government bonds. They would have bought Government bonds and made other fellows pay the interest, and twice a year they would have formed a partnership with a pair of shears, and thus in the sweat of their faces they would clip their coupons. They bid on poor routes. Why? They were poor, comparatively speaking.

They had not the money to stock the expensive routes where four horse coaches were run. They preferred to take the cheaper lines. Why? Because they could stock them. They would have been able to have stocked the routes if they had only obtained the number they expected. But as I told you, they got many more routes than they

expected. Was that for the benefit of the Government? How did these men come to bid so cheaply on some of these routes? I will tell you. Because they had the information, because they had received the facts from all the postmasters on the routes, and consequently they made a good close calculation, and the result was that their bids were below others, and the fact that their bids were accepted saved the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars. When they found themselves with all these contracts, the first hard work they did was to give away all they could. That was the first hard work. They had contracts, not for sale, but just to give, and they succeeded in giving away several of them. I believe they sold two of these children of conspiracy for the enormous sum of one hundred dollars each. That was the highest sale they made at that time. Afterwards another route was sold which I will explain when I come to it. Now there is no rascality yet. No fraud yet. No conspiracy yet. Well, they then went to work to get their bonds. But first let me say that there was another reason for bidding on cheap routes. Whenever the bid is above five thousand dollars, then the man who bids must, at the time he bids, put up a check for five per cent, of the amount.

A check certified by a national bank. For instance, if it all comes to a hundred thousand dollars he has got to put in a certified check for five thousand dollars. Even in the little bids we made we had to deposit with the Government some twenty-six or twenty-eight thousand dollars, and I do not know but more, in cash, or what is the same as cash, for the bank certifies that the money is there. That is another reason they bid on smaller routes. What is the next? The Government asks such frightful bonds, such terrible amounts, that a man must be almost a millionaire, or else there must be a confidence in him that is universal, before he can give these bonds.

There was one route at this very bidding where they had to give bonds for six hundred and forty thousand dollars, and the sureties upon these bonds under oath had to testify that they had real estate to the value of six hundred and forty thousand dollars, exclusive of all debts, dues, and demands. So there was another reason for bidding upon small routes. Where the amount was under five thousand dollars no certified check had to be deposited, and the smaller the route of course the smaller the bond.

Now, I have endeavored to show you the reasons that we bid upon these routes instead of upon the larger ones. The reasons as stated by the Government are that we took these routes where the service was once a week, so that we could have the service increased; that we took those routes where the time was long so that we could have it shortened, that is to say, expedited. But I tell you that when a perfectly good reason lies at the very threshold of the question you have no right to go further. The reasons I have given to you it seems to me are perfect and you need no more.

Now, then, we got, I say, about one hundred and thirty-four routes. Of these, one hundred and fifteen are without complaint. There is not a word about the other one hundred and fifteen. Recollect it. We got one hundred and thirty-four routes. In this indictment are nineteen; one hundred and fifteen appear to be perfectly satisfactory to this great Government. There is not a word as to those routes, not one word, I say, as to one hundred and fifteen routes, and they want you to believe that these defendants deliberately selected nineteen routes out of one hundred and thirty-four

about which to make a conspiracy, and that they left one hundred and fifteen to go honestly along, but picked out nineteen for the purpose of defrauding the Government.

Now, then, when these gentlemen found themselves with these routes, the next thing was to put the stock and the carriers upon them. As I told you, a good many more had been awarded to them than they anticipated. They had not the money. So, in putting the stock upon several of the routes, they found it necessary to borrow some money, and here comes another suspicious circumstance. Mr. Miner borrowed some money of Stephen W. Dorsey, and everybody is astonished that any man would be mean enough to loan money to another; that any man could so far forget the dignity of the office that he held as to help a friend. Their idea of a Senator is of such a lofty and dignified character that he ceases to take interest in anything except national affairs; that after he has been sworn in he forgets all the relationships and friendships of the world, and the idea of asking him to loan money seems, to the prosecution, to be the height of unconstitutionality. But as a matter of fact he did loan some money, and we will show you how that loan was treated, showing you that at that time he had not the slightest interest in it. He loaned some money, and kept loaning money until, I believe, he had given them about sixteen thousand dollars to get these routes on. Then he, being on his way to New Mexico, met in the city of Saint Louis John R. Miner, who at that time was coming back, I think, from Montana or Dakota, where he had been putting stock on a route. Miner saw Dorsey in Saint Louis, and said to him, "We have got to have a little more money, and I want you to indorse my note or to loan me your note and I can get it discounted in the German-American Bank in Washington." Finally, Dorsey said to him, "You have already obtained from me about sixteen thousand dollars: I will give you the note you ask, or indorse your note upon one condition, and that is that you shall give me orders"—what are called Post-Office drafts—"not only for the amount of this note, but for the amount of the sixteen thousand dollars." We shall insist, gentlemen, that that evidence shows exactly our position, and that you are entitled not only to draw from it, but that you must draw from it the inference, the fact, that we had no interest in those routes. Finally that was agreed to.

Now, understand it, at that time a contractor with the Government who had agreed to carry the mail for a certain time could give what are called post-office drafts or orders—you know, orders on his quarterly pay—and they would be taken to the proper officer in the Post-Office Department and they would be accepted, not for the full amount, understand, but for any amount that might be due that contractor. For instance, he might fail to carry the mail, he might be fined, and consequently the amount of that draft might not be there, so that the only thing the Post-Office Department agreed to do was to pay upon that order or draft anything that was due to the contractor. That was done at that time, and why? Because there was no way other than that to secure these advances. So he gave these drafts. He came on to Washington. The note was put into the German-American Bank. The orders on the Post-Office Department were filed with it, and the money advanced by the bank and charged to Stephen W. Dorsey. That made, then, at that time about twenty-five thousand dollars that Dorsey had advanced. That being done he went on about his business.

Now, I will show you what happened after that. I think the note in the German-American Bank was nine thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars, I have forgotten which. Dorsey then went on to New Mexico from Saint Louis, and remained there, I believe, until December, 1878. Now, I want you to understand this, because here turns a very important question, and a very important point. Now, you recollect the information about these bids was collected in the autumn and winter of 1877. The last bid was to be put in, I think, February 28, 1878. Now, this was in the August of that year, 1878. Still being pressed for money, Miner, Peck, and J. W. Dorsey were in danger of being declared failing contractors. Now, recollect it. We will show that at that time Brady, who, according to the Government, was a co-conspirator, threatened to declare Dorsey, Peck, and Miner failing contractors, and if he had declared them failing contractors even on one route that was the end of all. At that time Miner and John W. Dorsey sought out Mr. Harvey M. Vaile, and let me say that is the first appearance of Mr. Vaile in these contracts. He knew nothing about the bidding, was not in Dorsey's house, knew nothing about the letting. That is his first appearance in these contracts, August, 1878. Now let us see what he did. He was a man of means. He had some money; had been, I believe, for a long time engaged in carrying the mails; understood the business. They will tell you that is a suspicious circumstance as to him, and that the fact that that was John Dorsey's first experience is a suspicious circumstance as to him. Really to avoid suspicion you would have to have a man that had been in it a long time but never had anything to do with it. They got him, and offered what? To give him a third interest in this entire business. I think that was it. They were to give him a third interest in this entire business, a business that had been born of conspiracy, a business that had as a silent partner the man who fixed the amount of money to be paid. Think of that. According to the statement of the Government, here was a conspiracy full-fledged, perfect in its every part, flanked by the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, buttressed by all the clerks they desired, and yet that conspiracy got so hard up that in August, 1878, nine or ten months after its creation, it was willing to give a third to anybody who would advance a little money to carry the thing on.

So Mr. Vaile came in. Now, then, they had to secure Vaile against any loss, and it seems that on July 1, I believe, of that year, the law allowed the subcontract to be filed. It was a little while before that that a law had been passed for the protection of subcontractors. That was all explained to you yesterday. You know it is something like a mechanic's lien; that if the subcontractor would only file his subcontract in the Post-Office Department and let that department know the terms of it they would not pay the original contractor until this subcontractor was paid. Now, that law had gone into effect a little while before August, 1878, and the effect of that law, if anybody filed a subcontract on these routes, was to cut out all those post-office orders that Miner had given to secure Dorsey. You understand me now, do you not? It was when he met him in Saint Louis that it was agreed that these post-office orders were to be given and filed with the German-American Bank in this city. Now, then, the law passed for the protection of subcontractors, and subsequently the filing of subcontracts on those very routes, would render those post-office orders absolutely worthless. Very well. When they made the contract with Mr. Vaile they agreed to file the subcontracts with the department to protect Vaile and that rendered S. W.

Dorsey's security absolutely nothing. That cut out all other claims, drafts, and everything else, and at that time Mr. Miner was fully authorized by power of attorney from J. W. Dorsey and from John M. Peck, who was at that time in New Mexico, to make this transfer to Vaile.

Now, see where we are on August 16, 1878. On Dorsey's return in December, 1878—he had not been here from that time, and do you not see he had nothing to do with it—he found that these subcontracts had been filed. He found that the note in the German-American Bank had been protested, and he found that his collateral security was not worth a dollar, that it was all gone. Thereupon he demanded a settlement. The matter drifted along for a little while, and a settlement was made with the bank; and Mr. Vaile, holding the subcontract, undertook to pay that Dorsey note, and he did pay it. He took it up, and gave, I believe, his own instead, and that was finally paid. But the money due Dorsey, the sixteen thousand dollars that at that time amounted to something more by virtue of interest, was not provided for. The money that had been expended by John W. Dorsey was not provided for. The money expended by Peck was not provided for. Now, I want you to see exactly how that matter stood at that time. We have got it up to that time and here it stands, and the chief conspirator out sixteen thousand dollars and without any interest in one of the routes. There is where he was at that time, and that is what we will show. The brother of the chief conspirator ten thousand dollars out, and not the interest of one cent in any route. The brother-in-law of the conspirator about ten thousand dollars out, and not a cent in. That was the condition of this conspiracy at this time, and when Vaile took these routes Brady telegraphed him and asked him, "What routes of Miner, Dorsey, and Peck, are you going to put the stock on? This thing can be continued no longer. The stock must go on." We will show it. Now, having got to that point, we will take another step. There is nothing like understanding things as we go along.

Now, from the time Mr. Vaile took the route, to the settlement in 1879, to which I will call your attention in a little while, Mr. Vaile had the absolute control. Neither Peck nor S. W. Dorsey had the slightest thing to do with one of those routes until the final settlement, and I say to these gentlemen of the prosecution now, that in that time they can find no line, no word from Stephen W. Dorsey upon the subject. They cannot find that he wrote a word to any official, that he sent a petition to anybody, that he wrote a letter to any human being upon the subject, or that he took any more interest in it than in the ashes of Sodom and Gomorrah. It went right along.

Now, then, up to this time, Stephen W. Dorsey had made nothing. He was only out about sixteen thousand dollars or eighteen thousand dollars. John W. Dorsey was in the same healthy financial condition. John M. Peck had reaped the same rich harvest of ten thousand dollars lost, and all the things had been turned over to Mr. Vaile; John W. Dorsey put out—left out—with nothing to show. That is the first chapter in this conspiracy. [Resuming.]

I believe when I stopped, the principal conspirators were substantially "broke." The head and front was out sixteen or eighteen thousand dollars, and the other two ten thousand dollars each. Now, a contract was made, and I propose to prove that contract in the course of this trial. When that contract comes to be shown, it will be about this: That, on the 16th day of August, 1878, H. M. Vaile, John R. Miner, John

M. Peck, and John W. Dorsey made an agreement That agreement made a partnership, and we will show that a partnership was formed by and between Miner, Vaile, Peck, and Dorsey on the 16th day of August, 1878. We will show by the articles of that partnership that H. M. Vaile was made treasurer, and that all the other partners agreed, by suitable powers of attorney, to put the collection of all the money from the Government absolutely in his hands. When he got the money he agreed, first, to pay all the subcontractors; second, the expenses necessary and incident to the proper conduct of the business; third, to divide the profits remain-, ing among the parties as provided in that contract. The profits were to be divided as follows: From routes in Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota, to H. M. Vaile, one-third; to John R. Miner, one-sixth; to John M. Peck, one-sixth; and to John W. Dorsey, one-third. From routes in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington Territory, Oregon, Nevada, and California, to H. M. Vaile, one-third; to John R. Miner, one-third, and to John M. Peck, one-third. Before any division of profits was to be made, the sums which before that time had been advanced were to be paid to the parties so advancing such sums; and if the profits were not sufficient to repay the entire sums so advanced, they were to be paid from time to time during the existence of the life of these contracts. Now, you will find that such contract was made on the 16th day of August, 1878, and that Mr. H. M. Vaile then took absolute and complete control of every one of these routes, and the only thing they asked of him was to repay the money that had been advanced, which, as you know, and as I have told you, was the sixteen or eighteen thousand dollars by S. W. Dorsey, the ten thousand dollars by Peck, and about the same amount by John W. Dorsey. Now that is understood. At that time certain papers were executed by all the parties. I told you that a law had been passed by virtue of which a man could make a subcontract and have that subcontract put on file, and thereupon he could be protected by the Government. Now, when H. M. Vaile took these routes, and they were to be managed by him, subcontracts were made by the other parties to Mr. Vaile, and Mr. Vaile put those subcontracts on record. Now you can see that they gave him the absolute and entire control of every route. That was the condition. I have explained to you the the liability of a contractor. He cannot put it off on a subcontractor. He is the man primarily responsible to the Government during the life of that contract, and for six months thereafter. Whenever a contract is awarded to any person, he is regarded as the original contractor, and his name is kept upon the books of the department during the life of that contract. No matter how many subcontracts may be made, he is looked to primarily if there is a failure of a a trip, or if there is a failure of the service, and he is responsible for its complete performance. If there comes some great storm and the road is obstructed by snow, or if the bridges are all carried away by flood, and the subcontractor throws down the contract, the original contractor must be ready to take it up; and if he fail to do so, he can be fined three times what he has received for each trip. There is one case in one of these nineteen routes, gentlemen, where the fines exceeded the entire pay simply because they did not carry the mail according to the contract. Now, then, these parties finally made a settlement and they divided these routes. They divided them. They ceased to have any interest in common. Recollect, that was in April, 1879. I want you to know it because this entire case depends on your knowing it. This entire case, gentlemen of the jury, depends on your understanding it. In April, 1879, Mr. Vaile having had

possession of these routes for several months, a division was made of them, and all interest in common was at that moment severed. At this time, I say, these routes were divided, and all partnership and all partnership interest was absolutely destroyed. I want to tell you why. When Dorsey returned from New Mexico and found that his orders on the Post-Office Department had been superseded by subcontracts and that his collateral security was worthless he was indignant, and at that time he and Mr. Vaile had a quarrel. He did not think he had been properly treated, and for that reason the moment he got the note at the German-American Bank provided for, the moment he induced Mr. Vaile to assume the payment of that note, he gave evidence that he wanted a settlement. Not that he wanted the routes divided at that time, because he did not dream of such a thing. He wanted the settlement. He wanted his money. The arrangement that had been made with Mr. Vaile was unknown to Mr. Dorsey, who at that time was in New Mexico; and, as I told you before, when he returned and found that the note that had been given to the German-American National Bank was protested, and found, as I told you twice, his collateral security was worthless, he wanted a settlement. He wanted his money refunded to him. They said to him, "We haven't the money. We have just got the stock really upon these routes. We have just got under way, and we cannot pay out the money." "Very well," said he, "what will you give me?" I want you all to see that this was a simple, natural, ordinary proceeding. Said he, "I want my money." Said Vaile to him, "We haven't the money, but I will tell you what we will do. We will divide the routes with you." Now, recollect at that time that they had a hundred and thirty-four routes, and had given some of them away. At that time they agreed upon a division, and they agreed how that division should be made. We will prove the agreement to you. The agreement was that Mr. Vaile should choose first, taking the route he wanted—he and Miner being together at that time—that Mr. Dorsey should choose the next, and Mr. Miner should choose the third route; and then that Mr. Vaile should choose the fourth, Stephen W. Dorsey the fifth route, Mr. Miner the sixth route, Mr. Vaile the seventh route, and so on. They finally concluded it would be fair for Mr. Vaile to take the best route, Dorsey the next best, and Miner the next best, and then again Vaile the best, Dorsey the next best, and Miner the next best, and that that would be an average that would do justice to each. In that way, gentlemen, they divided these routes. There was no conspiracy; nothing secret. This division was made on the 6th day of April, 1879, not only after Dorsey had gone out of the Senate, but after he had advanced this money, after they had failed to repay him, after he had failed to collect it, and when he finally had said, "I must have some settlement that recognizes my claim." Gentlemen, I want you to know that. In this case that fact will be one of the great central facts. On the 6th day of April, 1879, these routes were absolutely divided, and after that they had nothing in common. But you recollect that these routes were divided by chance. Mr. Vaile chose the first route. He might choose a route that had been bid off by Peck, or he might choose a route that had been bid off by John W. Dorsey. Stephen W. Dorsey took the next route, and that might have been a route that had originally been awarded to his brother, or to Peck, or to Miner. You can see how that is. The division was here complete. Mr. Miner did not have the routes he had bid off and that had been given to him by the Government. Mr. Vaile came in, and as Mr. Vaile was not an original bidder he took routes that had been awarded to Miner and to Peck and to John W. Dorsey. By the

division Stephen W. Dorsey came into possession of routes that he never had bid off, because he never bid for one. Consequently as he went along with those routes, he needed and he had oftentimes the affidavit or the certificate of the original contractor. That was a necessity. Otherwise the division could not have been carried out. Anything that arises from the necessity of the case does not tend to show any conspiracy or any illegal partnership. I hope you understand perfectly that on the 6th day of April, 1879, these routes were divided and Stephen W. Dorsey took his share because they at that time owed him between sixteen and eighteen thousand dollars.

What more did he do, gentlemen? He agreed at that time that he would refund to John W. Dorsey all the money he had expended. That amount was about ten thousand dollars. It was nine thousand and something. He also agreed that he would refund to John M. Peck, who is now dead, the money he had expended, which was between nine and ten thousand dollars. He also agreed that he would take the routes for the money he had expended, and that was between sixteen and eighteen thousand dollars. So, when those routes were turned over to him they were taken in full of over sixteen thousand dollars advanced by him, ten thousand dollars that he was to give to his brother, and ten thousand dollars that he was to give to John M. Peck—in the neighborhood of thirty-eight thousand dollars in all. Speaking of the sum without interest it amounted to thirty-six thousand dollars. Those routes were turned over to him. Gentlemen, it was not done in secret. When that division was made, the law having provided no way for A to assign a contract to B, that assignment had to be accomplished by a subcontract, and consequently subcontracts had to be given to Vaile, subcontracts to John R. Miner, and subcontracts to S. W. Dorsey, and yet the original contractor was still held by the Government. When the subcontract was made, it was for the entire amount of the pay; not one dollar remained for the original contractor. Now, I want to state to you what we are going to prove about that. After the division was made, to show you the interest taken by the arch-conspirator, we will prove these facts: That when the routes awarded to him by chance, on the 6th day of April, 1879, had been awarded, he left the city of Washington in a few days, and went to New Mexico; that he returned here on the 15th or 16th of May; that he left again on the 19th of May, and went to Arkansas; that from Arkansas he went to New Mexico, and returned to Washington on the 21st day of June, and that on the 27th of June he left for New Mexico. The next time he visited Washington was in July of the following year, 1880. He remained here one day, left and returned again to witness the inauguration of General Garfield. From June 27, 1879, up to the present hour I challenge these gentlemen to show that Stephen W. Dorsey ever wrote one line, one word, one letter, to any officer of the Post-Office Department. I challenge them to show that he ever took the slightest interest in any star route, or said one word to any human being about that business, except in explanation when attacked by the Government or in the newspapers. Now, gentlemen, after the division of these routes what did Stephen W. Dorsey do? This is a story, complicated, it may seem, perfectly plain when you understand the surroundings. It is a story necessary for you to know. After he got these routes what did he do? Did he want them? Did he want to engage in carrying the mail of the United States? Was that his business? At that time he had a ranch in New Mexico where he was raising cattle. That was his business, and is up to to-day. Did he want

to stay here? Did he want to attend to these contracts? That is for you to determine. Did he want to enter into some partnership by which the Government was to be fleeced? That is for you to say. I tell you he had another business. I tell you he had a ranch in New Mexico, and we will prove it to you, and that ranch was of more importance to him than all the star routes in the United States. We will show you that at that time he could not have afforded to waste his time on these routes; that the business he was then engaged in was too profitable to waste any time in the mail business. Profitable as these gentlemen appear to think it was, what did he do? Just as soon as he could make the arrangement he went to a gentleman living in Pennsylvania by the name of James W. Bosler. Who is Bosler? He is a man well acquainted with the business of contracting with the Government. He has been in that business for years and years. He is a man of ample fortune, excellent reputation, considered by his friends and neighbors to be a gentleman and an honest man. He went to him. That we will show you. He said to Mr. Bosler, "I have advanced money by the indorsement of a note. I am in a business that I do not understand. We have had to divide the routes in order for me to have security for my debt. I want to turn these routes over to you. I am not acquainted with the business of carrying the mail. I know absolutely nothing about it. I want you to take it." How did he turn it over? We will show. He said to Mr. Bosler, "You take all the routes that have been given to me; every one. You run them and you pay me back my money, and then we will divide the profit." Mr. Bosler said he was not very well acquainted with post-office business, but he understood how to transact any ordinary business, and he would take them. That is all there is to it. He took the routes; every one. I believe that he took absolute control within a few months of the 6th day of April. I do not know but the warrants for the first quarter were paid or came in some way to S. W. Dorsey. But for the second quarter Mr. Bosler took them, and from that day to this Mr. Bosler has controlled those routes. He has carried every mail or has contracted with the man who did carry it. Every solitary thing that has been done from that day to this has been done by him. Every dollar has been collected by Mr. Bosler, and every dollar has been disbursed by Mr. Bosler. And before we get through I am going to tell you how all the routes that were given to Mr. S. W. Dorsey came out. Let me tell you how they came out. Mr. Bosler has carried the mail, paid the expenses, kept the accounts, and, gentlemen, I am going to tell you how much he made out of this vast conspiracy that has convulsed that part of the moral world that has been hired and paid to be convulsed. I am going to tell you exactly how we came out on all this business. I will give you the product of all this rascality, of all this conspiracy, of all the written and spoken lies; I will tell you our joint profit on this entire business; a business that promised to change the administration of this Government; a business about which reputations have been lost, and no reputations will be won; counting it all, every dollar, and taking into consideration the midnight meetings, the whisperings in alleys, the strange grips and signs that we have had to invent and practice, you will wonder at the amount. I will give it to you all. Mr. Bosler has kept the books, has expended every dollar, collected every warrant, and I say to you to-day that the entire profit has been less than ten thousand dollars, not enough to pay ten witnesses of the Government. Our profits have not been one-fiftieth of the expense of the Government in this prosecution—not one-fiftieth, and I say this, gentlemen, knowing what I am saying. It is charged by the Government that these gentlemen were

conspirators; that they dragged the robes of office in the mire of rascality; that they swore lies; that they made false petitions; that they forged the names of citizens; that they did all this for the paltry profit of ten thousand dollars. That is what we will show you. And the moment this reform administration swept into power they cut down the service on these routes. They not only did that, but they refused to pay the month's extra pay, and they committed all this villainy in the name of reform. And do you know some of the meanest things in this world have been done in the name of reform? They used to say that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. I think reform is. And whenever I hear a small politician talking about reform, borrowing soap to wash his official hands, with his mouth full and his memory glutted with the rascality of somebody else I begin to suspect him; I begin to think that that gentleman is preparing to steal something. So much, then, for the conspiracy up to this point, up to the division of these routes in 1879. Now recollect it.

Now, the next charge that is made against us, and it is a terrific one, is that these defendants, my clients, have filled the Post-Office Department with petitions—false petitions; forged petitions. I want to tell you here to-day that these gentlemen will never present any petitions upon any route upon which my clients are interested that they will claim was forged—not one. Have we not the right, gentlemen, to petition? Has not the humblest man in the United States a right to send a petition to Congress? Has not the smallest man—I will go further—has not the meanest man the right to petition Congress? Why, it is considered one of our Constitutional rights not only, but a right back of the Constitution, to make known your grievances to the governing power. Every man always had a right to petition the king. There is no government so absolutely devoid of the spirit of liberty that the meanest subject in it has not the right to express his opinion to the king—to the czar. Upon what meat do these officers feed that they are grown so great that an ordinary citizen may not address a petition to one of them? Now, I ask you, if you were living in Colorado and could get a mail once a week, have you not the right to petition your member of Congress to have it three times a week? Do you not know that every member of Congress from every State, every delegate from every Territory, is judged by his constitutents by the standard of what he does. By what he does for whom? By what he does for them. They send a man to Congress to help them, and they expect that man to get them a mail just as often as any other member of Congress gets his people a mail, do they not? And if he cannot do that they will leave that young gentleman at home. They will find another man. It is the boast of a member of Congress when he returns to his constitutents, "I have done something for you. You only had a mail here once a week. I have got it four times a week, gentlemen." "Here is a river that was navigable. I have got a custom house." "Here is a great district in which the United States holds a court and I have an appropriation for a court-house." Up will go the caps; they will say, "He is the man we want to represent us next session." But if he sneaks back and says, "Gentlemen, you do not need a court-house, you have mails often enough," the reply of the people is, "And you have been to Congress often enough." That is nature, and no matter how highly we are civilized when you scratch through the varnish you find a natural man.

Now, then, every member of Congress felt it was his duty, his privilege, and his leverage, to have the mails established, and when the people got up petitions he

would indorse them. He would look at the petitions. There was the principal man, you know, in his town. He would look down a little farther. There was a fellow that had an idea of running against him. He would look down a little farther, and there was the man who presented his name at the last convention; there is the fellow who subscribed three hundred dollars towards the expenses of the campaign. That is enough. He turns it right over—"I most earnestly recommend that this petition be granted. So and so, M. C." Then he would put it in his coat-pocket, and he would march down to General Brady with a smile on his face as broad as the horizon of his countenance. He would just explain to the gentleman that there are miner's camps springing up all over that country, towns growing in a night like mushrooms, Providence just throwing prosperity away in that valley; that they have to have a daily mail then and there, and he would show this petition. In three weeks more there would come fifty others, and it would be granted. Why, even the counsel for the prosecution would have done the same, strange as it may appear. They would have done just the same—maybe worse, maybe better. The Post-Office officials might have granted more to them.

Now, I have always had the idea that it was one of my rights to sign a petition; that no man in this country could grow so great that I had not the right just to hand the gentleman a paper with my opinion on it. Do you know I do not think anybody can get so big that an American citizen cannot send a letter to him if he pays the postage, and in that letter he can give him his opinion. There is no fraud about that; not the slightest. These men all out through the mountains, men that went out there, you know, to hunt for silver and for gold, live in little camps of not more than twenty or thirty, maybe, but they wanted to hear from home just as bad as though there had been five hundred in that very place. And a fellow that had dug in the ground about eleven feet and had found some rock with a little stain on it and had had the stain assayed, wanted to hear from home right off. He stayed there and dreamed about fortune, palaces, pictures, carriages, statues, and the whole future was simply an avenue of joy upon which he and his wife and the children would ride up and down. He wanted to write a letter right off. He wanted to tell the folks how he felt. Do you think that man would not sign a petition for another mail? Do you think that fellow would vote to send a stupid man to Congress who could not get another mail? He felt rich; he was sleeping right over a hole that had millions in it, and he had not much respect for a Government that could not afford to send a millionaire a letter.

Now, Mr. Bliss tells you that we forged petitions, and in only a few moments, as the Court will remember, he had the kindness to say that anybody in the world would sign a petition for anything, and the question arises if people are so glad to sign petitions why should we forge their names. Do you not see that doctrine kind of swallows itself. You certainly would not forge the name of a man to a note who was hunting you up to sign it. And yet the doctrine of the Government is that while the whole West rose en masse, each man with a pen in his hand and inquiring for a petition, these defendants deliberately went to work and forged it. It won't do, gentlemen. Oh, my Lord, what a thing a little common sense is when you come to think about it, when you come to place it before your mind.

Now, the next great trouble in this case, gentlemen, is that we bid on routes that were not productive. When you remember that Congress made all these routes—now Congress did it; we did not do it—you will protect us. We did not make a solitary route upon which we bid, strange as it may appear. Congress, with the map of the Territories and the States of the Union before it, marked out all the routes. Congress determined where these routes should run. And yet this case has been tried as though in reality we were the parties who determined it.

Now, let me say something right here. It is for Congress to determine first of all on what routes the mail shall be carried. I want you to understand that, to get it into your heads, way in, that Congress determined that question, and that there has to be a law passed that the mail shall be carried from Toquerville to Adairville, from Rawlins to White River. That law has to be passed first, and Congress has to say that that route shall be established. Now, get that in your minds. I give you my word we never established a mail on the earth. That was done by Congress, and the moment Congress establishes a route it becomes the duty of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General to put the service upon that route, and the duty of the First Assistant Postmaster-General to name the offices on that route. Is not that true? That is the doctrine. Now, that had all been done before we entered into a conspiracy. These routes had not only been established, but the Government had advertised for service on these routes, and we bid. That was our crime.

These gentlemen said, I believe, at one time, that they were about to lift a little of the curtain, to expose the action of Congress. You see this suit has threatened the whole Government. If the Constitution weathers this storm it will be in luck. They were going to raise the curtain. They were going to be like children hanging around a circus tent. One lifts it up and hallooes to another, “Come quick, I see a horse’s foot.” They said that they were going to show the rascality of Congress. They have never done it. I suppose the reason may be that their pay depends upon an act of Congress, but they let that alone. Now, they say that Congress committed a great mistake. Why, they say they were routes that were not productive, and we knew it, and that when the people asked for expedition and increase on a route that was not productive we were guilty of fraud.

Now, gentlemen, let us see: There are not a great many productive post-offices in the United States. They say that a post-office that is not productive should be wiped out. Let me say to you, you cut off the post-offices that are not productive and you will have thousands the next day that are not productive. It is the unproductive offices that make others productive. You cut off those that are not productive and you will have double the number that are not productive. You cut off all those that are unproductive and you will have nothing left but the mail line. You might say that there is not a spring that flows into the Mississippi that is navigable. Let us cut off the springs. Then what becomes of the Mississippi? That is not navigable either. It is on account of the streams not navigable, emptying into one, that the one into which they empty, becomes navigable. And yet, these gentlemen say in the interest of navigation, “Let us stop the springs because you cannot run a boat up them.” That is their doctrine. There is no sense in that. You have got to treat this country as one country. You have got to treat the post-offices business as a unit for an entire country. You

have got to say that wherever the flag floats the mail shall be carried, wherever American citizens live they shall be visited with the intelligence of the nineteenth century. That is what you have got to say. You have got to get up on a good high plane, and you have got to run a great Government like this that dominates the fortune of a continent, and you have got to run it like great men. There has got to be some genius in this thing and not little bits of suspicion.

Productiveness! Let us see. We are informed by Mr. Bliss, who is paid for saying it, otherwise he would not, that the West is perfectly willing to have mail facilities at the expense of the East. I do not think the gentleman comprehends the West. There is nothing so laughable, and sometimes there is nothing so contemptible, as the egotism of a little fellow who lives in a big town. Some people really think that New York supports this country, and probably it never entered the mind of Mr. Bliss that this country supported New York. But it does. All the clerks in that city do not make anything, they do not manufacture anything, they do not add to the wealth of this world. I tell you, the men who add to the wealth of this world are the men who dig in the ground. The men who walk between the rows of corn, the men who delve in the mines, the men who wrestle with the winds and waves of the wide sea, the men on whose faces you find the glare of forges and furnaces, the men who get something out of the ground, and the men who take something rude and raw in nature and fashion it into form for the use and convenience of men, are the men who add to the wealth of this world. All the merchants in this world would not support this country. My Lord! you could not get lawyers enough on a continent to run one town. And yet, Mr. Bliss talks as though he thought that all the mutton and beef of the United States were raised in Central Park, as though we got all our wool from shearing lambs in Wall Street. It won't do, gentlemen. There is a great deal produced in the Western country. I was out there a few years ago, and found a little town like Minneapolis with fifteen thousand people, and everybody dead-broke. I went there the other day and found eighty thousand people, and visited one man who grinds five thousand bushels of flour each day. I found there the Falls of Saint Anthony doing work for a continent without having any back to ache, grinding thirty thousand bushels of flour daily. Just think of the immense power it is. Millions of feet of lumber in this very country, and Dakota, over which some of these routes run, yielding a hundred million bushels of wheat. Only a few years ago I was there and passed over an absolute desert, a wilderness, and on this second visit found towns of five and six and seven thousand inhabitants. There is not a man on this jury, there is not a man in this house with imagination enough to prophesy the growth of the great West, and before I get through I will show you that we have helped to do something for that great country.

Productiveness! Let me tell you where that idea of productiveness was hatched, where it was born, the egg out of which it came. It was by the act of March 2, 1799, just after the Revolution, and just after our forefathers had refused to pay their debts, just after they had repudiated the debt of the Confederation, just after they had allowed money to turn to ashes in the pockets of the hero of Yorktown, or had allowed it to become worthless in the hand of the widow and the orphan. In 1799, the time when economy trod upon the heels almost of larceny, our Congress provided that the Postmaster-General should report to Congress after the second year of its

establishment every post-road which should not have produced one-third the expense of carrying the mail. Recollect it, and I want you to recollect in this connection that we never established a post-route in the world. We will show that, anyway, if we show nothing else. By the act of 1825 a route was discontinued within three years that did not produce a fourth of the expenses. Now, when those laws were in force the postage was collected at the place of delivery.

But in old times, gentlemen, in Illinois, in 1843, it was considered a misfortune to receive a letter. The neighbors sympathized with a man who got a letter. He had to pay twenty-five cents for it. It took five bushels of corn at that time, five bushels of oats, four bushels of potatoes, ten dozen eggs to get one letter. I have myself seen a farmer in a perturbed state of mind, going from neighbor to neighbor telling of his distress because there was a letter in the post-office for him. In 1851 the postage was reduced to three cents when it was prepaid, and the law provided that the diminution of income should not discontinue any route, neither should it affect the establishment of new routes, and for the first time in the history of our Government the idea of productiveness was abandoned. It was not a question of whether we would make money by it or not; the question was, did the people deserve a mail and was it to the interest of the Government to carry that mail? I am a believer in the diffusion of intelligence. I believe in frequent mails. I believe in keeping every part of this vast Republic together by a knowledge of the same ideas, by a knowledge of the same facts, by becoming acquainted with the same thoughts. If there is anything that is to perpetuate this Republic it is the distribution of intelligence from one end to the other. Just as soon as you stop that we grow provincial; we get little, mean, narrow prejudices; we begin to hate people because we do not know them; we begin to ascribe all our faults to other folks. I believe in the diffusion of intelligence everywhere. I want to give to every man and to every woman the opportunity to know what is happening in the world of thought.

I want to carry the mail to the hut as well as to the palace. I want to carry the mail to the cabin of the white man or the colored man, no matter whether in Georgia, Alabama, or in the Territories. I want to carry him the mail and hand it to him as I hand it to a Vanderbilt or to a Jay Gould. That is my doctrine. The law of 1851 did away with your productiveness nonsense, and when the mails were first put upon railways in the year 1838, the law made a limit, not on account of productiveness, but a limit of cost, and said the mail should not cost to exceed three hundred dollars a mile. Let me correct myself. In 1838 a law was passed that the mails might be carried by railroad provided they did not cost in excess of twenty-five per cent, over the cost of mail coaches. In 1839 that law was repealed, and the law then provided that the pay on railways should be limited to three hundred dollars a mile. So you see how much productiveness has to do with this business. In 1861 Congress provided for an overland mail. Did they look out for productiveness? The overland mail in 1861 was a little golden thread by which the Pacific and the Atlantic could be united through the great war. Just a mail, carrying now and then a letter in 1861, and they were allowed, I think, twenty or thirty days to cross. Was productiveness thought of? Congress provided that they might pay for that service eight hundred thousand dollars a year. The mail did not exceed a thousand pounds. Including everything. Some letters that were carried from this side to the other cost the Government three hundred dollars

apiece. What was the object? It was simply that the hearts of the Atlantic and the Pacific might feel each other's throb through the great war. That is all. Suppose some poor misguided attorney had stood up at that time and commenced talking about productiveness. In the presence of these great national objects the cost fades, sinks. It is absolutely lost. Wherever our flag flies I want to see the mail under it. After awhile we established what is known as the free-delivery system. That was first established on the idea of productiveness. Whenever you start a new idea, as a rule, you have to appeal to all the meanness that is in conservatism. Before you can induce conservatives to do a decent action you have to prove to them that it will pay at least ten per cent. So they started that way. They said, "We will only have this free delivery system where it pays." We went on and found the system desirable, and that many people wanted it, and that the revenues of the Post-Office Department were so great that we could afford it, and we commenced having it where it did not pay. Right here in the city of Washington, right here in the capital of the great Republic, we have the free delivery system. Is it productive? Last year we lost twenty-one thousand dollars distributing letters to the attorneys for the prosecution and others. And yet now this District has the impudence to talk about productiveness. If anybody wants to find that fact it can be found on pages 42 and 45 of the Postmaster-General's report. Productiveness! We have now a railway service in the United States. I want to know if that is calculated upon the basis of productiveness. A car starts from the city of New York, and runs twelve hours ahead of the ordinary time to the city of Chicago for the simple purpose of carrying the mail, stopping only where the engine needs water, only when the monster whose bones are steel and whose breath is flame, is tired. Do you suppose that pays? You could scarcely put letters enough into the cars at three cents apiece to pay for the trip. At last we regard this whole country as a unit for this business. We say the American people are to be supplied. We do not care whether they live in New York or in Durango; we do not care whether they are among the steeples of the East or the crags of the West; we do not care whether they live in the villages of New England or whether they are staked out on the plains of New Mexico. For the purpose of the distribution of intelligence this great country is one. Do you see what a big idea that is? When it gets into the heads of some people you have no idea how uncomfortable they feel. I have as much interest in this country as anybody, just exactly, and I am willing to subscribe my share to have this mail carried so that the man on the very western extreme, on the hem of the national garment, may have just as much as the man who lives here in the shadow of the Capitol. You see whenever a man gets to the height where he does not want anything that he is not willing to give somebody else, then he first begins to appreciate what a gentleman is and what an American should be. Productiveness! I say that all the State and Territorial lines have been brushed aside. We do not carry the mail in a State because it pays. We carry it because there are people there; because there are American citizens there; not because it pays. The post-office is not a miser; it is a national benefactor. There are only seventeen States in this Union where the income of the Post-Office Department is equal to the outlay; only seventeen States in this Union. There are twenty-one States in which the mail is carried at a loss. There are ten Territories in which we receive substantially nothing in return for carrying the mail, and there is one District, the District of Columbia. I do not know how many miles square this magnificent territory is; I guess about six. Thirty-six square miles. How

much is the loss in this District per annum? About one thousand five hundred dollars a square mile. The annual loss right here in this District is fifty-eight thousand dollars, and yet the citizens of this town are rascally enough to receive the mail, according to the prosecution. Why is it not stopped? Why is not the Postmaster-General indicted for a conspiracy with some one? This little territory, six miles square has a loss of fifty-eight thousand dollars.

If there was a corresponding loss in Kansas, Nebraska, California, Dakota, and Idaho, it would take more than the national debt to run the mail every year. And yet here in thirty-six square miles comes the wail of non-productiveness. It is almost a joke. We are carrying the mail in Kansas at a loss of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and yet Kansas has a hundred million bushels of wheat for sale. Good! I am willing to send letters to such people. It is a vast and thriving country. It contains men who have laid the foundation of future empires. I want people big enough and broad enough and wide enough to understand that the valley of the Mississippi will support five hundred millions of people. Let us get some ideas, gentlemen. Let us get some sense. There is nothing like it. We pay five hundred thousand dollars a year for the privilege of carrying the mail in Nebraska. Do you know I am willing to pay my share. Any man who will go out to Nebraska and just let the wind blow on him deserves to have plenty of mail. You do not know here what wind is. You have never felt anything but a zephyr. You have never felt anything but an atmospheric caress. Go and try Nebraska. The wind there will blow a hole out of the ground. Go out there and try one blizzard, a fellow that robs the north pole and comes down on you, and you will be willing to carry the mail to any man that will stay there and plow a hundred and sixty acres of land. When I see a post-office clerk sitting in a good warm room and making a fuss about a chap in Nebraska for not carrying the mail against a blizzard, I have my sentiments. I know what I think of the man. In the Territory of Utah we pay two hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year for the privilege of carrying the mails, and the males in that country are mostly polygamists. I want you to get an idea of this country. In the State of California, that State of gold, that State of wheat, the State that has added more to the metallic wealth of this nation than all others combined, an empire of magnificence, we pay five hundred thousand dollars a year for the privilege of distributing the mail. I am glad of it. I want the pioneer fostered. I want the pioneer to feel the throb of national generosity. I want him to feel that this is his country. You see the post-office is about the only blessing he has. Every other visitor that comes from the General Government wants taxes. The Post-Office Department is the only evidence we possess of national beneficence. It is the only thing that comes from the General Government that has not a warrant, that does not intend to arrest us. In Texas, which is an empire of two hundred and seventy-three thousand square miles, a territory greater than the French empire, which at one time conquered Europe, we pay four hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars for the privilege of distributing the mail. I am glad of it. It will not be long before that State will have millions of people and give us back millions of dollars each year, and with that surplus we will carry the mail to other Territories. A man who has not pretty big ideas has no business in this country; not a bit. We pay one hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars for the sake of carrying letters and papers around Arkansas; one hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars for the privilege of

wandering up and down Alabama; one hundred and seven thousand dollars in Missouri; two hundred and forty thousand dollars in Ohio; two hundred and eight thousand dollars in Georgia; three hundred and twelve thousand dollars in old Virginia. When I first went to Illinois the Government had to pay for the privilege of carrying the mail in that State. Now Illinois turns around and hands six hundred and sixty thousand dollars of profit to the United States each year. She says, "You carry the mail to the other fellows that cannot afford it just the same as you carried it for us. You rocked our cradle, and we will pay for rocking somebody else's cradle." That is sense. In other words, in seventeen States we have a profit of seven million dollars. In twenty-one States, ten Territories, and the District of Columbia we have a loss of five million dollars. When we regard the country as a unit, then we make money out of the whole business. That is good. We have in the United States about a hundred and ten thousand miles of railroad now, and we pay about two hundred dollars a mile for carrying the mail on those railroads. We have two hundred and twenty-seven thousand miles of star routes, and we pay on them between twenty and thirty dollars a mile. I want you to think about it. In looking over the Post-master-General's report I accidentally came across this fact. You know, gentlemen, the present period is a paroxysmal period of reform. We are having what is known as a virtuous spasm. We have that every little while. It is a kind of fiscal mumps or whooping-cough. I find by this report that a mail averaging twenty pounds carried in a baggage-car from Connellsville to Uniontown, Pennsylvania, is paid for at the rate of forty-two dollars and seventy-two cents a mile. Under General Brady the star routes cost between twenty and thirty dollars a mile.

Now, gentlemen, I have told you our connection with the star-route business. I have told it all to you freely, frankly, and fully. Some charges have been made against us, and I want to speak to you about them. You understand that it often takes quite awhile to explain a charge that is made in only a few words. One man can say another did so and so. It is only a lie, and yet it may take pages for the accused man to make his explanation. The worst lie in the world is a lie which is partly true. You understand that. When you explain a lie that has a little circumstance going along with it, certifying to it, and attesting to its truth, it takes you a great deal longer to explain it than it did to tell it. The first great charge is that for us—and I limit myself to my clients—orders were antedated. That is one great charge. Let me tell you just how that was. Mr. Bliss calls attention to the fact that Mr. Brady made orders relating back, and in one case he alleged that the order was made, for the benefit of my clients, to take effect six weeks prior to its being issued. I want to explain that. A railroad was being constructed along the line of one of these routes. It may be well enough for me to say that it was the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. The points from which the mail was carried had to be changed as the road progressed. As it grew Mr. Brady increased the service on the route to seven times a week. He increased it from the end of the railroad, and he made it seven times a week because the mail on the railroad was seven times a week. We were to carry the mail from the end of the railroad, wherever that end might be. He increased the service on this route from the end of the railroad to the other terminal point; that is, he made it a daily mail so as to connect with the daily trains on the railroad. At the time the seven trips were to be put on, distance tables were sent out to postmasters at the terminal points to get the

distances. Let me tell you what a distance table is. The names of the post-offices are on a circular, and the Post-Office Department sends that circular to the postmasters along the route and they are asked to return it with the distance from each station to every other marked upon it. Now, until that table is returned it is impossible for the Second Assistant Postmaster-General to tell how far they carry the mail. This railroad was progressing every month, and as the railroad advanced the distance from the end of the railroad to the other terminal point decreased. Now, the Postmaster-General or the Second Assistant cannot fix that pay until he has a return of the distance table. But before he has that return he can order the contractor to carry the mail, and after the distance table is returned then he can make up the formal order and have that order entered upon the records of the department. That is all he ever did. I want you to understand that perfectly. It might be four weeks after the contractor was ordered to carry the mail from the termination of the railroad, or it might be five or six weeks before the distance tables were returned and the distance calculated. But do you not see it made no difference? There was first an order either by telegraph or a short order, and after the distance tables were returned then the distance was calculated, the amount of money calculated, and the regular order written up and made of record, and a warrant drawn for payment. That is all there is to it. And yet this is what Mr. Bliss calls defrauding the Government. We are charged on that kind of evidence with having defrauded the United States. We will show you that no order of that kind was made except when the distance was unknown; and that when the distance was ascertained, the formal order was made, another order having been made before that time. Let me say right here that orders of a similar nature have been made in the Post-Office Department since its establishment. Since the construction of railways there has not a month passed in that department—certainly not a year—when such orders have not been made. And yet for the first time in the history of the Government it is brought forward against us as an evidence of fraud. We will show that the order was made exactly as I have stated.

The next badge of fraud that is charged is that after a route had been awarded to us it was increased or expedited, or both, before the stock was put on. Well, I will tell you just how that is, because you want to know. This case, apparently complicated, is infinitely simple when it is understood. There are in the United States, I believe, some ten thousand of these star routes. They are all or nearly all in some way connected. One depends upon another. It is a web woven over the entire West, and how you run a mail here depends upon how one is run there, and the effort is to have all these mails connect in a certain harmony so that time will not be lost, and so that each letter will get to its destination in the shortest possible time, and it requires not only a great deal of experience, but it requires a great deal of ingenuity. It requires a great deal of study and strict attention for a man so to arrange the routes and the time in the United States that the letters can be gotten to their destination in the shortest possible time. And yet that is the object. You can see that. Now, you may be looking at the route from A to B, and say that there is no sense in having it in that time; but if you will look at the time of other routes, if you see with what routes that connects you will say that it is sensible. Now, you go on to another route, and, gentlemen, you see that every solitary route is touched, is compromised, is affected by every other route. That is what I want you to understand.

Now, then, Mr. Bliss says that it was a badge of fraud to increase the time and the service on a route before the stock was put on. Now let me show you. Here you have your scheme. Here is the route, we will say, from A to E. You let that for a weekly route, once a week. How fast? A hundred hours. When you get the other routes and look at this business you see that that crosses several places where the mail is lost. That is where a day is lost, and you see, if instead of that being a hundred hours it were seventy-five hours the mail at many stations would save one day or two days. Now, then, the law vests in you the power before a solitary horse or carriage goes upon that route to say to the man to whom the contract was awarded, "You must carry that in seventy-five hours instead of one hundred hours, and you must carry it four times a week instead of once a week." If you take that power from the Postmaster-General and from the Second Assistant those offices become useless. It is impossible for any human intellect to take into consideration all the facts growing out of this service.

There is another thing, gentlemen, which you must remember, and that is that these advertisements for this service are not made the day the service is wanted. These advertisements are put out six months before there is to be any such service.

It is sometimes a year before that service is wanted, and if you know anything about the West you know that in one year the whole thing may change. That where there was not a city there may be a city, and where there was a city nothing but desolation. Now, then, the law very wisely has vested the power in the Second Assistant and the Postmaster-General to rectify all the mistakes made either by themselves or by time, and to call for faster time or for slower, that is, for less frequent trips. Now, then, you see that that is no badge of fraud, do you not? If, before you put a man or a horse on that route, the Government finds it wants twice as many trips there is no fraud in saying so, and if they find they want to go in fifty hours instead of a hundred hours there would be fraud in not saying so. That has been the practice since this was a Government.

Now, what is the next? The next great charge against us, gentlemen, is that when they agreed to carry a greater number of trips, or any swifter time for money, Mr. Brady did not make us give an additional bond, and Mr. Bliss talked about that I should think about a day. Nearly all the time I heard him he was on that subject. "Why did they not when they were to carry additional trips give a new bond?" Well, I will tell you why: Because there is no law for it. There never was a law for it—never. And Mr. Brady had no right to demand a bond unless the statute provided for it. When I give a bond to carry the mail once a week, and the Government finds that it wants it carried three times a week, the Government cannot make me give an additional bond. Why? Because the statute does not provide for it, and Mr. Brady had not the power to enact new laws. That is all. Why, there never was such a bond given, and any bond that is given under duress, by compulsion, not having the foundation of a statute, is absolutely null and void. Everybody knows it that knows anything. And yet the gentleman comes before you and says it is a sign of fraud that we did not give an additional bond. There never was such a bond given in the history of this Government—never; and in all probability never will be unless these gentlemen get

into Congress. You know the law prescribes every bond that the contractor must give, and it is bad enough without ever being increased during the contract term.

So much now for that frightful badge of fraud. I want to make this statement so you will understand it. They have the unfairness, they have the lack of candor to tell you that it is one of the evidences that we are scoundrels, that we failed to give an additional bond, and when they made that statement they knew that by law we could not give an additional bond, and they knew that if we had given an additional bond it would not have been worth the paper upon which it was written. And yet they lack candor to that degree that they come into this court and tell you that that is one of the evidences that we have conspired against the United States. It won't do.

What is the next badge of fraud? And I want to tell you this is a case of badges, and patches, and ravelings, and remnants, and rags. It is a kind of a mental garret, full of odd boots, and strange cats, thrown at us, and altogether it is called a case of conspiracy. Another badge of fraud is that whenever we carried the mail one trip a week, and it was increased to two trips a week, Brady was such a villain that he gave us double pay; and Mr. Bliss informed the jury that they knew just as well as he did that it did not cost twice as much to give two trips a week as it did to give one. Well, who said it did? And yet they say that is an evidence of fraud. Well, let us see. There is nothing like finding the evidence.

Now, when we come to this case we will introduce a bond that we gave at that time, and when the jury read that bond they will find this, or substantially this:

It is hereby agreed by the said contractor and his sureties that the Postmaster-General may discontinue or extend this contract, change the schedule, alter, increase, or extend the service, he allowing not to exceed a pro rata increase of compensation for any additional service thereby required, or for increased speed if the employment of additional stock or carriers is rendered necessary, and in case of decrease, curtailment, or discontinuance, as a full indemnity to said contractor, one month's extra pay on the account of service dispensed with, and not to exceed a pro rata compensation for the service retained: Provided, however, That in case of increased expedition the contractor may, upon timely notice, relinquish his contract.

Now, it is in that provided that if they call on him for double service he is entitled to double pay. That is the law, and it has been the practice, gentlemen, since we have had a Post-Office Department. And why? Let me show you. Here is a man who carries a mail from A to Y. There are supposed to be some commercial transactions between those two places. It is supposed that now and then a human being goes from one of those places to the other, and the man who carries the mail, as a rule carries passengers and does the local business. Now, do you suppose that he would agree with the Government that he would carry the mail once a week for a thousand dollars a year, and that they might hire another man to carry it once a week for a thousand dollars a year, and maybe that other man take all his passengers and all his business. The understanding is that when I bid a thousand dollars a year for once a week, if you put it to three times a week I am to have three thousand dollars; four times a week, four thousand dollars; seven times a week, seven thousand dollars, and that has been the unbroken practice of this Government from the establishment of the

Post-Office Department until to-day. You can see the absolute propriety of it, and you can see that any man would be almost crazy to take a contract on any other terms, and that contract is this: “I will carry for you so much a trip, and if you want more trips you can have them at the same price as that fixed.” That is fair. That is what we did.

So much for that badge of fraud. What is the next one? It is that the pay was increased twice as much by the increase, and, as I said, that is the law.

Now let us see what is the next great badge of fraud. That we received the pay when the mail was not carried. I deny it, and we will show in this case, gentlemen, that we never received pay except when the mail was carried. And how do I know? Because General Brady established a system of way-bills, so that a way-bill would accompany every pouch in which letters were, and they would put on that way-bill the time that it got to the post-office, and when that way-bill got to the terminal point it was sent here to Washington and filed away, and at the end of every quarter a report was made, and if a mail was behind at any post-office you would find it on that way-bill, and if they had not made the trip then they were fined. That way-bill system was inaugurated by General Brady, and under that way-bill system we carried the mail, and we could not get pay unless we had carried the mail. I call them way-bills. They are mail-bills that go with the pouch and give a history of each mail that is carried. That is all.

Now another great badge of fraud. The first was that he was to impose no fines when the mail was not carried. The next was that he was to impose fines and then take the fines off for half—fifty per cent. Now, would not that be an intelligent contract? I carry the mails. You are the Second Assistant Postmaster-General. I agree with you that if you fine me and then will take the fine off I will give you half of it. About how long would it take you to break me up? And yet that is honestly and solemnly put forward here as a fact in the case. They tell a story of a man who was bitten by a dog. Another man said to him, “I’ll tell you what to do. You just sop some bread in that blood and give it to the dog; it will cure you.” “Oh, my God!” says he, “if the other dogs hear of it they will eat me up.” And here it is, without a smile, urged before this jury that we made a bargain that a fellow might fine us for the halves. Well, there may be twelve men in this world who believe that. They are unfortunate.

The next charge is that a subcontract was made for less than the original contract. Well, that is where most of the money in this world is made. Thousands and millions of men have made fortunes by buying corn at sixty cents a bushel to be delivered next February, and selling the same corn for seventy cents. There is where fortunes live. The difference between a contract and a subcontract is the territory of profit in which every American loves to settle. You make a contract with the Government to furnish, say, a thousand horses of a certain kind for one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. You go and make a subcontract with some one to furnish you those same horses for one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece. Is that a fraud? You have taken upon yourself the responsibility and if your subcontractor fails you must make it good. There is no harm in that.

Suppose I agree with you to-morrow that if you will furnish me one thousand bushels of wheat on the first day of January, I will give you one thousand five hundred dollars, and I find out that you made a bargain with another fellow to do it for a thousand dollars. If I am an honest man I suppose I will jump the contract, won't I? Not much. If I am an honest man I will say, "Well, you made five hundred dollars; I am glad of it; good for you." But the idea of the prosecution is that the moment Brady saw a subcontract for less than the original contract he should have had a moral spasm, and said, "I won't carry out the contract; I will swindle you, I will rob you, and I will do it in the name of virtue." And that is the meanest way a man ever did rob—in the name of virtue, reform. So much for that. But if you ever make a contract with this Government and can make a subcontract at the same price you do it as quick as you can.

The next is, that whenever he discontinued a route or any part of a route, rather, he gave us a month's extra pay; you heard that, did you not? He was on that subject about a half a day. How did he come to do that? I will tell you. There is nothing like looking:

And in case of decrease, curtailment, or discontinuance of service, as a full indemnity to said contractor one month's extra pay on the amount of service dispensed with.

That is first the law, secondly the contract, and thirdly it was made in the interest of the United States. And why? Suppose the United States made a contract with a man to carry a mail from New York to Liverpool, and in consequence of that contract the man bought steamships to perform the service, and then the United States made up its mind not to carry the mail. That man might get damages to the amount of hundreds and thousands of dollars. Therefore the United States endeavored to protect itself and say the limit of damage shall be one month's pay, and that has been the law for years, and that law has been passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States. It was passed upon in the case of Garfielde against the United States, where he claimed greater damages because he had all the steamships to carry the mail from San Francisco to Portland, and the Supreme Court said it made no difference what his expense had been. He was bound by the letter of the law and the contract, and could have only one month's extra pay as his entire damage.

Now, these gentlemen bring forward a law to protect the United States Government, and they bring that forward as an evidence of conspiracy, as evidence of a fraud. Nothing could be more unfair, nothing on earth could show a greater want of character. Now, let us see what else.

The next great charge is false affidavits. They tell you that we made lots of them; that we just had them for sale. False affidavits! And that Mr. John W. Dorsey made two false affidavits in two cases. The evidence will show that he did not. The evidence will show that he made only one in each case, when we come to it. But I want to call your attention to this fact, that in one case one affidavit was made where it said the number of men and horses then necessary was eight, that on the expedited schedule it would be twenty-four. Three times eight are twenty-four. The second affidavit said the number of men and horses then was fifteen, and the number on expedition and increase would be forty-five. Three times fifteen are forty-five. So that the amount

taken from the Government would be exactly the same on both affidavits. You understand that. For instance, if it took five horses and men to do the then business, and would require fifteen to do the expedited and increased business, then you would be entitled to three times the amount of pay. So in this case one affidavit said it took eight and would take twenty-four, the other affidavit said it took fifteen and would take forty-five. Three times eight are twenty-four. Three times fifteen are forty-five. So that the amount of money taken from the Government would be exactly the same under each affidavit. Now, that is all there is of that.

In the next case, where he made two affidavits, I find that by the second affidavit it took, I think, thirteen thousand dollars less from the Government, and yet they call the second affidavit a piece of perjury. And here is one thing that I want to impress upon all your minds. Where you not only carry the mail but carry passengers, it is an exceedingly difficult problem to say just how many horses and men it requires to carry the mail, and then how many men and horses it requires to carry the passengers. It is hard to make the divide you understand—very hard. You can tell, for instance, the cost of mounting a railroad for a hundred miles, but it is very difficult to tell the cost of the bridges or what the spikes cost or what the deep cuts cost. You can take the whole together and say it cost so much a year. So in this case we can say it requires so many men and horses doing the business that we are doing, but it is almost impossible for the brain to separate exactly the passengers, the package business, from simply carrying the mail. As I said before, men will differ in opinion. Some men will say it will take ten horses, others twenty, others twenty-five, and then the next question arises, and I want to call particular attention to that question, and that is, whether the law means only the horses absolutely carrying the mail; whether the law means by carriers only the men who ride the horses or drive the wagons. Now, I will tell you what I mean. I undertake to carry the mail, we will say from Omaha to San Francisco. How many men will it take? Now, I will count all the men who are driving the stages, all the men who are gathering forage, all the men who are attending to that business in any way, and if on the way I have blacksmiths' shops where my horses are shod I will count those men. If I have men engaged in drawing wood a hundred miles, I will count those men. In other words, I will count all the men I pay, no matter whether they are keeping books in New York or carrying the mail across the desert. I will count all the men I pay; so will you. What horses will you count? All the horses engaged in the business; those that are drawing corn for the others, as well as the rest, will you not? There is an old fable that a trumpeter was captured in the war and he said to his captor, "I am not a soldier, I never shot anybody." "Ah," they said, "but you incited others to shoot, and you are as much a soldier as anybody; we want you."

Now, I say that we are entitled to count every man who carries the mail, and every man necessary to perform that service. So do you. Now, there we divide. The Government says we shall count simply the men carrying the mail, nobody else, and we shall count simply the horses in actual service. That is nonsense. For instance, you have got to have thirty horses. They are going all the time. Do you depend on just that thirty? No, sir. If one gets lame you cannot carry the mail. You have got to have twenty or thirty horses in your corral, in the stables, so that if one of the others gives out you will have enough. That is one great question in this case, gentlemen. What I

say to you now is that on every one of these routes in which my clients are interested, or, I may say, in which anybody is interested, the evidence will be that the affidavits were substantially correct. In many cases there was a far greater difference between the men and horses then used and the men and horses that were afterwards necessary.

You must take another thing into consideration. In a country where there are Indian depredations one man will not stay at a station by himself. He wants somebody with him; he wants two or three with him, and the more frightened he is the more men he will want. On that route from Bismarck to Tongue River, as to which it was sworn it would take a hundred and fifty men, the statement was made at a time when the men would not stay separately; that they wanted five or six together at one station; that they wanted men out on guard and watch. You will find before we get through, gentlemen, that the affidavits do not overstate the number. You will find in addition that these petitions were signed by the best men; that that service was asked for by the best men, not simply in the Territories, but by some of the best men in the United States; by members of Congress, by Senators, by generals, by great and splendid men, men of national reputation. So when we come to that we will show to you that the affidavits made were substantially true. There is another charge that has been made, and that is that the affidavits in Mr. Peck's name were not made by him; that he never signed these affidavits.

Yet, gentlemen, we will prove to you as the Government once proved by Mr. Taylor, a notary public in New Mexico, that Mr. Peck appeared personally before him; that he was personally acquainted with Mr. Peck, and that he signed and swore to those affidavits in his presence. That we will substantiate in this trial as the Government substantiated it in the other. These gentlemen, are among the charges that have been made against us. I say to you to-day they will not be able to show that we ever put upon the files of the Post-Office Department a solitary letter, a solitary petition, a solitary communication that was not genuine and true. Not one. They cannot do it. They never will do it. You will be astonished when you hear these petitions to find the Government admitting that they are true. If they do not read them we will read them. That is all.

Now, I have stated to you a few of the charges made against my clients up to this point. I want to keep it in your mind. I want each man on this jury to understand exactly what I say. Let us go over this ground a little. I want to be sure you remember it. In the first place, S. W. Dorsey was not interested in these routes. All the bids were made by John W. Dorsey, John M. Peck, John R. Miner, and a man by the name of Boone. All the information was gathered by Mr. Boone by sending circulars to every postmaster on the routes. Upon that information John W. Dorsey, John M. Peck, and John R. Miner made their calculations and made their bids, numbering in all about twelve hundred. Of that number they had awarded to them a hundred and thirty-four contracts. Recollect that. After those contracts were awarded to them they were without the money to put the stock on all the routes, because more contracts were awarded than they expected. Thereupon John R. Miner borrowed some money from Stephen W. Dorsey and kept up that borrowing until the amount reached some sixteen or eighteen thousand dollars. Don't forget it. After it got to that point Mr.

Dorsey started for New Mexico. At Saint Louis he met John R. Miner, then coming from Montana, and John R. Miner said to him, “We have got to have some more money of you;” and Dorsey replied, “I have no more money to give you.” Miner then said, “You give your note or indorse mine for nine or ten thousand dollars.” Dorsey replied, “If you will give me post-office orders and drafts, not only to secure the note I am about to indorse or make for you, but also to the amount of the money I have advanced for you, I will give the note.” That was agreed upon. Thereupon he gave the note. It was discounted in the German-American National Bank, and Mr. Miner deposited with the note the orders on the Post-Office Department, not only to secure the note, but the sixteen thousand dollars that Dorsey had before that time advanced. Dorsey went on to New Mexico, and in May or July of that year another law was passed, allowing a subcontractor to put his subcontract on file. After he had advanced that money and indorsed or signed the note, they made the contract with Mr. Vaile, turning these routes over to him and giving him subcontracts on all these routes. When Stephen W. Dorsey came back from New Mexico in December of that year he found that the note at the German-American National Bank had been protested, and that his collateral security was at that time worthless, because the subcontracts had been filed and these subcontracts cut out the post-office orders or drafts. Thereupon he wanted a settlement. Matters drifted along until April, 1879, and a settlement was made. I have told you that from the time the routes were given to Mr. Vaile until that time nobody had the slightest thing to do with them except Mr. Vaile; that in April, 1879, the division was made; that Mr. Vaile paid the note at the German-American National Bank; that the division was made, as I told you, by Mr. Vaile drawing one route, Mr. Dorsey one, and Mr. Miner one, and keeping that up until they were all drawn. I forgot to tell you before that Mr. S. W. Dorsey had sixteen thousand dollars, to which, if you add the interest, it would be about eighteen thousand dollars; that John W. Dorsey had ten thousand dollars and John M. Peck had ten thousand dollars, and when that division was made Stephen W. Dorsey agreed to pay John W. Dorsey ten thousand dollars, and to pay John M. Peck ten thousand dollars for his interest. Gentlemen, he did pay John W. Dorsey ten thousand dollars, and he did pay the same amount to Peck, and from that day to this John W. Dorsey has never had the interest of one solitary cent in any one of these routes. He was simply paid back the money that he expended. Not another cent. John M. Peck never made by this business one solitary dollar. He simply received back the money he had expended. After he had paid back that money to both of these men, Stephen W. Dorsey took these routes with a debt to him of between sixteen and eighteen thousand dollars. Now, as to Mr. Rerdell. They say he was the private secretary of Stephen W. Dorsey. He never was; not for a moment, not for a single moment He attended to some of this business. I have no doubt that the Government imagine they can debauch somebody in order to get information. I give them notice now—GO on. There is no living man whose testimony we fear. There is no living lawyer who has the genius to make perjury do us harm. I want you to understand it. And I want them to understand that I know precisely what they are endeavoring to do. There is only one way for them to surprise me, and that is for them to do a kind thing.

Now, gentlemen, at that time—I want you to remember it; I do not want you to forget it—when these routes came to Mr. Dorsey, he, not understanding the business, turned it over to Mr. James W. Bosler. Mr. Bosler, as I told you before, is a man of wealth. But, say these gentlemen, "While these routes were in your possession, and while Stephen W. Dorsey had an interest in them he asked men to sign petitions in favor of an increase of trips and decrease of time." What if he did? Suppose you have a house out here somewhere; you can petition to have a street opened, even if you have the contract for paving the street. You have a right to petition to have a schoolhouse located in your neighborhood even if you have children. There is no harm about that. You certainly can petition to have cows prevented from running at large even if there is no fence around your yard. I think you could do so without being indicted for conspiracy. I think a man might start a subscription for a church, even if he owned a brick-yard and expected to sell bricks to build it. Now, suppose I had a contract to carry the mail through the State of California from one end to the other once a week, is there any harm in my asking the people of that country to petition to have it carried twice a week? Do you not remember what I told you? All the members of Congress out there, when they go home want to say to the people when they meet at the convention with all the delegates on hand. "Why, gentlemen, you did not used to get the New York Herald or New York Times, or The Sun, until it was two weeks old, and now it is only a week old. Where you only had one mail I have given you three. I have got fifty thousand dollars to improve your harbor, and one hundred thousand dollars for a new custom-house. Look at me, gentlemen, I am a candidate for re-election." That is natural. This Court will instruct you that any man who is carrying a mail anywhere in the United States has the right to use his influence in getting up petitions for the increase of that service or the expedition of that time. They say Dorsey did this. What of it? They say Dorsey tried to manufacture public opinion. That is what these gentlemen of the prosecution have been doing for eighteen months, and now they object to the manufacture of public opinion. Public opinion is their stock in trade.

Leaving that charge, every man who has a contract for carrying the mail has the right to call the attention of every editor in that country to the fact that they need more mail service. He has the right to send his agents there and if the people want to petition for more service, and if Congress is willing to give them more service, no human being has a right to complain in this manner and in a criminal court. If any offence has been committed it is of a political nature. If a member of Congress gets too much service his people can keep him at home. If he does too much for his locality they need not elect him the next time. It is a political offence for which there is a political punishment and a political remedy. So much for the right of petition. I am perfectly willing to tell all he did in regard to the increase of service and the expedition.

While I am on that point I want you to distinctly understand what increase is and what expedition is. Increase of service means more of the same kind. Suppose I am to carry the mail from one place to another. We will call it from Si-Wash to Oo-Ray. If I am to carry that mail once a week for five hundred dollars and they want it twice a week, I have one thousand dollars, but do not carry it any faster. That is an increase. Suppose I am carrying it in say two hundred hours and they want it carried in half

that time. That is what they call expedition. Now, the question is as to the difference in cost of carrying the mail at six miles an hour, or at two and a half, or two, or one and a half. If I carry it slowly, I can go at a reasonable rate in the day and can lie by at night. I want you to understand distinctly the difference between increase of service, which is more of the same kind, and expedition, which means the same kind at a faster rate. Now, I can carry the mail twenty miles and back in a day and do that a great deal easier than if I were to make the distance in four or five hours. The difference is just about the same with a locomotive as with a horse. If a train runs twenty miles an hour and you want to increase its speed to thirty, it will cost altogether more than twice as much as it does to run it at twenty. If you want to increase it still further to forty or sixty, it will cost at sixty more than three times as much as at twenty. The cost increases in an increased proportion. I want you to understand that. Now, we are charged with having done some frightful things on several of these routes, and for three days and a half your ears were filled with charges of the rascality we have perpetrated. We had some ten or eleven routes, and we are charged with having defrauded the Government on those particular routes. Let us see what my clients did. Do not understand me as saying that because my clients have done nothing the other defendants have. I do not take that position. I take the position that according to the evidence in this case there is nothing against any of these defendants. Leave out passion, prejudice, falsehood, and hatred and there is absolutely nothing left. If you will take from Mr. Bliss's speech all the mistakes he made in law and fact, there will be nothing left to answer; not a word. But I think it due to my client, gentlemen, my client who is not able to be in this court, my client who sits at home wrapped in darkness, that I should answer every allegation touching every route in which he was interested. I think it due to him. [Resuming]

I will call your attention to a few of the routes, possibly to all, in which my clients were interested. It will take but a short time. I want you to know whether or not these routes were important, whether it was proper to carry the mails as they were carried, whether it was proper that they should be carried from once to seven times a week, and whether it was proper that the speed should be expedited. Now, you may think after hearing the evidence that there were some routes that never should have been established; but that does not establish a conspiracy. That simply establishes the fact that Congress created routes where they were not absolutely necessary. You may come to the conclusion that General Brady ordered more trips on some of these routes than he should have ordered. That does not establish a conspiracy. The most that it could establish would be extravagance, and extravagance is not a crime. If it were, the penitentiaries of the day would not be large enough—or rather would be large enough, and too large, to hold the honest men. You may say after you have heard the evidence that the time was faster than it need be; but you must take into consideration all the connecting routes, and even if you should so feel, it is for you to say whether that establishes any conspiracy. All these things must be taken into consideration.

We will take first the route from Garland to Parrott City. ***

Now, I have gone over just a few of these charges. I have shown you that they are false; that they are without the slightest shadow of foundation in fact. Now, gentlemen, after you hear all this evidence, it is for you to determine. It is for you to say whether these men entered into a conspiracy to defraud this Government. It is for you to say whether our testimony is to be believed, or whether you are to decide this case upon the suspicions of the Government. It is for you to say whether you will believe the contracts and the witnesses, or whether you will take the prejudice of the public press; whether you will take the opinion of the Attorney-General; whether you will take the letter of some counselor at law, or whether you will be governed by the testimony in this case. It is for you to say, gentlemen, whether a man shall be found guilty on inference; whether a man shall be deprived of his liberty by prejudice. It is for you to say whether reputation shall be destroyed by malice and by ignorance. It is for you to say whether a man who fought to sustain this Government shall not have the protection of the laws. It is for you [indicating a juror] and it is for you [indicating another juror] and you [indicating another juror] and you [indicating another juror] to say whether a man who fought to take the chains off your body shall have chains put upon his by your prejudice and by your ignorance. It is for you to say whether you will be guided by law, by evidence, by justice, and by reason, or whether you will be controlled by fear, by prejudice, and by official power. That, gentlemen, is all I wish to say in this opening.

Closing Address In Second Star Route Trial

MAY it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury: Perhaps some of you, may be all of you, will remember that I made one of the opening speeches of this case, and that in that opening speech I endeavored to give you the scheme or plan of the indictment. I told you, I believe, at that time, that all these defendants were indicted for having conspired together to defraud the United States. In that indictment they were kind enough to tell us how we agreed to accomplish that object; that we went into partnership with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, he being one of these defendants, and that we then and there agreed to get up false petitions, to have them signed by persons who were not interested in the mail service, to sign fictitious names to these petitions, those names representing no actual, real, living persons; that we also agreed to have false and fraudulent letters written to the department urging this service; that in addition to all that we were to make and file false and fraudulent affidavits, in which we were to swear falsely as to the number of men and horses to be employed, and the number of men and horses then necessary; that in addition to that we were to file fraudulent subcontracts; that the Second Assistant Postmaster-General was to make false and corrupt orders, and that all these things were to be done to deceive, mislead, and blindfold the Postmaster-General. They also set out that these orders so corruptly made were to be corruptly certified to the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-Office Department in order that we might draw our pay. That is what is known as the general scheme or plan of this indictment. You have heard the testimony, and remember some of it. Of course you do not remember it all. Probably no man ever lived who could do such a thing. You have heard the testimony discussed, I believe, for about twenty days, so that I take it for granted you know something about it, or at least have an idea that you do. The story that we told you in the first place, and that we now tell you, is about this:

In 1877 Mr. Peck, Mr. Miner, and John W. Dorsey made up their minds to make bids and to go into the mail business. I want you to remember that there is not one word in this indictment about any false bid ever having been made. Remember that. There is nothing in this indictment about a false bond having been given; not a thing. There is nothing in this indictment charging that any of the original contracts were false. I want you to remember that. There is no evidence that any person signing any one of those contracts as security was not perfectly solvent. There is no evidence, not one syllable, that any proposal was fraudulent, or that any bid was fraudulent. How is it possible for a bid to be fraudulent? I will tell you. If you make a bid, and make a contract or enter into an agreement at the same time with some of the Post-Office officials so that your bid will be accepted when it is not the lowest, there is a fraud, and there is a fraudulent bid. There is one other way, and that is to put in a bid to carry the mail at so many thousand dollars, and then have below that straw bidders, men not responsible, and when the time comes to accept the bid of those gentlemen they refuse to carry it out, and then the law is that it shall be given to the next highest, and he refuses, and the next, and he refuses, and the next highest, and he refuses, and so on until it comes to the highest bidder. There are such combinations and have been, I have no doubt, for many years in the Post-Office Department. That

is called straw bidding, and it is fraudulent bidding. There is no such charge as that in this case. Every bid that was made was made in good faith, and every bid that was accepted was followed by a good and sufficient contract entered into by the party making the bid, and so that is the end of that.

Now, in 1877, I say these men entered into an agreement among themselves that they would bid on certain routes, and Mr. Peck, or Mr. Miner, or John W. Dorsey—they may have it as they choose—somebody, wrote a letter to Stephen W. Dorsey and in that letter told what they were going to do and requested him to get some man to obtain information in regard to these routes. You know that testimony. Stephen W. Dorsey was then in the United States Senate. He sent for Mr. Boone and he showed him that letter. In consequence of that Mr. Boone sent out his circulars to the postmasters all over the country, or all over the portion as to which they were to bid, and asked them about the roads, about the price of oats and corn, about the price of labor, and about the winters; in other words, all the questions necessary for an intelligent man, after having received intelligent answers, to make up his mind as to the amount for which he could carry that mail. Mr. Boone, you remember, says that he was to have at that time a certain share. There is a conflict of testimony there. Mr. Dorsey says that he told Boone that when John W. Dorsey came here they could arrange that, and he had no doubt that they would be willing to give him a share; but that he did not give it to him. The circulars were sent out and the information in some instances, and I do not know but all, came back. Then they agreed upon the amounts they were to bid. I believe Mr. Miner came here in December, and John W. Dorsey, I think, in January, and in February the bids were made. All the amounts were put in the bidding-book issued by the Government, by Mr. Miner and Mr. Boone; all with two exceptions, and those amounts had been placed there by them, but under the advice of Stephen W. Dorsey those amounts were lowered. I remember one was upon the Tongue River route, the other route I have forgotten. Mr. Miner, Mr. Peck, and John W. Dorsey were together. Afterwards a partnership was formed between John W. Dorsey and A. E. Boone. Stephen W. Dorsey advanced some money. There is nothing criminal about that. It is often foolish to advance money, but it is not a crime. It is often foolish to indorse for another, and many a man has been convinced of that, but it is not a crime. He advanced until, I believe, he was responsible for some fourteen or fifteen thousand dollars, and thereupon he declined to advance any more. He saw Mr. Miner in Saint Louis, and said to Mr. Miner, “This is the last I am going to advance.” I think he gave him some notes that he hypothecated or discounted at the German-American National Bank. He wanted security, and thereupon they gave him Post-Office drafts for the purpose of securing his debt. He would advance no more money and went away to New Mexico. Mr. Miner had a power of attorney from John W. Dorsey who was absent, and a power of attorney from John M. Peck who was absent. I believe on the 7th of August, or about that time, Mr. Boone went out. Why? They had not the money at the time to put on the service. Why? A great many more bids had been accepted than they had anticipated, and instead of getting twenty or thirty routes they got, I believe, one hundred and thirty-four routes. The consequence was they did not have the money to stock the routes. There was another difficulty.

There was an investigation by Congress, and that delayed them a month or two, and the consequence was that when the 1st of July came, the day upon which the service should have been put on, it was not only not put on, but they had not the means to do it. Then what happened? Then it was that Mr. Miner took in Mr. Vaile, and an agreement was made which bears date the 16th day of August, 1878. It was not finally signed by all the parties, I believe, until some time in September or October. Under that contract, which you have all heard read, Mr. Vaile was given an interest in this business. More than that; subcontracts were given to Mr. Vaile, and under the subcontract law which was passed on the 17th day of May, 1878, I believe, Vaile could file his subcontract in the Post-Office Department, and that rendered all Post-Office drafts or orders that had been given absolutely worthless. That was done. The subcontracts were given to Vaile under the powers of attorney that Miner held from Peck and John W. Dorsey, and of course he could act for himself. That was the situation. Stephen W. Dorsey was not here. When he returned he found that everything had been disposed of except his liability, and that he would have to pay the notes. His security was gone, and the subcontracts were filed. At that time he and Mr. Vaile had a quarrel. That is our story. In the meantime John W. Dorsey was on the Tongue River route. I believe he visited Washington in November and left word that he would like to sell out all his interests in these routes, and I believe fixed the price. Some time in November or December Mr. Vaile made up his mind to take the routes, and afterwards changed his mind. Stephen W. Dorsey was then in the Senate. On the 4th of March, 1879, his term expired. I believe on that very day, or about that day, he wrote a letter to Brady calling his attention to these subcontracts that had been filed for the protection of Vaile and denouncing them. That was the first thing he did. Then a few days afterwards the parties met. In a little while afterwards they made a division of this entire business. You know how the division was made. Stephen W. Dorsey fell heir to about thirty of these routes, I think. In addition he had to pay ten thousand dollars to his brother and ten thousand dollars to Peck. Mr. Vaile, I think, took forty per cent, and Mr. Miner thirty per cent. Mr. Vaile and Mr. Miner went into partnership and Stephen W. Dorsey took his routes, and that ended it. Mr. Peck was out and John W. Dorsey was out. That is our story. When they divided those routes, in order to vest the property of those routes in the persons to whom they fell, it was necessary to execute subcontracts and give PostOffice drafts and things of that character. All those necessary papers they then and there agreed to make. Up to this point there is not one act established by the evidence not entirely consistent with perfect innocence; not an act. That is our story. After these routes fell to us we did what we had the right to do and what we could to make the routes of value. As business men we had the right to do it, and we did only what we had the right to do.

The next question that arises, and which of course is at the very threshold of this case, is, did these parties conspire? That is the great question. In my judgment you should settle that the first thing when you go to the jury-room. After having heard the case as it will be presented by the Government, and after having heard the charge of the Court, the first thing for you to decide is, was there a conspiracy? How is a conspiracy proved? Precisely as everything else is proved. You prove that men conspire precisely as you prove them guilty of larceny or murder or any other crime

or misdemeanor. It has been suggested to you that as conspiracy is very hard to prove you should not require much evidence; that you should take into consideration the hardships of the Government in proving a crime which in its nature is secret. Nearly all crimes are secret. Very few men steal publicly, with a band of music and with a torch in each hand. They generally need their hands for other purposes, if they are in that business. All crime loves darkness. We all know that. One of the troubles about proving that a man has committed a crime is that he tries to keep it as secret as possible. He does not carry a placard on his breast or on his back stating what he is about to do. The consequence is that it is nearly always difficult to prove men guilty as stated in the indictment. But that does not relieve the prosecution. That burden is taken by the Government, and they must prove men guilty of conspiracy precisely as they prove anything else. Is circumstantial evidence sufficient? Certainly, certainly. Circumstantial evidence will prove anything, provided the circumstances are right, and provided further that all the circumstances are right. A chain of circumstances is no stronger than the weakest circumstance, as a chain of iron is no stronger than the weakest link. Where you establish or attempt to establish a fact by circumstances, each circumstance must be proved not only beyond a reasonable doubt, but each circumstance must be wholly inconsistent with the innocence of the defendants. Now, let me call your attention to what I claim to be the law upon the subject, and I will call the attention of the Court to it at the same time. I will take this as a kind of test:

The hypothesis of guilt must flow naturally from the facts proved and must be consistent with them; not with some of them, not with the majority of them, but with all of them.

In other words if they establish one hundred circumstances and ninety-nine point to guilt and one circumstance thoroughly established is inconsistent with guilt or perfectly consistent with innocence, that is the end of the case.

It is as if you were building an arch. Every stone that you put into the arch must fit with every other and must make that segment of the circle. If one stone does not fit, the arch is not complete. So with circumstantial evidence. Every circumstance must fit every other. Every solitary circumstance must be of the exact shape to fit its neighbor, and when they are all together the arch must be absolutely complete. Otherwise you must find the defendants not guilty. The next sentence is:

The evidence must be such as to exclude every reasonable hypothesis except that of guilt. In other words, all the facts proved must be consistent with and point to the guilt of the defendants not only, but they must be inconsistent, and every fact proved must be inconsistent, with their innocence.

Now, what does that mean? It means that every fact that is absolutely established in this case, must point to the guilt of the defendants. It means that if there is one established fact that is inconsistent with their guilt, that fact becomes instantly an impenetrable shield that no honest verdict can pierce. That is what it means. That being so—and the Court in my judgment will instruct you that that is the law—let us talk a little about what has been established.

In the first place, nearly all that has been established, or I will not say established, but nearly all that has been said, for the purpose of showing that our motives were corrupt, and that we actually conspired, rests upon evidence of what we call conversations. Some witness had a conversation with somebody, three years ago, four years ago, or five years ago. The unsafest and the most unsatisfactory evidence in this world is evidence of conversation. Words leave no trace. They leave no scar in the air, no footsteps. Memory writes upon the secret tablet of the brain words that no human eye can see. No man can look into the brain of another and tell whether he is giving a true transcript of what is there. It is absolutely impossible for you to tell whether it is memory or imagination. No one can do it. Another thing: Probably there is not a man in the world whose memory makes an absolutely perfect record. The moment it is written it begins to fade, and as the days pass it grows dim, and as the years go by, no matter how deeply it may have been engraven, it is covered by the moss of forgetfulness. And yet you are asked to take from men their liberty, to take from citizens their reputation, to tear down roof-trees, on testimony about conversation that happened years and years ago, as to which the party testifying had not the slightest interest. As a rule, memory is the child of attention—memory is the child of interest. Take the avaricious man. He sets down a debt in his brain, and he graves it as deep as graving upon stone. A man must have interest. His attention must be aroused. Tell me that a man can remember a conversation of four or five years ago in which he had no interest. We have been in this trial I don't know how many years. I have seen you, gentlemen, gradually growing gray. You have, during this trial, heard argument after argument as to what some witness said, as to some line embodied in this library. [Indicating record.] You have heard the counsel for the prosecution say one thing, the counsel for the defence another, and often his Honor, holding the impartial scales of memory, differs from us both, and then we have turned to the record and found that all were mistaken. That has happened again and again, and yet when that witness was testifying every attorney for the defence was watching him, and every attorney for the prosecution was looking at him. How hard it would be for you, Mr. Juror, or for any one of you to tell what a witness has said in this case. Yet men are brought here who had a casual conversation with one of the defendants five years ago about a matter in which no one of the witnesses was interested to the extent of one cent, and pretend to give that conversation entire. For ray part, were I upon the jury, I would pay no more attention to such evidence than I would to the idle wind. Such men are not giving a true transcript of their brains. It is the result of imagination. They wish to say something. They recollect they had a conversation upon a certain subject, and then they fill it out to suit the prosecution.

Now, I am told another thing; that after getting through with conversations they then gave us notice that we must produce our books, our papers, our letters, our stubs, and our checks; that we must produce everything in which we have any interest, and hand them all over to this prosecution. They say they only want what pertains to the mail business, but who is to judge of that? They want to look at them to see if they do pertain to the mail business. They won't take our word. We must produce them all. It may be that with such a net they might bring in something that would be calculated to get somebody in trouble about something, no matter whether this business or not. They might find out something that would annoy somebody. They gave us a notice

wide enough and broad enough to cover everything we had or were likely to have. What did they want with those things? May be one of their witnesses wanted to see them. May be he wanted to stake out his testimony. May be he did not entirely rely upon his memory and wanted to find whether he should swear as to check-books or a check-book, and whether he should swear as to one stub or as to many. May be he wanted to look them all over so that he could fortify the story he was going to tell. We did not give them the books. We would not do it. We took the consequences. But what did we offer? That is the only way to find out our motive. I believe that on page 3776 there is something upon that subject. I will read what I said:

Now, gentlemen, with regard to the books. As there has been a good deal said on that subject I make this proposition: Mr. Dorsey has books extending over a period of twenty years, or somewhere in that neighborhood. He has had accounts with a great many people on a great many subjects. He does not wish to bring those books into court, or to have those accounts gone over by this prosecution, not for reasons in this case, but for reasons entirely outside of the case. If the gentlemen on the other side will agree, or if the Court will appoint any two men or any three men, we will present to those men all our books, every one that we ever had in the world, and allow them to go over every solitary item and report to this court every item pertaining to John W. Dorsey & Co., Miner, Peck & Co., or Vaile, Miner & Co., with regard to every dollar connected, directly or indirectly, with this entire business from November or December, 1877, to the present moment, and report to this Court exactly every item just as it is. I make that proposition.

That proposition was refused. What else did I do? I offered to bring into court every check, including the time they said we drew money to pay Brady. I offered to bring in every check on every bank in which we had one dollar deposited; every one. That was not admitted. And why? Because the Court distinctly said that it rests upon the oath of the defendant at last; he may have had money in banks that we know nothing about. To which I replied at the time that if we stated here in open court the name of every bank in which we did business, and there is any other bank knowing that we did do business with it, we will hear from it. So that we offered, gentlemen, in this case, every check on every bank but one. I did not know at that time that we had ever had an account with the German-American Savings Bank; I did not find that out until afterwards. But you will remember that Mr. Merrick held in his hand the account of Dorsey with that bank; and Mr. Keyser, who, I believe, had charge of that bank, was here, and if there had been anything upon those books, certainly the Government would have shown it.

More than that; that bank went into the hands of a receiver, I think, eight months before any of these checks are said to have been given for money which was afterwards given to Brady. Now, they insist, that because we failed to bring the books into court, therefore the law presumes that the absolute evidence of our guilt is in those books. I believe they claim that as the law. If my memory serves me rightly, Colonel Bliss so claimed in his speech. In other words, that when they give us notice to produce a book, and we do not produce it, there is a presumption against us. That is not the law, gentlemen. When they give us notice to produce a book or letter and we do not produce it, what can they do? They can prove the contents of the book or

letter. In other words, if we fail to produce what is called the best evidence, then the Government can introduce secondary evidence. They can prove the contents by the memory of some witness, by some copy, no matter how; and that is the only possible consequence flowing from a refusal to produce the book or letter.

And yet, in this case, gentlemen, Mr. Bliss wishes you to give a verdict based upon two things: first, upon what we failed to prove; secondly, on what the Court would not let them prove. He tells you that they offered to prove so and so, but the Court would not let them; he wants you to take that into consideration; and secondly, that there were certain things that we did not prove; and that those two make up a case. That is their idea. Now, let us see if I am right about the law.

The first case to which I will call the attention of the Court is a very small one, but the principle is clear. It is the case of Lawson and another, assignees of Shiffner, vs. Sherwood, and it is found in 2 English Common-Law Reports; 1 Starkie, 314.

The Court. Colonel Ingersoll, you cannot argue that question to the jury; you cannot cite an authority and discuss it to the jury.

Mr. Ingersoll. Then I will discuss it with the Court; it is immaterial to me which way I turn when I am talking. I insist that the jury must at last decide the law in this case. I will read another case to the Court, found in 9 Maryland, Spring Garden Mutual Insurance Company, vs. Evans.

The Court decides in this case that the only consequence of their refusal to produce the papers, they not denying that they had them, was to allow the opposite party to prove their contents. That is all; that it could not be patched out with a presumption.

The Court. But if afterwards they should attempt to contradict the secondary evidence the Court would not have allowed them to do it.

Mr. Ingersoll. It does not say so.

The Court. That is the law.

Mr. Ingersoll. Suppose, after the other side had proved the contents, there was an offer of the actual original papers. I can find plenty of authority that they must be received.

The Court. I have never seen such authority, but I have seen a great many to the contrary.

Mr. Ingersoll. I have never seen an authority to the contrary that was very well reasoned. But, then, I will not argue about that, for that is not a point in this case.

The Court. If you have the papers, and have received notice to produce them, you are bound to produce them. If you do not produce them secondary evidence is admissible to prove their contents. But after the secondary evidence has been received, the Court will not allow you then, after having first failed to produce the papers upon notice, to resort to the primary evidence which you ought to have produced upon the notice, for the purpose of contradicting the secondary evidence that was given.

Mr. Ingersoll. Now, let me give the Court a case in point: In this very case that we are now trying, Mr. Rerdell in his statement to MacVeagh said there was a check for seven thousand dollars; that the money was drawn upon that check; that he and Dorsey went together to the Post-Office Department and that Dorsey went into Brady's room; that that money was drawn by Dorsey. That was his statement to MacVeagh and James.

The Court. It was not his statement here.

Mr. Ingersoll. Yes, that was his statement here, as I will show hereafter. But let me state my point. He was coming upon the stand. The check, instead of being for seven thousand dollars, was for seven thousand five hundred dollars; instead of being drawn to the order of Dorsey or to bearer, it was drawn to the order of Rerdell himself; instead of being drawn at the bank by Dorsey, it was drawn by Rerdell in person and had his indorsement upon the back of it. We were asked to produce that. I preferred not to do it until I heard the testimony of Mr. Rerdell. Why? Because I wanted to put that little piece of dynamite under his testimony and see where the fragments went, and I did. That is my answer to that.

Now, I find another case in the first volume of Curtis's Circuit Court Reports, where it is said, on page 402, that—By the common law a notice to produce a paper—The Court. [Interposing.] Before we part from what you were saying, I wish to say that I do not think that the other side gave you notice to produce the checks; that is my memory.

Mr. Ingersoll. Yes. Let me state my memory to the Court: I do not remember exactly every one of these four thousand pages of testimony; there are three or four that I may be a little dim about; but I do remember that a notice was given to us to produce everything in the universe, nearly, and that the Court held that the scope was a little too broad. I have forgotten the page, but I will tell you where it comes in: It was where Mr. Rerdell swore about the stub-book. I find the notice, may it please your Honor, on page 2255, and it was dated the 13th of February. This is the notice, and it gave the same notice to all the defendants:

You are hereby notified to produce forthwith in court, in the above entitled cause, all letters and communications, including all telegrams, of every kind and description, purporting to come from any one of said defendants and addressed to you or delivered to you, and all memoranda in which reference is made to any contract or contracts of any one of said defendants with the United States or with the Postmaster-General for carrying the mail under the letting of 1878 on any route in the United States, or in any way referring to any contract or contracts for so carrying the mail, in which J. W. Bosler or any one of said defendants had any interest, or in any way referring to any act, contract, or proceeding thereunder, or to any payment, draft, warrant, check, or bill, or note, or to any possible loss or profit in connection with such contract or contracts, or to the management or execution thereof, or referring to any possible gain or profit to be derived by any of said defendants from contracts for carrying the mail of the United States, or to any payments under such contract, or to the distribution of the proceeds made or to be made of said payment, or to the management of any enterprise or enterprises in connection with the

transportation of the mail, or to gains, profits, or losses accruing or likely to accrue from such enterprises, or to the financial means for carrying on the same; and also to produce any and all books containing any entry or entries in regard to any of the subjects, matters, checks, drafts, or payments relating or having reference to the subjects, &c., hereinbefore referred to; and also any letter-book or letter-books containing letter-press copies of letters referring to the said subject or subjects.

I believe just about that time, or a little after, another notice was given.

Mr. Merrick. If the counsel will allow me, my impression is that that notice was deemed by the Court to be too broad.

The Court. It was.

Mr. Ingersoll. Then another notice was given that specified all these things.

Curtis says in this case that—By the common law, a notice to produce a paper, merely enables the party to give parol evidence of its contents, if it be not produced. Its non-production has no other legal consequence.

I find too, that in the Maryland case they make a reference to Cooper vs. Gibson, 3 Camp., 303. I also have another case, to which I will call the attention of the Court, United States vs. Chaffee, 18 Wallace, 516. I have not the book here, but I can state what it is. My recollection of the case is this: That an action was brought against some distillers; that by law distillers have to keep certain books in which certain entries by law have to be made. Notice was served upon the defendants to produce those books. They refused so to do; and the question was whether any presumption arose against the defendants on account of that refusal.

The Court. I agree with you entirely that far in your law, that the mere fact of the failure to produce books or papers has no effect at all against the party declining to produce them. But it is a different question altogether, after secondary evidence has been given, in consequence of such refusal, to supply the place of the primary evidence. If the books and papers have an existence, and the party who has received the notice has refused to produce them, and the other party has given secondary evidence of the contents of such books and papers, that secondary evidence will have to stand, under those circumstances, as the proof in the case.

Mr. Ingersoll. That is not the point. Of course that will stand for what it is worth. I was arguing this point: Can the jury hatch and putty and plaster the secondary evidence with a presumption born of the failure to produce the books and papers?

The Court. What I mean is just this: If you should fail to produce the primary evidence, and then the secondary evidence of the contents is not contradicted——

Mr. Ingersoll. [Interposing.] It may not be contradicted, because it happens to be inherently improbable.

Mr. Merrick. The Government claims the law to be as your Honor has intimated, and we have formulated it in one of our prayers. But that abstract proposition is hardly applicable in the present case, for the Government claims the application of another and plainer proposition: That wherever a defendant himself takes the stand and has

in his possession a certain paper which, when called upon on cross-examination to produce, he refuses, then a presumption unquestionably arises of such potency that it is difficult to resist.

Mr. Ingersoll. There is no difference, so far as the law is concerned, whether the defendant, as a defendant, fails to produce the books and papers, or whether, in his capacity as a witness, he fails to produce the books and papers. The law, it seems to me, is exactly the same.

Now, in this case of the United States vs. Chaffee et al. (18 Wall., 544), Justice Field denounces that you should presume against the party because he fails to produce books and papers known to be in his possession. And why? I suppose a party can not be presumed out of his liberty; he cannot be presumed into the penitentiary; and you cannot make a prison out of a presumption any more than you can make a gibbet out of a suspicion.

And again, the court instructed the jury that the law presumed that the defendants kept the accounts usual and necessary for the correct understanding of their large business and an accurate accounting between the partners, and that the books were in existence and accessible to the defendants unless the contrary were shown.

That same thing has been claimed here.

The Court. No.

Mr. Ingersoll. We have heard it very often that this was a large business.

The Court. You have not heard anything of that kind from the Court.

Mr. Ingersoll. I am not saying that. I said “claimed”; if I had referred to your Honor I should have said “decided.” Here is another instruction of the court:

If you believe the books were kept which contained the facts necessary to show the real amount of whiskey in the hands of the defendants in October, 1865, and the amount which they had sold during the next ten months, or that the defendants, or either of them, could by their own oath resolve all doubts on this point; if you believe this, then the circumstances of this case seem to come fully within this most necessary and beneficent rule.,

He applied the word “beneficent” to a rule that put a man in the penitentiary on a presumption.

The Court. He was conservative.

Mr. Ingersoll. He ought to read some work on the use and abuse of words. Now, Judge Field says further:

The purport of all this was to tell the jury that although the defendants must be proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, yet if the Government had made out a *prima facie* case against them, not one free from all doubt, but one which disclosed circumstances requiring explanation, and the defendants did not explain, the perplexing question of their guilt need not disturb the minds of the jurors.

That is this case exactly: that is the exact claim of Colonel Bliss in this case. Gentlemen, you have only to take into consideration, he says, what we offered to prove and what the Court would not allow us, and what the defendants failed to prove. “Why didn’t they call Bosler?”

Now, gentlemen, we claim the law to be this: That while notice is given us to produce books and papers and we fail to do it, the only legal consequence is that the Government may then prove the contents of such books and papers, and that their proof of the contents must be passed upon by you.

The next thing to which I call your attention is the crime laid at our door, that we exercised the right of petition. It is regarded as a very suspicious circumstance that petitions were circulated, signed, and sent to the office of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General. Why did these people petition? Let me tell you. If you will look in every contract in this case you will find certain provisions relative to carrying the mail. Among others you will find this: That no contractor has any right to carry any newspaper or any letter faster than the schedule time; that he has no right to carry any commercial news, or to carry any man who has any commercial news about his person, faster than the schedule time. No mail can be carried by anybody except the United States, and if a community wants more mail it has no right to establish an express that will carry the mail faster, because the United States has the monopoly. Now, if you want more mail, what are you to do? You cannot start one yourself; the Government will not allow it. What have you to do? You have to petition the Government to carry the mail faster or to carry it more frequently; and the reason you have to ask the Government to do this is because the Government will not permit you to do it; consequently you have only one resort. What is that? Petition. And in this very case I believe his Honor used this language:

Every man carrying the mail has the right to take care of his business. He has the right to get up petitions. He has the right to call the attention of the people to what he supposes to be their needs in that regard. He has the right to do it, and the fact that he does it is not the slightest evidence that he has conspired with any human being.

Now, if the man carrying the mail has the right to call the attention of the people to their needs, have not the people the right to do all that themselves? If the man carrying the mail has the right to get up a petition, surely the people have the right; and if the people have the right, surely the man has that right. That is the only way we can find out in this country what the people want—that is, to hear from them. They have the right to tell what they want.

But these gentlemen say, “Anybody will sign a petition.” Well, if that is true, there is no great necessity for forging one. Very few people will steal what they can get for the asking. If a bank or a man offers you all the money you want, you would hardly go and forge a check to get it. I will come to that in a few moments.

Now, gentlemen, according to this evidence, you have got to determine, as I said in the outset, Was there a conspiracy? The second question you have to determine is, When? In every crime in the world you have got to prove the four W’s—Who, When, What, Where? Who conspired? When? What about? Where? Now I want to ask you a few questions, and I want you to keep this evidence in mind. Was there a conspiracy

when Dorsey received the letter from Peck or Miner? Had the egg of this crime then been laid? Had it been hatched at that time? Is there any evidence of it? The object then was to make some bids. It is not necessary to conspire to make bids. You cannot conspire to make fraudulent bids unless you enter into an agreement that the lowest bid is not to be accepted, or agree upon some machinery by which the lowest bid is not received, or put in a bid with fraudulent and worthless security. Will the Government say that there was a conspiracy at the time Peck or Miner wrote to S. W. Dorsey? What evidence have you that there was? None. What evidence have you that there was not? The evidence of Miner and the evidence of S. W. Dorsey. What else? Boone had not been seen at that time. John W. Dorsey was not here. Peck was not here. Peck or Miner had written the letter. Was there any conspiracy then? Is there any evidence of it? Is there enough to make a respectable suspicion even in the mind of jealousy? Does it amount even to a "Trifle light as air."

Was it when Dorsey sent for Boone? Boone says no. He ought to know. S. W. Dorsey says no. John W. Dorsey was not here. Miner had not arrived. The only suspicious thing up to that point is that Dorsey lived "in his house;" that he received this letter "in his house," and that Boone visited him "in his house." That is all. Now, if there is a particle of evidence, I want the attorney for the Government who closes this case to point it out, and to be fair. Was it when Miner got here in December, 1877? Miner says no. Boone says no. Stephen W. Dorsey says no. John W. Dorsey was not yet here. All the direct evidence says no. All the indirect evidence says nothing. Now, let us keep our old text in view. I want to ask you if there is a thing in all the evidence not consistent with innocence? Was it not consistent with innocence that Peck and Miner and John W. Dorsey should agree to bid? Was it not consistent with innocence that John W. Dorsey met Peck at Oberlin, and that he met Miner in Sandusky? Was not that consistent with innocence? Was it not consistent with innocence for Peck to write S. W. Dorsey a letter? Was it not consistent with innocence for Dorsey to open it and read it and then send for Boone and give it to him? Boone in the meantime proceeded to get information so that they could bid intelligently. Was that consistent with innocence? Perfectly. More than that, it was inconsistent with guilt. What next? May be this conspiracy was gotten up about the 16th of January, when John W. Dorsey came here. Dorsey says no; Boone says no; Miner says no; and S. W. Dorsey says no. That is the direct evidence. Where is the indirect evidence? There is none. Ah, but they say, don't you remember those Clendenning bonds? Yes. Is there anything in the indictment about them? No. Was any contract granted upon those bonds or proposals? No. Was the Government ever defrauded out of a cent by them? No. Is there any charge in this case relative to them? No. Everybody says no. John W. Dorsey entered into a partnership with A. E. Boone after he came here. Is that consistent with innocence? Yes. No doubt many of the jury have been in partnership with people. There is nothing wrong about that. He also entered into partnership with Miner and Peck. There were two firms, John W. Dorsey & Co., which meant A. E. Boone and John W. Dorsey, and Miner, Peck & Co., which meant Miner, Peck and John W. Dorsey. Is there anything criminal in that? No. They had a right to bid. They had a right to form an association, a partnership. There was nothing more suspicious in that than there would have been in evidence of their eating and sleeping. Now, then, was this conspiracy entered into on August 7, 1878, when Boone went out?

Boone says no, and with charming frankness he says if there had been a conspiracy he would have staid. He said, “If I had even suspected one, I never would have gone out. If I had dreamed that they had a good thing, I should have staid in.” He swears that at that time there was not any. Miner swears to it and S. W. Dorsey swears to it. Everybody swears to it except the counsel for the prosecution. Rerdell swears to it. That is the only suspicious thing about it. Now, at that time, August 7, when Boone went out, S. W. Dorsey was not here and John W. Dorsey was not here. Who was? Miner. What was the trouble? Brady told him, “I want you to put on that service. If you don’t I will declare you a failing contractor.” A little while before that Miner had met Dorsey in Saint Louis, and Dorsey had said, “This is the last money I will furnish. No matter whether I conspired or not, I am through. This magnificent conspiracy, silver-plated and gold-lined, I give up. There are millions in it, but I want no more. I am through.” So Mr. Miner, using his power of attorney from John W. Dorsey and Peck, took in Mr. Vaile.

I believe that Mr. Rerdell swears that the reason they took in Vaile was that they wanted a man close to Brady. According to the Government they had already conspired with Brady. They could not get much closer than that, could they? Miner was a co-conspirator, and yet they wanted somebody to introduce him to Brady. John W. Dorsey and S. W. Dorsey were in the same position. They were conspirators. The bargain was all made, signed, sealed, and delivered, and yet they went around hunting somebody that was close to Brady. Brady said, “I will declare you all failing contractors. I can’t help it, though I have conspired with you. I give up all my millions. This service has got to be put on. The only way to stop it is for you to seek for a man that is close to me. You are not close enough.” Now, absurdity may go further than that, but I doubt it. You must recollect that that contract was signed as of the 16th of August. You remember its terms. At that time not a cent had been paid to S. W. Dorsey. His Post-Office drafts had been cut out by the subcontracts. Afterwards he had a quarrel with Vaile. We will call it December, 1878.

Was the conspiracy flagrant then? Let us have some good judgment about this, gentlemen. You are to decide this question the same as you decide others, except that you are to take into consideration the gravity of the consequences flowing from the verdict. You must decide it with your faculties all about you, with your intellectual eyes wide open, without a bit of prejudice in your minds, and without a bit of fear. You must decide it like men. You must judge men as you know them. Was there a conspiracy between these defendants in December, 1878, when S. W. Dorsey came back here and found out the security for his money was gone, and when he had the quarrel with Mr Vaile? Is there the slightest scintilla of testimony to show that Mr. Vaile came into this business through any improper motive? I challenge the prosecution to point to one line of testimony that any reasonable man can believe even tending to show that Mr. Vaile was actuated by an improper motive. I defy them to show a line tending to prove that John R. Miner was actuated by an improper motive when he asked Vaile to assist him in this business. I defy them to show that Brady was actuated by an improper motive when he told them, “You must put on that service or I will declare you all failing contractors.” Was there a conspiracy then? I ask you, Mr. Foreman, and I ask each of you, Was there a conspiracy at that time? Have the prosecution introduced one particle of testimony to show that there was? In

March was there a conspiracy? Will you call dividing, a conspiracy? Will you call going apart, coming together? If you will, then there must have been a conspiracy in March. A conspiracy to do what? A conspiracy to separate; a conspiracy to have nothing in common from that day forward. Mr. Vaile entered into a conspiracy then that he would have no more business relations with S. W. Dorsey. He swears that at that time nothing on earth would have tempted him to go on. That is what they call being in a conspiring frame of mind. Not another step would he go. In March they separated, and each one went his way. It was finally fixed up, and finally settled in May. John W. Dorsey was out with his ten thousand dollars, and Peck was out with his ten thousand dollars. S. W. Dorsey, for the first time became the owner of thirty routes, or something more, and Miner and Vaile of the balance, I think about ninety-six. According to that contract of August 16, John W. Dorsey only had a third interest in the routes he had with Boone, and not another cent. There was a division. If there was a conspiracy of such a magnitude, why should Boone go out of it? Why should John W. Dorsey sell out for ten thousand dollars? Why should John W. Dorsey offer Boone one-third of it? Why was Mr. A. W. Moore offered one-quarter of it?—a gentleman who could be employed for one hundred and fifty dollars a month? I ask you these questions, gentlemen. I ask you to answer them all in your own minds. Recollect, on the 16th of August there was a conspiracy involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. In that conspiracy was the Second Assistant Postmaster-General. They had the Post-Office Department by the throat. They had the Postmaster-General blindfolded. Yet Miner went to Vaile and said, "Now, just furnish a little money to put on these routes and you may have forty percent, of this conspiracy." He was giving him hundreds of thousands of dollars. Is that the way people talk that conspire together? Would not Miner have gone to Brady and said, "Look here, what is the use of acting like a fool? What do you want me to give forty per cent, of this thing to Vaile for? I had better give twenty per cent, more to you. That would allow me to keep twenty per cent, more too, and then there will be one less to keep the secret." He never thought of that.

I want you to think of these things, gentlemen, all of you, and see how they will strike your mind. What did they want of Boone? S. W. Dorsey they say was the prime mover. He hatched this conspiracy. Miner, his own brother, Peck, and everybody else were simply his instruments, his tools. What did he want Boone for? He had a magnificent conspiracy from which millions were to come. He told Boone, "I will give you a third of it." What for? He told Moore, "I will give you one-quarter." Seven-twelfths gone already. T. J. B. thirty-three and one-third per cent. That is about all. Then sixty-five per cent, more to the subcontractors. I want you to think about these things, gentlemen. If they had such a conspiracy what did they want of Mr. Moore?

Mr. Ingersoll. [Resuming.] Gentlemen, was it natural for S. W. Dorsey to get the money back that he had advanced, or some security for it? Was that natural? When a man seeks to have a debt secured is that a suspicious circumstance? That is all he did. He was out several thousand dollars. He wanted to secure that debt and he took another debt of twenty thousand dollars upon him as a burden. If this had been a conspiracy he could have furnished this money that he had to pay to others to put the service on the route. I leave it to each one of you if that action to secure that debt was not perfectly natural. I will ask you another question. If he was the originator of the

conspiracy would he have taken thirty per cent, burdened with a debt of twenty thousand dollars? The way to find out whether there is sense in anything or not is to ask yourself questions. Put yourself in that place; you, the master of the situation; you, the author of the entire scheme. Would you take one-third of what you yourself had produced, and that third burdened with twenty thousand dollars worth of debt, and then make your debt out of the proceeds? I want every one of you to ask yourself the question, because you have got to decide this case with your brains and with your intelligence; not somebody else, but you, yourself. We want your verdict; we want your individual opinion; not somebody else's. There is the safety of the jury trial. We are to have the opinions of twelve men, and those opinions agreeing. Where twelve honest men agree, if they are also independent men, the rule is that the verdict is right. The opinion of an honest man is always valuable, if he is only honest, and if it is his opinion, it is valuable. It is valuable if he does not go to some mental second-hand store and buy cheap opinions from somebody else, or take cheap opinions. In this case I ask the individual opinion of each one of you. I want each one of you to pass upon this evidence; I want each one of you to say whether if Dorsey had been the author and finisher of this conspiracy he would have taken thirty per cent., burdened with twenty thousand dollars of debt to others and fifteen thousand dollars of debt to himself? If you can answer that question in the affirmative you can do anything. After that nothing can be impossible to you, except a reasonable verdict. You cannot answer it that way. Why should he have cared so much about fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars with a conspiracy worth hundreds of thousands of dollars? Why run the risk of making the whole conspiracy public? Why run the risk of his detection and its destruction? You cannot answer it. Perhaps the prosecution can answer it. I hope they will try.

Mr. Ker, on page 4493, makes a very important admission.

After they (meaning the defendants) had these contracts, there was a combination, an agreement between all these people, that they were to do certain things in order to get at the public Treasury and get more money.

What does that mean? That means that this conspiracy was entered into after the defendants obtained the contracts, so that Mr. Ker fixes the birth of this conspiracy after these contracts had been awarded to the defendants. That being so, all the bids, proposals, Clendenning letter, Haycock letter, proposals in blank, and bidders' names left out fade away.

The Chico letter I will come to after awhile. I will not be as afraid of it as were the counsel for the prosecution. I will not, like the Levite, pass on by the other side of the Chico letter. I will not treat it as if it were a leper, as if it had a contagious disease. When I get to it I will speak about it. All these things, then, under that admission, go for naught, and have nothing to do with the case, and consequently nobody need argue with regard to them any more, although incidentally I may allude to them again. There is no doubt, recollect, after this admission. There is no clause in the indictment saying that we endeavored to defraud this Government by bids, by proposals, by bonds, or by contracts. Not a word. That is all out; in my judgment it never should have been in the case at all. What is the next thing we did? It is alleged that the moment Dorsey got these contracts he laid the foundation to defraud the

Government by a new form of subcontract. Let me answer that fully, and let that put an end to it from this time on. Until May 17, 1878, the Post-Office Department did not recognize subcontractors. After these contracts came into the possession of these defendants Congress passed a law recognizing subcontractors. Consequently the contracts of the subcontractors that were to be recognized by the Government had to be somewhere near the same form as the contracts with the original contractors. The moment the contract of the subcontractor was to be recognized by the Government then it was necessary and proper to put a clause in that subcontract for expedition and a clause in that subcontract for increase of service. Why? So that the Government should know, if the route was expedited, what percentage the subcontractor was entitled to. Instead of that clause in the subcontract being evidence that Mr. Dorsey was endeavoring to swindle the Government, the evidence is exactly the other way. It was put there for the purpose of protecting the subcontractor, so that if expedition was put upon the route the Government would know what per cent, of the expedition to pay the subcontractor. If that clause had not been in that subcontract the Government could not have told how much money to pay the subcontractor, and as a consequence the subcontract would have been worthless as security for the subcontractor. And yet a clause put in for the protection of the subcontractor is referred to in your presence as evidence that the man who suggested it was a thief and a robber. What more? They say to these witnesses, “Did you ever see such a clause as that in a subcontract before?” No. Why? The Government never recognized a subcontractor before that time, and consequently there was no necessity for such a clause. Think how they have endeavored to torture every circumstance, no matter how honest, no matter how innocent, no matter how sensible; how they have endeavored to twist it and turn it against these defendants. Gentlemen, whenever you start out on the ground that a man is guilty, everything looks like it. If you hate a neighbor and anything happens to your lot you say he did it. If your horse is poisoned he is the man who did it. If your fence is torn down he is the fellow. You will go to work and get all the little circumstances that have nothing to do with the matter braided and woven into one string. Everything will be accounted for as coming from that enemy, and as something he has done.

They say another thing: That we defrauded the Government by filing subcontracts. You cannot do it. When this case is being closed I want somebody to explain to the jury how it is possible for a man to defraud this Government by filing a subcontract. I do not claim to have much ingenuity. I claim that I have not enough to decide that question or to answer it. I can lay down the proposition that it is an absolute, infinite, eternal impossibility to fraudulently file a subcontract as against the Government. It cannot he done. Oh, but they say, the subcontractor did not take the oath. There is no law that he should take an oath and there never was. There may be at some time, but there is not now. The law that everybody engaged in carrying the mail and every salaried officer of the department shall take an oath was passed before the law of the 17th of May, 1879, allowing a subcontractor to file his subcontract. Before that time the Government had nothing to do with the subcontractor. If he actually carried the mail; if he actually took possession of the mail, he had to take the oath of the carrier. But I defy these gentlemen to find in the law any oath for a subcontractor. There never was such an oath. If there is one, find it. The law that every salaried officer and

every carrier of the mail shall take the oath was passed years and years and years before the law was passed allowing subcontracts to be filed. What of it? Suppose a man who is a subcontractor carries the mail and does not take any oath. That is as good as to take the oath and not carry the mail. What possible evidence is it of fraud? Suppose it should turn out that the carrier did not take the oath, but carried the mail honestly. What of it? Is it any evidence of fraud? If a man tells the truth without being sworn, is that evidence that he is a dishonest man? If a man carries the mail properly and in accordance with law without being sworn to do so, it seems to me that is evidence that he is an honest fellow, and you don't need to swear him. So when a subcontractor takes a subcontract and carries the mail according to law it does not make any difference whether he swears to do so or not. Is there any evidence in this case that the subcontractors stole any letters on account of not having taken the oath? When they answer, let them point to the law that the subcontractor is to take an oath. There is no such law and never was.

Now, according to this admission of Mr. Ker, the conspiracy commenced after they got the contract. Very well. I need not talk about anything back of that. I do not know whether the admission is binding upon the Government or not. I believe the Court holds that the Government is not bound by the admission of any agent, and that the Government only authorizes an agent to admit facts. May be he is mistaken. The Government only authorizes an agent to admit the law. At any rate Mr. Ker did the very best he knew how, and he says this conspiracy commenced when they got the contracts, and so we need not go back of that unless the Government is now willing to say that Mr. Ker has made a mistake. I lay down the proposition, gentlemen, that you need not go back of the division of these routes. Then you must go forward. What was done after that? Recollect the exact position of Senator Dorsey and the exact position of these other people.

The next claim is, although there was no conspiracy until after they got the contracts, that Senator Dorsey was interested in these contracts while he was a Senator of the United States. If they could establish that fact it would not tend to establish a conspiracy. There is nothing in this indictment about it. I admit that if he were a Senator, and at the same time interested in mail contracts, he might be tried and his robes of office stripped from him, and that he could be rendered infamous. But that is not what he is being tried for. They say he was in the Senate, and he was anxious to keep it secret. Mr. Ker says he was so anxious to keep it secret that he sent all these communications out West in Senate envelopes, so they would think a Senator had something to do with it. Then it turned out that all the envelopes were in blank; just plain white envelopes, with nothing on them, and away went that theory. If he were in the Senate and engaged in these routes also, and wished to keep it a profound secret, because if known it would blast his reputation forever, do you think he would have had all these circulars sent out in Senate envelopes and on Senate paper? If he did allow that to be done, it is absolutely conclusive evidence that he was not interested. Suppose I was trying to keep it an absolute, profound, eternal, everlasting secret that I had anything to do with a certain matter, would I write letters about it? Would I use paper that had my name, the number of my office, and the character of my business printed upon it? Would I? To ask that question is to answer it. Another thing: They claim that he was in the Senate and infinitely anxious to keep it a secret,

and yet he found Mr. Moore, a perfect stranger, and said to him in effect: “Yes, Mr. Moore; I don’t know you, but I want you to know me. I ama rascal. I am a member of the Senate, but I am engaged in mail routes. I hope you will not tell anybody, because it would destroy me. I have great confidence in you, because I don’t know you.” That is the only way he could have had confidence in Moore. He would have to have it the first time he saw him or it never would have come. To this perfect stranger he said, “Here, I am in the Senate, but I am interested in these routes. I am in a conspiracy. I want you to go out and attend to this business. I want you to do all these things, and the reason I tell you is because I am a Senator and I want it kept a profound secret. That is the reason I tell you.” That is what these gentlemen call probable. That is their idea of reasonableness and of what is natural. That may be true in a world where water always runs up hill. It can never be true in this world. It is not in accordance with your experience. Not a man here has any experience in accordance with that testimony or that doctrine; not one. You never will have unless you become insane. If this trial lasts much longer you may have that experience. It is a wonder to me it has not happened already.

There is another queer circumstance connected with this case. While Dorsey told it all to Moore he kept it a profound secret from Boone. Boone, you know, was in at the first. Boone got up all this information. Boone was interested in these bids, and yet he never told Boone. He had known Boone, you see, for several weeks. He told Moore the first day, the first minute. He wished to relieve his stuffed bosom of that secret. Moore was the first empty thing he found, and he poured it into him. It is astonishing to me that he succeeded in keeping that secret from Boone, but he did. He even kept it from Rerdell.

Rerdell never heard of it—a gentleman who picks up every scrap, who listens at the key-hole of an opportunity for the fragment of a sound. He never heard it. John W. Dorsey did not even know anything about it. Nobody but Moore. Now, I ask you, gentlemen, is there any sense in that story? I ask you. I ask you, also, if the testimony of Stephen W. Dorsey with regard to that transaction is not absolutely consistent with itself? Did he not in every one of those transactions act like a reasonable, sensible, good man? Oh, but they say it is not natural for a man to help his brother; certainly it is not natural for a man to help his brother-in-law, and nobody but a hardened scoundrel would help a friend, and Dorsey is not that kind of a man. Occasionally in a case an accident will happen, and from an unexpected quarter a side-light will be thrown upon the character of a man, sometimes for good, and sometimes for evil. Sometimes a little circumstance will come out that will cover a man with infamy, something that nobody expected to prove, and that leaps out of the dark. Then, again, sometimes by a similar accident a man will be covered with glory. In this case there was a little fact that came to the surface about Stephen W. Dorsey that made me proud that I was defending him. Oh, he is not the man to help his brother; he is not the man to help his brother-in-law; he is not the man to help a friend; and yet, when Torrey was upon the stand, he was asked if he was working for Dorsey, and he said no, and was asked if Dorsey paid him at a certain time, or if he owed him, and he said no. He was asked why, and he replied, “Because only a little while before, when I was not working for him, and my boy was dead, he gave me a thousand dollars to put him beneath the sod.” That is the kind of a man Stephen W.

Dorsey is. I like such people. A man capable of doing that is capable of helping his brother, of helping his brother-in-law, and of helping his friend. A man capable of doing that is capable of any great and splendid action. Is there any other man connected with this trial that ever did a more generous, nay, a more loving and lovely thing? How such a man can excite the hatred of the prosecution is more than I can understand.

Now, we have got to the division, and the question arises, was there a division? Let us see. On page 5009 Mr. Bliss admits that Vaile, immediately upon Dorsey's coming out of the Senate, came here for the purpose of settling up this business; that he made up his mind to have no more to do with Dorsey. Then Mr. Bliss makes this important admission, and I do not want any attorney for the Government to deny it.

He admits that in May there was a final division, and that that division was to take effect as from the 1st day of April, and that after that each party took the routes allotted to him, and they became the uncontrolled property of that person, no other person having the right to interfere. There is your admission, just as broad as it can be made. Mr. Bliss, after having made that admission, which virtually gives up the Government's case, then threw a sheet-anchor to the windward and said, "But when they divided they made a bargain with each other that they would make the necessary papers." What for? To carry out the division. That is all. Now, the only corner-stone for this conspiracy, the only pebble left in the entire foundation is the agreement to make the necessary papers after the division. That is all that is left. The rest has been dissolved or dug up and carted away by this admission. Let us see what that agreement was. Mr. Bliss turned to the evidence of John W. Dorsey, on page 4105:

Q. At the time you sold out, was there any understanding about your making papers?—A. That was a part of the agreement. I was to sign all the necessary papers to carry on the business.

When he sold out he agreed to sign all the necessary papers. It is like this: Mr. Bliss says on such a day, for instance, they divided. Suppose, instead of being routes it was all land. They divided the land and then they agreed to make the deeds. That was the conspiracy; not in the land; not in the agreement about the land; not in the bargain, but in the execution of the papers in consequence of the bargain. That was the conspiracy. They agreed to make all the necessary papers. That was the agreement. Then the Court asked John W. Dorsey a question.

Q. You agreed to sign what?—A. All the necessary papers to carry on the business.

That is what he agreed to do. What else? What were those papers? First, they were to sign all the subcontracts that were necessary, all the Post-Office drafts necessary, and they were to sign letters like this:

The Post-Office Department, in regard to this route, will hereafter send all communications to the undersigned.

In other words, the object was to let the person who fell heir to a given route in the division control that route. That was all. The man who was the contractor agreed that he would sign all the necessary papers. For what purpose? To allow each man who

got a route to be the owner of it and control it and draw the money. That is all. And yet it is considered rascality.

Let me call your attention to another piece of evidence on this subject. On page 5016, Mr. Bliss is talking about all these papers and these letters that were written and apparently signed by Peck, but really signed by Miner, saying, "I want you to send all communications in reference to such a route to post-office box No. so and so, John M. Peck," sometimes with an M. under it and sometimes without. He did that in consideration of the agreement at the time he got the routes that had been originally allotted to Peck. Mr. Bliss brought here a vast number of these papers, and then he continued, on page 5017:

All those, gentlemen, are orders, dated after the division, many of them coming away down into 1881, and all of them relating to routes with which Peck had no connection, because he severed his connection with all the routes prior to the 1st of April, or as of the 1st of April, 1879. John W. Dorsey tells you that he signed papers right along—Of course he did. He agreed to—and I have here a series of them. Many of them are orders not in blank. There are among the papers, orders signed in blank, but these are dated, and they are witnessed not always by the same person as indicating that they got together and signed a lot of orders at the time of the division. There is every indication that the dates are correct. The witnesses are different at different times.

The Court. These same orders would have been made if the division had been perfectly honest.

That is what I say. That is what we all say, gentlemen.

If the transaction then had been perfectly honest the papers would have been precisely as they are. From the papers being precisely as they are, do they tend to show that the transaction was dishonest, when it is admitted by everybody and decided by the Court, that if the transaction had been perfectly honest the papers would have been just as they are? Recollect my text. Every fact when you are proving a circumstantial case has to point to the guilt of the defendants, and their guilt has to be found from all the facts in the case beyond a reasonable doubt. If there is one fact inconsistent with their guilt, the case is gone.

There is another little admission to which I call your attention. Nothing delights me so much as to have the prosecution in a moment of forgetfulness, or we will say on purpose, admit a fact. Mr. Bliss said, on page 5018:

You will bear in mind that the division took place some eight months previous to that.

That was January 1, 1880,

However that may be, these papers are all papers which on their faces might be innocent and fair and proper. They are papers which, under ordinary circumstances, might be executed to enable others than the contractor to draw the pay and to be tiled with the department, though it appears, I think, by the evidence in this case that no draft could be filed except shortly prior to the quarter as to which it applied. As to

these papers all that we have to say is this: they are papers on their face apparently innocent, papers calculated to go through in the ordinary practice as though there was nothing wrong about them. At the same time the evidence shows that they were papers executed by these several parties at the time of or in pursuance of the agreement of the division.

I do not want anything better. That settles the papers. They were made at the time they agreed to make them. It was the only way in which they could give the party who got the route absolute control of the route.

Now, gentlemen, apart from these papers, I believe they have three witnesses, at least they are called witnesses, in this case. The first witness that I will call your attention to, and who figures about as early as anybody, is A. W. Moore. I want to ask you a few questions about his testimony. I want you to understand exactly what he swears to and the circumstances. Let us see.

He swears first that he had a conversation with Miner, in which he told Miner that he would work for him for one hundred and fifty dollars a month and expenses, with permission to put on some of his own service, I think, in Oregon and California, and that Mr. Miner accepted his terms, and employed him as the agent of Miner, Peck & Co. Recollect that, Miner, Peck & Co. Second, that Miner told him to report at Dorsey's house to get instructions. Miner at that time was staying at Dorsey's house. I do not know whether it was to get instructions from Dorsey or from the house, or from Miner. I take it, from Miner. No matter. Mr. Moore then swears that he reported to Dorsey and Dorsey asked him his opinion about the service. Moore had never been there and did not know one of the routes, but Dorsey was anxious for his opinion. How did he know any more about the service than Dorsey? There is no evidence that Moore knew the price. There is no evidence that he knew the amount the Government was to pay on a single route. He was a stranger. Then he had another conversation with Dorsey in which Dorsey told him that they had bid on the long routes with slow time, because that was the way to make money. Not satisfied with that, Mr. Dorsey showed him the subcontracts with the blanks and with the changes, and then he explained to him the descending scale, and he explained to him the percentage of expedition. He said Dorsey told him forty per cent, of the expedition. Boone swears it was sixty-five per cent. There is a little difference; not much. Moore swears that he himself was to have twenty-five per cent, of the stealings. Let us see how that is. Boone swears that the subcontractor was to have sixty-five per cent. Rerdell swears that Brady was to have thirty-three and one-third per cent. That leaves one and two-third per cent, for the contractor. Do you see? The subcontractor got sixty-five dollars out of one hundred dollars, and then Brady got thirty-three dollars and thirty-three and one-third cents. That makes ninety-eight dollars and thirty-three and one-third cents, leaving the contractor one dollar and sixty-six and two-third cents. That was all he got. Did you ever know of anybody on earth doing business at a smaller per cent, and paying for the trouble? Now, Mr. Moore comes in with his statement. He says the subcontractor got forty per cent, and then he himself got twenty-five per cent. That makes sixty-five. Then, according to Rerdell, Brady was to have thirty-three and one-third per cent. That makes ninety-eight and one-third. There is the most wonderful coincidence in this whole trial.

Rerdell and Boone and Moore agree exactly that the contractor gave up ninety-eight and one-third per cent, to others and took one and two-thirds himself. Did you ever know as much humanity in a conspiracy as that? Did you ever know such a streak of benevolence to strike anybody? It reminds me of a case of disinterested benevolence that happened in Southern Illinois. A young man there went to a lawyer and said to him, "I want to get a divorce, I was married at a time when I was drunk, and when I sobered up I didn't like the marriage. I want a divorce." The lawyer asked, "What do you want of a divorce?" "Well," he said, "do you know the widow Thompson?" "Yes." "She has been a widow there for about forty years. Do you know her boy? He is the biggest thief in this county. He went over the Ohio River the other day and stole a set of harness and a mule." "What has that to do with this divorce case?" "Well," he said, "I want to get a divorce and I want to marry that widow." "What for?" "I want to get control of that boy and see if I can't break him from stealing. I have got some humanity in me." Here are S. W. Dorsey, his brother, his brother-in-law, Miner and Vaile starting a charity conspiracy, and out of every hundred dollars that they steal they offer ninety-eight dollars and thirty-three cents upon the altar of disinterested friendship. You are asked to believe that. You will not do it.

Mr. Moore also swears that he received some money by a check, but he does not know whether the check was payable to him or payable to Miner, and he got a power of attorney signed by Miner from John W. Dorsey and John M. Peck, and then he started, S. W. Dorsey assuring him in the meantime that he could tell the people out there that the service would be increased and expedited in a few days. Mr. Moore is a peculiar man. He says that that suited him exactly. He was willing to steal what little he could; he was willing to steal for one hundred and fifty dollars a month if he couldn't get any more, or he was willing to steal for a part of the stealing. If he could not get that he would take an ordinary salary. I should think he was a good man from what he says. You heard him. They were wonderfully anxious to prove by Moore that Dorsey was the head and front of this whole business. That was the object, and so he swore as to the instructions. He said he was instructed to get up petitions so that they could be torn off and the names pasted on other petitions. He swore he carried out those instructions. He swore that Major agreed to do it, and I think a man by the name of McBeau was going to do it. Yet, gentlemen, there never was such a petition gotten up. Major swore here that he never heard of it; that he never dreamed of it, and never agreed to it; that it was a lie; that it was never suggested to him. Moore went out West and came back as far as Denver, and at Denver met John R. Miner, and then came here and saw Dorsey. What did he do with Dorsey? He swears that he went to Stephen W. Dorsey and settled with him, and that Dorsey settled in a very generous and magnanimous way, and did not want to look at his account, and did not want to look at the book; had no anxiety or curiosity about the items. He just said, "How much is it?" It happened to be even dollars—two hundred and fifty dollars. When a man goes out West and has hotel bills and all that sort of thing, when he comes to render his expense account it is always even dollars. Moore said two hundred and fifty dollars. Dorsey gave it to him; never looked at the book at all. Moore swears that he made that settlement with Stephen W. Dorsey on the 11th day of July, 1878. Dorsey was then in the Senate.

Look at page 1417. You see that Moore had been smart; that is what people call smart. You know it is never smart to tell a lie. Very few men have the brains to tell a good lie. It is an awfully awkward thing to deal with after you? have told it. You see it will not fit anything else except another lie that you make, and you have to start a factory in a short time to make lies enough to support that poor little bantling that you left on the door-step of your honesty. A man that is going to tell a lie should be ingenious and he should have an excellent memory. That man swore that he settled with Dorsey to the 11th day of July, 1878; swore it for the purpose of convincing you that Dorsey employed him; that Dorsey gave him instructions; that Dorsey was the head and front of the conspiracy. I then handed him a little paper, and asked him, "Do you know anything about that? Did you ever sign that?" And here it is:

Not July 11. That is the day he got the money of Dorsey.

July 24, 1878.

Received of Miner, Peck & Co., one hundred and sixty-six dollars, balance of salary and expenses in full to July 11, 1878.

A. W. MOORE.

To when? To July 24? No, sir; he settled with Dorsey to July 11, 1878. The gentlemen had forgotten that he gave that. If he had only had a little more brains he would have avoided the two hundred and fifty dollars, that even amount, and he would have said, "Dorsey did look over my books, and we had a little dispute about some items, and we just jumped at two hundred and fifty dollars." But he swears that was the actual settlement, and then we bring in his receipt in writing, dated the 24th of July, 1878, saying that he received one hundred and sixty-six dollars that day, and that it was in full of his salary and expenses, not up to that date, but up to the nth of July, 1878. If his testimony is true, he stole that one hundred and sixty-six dollars. If his testimony is true, he settled with Dorsey in full for two hundred and fifty dollars, and then he was mean enough to go and get one hundred and sixty-six dollars more for the same time. No, gentlemen, he was all right enough about it then; he told the falsehood here.

Now, what does Dorsey swear? Dorsey swears that he received an order from Miner to give this man two hundred and fifty dollars. Miner swears that if Dorsey paid him anything it was on his, Miner's, request. That is a v perfectly natural proceeding for Mr. Miner to request Dorsey to pay this man two hundred and fifty dollars. The man came to Dorsey's house. Dorsey gave him two hundred and fifty dollars upon Miner's order. He was trusting John R. Miner for the money, and it was none of his business whether Miner owed it or not, and consequently he did not look at his book. Now, every fact is consistent with the truth of Mr. Dorsey's testimony; the fact is consistent with the truth of Miner's testimony; and the receipt of this man given to Miner on the 24th of July, 1878, demonstrates that he did not tell the truth, under oath, in this court before you.

That is the end of Mr. Moore; that is the end of him. You never need bother about him again as long as you live.

Why, they say, “Why didn’t you impeach him?” He impeached himself. “Why didn’t you call so-and-so?” Because we had that receipt; that is why. No need of killing a man that is dead. You need not give poison to a corpse. When a thing is buried, let it go. When a man commits suicide, you need not murder him. When he destroys his own testimony, let it alone; it will not hurt you.

I am not afraid of the testimony of Mr. Moore. If these gentlemen can galvanize it into the appearance of life, I should be very happy to see them do it. Everything that he swore upon this stand that in any way touched the defendants is shown not to be true.

Why should Dorsey have told him in 1878 to get up fraudulent petitions? Even Rerdell does not swear that in 1879 Dorsey instructed him to get up fraudulent petitions, and certainly he would go to the limit of the truth. After he made his story out of a piece of true cloth there would be very few scraps left. He would certainly go clear to the line. And yet, even he does not swear that when he went West to make contracts, to get up petitions, he was instructed by Mr. Dorsey to get up a fraudulent petition—not once. And yet Moore swears that in 1878, when Dorsey was in the Senate, he told him to get up these fraudulent petitions. It will not do.

Mr. Major swears that what he says about it is not true; Mr. McBean swears that what he says about it is not true; and then we have Moore’s own receipt showing that it is not true.

On page 4757 Mr. Bliss says—Moore stands before you, therefore, so far as all this testimony is concerned, wholly and absolutely uncontradicted.

His testimony was that he was employed by Dorsey; his testimony was that he was settled with by Dorsey, and the testimony of the receipt that he signed is that he settled with Miner and not with Dorsey; the testimony of Miner is that he was settled with by Miner, and not with by Dorsey; the testimony of Dorsey is that he never had any conversation with him in the world except at the time he paid him the two hundred and fifty dollars. They say Rerdell was present at the conversation. Why did they not prove it by Rerdell after Dorsey had sworn to the contrary? And yet Mr. Bliss tells you that he is not contradicted—”utterly uncontradicted.”

Mr. Ker, it seems, has an opinion of this same witness, I believe. He says, on page 4511:

He says he started out and went to work, as these records show, and made the subcontracts according to his instructions, and got up the petitions according to his instructions.

He swears he did not get up a petition at all, not one; he swears that he had not time. And yet these gentlemen say that he got up petitions according to his instructions, and he swears he did not. He swears he told Major to, and that Major signified his willingness to do it. Major swears that that is a falsehood. He swears the same with reference to McBean, and McBean swears that it is a falsehood. Now Mr. Ker goes on:

He fixed them up and changed the language a little in some, and in some he did not take the trouble to change, but he fixed them all so that there was a space between the writing and the names, so that they could be cut off and pasted on other papers.

He expressly denies that he ever fixed a petition in the world.

Mr. Ker. What page?

Mr. Ingersoll. You ask the page! Talk to the jury seven days! I say that this man never fixed up a petition, and he never says that he fixed up a petition. Where is the page on which he says it? He was willing to do it, but he had not the time. I will show you that language. There is what they say about this man. Then he says he got a note from Miner, and went to Denver and met Miner. That is right. Then Miner offered him a quarter interest in the routes in this vast conspiracy.

Let us find what Moore thinks of himself. We find that on page 1398. He is a good man, worthy of this case, according to the eternal fitness of things. I come to this quicker than I thought I would. It is page 1396:

Q. Did you get up any?—A. No, sir; I didn't have the time.

There it is. Now, of course, Mr. Ker forgot. I call your attention to this to show how little weight such evidence is entitled to in reference to a conversation five years ago, when Mr. Ker could not remember this with the book before him.

Mr. Ker. I asked you for the page on which Mr. McBean's testimony appears.

Mr. Ingersoll. Mr. Moore is the witness. Mr. Moore swears that he never got up such a petition. Mr. Ker says he did. He and Mr. Ker will have to settle their own difficulty.

On last Friday, in reply, I think, to a question of Mr. Ker, I stated that I thought McBean swore that Mr. Moore did not make any arrangement with him to get up false petitions. In that I was mistaken. Mr. Moore swore that he made an arrangement with McBean to get up petitions. He did not quite swear that McBean agreed to get up false and fraudulent petitions. He just came to the edge of it and did not quite swear to it. Afterwards McBean was recalled by the Government and the Government did not ask McBean whether he had ever agreed to get up any petitions or whether he had ever made any such arrangement with Moore. They did not ask him and we did not ask him. I do not know why they did not ask him. They probably know.

I also stated that Moore swore that he got his instructions about these petitions from Dorsey. The evidence is that he got his instructions not from Dorsey but from Miner; that Miner so instructed him, and that thereupon he made the bargain to get up such petitions with a man by the name of Major on the Redding and Alturas route. I make this correction because I do not want you or any one else to think that I wish any misstatement made in our favor. We do not need it and consequently there is no need of making it. You will remember that after Moore swore that he made a bargain with Major to get up false petitions, Major swore that it was untrue. You will also remember that Judge Carpenter called for the petitions that were gotten up upon the routes that Moore had something to do with, and I think he showed you on one route eleven or twelve petitions. Mr. Major swears that every petition was honest, that the

statements in each petition were true, and that the signatures were genuine. All those petitions were shown to you. So that the result of the Moore testimony is this: Moore swears that Miner told him to get up such petitions. He then swears that he made that bargain with Major. Major says it is not true. Moore almost swears that he made the same bargain with McBean. McBean says nothing on the subject. Then we bring here the petitions upon those very routes, and especially upon the Redding and Alturas route, and we find no such petitions as are described by Moore. That is enough in regard to Mr. Moore upon that one point.

There is one little piece of testimony to which I failed to call your attention on Friday, and to which I will call your attention now. Moore was the friend of Boone. Boone recommended him to Miner. It was through Boone that Moore was employed. Now, I ask you if it is not wonderful that Moore never told Boone that there was a conspiracy on foot? Is it not wonderful that Moore did not tell Boone, his friend, the man to whom he was indebted for the employment, "There is a conspiracy in this case. Senator Dorsey as good as told me so. I know all about it."

The fact is he never said one word, and the reason we know it, is that Boone swears that when he went out on the 7th or 8th of August he never even suspected it. I cannot, it seems to me, make this point too plain. Boone had been known by Dorsey for a long time. They were very good friends. Dorsey had enough confidence in him to select him as the man to get the necessary information after he had been requested so to do in the letter. Boone was the man who attended to this business more than anybody else. Boone was interested with John W. Dorsey. Boone had every reason to find out exactly what was happening. He was at Dorsey's house, where Miner was. He talked with Miner day after day. He helped get up the bids. He did a great deal of mechanical work. He had the subcontracts printed. Yet during all that time Dorsey never let fall a chance expression that gave Boone even the dimmest dawn of a hint that there was a conspiracy. Nobody told Boone. Moore, his friend, never spoke of it.

Now, there is one other point with regard to Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore swears, on page 1371, that Miner offered him a fourth interest in these routes. That was the conversation in which he said Mr. Miner told him they were good affidavit men. According to Moore's testimony he then knew there was a conspiracy, and he understood that he was part and parcel of it. Let me ask you right here, is it probable that Moore would have been offered a quarter interest at that time if a conspiracy existed, and if they had their plans laid to make hundreds of thousands of dollars, and if the profits had depended upon the affidavits alone? I ask you, as sensible, reasonable men, if he would have been offered a quarter interest under those circumstances? Now conies in what I believe to be the falsehood. Mr. Moore says that the interest was offered to him by Miner, but Miner said it would have to be ratified by Stephen W. Dorsey. That is brought in for the purpose of having some evidence against Dorsey. You must recollect, gentlemen, that this evidence was all purchased. This evidence was all bargained for in the open shamble. You must recollect that there are upon the records of this court some seven or ten indictments against A. E. Boone. You must remember that Moore was Boone's friend. You must remember that Moore was a part of the consideration that Boone was giving to the Government for immunity.

Mr. Merrick. Is there any proof of that?

Mr. Ingersoll. I think there is. Mr. Moore swears as to the number of indictments against Boone. He was his friend. The jury have a right to infer what motive prompts a witness. Moore wished to swear enough, so that Mr. Boone would not be troubled. In my judgment, Mr. Boone, being under indictment, gave evidence in this case in order that the Government would take its clutch from his throat. He swore under pressure. That is the system, gentlemen, that is dangerous in any country. Whenever a Government advertises for witnesses; whenever a Government says to a guilty man, or to a man who is indicted, "All we ask of you is to help us convict somebody else;" whenever they advertise for a villain, they get him. That is the result of what they call the informer system—an infamous system. A court of justice, where justice is done between man and man, is the holiest place on earth. The informer system turns it into a den, into a cavern, into a dungeon, where crawl the slimy monsters of perjury and treachery. That is the informer system. It makes a court a den of wild beasts. What else does it do? Under its brood and hatch come spies; spies to watch witnesses, spies to watch counsel, spies to follow jurymen, so that a juror cannot leave his house without the shadow of the spy falling upon his door-step. That is not the proper attitude of a Government. The business of a Government is to protect its citizens, not to spread nets. The business of a Government is to throw its shield of power in front of the rights of every citizen. I hold in utter, infinite, and absolute contempt any Government that calls for informers and spies. Every trial should be in the free air. All the work should be done openly. These sinister motions in the dark, the crawling of these abnormal and slimy things, I abhor.

Now, to come back to Moore. Upon my word I think he was trying to help his friend. After Mr. Miner had offered him a quarter interest, then he came back to Washington. He arrived here, according to his evidence, about the 11th day of July, I think. He went immediately to see Stephen W. Dorsey. Recollect that. That was the time Dorsey settled with him without looking at his books. After he settled with him and gave him two hundred and fifty dollars he asked him to telegraph to see if the service had been put on The Dalles and Baker City route. He waited here until he received an answer, and after that he talked with Dorsey not only about that matter, but in that conversation Dorsey said, according to Moore, that it took a good deal of money to keep up their influence in the department. When I asked him when that conversation was, he said two or three days after the first conversation. According to the evidence in this case Stephen W. Dorsey left this city on the 12th of July. This man Moore arrived on the nth, and he says two or three days after his arrival Dorsey said it took money to keep up their influence here. When he swears that Dorsey told him that, Dorsey was in the city of Oberlin, Ohio. Recollect these things. Whoever tells stories of this character should have a most excellent memory.

Now, there is another thing. When did Miner get back? He got back by the 24th of July, because on the 24th of July he settled with Moore, and I believe then Moore went West again. Now, remember there was a contract made, as Moore swears. He has not got it. Nobody sees it. He says there was a contract made by which he had a fourth interest in something. He got back here I believe some time in November, and

on the 20th of November he and Miner settled. I will now look on page 1430 for that settlement. I want you to see how everything was situated at that time.

I find on page 1430 that Mr. Miner settled for everybody with Mr. A. W. Moore. Remember the situation. Moore knew there was a conspiracy. All the service was on. You see, this was November 20, 1880. Vaile was in. They had a man who was close to Brady. Everything was running in magnificent style. Mr. Moore understood that there was a conspiracy. What more did he understand? That he had the claw of his avarice in the flesh of a United States Senator and in the flesh of a Second Assistant Postmaster-General. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were to be made. He came back here and settled up and sold out his interest for how much? Six hundred and eighty-two dollars. Do you believe that? Credulity would not believe it. Nobody believes it, that is if the rest of the story is true. Why did he settle with him for so little? He said Mr. Miner told him he hadn't a dollar. He did not reply to him, "When this conspiracy is completed you will have plenty. I can wait." No. Miner said he hadn't anything and so Moore settled for six hundred and eighty-two dollars. Then I asked him, "You had a contract with Dorsey, did you?" "Yes; verbally." "Did you ever say anything to Dorsey about it?" "No." "Did you ever claim anything from Dorsey?" "No." "Did you ever write to him?" "No." "Did you ever say anything to anybody that you had any claim against Dorsey?" "No." You saw Mr. Moore, gentlemen, here upon the stand. Do you think he is the kind of man who would let such a chance slip? It is for you to judge. In my judgment that is the eternal end of Moore's testimony. We can call him buried. We can put the sod over his grave. We can raise a stone to the memory of A. W. Moore. Let him rest in peace, or to use the initials only, let him R. I. P. That is the end of him. If the Government wishes to dig up the corpse hereafter let them dig.

Mr. Ker. I would like—

Mr. Ingersoll. [Interposing.] I don't want to hear from you.

The Court. You do not know what he is going to say.

Mr. Ingersoll. He may be intending to make a motion that the jury be instructed to find a verdict of not guilty.

Mr. Ker. As Mr. Merrick will have to answer, he simply wants to know the page.

Mr. Ingersoll. If Mr. Merrick wants to know the page he shall have the page, or anybody that wishes to answer. If counsel had simply asked me for the page, without getting up in such a solemn manner, I would have told him.

On page 1406, Mr. Moore says that he went to Dorsey and got the money, and that then Dorsey requested him to telegraph to The Dalles, and that he did not see Dorsey after he got the answer to his dispatch, I think, for two or three days. He reached Washington, he says, about the 11th. On page 1372, he speaks of telegraphing to The Dalles by instructions from Dorsey.

Now, gentlemen, I am going to call your attention for a little while to another witness, Mr. Rerdell. And in the commencement, I need not refresh your minds with regard to the part he has played. I need not, in the first instance, tell you about his

affidavit of June, 1881, nor his affidavit of July 13, 1882, nor his pencil memorandum, nor his Chico letter, nor his offer to pack the jury on behalf of the Government, nor the signals he had agreed upon, nor the reports he made from day to day, nor the affidavit of September that he made for the Government, nor of November nor of February. All these things you remember and remember perfectly. I will speak of them as I reach them, but I want you to keep in your minds who he is.

I need not call any names. Epithets would glance from his reputation like bird-shot from the turret of a monitor. The worst thing I can say about him is to call him Mr. Rerdell. All epithets become meaningless in comparison. The worst thing I can say after that would have the taint of flattery in it. You will remember when Enobarbus was speaking to Agrippa about Cæsar, he says, "Would you praise Cæsar, say Cæsar. Go no further." And I can say, "If you wish to abuse this witness, say Mr. Rerdell. Go no further." That is as far as I shall go.

You will remember that Mr. Rerdell was in the employ of Stephen W. Dorsey, and had been for several years. He does not pretend that he was ever badly used; he does not say before you that Mr. Dorsey ever did to him an unkind act, ever said an unkind word. In all the record of the years that he was with him he finds no page blotted with an unjust act, not one. He has no complaint to make. Under those circumstances he voluntarily goes to see a man by the name of Clayton, I think an ex-Senator from Arkansas, known to him at that time to be an enemy of Stephen W. Dorsey, an enemy of his employer, an enemy of his friend—his friend, whose bread this witness had eaten for years, whose roof had protected him, who had trusted and treated him like a human being. Yet he goes to this man Clayton, and he says, in substance, "I want to sell out my friend to the Government." He was not actuated exactly by patriotism, although he says he was. The promptings of virtue may have started him, but after he got started he said to himself, "I do not see that it hurts virtue to be rewarded." So he said, "I want some pay for this; I want a steamboat route reinstated; I want the Jennings claim allowed. Of course I am disinterested in what I am doing, but I might as well have something, if it is going." "What else do you want?" The disinterested patriot suggested that he would like to have a clerkship for his father-in-law. "Anything else?" If you will read his letter of July 5, 1882, which I will read to you before I get through, you will see that he says, "If I had remained with the Government I have every reason to believe I would have had a good position by this time." So he must have demanded a clerkship for himself—good, honest man. At that time he did not know, but swore it afterwards and swore it here upon the stand, that Dorsey had never done anything wrong; and yet he was willing to sell him to the Government, believing that he had never done anything wrong. So he went and saw the Postmaster-General. The Postmaster-General did not appear to take any great interest in the matter. He turned him over to the Attorney-General. He showed the Postmaster-General what he had, and read him, I believe, or showed him some memoranda. Then he went and saw the Attorney-General. The Postmaster-General did not seem to give him encouragement. Then when he went to see MacVeagh he took with him a letter-book—I do not know but more than one—but we will say a letter-book. Now, what was in that letter-book? And, gentlemen, the only way to find whether a man tells the truth is to take all the circumstances into consideration. What did he want to do? What was his object? And what were the means at his

command? For instance, it is said that a man left his house with the intention of murdering another, and that he had on his table a loaded revolver, and also had on his table a small walking-stick, and he took with him the walking-stick. You would say he did not intend to commit the murder; that if he had so intended he would have taken the deadly weapon. In other words, you must believe that men, acting for the accomplishment of a certain object, use the natural means within their power.

Now, what did he have in that letter-book? He swears now that in that letter-book there was a copy of a letter from Stephen W. Dorsey to James W. Bosler; that the original letter was written by Stephen W. Dorsey. That press-copy, of course, would show that the original letter was in the handwriting of S. W. Dorsey. What does he swear was in that letter? He swears that Dorsey made a proposition to Bosler to go into the business; told him the profits, and told him that he had to give thirty-three and one-third per cent, to T. J. B.; that he had already paid him, I think, twenty thousand dollars, and had more to pay him. According to the testimony of Mr. Rerdell, that was in the letter-book that he took to Mr. MacVeagh. Now, recollect that. Why did he not show it? He had forgotten it. He showed him what he had. Recollect now, that he had a tabular statement. I think the letter showed so much money to T. J. B., and the tabular statement thirty-three and one-third per cent, to T. J. B. He had that tabular statement, and that was in Dorsey's handwriting. He says he had it. Well, after that, the Attorney-General must have told him, "That is not enough; I want some more." "Well," he says, "I can let you have some more." "What more can you let us have?" Well, then he told him about the red books; I do not know that he said they were red, but he told him about the books and that those books were in New York, and he would go over there and get them; that he was going to steal them; he says he went over to get them, and afterwards admitted, I believe that lie was stealing them.

Now, we must remember the position Rerdell was in. He had been to Clayton, to the Postmaster-General in company with Mr. Woodward, and to the Attorney-General in company with Mr. Woodward, and yet there was not enough. Well, it was all he had. What more could he do? He suddenly found himself caught in his own trap. He had furnished enough to trouble him, but not enough to convict Dorsey, and not enough to be promised immunity. Now, what had he to do? He did exactly as he did with Mr. Woodward in September, when he made that affidavit, and when Woodward said it was not enough; he said, "Very well, I will make another," the same as he did when he made the affidavit of seventy pages in November and found it was a little weak. He made another, and he would have made them right along. He had a factory running night and day. Now, he tells you that while he was talking with MacVeagh, just towards the last of the conversation, the idea flashed into his brain that he might save Dorsey too. Don't you remember that testimony? And as quick as he thought of that, he agreed to go to New York and steal the books. The very last thing that MacVeagh said to him, according to MacVeagh's testimony, and I believe according to his own, was to be sure and get the books; that they were all important. So he went, as he claims. Now, did it occur to him that he would save Dorsey in that way? Did he think of saving Dorsey by going and getting these books? That was the last thing, and he was going to get the books to be used as evidence against Dorsey.

In a few days he says he started for New York, and the question arises, why did Rerdell go to New York at all? Why did he want to see that the books were in New York? Why did he pretend that he had any more evidence unless he had it? You see you have got to get at the philosophy of this man; you have got to find what actuated him; and although in many respects he is abnormal, unnatural, monstrous, and morally deformed, still it may be that we can find the philosophy upon which he acted. Why did he say he was going to New York? Because the Attorney-General told him—he must have told him—that the evidence he then had was not sufficient. Rerdell could not break down right there and say, "That is all I have got." That would give up the fight; that would tell him that he had endeavored to sell out his friend and nobody would buy the evidence; that would tell him that he had tried this and had failed; that he had simply succeeded in showing his own treachery without involving his friend. He could not stop there. You must recollect the evidence he had, and the evidence he wanted.

Let us see what he had. Mr. Bliss says, "Why did he say the books were in New York? Why did he not say they were in Washington?" That would not have given him time, gentlemen. He would have been told, "Go and get them." Then he could not have produced them. Consequently he put them in the possession of somebody else, so that if he failed to get them, then he could say that the other man destroyed them or had hid them; he could have said, "I have done my best; they did exist, but they have been destroyed, or they have been hidden, or they have been put out of the way." He wanted time, and knowing that no such books existed, he could not say, "I have them in Washington," because then he could give no excuse for their non-production. He must state it in such a way that he could reasonably fail; that is to say, that he could give a reason for his failure. He could not say, "I have them in my house," because he would have been told to go and get them. So he put them in the possession of another man, so that, failing to get them, as fail he must, he could give a reasonable excuse for the failure.

Why did he go to New York? I will tell you what my philosophy is: He found that the Government did not wish to purchase the evidence that he had. He found that, in the judgment of the expert of the Department of Justice, it was not sufficient. The next thing was to retrace his steps. He did not want to jump off of one boat into the sea and find no other boat to rescue him. He said: "I have been too hasty; I will go to New York." Why? To find out whether Dorsey had heard of this or not. That is what he went there for. The inferior man always imagines that the superior knows what he is doing, and knows what he has done. He found that he was about to fail with the Government, and then the important question to him was: Has Dorsey found this out? Can I go back to Dorsey? Or must I go on and be cast away by him and be refused by the Government?

Now let me call another thing to your minds. I will come to it again, but it forces itself upon me at this place, and it seems to me it ought to be absolutely conclusive.

He swears that on the day after he went to MacVeagh with that letter-book, in looking it over he found the press-copy of the original letter that Dorsey wrote to Bosler on the 13th of July, 1879. says that the next day he found that copy in that copy-book. Why did he not steal the book? Conscientious scruples, gentlemen! You

see he was going to New York to steal another. Why not steal one that he already had possession of? And how much better that book would have been than the other that he was going to get. This was a copy of a letter in Dorsey's handwriting, in which he admitted that he had paid twenty thousand dollars to T. J. B., and was going to pay him some more, while that book in New York was not in Dorsey's handwriting—admitting, for the sake of the argument, that there was a book—but was in the handwriting of Donnelly or Rerdell. See? And right there he had the evidence, absolutely conclusive, in the handwriting of S. W. Dorsey himself, and he did not even keep it, he did not even steal it, but he gave it back and went to New York to steal a book that Dorsey did not write. He threw away primary evidence to get secondary evidence. He threw away that which would have convicted Dorsey beyond a doubt, which would have made him a welcome recruit to the Government. He threw that away and went to New York to get another, a line of which Dorsey never wrote; and then he would have to establish, after he got that book, that "William Smith" stood for Thomas J. Brady; he would have to prove after they got that book that "John Smith" or "Samuel Jones" stood for Turner. Now, gentlemen, do you believe that that man, with his ideas of honor, with the kind of a conscience he has in his bosom, with the copy of a letter in Dorsey's handwriting in his possession admitting that Dorsey gave twenty thousand dollars to T. J. B., would give that up and then go to the city of New York to steal a book not in Dorsey's handwriting, and that did not prove that Dorsey had ever paid a cent to Thomas J. Brady, in which there was one charge to "William Smith," and that would have to be eked out by the testimony of Rerdell himself, when he had right there in his own grasp and clutch the press-copy of the original letter written by Dorsey himself? Do you believe it? There is not a man on that jury believes it; there is not a lawyer prosecuting this case who believes it.

What else did he have? He had a letter that he himself, as he claims, wrote to Bosler on the 22d of May, 1880, after he, Rerdell, had been summoned to appear before a committee of Congress. He had, he says, those three sheets.

What else did he have the morning after he was talking with MacVeagh? He had the tabular statement in the handwriting of Stephen W. Dorsey, and over the Brady column, "T. J. B., thirty-three and one-third per cent."

What more did that man have? He had the balance-sheets made out, as he swears, by Donnelly, of those books. Were the balance-sheets just as good as the books?

Now, just think what he had, according to his own testimony: A copy of the original letter, written by Dorsey to Bosler, in which he admitted his guilt; a copy of the tabular statement, written by Dorsey, in which he put down thirty-three and one-third per cent, to T. J. B. What more? Copy of the letter that he had written to Bosler on the 22d of May, 1880. He had all that, and he must have had this memorandum, though I will show you that he had not, and I think I will show you when he made it. And yet he was going to New York to get some more evidence. He was going to steal another book in New York that would simply create a suspicion, while he gave up a book that was absolute certainty. That is the theory. But they say, "Oh, he did not do that quite." What did he do? He went and had that copied. He swears that he had copied that letter of May 13, 1879, that Dorsey wrote to Bosler, in which he admitted

that he gave twenty thousand dollars to Brady. Now, a copy would not show in whose handwriting the press-copy was, would it? That is a very important point. Who copied it? I think he said Miss Nettie L. White copied it. We never hear of Miss Nettie L. White again, though. These gentlemen admit that you are not to believe Mr. Rerdell on any point that is not corroborated, and when he swears that Miss Nettie L. White copied the letter you are not bound to believe there was such a letter unless they bring Miss White or account for her absence. They did not bring her. That is an extremely important point in their case, infinitely more important than whether the red books ever existed. Did Dorsey write a letter to Bosler in which he admitted his guilt? This man says that he had complete and perfect evidence of it in his own hand; that he gave that up; that he had that copied by Miss White. And they did not bring Miss White. Certainly he had no scruples about tearing it out. He says he tore out his letter to Bosler of the 22d of May, 1880. He had no scruples about that. He did not refuse to keep the book because it touched his honor, because in a day or two he was going to steal another not half as good as that one, not one-tenth part as good. Just think. He gave up evidence that was absolute and complete, and went to steal evidence that was secondary and of the poorest character. You do not believe it. He would have kept that book if he had kept any. If he was going to steal any evidence, and had the best, he would have kept it. The trouble was that there was no such letter in that book. There was his letter of May 22, 1880; no doubt about that; and that man tore it out, and then he made up one in his own mind, and had it of that date; that is all.

So he went to New York, and he swears that he went right up to the Albemarle Hotel; that it was early in the morning; that Dorsey was not then up; and that he had a conversation with Dorsey, in which Dorsey charged him with having had something to do with the Government, with having gone over to the Government. Dorsey had heard that there was something going on about that time, and I suppose he asked Mr. Rerdell about it. Rerdell denied it; said there was no truth in it; that nothing of the kind, character, or sort had ever happened.

Now let us just see whether I can demonstrate to you that Rerdell, in the conversation he had with Dorsey at the Albemarle Hotel, denied that he had gone over to the Government, or that he had done anything that was not perfectly honest, straightforward, and upright. I refer to it now, although I may come to it again.

And, gentlemen, I am sorry for you; I pity every one of you, that you have to hear all that has to be said in this case. But you must put yourselves, for the moment, in our places. You must remember that these defendants have borne this agony, have been roofed and surrounded with disorder for two years. You must remember that the agents of the Government have pursued them, they have watched over them and spied them night and day. You must remember that they have been slandered for years in the public press, although the tone of the public press is now changing, and changing in such a marked degree that one of the attorneys here for the prosecution claimed that we had bought up the correspondents. When you take into consideration what my clients have suffered, the position they are now in, fighting this great and powerful Government, I know you will excuse us for inflicting upon you every thought and every argument that we think may be for our defence.

I am doing for my clients what I would do for you, or any of you, if you were defendants, and I am doing for them what I would want them to do for me were I a defendant and they my counsel.

Now I am going to demonstrate this. When Mr. Rerdell got to Jersey City he telegraphed back, according to the evidence of Mr. Dorsey:

Up to this moment I have been faithful to every trust.

I believe Rerdell swears that he did not send that. He had a memorandum-book which he took out of his pocket. I think a leaf was torn from it, and he ran his pencil through this line on the page on which he had taken a copy of this dispatch, "Up to this moment I have been faithful to every trust," and says he did not send it. Why did he put his pencil through that? Because that line would not agree with the testimony he had given upon the stand. "Up to this moment I have been faithful to every trust" was in that dispatch. I want to ask you if you believe that Rerdell could have sent that dispatch to a man to whom he had admitted that very morning that he had gone over to the Government? Do you believe it? How perfectly natural it would have been for him to send a dispatch from Jersey City that harmonized and accorded with his denial of that morning.

Just look at that [handing the paper to the foreman of the jury.] Just read it. I want the jury to look at it. He rubbed it out of his memorandum-book. When? At the time? No, sir; when he found that he wanted something to harmonize with his evidence here. Even he had not the brazen effrontery to swear that he had told Dorsey that very morning that he (Rerdell) had gone over to the Government, and then that very afternoon to telegraph him—Up to this moment I have been faithful to every trust.

Why, in comparison with that cheek brass is a liquid. What is the next sentence?

The affidavit story is a lie.

Why did he leave that in? Because technically that was true. He had not then made an affidavit, and there is nothing so pleases a man who has made up his mind to tell a lie as to have mixed with the mortar of that lie one hair of truth. It is delightful to smell the perfume of a fact in the hell-broth of his perjury. Just look at that. These two things show that he had not admitted to Dorsey that he had told the Government anything against Dorsey. He wanted Dorsey to understand that he, Rerdell, had not communicated with the Government. Now, if you admit his evidence to be true, at the time he sent that dispatch he had the stolen book under his arm, and you, gentlemen of the jury, are asked to believe a man who would do that thing. I would not. I would not convict the meanest, lowest wretch that ever crawled between heaven and earth upon such testimony. Never. Neither can you do it. A verdict must rest upon a fact. The fact must rest upon the testimony of a witness. That witness must be, or seem to be, an honest man. And unless a verdict is based upon the bed-rock of honesty, it is infinitely rotten, and the jury that will give a verdict not based upon honesty is corrupt.

Mr Crane (foreman of the jury.) I notice that this dispatch seems to have been written with different pencils at different times.

Mr Ingersoll—Up to this moment I have been faithful to every trust—Is written very dimly.

The affidavit story is a lie, but confidence between us is gone—Is in still a different hand.

I resign my position and will turn everything over to any one you designate—Is still another hand. Three hands, three pencils, in the one memorandum. These papers have been manufactured, and when the Government said, "This is not enough," another paragraph has been added.

How hard it is to perpetrate a piece of rascality and do it well. There are an infinite number of things in this universe, and everything that is in it is related to everything else; and when you get a falsehood in it that does not belong to the family, it has not the family likeness; and when anybody sees it who is acquainted with the family, he says, "That is an adopted young one."

Mr. Rerdell now says, I believe, that he did not send that line, "Up to this moment," &c. Dorsey swears that he did. Rerdell then produces this book and this paper which I have shown to you.

Now, let us follow Mr. Rerdell from the Albemarle Hotel.

I will show that he crosses himself on almost every fact that he endeavors to swear to. He swears that he went to Dorsey's; that from Dorsey's he went immediately to Torrey's office; that he then went and got lunch and then went to Jersey City. He also swears that he got his breakfast before he went to Dorsey's. In the next examination he swears that he got his breakfast after he went to Dorsey's, and after he got the book he went to Jersey City, first walking up and down Broadway for about an hour. He had forgotten about the lunch. There is nothing in it but a mass of contradiction. He swears that he went down to Torrey's office. Why did he not make it earlier, as soon as he got off the boat? Because he did not have any key to the office. It would not do to swear that he broke into the office and that nobody ever heard of it, and so he had to put the time after the office would naturally be open. Well, now we have got him as far as the office. He swears that he went in there and saw Mr. Torrey. After chatting a little with Torrey, and telling him the object of his visit, Torrey took him into the next room and took these books from a shelf or desk, or something of that kind, and handed them both to him, and he looked them over at his leisure, while Mr. Torrey went back to his business. He finally took the journal and left the ledger. Why did he leave the ledger? I will tell you after a while. Every lie, as well as every truth, has its philosophy. He took the journal and came along out with it under his arm, not wrapped up, not concealed. Then he had another chat with Torrey about the weather or something, and then he went on. Why did he swear that he had a conversation with Torrey in that office? I will tell you. When he was giving that testimony, Torrey was in mid-ocean, between New York and Liverpool. I guess Mr. Rerdell had heard that the man was away. He thought he would be absolutely and perfectly safe, and so he said he had a conversation with Torrey. The moment he repeated that conversation with Torrey, I said, "Where is Torrey?" We telegraphed to New York and we found that Torrey had left for the old country. We sent a cablegram to Queenstown and we intercepted him. I think he staid a day in the old country, and

took the next ship and came back, arriving here in time to swear that Rerdell never visited that office, that he never had that conversation with him, and that he never got that book from that office; more than that, that that book never was in that office. Who are you going to believe, Torrey or Rerdell?

Another man was there on that very day, Mr. Mullins. He never had any recollection of seeing Rerdell until he saw him here. All the books were kept in the safe except the books that Torrey had in his desk. No such books were in the safe and no such books were in Torrey's desk. Gentlemen, no such books existed, and I will demonstrate it to you before I get through. No doubt the man had some little expense-books of his own. He has widened them, he has lengthened them, he has thickened them, he has colored them. He has refreshed other people. When the Government tells a man, "You have got an office, haven't you?" "Yes." "Well, we want you to remember this." Then he is refreshed on the subject. The words the Government speaks are rain and dew and sunlight upon the dry grass of his memory and it springs up green. He says he has been refreshed. Before I get through I will show you that these things were proved only by gentlemen who had been refreshed.

Now, why did Rerdell say he took the journal and left the ledger? I will tell you. There is more in the shirt theory than you would think. He had a shirt in a paper, folded up just once over the bosom. Unexpectedly lie met Mr. James on the train. He was very much surprised to meet him, because James swears he was very much surprised to meet Rerdell. James knew that he had gone over to New York to get those books, and he asked him, "Did you get the books?" Rerdell had that beggarly little package. He could not call that "books," because it was not large enough, and so he had to say he had a book. That was the reason he said journal and not ledger. He had too small a package for "books," and consequently he told James he had the "book," and he is sticking to it; only one book. Another reason: He said to James, and it was very smart of him, "I don't want to show you what I have got in this package, because there is a fellow looking," and so the shirt, in unconscious innocence, reposed unseen. Who was the fellow who was looking? Chase Andrews. You recollect him. He came into the depot at Jersey City at the time Rerdell was writing this virtuous dispatch, this certificate of his honor and of his faithfulness. He shook hands with Rerdell. Rerdell said he had a carpet-sack, but it was not big enough to get one of these books in. He wanted the jury to think it was a pretty big book. He hated to lose a chance of adding to the size of the book, and so he swore that it was too big to put in the carpet-sack. If he had only had sense enough to put it in the carpet-sack, and let it alone, we never could have proven anything about it by Chase Andrews. Andrews would not have sworn that he looked through the carpet-sack. But Rerdell in his anxiety to have that book a big book said he could not get it into the carpet-sack, and consequently must have held it in his hand. Chase Andrews saw him in the depot at Jersey City, and rode in the next seat in the Pullman car from Jersey City to Washington, and Rerdell had no book. Who will you believe, Chase Andrews or Mr. Rerdell?

Mr. Ingersoll. [Resuming.] May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury.

It is also claimed by the prosecution that on the evening of the day on which Rerdell was in New York and sent the telegram from Jersey City. Dorsey wrote a letter to Rerdell in which he begged him for the sake of his family, for the sake of his children,

and everything to go no further. I believe it is claimed that after Mr. Rerdell got back here to Washington he showed that letter to his brother. It struck me as extremely wonderful that he did not show his brother the book; that was such an important thing, it being the thing that he went after, being something that was to decide his fate with the Government. There was nothing about that. Let me say right here: Suppose his story is true that he told Dorsey that he had been to the Government. Would Dorsey write to that man a letter begging him for God's sake not to go further? Would he not rather have sent some man to see him? He knew at that time that he was utterly dishonest, having received that very afternoon, according to Rerdell's testimony, a telegram from Rerdell, in which Rerdell admitted that he had told a falsehood. Would he then have put himself upon paper? Would he have put himself in the power of that same man? I ask you, because you know there is about as much human nature in one person as in another, on the average, and the only way you can tell what another man will do is by thinking "What would I do under the circumstances?"

I am going to demonstrate to you now with just one point that there were no such books. When Rerdell came to make the affidavit of June 20, 1881, Dorsey knew that Rerdell had talked with MacVeagh, James, and Clayton. He also knew that Rerdell, according to his statement, had promised to go to New York and get the red book. Rerdell swears in the affidavit of June, 1881, that he promised MacVeagh to go to New York and get those books. Dorsey knew at that time whether such books existed or not. If he knew they did exist then he knew that Rerdell went after them. Why did not Dorsey ask Rerdell at the time he made that affidavit, "Did you get a book in New York?" Admitting, for the sake of the argument, that Rerdell's story is true that the books were there and that Dorsey knew it, would not Dorsey have asked him, when he was making the affidavit of June 20, 1881, "Did you get a book in New York? What did you do with it, if you did?" Rerdell swears that Dorsey did not mention that subject; that it was not talked of between them. Why? Because both knew that no such books existed. That is the reason he did not ask him if he got it. He knew that he did not get it. Why? Because the book was not there to be obtained. Can you explain that on any other hypothesis? Dorsey knew at this time, according to the testimony of Rerdell, that Rerdell was dishonest; knew that Rerdell had tried to sell him out to the Government; knew that Rerdell had promised MacVeagh he would go to New York and get those books; knew that Rerdell had been to New York; knew that Rerdell had gotten back, and yet did not ask him, "Did you get a book?" Would he not naturally have said, "I want that book that you got in New York. I want it now." It also appears in evidence that on the very day that Rerdell was in New York and says he was in Torrey's office, Torrey in the afternoon went to the Albemarle Hotel to do some writing for Mr. Dorsey. Is it conceivable that Torrey would not in that conversation have told Dorsey, "Your clerk, Rerdell, came to the office to-day and I gave him the mail book or one of those books"? Not a word. That affidavit was made in June, 1881, and was the affidavit in which Rerdell disclosed what he had done with the Government, and that he had agreed to get that very book, and yet Dorsey did not take interest enough in the matter to ask him if he got a book.

Mr. Merrick. Is there any evidence of the conversation between Torrey and Dorsey?

Mr. Ingersoll. No. The evidence is that Torrey went there that evening. You claim that that was the topic of conversation, and that Dorsey sent dispatches to Rerdell that night and wrote a letter to Rerdell. So, I say, under the circumstances, and with the excitement then prevailing, it is inconceivable that Torrey should not have said, "Your man Rerdell has been at my office to-day, and got one of the books."

I say it is inconceivable that he did not tell him, and therefore Dorsey must have known it had it been a fact, and had it been a fact when Rerdell made the affidavit of 1881, Dorsey would have said, "I want that book. I want the book you stole from my office." He did not even mention it. It was not the subject of conversation. Yet, in that same affidavit, he said that he agreed to go and get it, and in that same affidavit he said that no such book ever existed. He swore to that affidavit from friendship. You see, gentlemen, about how much friendship that man is capable of. He swore for friendship that no such book existed; he now swears that it did. What is that for? You want to consider these things. Nobody asked about that book. The matter drifted along. The summer wore away. Autumn touched the woods with gold. Nobody ever mentioned the book. Winter came. That book was in a little carpet-sack hanging in a woodshed. A magnificent place to secrete property. The snows descended; the winds howled around that woodshed. The carpet-sack hung there with the book in it. Nobody touched it. I think the next year, may be that summer, he wrote or telegraphed to Mrs. Cushman to get the book. It suddenly occurred to him that a woodshed was not a safe place for it. She got a book. She looked into it enough to find out it was about the mail business. She put it away; finally that book was brought from its hiding-place on the 13th of July, 1882, when Rerdell says he handed it over to Dorsey, and there is not one syllable of evidence going to show that it was ever spoken of from the time he visited New York until he brought it to Dorsey, as he claimed, at Willard's Hotel. What made him give it to him? Dorsey was mad. Dorsey threatened that he would have Rerdell arrested for perjury, because Rerdell had sworn that he, Dorsey, was innocent. That is enough to excite the wrath of an ordinary man. Dorsey was then on trial. The first trial was then going on. We were right in the midst of it. The year before that Rerdell had solemnly taken his oath that Dorsey was an innocent man, and here Dorsey was in a court insisting that he was innocent. Yet he threatened to have Rerdell then and there punished for perjury because he had sworn that he was innocent. That frightened Rerdell. I think it was calculated to frighten any man.

Why did Dorsey allow Rerdell to keep that book? There is only one possible explanation: The book never existed. That is all. Torrey would have told about it if it had been taken from his office, because I believe the evidence shows that that affidavit was shortly afterwards published. Nobody seemed to have taken any interest in that book. All interest faded away. Now, Mr. Rerdell made that affidavit on the 20th of June, 1881. I believe, on page 2468, Rerdell swears that when he made the affidavit of June 20, 1881, he had the copies of the original journal and ledger at Dorsey's office. Afterwards he swears he had not. He swears that he then gave them to Dorsey. Afterwards he says they were sent to New York the year before. I will come to that after awhile. Now, let us see what the position of affairs was on June 20, 1881. At this time Rerdell had furnished the Government all the information he had, except the book. Then they had said to him substantially, "The evidence is insufficient. We

want more." Rerdell agreed to furnish them the books, and went to New York to get the books.

Now, he had Dorsey absolutely in his power, according to his account. What did he do? He had, according to his testimony, the copy of the letter Dorsey had written to Bosler on the 13th of May, 1879, the copy having been made by Miss Nettie L. White. He had the tabular statement in Dorsey's own handwriting, showing thirty-three and one-third per cent, to T. J. B. He had the letter that he himself wrote to Bosler on the 22d of May, 1880. He had the red book. According to his statement, on that day he had Dorsey in his power. All he had to do was to take the next step and secure absolute safety for himself and crush his employer. What did he do? He then said, "I went to the Government and played the detective." He retreated. He voluntarily put himself in a position a thousand times as perilous as he had been in before. He put himself in a place where he had to swear that what he told the Government was a lie, and that he was simply endeavoring to find out the Government's case and was acting as a detective. You must recollect that Rerdell is a man who does nothing for money. He will make an affidavit for unadulterated friendship. He will make it also from fright. He will make it also, he says, in the interest of truth. At that time he made an affidavit, as he says, for friendship, and it is for the jury to determine how much a man like Rerdell—because you know what he is just as well as I do—would do for friendship. You have seen him here day after day. You saw him sitting right at the door when Mr. Ker and Mr. Bliss were demonstrating to you that he was a guilty wretch, and you saw his face beaming with pleasure. He was absolutely delighted. Yet when Mr. Wilson stood here and endeavored to show that the man was not as bad as he said he was, endeavored to show that his plea of guilty was absolutely false, he slunk away, covered with the shame of innocence. He did not want to hear that. He wanted it understood that he was guilty, and that it was the proudest moment of his life. Now, it is for you to determine how much such a man would do for friendship. It is for you to determine how you can take advantage of his finer nature. He had Dorsey in his power, according to his story, but instead of carrying out his original design he turned against the Government. Why did he do that? Because of patriotism? No. Why? He did it for his own benefit, gentlemen. He never acted from any other motive. Why did he not stay with the Government? Because they would not give him his price for his evidence. Why would they not give him his price for his evidence? Because his evidence was not worth it. If he had had the copy of the letter from Dorsey to Bosler they would have given him his price. They would have followed him all over the United States to have given him his price. There was the absolute evidence against Dorsey. There was the evidence against the man whom Mr. MacVeagh wished to drag down. Why did they not buy it? Because the man did not have it. Why did he desert the Government? Because the Government would not give him his price. Again I ask why would not the Government give him his price? Because he had not the goods; he had not the evidence. Then what did he do? He sneaked back and asked protection of the man he had endeavored to betray. That is what he did. He again asked Dorsey to stand by him. Dorsey did not need this man. This man needed him, and he instantly deserted the Government and went back to Dorsey. For the sake of saving Dorsey? No. For the purpose of saving himself.

He had not the evidence. Yet, according to this testimony of his, he did what I told you. What else did he have? He had the route-book. What was the route-book, gentlemen? From the evidence it appears that this man kept a route-book, and that in it he had the name of each route, the number of the route, where it started from, and where it went to, the name of the contractor, the amount per year, the name of the subcontractor, the amount per year, and then a column showing whether it had been increased, and, if so, how much, and whether it had been expedited, and, if so, how much. He had that book. He says he was subpoenaed to appear before the Congressional committee. What book would that committee want? They would want the book that showed the original contracts, the subcontracts, the description of the routes, how much the Government paid to the contractor, and how much the contractor paid to the subcontractor. That was the book they wanted, and that was the book to hide if any hiding was to be done. That was the book to have copied. That was the book in which figures should have been changed, if in any. And yet he never said one word about that route-book. He had it in his possession. Why should he not expect the committee of Congress to call for that book? He did not tell you. He did not have that book copied, and yet that was the book that had in it every particle of information that the Congressional committee wanted. Not a word on that subject.

It appears, too, in the evidence, that Mr. Rerdell had in his possession certain notes that passed between him and Mr. Steele about the red books. Why were not those notes produced in evidence? Mr. Steele was here on the subpoena of the Government. Why were not those notes produced in evidence? Not a word about that. Is it possible that those notes were about the route-book? Why were they not produced? Rerdell went before that Congressional committee. He did not take any route-book. What did he take? He said that he had these books made up to take. Did they contain the accounts of the subcontractors? No. Donnelly swears there were not more than twelve accounts in the book. What was the use of taking that book, or those books, before the committee? Another thing: He says that he went immediately and got those books copied. Would he try to palm off the copies as originals? Would not the committee ask him the very first thing, “In whose handwriting are these books?” He could not say, “They are in mine,” because then he would be caught. He would have to say, “They are in Mr. Donnelly’s handwriting.” The next question would be, “Where is Mr. Donnelly?” And the answer would be, “Here in town.” The committee would send for him and would ask, “Mr. Donnelly, did you write in those books?” “Yes.” “Did you make the entries at the time they purport to have been made?” “No, sir; I copied them from another set of books that Mr. Rerdell gave to me.” He would either say that or swear to a lie. Then they would say, “Mr. Rerdell, we want the original books,” and then he would be caught. You cannot imagine a more shallow device. More than that, the books would not have any information that the committee wanted, nothing about these contracts, and nothing about the amount paid the subcontractors. If the committee wanted anything they wanted to show that the Government was paying a large price and the contractors were paying to the subcontractors a small price. Rerdell says that when he was subpoenaed to bring his books he never thought of the route-book. He thought of the red books, and yet the route-book was the only book that had any information that the committee wanted. How was he to palm that off? Is it possible to think of a reason having in it less

probability, less weight, less human nature than the reason he gives for having those books copied? There is another question. If Rerdell expected to palm off the copies as the originals, why did he keep the originals? For instance. I have a book here that I don't want Congress to see, and so I have it copied.

I am going to swear that that copy is the original; otherwise the device is good for nothing. Why keep the original and run the perpetual danger of discovery? Why not burn the original? Why keep the evidence of my own guilt, liable to be found at any moment by accident, by a servant, by a stranger? That is not human nature, gentlemen. Then there is another question: If he were going to have a book copied and then swear that the copy was the original, he would have copied it himself. If a man intends to swear to a lie the first thing he does is not to take somebody into the secret. Why should he have put himself in the power of Donnelly? He was the man to be the witness before the committee, and if his device worked he intended to swear before the committee that the copies were the originals; and yet, by going to Donnelly to have the work done, he manufactured a witness that would always stand ready to prove that he, Rerdell, had sworn to a falsehood. What men work in that way? When a man makes up his mind to swear to a lie does he take pains to go to one of his neighbors and say, "I am going to swear to a lie to-morrow and I want to give you the evidence of it. I am going to swear that a copy is an original. I want you to make the copy so that I can swear to it." Would not the neighbor then say, "I will be a witness against you in that case. You had better copy it yourself." Just see what he did. He took pains to have a witness so that if he swore falsely he could be contradicted and convicted. Why did he not copy the books himself? After he got the originals copied why did he not burn up the originals so that nobody could ever find them in his possession?

Let us take another step. Finally, he got before the committee. When he got before the committee what did he swear? He swore that he kept some expense-books showing how he stood with the contractors. I think that was the truth. I think that is what he did keep. He did not tell the committee about the route-book. Not a word. That was the only book that he concealed in his testimony. He said he kept some expense-books and those were all that he kept. He did not tell about the route-book. That is the only book that he failed to mention. Consequently, it seems to me, that was the only book he did not want to show. Why? Because he thought at that time they were going to make a great outcry about what was paid to the subcontractor and to the contractor and he had no advices from anybody, except from whom? Except from Mr. Bosler. What did Bosler tell him? Bosler told him, "I see no reason why you should not exhibit your books and papers." Now, according to Rerdell's testimony, on the 13th of May the year before, Dorsey had written a letter to Bosler informing him that he had given twenty thousand dollars to T. J. B. Bosler knew, if the testimony of Rerdell is true, that that letter had been written, and Bosler had that information. He knew if the letter had been copied, too, because every letter that one receives gives evidence whether it has been copied or not. And yet, knowing of that letter, he wrote to Rerdell or telegraphed him that he saw no reason why he should not show all his books and papers. Nobody believes that. Nobody ever will believe it! The earth may revolve in its orbit for millions of years, and generations may come and go, countless as the leaves of all the forests, and there never will be found a man of average

intelligence to believe that story. Just think of it. Bosler, according to the testimony of Rerdell, had gone into partnership with Dorsey knowing there was a conspiracy, knowing Dorsey was paying to Brady thirty-three and one-third per cent, of the profits, and thereupon the clerk who attended to the business writes or telegraphs to him, and says he has been subpoenaed to appear before the Congressional committee with the books and papers, and Mr. Bosler knowing of the existence of the conspiracy, and knowing that Brady is getting thirty-three and one-third per cent, writes or telegraphs back that he sees no reason why all the books and papers should not be presented to the committee. Gentlemen, that is impossible; it never happened and it never will.

Ah, but they say these books did exist. Why? Because Mr. Donnelly copied them. Let us see whether he did or not. There is nothing like examining these questions. Mr. Rerdell says that in his interview with Brady, Brady suggested to him that he had better have them copied. This, I believe, was on the 21st of May, 1880. Now he swears that in accordance with that view or suggestion that he received from Brady he had the books copied by Donnelly. When did he have it done? He had it done after the 21st day of May, 1880. On page 2638 Donnelly swears that he copied these books in the latter part of April or the forepart of May. On page 2636, where he was asked if he had anything to do with copying a book of accounts for Rerdell, he says that he had; and on being asked what kind of books they were, says they were a small set of books. Donnelly swears that they related to the mail business, and seemed to be the books of a firm. At that time nobody was interested in the matter except S. W. Dorsey. How did they appear to be the books of a firm? Donnelly swears, on page 2640, “there were not more than a dozen accounts in the book.” Let us see if these were the mail books. He says there was an account against S. W. Dorsey; that is one. An account against John W. Dorsey; that is two. Against Donnelly himself; that is three. M. C. Rerdell; that is four. Interest account; five. A mail account; six. An expense account; seven. A profit and loss account, eight; and an account with William Smith, nine. That is all he gives. But he says they were not to exceed a dozen. On page 2644 Gibbs says there was an account against Colonel Steele and Mrs. Steele. I take it they would be in one account. That makes ten. Then there was an account against Jennings, making eleven; and an account against Perkins, making twelve. Let us see if we can go a little further. Mr. Rerdell swears to a cash account; that is thirteen. Also an account against J. H. Mitchell; that is fourteen; and one against Belford, making fifteen. You can deduct your Jones and your Smith and have one more account in the book then than Donnelly swears was in it. He swears they were not to exceed a dozen. That was the book with all this mail business. We will follow it up a little. Rerdell says he opened the books according to the memorandum, and swears consequently that there was a cash account and an account with J. H. Mitchell. J. B. Belford, I believe, he afterwards mentioned. Now, according to Gibb’s testimony there was an account with Perkins. Understand I say that the only book he had, if he had any, was a private book in which he kept his own expense accounts and his own matters, and it was not a book with which Stephen W. Dorsey had any connection. I say that the William Smith and Samuel Jones account he has added for the purpose of having something to sell to the Government. That is my claim. I say they were his private books. There was an account with Perkins. You have heard all

the testimony, gentlemen. You know all the contracts in this case. You know all the subcontracts. There is not a single solitary account in this book with any subcontractor mentioned in any of these subcontracts except Perkins and possibly Jennings. Who was Perkins? Perkins was a subcontractor on the route from Rawlins to White River. That is the route that Rerdell had an interest in himself.

Rerdell made the subcontract with Perkins himself, and consequently he had an account with Perkins in his own private book, and had not any account with the rest of the subcontractors. We also find, according to Gibbs, that there was an account against Jennings. Who was Jennings?

That brings us to the Jennings's claim. That is the claim that he told Mr. Woodward about, when he wanted to sell out in the first place, and that is the claim that he told Mac-Veagh and the Postmaster-General about. Strangely enough and wonderfully enough we find that claim in this very book. That shows whether this was a private book or whether it was a book kept for the accounts of Dorsey.

Now, by looking at the Post-Office reports I find that nine hundred and ninety-four dollars was paid to Rerdell for Jennings on the 14th day of April, 1880, and the question I ask is did he keep two sets of books at that time? He produced in court a book of his own, kept at that time with the Jennings account in it. The book that was copied had the Perkins account, and why? Because it was a special account in which Rerdell was interested. They have failed to prove that there was in that other book any account in which Dorsey was necessarily interested, except the account kept with Rerdell showing Rerdell's transactions with Dorsey.

We now come to the testimony of Mr. Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs says his wife copied a journal between Christmas, 1879, and the 1st of March, 1880. Rerdell says that she copied the journal and ledger both. The witness, Gibbs, gives the color of the book. He says it was not red; it was either brown or black. Mr. Gibbs remembers nothing about the Smith account, whether it was large or whether it was small. He finally swears that he does not really recollect anything about it, except that Rerdell brought the book there and said he wanted to get a copy made to send to Dorsey in New York, and that he returned the book and the copy to Rerdell. He swears that he remembers as names in this book Smith, Jones, and S. W. Dorsey, and M. C. Rerdell. Those were all he could think of. He does not remember the name of John H. Mitchell. On page 2646, he says he believes that Rerdell came to him and asked him during the trial if he recollected the name of William Smith, and he swears that when Rerdell asked him if he recollected the name of William Smith, he distinctly told him that he did not. Then he asked him if he recollected the name of Jones, and he swears that he told Rerdell when he asked him that question that he did not. I read from page 2646:

I tried not to remember anything of this.

How can a man try not to remember? What mental muscle is it that he contracts when he tries not to remember? That is a metaphysical question that interested me greatly when the man was testifying, for he said he tried not to remember. Why did he try not to remember?

I didn't want to be called into court if I could possibly help it, and for quite a long time did not mention the fact that I knew anything of the books. But when I was called into court, I thought of all the circumstances connected with the time that I copied the books; and a few days ago, or a week or so ago, in going home one night, and thinking this thing over in my mind, and thinking of everything I could think of, my mind reverted to a conversation I had had at the time, laughing and looking over the books.

It was not only one book, then.

And I wrote a great many letters, and read a great many names—They must have been in the letter-books—and was laughing about the peculiarity of the names, and even made the remark, "There is even Smith and Jones in it."

What a wonderful circumstance! In copying the books and making an index of the three letter-books he found Smith and Jones. The difficulty would have been not to find Smith or Jones.

That is the evidence of that man. When Rerdell first went to him, he told Rerdell distinctly, "I remember no name of Smith; I remember no name of Jones." And then he waited until Rerdell went on the stand and swore that he copied those books, and that the names of Smith and Jones were in them, and then his memory was refreshed, and he came here and swore that the names of Smith and Jones were there. All of a sudden it came to him, like a flash, and he subsequently had the conversation with his wife. Gentlemen, you may believe it; I do not; not a word of it. He is mistaken. He has mistaken imagination for memory; he has mistaken what Mr. Rerdell told him now for something he thinks happened long ago. He took the letter-books, too. May be there is where he found some of his strange names.

Rerdell says, in swearing to the letter which he says was written by Dorsey to Bosler on the 13th of May, 1879, that he (S. W. Dorsey) took that book, all his own books that were not used for the mail business, and boxed them up. When? In 1879. Mr. Kellogg swears that after they were boxed up they were sent to New York. When? In 1879. And yet Rerdell swears that between Christmas and New Year's, 1879, those books were at the house of Mr. Gibbs to be indexed. It will not do. And Rerdell swears that he had the letter-book containing the letter of May 13, here in 1881, when he went to MacVeagh, and yet, according to his own testimony, that book was sent to New York in 1879. And he swears that the three letter-books—and I will call your attention to them after a while—that he had here, commenced on the 15th of May, and ended, I think, in April or May, 1882. He swears that the letter written by Dorsey to Bosler was written on the 13th of May, 1879, and then he swears that the first letter in the three letter-books was dated the 15th of May, two days afterward. So he had not the book here. I knew he did not have it, because if he had had such a book with such a letter, he never would have gone to New York to steal a book; he would have stolen that one.

Torrey took charge of the books January 27, 1880, and he kept them until the 1st of May, 1880, in the Boreel Building, and then at that time moved to 145 Broadway, and kept them there until the last of April, 1882.

Now, gentlemen, I will come to those red books again in a moment. Here is a little piece of evidence about the books. You know it was the hardest thing in the world to find out how many books this man had, how many times they were copied, who copied them, and what he did with the copies; and he got us all mixed up—counsel for the prosecution, the Court, counsel for the defence—none of us could understand it. "How many books did you have? What did you do with them?" "Well, I took them to New York. No, I did not; I had some of them here." Finally I manufactured out of my imagination a carpet-sack for him. I said, "Didn't you take these books over to New York in a carpet-sack?" He said "Yes," he did. He jumped at that carpet-sack like a trout at a fly. Let me call your attention to some other evidence, on page 2637, near the bottom. Donnelly is testifying:

Q. Was it an exact copy of the book?—A. It was not.

Q. In what did it differ from the book you were keeping?—There were some items left out.

Q. What accounts did you leave out?—A. I left the William Smith account out.

Q. What did you do with that amount in order to balance the books?

Now, I want you to pay particular attention to this answer.

A. My recollection is that I carried it to profit and loss.

Q. On the books or on the balance sheet?—A. On both.

Now, remember, these were the books made out to fool the committee. I suppose there are some book-keepers on this jury. I suppose Mr. Greene knows something about book-keeping, and Mr. Evans, and Mr. Crane, and Mr. Gill. I do not know but you all do. And you know that when you carry an amount to profit and loss you do not throw the name away; you keep the name. If you have charged against Robert G. Ingersoll five thousand dollars, which you never expect to get, and you want to charge it to profit and loss, you make the charge and you put my name against that. You put profit and loss against Robert G. Ingersoll's debt. Everybody that ever kept a book knows that. If you carry an amount to profit and loss you rewrite the name of the person who owes the debt. So that when he says, "My recollection is that I carried it to profit and loss," there would be a name twice in the book instead of once. If it was simply in the book once it would be, "William Smith, debtor, eighteen thousand dollars." But if you carry that to profit and loss you must credit profit and loss by this William Smith amount, and consequently get the name in the book twice instead of once. And that is what they call covering it up. They were so afraid that somebody would see an account against William Smith in one part of the book that they opened another account in the profit and loss business and put it in again. That would be twice. Now, let us go on a little:

Q. Were there any other accounts transferred in the same way?—A. I rather think there were, but I am not certain.

Q. Did you make the books balance on your copy?—A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long were you working on that copy?—A. I was working on it two evenings and all of one night.

Now, recollect, in the copy that he made, he carried the account of William Smith—and may be Jones, he does not remember—to profit and loss.

Now, let us take the next step. Let us go to page 2269. This is as good as a play. Donnelly swears that when he made the first copy he carried the William Smith account and some other to profit and loss. Rerdell swears that acting upon the hint of General Brady he got a man to do—what? To make another copy and leave out the items that had heretofore been charged to profit and loss. Donnelly swears that he balanced the books, and he is the only man that ever did balance the books, according to the testimony. After Rerdell had been subpoenaed to appear before the Congressional committee, he got another man, whom he swears he put to work on the books, designating the entries to be left out by drawing a pencil mark through them; that he told him to make up a new set of books, leaving out those entries, but to leave the books so that they would balance, taking the entries that were stricken out, and also the same amount that had been carried to profit and loss, and leave them entirely out. Rerdell swears that prior to that time these accounts had been carried to profit and loss, and that he struck out the credits to Dorsey.

Then the evidence as it stands is this: Rerdell swears that Mrs. Gibbs copied the journal and ledger. Gibbs does not swear it, but Rerdell does. That made four books. Then he got Donnelly to make another set of books with the William Smith and Dorsey accounts carried to profit and loss.

That is six books. After he had been subpoenaed by the committee he got another man to make a new set of books and leave out the William Smith and Dorsey accounts and the profit and loss account, and that makes eight books. And there we are, so far as that is concerned.

Now, gentlemen, I have come to one other view of this case. I hope that you will not forget—because I do not want to speak of it all the time—that this man Rerdell swears that he had the original letter-press copy of that letter which he says Dorsey wrote to Bosler. Do not forget that. He says he had that before he went to New York to steal the red books; do not forget that. And that he gave that testimony away; do not forget that. That he says he had it copied by Miss White, and they do not introduce Miss White to show that she copied it; do not forget that. Do not forget, too, that he had when he was there the tabular statement in the handwriting of S. W. Dorsey.

Mr. Ingersoll. [Resuming.] Gentlemen, on page 2286 Mr. Rerdell gives the contents of a letter which he says Dorsey wrote to him the night he, Rerdell, left New York, and when he says he had the book with him. He swears, you remember, that afterwards Dorsey tore the letter up. Let me read you the letter as he says it was written:

The letter started out by stating that he did not believe the report that had been brought to him in reference to myself, and that he also believed the affidavit story to be a lie. He plead in the letter for the sake of his wife and children and himself, and

his social and business relations, and the friendship that had long existed between us not to do anything for his injury; for God's sake to reconsider everything that I had done and take no steps further until he could see me. It was in that strain, simply begging me not to do anything further until he could see me.

Now, let us analyze that letter, keeping in our minds what Rerdell has sworn. Rerdell has sworn that when he went to the Albermarle Hotel he told Dorsey what he had done; that he had had the conversations with MacVeagh and James. Let me call your attention to the dispatch from Jersey City. First, Dorsey wrote to Rerdell that he did not believe the report that had been brought to him; *that had been brought to him*. He could not have used that word "brought" if Rerdell had been the bringer. If Rerdell had made the report to him in person he could not have written to Rerdell, "I do not believe the report that has been brought to me." The use of the word "brought" shows that somebody else told him; not the person to whom he wrote. "The report." What report? There is only one answer. The report that Rerdell had been in consultation with the Government. He writes to Rerdell, "I don't believe that report that has been brought to me," and yet when he wrote it, if Rerdell's testimony is true, he knew that Rerdell had given him that very report and he knew that Rerdell would know that he, Rerdell, had told Dorsey that very thing. Second, that he, Dorsey", believed the affidavit story to be a lie. There is again in this horizon of falsehood one little cloud of truth. Rerdell had not made an affidavit. He had told James, MacVeagh, Woodward, and Clayton what you know, but he had not made any affidavit, and when he was charged, if he was, with having made an affidavit, it delighted him to have one little speck of truth, just one thing that he could honestly deny. That was the one thing. He had not yet made an affidavit. Third, Dorsey plead with him in the letter for the sake of his wife, his children, himself, his social and business relations, and the friendship that had long existed between them, not to do what? Not to do anything further. According to Rerdell, he told him in the letter he did not believe he had done anything. Rerdell swears that he wrote to him in the letter that he did not believe the report; that is, that he had yet done anything, and then wound up the letter by begging him, for God's sake, not to do anything *further*. How came he to use the word "further"? "Don't take any further steps. I know that you have not taken any step at all, but do not, I pray you, take any further steps." That letter will not hang together. Dorsey swears he never wrote it. Finally, the letter comes down to this: "I don't believe the report. I do not believe you have done anything. But, for God's sake, do not do anything more." It is like the old Scotch verdict when a man was tried for larceny. The jury found him not guilty, but stated at the end of the verdict, "We hope the defendant will never do so again." The first part of this letter shows that Dorsey did not believe that he had done anything. The last part of it shows that he did believe he had done something and that he must not go further. No one can tell why he introduced the word "further" into this letter upon any other hypothesis. Now, I read to you, from page 2287, what Rerdell says happened at the Albermarle Hotel:

He charged me with holding interviews with Mr. James, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General, and asked me what I meant by it. I told him my action was in his behalf; that I had been keeping up with the newspapers, and knowing the facts in regard to this mail business, what I had done was done in his behalf.

That is, he did not deny that he had these conversations, did not deny the report, did not deny that he had met the Attorney-General and the Postmaster-General, but said:

My action was in your behalf.

And then, according to Rerdell, after that Dorsey wrote him a letter, in which he said, "I do not believe the report," although Rerdell had made the report to him himself. May be that is the reason he did not believe it.

Now, let me read to you the conversation on his return from New York and see how it agrees with the letter. It is on page 2288:

Mr. Dorsey immediately brought up the conversation that we had had over in New York, and what I had done by going to Mr. Mac-Veagh, and asked me if I intended to ruin him. I said no, I did not; it was not my intention to ruin him; it was my intention to help him out of what I thought to be a bad difficulty.

Q. What did he say?—A. He then asked me if I had done anything further since I had left him.

Yet in the letter that he wrote him from the Albermarle Hotel he said that he did not believe the report and did not believe that he had done anything against him. The first thing he asked him when he got here was, "Have you done anything further against me?"

I said no, I had not; I had not been near Mr. MacVeagh. He then says, "Well, how shall we get out of this?" I says. "Mr. Dorsey, I will do anything that I can except to commit perjury."

A very natural remark for Mr. Rerdell to make. He would do anything but that. That testimony shows that Dorsey never wrote the letter which Rerdell says he did write from New York. That testimony shows that they did not have the conversation in New York that Rerdell says they had. That testimony shows that they did have exactly the conversation which Mr. Dorsey swears they had.

Now, I come, gentlemen, to the affidavit of June 20,1881. I would like the letter of July 5, 1882, which is on page 3733.

You understand this affidavit was made in consequence of the conversation, as he says, that he had with Dorsey after Dorsey came back from New York, in which he said he would do anything except commit perjury, and when Dorsey told him, "Damn it, what does that amount to when a friend is involved? I would not hesitate a moment." Consequently he swears that he made up his mind for the sake of friendship to swear to a lie for Mr. Dorsey. That is what he says now. On the 5th of July, 1882, while we were in the midst of the other trial, and when Mr. Rerdell, as he says, contemplated going over to the Government, and when he would not put evidence in our hands against himself, he wrote this letter:

July 5, 1882.

Senator: What I am going to say here may surprise you, while, judging from certain circumstances that to me are easily to be seen, you may not be taken by surprise.

To commence with this, it will be necessary to go back about a year to the time when, looking forward to the inevitable result of the star-route matters—I started to put myself in accord with the Government. At that time I had no thought of being included in any prosecution or indictment, supposing that as an agent I could not be held criminally responsible. Had I for one moment thought it possible nothing could have changed my mind, even anxious as I was to benefit you. The consequence was, I listened to Bosler and did what I will ever regret. First, because of the unenviable notoriety given me in consequence of doing what he persuaded me to do.

Who persuaded him? Mr. Bosler. He writes that on the 5th of July, 1882, when, as he said, he had made up his mind to go over to the Government, and when he would not willingly put a club in our hands with which to dash out his brains.

Second, because, let this case go as it may, I am still left under a cloud—That is a pitiable statement. That man under a cloud!—both with your friends and acquaintances, and the public generally.

Here comes, gentlemen, the blossom and flower of this paragraph:

And that, too, almost penniless.

Then the letter goes on:

These are stern facts, and cannot be ignored, while had I continued acting with the Government my reputation would have been clear, and no doubt been appointed to a good position.

The Government must have promised the gentleman an office when he went, in June, 1881, to Woodward and to Clayton and to the Attorney-General and to the Postmaster-General. According to this letter, among other things he was to have an office, the steamboat route was to be reinstated, the Jennings' claim was to be allowed, his father-in law was to get a clerkship, and according to this letter he also was to have a position. That is civil service reform! What does he say?

At least I have every reason to believe such would have been the result.

He would have had an office, he has every reason to believe. Why? They must have promised it to him.

This now brings us to the present time. I have an opportunity to redeem myself, and think it best to do so, as by so doing I can be entirely relieved of the indictment.

The Government then must have promised him in 1882 that the indictment should be dismissed as against him. Is it possible that he would tell a lie, gentlemen? Is it possible the prosecution will say that he lied on the 13th of July, 1882, but in 1883, having met with a change of heart, he told the truth? No.

In taking this step let me say this: It is the result of much thought and also of preparation.

I think so. The preparation of several papers.

I have realized the fact that all you and Bosler desired was to use me, and when no longer needed I could go to the devil.

Well, I think that is where he has gone.

Therefore I have concluded to be used no longer, and propose to look out for myself.

To-day I am putting things in order, so as to commence right tomorrow. I regret this on your family's account, but I too have a family, and owe it to them to put myself right.

You see, gentlemen, he wanted to leave an unspotted reputation to his children.

I deem it as being due to you that I should give you notice of my intention. Very truly,

M. C. RERDELL.

Now, gentlemen, he comes on the stand and swears that he made this affidavit, not being overpersuaded by Bosler, but because Dorsey with tears and groans besought him to make it. Yet on the 5th of July, 1882, he says he made it because he was overpersuaded by Bosler, and he says, too, "Had I remained with the Government my reputation would have been clear, and I have every reason to believe I would have had a good position." He says, "I have another opportunity to be entirely relieved from the indictment." These gentlemen say he never was promised immunity. That simply shows you cannot believe Mr. Rerdell when he is not under oath, and what he has sworn to here shows you cannot believe him when he is under oath.

Now I come to the affidavit. I will not spend a great deal of time upon it. Mr. Rerdell, with extreme ease, without the slightest hesitation, went through that entire affidavit, picking out with all the facility imaginable, every paragraph written by Dorsey and every paragraph written by himself. I was astonished at his exhibition of memory. I finally asked to look at the copy of the paper he had, and when I got that in my hand I found that every word that he swore was written by Dorsey had been underscored with a blue pencil. That accounted for the facility with which he testified. I found afterwards that that paper had been given him by Mr. Woodward and that he had gone through and marked such portions as Mr. Dorsey wrote, according to his testimony, or had marked those that he wrote, leaving the others unmarked, so that at a glance he could tell which way to swear. Before I get through with the papers in this case there is another thing to which I want to call your attention. All the papers as to which witnesses were called on the subject of handwriting are marked. I will show you that every one has a little secret mark upon it, so that the man who swore might know which way to swear simply by looking at the signature and at no other part. There has been a great deal of preparation in this case.

Now, Rerdell swears as to the parts of the affidavit that Dorsey wrote and the parts that he wrote. His object in swearing was to entirely relieve Messrs. James and MacVeagh from having made any bargain with him to steal Mr. Dorsey's books, and to entirely relieve them from any suspicion, as well as to relieve every other official of the Government from any suspicion of having promised him any pay in any shape or

manner for the making of this affidavit. He swears in the first place, that Dorsey wrote this:

My story captured them completely, and I took occasion to refer to the steamboat route and the Jennings' claim. Mr. James remarked that he knew all about the Jennings' matter, that Jennings had been badly treated, and he ought to get the money, and should; that he would investigate the steamboat route and see if anything could be done; that that was the worst part, and his special agents had reported it; nevertheless he would see if something could not be done.

On page 2506, in his cross-examination, Mr. Rerdell swears that the words—Mr. James remarked—were not written by Dorsey, but were written by himself. On the same page he swears that the words—That Jennings had been badly treated—were not written by Mr. Dorsey, but were written by himself.

On his examination-in-chief he swore that these words were written by Dorsey.

On his examination-in-chief he swore that Dorsey wrote this:

And to further deceive them and learn their plans, carried the letter-book containing—And then he wrote—the much-talked of Oregon correspondence.

Afterward, when cross-examined, he swears, I think upon the same page, 2506, that he himself wrote the words:

Carried the letter-book containing.

That Dorsey did not write them. He also swears in his examination-in-chief that Dorsey wrote these words:

Making only one mistake, or rather slip, by which Mr. MacVeagh could, as a good lawyer, have detected me, and that was by stating that I had kept a set of books.

On his examination-in-chief he swears that Mr. Dorsey wrote those words. On cross-examination he admits that Dorsey did not write them and that he wrote them.

On his examination-in-chief he swears that he wrote this himself:

He said, "Well, Mr. Rerdell, I am in a position where I cannot make promises, but if you will place yourself in full accord with the Government, you shall not lose by it, and I would advise you not to receive any salary from Dorsey this month. It will be all right."

On cross-examination he takes it back, and swears, on page 2503, that Dorsey wrote the words:

It will be all right.

He was afraid those words might be given too wide a significance and might in some way touch the Attorney-General, and consequently he swore that he swore wrong when he swore that he wrote them, and that as a matter of fact Dorsey wrote them. Then, on his examination-in-chief with the marked paper before him, and having plenty of time to manufacture his testimony, he swore that he wrote the words:

He asked me—In his own handwriting, and that Dorsey wrote these words—when I was going to New York to get those books. I replied, “On Sunday night.” He said, “Don’t put it off too long, as they are all-important.”

On his examination-in-chief he swore that Dorsey wrote those words, and on cross-examination he admitted that he wrote every one of those words himself. When he was cross-examined he had not the paper before him. His memory was not refreshed by the blue pencil mark. So on his examination-in-chief he swore that he wrote these words:

As I was about leaving he—Meaning the Attorney-General—said, “Mr. Rerdell, you have put yourself in full accord with us, and I have this to say, you shall be well taken care of and your matters shall be attended to.”

On cross-examination, on page 2500, he swears that Dorsey wrote the words:

Your matters shall be attended to.

But he still admitted that he, Rerdell, wrote the words and put them in the mouth of the Attorney-General:

You shall be well taken care of.

He says in his letter of July 5, 1882:

If I had remained with the Government I have every reason to believe I would have a good position.

What next? Mr. Rerdell, in his examination-in-chief, swears that he himself wrote these words:

The next evening I called on Mr. Woodward to see if he had anything more to say, and he told me a place had been found for my father-in-law, and to give the application to Senator Clayton; to make the application for the Interior Department, as it was best not to put him into the Post-Office Department for fear of criticism; that the appointment should be made at once. It was all arranged. The next day I saw Clayton, who said the same thing.

On cross-examination, at page 2505, he swears that Dorsey wrote a part of this; that Dorsey wrote the following words:

As it was best not to put him into the Post-Office Department for fear of criticism.

When he testified on direct examination he had this marked paper before him; in the absence of the paper, on the cross-examination, he takes his solemn oath that he did not write it, but that Senator Dorsey did. What confidence can you put in that kind of testimony? I would like to have you, gentlemen, some time, or I would like to have anybody who has the slightest interest in the thing, read this affidavit and see whether it is the work of two or the work of one. You let two men write, one writing one paragraph and the other another paragraph, and then you read it; there is no man in the world accustomed to read books that cannot instantly detect the difference in style, the different mode of expression, the different use of language. Nobody can see any difference in the writing; nobody can see the slightest difference

in the mode of expression; the sharpest verbal mechanic that ever lived cannot see a joint between these paragraphs. They emanated from the same brain; they were written by the same hand; and if any man, who has ever read one book clear through, will read that, he will see that one person wrote it all. But Mr. Bliss tells you that here is a passage that shows the handiwork of S. W. Dorsey, because Dorsey was a politician:

He also said that you, Mr. President, had told Mr. Dorsey you could not interfere in this investigation and prosecution; that if you did, the public would say that the President and a Secretary, who shall be nameless, but whose name I could guess, had taken the money of the star-route ring while they were in Congress, or the Postmaster-General and Attorney-General had taken it since, and therefore he (Dorsey) must look to the courts for vindication.

That is the passage upon which Mr. Bliss relies, among others, to show that this was formed in the brain of S. W. Dorsey; and yet Rerdell swears that that passage he wrote himself. It will not do, gentlemen.

Now, in order that you may know just about how much force to give to that, let me read you a little from page 2379; and I read this for the purpose of letting you know the ideas that this man Rerdell entertains of right and wrong.

I want you to get at the moral nature of this man; I want you to thoroughly understand him. When you examine these affidavits, when you think of his testimony, I want you to know exactly the kind of nature he has, and I want you to remember that he came here upon this stand and swore in this case that he did not consider that it was wrong to interline petitions; that he did not think it was wrong to fill up affidavits; and that is the reason he made the affidavit of July 13, 1882. Although he then knew that these things had been done, still he did not regard them as wrong. You see it is worth something to get at a man, to get at his philosophy of right and wrong; it is worth something to know how he thinks; why he acts; and when you have found that out about a man, then you know whether to believe him or not.

I believe the jury did look at this paper and saw all the parts that had been marked by blue pencil, and those parts, I believe, he said Dorsey wrote. That is the paper he had before him at the time he testified in chief. But when he came to be cross-examined, not having the paper then before his eyes, he swore in very many important things exactly the other way. We were all astonished at the facility with which he remembered, he pretending to know what parts he wrote and what parts Mr. Dorsey wrote. I want you to understand this man, and before I get through with him, you will. I want you to know him.

Now we come to an exceedingly important thing in this case, in the eyes of the prosecution. It is the principal pillar supporting the testimony of Mr. Rerdell. Without that pillar absolutely nothing is left, everything falls into perjured ruin.

The first question that arises with regard to the pencil memorandum (31 X) is who wrote it, and in order to ascertain who wrote it we must take into consideration all the facts and circumstances that have been established in this case. It is already in

evidence, as you remember it, that Rerdell kept a route-book. You will also remember that Mr. Dorsey had books of his own; that he had a bookkeeper of his own, Mr. Kellogg; that Mr. Kellogg swears that he kept those books and that nobody else ever made a scratch of the pen in them; that he kept them up till the fall of 1879; they were then sent to New York; that Mr. Torrey took possession of those books on the 27th of January, 1880, and kept them continuously to the last of April, 1882, and that nobody else ever put a mark in them. That is the evidence. The evidence also is that there was in those books a complete mail account. The evidence is also that in those books kept by Mr. Kellogg were the charges and credits growing out of the purchase of John W. Dorsey's interest and Peck's interest in the mail routes.

Mr. Merrick. Pardon me; point me to that evidence.

Mr. Ingersoll. I will refer to it hereafter. I do not wonder, gentlemen, that they dislike this pencil memorandum.

Mr. Merrick. No, sir; I only want to keep you within correct limits.

Mr. Ingersoll. I understand that. I do not blame anybody for disliking that pencil memorandum.

Mr. Merrick. You can convict Rerdell as much as you like.

Mr. Ingersoll. When you come to show that he is guilty his countenance will light up with the transfiguration of joy. There will be no more delighted auditor than Mr. Rerdell when his crimes are painted blackest. It shows you the moral nature of the man.

Now, as I say, the evidence is that there was a route-book kept; that that route book contained all the information that Mr. Dorsey or any one else would want about the routes themselves; consequently, that there was no propriety in keeping any other set of books. Mr. Rerdell could keep books for himself, but not for S. W. Dorsey. Dorsey had a set of books, and had another book-keeper. Why should he have another set opened by Rerdell? Rerdell kept a route-book that gave him all the information that he could possibly desire.

Mr. Wilson. Rerdell did not handle the money.

Mr. Ingersoll. Of course not; there was no money at that time to handle; they had not got as far as the handle.

Now, there is another little point: Why should Dorsey voluntarily put himself in the power of Rerdell by saying, "I have paid money to Brady"? What was the necessity of it? What was the sense of it? Rerdell was his clerk. Why should he take pains to put himself, the employer, absolutely in the power of his clerk? Why should he take pains to make himself the slave of the man he was hiring by the month? Why did he wish not only to make Mr. Rerdell acquainted with his crime, but to put in the hands of Rerdell evidence written by himself? See, gentlemen, you have got to look at everything from a natural standpoint. Of what use was it to Mr. Dorsey to keep that account? Dorsey at that time had no partner. Dorsey at that time did not have to respond to anybody. Of what use was it to him to put down in a book, "I paid Brady eighteen thousand dollars"? Was he afraid Brady would forget it? Was he afraid he

would forget it? Did he want his clerk to help him keep the secret, knowing that if the secret got wings it would render him infamous? Let us have some sense. The Government introduced it. They also introduced a witness to prove that it was in Dorsey's writing. Rerdell swore that it was. Their next witness, Boone, thought part of it might be and part might not be; it did not look right to him; he rather intimated that Mr. Rerdell wrote part of it. And right there the Government dropped. No expert was brought. There were plenty of experts right over here at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, plenty of experts in Philadelphia and New York, plenty of judges of handwriting. Right up here in Congress were twenty or thirty Senators who sat for six years in the Senate with Stephen W. Dorsey, served on the same committees with him and had seen him write every day; clerks of those committees who had copied page after page of his writing. Not one of them was called. The Government, with its almost infinite power, with everything at its command, brought no expert. That was the most important piece of paper in their case. And yet they allowed their own witness to discredit it; their own witness swore, in fact, that Rerdell had manufactured the incriminating part of it. And yet they sent for no expert to swear to this writing. Don't you believe that they talked with somebody? Has not each one of you in his mind a reason why they did not bring the ones that they talked with? They left it right there without another word. Now, why? Simply because they could get no man to swear, except Rerdell, that this is in the handwriting of S. W. Dorsey. That is the reason.

You know that Rerdell "kept this as a voucher." What for? Was any money paid out on it? No. Was it a receipt for any money? No. But he "kept it as a voucher." You see he was in a difficulty. How did he come to keep it all this time? It would hardly do for him to say that he did not try to keep it, that it had just been in the waste-basket of forgetfulness, and had suddenly come to life by a conspiracy of chance and awkwardness. It would not do for him to say that he made it. So that he had to say that he kept it, and then he had to give a reason for keeping it. What was the reason? He said he "kept it for a voucher." I suppose you [addressing Mr. Greene., a juror] have kept books. Is that what you would call a voucher? Yet that is the reason the poor man had to give. I pitied the man when he got to the point. I am of such a nature that I cannot entirely, absolutely, and perfectly hate anybody, and when I see the worst man in trouble I do not enjoy it much; at least I am soon satisfied, and would like to see him out of it. Here he was swearing that he had this for a voucher.

Now, there are some little things about this to which I will call your attention. Here is the name of J. H. Mitchell. An account was opened with Mitchell, but he does not tell him to charge Mitchell with anything; there is nothing opposite Mitchell's name. How would he open an account with Mitchell without anything to be charged against him or to be credited? He put in the index of the book, "J. H. Mitchell, page 21." You turn over to page 21, and you find Mitchell debtor to nothing, creditor the same—silence. Not a cent opposite the name on either side. Mitchell was not an employee. Mitchell was not a fellow that they were to have an account with by the day. Then John Smith is rubbed out and Samuel Jones written under it. Rerdell says he wrote Samuel Jones. I say he did not. I want you to look at it after awhile and see whether he wrote it or not.

Now, gentlemen, it so happened that when this pencil memorandum was introduced it struck me that the M. C. R. looked a great deal like Rerdell's handwriting, and you will remember that I suggested it instantly, and said to the jury, "Look at the M. C. R." Now, gentlemen of the jury, I want you to look at that M. C. R.; I want you to see how the first line of the M. is brought around to the middle of the letter, and then I want you to see exactly how the C. and the R. are made. Take it, Mr. Foreman, and look at it carefully. And, in connection with that pencil memorandum (31 X), I will ask the jury also to look at this settlement with John W. Dorsey, made in 1879 (87 X), and compare the initials M. C. R. where they occur on both papers. M. C. R. occurs twice, I believe, on this (87 X.) Now look at the formation of the M. C. R. on both papers, Mr. Lowery, and do a good job of looking, too.

Now, gentlemen, this is one of the most valuable pieces of paper I have ever had in this case, and it is as good luck as ever happened. I want you to look at the J. W. D. on that paper, and then compare it with the J. W. D. on this paper; you cannot spend your time better.

I did not suppose I would ever find one paper that would have everything on it. But, as if there had been a conspiracy as to this paper, there is an S. W. D. on this paper which is substantially the same as the S. W. D. on the other. The M. C. R., the S. W. D., and the J. W. D. on both these papers are all substantially the same, and I think when the jury have looked at it they will say they were written by the same hand.

Now, gentlemen, there was the testimony of Mr. Boone that he thinks the upper portion of this pencil memorandum (31 X) was written by S. W. Dorsey; that it looks like his handwriting down to and including "profit and loss," I believe; I may be mistaken; it may be down to "cash;" and then after "profit and loss" come the names of J. H. Mitchell and J. W. D., exactly the same J. W. D. that appears on 87 X.

Now, what paper is that 87 X? That is an account of John W. Dorsey against S. W. Dorsey in 1879. He had been out West to take care of some of the routes, and when he came back he settled, and Mr. Rerdell wrote up the account. That is 87 X, and I proved that it was made in 1879. I believe the prosecution thought at first that it was 1878.

That paper shows that it was manufactured by the one who wrote this paper, and by nobody else.

Now, as I said before, there is no account against J. H. Mitchell. Opposite William Smith there are the figures eighteen thousand. And Rerdell says that he wrote Samuel Jones himself at the suggestion of Mr. Dorsey. Again I ask you, gentlemen, why would Mr. Dorsey give such a paper to Rerdell? Why would he give him this false name? Why would he put himself in his power? It is very natural that he should give the amounts ten thousand five hundred dollars, ten thousand dollars for John W. Dorsey and ten thousand dollars for Peck, because the evidence shows that those transactions actually occurred. The evidence shows, not only in one place but in many, that the ten thousand dollars was paid to John W. Dorsey, the ten thousand dollars was paid to Peck, and that the ten thousand five hundred dollars was advanced at that time by S. W. Dorsey. Consequently that is natural; it is proper. But my opinion is that he never wrote one word, one line of the pencil memorandum. It

was all made, every mark upon it, by Mr. Rerdell. He is the man that made it. Did he have it when he went to MacVeagh? No. Did he have it when he went to the Postmaster-General? No. Did he have it when he went to Woodward? No. Did he have it when he made his affidavit in July, 1882? No; or he would not have made it. Did he have it when he went to Mr. Woodward in September? No; or else Mr. Woodward would have taken the stand and sworn to it. Did he have it when he made his affidavit in November? I say no. Who made it? Rerdell manufactured it for this purpose: That he might have something to dispose of to this Government; that he might have something to swap for immunity. He "kept it as a voucher."

Why did not these gentlemen bring Senator Mitchell to show that he had some account with Senator Dorsey in May, 1879? Why did not the Government bring Mr. Mitchell? They knew that their witness had to be corroborated. They knew that the law distinctly says that such a witness cannot be believed unless he is corroborated. They also know that the law is that unless such a witness is wholly corroborated he cannot be believed; that you are not allowed to pick the raisins of truth out of the pudding of his perjury. You must believe him all or not at all. He must be received entire by the jury, or with the foot of indignation he must be kicked from the threshold of belief. They know it. Why did they not bring Senator Mitchell to show that he had some account with S. W. Dorsey in 1879? But we heard not a word from them.

What more? Rerdell says that was either in April, before he went West, or in May, after his return; and at that time, according to his testimony—that is, according to this memorandum—eighteen thousand dollars had been paid to Mr. Brady for expedition. And then following, in the month of June, before the quarter ended, eighteen thousand dollars more. That makes thirty-six thousand dollars paid to Brady. What else? Ten thousand dollars to John W. Dorsey; forty-six thousand dollars that makes. Ten thousand dollars paid to Peck; fifty-six thousand dollars that makes. He had also advanced himself ten thousand five hundred dollars; that makes sixty-six thousand five hundred dollars advanced, and not a dollar yet received from the Government. And that by a man who gave away seventy per cent, of a magnificent conspiracy because he had not the money to go on. All you have to do is to think about this. Just think of the situation of the parties at the time. I tell you I am going to stick to this subject until you understand it.

Mr. Gibbs swears that the name of Mitchell was not in the books when he saw them, and yet those books were opened from this memorandum. Gibbs is the man who has such a control over his mind that he can "try not to remember." When I was a boy I used to hear a story of a man going around saying that nobody could control his mind for a minute; that nobody could think of one thing for a minute without thinking of something else. But there was one fellow who said, "I can; I can think of a thing a minute and not think of anything else." He was told, "If you do it, I will give you my horse, and he is the best riding-horse in the country; if you can say the first verse of 'Mary had a little lamb,' and not think of anything else, I will give you my horse, and he is the best riding-horse in the country." The fellow says, "How will you tell?" "Oh, I will take your word for it." So the fellow shut up his eyes and said:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that—

"I suppose you will throw in the saddle and bridle?"

Mr. Gibbs is the man who had such control of his mind, and he tells you that the name of J. H. Mitchell was not in the book.

Mr. Donnelly says he does not remember any such name as J. H. Mitchell, and yet he holds an office. He has the poorest memory for any one under the present Administration, I ever saw. He does not remember the name of J. H. Mitchell. Who does remember it? Mr. Rerdell. But Mr. Rerdell does not say what he had charged to J. H. Mitchell; he does not say what was in the book as against J. H. Mitchell; he fights clear of that charge. And why? He was afraid that John H. Mitchell might testify. According, I think, to Mr. Rerdell, there was a charge against Belford on those books. I do not know why Belford's name did not appear on the memorandum, but I will come to Belford afterwards.

Mr. Bliss. Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. Donnelly does not mention in any way and is not asked on the subject of Mr. Mitchell.

Mr. Ingersoll. I think he is. I will find it after awhile if I can, and if I cannot I will admit that you are right. I do not know where it is. I do not wish to be interrupted.

Mr. Bliss. I claim the right.

Mr. Ingersoll. Well, go on; the poor man only had seven days in which to make his speech.

Mr. Bliss. I have before me Mr. Donnelly's evidence, and he does not mention the name of Mitchell in any manner, and is not asked about it, so far as I can see. I think when the statement is persisted in there should be some reference given to the page.

Mr. Ingersoll. It is on page 2637.

Mr. Davidge. And at page 2639, about two inches from the top.

Mr. Ingersoll.—It is sufficient for my purpose, which is this: That he gave the names of all the accounts he could remember, and in that list of names he did not give the name of J. H. Mitchell. So I think I can fairly say to you that that man did not remember any account against J. H. Mitchell. Mr. Gibbs was asked directly whether there was any account against J. H. Mitchell, and he did not remember any such. Now, the only person that swears to it at all is Mr. Rerdell. Then you come across this contradiction: Why should the name of J. H. Mitchell be there with nothing opposite to it? I do not know. The prosecution, of course, will be able to find writing of S. W. Dorsey that will resemble some of the writing on this pencil memorandum. There is no doubt about that. If it was written by Rerdell in imitation of Dorsey's writing, it is not surprising that writing really written by Dorsey can be found that looks like it. Why? Because it was written in imitation of his writing, and therefore you can find writing of Dorsey's that looks like it; otherwise it would not be an imitation. The next question arises, Can you find writing of Rerdell's that looks like it? Yes; 87 X. The M.

C. R., the S. W. D., and the J. W. D. are all exactly like it. Now, is it not infinitely surprising that Dorsey should imitate Rerdell without trying and without an object? Is it not perfectly wonderful that this memorandum should be in imitation of Rerdell's writing, when it was written by Dorsey? But if it was forged by Rerdell, it is not wonderful that it looks like Dorsey's writing. If Dorsey wrote it without thinking of Rerdell, I say the accident is infinitely wonderful that he imitated Rerdell. Which is the more probable—that Dorsey imitated Rerdell without design and without trying, or that Rerdell imitated Dorsey with a design, and when trying to do so? That is the way to put this argument, and I hope the gentlemen will answer it. The ingenuity that would be displayed in the answer would a thousand times pay me for the loss of the point. I want them to account for this, how Dorsey's natural handwriting comes to look like Rerdell's, and how it is that this looks precisely like Rerdell's in many instances. Why is it, gentlemen? I will tell you. Mr. Rerdell had written the initials J. W. D., S. W. D., and M. C. R. so often that when he came to put them upon this memorandum he forgot to disguise his hand. That is the reason. You find on 87 X the J. W. D. precisely as it is on the pencil memorandum. You find the M. C. R. precisely as it is on the pencil memorandum. You see if you have done the same thing many times with your hand, the hand gets a mind of its own. It is in that way that you learn to play upon the piano. The hand becomes educated and follows the keys through all the mazes of melody without asking one question of the mind. You can write a name so often, you can make initials so often, that when you come to write them, no matter what your object is, the hand, educated with a mind of its own, pursues the old accustomed motions and paths. That is the reason that J. W. D. and S. W. D. and M. C. R. are exactly in the handwriting of Rerdell in this pencil memorandum. According to that, Dorsey had paid out in all, I think, about $65,000, or something like that There is no truth in it, gentlemen.

Now, in order to prepare your mind for the next point I am going to make, and in order that you may know something about this man Rerdell, I will give you some further information about him. I do not think you are sufficiently acquainted with his character, and any little points that I have I want to give to you. I want to paint his portrait in every lineament, every mark. I want to give you every hair in his head. Remember that this witness is to be corroborated. He is to be propped and indorsed. Everybody admits that he is the pewter of perjury and has to be plated with the silver of respectability gotten from somebody else. They all admit that. He is an empty bag. Somebody has to fill him up before he can stand upright. They admit that. I want to call your attention to a few things as to which he lacked corroboration.

On page 2215, Rerdell swears that Miner told him that the amounts in the bids were filled in by S. W. Dorsey. On page 4177 Miner denies this, and says that he filled in the bids with only two exceptions.

On page 2216 Rerdell swears that the mail matter for J. W. Dorsey, Peck, and Miner was handed him by S. W. Dorsey, and that Dorsey said that he was going to take the business out of Boone's hands. On page 3766, Dorsey swears that he had no such conversation with Rerdell.

On page 2217, Rerdell swears that S. W. Dorsey applied to him to go West. On page 3768 Dorsey swears that he did not employ him to go West.

On page 2218, Rerdell swears that he received instructions from S. W. Dorsey as to what to do on the Bismarck route. On page 3769, S. W. Dorsey swears that that is utterly untrue.

On page 2219, Rerdell says that he was instructed to establish a *paper post-office* sixty miles north of the route. What was that for? According to his testimony there was a mistake in the advertisement, and the route was too long, and this was a device to shorten it by adding sixty miles to it to make a post-office thirty miles off the route, or sixty altogether, so as to get pay for the increase of distance. If it was to be a fraud, why put the post-office off the route? Why not have it on the route? Where would the fraud be if they traveled the sixty miles except in having a postoffice where none was needed? They certainly would make nothing from the Government by traveling the sixty miles. If they traveled the sixty miles they would be paid for that sixty miles, but if they wanted pay for the sixty miles without traveling that sixty miles, they would not have put the post-office so far off the route. They would have put it on the route, or very near to it, and pretended that it was off the route.

Gentlemen, it is infinitely absurd to suppose that Stephen W. Dorsey would have instructed that man to go out in that country and get up a false post-office. How long would a fraud like that last and live? How long could the money be drawn for that service in that country? They say no human being lived there. Who was to be postmaster? Who was to make the reports? How long, in your judgment, would it be before the department would find out that there was no such post-office, no postmaster, and no mail? No one could think of a more shallow device than that Stephen W. Dorsey, a man who is blest with as much brain as any man it is my pleasure to know, would never dream of such an idiotic device. And yet, that is the testimony of Mr. Rerdell.

It may be that Mr. Rerdell when he got out there thought he could start a town and make money in some other way. But it will not do to say that Stephen W. Dorsey told him to get up a false and fraudulent post-office when Mr. Dorsey must have known that the mail could not have been carried to it but a few days before it would have become known that there was no such office. They would have to appoint a postmaster and he would have to live there in his loneliness a hermit of the plain, and would have to make a report like that from Agate that gave such delight to Mr. Bliss to read. There was not a letter sent to that place; not one, nor would there be. Mr. Dorsey knew if there was a postmaster appointed he would have to report, and in three months from that time he would have to report, first, that there was no post-office; second, that there had never been any mail; and third, that he did not expect any. You see it is utterly absurd to lay such a charge at the door of Stephen W. Dorsey.

On page 3769 Dorsey swears that the statement is a falsehood—that he never did any such thing. He also denies it on page 3924.

On page 2220 Rerdell swears that he gave Pennell a petition for a post-office. On page 2156 Joseph Pennell swears that he never saw the petition; and on page 2171 that he never signed it, and that none was sent.

On page 2221 Rerdell swears that he was instructed by S. W. Dorsey to build stations fifteen or sixteen miles apart, and use every third station. On page 3769 S. W. Dorsey swears that no such instructions were given. On page 4092 J. W. Dorsey swears that they started to build the stations about thirty miles apart, and that after he saw General Miles and was told by that officer that there would be, and must be a daily mail, then he concluded to build stations between the stations that he had built going over.

That is a sensible, straight story. When he went out they built the stations some thirty-odd miles apart, and when he talked with General Miles, General Miles told him that there must be a daily service, and then he determined to build intermediate stations as he went back. What was that testimony sworn to by Rerdell for? To make you believe, gentlemen, that Stephen W. Dorsey when he sent Rerdell out knew that there was to be expedition, and knew it because he was in conspiracy with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General. The testimony of John W. Dorsey lets the light in upon that story. The sun rises, and the mist goes. What is his story? “I went there and built the stations about thirty miles apart, and when I talked with General Miles he assured me that there must be expedition and a daily mail, and then I built stations at the intermediate points as we went back.” That is the story. It is consistent with itself.

Is it not wonderful that the Government did not also prove by Pennell that Rerdell gave him instructions to build the ranches, and told him that he had been so instructed by S. W. Dorsey?

On page 2233 Rerdell swears that Miner told him that Vaile was close to Brady. On page 4177, Miner swears that it is not true; that he never had any such conversation. Why did they want a man close to Brady? As I explained to you before, gentlemen, they had already, according to their testimony, as they claim, proved that Miner had conspired with Brady, and yet he was going around trying to find a man close to Brady. Being a co-conspirator was not close enough. So Mr. Rerdell is corroborated there again by Mr. Miner who swears that what Rerdell swears is a lie.

On page 2224 Rerdell swears that in November, 1878, Miner asked him to write certain words in a line on petition 40104. On page 4178, Miner swears that he never asked him to interline any petition.

On page 2225 Rerdell swears he had a conversation with Vaile and Miner on the 20th of December, 1878, at the National Hotel, about his employment, and that he had a great many conversations there. On page 4020, Vaile swears that there never was any such conversation. On page 4021, Vaile also swears that he has no recollection of such a conversation then or at anytime. On page 4178, Miner swears that the talk was between Rerdell and himself, and that Vaile was not there.

On page 2225 Rerdell swears that Vaile told him that the mail service they had ought to reach six hundred thousand or seven hundred thousand dollars. On page 4021, Vaile swears that he does not think he ever said any such thing—does not think it was possible that he ever said any such thing. On page 4179 Miner swears that Vaile never made any such statement in his presence.

On page 2226 Rerdell swears that at the instance of Vaile and Miner he went West, January 4, 1879, to put service on the Rawlins route. On 4022 Vaile swears that Rerdell did not go West at his instance; that Miner gave him, Rerdell, a subcontract for the entire pay, for the whole term, and that Rerdell undertook it on his own behalf. On 4179 Miner swears that he made the arrangements with Rerdell himself.

On page 2227 Rerdell says that Vaile and Miner both told him that the service would be increased right away, and to make subcontracts with that in view. On page 4180 Miner swears that he gave him no such directions, and that Rerdell did all he did on his own responsibility, and that Vaile did not give him any such authority. It is for you to say., gentlemen, which of these men you will believe.

On page 2228 Rerdell swears that in March, 1879, had a conversation with Vaile about an affidavit, and received instructions from Vaile or Miner. On page 4024 Vaile swears that he recollects no such conversation and does not think he ever had it.

On page 2228 Rerdell swears that Vaile said in the presence of Miner that he could get Brady to accept an affidavit from a subcontractor. On page 4024 Vaile swears that he is very sure that he did not say so, and that he never asked Brady any such question. On page 4182 Miner swears that he never made any such statement in Vaile's presence.

On page 2228 Rerdell swears that a day or two after Vaile says he had seen Brady, and that Brady had agreed to accept an affidavit from a subcontractor. On page 4024 Vaile denies this.

On the same page, 2228, Rerdell swears that he was instructed by Vaile and Miner to write to Perkins and get him to send his affidavit. On page 4024 Vaile swears, "Never!"—that he did not know Perkins was a subcontractor. On page 4182 Miner swears that he has no recollection of it, and that he never instructed Rerdell to send any form of affidavit to Mr. Perkins.

On page 2230 Rerdell swears that Miner wrote a form of affidavit. On page 4182 Miner swears that he has no recollection of it, and that he never instructed Rerdell to send any form to Perkins. As a matter of fact the Perkins affidavit is in the handwriting of Rerdell. Yet he tells you that Miner wrote the form. It will not do.

On page 2231 Rerdell swears that he filled in blanks under the direction of S. W. Dorsey—that is, of the Perkins affidavit—and filed it under the direction of S. W. Dorsey. On page 3793 Dorsey swears that he never knew there was such an affidavit, and that he never gave such instructions; and more than that, that he never at any time or place gave Rerdell authority to change any affidavit or any petition that was to be filed.

On page 2233 Rerdell swears he was instructed to make the subcontract without any reference to expedition; and that he, Dorsey, would guarantee the payments if they were not filed. On page 3771 S. IV. Dorsey swears that he gave him no such instructions.

On page 2234 Rerdell swears that affidavits of Peck and Dorsey were acknowledged in blank. On page 4189 Miner swears that so far as he remembers they were filled in before they were signed.

Again, it may be proper for me to say here: Why did not the Government call J. S. Taylor, the notary of New Mexico, to prove that the affidavits were in blank when they were sworn to by John M. Peck? Why did they not? The law presumes that every officer has done his duty, and when we find at the foot of an affidavit the certificate of a notary public the law presumes that the paper above it was in the precise condition at the time the certificate was placed there in which it is then. That is the presumption of law, and there is only one way to overcome that presumption. You must prove to the contrary. One of the easiest ways on earth to do that is to bring the officer. They did not bring J. S. Taylor here from New Mexico, the man before whom Peck acknowledged the affidavit in this case. It would have been easy to have him come, and to have asked him whether Peck did not swear to all these affidavits in blank. They did not call him. They had him here once and that was enough. They did not call him this time. They did not call Rufus Wainwright, of Middlebury, Vermont. He is the officer before whom John W. Dorsey swore to these affidavits. The gentlemen of the prosecution say the affidavits were in blank, and yet they dare not put upon the stand the notary before whom they were sworn to. It was not because they did not think of it. It was not because they had not the money. The Government had money by the million and agents by the thousand. You recollect how they tried to prove the destruction of those dispatches in the Western Union office. You recollect how they brought here the superintendent, how they brought here agent after agent, how they brought here the man that went around and collected the dispatches, and the man that drove the wagon, and the man that owned the wagon, and the boys that received the dispatches on the street, and the man in the cellar that received them after they got there, and the man that bought them, and the book-keeper that made out the check to pay for them. They brought the man that receipted for them at the railroad, and they followed them from the railroad to Holyoke, Massachusetts, and brought the superintendent of the factory and the books of the railroad to show they had arrived. They followed those dispatches from paper to pulp and yet it never occurred to them to send to Middlebury and get Rufus Wainwright. They never thought to have J. S. Taylor subpoenaed from New Mexico. They had all the conveniences of modern civilization at their command and yet they never thought of getting Wainwright or Taylor.

On page 3771 S. W. Dorsey swears that he never instructed Rerdell to get any affidavits in blank. On pages 4126, and 4107, J. W. Dorsey swears that he made none in blank; that he has no recollection of any such thing. On page 2240, Rerdell swears that he had a conversation with S. W. Dorsey about getting blank affidavits. On page 3771 S. W. Dorsey denies it. On page 2241 Rerdell swears that S. W. Dorsey instructed him to make up the affidavit on route 41119 and gave him the per cent, of the increase of pay. What does he say there? From one hundred and fifty to two hundred per cent.

Mr. Merrick. That was afterwards corrected.

Mr. Ingersoll. I thank you for the suggestion. That happened on Friday. We adjourned until the next Monday morning. He came in the next Monday morning, and he said that he had made a mistake, and that it ought to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty per cent. I immediately went and got the affidavits on the Toquerville route, because I said the percentage must be over two hundred per cent, in that affidavit or he would not have changed. I found in the affidavit that it was two hundred and fifty-five per cent., and I found that was why he changed. I followed that out, and I found that was the same route upon which Mr. Rerdell stole nearly five thousand dollars, according to the testimony of S. W. Dorsey, and Rerdell did not deny it. So much for Toquerville and Adairville. We will come to it again perhaps.

Let me give the pages where all these matters are found. On page 3772 Dorsey denies the conversation about the affidavits, and also on page 3773. Rerdell's, change of his evidence will be found on page 2277.

On page 2243 Rerdell swears that while he was in jail S. W. Dorsey had a key to what he called his, Rerdell's, office. On page 3735 S. W. Dorsey swears that he never had a key to Rerdell's office, and that he never was in the office but twice, both times with Rerdell, and that he never took a paper out of the office except what Rerdell gave him. It will also be remembered that when Rerdell was asked in his examination-in-chief whether anybody had a key to his office he replied that S. W. Dorsey had a key to his office. He did not at that time state that his wife had a key. Why? Because he wanted it understood that S. W. Dorsey was the only person that had a key, and that S. W. Dorsey, while Rerdell was in jail, went to that office and opened it and robbed it. On cross-examination I made him swear that his wife had a key, and we afterwards found that his wife went there. He knew she had a key. Still, in his cross-examination, when asked who had a key, he said S. W. Dorsey. What was that for, gentlemen?

So that you would Infer that S. W. Dorsey was the only person who had a key, and that he went there and robbed that office, as I said before. On pages 2634 and 2635 Mrs. Cushman swears that she went to Rerdell's office with Mrs. Rerdell. When? About six o'clock in the morning. And that they found the office open? No. They found the office locked, but found papers in a confused condition, and took away some papers. They were there about fifteen minutes. Recollect this was the third morning that Rerdell was in jail. Rerdell went to jail Monday evening. That made the visit of Mrs. Cushman and Mrs. Rerdell on Thursday morning, and they went there at six o'clock. Keep that in mind. Rerdell got out of jail on Friday. George A. Calvert, the janitor, visited every room frequently. His testimony is on page 2672. He swears he found the door of Rerdell's room unlocked. When? The day before Rerdell got out of jail. What time of day? In the morning. What morning was that? Thursday morning. When did Rerdell get out of jail? Friday morning. When did Mrs. Rerdell and Mrs. Cushman visit the room? Thursday morning. What time in the morning? Six o'clock. When did Calvert find the room open? That same morning. The women swear that when they went there the room was locked. Now the question arises, who opened it? The women. That is all there is to that.

Mrs. Rerdell, on page 2635, swears she got the key on the second day after Rerdell's incarceration, in the evening. That would be Wednesday evening. She used it the next morning, Thursday.

On page 2247 Rerdell swears that on the 20th of December, 1878, Vaile promised him a good salary. On page 4021 Vaile swears that he has no recollection of any such promise. That is what they call corroboration. On page 2348 Rerdell swears that in May, 1879, S. W. Dorsey said, "You know that John is a man of very little judgment. He does not know how to talk to these contractors." On page 3773 S. W. Dorsey swears that there never was any such conversation.

On page 2249 Rerdell swears, "As secretary and manager, I kept the books for a short time." On page 3636 W. F. Kellogg swears that he, Kellogg had entire charge of Dorsey's books from the summer of 1872 to the fall of 1879, and that nobody else ever made a scratch of a pen in those books. On page 2270 Rerdell swears that Dorsey and Bosler were having a settlement in New York and sent for the books, and that he took the original books over and left them there, and that he went over to New York in June, 1881, and saw both books there and brought the journal over and left the ledger. On page 3955 Dorsey swears that the first settlement he had with Bosler was in December, 1879, or January, 1880. Rerdell swears that the time he got the copy made of his journal by the Gibbses, was between Christmas, 1879, and 1880. Dorsey swears there was not another settlement until November, 1882. The first settlement being in 1879, and Rerdell swearing that he took the books over for a settlement, shows that he did not have them here in Washington to be copied at the time he says and at the time other people swear that they copied them.

On page 3788 S. W. Dorsey swears that he never sent for any transcript, and that he, Dorsey, referred to the route-book, and that Rerdell never sent any such book or books as he claimed. On page 2271 Rerdell swears that he gave copies of the journal to Dorsey in June, 1881. That was the time that he made the affidavit. His language by any natural interpretation means that lie handed those copies over to Dorsey at the time he made the affidavit on the 20th of June, 1881. On page 3988 Dorsey swears that he did not, and on page 3785 he again swears that he never had them. On page 3784 he again swears that Rerdell never brought any book to him except the route-book. On page 2271 Rerdell swears that Dorsey, on the 13th of May, 1879, him to make up a statement of the routes showing the profits, and that he thinks he gave it to Bosler. On page 3875 Dorsey swears that he never made up any such statement by his direction, and that he never gave Rerdell such an order. Why should he? According to Rerdell's own statement, in which there is not a particle of truth, Dorsey, on the 13th of May, 1879, that very day, had written a letter to Bosler, in which he told him about the profits, about how much it had cost him, and about how much it would cost him, and about how much the profits would be, and how much he paid to Brady. After writing such a letter to Bosler, containing all the facts, why would he want Rerdell to make up a statement that was already in the letter itself? Nobody can answer. There is not genius enough in this world to make the answer.

On page 2272 Rerdell swears that he saw 7 B, which is a petition, in 1879, and that there were three words in his own handwriting that were not there when he first saw it, the three words being "and faster time." He also swears that he was instructed to

put them in by S. W. Dorsey. I now say that Mr. Rerdell never wrote those three words. On page 783 it appears that 7 B was filed April 18, 1879. On page 3786 S. W. Dorsey swears that Rerdell's statement is false. I will now turn to the testimony of George Sears about the petition, 7 B, which Mr. Rerdell swears was altered by interlineation or the addition of three words, "and faster time." The page is 829.

Here comes a witness of the Government, apparently a good and honest man, and he swears that the words "and faster time" were in that petition when he signed it. I will take his word for it. I will take his guess as against the other man's oath.

On page 2273 Rerdell swears that he altered 11 B and 12 B by instructions of S. W. Dorsey. Now, gentlemen, Stephen W. Dorsey got such a momentum of crime on him and got running at such a rate that he could not stop, and whenever a petition came in he had it altered without reading it. It did not make a bit of difference what the petition asked for. He just said to his clerk, "Look and see if there is not any line you can add something to. I want something put in it, and I want it put in now." Mr. Rerdell says he did these things without any thought. He just made the changes as he was told, without considering whether it was right or wrong. He told you here on the stand that at one time he was requested to get a petition, and he had a lot of names on hand, and so he just wrote a petition and stuck the names to it. He could not even remember the route it was on. It was a matter of so little importance that he did not charge his memory with it. He was told to get a petition in the regular way, and instead of doing that he said he took some names that he had and just wrote a petition and stuck the names on, because that was easier; and it was a matter of so little importance he really did not remember. He was like the gentleman in Texas who was tried for murder, but did not remember the name of the man he killed; he did not charge his mind with it.

Now for 11 B:

Hon. D. M. Key, Postmaster-General:

We, the undersigned, citizens of the State of Colorado, residing near and getting our mail at Muddy Creek post-office, on route 38135, from Pueblo to Greenhorn, respectfully represent—I never noticed before that the "p" is interlined in the word "represent." I have no doubt that was done by order of Dorsey—that it is necessary that the service on said route should be increased from two trips per week to six trips per week, and a faster schedule. This section of the country is being rapidly settled by people of intelelgence, and we ask the increased service for the benefit of us who have already made our homes here, and also as an inducement to others to settle. We also request that the schedule time be reduced so as to run from Pueblo to Greenhorn in eight hours, so that citizens along the route may get their mail at a seasonable hour.

I have read the petition as it was in the first place. The Government tells you that after that petition came here, and after it had been submitted to Stephen W. Dorsey, he told his clerk to add in the first part of the words "on quicker time;" and yet if he had read the last paragraph he would have seen quicker time was there called for. Rerdell says Dorsey told him to insert the words "on quicker time," and when I read this last paragraph to him he was stuck. Then what did he say? When he got into that little corner and was looking for a mouse-hole, he said he didn't read it and didn't

know it was there. Do you believe that a man like Stephen W. Dorsey would deliberately have a petition changed, would deliberately forge a petition, without knowing what was in it and without knowing whether the necessity existed for changing it or not? That falsehood has not even a fig-leaf to cover its absurdity.

Here is 12 B. It would not have taken long to have read that. Rerdell said Dorsey had him put in the words "and a faster schedule." I will read the last paragraph to that:

We also respectfully request and urge that the running time be reduced so as to run from Pueblo to Greenhorn in eight hours, so that citizens along the line may get their mails in a seasonable hour.

He says Stephen W. Dorsey, a man of sense, got that petition, read it all over, and then told this fellow to put in "and a faster schedule" when right in the next paragraph it asked for eight hours. A man who will swear that way had rather tell a lie on ninety days' credit than tell the truth for cash. Just look at it. That is what they call a corroboration. The more you look at this testimony the more absurdities you find. Every truth has an infinite number of signs. Every truth has to fit an infinite number of things. Infinite wisdom could not manufacture a falsehood that would stand the test of investigation.

On page 2272 Rerdell says, speaking of the three petitions, 7 B, 11 B, and 12 B, "We," meaning S. W. Dorsey and himself, "had examined these petitions together, and he," meaning S. W. Dorsey, "told me to put in the clause for expedition." Now, 7 B was filed April 18. That is the day he left for the West, and 12 B were filed on the 8th of May. If they had them all at one time together, and if he and Dorsey had talked about them, why were they not filed at the same time? Why was one filed April 18th and the other two on the 8th of May? That testimony of Rerdell's will not do.

On page 2279 Rerdell says that he found among Dorsey's papers the tabular statement, about the middle of April, 1879. the first column was the number of the route; in the second the termini; in the third the pay; in the fourth the anticipated pay by percentages, and in the fifth the percentage to T. J. B., thirty-three and one-third, with the figures carried out at the end of the column. He tells you that he had that tabular statement when he first went to MacVeagh. That tabular statement was in the handwriting of S. W. Dorsey. Yet the Attorney-General was not satisfied. He wanted that backed up by a book not in the handwriting of S. W. Dorsey. That will not do. Rerdell also tells you that at the time he went to the Attorney-General he not only had that tabular statement, but he had a letter-press copy of the original letter that Dorsey wrote to Bosler on the 13th day of May, 1879. He had that letter, the original of which was in Dorsey's handwriting, in which he admitted he had paid Brady twenty thousand dollars. He had the tabular statement in Dorsey's own handwriting in which he was to pay thirty-three and one-third per cent, to Brady. Yet the Attorney-General did not think there was sufficient evidence, and said, "You had better go to New York and steal a book that Dorsey never wrote a word in." Oh, no; that will not do.

On page 2280 Rerdell swears that he lost that memorandum. I guess he did. On page 3785 S. W. Dorsey swears that he never made any such memorandum. On page 2280 Rerdell swears that he employed Gibbs and wife to make a true and correct copy of

the books in March, 1880; that he was directed by S. W. Dorsey to send him a true transcript of the books in order to settle with Bosler, and that Gibbs and wife copied the journal and ledger, and that he sent the copy to New York. On page 3788 Dorsey swears that he never heard of the employment of Gibbs and wife, and that he never received any such books or transcripts. On page 2644 Gibbs swears that his wife copied only the journal, not the ledger. Yet Rerdell swears that he copied the journal and the ledger. On page 2644 Gibbs again swears that Rerdell brought him one book. What color was it, red, brown, or black? Rerdell says he took him two red books. Gibbs swears he got one brown book or one black book. That is what they call corroboration. On page 2320 Rerdell swears with regard to the paper 2 A, that the words, "schedule thirteen hours" were written by Miner. If those words, "schedule thirteen hours," were not written by Rerdell, then—they were written by somebody else. [2 A handed to Mr. Ingersoll.] I guess this is the petition that was fixed up. It looks as if it had been to a hospital. Rerdell says Miner wrote the words "schedule thirteen hours." Just look at that word "thirteen," gentlemen.

You have no idea how it affects your imagination and brain to be indicted seven times. On page 2209 Boone swears with regard to this same paper and the same words, that there is nothing in the handwriting to indicate that it was written by Miner; that it is a back-hand; a changed handwriting. On page 4186 Miner swears that it is absolutely not true; that the words "schedule thirteen hours" are absolutely and positively not in his handwriting, and further that he never filed the petition. Gentlemen, evidence of handwriting is very unsatisfactory necessarily. Men do not always write the same. The same man does not always write the same hand. There is the difference of pen, the difference of ink, the difference of paper, the difference of position, and the difference, too, of the man's feelings. At one time he feels in splendid health and at another time he may be tired and worn out. The paper may not be in the same position. The slope of the desk may be different. Countless reasons change the handwriting of a person, and when a man swears that certain handwriting is or is not another's handwriting he must swear on the general appearance; he must swear on the impression that it first makes upon him.

I know Mr. Smith and I know Mr. Jones, but it may be that I could not describe the differences in the faces of the two men so that a stranger could afterwards tell them. Yet I know them. It is the effect of all the features upon me. I cannot say it is because of the ear of one, or his nose, or his mouth. I know the combination. I remember the grouping of the features and the form, and that is all I remember. If I am shown a paper and asked, "Is that Mr. Smith's handwriting?" I say it is, or I say no. Why? Because it looks like it or it does not look like it. I cannot recognize it because an "e" is made in a certain way or because a "d" is turned in a certain way, because the next day he may turn it the other way. You have got to go upon the general impression. On page 2336 Rerdell swears that the oath on route 38140, marked 5 E, was filled in by S. W. Dorsey; that the word "twelve" was written by him, Rerdell, after it was filed, and was written because Turner told him that the schedule must be twelve hours; that Turner handed him the oath and he thereupon changed the "fifteen" to "twelve." On page 3355 Turner swears that he has no knowledge of any alteration in any affidavit. On page 3793 S. W. Dorsey swears that he did not know there was any such affidavit; and he also frequently swears that he never asked Rerdell to change any

affidavit that had been filed, and that he never gave any such orders. These gentlemen find one affidavit about which we did not ask Mr. Dorsey particularly and they say, "You have not contradicted that." When a man swears that he never gave an order about any affidavit, that covers every affidavit.

On page 2337 Rerdell swears that the oath marked 20 F, on route 38145, was filled in by him after it was signed, under the direction of S. W. Dorsey. On page 3793 Dorsey denies giving any such directions.

On page 2338 Rerdell swears that blanks in the oath 22 F, the second oath, were filled in by S. W. Dorsey, but will not say whether before or after execution. On page 3771 Dorsey says he does not remember doing any such thing; but certainly there is no evidence that Dorsey did this after the affidavit had been made.

On page 2339 Rerdell swears that the words "ninety-six" in the petition 14 H, were written by Miner. Boone, on page 2709, declines to say that Miner wrote them. On page 4273 Miner swears that the words are not in his handwriting, that he never wrote them. On page 2298 Rerdell swears that he signed a check "S. W. Dorsey by M. C. Rerdell," and that he had that check at home. It may be that is one of the checks for June drawn upon Middleton's bank that we could not find.

On page 2340 Rerdell says that the oath marked 8 I, on route 44140, was filled in by him in Washington after it was signed and sworn to, under the direction of S. W. Dorsey. On page 3792 S. W. Dorsey denies that he gave any such directions.

On page 2342 Rerdell swears that S. W. Dorsey signed the name of J. M. Peck to the warrant 55 G. I have forgotten the day that the draft was given, but I think it was the 2d day of August. It was paid on August 25, 1880. All I have to say is that there was an abundance of time for that draft to go to New Mexico and to be signed by John M. Peck; there was thousands of time. It makes not the slightest difference who signed the name of John M. Peck to that warrant. The question is, was that money coming to John M. Peck? No. John M. Peck had sold out his interest. He was not entitled to one dollar, and it made no difference who signed his name to the check. Does it show that there was a conspiracy if Dorsey signed his name after Peck had sold out his interest in the routes? Any draft coming to him came to him simply as the trustee and the draft was for the benefit of the person who bought him out. Suppose Mr. Dorsey had signed his name. Would that prove that there was any conspiracy? It would simply be in accordance with his right as the matter then stood. He was entitled to that draft and Peck was not entitled to that draft. Why? Because he had bought him out and paid him ten thousand dollars for his interest. That was all. Yet they would claim if that draft happened to be indorsed by Mr. Dorsey that it would be evidence of a conspiracy entered into in the fall of 1879.

On pages 2348 and 2361 Rerdell says that figures were inserted in all affidavits given him by S. W. Dorsey, except on route 41119, and that Dorsey told him, Rerdell, to put them in the blanks. On page 3793 S. W. Dorsey denies that.

On page 2223 Rerdell says that in August, 1878, he had a talk with Miner, who said that they could do nothing while Boone was in the combination; that Brady was hostile to Boone, and that Boone's place was to be taken by Vaile; and that Miner

asked his opinion about Vaile, and asked what Rerdell thought about Dorsey's approving it, adding that Vaile was very close to Brady. On page 4177 Miner swears that he has no recollection of the conversation, and does not believe any such conversation ever occurred.

Ah, but they say that when a paper was handed to Mr. Miner, an affidavit, for instance, he could not give you the history of it; he could not tell you where he was when he wrote it; he could not tell you where he was when he filled it. I would not have believed his testimony if he could. He had to take care of some ninety-six routes. Upon those routes there were numberless papers, notices from the department, notices of fines and deductions, of remissions, and everything of that kind. On each route there were probably a hundred papers, and may be more—petitions, affidavits, and papers of all descriptions. If a man should stand up here five years afterwards and pretend that he knew the history of each paper, I would know he had not the slightest regard for truth.

Mr. Miner said when he was shown a paper, "I don't remember ever having seen that paper before; I don't remember when it was written." That was the truth. If he had wished to stain his heart with perjury he could have said, "Yes, I remember it. I know absolutely the time I wrote it. I know I sent it to New Mexico. I know it was filled up before it was sworn to"; but he was honest enough and he was brave enough to face the truth and say, "I don't remember," and I respected him for it when he did it. Whenever you hear the truth, as a rule the first thought is, "May be it won't do." But if it is the truth, the longer you think about it the better it seems, while if it is a lie, the longer you think about it the worse it gets. It would have been, apparently, to Mr. Miner's interest to say, "I remember it perfectly," but the man had honor enough to tell the truth. And when you come to investigate his evidence it sounds much better than though he had pretended to remember time and place.

I call your attention to page 2446; that is about the affidavit.

On page 2384 Rerdell speaks of the charges made to Samuel Jones and James B. Belford for two thousand dollars. Then Mr. Bliss in his speech, which I will come to after a while, says that Mr. Rerdell spoke about a charge to J. B. B. He never did, never. He said James B. Belford. I started the J. B. B. business. I was the first one who ever said it, and Mr. Rerdell never swore J. B. B. Then they sent out to Denver to get a fellow who had the same initials. I will come to this man after a while.

On pages 2429 and 2430 Rerdell swears that he had two balance-sheets of the books, made by Donnelly; that he showed them to MacVeagh and Woodward. How does it happen that Woodward was not sworn about it? Nothing would have been of more importance, if they wished to prove the existence of the two red books, than to prove by Woodward that Mr. Rerdell, in June, 1881, showed him copies of those balance-sheets or the balance-sheets themselves. They did not bring Mr. Woodward on the stand. Why? Mr. Woodward, in my judgment, had he come upon the stand, would have sworn to the truth. Rerdell says, "I do not know where they are." Then he paused. Then I saw the working of his mind just as plainly as though his skull had been opened. He got himself together and swore that he gave them to Dorsey in July, 1882. He had to get them out of his hands some way.

On page 3736 S. W. Dorsey swears that he, Rerdell, did not give him any balance sheets.

On page 2434 Rerdell swears as to the papers he gave to Dorsey—the original journal, and copy of the Oregon correspondence made by Miss Nettie L. White. Miss White was not called. He gave these, he says, to Dorsey, July 13, 1882. On page 2793 Dorsey swears that he did not give them to him, nor did he give a paper of any kind.

On page 2461 Rerdell is asked if he did not admit to Judge

Carpenter, in January, 1882, that he had a memorandum written by himself, which he showed to James and MacVeagh, and that he made it so much like Dorsey's handwriting that he did not think anybody could tell it. What was his answer? "I may have done so." Honest man!

On page 2462, in answer to the question, "Did you not tell Carpenter that you brought no book from New York?" the honest man answered:

Very likely I said I brought no book over from New York.

On the same page, in answer to the question, "Did you not tell French that you were trying to entrap James?" he admits that it is likely he was.

On page 2463 he admits that he may have told French that he had learned to imitate the handwriting of Dorsey so well that Dorsey himself could not tell the imitation; and that he wrote that memorandum in pencil because he could the more easily deceive. Honest man!

Mr. Bliss holds S. W. Dorsey up to scorn because he endeavored to turn two men out of the Cabinet on the testimony of Rerdell; and yet he is trying to put four men in the penitentiary on the same oath. Do you not think that it is better to get a man out of the Cabinet than to put another into the penitentiary? And do you not think it is better that a man be put out of office than that he be put into the penitentiary, his family destroyed, and his home left to ruin, upon the oath of a man who swears that the oath was a lie? Dorsey was an awfully wicked man to try to get Mr. MacVeagh out of office on Rerdell's testimony. But now they turn around and want to put Mr. Vaile and Mr. Miner into the penitentiary on the same testimony. The other testimony was the best, because we did not promise him immunity. I will come to it after a while.

On page 2465 Rerdell swears that he did not have any pencil memorandum that he showed to MacVeagh, claiming that it was in the handwriting of Dorsey, and was asked, "Did you not tell Bosler that you had?" What does he say? "Possibly I did." "Did you not tell Bosler that you wrote it?" "Possibly I did."

S. W. Dorsey swears on page 3810 that Rerdell told Bosler that it was in the waste-basket, and Bosler took the pieces out and put them together. Rerdell says he had written it, and in pencil, so that it would look more like Dorsey's handwriting. Why did you not ask Bosler about it, gentlemen, when you had him on the stand to prove your letter? Even Mr. Bliss, in his speech, asked, "Why didn't they call Bosler?" Why didn't you have the fairness to tell all the circumstances? I will tell them all when I get to that part of it. Why did you not tell them that you had looked all through Mr. Bosler's books?

On page 2466 Rerdell swears that he did not get that memorandum out of the waste-basket, but got a note from Mac-Veagh, and that Dorsey was present.

On page 3810 Dorsey swears that it was a pencil memorandum imitating his (Dorsey's) hand closely.

On page 2466 Rerdell admits that he very likely told Bosler in June, 1881, that he had no book on the train and brought none from New York. In answer to my question, he says, "Possibly I did," or "Probably I did," tell Bosler. I cannot bring other witnesses to contradict him when he admits that he did. That is enough for me.

On page 2467 he admits that he very likely told Judge Wilson about the affidavit; that if he told him anything, he told him that no such book existed, and that there was no necessity for any book except an expense book.

On page 2469 Rerdell swears that he had a copy of the day-book and ledger in June, 1881, in Dorsey's office; that Dorsey took them that day, and that they had been there ever since they were made, to be carried to Congress. Then he began to gather his ideas, and he says:

Hold on. I am mistaken. These books were all sent over to New York before that, in the summer of 1880, when I carried the originals over for the last settlement I was present at, between Dorsey and Bosler.

There was no settlement in 1880, the time he speaks of. Mr. Merrick then says:

Q. There were two sets of those copies?

That would be four copies and two originals.

A. No, sir.

On page 3955, S. W. Dorsey swears that he had the first settlement with Bosler in December, 1879, or January, 1880, and had no subsequent adjustment until November or December, 1882; no settlement between those dates. Yet Rerdell says that he took those books over in the summer of 1880 for a settlement, when there was no settlement, and at the same time carried the originals. A moment before he had sworn that the originals were there in the office in June, 1881.

On page 2470 Rerdell swears that he did not give the books to Dorsey in 1881.

On page 2447 he swears that he did not have the balance-sheet in New York; that he had it in the office in June, 1881.

On page 2479, Rerdell, in speaking of the pencil memorandum, was cornered, caught. He said, "I have kept it as a voucher." Then finally he admits that it was not his property, but was the property of Dorsey; and the last admission he made upon that subject was, "I stole it." He says that while he was in jail somebody got into the office and destroyed his papers. And yet, on page 2480, he tells that the first time it ever occurred to him to use that pencil memorandum was after the first trial was over. Can you believe that? He was trying to steal it on the 13th of July, 1882; was trying to go over to the Government on the 5th day of July, 1882, and did not think that he had that pencil memorandum! Writing a letter on that day to Dorsey; giving

him notice that he was going to desert him; saying in that very letter that he had been persuaded by Bosler to make the first affidavit; saying that he was making preparations to go to the Government, was going to set himself right, and yet did not remember the pencil memorandum! Why? Because he manufactured it afterwards. He says that within a day or two after he was out of jail he found this paper a second time. He found it before, and laid it carefully away as a voucher. Then he lost sight of it. Then he was trying to sell it to the Government, and he forgot it; trying to blackmail Bosler and Dorsey, and forgot it. When he got out of jail he found it. That will not do. How does he say it got to his house? His wife carried it from the office while he was in jail. And yet he would have us believe that Dorsey broke into that office and stole all the papers. And yet he says that was in the office, and Dorsey did not take it. It will not do. He manufactured that paper after that time.

On page 2481 Rerdell swears that he did not know that he had that paper at that time, at the time he says his wife got the papers. I say he did not; I say he made it afterwards.

On page 2490 Rerdell swears that he had those red books in the office at 1121 I street; that he never made any effort to conceal them. And yet Kellogg never saw one of those books; never saw Rerdell working upon them, and never saw them in the office.

On page 2491 Rerdell swears that he thinks Kellogg did some work on those red books; that Kellogg helped him (Rerdell) make the first entries. On page 3636 Kellogg swears not only that he did not help him to make those entries, but positively swears that he never even saw any such books.

On page 3635 Kellogg swears positively that Rerdell did not keep any books, but a private expense-book and a route-book; and that he (Kellogg) never saw any other books; that he never saw a ledger or journal in red leather, kept by Rerdell. He swears that he himself kept the three books (the journal, ledger, and cash-book,) and that Rerdell never made an entry in them.

On page 2512 Rerdell swears that he never imitated Dorsey's handwriting, or tried to, in Kellogg's presence. On page 3636 Kellogg swears that he saw him do it.

On the same page (2512) Rerdell swears that he never signed Dorsey's name to show Kellogg that he could imitate it. On page 3636 Kellogg swears that he did do it.

I have just given you a few, gentlemen, of the corroborations of this man Rerdell. Recollect that you cannot believe him unless he is corroborated. If you believe him at all you have got to believe all, unless you believe he is mistaken. Where a man comes on the stand as an informer—and I do not call him an informer—even in that capacity he has to be taken altogether or not at all.

Now, with all these contradictions upon his head, I will now come to the affidavit of July 13, 1882. You will remember that I read you the letter of July 5, in which he says that Bosler got him to make the affidavit of 1881. At page 2374 Rerdell gives an account of this affidavit. Dorsey got him in Willard's Hotel, locked the door, and had him. Now, he said to him, "Mr. Rerdell, I will tell you what I am going to do with you: I am going to have you prosecuted for perjury." Let us imagine that conversation. Rerdell replies, "What are you going to have me prosecuted for?" "For making the

affidavit of June, 1881." "Why," says Rerdell, "in that affidavit I swore you were innocent." Says Dorsey, "Don't you know you swore to a lie? Do you think I would stand a lie of that kind, sir? Do you think I will allow any man willfully, maliciously, and with malice aforethought, to swear that I am an innocent man? I will have you arrested to-night, sir." "Well," says Rerdell, "my good God, ain't there any way I can get out of this?" "Yes; make another affidavit just like it. Now, sir, you have perjured yourself and I will arrest you for perjury unless you do it again." "Well," says Rerdell, "when I get that done you will have two cases against me." "I can't help it," Dorsey says. "Is that the way you treat a friend? I swore to that lie from pure friendship. Don't you remember you took me by both hands and begged me, for God's sake, and for your wife's sake and your children's sake, to make that affidavit? And now are you going to be such a perfect devil as to have me arrested for perjury for making that same affidavit?" Dorsey says, "Yes, sir; that is the kind of man I am." "Well, but," says Rerdell, "don't you know the trial is going on now? They are trying to prove, now, that you are guilty, and in that affidavit of mine I swore you are innocent, and how are you going to prove a man guilty when you swear that he is innocent?" Dorsey says, "That is my business, not yours. I am going to have you arrested." "But," says Rerdell, "you had better hold on, I tell you." "Why?" "I have got the red book that I got in New York." Dorsey says, "I don't care." Rerdell says, "I have got the pencil memorandum that you made for me to open the books upon, and charge William Smith with eighteen thousand dollars. And you wrote John Smith first, and I changed it to Sam Jones, don't you recollect, as otherwise there would be two Smiths? And there is the account against J. H. Mitchell, and J. W. D., and cash, and profit and loss." Dorsey says, "I don't care about that. I am not going to allow a man to commit perjury. I am going to have you arrested." Rerdell says, "You had better not have me arrested." Dorsey says, "Why? What else have you got?" "I have got a copy of the letter that you wrote to Bosler on the 13th of May, 1879, which you say that you paid twenty thousand dollars to Thomas J. Brady. That copy was made by Miss Nettie L. White." "Do you believe I care anything about that? You have perjured yourself, and it is no difference to me whether it was in my favor or not. Justice must be done, and I am going to have you arrested." Rerdell says, "You had better not. I have got a tabular statement in your handwriting, Dorsey, where you had a column for the amount due and the amount received, and another column for thirty-three and one-third per cent, given to Brady, and then at the top, in your handwriting, 'T. J. B., thirty-three and one-third.'" Dorsey says, "I don't care what you have got." Rerdell says, "That ain't all I have got, Dorsey. I tore out of your copy-book a copy of the letter I wrote to Bosler on the 21st or 22d of May, 1880, in which I told him that I had gone to Brady, and that Brady said you were a damn fool for keeping a set of books, and suggested to me to have some copies made, and I had the copies made, and I can prove the copies by Gibbs if he does not try not to remember that he made them. Now, go on with your rat-killing; go on with your perjury suit." Dorsey had him already locked up there, don't you see? But Dorsey was bent on having that man arrested for perjury because he had sworn that he (Dorsey) was innocent. Dorsey was implacable.

What else did he do? He put his hand in his pocket and said, "Do you see those letters to that woman?" Then, sir, when he saw the handwriting he was like that other

gentlemen that saw the handwriting on the wall, and he began to get weak in the knees, and says, “Dorsey, I hope you are not going to have me arrested for perjury. I am willing to do it again right now, on the same subject.”

Now, it turns out that at that time Dorsey did not have those letters. Dorsey swears that he never got those letters until after Rerdell was put upon the stand. And after he swore that, the Government had the woman to whom the letters were written subpoenaed. Why did they not place her on the stand? That is for you to answer, gentlemen. That is the affidavit of July 13. Recollect, there was a trial going on at that time in which Dorsey was insisting that he was innocent, and although Rerdell had sworn that he was, he was going to have him arrested right off.

What else did he have against Dorsey at that time? Now, says Rerdell, “Dorsey, don’t you have me arrested for perjury. I have got a memorandum of that mining stock that was to be given to McGrew and Tyner and Turner and Lilley for corrupt purposes.”

What else did he have? After he had agreed to make the affidavit, Dorsey wrote out what he wanted him to swear to, in pencil, and gave it to him. And when he got his liberty, when he walked out of that room a free citizen, he had all the papers I have spoken of not only, but he had in his possession a draft, in Dorsey’s handwriting, of the affidavit Dorsey wanted him to make. He made the first affidavit from friendship; the second from fright. You know he never took a dollar for an affidavit. He was not that kind of a man. You might get around him by talking friendship or you might scare him, but you could not bribe him; he wasn’t that kind of a man. Armed with all these papers he was frightened; so he made the affidavit of July 13—

Now, let us see. He admits that—I will not say every word, but the principal things in the affidavit of June, 1881, are false. He swore to them knowing them to be false. But he tried to get out by saying he did not write them all. Writing is not the crime. The crime is swearing that they are true when they are not true. It does not make any difference who wrote it. For instance, you swear to an affidavit, and you afterwards say, “I did not write it.” “Did you know the contents?” “Yes.” “Did you swear to it?” “Yes.” What difference does it make who wrote it? And yet he endeavors to get behind that breastwork and say, “I did not write all that affidavit; I only wrote part of it. What I wrote was true, but what I swore to was not.” That will not do.

So the affidavit of July, 1882, he now swears was a lie. But he gives a reason for writing that, that you know is utterly, perfectly, completely false. You know that Dorsey never threatened to have him arrested for perjury because he had sworn in favor of Dorsey. You know it, and all the eloquence and all the genius of the world could not convince you that at that time Rerdell was afraid that Dorsey would have him arrested for perjury. No, sir.

Now, let us take the next step. Mr. Rerdell testified, on page 2275, that this letter (32 X) was received by him in due course of mail in 1878. Upon being asked whether he did not know that S. W. Dorsey was here in Washington at that time, he replied that he knew he was not. I will read it to you, gentlemen:

Chico Springs, P. O.

Mountain Spring Ranch, Colfax County, New Mexico,

"April 3, 1878.

"M. C. Rerdell, 1121 I Street:

"Dear Rerdell: I wish you would get fullest information in regard to all the new post-office lettings and keep posted as to the schemes going on in the department. There are certain routes we want advertised and others we do not. I shall be in Washington as soon as the 12th unless something unexpectedly happens,

"Faithfully,

"DORSEY."

Q. What Dorsey was that?—A. That is S. W. Dorsey's handwriting.

Q. And signature?—A. Yes, sir.

There is where he first speaks of it. At the time that letter was introduced, or in a little time, gentlemen, they also introduced the envelope. I do not know that I should have suspected the letter if they had not introduced the envelope. Whenever there is an effort to make a thing too certain I always suspect it. When that Morey letter was gotten up, what made me suspect it was that they had the envelope, and I said to myself, "Why did they want the envelope if it was clearly in the handwriting of Garfield? What difference did it make whether it was sent to Morey or to somebody else? What difference did it make when it came from Washington?" The only question was, "Did Garfield write it?" And upon that subject the envelope threw no light. When a man feels weak and thinks that other people will know what he does not want them to know, then it is that he wants to barricade and strengthen before the attack. So they got up this envelope, and when I looked at that it did not look to me as if that stamp had been through the mail. I noticed the handwriting of "Chico Springs, N. M.," and then I noticed the 3 or the B on the postage stamp, and then I knew that the man who wrote "Chico Springs" never made the letter or figure on that stamp. It is utterly impossible for the man who wrote that "Chico Springs" to make that mark on the stamp. This stamp looked awfully clean, and I said, "Well, I wouldn't wonder if that was an envelope used here in the city which has been got through the mail in some way." They had it stamped on the back and I said, "Perhaps that was written in 1879." No. You see, if it was not written in 1879 it did not do any harm, because in 1879 Dorsey was not a member of the Senate. Having gone out on the 4th of March, 1879, that letter was dated in April, 1879, why then there was no harm in his writing to Mr. Rerdell and telling him to look after the mail business. But if it was written on the 3d of April, 1878, it went far to show that Dorsey was personally interested at that time in mail routes. You will notice the printed date, April 3, 1878. They introduced that letter. I noticed that that envelope was a funny looking thing, and that the writing on it did not correspond with the mark on the stamp. I noticed also that upon the back they had the stamp. I do not know how they got it. When the Post-Office Department has possession of a paper they can put almost anything on it.

When I said to Mr. Rerdell on cross-examination, not knowing anything about the letter, “Was that not written in 1879?” he said, “‘No, sir.” Said I, “Don’t you know, as a matter of fact, that Dorsey was not here on the 3d of April, 1879?” He said, “As a matter of fact I know that he was here on the 3d of April, 1879.” “Don’t you know, as a matter of fact, that he was here on the 3d of April, 1878?” He says, “I know as a matter of fact that he was not here on the 3d of April, 1878; he was at Chico Springs.” He knew as a matter of fact that he was here in 1879, and he swore that so as to preclude the possibility of his having written the letter in 1879. And he swore to the positive fact that he was not here on the 3d of April, 1878, so as to show that he wrote him that letter from Chico Springs. They wanted some letter from Dorsey in 1878, to show that he was personally interested in these routes while in the Senate. They submitted that letter to Mr. Boone, who was their witness. He looks at it and he tells you that Dorsey did not write that letter. A clear forgery. Whom else do they bring now? They leave it right there, and by that admit that Rerdell forged that letter. Mr. Boone, their witness, swears it. Nobody swears to the contrary except Rerdell. Boone threw the letter from him contemptuously, and said, “That is not Dorsey’s handwriting,” and they dare not bring another witness. The country is filled with experts, gentlemen, who know about handwriting; the United States had plenty of men and plenty of money, and they never brought a solitary man.

Now, gentlemen, do you want to know how this fellow got caught? I will tell you. There is the letter, and they dare not put a man on the stand to swear that it is in Dorsey’s handwriting. Look it all over. But I want to tell you how Rerdell got caught about Dorsey being present on the 3d of April, 1878, and I might as well tell you how I found it out. I do not want to pretend to be any more ingenious than I am. I found it out because I made the same mistake myself. I stumbled on that same root. I hit my toe of heedlessness on the same obstruction. I went up to look at the Senate journal. I opened a book to see whether Dorsey was here on the 3d of April, 1878. You see at the bottom there of the title page, Mr. Foreman—Washington: Government Printing Office. 1877.

You know I was not looking for the book of 1877, so I shut that book up. I then took the next book and opened it, and it said at just the same place:

Washington: Government Printing Office. 1878.

I thought it was the book. So I looked over here, and I found that there was no session of the Senate in April, and I said to myself, “Is that possible that there was no session in April, 1878? Why, there must have been.” But the book said “no.” I looked back here, and it still said 1878. Then I happened to look back to this book that said 1877, and it said that the session commenced December 3d, 1877, and consequently April 3d, would be found in the book marked 1877 on the title page. So I turned right over here and looked up at the top and saw the date, April 3d, 1878. He was looking for the 1878 book, and that included April, 1879, and when he got to April, 1879, there was no session of the Senate. So he came right in here and swore that Dorsey was not here in 1878, but that he was here in April, 1879. I looked in that book and found that Mr. Dorsey, on the 3d of April, 1878, was appointed by the Vice-President on a committee of conferees, on the part of the Senate, together with Senators Windoin and Beck, and I saw exactly how Mr. Rerdell made his mistake. He opened

the book, and at the bottom-of the title page it said 1877. That was not what he was looking for. He was looking for 1878. And the book that said 1878 showed that in April the Senate was not in session. The book that said 1877 showed that in April the Senate was in session on April 3d, 1878. That man thought he was backed by the records of the Senate, and thereupon he manufactured that letter. And that is the letter sworn by Boone not to be in the handwriting of S. W. Dorsey. Now, gentlemen, there is nothing in this world that a man would be prevented from doing, for its baseness, who would do that.

There is more evidence than this. I asked Mr. Rerdell, "When you got that letter did you understand it?" He said, "No." "Did you do anything on account of it?" "No." "Did you know what it meant?" "No." And yet he has the temerity to swear that he received that on the 3d of April, 1878.

How did he come to spell the name Reddell? I will tell you. On page 2275 he had a letter to go by. That is the very page on which the Government puts in that letter. This letter is a letter of introduction. When Rerdell manufactured that letter he had this letter of introduction to go by:

Hon. J. L. Routt, Denver:

My Dear Governor: I wish to introduce my friend, Mr. M. C. Reddell.

It was written Reddell in that letter, and when this man wanted to manufacture one he had one in his possession that Dorsey wrote about that time (April 14, 1879), and he noticed that in that he spelled the name Reddell. So when he wanted to get up a fraud he spelled the name Reddell. That is the way. There is no pretence that Dorsey wrote that letter, and they dare not bring an expert or another man on earth acquainted with the handwriting of Dorsey and submit it to him and expect him to say that that is the handwriting of S. W. Dorsey. So much for that.

Now, it is claimed that while Torrey was writing up Dorsey's books, having in his possession the check stubs, he was uncertain as to whether a charge was twenty-five dollars or twenty-five cents, and he thereupon sent to Rerdell to ascertain the true state of the account, so that he might open his books. Thereupon Rerdell made the calculation in the evidence marked (94 X,) and Donnelly wrote under it that it was right. Donnelly made that little certificate at the bottom. Here is the important paper [submitting 94 X to the jury], another piece manufactured out of whole cloth, not whole paper. Now, I ask a few questions about this. In the first place, they knew that unless this was corroborated it was good for nothing, and we find on it:

Lewis Johnson & Co., note due 28th October, three thousand dollars.

Was that note at Lewis Johnson & Co.'s? Why did they not bring some of the officers of that bank, if there was such a note for three thousand dollars there? But no one was brought. And yet they knew that everything coming from Rerdell must be corroborated.

If Rerdell had come to Donnelly to find what the account was, how did it happen to be in Rerdell's handwriting before it got to Donnelly? Donnelly wrote this certificate at the bottom. Rerdell had written all the facts before. If he went to Donnelly to get

the facts, how did Rerdell happen to write this before it got to Donnelly? It is like me wanting to get some information from a man, and writing the information before going to him.

Now, if Donnelly wrote that after Rerdell had written, where did Rerdell get the information? If Donnelly had the books, Donnelly should have given the information. If Rerdell had the books, why did he want to go to Donnelly for information? And if Donnelly had the books, how did Rerdell write the information before he went to Donnelly? Then if he wanted that information for Torrey, why did he not send it to him? How does it happen that Rerdell wrote out the information for Donnelly, then got Donnelly to certify it, because Torrey had asked it? And then how does it happen that Rerdell kept it? It seems to me that that ought to have been sent to Torrey. Torrey wrote to Rerdell for information; Rerdell wrote it all down, and then got Mr. Donnelly to say it was so. If Donnelly had the books, Donnelly should have given the information. If Rerdell had the books, he did not have to go to Donnelly for information. That is another manufactured paper. As I say, how does it happen to be in the possession of Rerdell? They claim that it was for Torrey's benefit. I believe when Torrey was on the stand they asked him if there was not some dispute about thirty-five cents. Now they bring that here to show that there was a dispute about twenty-five cents. Was there any reason for supposing that it was twenty-five cents? No, except that it was in the dollar column, that is all. Of what use was Donnelly's statement after Rerdell had made the calculation? Nobody on earth can tell why that was given. Why did they not bring some of the books or clerks from Lewis Johnson & Co.'s Bank to show that there was a note there in October for three thousand dollars.

There is another little matter, a conversation between Rerdell and Brady. Rerdell said he had a conversation with Brady in which he told him about the Congressional committee; that he was summoned to bring his books. Brady was astonished that Dorsey would be "Damn fool enough to keep books," and suggested to have them copied. If this is true, Brady at that time made a confident of Rerdell. If it is true, Brady at that time admitted to Rerdell that he (Brady) was a conspirator; that he had conspired with Dorsey. And yet Brady says that he never had but three or four conversations, I believe, with this man, and Rerdell himself admits that he never had but four or five, and when he is pinned down on cross-examination he accounts for enough of these interviews, without any interviews on the subject of the books, to exceed all that he ever had. Do you believe that he ever had any such conversation? Do you believe that Brady would make a confident of him? Do you believe that Brady would substantially admit in his presence that he had been bribed by Dorsey? I do not.

Now, in order that you may know what this man is, I want you to have an idea of his character. So we will come to the next point. Mr. Rerdell admits that he sat with the defendants during the early part of this trial; that he was willing to make a bargain with the Government; that he proposed to the Government that he would sit with his co-defendants, and would challenge from the jury the friends of the defendants. Did any man wearing the human form ever propose a more corrupt and infamous bargain? That proposition ought to have been written on the tanned hide of a Tewksbury pauper. He went to the Government and deliberately said, "Gentlemen, I

am willing to make a bargain with you. I am willing to sit with my co-defendants, pretending to be their friend, and while so pretending I will challenge their friends from the jury. I will so arrange it that their enemies may be upon the panel." "And why do you say that, Mr. Rerdell?" "In order to show my good faith towards the Government." He made the first affidavit for friendship, the second for fear, and he made this proposition to show his good faith. There never was a meaner proposition made by a human being, under the circumstances, than that. He proposed to do it. Mr. Blackmar says that the proposition was rejected; but that does not affect Mr. Rerdell. He was willing to carry it out.

What more does he swear? He swears that he tried to carry it out. In other words, that although it had been rejected, that made no difference to him. Mr. Blackmar says they would not do it. Rerdell swears that he tried to: went right along and did his level best; and if the Court had allowed him four challenges he would have challenged four friends of the defendants from the jury.

What more does he admit? That when the Court decided that all of us together only had four, he endeavored to challenge one. Why? Because he believed he was a friend of the defendants; because he believed he would be against the prosecution; and he wanted to get the friends of the defendants away. Why? To the end that the defendants might be tried by an enemy. That is what he was trying to accomplish.

Let us take another step. That proposition reveals the entire man; that takes his hide off; that takes his flesh all off; that leaves his heart bare, naked; you can see what he is made of, and it shows the workings of his spirit, the motions of his mind; and you see in there a den of vipers; you see entangled, knotted adders. And yet that man is put upon the stand stamped by the seal of the Department of Justice, and that department says to twelve men, "Here is a gentleman that you can believe; that gentleman proposes to sell out his co-defendants to us, but we would not buy; he is an honorable kind of gentleman, but we would not buy."

Mr. Merrick. It should be interpolated there—if you will pardon me a moment—that the Government refused to accept Rerdell until he himself had pleaded guilty.

Mr. Ingersoll. I understand that. I say now, Mr. Merrick, that I would not for anything in the world, on a subject of that kind, go the millionth part of an inch beyond the testimony. Although you and I have not been very cordial friends during this trial, and neither have I and Mr. Bliss, yet if I know myself I would not for anything in this world put a stain upon your reputation, or upon the reputation of either of you, by misstating a word of this testimony. I would not do it. I am incapable of it. I admit that the evidence is that the proposition was rejected, but I also insist that the Government knew the proposition had been made, otherwise it could not have been rejected. And so I say that after this man had made that proposition, infamous enough to put a blush upon the cheek of total depravity, the Government put that witness upon the stand, sealed with the seal of the Department of Justice.

Now, we will go another step. He sat with us from day to day, gentlemen, as you know, went in and out with us, as one of the co-defendants. In the meantime—and there is a laughable side even to this infamy—he borrowed money from Vaile. He

went to him as a co-defendant, as a friend, and said, “I want a hundred and forty dollars; I want to buy bread and meat to give me strength to swear you into the penitentiary.” And Vaile gave him the money. Would you believe a man like that? You cannot think of a man low enough, you cannot think of a defendant vile enough to be convicted on such testimony.

Now, we will go another step. He wanted to make that bargain with Mr. Blackmar. Mr. Blackmar swears that he told Mr. Merrick of it, and that Mr. Merrick rejected it; would have nothing to do with it.

At that time Mr. Woodward had two affidavits of Rerdell in his possession—an affidavit of Rerdell, made in September, supplemented by another affidavit, I believe, of November, that he made in the city of Hartford, covering seventy pages. When Mr. Woodward saw Mr. Rerdell sitting with the defendants, pretending to go with them, he (Woodward) had those two affidavits of Rerdell in his pocket. Did the prosecution know that Rerdell had made the two affidavits? I do not say they did, gentlemen. I only go right to the line of the evidence; there I stop.

Another thing: Mr. Blackmar swears that they had a signal to look at the clock, and that night Rerdell would meet him at six or seven o’clock, I have forgotten the hour; but Mr. Blackmar could not sit in his room all the time waiting for him, and so he gave him a certain signal, so that he would know he was to wait that night. Then what happened? Then Mr. Rerdell came to Mr. Blackmar and gave to him written reports. Of what? I do not know. He sat with the defendants; he gave to Mr. Blackmar written reports. What were they? I do not know. What did Mr. Blackmar do with them? He handed them to Colonel Bliss. What did he do with them? I do not know. Did he read them? I do not know. Did he know that they were in the handwriting of Mr. Rerdell? I do not know. That is for you.

Still another point:

Mr. Bliss, after this jury had been impaneled, stood before them while Rerdell was sitting with us as a defendant, and said:

The ranks of the defendants are closed up, and he—Rerdell—stands before you now as one of the defendants, whose testimony—Meaning the confessions made to MacVeagh and to Postmaster-General James—will be accepted by the Court and by you, &c.

The question arises, Did Mr. Bliss know at that time that Mr. Woodward had in his pockets two affidavits made by Rerdell, one made in September and the other in November? Did he know at that time that Rerdell had given his papers over to Mr. Woodward? Did he know at that time that he had offered to challenge the friends of the defendants from the panel? And so knowing, did he give us to understand that Rerdell had passed from the influence of the Government and was now acting as one of the co-defendants? Is it possible that Mr. Bliss would furnish Rerdell with a mask behind which he could gather information from the defendants and sell it to the Government for immunity? Is it possible? Those were the circumstances. I do not say that he knew. I do not know.

Gentlemen, I do not believe that it is the duty of a Government to prosecute its citizens. I do not believe that it is the duty of a Government to spread a net for one of the people whom it should protect. I do not believe in the spy and informer system. I believe that every Government should exist for the purpose of doing justice as between man and man. The mission of a Government is to protect and preserve its citizens from violence and fraud. The real object of a Government is to enforce honest contracts, to protect the weak from the strong; not to combine against the one, not to offer rewards for treachery, not to show cold avarice in order that some citizen may have his liberty sworn away. The objects of a good Government are the sublimest of which the imagination can conceive. The means employed should be as pure as the ends are noble and sacred. The Government should represent the opinions, desires, and ideals of its greatest, its best, and its noblest citizens. Every act of the Government should be a flower springing from the very heart of honor. A Government should be incapable of deceit. The Department of Justice should blow from the scales even the dust of prejudice. Representing a supreme power, it should have the serenity and frankness of omnipotence. Subterfuge is a confession of weakness. Behind every pretence lurks cowardice. Our Government should be the incarnation of candor, of courage, and of conscience. That is my idea of a great and noble Government.

The next point to which I call your attention is the withdrawal of the plea of not guilty by Mr. Rerdell. You probably remember the occurrence. I will read to you what he said upon that occasion. I find it on page 2202:

After mature reflection and a full consideration of the whole subject, I have determined to abandon any further defence of myself in this case, and put myself at the mercy of the Court and the Government; and if desired to do so by the counsel for the Government, to testify to all my knowledge of any facts with reference to any of the defendants either against or for them, myself included. Therefore, I now in person ask leave to withdraw my plea of not guilty, heretofore interposed, and enter my plea of guilty, and in so doing put myself upon the mercy of the Court I feel this to be a duty I owe to myself, my family, and to truth. I have arrived at this fixed determination upon my own reflections and responsibilities, and without any previous consultation with my counsel, who, I believe, would not have advised me to this course, and whom I now relieve from all and any responsibility for the course I have adopted.

Now, gentlemen, is it not wonderful that if Mr. Rerdell was about to tell the truth as a witness in this case, he could not even withdraw his plea of not guilty without misstating the facts? Is it not wonderful that he felt called upon at that time to tell several falsehoods? He says that he took this step upon his own responsibility. He says that he did it without the advice of his counsel. He tells you that he believes if he had asked his counsel, his counsel would have been opposed to it. He says he is willing to be a witness for the Government if the Government desires it, leaving you to infer that at that time no arrangement had been made for him to be a witness; that it was all in the regions of uncertainty; that he had withdrawn into the recesses of his own mind, and consulting with himself and nobody else had made up his mind to

throw himself upon the mercy of the Government and the Court, and took that step without even allowing his counsel to know what he was about to do.

But he speaks further on the subject. I read from page 2523. I was then examining him:

Q. How did you come to do it?—A. I finally made up my mind to what I would do. I talked it over the evening before with my counsel.

He so states under oath; and yet when he stood up before this Court and withdrew his plea of not guilty, he said he acted without the knowledge of his counsel—I read this to show you that the statement he made to the Court at the time he withdrew his plea was absolutely false. What next? I will go on a little further. The same man Rerdell, after he had made up his mind to go over to the Government; after he had made up his mind to swear away, if it was within his power, the liberty of S. W. Dorsey, admits, on page 2525, that he endeavored to get five thousand dollars from Mr. Dorsey.

On page 2589 Mr. Rerdell swears positively that he did not know that he was to be used as a witness for the Government until he was called in court to take the stand. Let us look at the evidence of Mr. Bliss on page 2590. I will read you what he said:

Mr. Bliss. Your Honor, we propose to show, in substance, that this witness, for reasons with which we have nothing to do, connected with his own views of his own safety, from an early period was desirous of being accepted by the Government as a witness; that the counsel in the case refused to communicate with him or to have anything to do with him until, in the presence of his own counsel, he was brought to Mr. Merrick's office, and there the whole thing was explained; and that then for the first time the Government accepted his willingness to be a witness; and they did it under circumstances which held out to him no inducement and which involved no training or anything of the kind by anybody representing the prosecution.

Now, let us go to the next step. I want to be perfectly fair. On page 2591 Mr. Merrick asked Mr. Rerdell this question:

Q. When did you first learn that you would be put upon the stand after pleading guilty?—A. It was the day before my plea was made in court.

Yet when he rose to withdraw the plea he expressed his willingness to go upon the stand for the Government, leaving you to infer that no arrangement had been made, and he afterwards finally swore that he did not know that he was to be called until he was called.

These things, gentlemen, you must remember.

On page 2515 Rerdell swears that on the Sunday after he got out of jail he proposed to Mr. Lilley to have Lilley act for him, and authorized Lilley to say to the Government that if the Government would accept him he would go on the stand and rebut Vaile. He told him that he had in his possession a letter or two of Mr. Vaile's. Rerdell tells you that he made this proposition on the 16th or 17th of September, 1882, which was after he made the affidavit of June, 1881. On the same page he said it was just after Vaile went off the stand. That is my recollection. In the last trial Vaile

testified on the 4th of August, 1882. So about that time Rerdell, according to his testimony, went to Lilley and made a proposition to sell out then. When he made the affidavit of July 13, 1882, the trial was then in progress. The very next month, August, while the trial was still going on, that same man, having made the affidavit of July 13, 1882, went to his attorney, Mr. Lilley, and authorized him to say to the Government that Mr. Rerdell would take the stand to swear against Mr. Vaile. Remember another thing, gentlemen. The only thing he offered to do then to insure his own safety was to swear against Vaile. He did not offer to swear against Dorsey. He did not authorize Mr. Lilley to tell the Government about the pencil memorandum and the tabular statement and his letter to Bosler and Doisey's letter to Bosler and the Chico letter. Not a word. He simply went and wanted to sell some letters he had that had been written by Vaile. Why did he make that offer? Because that was all he had.

On page 2517 he says that nothing was said about pardon, but he says that Lilley told him that he thought he could get him off. What does that mean? That means pardon. On page 2518 he swears that he saw Woodward in November in Hartford, and Woodward and he wrote out the statement, covering, I believe, about seventy pages of legal cap. Then Mr. Rerdell, on page 2519, swears that he never made an affidavit after that. Then he admits, on the same page, that the day before he came into court he met Mr. Woodward and made another affidavit. That was supplementary to the first. In the meantime he found some new papers. So we find, according to his testimony, these affidavits:

On page 2521 we find that he made an affidavit in June, 1881. Remember, gentlemen, that he swore to that affidavit three or four times.

He made another affidavit in July, 1882, and another in September and November of the same year, and another in February, 1883. And yet he swears that he was not to have immunity.

Now, gentlemen, one point more about his plea of guilty. After having withdrawn his plea of not guilty, after rising in court and solemnly saying that he was guilty, and that he was guilty as charged in the indictment, which says that Rerdell conspired with Brady and Vaile and Miner and John W. Dorsey and S. W. Dorsey and Turner, that they all conspired, and that all the false affidavits and false petitions and false everything else mentioned in the indictment were made for the common benefit of all, then on page 2570 he solemnly swears that he never entered into any conspiracy or agreement with the defendants mentioned in the indictment or any of them for the purpose of defrauding the Government. When I asked him, With whom did you conspire, when did you conspire, and what was the conspiracy? he could not tell; and yet he had stood up in court and admitted that he was guilty, and then on oath denied it. Did he not swear himself that after the division was made in the routes Stephen W. Dorsey had not the interest of a cent in any route that went to Vaile or Miner? Did he not also swear that Vaile and Miner had not the interest of one cent in any route that went to Stephen W. Dorsey? Did he not swear that they were not mutually interested, and yet did he not stand up in court, and by a plea of guilty say that they were not only mutually interested, but he was one of the interested parties himself? It seems impossible for that man to tell the truth on any subject whatever.

On page 2571 he swears he never made any agreement with Vaile to defraud the United States. He stood up in court and admitted, that he had. He swore that he never made any agreement with John W. Dorsey. He admitted that he had. He swore that he never made any agreement with S. W. Dorsey, and yet stood up in court and admitted that he had.

Now let us see whether he expected immunity. He swears that he was taken to Mr. Merrick's office by Mr. Woodward and his counsel. What Mr. Merrick told him we find on page 2590:

Q. And did I not say that, under the circumstances, the Government would have nothing to do with you unless you pleaded guilty?—A. You did.

Q. And that if you pleaded guilty you had nothing to trust to but the mercy of the Government and the Court?—A. That is what you did, sir, exactly.

Now, on page 2523:

Q. Was it not arranged that Mr. Woodward was to come to your house and then take you to one of the attorneys for the prosecution, for the purpose of arranging the terms and conditions upon which you were to take the stand?—A. It was not.

In another place he swears that it was, and that the arrangement was carried out.

The next point I wish to make, if the Court please, is that whenever what is called an accomplice or an informer turns what is called State's evidence, and whenever he is permitted by the court to be sworn as a witness in a case, there is then upon the part of the Government an implied promise that if he tells the truth he shall not be punished. I read from the Whiskey cases, 9 Otto, page 595. Mr. Justice Clifford delivers the opinion of the court.

Courts of justice everywhere agree that the established usage is that an accomplice duly admitted as a witness in a criminal prosecution against his associates in guilt, if he testifies fully and fairly, will not be prosecuted for the same offence, and some of the decided cases and standard text-writers give very satisfactory explanations of the origin and scope of the usage in its ordinary application in actual practice.

The Court. What point are you now making to the Court?

Mr. Ingersoll. I am making this point: It appears from the evidence that Mr. Wilshire, the attorney of Mr. Rerdell told him at the time he was making up his mind whether he would go to the Government or not, about the whiskey cases.

I make the point that when an accomplice turns State's evidence the State cannot prosecute him after that if he testifies fully and fairly; that the usage is immemorial, and that there is not an exception in the records of all the cases in the books; consequently that when Mr. Merrick told him, "You must look simply to the Government and to the Court and you will have just exactly what the law gives you and no more," his remarks meant that the law gave him perfect immunity, provided he went upon the stand and swore truthfully.

The Court. You have demonstrated, as far as you have been able to, that he has not sworn truthfully.

Mr. Ingersoll. He has not; he has not; and if the Government will act fairly with him he will get no immunity.

When he went to the Government he understood the law to be that if he swore fully and fairly, or if he swore in such a way that they could not prove that he did not swear fully and fairly, he was to have immunity. He understood that the more he swore against the defendants the better was his chance for immunity. He knew that the Government would never complain of any lie he swore against the defendants.

Now, the next question is what is the law of accomplices, of informers? There was a remark made by Mr. Bliss in his speech, that they had plenty of evidence in this case without the testimony of Mr. Walsh or Mr. Moore or Mr. Rerdell; plenty of evidence without the testimony of Mr. Rerdell. If that had been so then the Government had no right to put Mr. Rerdell on the stand. There is but one excuse for using the testimony of a man who pleads guilty, and that is that without his testimony a conviction cannot, in all probability, be obtained. And upon that point I refer to 10 Pickering, 478, and to 9 Cowen, 711; and not only upon that point, but upon the point I made at first, that whenever you put such a man upon the stand that of itself amounts to a promise of absolute immunity:

The object of admitting the evidence of accomplices is in order to effect the discovery and punishment of crimes which cannot be proved against the offenders without the aid of an accomplice's testimony. In order to prevent this entire failure of justice recourse is had to the evidence of accomplices.—I Phillips on Evidence, 107.

If, therefore, there be sufficient evidence to convict without his testimony, the court will refuse to admit him as a witness.—Roscoe's Criminal Evidence, 127.

Neither do I believe that Mr. Rerdell had a right to go upon the stand until his case was finally disposed of. Precisely the same language is used by Wharton on Criminal Evidence, 439:

An accomplice is used by the Government because his evidence is necessary to a conviction.

That is the opinion of Mr. Justice MacLean, in 4 MacLean's Circuit Court Reports, 103.

Mr. Merrick. If not improper I may remark that all those cases refer to a condition of things prior to the trial in which the party appears as the witness.

Mr. Ingersoll. The usual question is—and the court determines that question—whether a man shall be a witness or not.

The Court. How can the court determine that without passing upon the evidence in the case? That is not the duty of the court; it belongs to the jury.

Mr. Ingersoll. The prosecuting attorney has to pass upon that himself when he makes up his mind to put him upon the stand; and he only has the right to do that when he believes that no conviction can be had without that testimony.

The Court. Then it belongs to the prosecuting attorney.

Mr. Ingersoll. I go further than that, and say that the prosecuting attorney cannot do that without consultation with the court, and without saying to the court that he believes no conviction can be had without that testimony.

Mr. Merrick. May I be allowed to suggest a point which probably you would like to comment upon—that all these cases refer to accomplices prior to the trial. My own opinion in reference to the case was that I would not put Rerdell upon the stand until he had pleaded guilty.

The Court. I do not see the ground for the distinction between the cases. Undoubtedly, when an accomplice goes over to the Government and offers his testimony, he does it always in the hope of pardon or immunity from prosecution.

Mr. Ingersoll. That is all I want at present. I want it understood, if the Court please, that I shall argue to the jury that at the time he made up his mind to go to the Government, he understood that that meant immunity.

The Court. Oh, well, of course it did.

Mr. Ingersoll. The next point is that the Court has to take all his story or none; and I read from the second volume of Starkie on Evidence, side-page 24:

In judging of the credit due to the testimony of an accomplice, it seems to be a necessary principle that his testimony must be wholly received as that of a credible witness or wholly rejected. His evidence on points where he is confirmed by unimpeachable evidence is useless. The question is whether he is to be believed upon points where he received no confirmation. And of this the jury are to form their opinion from the nature of the testimony, his manner of delivering it, and the confirmation which it receives derived from other evidence which is unsuspected. If his character be established as a witness of truth, he is credible in matters where he is not corroborated. If, on the other hand, nothwithstanding the corroboration upon particular points, doubts and suspicions still remain as to his credit, his whole testimony becomes useless.

That is the point I want to make. If they are only to take his evidence where it is corroborated, they might as well have had the corroboration in the first place without him.

Now, gentlemen, the evidence, in my judgment, shows, and shows beyond a doubt—and I believe it is now admitted—that at the time Mr. Rerdell made up his mind to go to the Government he expected that he was to have absolute immunity. You must judge of his evidence in the light of that fact, in the light of that knowledge, in the light of what had been told him by his counsel. Now, it is for you to say. You know something of this man. You have seen him from day to day. You saw his manner upon the stand. Why, they tell you that at one time he was overcome with emotion, and that that is evidence that he was telling the truth. It may be that there is left in

that man some little spark of goodness still. When he was swearing, or endeavoring to swear, away the liberty of the man who had been his friend, may be at that time the memory of the past did for a moment rush upon him. He may have remembered the thousand acts of kindness; he may have remembered the years of liberality; he may have remembered the days that he had spent beneath that hospitable roof; he may have remembered the wife and children; he may have remembered all these things, and for just that moment he may have realized what a wretch he was. In no other way can you account for his having emotion.

But I am about through with that gentleman. I shall not take up your time in the remainder of my speech by commenting upon Mr. Rerdell. Let us finish his testimony now; let us put him out of sight; let us put him in his coffin, close the lid, nail it down:

First nail—affidavit of June 20, 1881; drive it in.

Second nail—the letter of July 5, 1882, when he says that affidavit of 1881 was made by the persuasion of Bosler; drive it in.

Third nail—affidavit of July 13, 1882, where he swears that they were all perfectly innocent.

Fourth nail—the pencil memorandum; drive that in.

Fifth nail—the tabular statement that gave thirty-three and one-third per cent, to Brady; drive it in.

Sixth nail—his pretended letter to Bosler telling about the advice of Brady; drive that in.

Seventh nail—the letter he pretends that Dorsey, on the 13th of May, 1879, wrote to Bosler, the copies being made by Miss White; drive that in.

Wind his corpse up in the balance-sheets from the red books made by Donnelly.

Then you want a plate for his coffin. Let us paste right on there the Chico letter, April 3, 1878.

Now, we want grave-stones. Let us take the red books, put one at his head and one at his feet.

And let his epitaph, written upon the red book placed at his head, be—Up to this moment I have been faithful to every trust.

My prayer to Gabriel is, “When you pass over that grave don’t blow.” Let him sleep. There are, there never were, there never will be twelve honest men who will deprive any citizen of his liberty upon the evidence of a man like Mr. Rerdell. It never happened; it never will.

And now, gentlemen, it becomes my duty to answer a few points made by the gentlemen who have addressed you on behalf of the Government. The first gentleman who addressed you was Mr. Ker, and he had something to say—considerable to say—about what are known as the Clendenning bonds.

They claim, gentlemen, first, that an immense fraud was in view when these proposals—I think they are proposals—with accompanying bonds and oaths of sureties were sent to Mr. Clendenning. I wish to give you, in the first place, my explanation of this paper. See if I understand it. If you sent this paper to that officer or to that gentleman as a form to guide him in making up the bonds, you would only fill up that portion of the bond in giving him a sample which you wanted him to fill up, and you would fill it up in order to show him exactly how he was to fill it up; and you would leave out that part which was already filled up in the bond. That is exactly what was done in this case. There was not one of those bonds that had an oath of the surety or the names of the sureties, because they were unknown. The names were unknown, and the amounts that the postmaster would certify to, and so all that was left in blank in the bond sent. But this being only a sample, it was sent to him so that he might know how to fill up the bonds that were sent. Consequently that portion which was absolutely blank in the bond sent would be filled up as a guide to him, and that portion which was filled up in the bonds sent would be left blank in the guide, because he had nothing to do with that part. Now, that is all there is to it.

What was left out, as they claim? Why they claim that the name of the bidder was left out and the amount of the bid. It makes no difference. That is not the slightest evidence of fraud, is it?

What was the next thing? They were never used, never. No bond included in that bundle was ever accepted by the Government. No bonds were ever made, no contract ever based upon them, not a solitary cent taken from the Government by those papers. Why, then, this secrecy? Because when a man is in this business he does not want anybody else to know that he is bidding, in the first place; and, in the second place, he does not want anybody to know the amount of the bid. If the amount of the bid is put in, then the persons going security will know it, and they may tell. The postmaster who approves the security will know it, and he may tell. The object of the secrecy is not to defraud the Government, but to prevent other people finding the amount of the bid and then underbidding. That is the object, and it is the only object. And yet this little, poor, dried-up bond, soaked in the water of suspicion, swells almost to bursting in the minds of the counsel for the prosecution. There is nothing of it. It was never worthy of mention, in the first place. You will never think of it when you retire. It will never enter your minds; but if it does, remember that the object of the secrecy was simply as a precaution against other bidders, and had nothing whatever to do with the Government.

There is one other point. I believe Mr. Dorsey did say, in his examination-in-chief, that he did not talk to anybody about it, and it afterwards occurred that he did go and ask Mr. Edmunds whether what he had asked Clendenning to do was illegal or improper. To that contradiction you are welcome.

Mr. Ker gives the date of Boone's circular to postmasters asking for information, and says it was dated December 1, 1879. Thereupon Mr. Merrick corrects him, and says it was in 1878. The Court does the same. As a matter of fact, these circulars were dated December, 1877. Gentlemen, I just simply speak of this to show how easy it is for people to be mistaken. Those circulars were gotten up for the purpose of getting information before bidding. All the bids were put in in February, 1878. The circulars

were sent out, I believe, in November and December, 1877. And yet upon that one point Mr. Ker is mistaken two years.

On page 4512 Mr. Ker states that Miner, in April, 1878, said to Moore that it all depended upon affidavits of the contractors, and that "they were all good affidavit men." The object of this, if it had an object, was to show that this conspiracy was entered into with Moore, and that S. W. Dorsey was a part of it in April, 1878. The evidence of Moore is that the conversation took place, not in April, but in July, 1878, at the city of Denver. And yet Mr. Ker tells you that it was in April. 1878. It is not, perhaps, a very material point, but it simply serves to show you the manner in which this evidence is repeated to you by the counsel for the prosecution.

At page 4537 Mr. Ker says that before J. W. Dorsey went West he made an arrangement with his brother to sell out his interest for ten thousand dollars; that he did this before he started West; that he did it before there was any service put on; and that these contracts were taken at such low figures; yet John W. Dorsey had raised his interest up to ten thousand dollars. Mr. Ker tells you that the evidence shows that before any service was put on and before John W. Dorsey went West he tried to sell out his interest for ten thousand dollars. Now, what was the object in making this statement, unless it was pure forgetfulness? Why it was to connect Vaile with this business some time in April, 1878.

On pages 4100 and 4102 J. W. Dorsey swears that he was here in Washington in November, 1878; before that time he had gone to the Tongue River route; he had come back from Bismarck; and it was then, not in April; it was then, not before he went West; it was then, not before any service was put on, that he talked with Vaile about selling out to him for ten thousand dollars; and it was in November that he left the instructions for his brother to sell to Vaile. It was not in April; it was not before he went West; it was not before any service was put on.

At page 4540 Mr. Ker states that—Dorsey held thirty-three routes, and there was not one of them, I suppose, that was not expedited to the fullest extent.

What evidence is there of that? Is there any evidence that any route of Dorsey's was expedited not mentioned in this indictment?

Did not Mr. Ker know whether the routes had been expedited or not? Did not I offer in this court to prove what was done with every solitary route we had? I say to the gentleman that the other routes were not expedited. I say to the gentleman that only two other routes were, and we were not interested in them. And I say also that they know the record, and they knew the record when this statement was made; but they may have forgotten it. But is it fair, gentlemen, for a prosecuting officer to state to you that he supposed all the routes of Dorsey were expedited? One of those in the indictment was not expedited; and not a route outside of the indictment belonging to Dorsey, in which he had an interest, was expedited. So much for that statement.

At page 4546 you are told by Mr. Ker that—Nobody ever heard of expedition on a route before.

We proved what form of contracts had been in the PostOffice Department for twenty years, and proved that in every one of them there was a clause for expedition. So much for that evidence, gentlemen.

At page 4546 Mr. Ker tells us that J. W. Dorsey testified—That the routes were taken so low as to cut out other people, but that they knew they were to be expedited, and they knew they were to be increased.

J. W. Dorsey testified upon that subject, and his testimony will be found at page 4085:

Q. Did you have an arrangement by which you should bid an extremely small amount on the routes, with the further understanding that the service was to be increased and expedited?—A. No, sir; I never thought of such a thing.

And in his entire testimony in chief and cross, I believe there is not another question on that subject.

On page 4549, referring to the letter of John M. Peck, which was in fact written by Miner, Mr. Ker says:

Cedarville ought to have had as many mails as the other points between, according to the order, but they were going to supply it only once a week. .

As a matter of fact, gentlemen, this letter was written on the 22d of October, 1878, and at the time the letter was written the mail, according to the contract, was carried only once a week on that route, and consequently Cedarville would have had exactly the same mail as any other point; that is to say, once a week.

Page 556 of the record shows that three trips a week were put upon this route to Loup City with a schedule of thirteen hours, but not until the 10th of July, 1879, nine months after this letter was written.

On page 4609 Mr. Ker, in commenting upon an affidavit on the Toquerville and Adairville route, reads from the evidence of John W. Dorsey, citing page 3945, and ends at this question and answer:

Q. It was done so entirely, was it not?—A. It ought to have been so.

Now, let me read you the balance:

Q. Was it not so done?—A. No, sir.

Q It was not?—A. No, sir.

Q For whose benefit was it done?.—A. He—Meaning Rerdell—stole five thousand dollars on that route, or very nearly that—four thousand nine hundred dollars on that very route.

Q. When did he steal that five thousand dollars?—A. About a year ago or a year and a half; I do not remember the time.

Q. From whom?—A. From Mr. Bosler and myself.

Q. At what time?—A. I should think in February, 1882.

The question now arises, did Mr. Rerdell take this money as charged? Read now from the record, at pages 734 and 735, and you will find in the last line of the tabular statement introduced in this case that on this very route four thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven dollars and eighty-three cents was paid to M. C. Rerdell as subcontractor on that route. We also find that it was paid on the 4th of February, 1882. This is the money that Dorsey swears Rerdell stole, and that gentleman never took the stand to deny it.

At page 4616, Mr. Ker, after going over all the evidence with regard to the affidavits as to the impossibility of the number of men and horses doing the service rendered necessary by the affidavit, comes to the following conclusion: That under the oath the proportion was, as nine to twenty-three; that under the oath of Johnson the real proportion should have been, and was, eight to twenty-two.

In other words, the real proportion, according to Mr. Ker's own statement, would have taken more money from the Treasury than the wrong proportion made under the fraudulent affidavit, and that was nine to twenty-three. Nine into twenty-three goes twice and five-ninths; that is, two hundred and fifty-five per cent, and a fraction. That is the fraudulent proportion. Mr. Ker says that the real proportion was not as nine into twenty-three, but as eight to twenty two. Eight into twenty-two goes twice and six-eighths; that is to say, two and three-quarters; that is to say, two hundred and seventy-five per cent. The fraudulent proportion, according to his claim, only gave us two hundred and fifty-five per cent. The real proportion, which Mr. Ker admits was right, according to the evidence of Johnson, would have given us two hundred and seventy-five per cent. In other words, we got twenty per cent, less under the fraud than we would under the evidence of Johnson that Mr. Ker admits to be correct. Finding that it is twenty per cent, less under the fraudulent affidavit than under Johnson's estimate, he shouts fraud.

On page 4617 Mr. Ker tells us that Sanderson "had no more to do with the route than you or I had." On page 731 I find that Mr. Sanderson drew all the money on the route from Saguache to Lake City, I believe, with one exception—the third quarter of one year—1878, it may be. He drew every dollar upon that route, anyhow, up to February 17, 1882, except for one quarter. And yet Mr. Ker stood up before you and said that Sanderson "had no more to do with the route than you or I had."

Let us see if we have any more evidence. I find on page 3271 a subcontract executed on route 38150, from Saguache to Lake City, by Miner, Peck & Company to Sanderson for the whole time until June 30, 1882. I find that subcontract is signed by John R. Miner and J. L. Sanderson. This contract was to be from the 1st of July, 1878, and was made the 15th of May, 1878, and here it is in evidence. The evidence is that the contract was made between Miner, Peck & Company and Sanderson; the evidence also is that Sanderson drew the pay. And yet Mr. Ker stands up before you and says that Sanderson "had no more to do with the route than you or I had."

The subcontract, gentlemen, states that Sanderson is to have the entire pay, and it was before the contract term began. So much for that.

Mr. Ker. When was it filed?

Mr. Wilson. That does not make any difference.

Mr. Ingersoll. “When was it filed?” There was a trial in my town of a suit against the city, I believe, for allowing a culvert to get filled up and flood a man’s cellar. They brought in evidence to prove, don’t you see, that the culvert was not filled up, and one witness swore that the day before the rain he saw a dog go through there. One of the jurors got up and said that he would like to ask a question; he said, “What was the color of that dog?”

On page 4631 Mr. Ker states that during the investigation by Congress—Contractors got out printed letters and sent them to every subcontractor upon every star route in the country, asking them to write to their members of Congress urging their members of Congress to vote for this appropriation.

On page 1346 is Rerdell’s letter upon this very route, in which not one word is said about the contractor doing anything one way or the other. There is no evidence that any other letter was written on that route. I call your attention to it to show how the prosecution strained every possible point, and how they endeavored to patch and piece and putty and veneer this evidence. Mr. Miner wrote a letter (page 669). I do not remember any other evidence upon this subject. And certainly it would be impossible to write a milder letter than Mr. Miner wrote. He did not ask the people to get up petitions against reduction, or ask for more service. Here is what he says, and I will read you Mr. Miner’s letter:

It will be well for the people of your section to send to the member of Congress from your district such petitions as will express their opinions on the subject of this reduction.

Truly, yours,

JNO. R. MINER, Ag’t.

Could you write a milder letter than that, to save your life, and refer to the subject? Could you write a fairer letter than that, to save your life?

He does not say, “Get up petitions against it.” He does not say, “Send those petitions to your member of Congress and tell him to do what he can to prevent it.” Not one word of that kind.

Yet that is considered as evidence of fraud; that is considered as evidence of conspiracy.

The next point made is that Mr. Ker states, at page 4632, that Brady endeavored to bribe the members of Congress into making this appropriation by doubling every star route in the Southern and Middle States, and did so during the Congressional investigation. What are the facts? The deficiency bill passed April 7, 1880.. That appropriated money only for the purpose of carrying the mails up to June 30, 1880. The regular appropriation bill was passed at the same session, and appropriated money to carry the mails from the 1st of July, 1880. Now let us see if Brady doubled the trips in these Southern and Middle States during that investigation. On page 3393 Brady says:

Practically on July 1, 1880, we doubled up the entire service for all the Southern and Middle States.

This was after the deficiency bill had passed; it was after the money appropriated by that bill had been expended; and it was paid for out of the regular appropriation for the Post-Office Department.

Yet that was a bribe. It just shows that Congress by the regular appropriation indorsed the policy of Mr. Key to have a daily mail to every place where there was a county-seat.

At page 4652, on the route from Mineral Park to Pioche, there were two petitions, marked 17 K and 18 K. It is somewhat singular that the Government brought no persons whose names are on these petitions to show that they had not authorized their names to be signed thereto, but they brought persons to show that the signatures were not genuine.

On page 1621 the witness Wright swears that the names are the same on both petitions. He is then asked if he knows the signatures of any other people, and he says "Yes." He then says that the signature of John Deland is not genuine. He swears that he knows nearly every one of the people. He is then asked whether these signatures are in the handwriting of the people, and he replies that he thinks not. Then he is asked as to the signature of Cornell, and he says; That is not in his handwriting.

Here is his cross-examination, gentlemen: * * *

I asked him, "Do you know these people;" made him swear that he knew Mr. Street; that he knew the signatures of many; that he knew these people. I proved where they were living; that they are living in the country now, good, respectable, honest people. And yet the Government did not bring one man whose name had been written here to prove that he had not authorized it. Why? Because they could not. They knew by the testimony here that the petitions were absolutely and perfectly honest. And it is in that way that they seek to deprive men of their liberty. They did not call a man whose name appeared on those petitions to say that his signature was not genuine or not authorized. I proved that many of them are still living and first-rate men.

Now, gentlemen, you remember besides that, that Mr. H. S. Stevens, the delegate from that Territory, recommended the same thing asked for by those petitions (pages 1635, 1636), where it was admitted by counsel for the Government that the letters of Stevens were genuine. It is upon that same route that General Fremont also wrote a letter (page 1636). And I will show you that the names are exactly or substantially the same on 18 K as those found at pages 1638 and 1639.

Mr. Ker and Mr. Bliss both endeavored to show that there were no petitions on this route, and that it was simply done on a letter. If you will look at page 1603 you will find the evidence of Mr. Krider, who was postmaster at Mineral Park, in which he says there were petitions.

In order to show that there was a conspiracy between these parties, or between Dorsey and Vaile, or Dorsey, Rerdell, and Vaile, Mr. Ker called the attention of the

jury to two letters, one written by Rerdell to the Sixth Auditor, and one written by Vaile. Here is a letter dated the 21st of August, 1880. It is introduced, of course, to show that there was a conspiracy at that time between Mr. Vaile and Mr. Dorsey. It was written by Mr. Rerdell to the Sixth Auditor:

To the Sixth Auditor:

Sir: H. M. Vaile was subcontractor on route 40104 during the first quarter of 1879. In the first settlement for that quarter Vaile was paid for certain expedited service—it was subsequently discovered that the expedition thus paid for was never performed—the department therefore, and very properly, too, charged back to the route the amount thus paid for expedition never performed, viz, some two thousand eight hundred dollars.

Meanwhile Vaile, who alone was in fault, had ceased to have any connection with the route—the charging back, therefore, fell on the wrong man, the man who was in no way responsible for the non-performance of the expedition, except so far as he stood between the department and the subcontractor.

It is true that this payment was made by the regular contractor to the subcontractor, but it is equally true that it was, in a measure, a compulsory payment. By the rules of the Post-Office Department it is made obligatory on the regular contractor to pay the subcontractor before the department will settle with him—it is not, therefore, a payment as between two individuals. The receipt is on the form prescribed by the Post-Office Department, and is witnessed by (the then) Postmaster Edmunds, as the rules prescribe. It is on file in the Post-Office Department, and I maintain that our covenants were fulfilled when we put the receipt on file. If Vaile had performed the service as he agreed he would do, and for doing which he received this money, we should have been reimbursed by a certificate of service from the contract office. Now, will you permit Vaile to take advantage of his own wrong, and thus enable him to defraud another man out of his money?

I refrain from discussing the question as to what would be the duty of the department if Vaile, who had received the money wrongfully, had ceased to have any connection with the department, because it is not pertinent to this issue; if it were, I could cite you to many authorities and precedents to the effect that even then it would be your duty to refund the money to me. But this is not necessary, because Vaile is still doing business with the department.

He is subcontractor on route 44156 for the full contract pay, which is twenty-two thousand dollars per annum, hence the department will have no difficulty in reimbursing itself for what was, in simple truth, an overpayment.

I think you will agree with me when I ask that this money be refunded to the subcontractor on route 40104 and charged to route 44156, because it is simply correcting an error. You have the same authority to charge it to one as you have to charge it to the other, and you have already charged it to me.

The law-merchant would experience no difficulty in adjusting a matter of this sort. The merchant who would refuse to correct an error of this character would be justly called a lame duck, and would be scouted from "'Change" Vaile was erroneously paid

for the performance of a service which he never did perform. Therefore I ask that he be compelled to render unto Caesar the things that he ceasers.

Respectfully,

M. C. RERDELL.

Acting for himself and for the regular contractor on route 40104.

That is to show also, gentlemen, that there was a conspiracy between Vaile and Rerdell. Now, Mr. Vaile wrote a letter also to the same man. I will read it:

Washington, D. C., July 9, 1880.

Hon. J. McGrew:

Sir: In reply to yours of July 8th, relating to the Jennings case, I would state that I did not receive the money in manner and form as stated by one M. C. Rerdell, nor was the draft of J. W. Dorsey, on said route 40104, for the quarter named, to get an advance of money for myself or for my own use.

At the time I receipted for my pay as subcontractor on said route I did not, in fact, receive any money, but did so receipt that J. W. Dorsey might negotiate his draft on said route, and for no other purpose.

Although I was subcontractor of record on said route at the time named, I was not a subcontractor in my own behalf, but as trustee for J. W. Dorsey, S. W. Dorsey, Isaac Jennings, and others, to collect said money and pay it over as said parties should direct. I further state that all money that ever came into my hands from said route I did pay over to the parties named as trustee, as by them directed.

Acting as trustee of said Jennings, and believing that he had performed the mail service on said route as by him agreed, and in accordance with the laws and regulations of the Post-Office Department, I did pay said Jennings, on the 1st day of April, 1879, the sum of $1,257.73, a sum of money he was entitled to provided he had carried the mail three days per week on the schedule required, which I fully believed at that time he had done, and for a long time after.

I further state that I am informed that said Jennings is not responsible; that it would be utterly impossible for me to receive back the $2,800, or any part thereof; that in fact this sum of money sought to be collected of me, if collected for said Jennings's benefit, or go into his hands in addition to the sum he now has unlawfully, doubly remunerating him for his neglect of duty.

I further state that all the money collected on said route not paid to said Jennings was paid to liquidate the debts of J. W. Dorsey, S. W. Dorsey, and others previously contracted, and not one dollar ever remained in my hands.

I further state I believe both J. W. Dorsey and S. W. Dorsey are irresponsible, and it would be impossible for me to collect any part of said money from them. As above stated, said money came into my hand only as their agent or trustee, and at once paid out as they directed; that my subcontract was put on file simply to enable J W. Dorsey to negotiate his draft on said route, when in fact said Jennings was the real

subcontractor. Said Jennings agreed to perform the service on said route strictly in accordance with the laws and regulations of the department, for the annual sum of $12,600.00, the duplicate of which contract was delivered over to S. W. Dorsey by myself, and which I believe is now in the hands of M. C. Rerdell, and which, or a copy thereof, I demand shall be filed with you in this case, that you may see what said Jennings agreed to do.

This is certainly a strange claim. Jennings agreed to perform mail service on said route. I believed he had done it, and paid him accordingly. It turns out long after he did not properly perform the service, but was attempting a swindle, and a deduction is ordered for not performing the service properly. Then this man, the guilty party, having got money from me, as trustee, wrongfully, as well as from the Government, and asks that the Auditor compel me to pay him the sum of $2,800.00, when, as I am informed, he is seeking to get this same deduction remitted.

Surely if he succeeded in all this he will make a good thing out of his rascality and I a good victim without remedy. I state again I did not hypothecate said draft for myself, did not receive one cent as subcontractor, but became the payee of said draft that said J. W. Dorsey might negotiate it, and I to dispose of the proceeds as he should direct, all of which I did. Therefore I request you not to compel me to pay the sum of money asked, but if I am liable at all let the parties seek their redress at law, where all the facts can be obtained and justice rendered me. And it is also well known that I am a man of means, and any judgment rendered against me could and would be collected, dollar for dollar.

I am, very respectfully,

H. M. VAILE.

That was introduced to show that at the time Vaile was in a conspiracy with S. W. Dorsey. Why did they introduce it? Simply for one line in it in which he says he was acting as the trustee of S. W. Dorsey. He was. How? Dorsey had advanced money. The routes were liable, and the persons who held the routes had agreed to refund it. The subcontracts were made to Vaile, and Vaile agreed out of the proceeds of the route to pay the debt to S. W, Dorsey. To that extent he was the trustee of S. W. Dorsey. Dorsey swears it. Vaile admits it, and we all claim it to be true. And yet they introduced that letter simply because that line was there. Now, gentlemen, I have read both of those letters, and I want you to remember them if you can, and tell me whether at that time Vaile and Dorsey were in a conspiracy together to defraud this Government. And yet the Government introduced this letter just to prove that one thing, and no more.

On the Julian and Colton route there is this peculiarity: The Government failed to prove the number of men and horses necessary on the original schedule for three-times-a-week service, and consequently we are left without any standard by which to judge; without any standard by which to measure.

On page 4685 Mr. Ker calls attention to the fact that the proposal marked 6 P, originally contained an offer to carry the mail at thirty-six hours for seven thousand

seven hundred and twenty-two dollars additional, but he states that the thirty-six was rubbed out and twenty-six was put in its place.

That is, they offered to carry it in thirty-six hours for seven thousand and odd dollars, and then afterwards fraudulently, of course, rubbed out the thirty-six and inserted twenty-six. But they did not change the sum for which they offered to carry it. They offered to carry it in thirty-six hours for seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-two dollars, and afterwards they rubbed out the thirty-six and put in twenty-six, and then offered to carry it in twenty-six hours for seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-two dollars. The question arises, how did that hurt the Government? The question arises, was that a fraud? If it had been originally twenty-six hours and they had rubbed out those figures and put in thirty-six hours, then you might say the intention was to defraud the Government. But the proposition had to be accepted after that was done, and consequently in no event could the Government be defrauded by the change of the proposal before the Government accepted the proposal. I might say to a man, "I will let you have a house and lot for ten thousand dollars." He does not accept the proposal. Have I not the right on the next day to charge him twelve thousand dollars for it? Is that a fraud? If I tell him, "You may have it for ten thousand dollars," and he accepts, then, as an honorable man, I cannot change the proposal. But if I tell him he may have it for twelve thousand dollars and then afterwards tell him he may have it for ten thousand dollars, Mr. Ker calls that a fraud of two thousand dollars. If one of the jury should give me a contract to deliver one hundred horses for ten thousand dollars, and I should scratch out the one hundred and put in seventy-five, certainly you would not consider yourself defrauded. Or if I agreed to carry the mail in thirty hours for the Government for seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-two dollars, and then afterwards changed and said I would carry it in ten hours less time for the same price, can that be tortured into a fraud—unless I might be indicted for defrauding myself?

On page 4569 Mr. Ker says that Mr. Farrish, who was the subcontractor says:

I always carried the mail in from six to ten hours before expedition. I carried the mail from Greenhorn to Pueblo. I did not stop at Saint Charles.

On page 835 Mr. Farrish says he carried the mail for three months in 1881. That is the only time Farrish carried the mail. This route was expedited on the 26th day of June, 1879, and yet Mr. Ker says that Farrish carried the mail before it was expedited and carried it in from six to ten hours. Mr. Farrish did not carry the mail until about two years after it had been expedited.

On page 4768 Mr. Ker, speaking of the two affidavits on the route from Pueblo to Rosita, laughs at the idea that the proportion was the same in both.

Now, what is the proportion in both? One affidavit says that on the then schedule it would take eight men and horses; that is, the horses and men added together make eight, and that on the proposed schedule it would take twenty-four. Then they would be entitled to just three times the money they were receiving on the original schedule, because three times eight are twenty-four. Let me explain here what I mean by proportion. If I am carrying the mail with, say, four horses and two men, making a total of six, and if then that service is increased so that it takes twelve men

and horses, I get twice the original pay; if it takes eighteen men and horses, I get three times the original pay. You understand that there is always a relation between the pay and the number of men and horses used. If I am using one man and one horse and am getting a thousand dollars for the service, and if it is expedited so that I have to use two men and two horses, I would get two thousand dollars. In the first affidavit they had eight men and horses. If they put up the service to what they were going to, it would take twenty-four. Three times eight are twenty-four. Then they would get three times the original amount of money. In the second affidavit he swears that it takes fifteen men and animals on the present schedule, and on the proposed schedule it would take forty-five men and animals. Three times fifteen are forty-five. Three times eight are twenty-four. You see that on both affidavits you get the same amount of money to a cent, because the proportion is absolutely and exactly the same. Yet Mr. Ker laughs at the idea of the proportion being the same. It took eight men and horses in the first affidavit on the present schedule, and twenty-four on the proposed schedule. There the contractor would be entitled to three times the original sum. In the next affidavit it took fifteen men and horses on the original schedule and forty-five men and horses on the proposed schedule. Again, he would be entitled to three times the original sum.

On page 4579 Mr. Ker says the oath was put in for three trips. By looking at page 867 we find that it was for seven trips and not three. There is nothing like accuracy.

On page 4580 Ker says that Brady had on the jacket before him the evidence that Hansom was a subcontractor at three thousand one hundred dollars a year, and the contract gave the contractor a clear profit of five thousand and forty-eight dollars. The fact is, that Brady's order was made on July 8, 1879. That order is on page 866. Hansom's subcontract was filed October 22, 1879, about three month's after Brady's order was made. And yet Mr. Ker tells you that on that jacket when Brady made the order he had notice of Hansom's subcontract. Unless he had the gift of seeing into the future he knew nothing about it. He would have had to see into the future three months in order to have had it before him at that time.

On page 4703 Mr. Ker says that the letter of J. W. Dorsey, written April 26, 1879, referred to the Perkin's affidavit as not putting the number of men and animals high enough. Let us see. Another case of arithmetic. The letter refers to Dorsey's statement transmitted with the letter. It could not be the way stated by Mr. Ker for the following reasons: The affidavit of Perkins said three men and six animals one trip a week on the then time. That makes nine. On one trip a week with the reduction to eighty-four hours, eight men and twenty-four animals would be required. That makes thirty-two. The proportion then gives three and five-ninths or three hundred and fifty-five per cent, increase of pay. That is the affidavit, he says, that Dorsey wrote out and said was not high enough, and then fixed up one that was. The affidavit that John W. Dorsey sent in the letter says that it will require for three trips a week on the then time four men and twelve animals, making sixteen; on the proposed schedule for the same number of trips eleven men and thirty-two animals, making forty-three. As sixteen is to forty-three—that is, two hundred and sixty-nine per cent, increase of pay. Now, that letter, he says, claims that the Perkins affidavit did not put it high enough. I say that he did not refer to the Perkins affidavit. He

could not say that did not put it high enough, because that put it at three hundred and fifty-five per cent., and the affidavit he inclosed in the letter, put it at two hundred and sixty-nine per cent.—nearly one hundred per cent. less. According to Mr. Ker he was complaining that that affidavit was too low, and so he inclosed one, one hundred per cent, lower. That will not do. Besides all that the affidavit of John W. Dorsey is for forty-five hours, while the first affidavit, I believe, is for eighty-four hours. John W. Dorsey offers to carry it in forty-five hours for two hundred and sixty-nine per cent., and the other affidavit on the basis of eighty-five hours calls for three hundred and fifty-five per cent. Do you not see, gentlemen, it is utterly impossible to believe that?

On page 4738 Mr. Ker again falls into mathematics. He says that Mr. Brady allowed on the Bismarck route for three hundred men and three hundred horses.

I tell you this prosecution ought to go into the stock business. One hundred and fifty men and one hundred and fifty horses were called for by the affidavit. Now, Mr. Ker says when Brady doubled the trips he doubled the horses, and when he doubled the trips he doubled the men. That would make three hundred men and three hundred horses. If he had doubled the trips again he would have had six hundred men and six hundred horses, enough cavalry to have protected that entire frontier. Yet after all the Bismarck and Tongue River business, Mr. Vaile comes in and swears, on page 4062, that the loss on that route to Vaile and Miner was at least fifty thousand dollars; and Mr. Miner swears that the loss on the route was between forty and fifty thousand dollars. Vaile says if he had known at that time of the clause in the contract by which he could have gotten out of it he would have abandoned the route, but that he had not read a contract for ten or twelve years. Now, as a matter of fact, gentlemen, and it seems to me the prosecution ought to be perfectly fair, Brady allowed only forty per cent, of the affidavit made in regard to the one hundred and fifty men and the one hundred and fifty horses, and yet according to Mr. Ker he allowed for three hundred men and three hundred horses; instead of allowing for forty per cent, of one hundred and fifty men and one hundred and fifty horses, he allowed for one hundred per cent. more. That would have run the pay up, I should think, to about a million dollars. Mr. Ker also says that Mr. Vaile swears that he induced Brady to give an extension to August 15th, and thereupon Mr. Ker makes the remarkable statement that Vaile did not do it; that Boone did it; I am very thankful for the admission. From that it appears that Boone was more potent with Brady than Vaile was.

If he was, why did they have to get somebody close to Brady? Afterwards we are told by Mr. Ker that Mr. Boone was kicked out to make a place for Vaile, so as to get a man close to Brady.

Mr. Ker. Will you tell me what page it was I spoke about Boone?

Mr. Ingersoll. It was Mr. Bliss. It is Mr. Bliss's turn to explain now. The notes that I have were handed to me by another, and I supposed referred to Mr. Ker. Mr. Bliss said:

This, I think, can leave no doubt in the minds of any one that the extension was obtained by Mr. Boone.

Mr. Bliss says that on page 4899, and so I will relieve Mr. Ker of that charge.

Mr. Ker. I am glad to be relieved of something.

Mr. Ingersoll. I do not want to do any injustice to Mr. Ker; between Mr. Bliss and Mr. Ker I am perfectly impartial.

Mr. Ker attacks the affidavit made by Vaile on the Vermillion and Sioux Falls route. Let us get at the facts. The route was let as fifty miles long. That is the distance that was given in the advertisement by the Government. They wanted expedition on that route. The Government asked for it. Mr. Vaile asked if he could make the affidavit, and he made it, supposing the route was fifty miles long. He never had been over it. It turned out that it was about seventy-three miles long, and consequently the affidavit provided for too fast time. The affidavit called for ten hours. That made over seven miles an hour; or, including the stoppages, I presume about ten miles an hour. The difficulty arose out of the mistake in the distance. Vaile so swears, on page 4030. He also swears that he went to the department and there saw Mr. Brewer, who was in charge of that bureau, or at least of that business, and it was Brewer who suggested to him to make the affidavit. Mr. Vaile did not ask for any expedition on that route. Mr. Brewer spoke to him about it. Mr. Vaile swears that Brewer spoke to him first. Mr. Vaile swears that he made the affidavit at the instigation of Mr. Brewer. Mr. Bliss says Brewer is an honest man, and calls him honest Brewer. Why did he not call honest Brewer to the stand and let him deny that he asked Mr. Vaile to make that affidavit?

The Court. Yes.

Mr. Ingersoll. [Resuming]. If the Court please, and gentlemen of the jury, on page 4645 there is the letter from Miner to Carey.

John Carey, Esq.,

Fort McDermitt, Nev.

Dear Sir: One S. H. Abbott, who was postmaster at Alvord, I find, by accident, is writing to the department that you do not pay your bills, and that there is no need of anything more than a weekly mail.

I wish you would see this man at once and satisfy him; pay him whatever is reasonable and report to R. C. Williamson, at The Dalles.

I suppose that is what he is after. He knows nothing of the through mail, and probably a weekly is all he needs; but more likely he wants some money. He complained once before to the department that he had to make a special trip to Camp McDermitt to make his returns, and I sent him thirty dollars, and it was all right. Now, I suppose, he wants a little more money. Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. MINER.

That letter was introduced to show that there was a conspiracy between Miner and Brady; and yet when that man complained that the service was not put on at the time it should have been, and that he was postmaster, was forced to carry his returns to

the nearest post-office, and consequently spent about thirty dollars, Miner sent him the money. Why? Because he and Brady were not confederates; because they were not conspirators. For that reason he sent the man thirty dollars. The letter says, "The man that was postmaster." When this letter was written Mr. Abbott was not postmaster; he had ceased to be postmaster. Yet they have endeavored to impress upon you the idea that when this letter was written to Abbott he was then postmaster. He had written a letter, stating that a weekly mail was all that was wanted, and that Mr. Carey did not pay his bills. Mr. Miner wrote to Carey on that account, "The man is trying to make trouble. He tried to make trouble once before, and we sent him thirty dollars. He is not postmaster now. He has no official position. Go and see him. Give him what is reasonable, and tell him to mind his own business." Why? If he had been in a conspiracy with Brady he would not care what Mr. Abbott wrote to the department. If he was absolutely certain there he would not care anything about it. But having no arrangement with the Second Assistant, having no arrangement of the kind set forth in the indictment, he did not want Mr. Abbott to write letters; he did not want Mr. Abbott to make trouble. That letter, instead of showing that there was a conspiracy, shows absolutely that there was not, and the letter was not written to him while he was an official. The man was not then postmaster. He simply had been.

The next point made by Mr. Ker is a very powerful point, that Mr. Vaile came from Independence, where the James boys came from, and where they steal horses. Suppose I should say that Mr. Ker comes from Philadelphia, the town that Mr. Phipps lives in, the man who stole the roof off of the poorhouse. Would there be any argument in that?

Mr. Ker says that J. W. Dorsey wrote in his letter that the profits would be one hundred thousand dollars a year. That was a mistake. I turn to the letter and I find that it says one hundred thousand dollars in the life of the contract, and not one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Mr. Bliss. Your Honor, I claim the right to call attention to the fact that Mr. Ker read the letter in full referring to the one hundred thousand dollars clear of expenses. He read it and then followed it by the statement of one hundred thousand dollars a year, which was obviously a mistake.

Mr. Ingersoll. That only makes it worse. After he had read the letter to the jury, and while the echoes of the letter were still in the court-room, he then said one hundred thousand dollars a year, while the letter said one hundred thousand dollars within the life of the contract. Upon such statements, gentlemen, they expect to strip a citizen of his liberty. [To counsel for the Government.] You will have some work to do in a little while. It may be that Mr. Ker forgets these things. I do not say how it happened.

Mr. Ker also tells you that Miner wanted to cut out S. W. Dorsey and J. W. Dorsey and Mr. Peck. Was that because he was a co-conspirator? He also tells you that Miner deserted his friend S. W. Dorsey. Was he at that time a conspirator? Mr. Ker tells you that S. W. Dorsey wanted to gratify his spite against Vaile and that the first thing he did after he got out of the Senate was to write that letter to the Second Assistant

Postmaster-General against the subcontracts. Does that show they were co-conspirators? Did he want to gratify his spite because he had made a bargain with them by which they were to realize hundreds of thousands of dollars?

Mr. Ker also says that Miner's letter to Tuttle shows the conspiracy.

It is perfectly wonderful, gentlemen, how suspicion changes and poisons everything.

Let me read you the letter from which Mr. Ker draws the inference that there was a conspiracy. It is on page 885:

Washington, D. C., August 19, 1878. Frank A. Tuttle, Box 44, Pueblo, Colo.,

Dear Sir: Yours 14th received. We accept your proposition, provided (so that there shall be no conflict) that a friend of ours, who has recently gone to Colorado, has not made different arrangements before we can get him word.

The petition for expedition should be separate from the petition for increase of number of trips. We make no boast of being solid with anybody, but can get what is reasonable. Yours, truly,

MINER, PECK & CO.

You are told that is evidence of a conspiracy. Suppose the letter had been this way: "We boast of being solid. We can get anything, whether reasonable or not." That probably would have been evidence of perfect innocence. He writes a letter and says:

We make no boast of being solid with anybody, but can get what is reasonable.

They say that is evidence of conspiracy. Suppose he had written the opposite, "We do boast of being solid and we can get anything, whether it is reasonable or not." According to their logic that would have been evidence of absolute innocence. Whenever you are suspicious you extract poison from the fairest and sweetest flowers. Prejudice and suspicion turn every fact against a defendant.

On page 4557 Mr. Ker tells us that Vaile never saw Peck, and yet had the impudence to write that his subcontract was signed by Peck in person. The subcontract is in evidence here. Nobody pretends that it was not signed by Peck, and yet that is brought forward as a suspicious circumstance against Mr. Vaile, because there is no evidence that Mr. Vaile ever saw Mr. Peck. Is there anything in a point like that? "My contract was signed by Mr. Peck in person." He does not mean by that that he saw him sign it. The evidence here is that it was signed by Peck, and yet the fact that he says Peck did sign it, and the fact that he had never seen Peck, Mr. Ker endeavors to torture so that you will think he wrote what he knew to be untrue.

On page 3251 Mr. Ker says that Miner does not deny writing the letter marked 63 E. This letter was dated the 10th day of May, 1879, and was on one of the Dorsey routes.

Miner swears that he never signed a paper, never touched pen to paper on any of the Dorsey routes after the 5th day of May, 1879.

Now, gentlemen, after having made all these statements to you, and I have only taken up a few of them, these misstatements, these mistakes, Mr. Ker winds up by telling

you it is the safer plan to find a verdict of guilty, because if you find them guilty wrongfully the Court will upset your verdict.

Gentlemen, you have sworn to try this case according to the law and the evidence. You are the supreme arbiters of this case. It is for you to decide upon this evidence, and for you alone. Yet you are told by Mr. Ker to shirk that responsibility. You are told by him to violate your oaths and find against these defendants, for the sake of certainty, and then turn them over to the mercy of the Court. That is not the law. These defendants are being tried before you. They have the right to your honest judgment. If you have any doubt as to their guilt you must find them not guilty or violate your oaths. You are told it is the safer way to find them guilty and then let them appeal to the Court for mercy! That doctrine is monstrous. It is deformed. Such a verdict would be the spawn of prejudice, and cowardice, and perjury. You cannot give such a verdict and retain your self-respect. You cannot give such a verdict and retain your manhood! If you have any doubt as to the guilt of these defendants you must say they are not guilty. You have no right to turn them over to the Court, no matter whether the Court is merciful or unmerciful. You must pass upon their guilt, and you must do it honestly.

I never heard so preposterous, so cruel a sentiment uttered in a court of justice. It amounts to this, gentlemen: If you have any doubt of guilt resolve the doubt against the defendant. If the evidence is not quite sufficient, find against the defendants and turn them over to the mercy of the Court. Why should we have a jury at all? Why should you sit here at all? Why should you hear this evidence, if after all you are to shirk the responsibility and turn the defendants over to the Court? You never will do it, gentlemen.

Now, gentlemen, I wish to call your attention to a few points made by Colonel Bliss. You must remember that Colonel Bliss has been very highly complimented by his associates as a kind of peripatetic index of this case, an encyclopedia of all the papers; that he never makes a mistake; that he recollects amounts with absolute certainty, and that he is infallible. Keeping all these things in your mind, I wish to call your attention to some statements that he has made. First of all, I will refer to a little of his philosophy, or law, and that is, that in every affidavit you should state not the number necessary on the then schedule, but the actual number, and that there could be no doubt about the number of men and horses used at the time when an affidavit was made, and that consequently anybody making an affidavit should put in the number then actually used.

Let us see how that will work. He says the oaths are false because they do not state the actual number of men and horses employed in carrying the mail at the time they were made. He says that the person making the affidavit swore to the number actually employed, and that where that number was not employed that fact of itself shows the affidavits to be false. I say that is not the law. The law calls for the number necessary, not the number actually employed. Let me show how easy it would be to cheat the Government on the principle laid down by the gentleman. I will show you how infinitely silly that is. Let me illustrate. Here is a route one hundred and fifty miles long, once a week. You know it is possible for one man and one horse for a little while to carry that mail and to go one hundred and fifty miles one way and one

hundred and fifty miles the other, making three hundred miles in a week. You can take a magnificent horse and a good, stout, tough man, and you can do it.

The Court. Or a boy.

Mr. Ingersoll. Or a stout, tough boy.

The Court. A boy would be best.

Mr. Ingersoll. You do not need any boy. Just one man and one horse will answer. The man can ride the horse one hundred and fifty miles in three days, and then ride one hundred and fifty miles back in the next three days. All you have to swear to, according to Mr. Bliss, is the number actually used, and so you would come in and swear to two on this route. Now, when you are making an affidavit as to the number to be used on a schedule to be made, you cannot swear to the number actually in use, because they are not then in use. You have to swear to the number necessary. You have to swear to the number required.

Now, see. On a mail route one hundred and fifty miles long I would only want a good smart horse, and one good active man or boy. I would not need to carry it more than one week, because I could make the affidavit for that week, and then the question would be how many men and horses would be required for a daily mail on the same route. I would put in a reasonable number, and the difference between the number then actually used and the reasonable number to use would be the standard by which to fix my pay.

If you take the man and horse actually used, and then take the number that would reasonably be used, you would make a difference of a thousand per cent. And yet that is the doctrine laid down here to guide us as to these affidavits.

Let me tell you what the law is. It does not make any difference what you are really using at the time. You must swear to the number that would be reasonably necessary to carry the mail on the then schedule. You must swear to the number that would be reasonably necessary to carry the mail on the proposed schedule. In the first place, if you put a great deal of work on a man and horse, you must put the same proportion on man and horse in the second schedule. If you are easy on man and horse in the first schedule, you must be easy on man and horse in the second. The only object, gentlemen, is to keep the proportion, because you are to be paid according to the number of men and horses used.

Now, they say it would be necessary to go out there in order to tell how many men and horses would be necessary, and that the men who made these affidavits had never been on the routes. There was no need of being on the routes. I could give you the number required on any route two hundred or five hundred miles long. I could give you the number of men and horses reasonably required to carry the mail once, twice, three times, or seven times a week; and I could give you the number reasonably required to carry it at the rate of three miles an hour or five miles an hour or six miles an hour without going there. I need not go there for the purpose of the affidavit. I can take it for granted that the road is good and level, and I can keep exactly the same proportion and nobody can be defrauded. If you take the rule of

Colonel Bliss it would be the easiest thing on earth to defraud the Government. That would be by taking the actual number in use and then taking the number necessary.

Oil page 4761 Mr. Bliss makes the point that according to law the Second Assistant Postmaster-General was not bound to allow according to the affidavits. He is right as to that. That is what Mr. Bliss says, and that is what John W. Dorsey swore he thought, and that is what Mr. Thomas J. Brady swore he did. He did not take the affidavit as a finality. Mr. Thomas J. Brady said that he took it for granted that the man, when he made the affidavit, thought it was true, and that the man, when he made the affidavit, swore to the best of his knowledge and belief. But Thomas J. Brady never swore that he considered himself bound by the affidavit. On the contrary, he swore that he had a standard in his own mind, and that expedition was to cost thirty dollars a mile, or something of that kind. He went by that standard, and he gauged the affidavits by it.

On page 4762 Mr. Bliss says that Brady admitted that he made no inquiry as to the truth of affidavits, and that he accepted them as absolutely conclusive. On page 3434 Mr. Brady swears:

I accepted their statement as conclusive so far as they knew.

Brady also swears that he had his standard in his own mind, as I said before, and that he had an opinion of his own, and that by that standard and opinion he was governed.

On page 4765 Mr. Bliss charges that Brady took the oath of Perkins on route 38113 as the basis for the expedition. Mr. Turner's calculation on file shows that that affidavit was not the basis of the calculation.

Mr. Bliss. Your Honor, allow me to say that subsequently I stated to the Court and to the jury distinctly that while the indorsement on the jacket recited the Perkins affidavit as being the one used, or the affidavit of the subcontractor, and while Mr. Brady transmitted to Congress that Perkins affidavit as the one upon which he acted, I still believed that the calculation showed that he used the other affidavit.

Mr. Wilson. He never made that statement until he made it during the progress of my argument when I was discussing that very point.

Mr. Bliss. You are mistaken.

Mr. Merrick. He made it while I was here and I was not here during Mr. Wilson's argument.

Mr. Ingersoll. If he has taken it back three times, that is enough. On page 4766 Mr. Bliss charges Brady with having two affidavits on the Pueblo and Greenhorn route, from John W. Dorsey, on the same day.

Mr. Bliss. Mr. Henkle called my attention to the fact that it was not the Greenhorn route, but the Pueblo and Rosita route, and I corrected it.

Mr. Ingersoll. Good enough. I did not know about his taking it back. I was not here at the time. The fact was, however, that only one affidavit was ever filed, and that was an affidavit, not by J. W. Dorsey, but by John R. Miner.

Mr. Bliss. There were two on the Pueblo and Rosita route by John W. Dorsey.

Mr. Ingersoll. We will come to them. You will get tired of them before we get through with them.

On page 4767 Mr. Bliss refers to two affidavits. The first affidavit, the one not used, calls for three men and seven animals on the then schedule. That makes ten. On the proposed schedule of eighty hours it called for nine men and twenty-seven animals. That makes thirty-six. The proportion then in this affidavit is 3.6, that is, the pay would be 3.6 times the original pay. In the second affidavit five men and fifteen animals, twenty in all, are called for on the then schedule, and on the proposed schedule twelve men and forty-two animals. The proportion there is 2.7. So that the affidavits, leaving out the fractions, which are substantially the same, stand in this way: By the first the contract price would have been multiplied by three and the contractor would have had three times the original pay, and by the second he would have had twice the original pay. Substituting an affidavit at only double the pay is called a fraud, because they withdrew an affidavit for treble the pay. That is what Mr. Bliss calls a fraud. He says still that it is a fraud.

Now, then, there were two affidavits, and these two affidavits, gentlemen, Mr. Bliss well knew were filed on different schedules. The first affidavit was filed on a proposed schedule of eighty hours. The second affidavit was filed on a proposed schedule of fifty hours. The affidavit agreeing to carry the mail in fifty hours offered to do it at double the pay. The affidavit on eighty hours wanted three times the pay, or substantially that. One was 3.7 and the other was 2.6. Just think of trying to make that a fraud on the Government. Suppose they had filed a third affidavit and offered to carry it for nothing. That would have been carrying a fraud to the extreme.

Mr. Bliss. Your Honor, with reference to that, I said, expressly referring to these two affidavits: It is not a question of proportion. The question is whether the mere existence of those double affidavits did not give Brady conclusive notice that the man who could make those affidavits was not a reliable man, because no matter what the time was to which it was to be increased, he stated the number necessary on the then schedule, as so and so in one affidavit and in the other he stated the number differently. I referred to it solely in that connection, as the language shows on the page referred to.

Mr. Ingersoll. For instance, a man writes, “You owe me five hundred dollars according to my books,” and writes the next day, “I have made a mistake. You don’t owe me anything.” Mr. Bliss insists that the second letter would show that the man was not to be relied upon. That is his idea of honesty. If in the first letter he had written that I did not owe him anything, and in the second letter I did, that might be suspicious. But when in the first he writes that I owe him and in the second that I do not, there can be no suspicion as to his honesty. In the first affidavit this man stated so much, and in the second affidavit he put it one-third less. That simply shows the

man was paying attention to it and wanted to make an honest offer. And yet everything in this case is poisoned with prejudice and suspicion.

Another point: Mr. Bliss, on page 4770, says that on the Pueblo and Rosita route the number of trips was seven and that there was no increase. Upon that statement he bases an argument of fraud. The argument is that there was no increase of trips. Now, on page 866, the order shows that in the first place there was one trip a week and there were six trips added. That makes seven. The original pay was three hundred and eighty-eight dollars. Six trips were added, and the value of the six trips, which gave two thousand three hundred and twenty-eight dollars of additional pay. Yet Mr. Bliss tells you that there was no increase of trips. As a matter of fact, six trips were added, and that was all that could be added.

Mr. Bliss. Were they added coincidently with the affidavit for expedition?

Mr. Ingersoll. You say they were not added; I say they were.

Mr. Bliss. No, sir; I said at the time of the expedition there was no increase of trips and the affidavit was based upon the seven trips.

Mr. Ingersoll. I say that at that time there was an increase.

Mr. Bliss. Your Honor, the point is this: I think I am right in saying that the increase of trips took place after the expedition. That is my recollection about it. I have not referred to the record. I think Colonel Ingersoll will find that is so.

Mr. Ingersoll. We will see whether you are right. At the time the affidavit was made there were just three trips, and afterward there were four trips added. Let us get it exactly right. I read from page 866:

Date, July 8, 1879. State, Colorado.

Number of route, 38134.

Termini of route, Pueblo and Rosita.

Length of route, fifty miles.

Number of trips per week, one.

Mr. Bliss. I see you are right. The trips were increased.

Mr. Ingersoll. When anybody gives it up I will stop. That is fair and that is honorable.

Now, the next point. On page 4771 Mr. Bliss says that the oath on the Toquerville and Adairville route was made for seven trips, although the order only gave them six trips, of course the inference being that they got as much pay for six trips as they were entitled to for seven trips. On page 3290 the original order was for one trip. Two trips were added. Look on page 949 and you will find that more trips were added. The second order increased four trips, and that made seven in all; and yet Mr. Bliss makes the statement that there were only six. That is another mistake.

Another point. On page 4772 Mr. Bliss states that Mr. Rerdell spoke in his testimony about J. B. B. I have referred to that. I have referred before to the claim that Rerdell

was sustained by the testimony of Mr. Bissell. As a matter of fact, I do not remember that Mr. Rerdell ever said one word in his testimony as to charging anything to J. B. B.

Ninth point. At page 4778 Mr. Bliss states that Dorsey admitted in his letter to Anthony Joseph that the average rate for mail service on star routes was only five dollars a mile. Mr. Dorsey says in his letter no such thing. He says the "average cost of horseback service"; he does not use the language employed by Mr. Bliss, "The average rate for mail service on star routes," but he says, "The average cost of horseback service." That is a small point, but it shows how anxious the gentlemen are to get the thing fully as big as it is.

Tenth point. At page 4783 Mr. Bliss says that Brady cut off forty-nine thousand dollars of increase on the Mineral Park and Pioche route on the 22d of January, 1879, because the mail bills showed so little business. That is another mistake. The order cutting off the forty-nine thousand dollars was made on the 22d of January, 1880, not 1879. I mention this simply for the sake of accuracy.

Eleventh point. At page 4785 Mr. Bliss says that the mail bills on the Silverton and Parrott City route showed that Brady ran the service up from seven hundred and forty-five dollars to fourteen thousand nine hundred dollars, and that the fourteen thousand nine hundred dollars was afterwards increased to thirty-one thousand three hundred and forty-three dollars and seventy-six cents. The record shows nothing of the kind (see pages 1894-5). The original pay was one thousand four hundred and eighty-eight dollars (page 1854). The pay under the order of June 12, 1879, was six thousand five hundred and twelve dollars and twenty-eight cents (page 1855). No other increase was ever made. On page 1855 is the increase and expedition, being in all fourteen thousand eight hundred and eight dollars and sixty three cents. The original pay was one thousand four hundred and eighty-eight dollars. A little change was made in the route that brought it up to one thousand seven hundred and three dollars and sixty-five cents. That, together with the expedition, makes a total of sixteen thousand five hundred and twelve dollars and twenty-eight cents. And yet Mr. Bliss told you that it was thirty-one thousand three hundred and forty-three dollars and seventy-six cents. So that this encyclopædia of the papers made a mistake, in one year, of fourteen thousand eight hundred and thirty-one dollars and forty-eight cents. For the whole contract time it would be a mistake of forty-five thousand dollars. And yet, strange as it may appear, that mistake was made against the defendants. Well, let us go on.

Twelfth point. On page 4800, bottom line, Mr. Bliss says:

They got so much in the way of offering petitions that Mr. Rerdell being told by Stephen W. Dorsey, upon this route from Pueblo to Greenhorn, to go to work and alter the petitions, inserted the words "and faster time."

As to this petition, 7 B, in which are the words "and faster time," George Sears swears, at pages 829 and 830, that it is in the same condition now as when it was signed by him, he thinks. Thereupon Mr. Bliss told you that he was mistaken in the paper. You must recollect these things.

Mr. Bliss. Are there not two petitions there altered?

Mr. Ingersoll. That is on another route. There were 7 B, 11 B, and 12 B. 7 B was the written paper, and you introduced 11 B and 12 B. One said "quicker time," and one said "on faster schedule," and yet in the very next paragraph they asked to have it run in eight hours. Mr. Rerdell had to admit that he put in the words without knowing what the petition called for, and that Dorsey instructed him to put them in.

Mr. Bliss. Your Honor, in the very same paragraph, the very line, where I said "faster schedule," I called attention to the fact that the words were unnecessary.

Mr. Ingersoll. That is not the only point. The point is, who wrote "faster time"?

Mr. Bliss. That is not what I said. You have not given the whole sentence.

Mr. Ingersoll. You cannot expect me to read your whole seven days' speech. That would be too much. This is what you said:

They got so much in the way of altering petitions that Mr. Rerdell being told by Stephen W. Dorsey, upon this route from Pueblo to Greenhorn, to go to work and alter the petitions, inserted the words "and faster time."

That is it exactly.

Mr. Bliss. Then follows this:

He inserted "and faster schedule," "on quicker time," though there was not any necessity for doing that, because if they had gone further down, after some argument in the petition, to the request for expedition, they would have seen that there was no necessity for that little forgery up there.

Mr. Ingersoll. That is a magnificent admission. "There was no necessity for" putting that in. I am glad he admits that. He would ask you to believe that S. W. Dorsey, a man of intelligence and brains, would ask to have a petition forged, altered, interlined, without knowing what was in that petition. It will not do, gentlemen.

Thirteenth point. At page 4810, Mr. Bliss says that McBean told Moore, in reference to route No. 44140, Eugene City to Bridge Creek, "that he could carry all the mail in his pocket."

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. McBean does not state any conversation with Moore covering this route. That was another mistake. No matter.

Fourteenth point. At page 4814, Mr. Bliss, in speaking of the Ojo Caliente route, says the service in fact never was performed in fifty hours; that the evidence of that is conclusive. Now, let us see. Here is a jacket on page 3008, and that jacket shows that out of seventy-eight half trips, expedition was lost on twenty-three and made on fifty-five. Yet Mr. Bliss tells you it never was made. The jacket on page 3040 shows that expedition was lost on twelve half trips and made on sixty-six. And yet Mr. Bliss says it was never made. The jacket on page 3056 shows that at the time they were carrying seven trips a week, nineteen expeditions were lost out of one hundred and ninety-two half trips. And yet Mr. Bliss says the fifty-hour schedule never was made. Another mistake.

Mr. Bliss. That is long after the time I was referring to. As to the other point, I simply repeat it.

Mr. Ingersoll. It will not help it to repeat it. For every expedition lost on this route or any other the Government did not pay. When the expedition was lost, the pay was deducted; when the expedition was made the pay was given, and not otherwise. You see, gentlemen, how they have endeavored to get the facts before you; what a struggle it has been over all these obstacles—lack of memory, the immensity of this record—how they have climbed the Himalayas of difficulty; how they have gone over the Andes and Rocky Mountains of trouble to get at the facts!

Fifteenth point. On page 4820 Mr. Bliss states that there could not have been legally allowed, on the evidence on The Dalles route, on expedition over $4,144. As a matter of fact, the evidence does not cover the whole route as to the number of men and horses used. The Government never proved the number of men and horses necessary to carry the mail over the whole route, but only a part. Mr. Ker admits that the evidence is defective in that regard. When you have no standard, gentlemen, you cannot measure.

Sixteenth point. On page 4820 Mr. Bliss, in speaking of the route from Eugene City to Bridge Creek, says that, taking the undisputed facts as they were, before and after the expedition, Brady could not legally have allowed more than $2,991.23. The evidence is (page 1343) that Wyckoff was the subcontractor from July, 1878, to 1880. Powers first carried the mail in 1880. The route was increased and expedited in June, 1879. Mr. Powers never carried it from the expedition. Mr. Wyckoff was the only man who did that, and Mr. Wyckoff was not called. Consequently there was no evidence as to the number of men and horses used on either schedule. That left the gentleman without a standard and without a measure.

Seventeenth point. On page 4820 Mr. Bliss says that on the Silverton and Parrott City route the oath was made for seven trips a week on the present schedule, when it ought to have been two trips on the old schedule and seven trips for the new schedule. As there is no evidence as to the number of men and horses used on the old schedule, of course there is no evidence in this record to impeach that oath; you cannot find it.

Eighteenth point. On page 4822 Mr. Bliss states that after the passage of the act of April 7, 1880, there were two increases upon the White River route. The fact is there was just one after the passage of that law. Of course a little mistake like that does not make much difference in a case of this magnitude.

Nineteenth point. On page 4824 Mr. Bliss states that Raton was put on the Trinidad route April 24, 1879 (Page 1031). The office was embraced on the routes July 1, 1878. The first order in reference to it was made June 6, 1878. It was put on the route from July 1, 1878, increasing the distance twenty-three miles. Yet Mr. Bliss tells you that it was put on the route April 24, 1879.

Mr. Bliss. Is not that the date of the order?

Mr. Ingersoll. It may have been the date of your order.

Mr. Bliss. Is not that the date of the order in the case?

Mr. Ingersoll. I do not know anything about that. I give you the exact facts.

Twentieth point. On page 4825, Mr. Bliss, in speaking of the Ojo Caliente route, charges that by the order increasing the trips on this route in February, 1881, there was paid from the Treasury illegally two thousand and eleven dollars and forty-six cents. As a matter of fact had we been paid for that entire quarter it would have amounted to seven thousand one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and forty-one cents. The pay was not adjusted until April 22< 1881 (page 731). The amount that was then paid was not seven thousand one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and forty-one cents, but it was three thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven dollars and twenty-two cents. It was not for the entire quarter, but simply for the actual service rendered. The quarterly pay for the preceding quarter, before the expedition, was three thousand three hundred and fifty-eight dollars and twenty-six cents; showing that we received only for that quarter an excess, on account of expedition, of three hundred and sixty-eight dollars and ninety-six cents. But he told you that we got illegally two thousand and eleven dollars and forty-six cents. That is a small matter.

Twenty-first point. On page 4897, Mr. Bliss says in effect that Dorsey undertook to state that he kept no books; that he was doing a business amounting, I think he says, to six million dollars a year, and yet he kept no books. On the contrary, Dorsey swore that he did keep books; on the contrary, he swore that Kellogg was his book-keeper. Kellogg swore that he did keep the books. Torrey swore that he was his book-keeper, and kept the books. And yet Mr. Bliss stood up before this jury and said to you that Mr. Dorsey wanted you to believe, or stated that he kept no hooks of that immense business. It will not do. No books but the red books, I suppose, were kept.

Twenty-second point. At page 4883, Mr. Bliss says that in regard to one of Vaile and Miner's routes (Canyon City to Fort McDermitt) there were large profits, amounting to twenty thousand dollars a year. Then he says eighty thousand dollars during the four years. And yet Mr. Bliss knew at that time that that expedition lasted only eleven months. Trying to fool the jury about sixty-two thousand dollars.

Twenty-third point. On page 4815 Mr. Bliss states that the fines on the Bismarck and Tongue River route, during Brady's administration, were only thirteen thousand dollars. If you will look at page 727 of this record, where the table is put in evidence as to the fines, you will find that he deducted from the pay twenty-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-four dollars. Mr. Bliss made a mistake of sixteen thousand two hundred and twenty-four dollars. But in a case like this that is not important. Gentlemen, you know you cannot always be accurate.

Mr. Bliss is an accurate man, as a rule. He has been called the index of this business for the Government. Twenty-fourth point. On page 4987 Mr. Bliss says:

The one fact of the evidence of the payment of money by Dorsey to Brady remains the same whether the books were put out of the way by Dorsey or by Rerdell. That is the great central point, so far as the books were concerned; and as to that the testimony is absolutely uncontradicted.

Mr. Brady swears that Dorsey never gave him a dollar. Dorsey swears that he never had a money transaction with Brady amounting to one cent. Mr. Rerdell does not pretend to swear that he knows of Mr. Dorsey having paid a dollar to Mr. Brady. He does not pretend to swear that he knows of any one of these defendants having paid one dollar to Mr. Brady. And yet Mr. Bliss will tell you that the fact that Dorsey paid Brady money is uncontradicted.

Mr. Bliss. I did not intend that, Colonel Ingersoll. I do not think it is capable of that interpretation.

Mr. Ingersoll. What did you mean?

Mr. Bliss. As to the statement being in the books it is uncontradicted.

Mr. Ingersoll. Let me see. He now turns and says he did not mean the money, he meant the books. The evidence is overwhelming on our side that the books did not exist. When you deny the existence of the book I take it you deny the existence of any item in it. It is a question whether any such books ever existed, gentlemen. Rerdell swore in the affidavit of June 20, 1881, and he swore to that affidavit three times hand-running, that no such books existed. He swore substantially the same thing on the 13th of July, 1882. He told Mr. French that no such books ever existed. He told Judge Carpenter that no such books ever existed. He stated to Bosler that no such books ever existed. And now this gentleman says the evidence is uncontradicted that Brady was charged in those books. That is a good deal worse than the other. Let us go on.

Twenty-fifth point. At page 4962 Mr Bliss says that Mr. Dorsey, according to his own statement—Had brought Rerdell up and led him to infamy.

Did Dorsey make any such statement? Did Mr. Dorsey, gentlemen, in your presence, swear that he had brought Rerdell up? Did he, in your presence, swear that he had led him to infamy? Did he, in your presence, swear that he had done anything of the kind? I have got the exact words.

Who, according to his own statement, he, Dorsey, had brought up, had led to infamy, and who, according to his own statement, had stated that MacVeagh had told a lie.

A curious use of the English language. I believe it is in that connection, though, that he speaks about Mr. Dorsey having the impudence to go to the President of the United States. That is not a very impudent proceeding. In this country a President is not so far above the citizen. In this country we have not gotten to the sublimity of snobbery that a citizen cannot give his opinion to the President; especially a citizen who did all he could to make him President; especially a citizen in whom he had confidence. Not much impudence in that. I do not think that during the campaign General Garfield would have regarded it impudent on the part of Mr. Dorsey to speak to him. I do not believe in a man, the moment he is elected President, feeding upon meat that makes him so great that the man who helped put him there cannot approach him, and every man who voted for him helped to put him there. I am a believer in the doctrine that the President is a servant of the people. I have not yet reached that other refinement of snobbery.

Mr. Bliss. In point of fact, Colonel Ingersoll, I made no such statement. Now let me read the passage on the very page you refer to.

Patched up the affidavit of Mr. Rerdell, addressed it to the President, admittedly went to the President with it, and then had the impudence to come here and malign the character of General Garfield by saying that upon that affidavit of an accused man, instead of seeking a trial, he would have removed two members of his Cabinet.

I meant nothing about the impudence of going to the President.

Mr. Ingersoll. He had the impudence then to come here and malign Garfield by saying that upon that statement he would have turned out two members of his Cabinet. That is Mr. Bliss's idea of impudence; and yet, upon the testimony of the same man, he wants to put five men in the penitentiary.

Mr. Bliss. Not upon the sole testimony, I suppose.

Mr. Ingersoll. Not upon the soulless testimony. Now, I think that Mr. Dorsey had a right to go and see Mr. Garfield. I think he had a right to take that affidavit with him. General Garfield was told what this man had said concerning Mr. Dorsey. He had the right to take that affidavit of that man with him so that General Garfield, or the then Attorney-General rather, might know how much confidence to put in the statement of that man. He had a right to do that. If he found in this way that his Attorney-General and his Postmaster-General were seeking to have a man convicted by means not entirely honorable, then it was not only his privilege, but it was his duty to discharge them from his Cabinet. But I am not saying anything in regard to them now, because they are not here to defend themselves.

Mr. Bliss. I want to correct myself. Further down on that page I see I did refer to the impudence of this man going to Garfield.

Mr. Ingersoll. Well, as Mr. Bliss has been fair enough to state it, I will not follow up my advantage. On another page Mr. Bliss says that the idea that Mr. Vaile did what he did for Miner out of any sympathy is "too thin." Mr. Bliss cannot believe that Vaile became Miner's friend so suddenly, but he thinks it highly probable that they conspired instantly. That is his view of human nature. Friendship is of slow growth; conspiracy is a hot-house plant. Gentlemen, is that your view of human nature, that a man cannot become the friend of another suddenly? Whenever he does become his friend the friendship has to be formed suddenly, does it not? There is a first time to everything. A moment before it did not exist; a moment afterwards it is dead very suddenly.

There was a boy came to town one morning and met an old friend. The old friend asked the boy, "How is your father?" He says, "Pretty well, for him." "How is your mother?" "Pretty well, for her." "Well, how is your grandmother?" "She is dead." "Well," says the old man, "she must have died suddenly." "Well," said the boy, "pretty sudden, for her."

Whenever one man becomes the friend of another's, a moment before that he was not, and a moment after he was. It must be sudden. But I imagine that there was a friendship sprang up between Vaile and Miner, and I will tell you why. They have

been partners ever since. You, gentlemen, have had the same experience a thousand times. It is not necessary to conspire with a man in order to like him. Neither is it necessary to like him to conspire with him. Men have conspired without friendship a thousand times more, probably, than they have formed friendships without conspiracy.

Mr. Bliss says that because Miner failed to produce the power of attorney that Moore swore was given to him when he went West, the jury have a right to infer that instructions to get up false petitions were in writing and were included in that power of attorney. Mr. Moore did not swear to the contents of that power of attorney. Do you think that it is within the realm of probability that a man ever gave a power of attorney to another and inserted in it: "You are hereby authorized to get up false petitions; you are further authorized to have them so written that you can tear them off and paste others on?

"N. B. You will make such contracts with all contractors.

"P. S. Don't tell anybody."

There was another witness in this case, Mr. Grimes (page 808). Not the one that wore the coat—All buttoned down before—but Mr. Grimes, postmaster at Kearney. He came all the way here to swear that he stopped using mail bills on the route from Kearney to Kent because he was so ordered by a letter from the Post-Office Department. Then it was discovered that he did not have the letter with him; he went home to get the letter, but he never came back any more.

We introduced Spangler (page 341) from the inspection division of the Post-Office Department; I think he was in charge of that division. He swore, as a matter of fact, that there never were any mail bills on that route at all.

Mr. Carpenter. He was in charge of the mail bills on that route.

Mr. Ingersoll. The mail bills on that particular route. That man Grimes was brought clear here to prove that he stopped using mail bills, and then we proved that there never were any mail bills used on that route for him to stop using. I do not suppose that that man was dishonest. These people just got around him and talked to him until he "remembered it." They just planted the seed in his mind, and then came the dew and the rain and the lightning until it began to sprout and in time blossomed and bore fruit—mail bills. When we come to find out that there never were any mail bills used, away went Mr. Grimes.

On page 4969 Mr. Bliss says:

They have not, up to this moment, dared to state under oath, I think, that those books are not in their possession.

On page 3784 Dorsey swears that he never received any such books. Never saw any such books. He swore again and again that he never heard of any such books.

Mr. Bliss. I stated distinctly that the defendants had not stated that in the form required to excuse them from the production. I stated that distinctly.

Mr. Ingersoll. All right; away goes that.

On page 4983 Mr. Bliss says:

Is it not an absurdity to suppose that Dorsey would leave Rerdell in charge of his business from July, 1879, to August, 1880, and then on from that time until the close of the contract term in August, 1882; leave all the business in that way, and then through Bosler settle the accounts with Mr. Rerdell and have no knowledge in any way, not only of the entries contained in the books which Rerdell kept, but have no knowledge that he kept any books whatever? Is it not absurd to suppose any such thing? These ten routes represented an income of two hundred and fifty-odd thousand dollars a year, or a total business, including income and outgo, of five hundred thousand dollars a year, for three years, going no further than that. These ten routes alone represented transactions amounting to half a million dollars a year. There were one hundred and thirty routes and Mr. Dorsey took one-third in value if not in number. If the value was the same, Mr. Dorsey took not less than forty routes. As ten routes involved a business of one million five hundred thousand dollars in that period, the forty routes involved in that proportion transactions amounting to six million dollars.

You made a calculation on the supposition that all the routes were expedited the same as those in the indictment, and when you made that calculation you knew they were not expedited.

Mr. Bliss. I object, your Honor, to his making any such statement as that. In the first place, it is not evidence; and in the second place, which is of more importance, it is not true. I did not know any such thing, and I do not know any such thing.

Mr. Ingersoll. Do you say now that the other routes of his, to the number you talked of, were expedited?

Mr. Bliss. I am not on the stand to be cross-examined now. But I do say to your Honor that there is no evidence of that in this case. And then I go beyond that, and say that I did not know those things then and I do not know them now.

Mr. Ingersoll. Very well; he made the argument on the supposition that all the routes were expedited. I say that not one of them was expedited in which Mr. Dorsey had an interest.

Mr. Bliss. There is no evidence on that subject.

Mr. Ingersoll. Is there any evidence of what you say?

Mr. Bliss. I put a supposititious case; you have stated a fact.

Mr. Ingersoll. I will put another supposititious case, and mine is that the other routes were not expedited.

The Court. That is the right way to meet it. Counsel ought not to turn to counsel on the other side and make an appeal to his knowledge in regard to matters not in evidence.

Mr. Ingersoll. I know, but he said he did not know it. Then I asked him, as a matter of fact, if he did not know—

The Court. [Interposing.] He stated his supposition, and you met that supposition—

Mr. Ingersoll. [Interposing.] I am always glad to get information. Now, then, I will go to another point, and that is the $7,500 check. Mr. Bliss speaks of that check at page 4997, and he says:

There is a question raised as to whether it was drawn in Mr. Rerdell's presence.

I do not think there was. How could such a question be raised, gentlemen? The check was made payable to M. C. Rerdell, or his order. On the back of the check is Mr. Rerdell's name, put there by himself. He is the only indorser. And yet Mr. Bliss tells you that there is a question raised as to whether the money was drawn in Mr. Rerdell's presence or not. The check shows, and the evidence is absolutely perfect, that the money was paid to Rerdell in person. The question is this: Whether it was drawn in Mr. Rerdell's presence. If it was paid to him in person, I imagine that he was in that neighborhood at that time. The check was written by him, everything except the signature of Dorsey. It was drawn to Mr. Rerdell, or order, and indorsed by Rerdell himself. There was no other indorser. So that it is absolutely certain that he drew the money in question. And yet Mr. Bliss says the question is whether it was drawn in Rerdell's presence or not.

Mr. Bliss continues and states that the money went to S. W. Dorsey. Did it? Mr. Dorsey, on page 3965, states the circumstances. He was packing to go away. He had not the time to go to the bank himself. He had the check written payable to Mr. Rerdell, or order, and he signed it. Rerdell went to the bank, got the money, brought it back and put it in his carpet-sack. That is the testimony.

Now, Mr. Bliss says:

No evidence was given as to what Stephen W. Dorsey was wanting just at that time with seven thousand five hundred dollars in bills.

According to Mr. Rerdell, he wanted that money to give to Mr. Brady. That is what Mr. Rerdell intended to swear. But when he found that that check was made payable to him, and indorsed by him, then they had to take another tack. They dare not say then, "That is the check." They dare not say then, "That is the money." Rerdell had forgotten at the time he swore that that check was payable to his order. When he told his seven thousand dollar story to MacVeagh he forgot about that check. When he told it to the Postmaster-General, if he did—I have forgotten whether he did or not—he forgot about that.

Now, gentlemen, I will call your attention to the part to which I really wish to direct your attention. It is an admission by the Government, an admission by Colonel Bliss; it is in these words, on page 4997, speaking of this very thing:

However that may be, they themselves put in a check here for seven thousand five hundred dollars, drawn about the time Mr. Rerdell spoke of, the money upon which admittedly went to Stephen W. Dorsey, though there is a question raised as to whether it was drawn in Mr. Rerdell's presence or whether it was not drawn by him.

But the money went to Stephen W. Dorsey, and there was a promise made to show you what was done with that seven thousand five hundred dollars. But, like many another promise in this case, it remains unfulfilled to-day. No evidence was given as to what Stephen W. Dorsey was wanting just at that time with seven thousand five hundred dollars in bills.

Mr. Dorsey offered to tell you what he did with it, and you said you did not want it; you did not want to know when he was on the stand. He offered to tell you what he did with the money, and you would not take his statement. Hear what he says:

Mr. Dorsey was not taking seven thousand five hundred dollars in bills to the West.

How do you know? Who ever told Mr. Bliss that he was not taking seven thousand five hundred dollars to the West? He must have got that from Mr. Rerdell. May be that is the reason they would not allow Dorsey to tell, because before that time they had been informed that he would swear that he took the seven thousand five hundred dollars to the West. How else did Mr. Bliss find this out?

It is not in the evidence, not a line. Somebody must have told him. Who could have told him? Nobody, I think, except Mr. Rerdell. Is it possible, then, that Mr. Bliss was afraid that Mr. Dorsey would swear that he took it West? And was he afraid also that you would believe it? I do not know. He did not want him to state. Now here is what I want to call your attention to:

After all the talk about that evidence, all the talk about the seven thousand dollars, all the talk about the seven thousand five hundred dollar check, Mr. Bliss at least, admits to this jury:

Of course all that transaction might have occurred precisely as Mr. Rerdell testified, and there might have involved no corruption on Mr. Brady's part.

If, then, it may have occurred exactly as Rerdell swore, and involved no corruption, certainly it might have occurred as Mr. S. W. Dorsey swore and involved no corruption. I will go on now with a little more from Mr. Bliss:

The drawing of the money and going to Mr. Brady's room might have been a mere accident, as a call there to attend to some other business.

Of course, that is reasonable. I might go the bank and draw five thousand dollars, and then I might stop in the Treasury Department, but that is no evidence that I am bribing the Secretary of the Treasury. I might step over to see the President; that would be no reason to believe that I bribed the Executive.

Of course that is not conclusive. It is only a little straw in this case, as showing a transaction of that kind involved in connection with all the evidence you have in this case—A little straw evidence of Mr. Brady's acts, and particularly as at the time when that occurs evidence in connection with the large increases which Mr. Brady was then ordering; evidence in connection with the books, and the evidence they bear; evidence in connection with the declarations of Brady to Walsh—evidence all consistent.

And then he adds this piece of gratuitous information:

Mr. Dorsey was not taking seven thousand five hundred dollars in bills to the West.

How does he know? How did he find that out? And has it come to, this? Has all the testimony upon that point—has the confession of Rerdell to MacVeagh and James shrunk to this little measure—that it is "only a straw"? Has it shrunk to this measure that Mr. Bliss admits that the whole thing might have been exactly as Rerdell swears, and yet have been perfectly innocent? Has it shrunk to this little measure? The Government would not tell us—I presume the Government will not tell us, what check it was, the proceeds of which were taken by Mr. Dorsey to Mr. Brady. Neither will they say whether that sum was made up in one check or by adding together a number of checks; and, if so, what number?

At page 295 Mr. Bliss told you, in his opening speech, that Rerdell had on one occasion gone with Mr. Stephen W. Dorsey to the bank, and that seven thousand dollars had been drawn; that he had gone with Dorsey to the door of the Post-Office Department, or to Brady's room, at the time—he would not undertake to say which—Mr. Dorsey stating to him that he intended to pay that money to Mr. Brady, and that he (Mr. Dorsey) then went in. But when they come to put this man on the stand he will not swear that Dorsey ever told him that he intended to pay the money to Brady. Probably that part of the statement, that Dorsey told him that he was going to pay that money to Brady, can be found in the affidavit made before Mr. Woodward, in September, and repeated in the affidavit made at Hartford in November. But it is not in evidence here.

Now, we brought all the checks that we had given on Middleton's bank, with the exception of two, I believe, that amounted to some hundred and odd dollars. We gave the Government counsel notice that there were two others.

Among those checks was this one for seven thousand five hundred dollars. There were many others. I asked the gentlemen to pick out their check; they would not do it. I asked the gentlemen to pick out the checks; they did not do it. And now if we had failed to produce checks that were important in this case, the Government could have produced the books and clerks of Middleton & Company, and shown exactly the checks we drew upon that bank that month. They did not do it. As a matter of fact, I offered all the checks on all the banks I could think of that we had any business with in any way, except one, and that turned out to be the German-American Savings Bank, and it turned out that that went into bankruptcy eight months before this business; so there is no trouble about that. Why did they not pick out the checks upon which they claimed that the money was drawn that was paid to Brady?

Mr. Rerdell, on page 2254, in speaking of the money, swore that money was charged to Brady on the stub. He says that Dorsey told him, "You will find the amount on the stub of the check-book." The jury will notice that he speaks of the "amount," the "stub," and the "book," all in the singular. That was followed, I believe, by about six pages of discussion, and everybody who took part in that discussion, the Court included, spoke of the sum of money as an "amount," upon a "stub," in a "checkbook."

I call attention to 2254-'55-'56-'57-'58-'59. On all those pages it is spoken of as a stub of a check-book, or amount on a stub in a check-book. After the discussion was

closed, then the witness began to talk about “books,” “checks,” “stubs,” and “amounts.” Why did he do that?

His object was to get the evidence broad enough—checks and check-books enough—to fit their notice, to the end that they might get possession of all the check-books, and of all the amounts on all the stubs.

What more? The discussion convinced Mr. Rerdell that it would be far safer to say “stubs” than “stub”; that it would be far better to say “check-books” than “checkbook,” and far better to say “amounts” than “amount”; because he would have a better chance in adding these up so as to make six thousand five hundred dollars, or seven thousand dollars, or six thousand dollars, than to be brought down to one check, one amount, and one stub-book. So he went off into the region of safety, into the domain of the plural.

Now, the last point—at least for this evening—so far as Mr. Bliss is concerned, I believe, is about the red books. Mr. Bliss tells you that Mrs. Cushman was telegraphed to from the far West. There was a little anxiety, I believe, on the part of Rerdell about the book, and he telegraphed her. She found it there in the wood-shed, you know, hanging up, I think, in the old family carpet-sack—I have forgotten where she found it—and she put it away. Now, there is a question I want to ask here, and I know that Mr. Merrick when he closes will answer it to his entire satisfaction; I do not know whether he will to yours or to mine: How does it happen that Mrs. Rerdell never saw that red book? How does it happen that Mrs. Rerdell, when she was put on the stand, never mentioned that red book? How does it happen that she never heard of it when her husband went to New York to get it; when everything he had in the world, according to his idea, was depending upon it; when it was his sheet-anchor; when it was the corner-stone of his safety? And yet his wife never heard of it, never saw it, did not know it was in the wood-shed, slept in that house night after night and did not even dream that her husband’s safety depended on any book in a carpet-sack hanging in the wood-shed. She never said a word about it on the stand, not a word. Gentlemen, nobody can answer that question except by admitting that the book was not there and did not exist.

But perhaps I have said enough about the speeches of Mr. Ker and Mr. Bliss. Of course, their business is to do what they can to convict. I do not know that I ought to take up much more time with them. I feel a good deal as that man did in Pennsylvania who was offered one-quarter of a field of wheat if he would harvest it. He went out and looked at it. “Well,” he says, “I don’t believe I will do it.” The owner says, “Why?” “Well,” he says, “there is a good deal of straw, and I don’t think there is wheat enough to make a quarter.”

So now, gentlemen, if the Court will permit, I would like to adjourn till to-morrow morning.

Now, gentlemen, the next witness to whose testimony I will invite your attention is Mr. Boone. Mr. Boone was relied upon by the Government to show that this conspiracy was born in the brain of Mr. Dorsey; that these other men were simply tools and instrumentalities directed by him; that he was the man who devised this scheme to defraud the Government, and that it was Dorsey who suggested the

fraudulent subcontracts. They brought Mr. Boone upon the stand for that purpose, and I do not think it is improper for me to say that Mr. Boone was swearing under great pressure. It is disclosed by his own testimony that he had eleven hundred routes, and that he had been declared a failing contractor by the department; and it also appeared in evidence that he had been indicted some seven or eight times. Gentlemen, that man was swearing under great pressure. I told you once before that the hand of the Government had him clutched by the throat, and the Government relied upon his testimony to show how this conspiracy originated. Now I propose to call your attention to the evidence of Mr. Boone upon this subject.

On page 1352 Mr. Boone swears substantially that on his first meeting with Stephen W. Dorsey—that is, after they met at the house—he said to Dorsey that he (Boone) would be satisfied with a one-third interest. Now, the testimony of Boone is that Mr. Dorsey then and there agreed that he might have the one-third interest.

Mr. Dorsey says it is not that way; that he told him that when the others came they would probably give him that interest, or something to that effect.

Mr. Boone further swears that when J. W. Dorsey did come there was a contract—or articles of agreement you may call them—handed to him by J. R. Miner, purporting to be articles of partnership between John W. Dorsey and himself, and that he signed these articles; that that, I believe, was on the 15th of January, 1878, and that it was by virtue of that agreement that he had one-third. It was not by virtue of any talk he had with S. W. Dorsey that he got an interest, and you will see how perfectly that harmonizes with the statement of Stephen W. Dorsey.

Mr. Dorsey's statement is: "I cannot make the bargain with you, but when John W. Dorsey comes I think he will, or they will." It turned out that when John W. Dorsey did come in January he did enter into articles of partnership with A. E. Boone, and did give him the one-third interest. So the fact stands out that he got the one-third interest from John W. Dorsey and not from Stephen W. Dorsey. If the paper had been written and signed by Stephen W. Dorsey that would uphold the testimony of Boone. If Boone had said, "I made the bargain with Stephen W. Dorsey," and the articles of co-partnership were signed by him, I submit that that would have been a perfect corroboration of Boone. Stephen W. Dorsey swears that the bargain was made with John W. Dorsey, and you find that the agreement was signed by John W. Dorsey, and not by Stephen W. Dorsey. I submit, therefore, that that is a perfect corroboration of the testimony of Stephen W. Dorsey.

At page 1544 Mr. Boone says that, as a matter of fact, all contractors endeavored to keep what they were doing secret from all other contractors. Think of the talk we have heard about secrecy. If the bidders upon any of these routes did not want the whole world to know the amount they had bid, that secrecy was tortured into evidence of a criminal conspiracy. If John W. Dorsey did not want the world to know what he was doing, if Mr. Boone wanted to keep a secret, these gentlemen say it is because they were engaged in a conspiracy to defraud the Government, and crime loves the darkness. What does Mr. Boone say? As a matter of fact, that all contractors endeavored to keep what they were doing secret from all other contractors where they feared rivalry. Of course that is human nature.

Mr. Boone further says that he never knew of one contractor admitting even that he was going to bid. He always pretended, don't you see, that he was not going to bid. He wanted to throw the other contractors off their guard. He did not want them to imagine that he was figuring upon that same route, because if they thought he was, they might put in a much lower bid. He wanted them to feel secure, so that they would put in a good high bid, and then if he put in a tolerably low bid he would get the route. That is simply human nature.

Boone further says that always when a letting came on he had his bids in; that contractors keep their bids secret from rival contractors, not for the purpose of defrauding the Government, but for the purpose of taking care of their business. Now, gentlemen, when men make these proposals and keep their business secret—as it turns out that in these cases they were keeping their business secret—the fact that they are so doing is not evidence going to show that they are keeping that business secret because they have conspired. Have you not the right to draw the inference, and is it not the law that you must draw the inference, that they kept their business secret for the same reason that all honest men keep their business secret?

At page 1545, Mr. Boone, swearing again about his talk with Mr. Dorsey that night after the arrangement was concluded, says that he—Dorsey—told me to be careful of Elkins, because Elkins was representing Roots & Kerens, large contractors, * * * the largest in the department, at that time, in the Southwest.

And yet that evidence has been alluded to as having in it the touch and taint of crime, because S. W. Dorsey said to Boone to say nothing to Elkins. Who was Elkins? He, at that time, as appears from the evidence, was the attorney of Roots & Kerens; and who were they? Among the largest, if not the largest contractors in the department; that is, the largest in the Southwest.

Mr. Boone stated that the letter of Peck to S. W. Dorsey requested him to get some man who knew the business to look after the bids or proposals. Now, I want to ask you, gentlemen, and I want you to answer it like sensible men, if Stephen W. Dorsey got up a conspiracy himself, why was it that Peck wrote to him asking him to get some competent man to collect the information about the bids—that is, about the country, about the routes, about the cost of living, about wages, the condition of the roads, and the topography of the country?

If it was hatched in the brain of Stephen W. Dorsey, how is it possible, gentlemen, that a letter was written to him by Peck asking him to get a competent man to gather that information? Mr. Boone swears that he had such a letter. Mr. Boone swears that Dorsey showed the letter to him. Mr. Boone swears that, in consequence of that letter, he went to work to gather this information. Did Mr. Dorsey do anything about gathering information? Nothing. Did he give any advice? None. Did he ask any questions? Not one. Did he interfere with Mr. Boone in the business? Never.

You know that was a very suspicious circumstance. I believe there was a direction given that letters be sent to James H. Kepuer. That was another suspicious circumstance. Mr. Boone swears that he was also in the mail business; that he did not want the letters to go some place; that he had to give at the department an address; that thereupon he chose the name of James H. Kepner, his step-son, so that all the

mail in regard to this particular business would go in one box, and not be mingled with the mail in reference to his individual business or the business represented by the firm to which he belonged. What more does he swear? That neither Dorsey nor any one of these defendants ever suggested that name, or ever suggested that any such change be made; that it was made only as a matter of convenience; that it was not intended to and could not in any way defraud the Government.

Now, Mr. Boone has cleared up a little of this. He has cleared up the letter; he has cleared up the charge of secrecy; he has cleared up the charge that we had the letters addressed to James H. Kepner & Co.; he has shown that everything done so far was perfectly natural, perfectly innocent, and in accordance with the habits of men engaged in that business.

Now I come to the next thing (page 1550). The next great circumstance in this case, the great suspicious circumstance, was that the amount of the bid was left blank in the proposals. The moment they saw those blanks in the bids they knew then that the Government was to be defrauded, and they brought Mr. Boone here for the purpose of showing that that was done to lay the foundation for a fraud. What does Boone swear? He swears that he always left that part of the proposal blank; always had done so; had been engaged in the mail business for years, and never filled that blank up in his life, in which the amount of the bid should be inserted. It was not left blank to defraud the Government, but to prevent the postmasters and sureties, or any other persons, finding out the amount of the bid. Away goes that suspicious circumstance.

After the bids had been properly executed and came back into the hands of the contractors, from the time the figures were put into those routes, what does he say they did?

We slept with them until we could get them to the department.

He says they never allowed anybody to see them after the amount of the bid had been inserted; that they would not allow anybody to see the amount of the bids; that it was left out, however, only for self-protection, and for no other reason. That is the Government's own witness. He is the man they brought to show that this blank in the bid was a suspicious circumstance. He is the man they brought here to show that because Stephen W. Dorsey had told him to say nothing to Elkins, that injunction of secrecy was evidence of a conspiracy.

At page 1552, Mr. Boone, in speaking of these same things, says that however they were made, whether the name of the bidder or the route was put in, or whatever he did—that is, Boone—he did not do it for the purpose of defrauding the Government. They say to him, "Don't you know that you left out not only the amount of the bid, but the name of the bidder?" He says, "Whatever I did, whether I left out the amount of the bid or the name of the bidder, I did not do it for the purpose of defrauding the Government; I had no such idea, no idea of defrauding the Government by leaving any blank or any blanks." He did the work. Stephen W. Dorsey left no blank; A. E. Boone left every blank; and yet they brought him forward to prove that that was the result of a conspiracy; and after he comes upon the stand he swears, "I left those blanks myself; I always left them in proposals exactly in that way; and whether I left out the amount of the bid or the name of the bidder, I did not do it to defraud the

Government; I did it simply to protect myself, as I had the right to do." So much for that. That is gone.

So, speaking of these other proposals (the Clendenning proposals) what does Mr. Boone say—the witness for the Government, the very man who got up those proposals, the man who wrote them, the man who wrapped them up, and sealed them? What does he say? "Those proposals were not gotten up for the purpose of defrauding the Government; I did not send them to Clendenning for that purpose." That is the end of that. No conspiracy there.

The object, don't you see, gentlemen, was to show by Boone that he acted under the direction of Dorsey; that Dorsey was responsible for everything that Boone did; and that although Boone was guilty of no crime in leaving the bid blank, still if he did it by authority of Dorsey, Dorsey had an ulterior motive of which Boone was ignorant. Let us see.

At page 1554, Mr. Boone swears that Dorsey never told him at any time or any place that he wanted any blanks left. And yet they were endeavoring by that witness to saddle that upon S. W. Dorsey. But that witness swears that Dorsey never even told him that he wanted any blanks left in any paper, proposal, bid, or bond. He says that Dorsey never at any time or place told him (Boone) that he (Dorsey) wanted any blanks left, or any proposals of any particular form printed, to the end that a fraud might be perpetrated upon the Government—not a word.

And, gentlemen, I am now in that space of time where they say this conspiracy was born. At page 1567, before Miner got here, Mr. Boone swears that Dorsey told him that he would advance money for the other defendants, and Mr. Boone swears that after he got here he never asked Dorsey for a dollar except through Miner; that Dorsey never gave a dollar except through Miner.

What more? This is the witness that is going to establish the guilt of Stephen W. Dorsey. Stephen W. Dorsey never told Boone at any time that he had any interest whatever in those mail routes. Boone never heard of it. Dorsey never told him to print a proposal with a blank; never told him to leave a blank after it was printed; never told him to do anything for the purpose of defrauding the Government in any way at any time. This is extremely good reading, gentlemen, when you take into consideration that this is the witness of the Government, their main prop until the paragon of virtue made his appearance upon the stand.

Page 1558. Another great point: That in preparing the subcontracts, Dorsey having it in his mind to conspire against the Government, or really having conspired, according to their story, wanted a provision in a subcontract for increase and expedition.

Why, it strikes me, gentlemen, that that is evidence of honesty rather than dishonesty. If these subcontracts were to hold good during the contract term, and if in the contract given to the contractor by the Government there was a clause for increase and expedition, why should not the subcontract provide for the same contingencies that the contract provided for with the Government? That looks honest, doesn't it?

It was advertising the subcontractor that the moment he signed his subcontract the trips were liable to be increased and the time was liable to be shortened, and that if the time was shortened or the trips increased the pay was to be correspondingly increased. But I will go on with the testimony.

Page 1558: In preparing the subcontract Mr. Dorsey instructed Boone to provide for an expedition clause. That was a suspicious circumstance. What for? To conform to the expedition clause in the contract with the Government. If making it like the Government contract is evidence of conspiracy, the fact that the Government contracts have that clause is evidence that the Government conspired with somebody. It is just as good one way as the other. The Government made a contract with the contractor, the contractor made one with the subcontractor, and the contractor so far forgot his duties, so far forgot his moral obligations, that he made it just the same as his contract with the Government. Gentlemen, is there any depth of depravity below that? Absolutely copying the contract that the Government was going to make with him, and treating the subcontractor, so far as the contract was concerned, as the Government had treated him, he (Boone) prepared a clause which he thought filled the bill, and which he still thinks, I believe, would have been better to use than the other. When he showed that to Stephen W. Dorsey, Dorsey suggested another form. It was the same thing exactly, but in different words. There was the testimony I have read to you, and now here is what Mr. Bliss states about it at page 4865:

But Stephen W. Dorsey, away back there, knew sufficient about expedition to appreciate the importance of keeping for the contractors thirty-five per cent, and giving to the men who were performing the service only sixty-five per cent.

Why not? Is that a crime? Suppose I agreed to carry the mail four years for $10,000 a year and I subcontract with another man. Have I not the right to get it carried as cheaply as I can? I just ask you that as a business proposition. Or has every mail to treat this Government as though it was in its dotage? Must you do business with the Government as though you were contracting with an infant or an idiot? Must you look at both sides of the contract? That is the question. The Government, for instance, advertises for so much granite, and I put in a bid which is accepted; at the same time I know that I could furnish that granite for twenty-five per cent. less. Is it my duty under such circumstances to go and notify the Government that I have cheated it, and that I would like to have it put the contract down? There may be heights of morality that would see the propriety of such action, but it is not for every-day wear and tear. Very few people have it; it scarcely ever comes into play in trading horses. Must we treat the Government as though it were imbecile? I say it was a simple business transaction. The Government advertises for proposals to carry the mail; I make my bid for $10,000, and we will say that my bid is accepted. Now, I admit that I could carry it for $5,000 and make money.

Am I criminal if I go on and perform the contract as I agreed and draw the money? Or suppose the people along the route do not want it expedited and increased, and so I talk to them about it; I go to Mr. Brown and say, “Mr. Brown, you are living in this smart, thriving town, and you need a daily mail.” I go to the next village and I say, “Why, gentlemen, you will never have a town here until you have a daily mail; I am

the fellow now carrying the mail." And I keep talking about it, you know, and finally get a fellow to get up a petition, or I write one myself, and send it around, and say to them, "Gentlemen, what you want is more mail, faster mail; the mail is the pioneer of civilization, gentlemen; have a daily mail, and along the line at once towns and villages and cities will spring up, and all the hillsides will be covered with farms, and school-houses will be here, and wealth will be universal." Any crime about that. Every railroad has been built just that way. Every park has been laid out in every city by just such means. Nearly every street that has been improved has been improved in that way, by men who had some interest in the property, by men who were to be benefited by it themselves, and who ought to be benefited. Should the men that get the public attention in that direction be benefited, or the men who do nothing? I say that the men who give attention to the business have a right to be benefited by it. And yet here is the crime, gentlemen. And then we only gave these fellows sixty-five per cent, and took thirty-five ourselves, because we were bound to the Government to fulfill the contract, as was explained to you so admirably, so perfectly, by Judge Wilson. The contract was to run for four years, and I believe in a certain contingency for six months thereafter. We had to carry out the contract, whether the subcontractor carried out his contract with us or not.

Now, this is what Mr. Bliss says:

So, after a large mass of subcontracts had been struck from the press, which gave to the subcontractors all the increase—There never was a subcontract that gave to the subcontractors all the increase; there is no evidence that there ever was such a subcontract, he—That is, Stephen W. Dorsey—directed them to be put back on the press.

I should think he would. If he found any subcontracts were printed that gave to the subcontractor all the increase, I do not wonder that he had them destroyed.

Here you get, we will say, a contract for ten thousand dollars for one trip, with the agreement that if there are two trips the compensation shall be twenty thousand dollars. Thereupon you make a contract with a subcontractor, and you agree in that subcontract that he shall have all the increase. Of course, you want that made over again; of course, you would not make that kind of a subcontract.

He directed them to be put back on the press, and this provision giving the subcontractor his money struck out and this other clause put in.

Gentlemen, that is an entire and absolute mistake. There is no such evidence, there never was in this case, and I take it there never will be. The evidence was—and you remember it; and you remember it; and you remember it; and you [addressing different jurors]—that Stephen W. Dorsey allowed to the subcontractor sixty-five per cent, of the expedition, and that same subcontractor provided what he should have for one trip, and what he should have for two trips; that is to say, what he should have for increase; and it provided at the same time for sixty-five per cent, on expedition. Mr. Boone swears it; others swear it. Not only that, but it is printed in the record again and again and again. Why did Stephen W. Dorsey do that? I can tell you why: He did not. Why did Stephen W. Dorsey do that, if it was not because his fertile imagination had already conceived the plan of defrauding the United States, and he

was making an arrangement by which that fraud could be consummated? How would that help him consummate a fraud? Suppose he struck out all the per cent, to the subcontractors; suppose he had not had any subcontract printed; suppose the subcontract was printed, and printed on purpose to deceive and defraud the subcontractors; how does that show that he was trying to defraud the United States? Why, if it proves anything it proves the other, that he had not entered into a conspiracy by which he could get the money from the United States, but had endeavored to get it from the subcontractors. If it proves anything it proves that. But the reason it does not prove anything is because the statement is not correct.

Now, just see how a conspiracy can be built of that material. A man that can do that can make a cover for Barnum's Circus with one postage-stamp; he can make a suit of clothes out of a rabbit-skin; he can make a grain of mustard seed cover the whole air without growing.

That is given as an evidence that Dorsey had conspired. There is not a thing on the earth that he could have done that would not prove conspiracy just as well as that—just exactly—no other act. Humph! That is the way they build a conspiracy.

Why not take another step? Why not have a little bit of ordinary good hard sense? On the 17th day of May, I believe, 1878, the act was passed allowing the subcontractor to put his subcontract on file. Now, that contract ought to provide for all the contingencies of the service, so that if the trips were increased the Government would know how much to pay that subcontractor; so that if the time was expedited the Government would know how much to pay the subcontractor. The subcontract ought to have been made in that way, and it would be perfectly proper to make it in that way.

I once went to see a friend of mine who had the erysipelas and who was a little crazy. I sat down by his bedside, and he said, "Ingersoll, I have made a discovery; I just tell you I am going to be a millionaire." Said I, "What is it?" He says, "I have found out that if four persons take hold of hands after they have had a hole made in the ground and put a piece of stove-pipe in it, and then run around it as hard as they can from left to right, a ball of butter will come out of the pipe." Now, I think that is about as reasonable as the way conspiracies are made, according to Mr. Bliss.

Now, we come to Mr. Boone (page 1560). He says that the action he had taken was upon his own responsibility, and that at no time had any papers been gotten up with any view of defrauding the Government. That was good.

I am like the Democrat who said, after hearing the returns from Berks County, "That sounds good." Then, here is a question asked him:

Q. I understood you to say that the contract was made between you and somebody, fixing your interest in all this business?—A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you recollect about the date of that?—A. I think it is on the day John W. Dorsey got here in Washington.

On page 1561 he swears that at the time Boone made that contract with John W. Dorsey he and Dorsey had not conspired to defraud the Government in any way, nor

did they ever do so after that contract was made. When was that contract made? It was made on the 15th day of January, 1878. Who made it? John W. Dorsey of the one part, and Albert E. Boone of the other. And they tell exactly what that contract was for. Here is the contract, on page 1561, and this shows that the statement of Stephen W. Dorsey, that the matter was deferred until John W Dorsey should come, is absolutely correct:

That the parties to this agreement shall share in all the profits, gains, and losses as follows: John W. Dorsey shall have two-thirds and Albert E. Boone, share one-third.

Now, gentlemen, there was the original partnership agreement. Let us see if that was ever dissolved.

The next contract was made on the 12th of September, 1878.

Now, therefore, in consideration of one dollar in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, I hereby, sell, assign, and transfer to Albert E. Boone all my said two-thirds interest in the routes in the name of said Boone in the States of Texas, Louisiana Arkansas, Kansas, and Nebraska, and in the name of said Dorsey in the States of Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas.

The reason he did that was because Mr. Miner had made a contract with Boone to that effect; and probably I had better read that now so that you will have it exactly and know what we are doing. I read from page 1569;

Washington, D. C, August 7, 1878.

Whereas A. E. Boone has this day, for the purpose of saving a failure in the routes in the name of John R. Miner, John M. Peck, and John W. Dorsey—"For the purpose of saving a failure," recollect. Although Stephen W. Dorsey, according to the prosecution, was a conspirator, and although John W. Dorsey was another, and Peck was another, yet on the 7th day of August, 1878, "for the purpose of saving a failure," they made this: assigned to John R. Miner his one-third interest in the routes in their names, now, therefore, I, John R. Miner, agree that John W. Dorsey shall assign his interest in routes in the name of A. E. Boone in Kansas and Nebraska, Texas and Louisiana, and Arkansas; in the name of John W. Dorsey, in Texas, Louisiana, and Kansas. The latter clause not guaranteed.

JOHN R. MINER.

Now, he said to Mr. Boone, "I have got to have another man come in; we haven't got the money to run these routes; I have got to get somebody with us; if you will go out, I will agree that John W. Dorsey will assign to you his two-thirds interest in all the routes in Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas. I will agree that John W. Dorsey, although he has a two-thirds interest in all these routes, shall assign them to you, A. E. Boone, and they shall thereupon become your property." That agreement was made on the 7th of August, 1878; and then, as I read you before, on the 12th day of September, Miner made that promise good, and John W. Dorsey did assign to Boone his two-thirds interest in all the routes that Miner said he would. Then Boone was out of it. He had no more to do with Miner, Peck & Co., and no more to do with John W. Dorsey; he went his road and they went theirs. He went out in

consideration that John W. Dorsey would give him (Boone) two-thirds of all the routes that he before that time had one-third in. Then Miner took in Mr. Vaile, because he had the money to go on with the business.

Page 1562, still talking about Mr. Boone. There is another very suspicious circumstance that was brought up by the prosecution. These bids were put in in different names, and that was looked at as a very suspicious circumstance. What does Boone say about that? He says that the object in bidding in separate names was not to defraud the Government, but was to have the service divided up and not to bid against each other. That was reasonable. The arrangement was simply to keep from injuring themselves; it was not made to defraud the Government, but it was made so that they might not by accident injure each other. It was a common thing for members of a firm to bid in that way, and it is a common thing for persons to organize themselves for the purpose of bidding and running contracts, and when they thus bid they always bid in their individual names. The fact that we bid in our individual names was taken as a circumstance going to show that we had conspired to defraud the Government, and a witness they bring forward to prove that fact swears that it has been the custom for all firms to bid in their individual names. Away goes that suspicion. The coat-tail of that point horizontalizes in the dim distance.

Page 1563. The point was made, gentlemen, that we bid on long routes with slow time, knowing—understand, knowing—that the service would be increased and that the time would be shortened. The only word I object to there is the word “knowing.” That we bid on long routes with slow time thinking that the service would be increased and the time shortened was undoubtedly true. That we bid expecting that the service might be increased and the time shortened is undoubtedly true. That when we bid we took into consideration the probability of the service being increased and the time shortened is undoubtedly true. The only difference is the difference between thinking and knowing; between taking into account probabilities and making the bid because we had made a bargain with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General. That is the difference. Let us see what Boone says about it. I read from page 1563:

On all service of three times a week and under there is a chance for improvement in getting it up to six or seven times a week.

Everybody who has ordinary common sense knows that! If I bid on service for once a week there is a great deal better chance for getting an increase of trips than if there were seven when I started. Everybody knows that. There is about six times as good a chance.

All contractors consider that—That chance—in their bids, and bid lower on one, two, and three times a week service than on a daily service—Why?—because the chances are the route will be increased.

Boone swears on the same page that he always did that himself; that he always had done it. Yet that is lugged in here as evidence of a conspiracy.

There is a great deal better chance for expedition when a route is let at two or three miles an hour, than when it is let at six or seven.

Of course there is. The slower it is let the better chance of getting it expedited. The faster it is let the less chance of getting it expedited. There is no need of bringing a man here to show that. You know that. If you thought there was more money in expedition and increase than on the original schedule, you would, as I insist, bid on such routes as the advertisement showed the time was to be slow and the service infrequent upon. Now, gentlemen, to take advantage of such a perfectly apparent thing as that will not do. You have heard a good deal about star routes, gentlemen. Every one of you by this time ought to make a pretty good guess.

Postmaster-General; every one of you. If you do not know all about this subject, you never will.

The Foreman (Mr. Crane). We ought to be good lawyers, too.

Mr. Ingersoll. You also ought to be good lawyers, at least on this subject! I do not know that you have all the testimony in your minds, as there have been so many misstatements made, but if you ever are to know anything on this subject you know something now; and if you, Mr. Foreman, or you Mr Renshaw, were to-morrow to go to work to bid on some star routes you would bid on the longest routes, on the slowest time, and with the most infrequent trips. You would do that. Then would you say, “That is evidence that we have conspired”? Has a man got to be so stupid that he will not take advantage of a perfectly plain thing in order to escape the charge of conspiracy? If you were to put your money in land in the Western country you would not go where the country was settled up, and give one hundred dollars an acre for land. You would go where you could get laud for two, or three, or four, or five dollars an acre, and say, “There is a chance for land to rise.” That is not conspiracy. So if you were going to bid on mail service you would bid where the time is slow, or the route long, and the service once a week. Then you would say that the country might grow, that railroads might be built and that they might get the service up to seven trips a week; and that instead of going on two miles an hour may be they would want to make it seven miles an hour. That is the service to make money on. Is it a crime to make money? Is it a crime to make a good bargain with the Government? I suppose these gentlemen of the prosecution made the best bargain they could with the Government themselves. Is it a crime? I say no. Is a man to be regarded as a conspirator because some outsider thinks he got too good a bargain? That will not do. Boone says he always did that. Of course he did. He says another thing. These gentlemen say that we did not go above three trips, and that is another evidence of fraud. They say we did not bid on any route with more than three trips a week. Mr. Boone tells you, on page 1565, that the department never advertised for four trips a week. That is the reason I think they did not bid on any of these. He also swears that they never advertised for five trips. That is a good reason for our not taking any routes with five trips, is it not? There were not any advertised. The Government did not offer to let us have any. That is a good reason for not taking any of them. The Government had not any of that kind. After you get beyond three trips Boone swears that the next number is six or seven; never four, never five. Don’t you see? And yet it is a very suspicious circumstance that we did not bid on any four-trip routes, or any five-trip routes; that we stopped at three. Why did we stop at three? Because if we had not stopped at three we would have had to go to six. Why did we not go to six?

Because at six trips a week we would have been obliged to put up too much money, and to put up too many certified checks. It required too many men to go on the bonds. That is the reason. Gentlemen, if there had been a conspiracy it would have been just about as well for us to bid on six or seven trips to get the expedition of time. If there had been a conspiracy to make money, and it had been understood by the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, he could have just as well given us routes with seven trips a week, and put the service up to seven, eight, nine, or ten miles an hour, and he could have done that in the thickly-populated parts of the country; if it had been the result of a conspiracy.

Let me read more from what Mr. Boone says on page 1565:

The proposals that I destroyed were upon routes of at least six times per week.

How did he come to destroy them? Another suspicious circumstance against Dorsey! Boone said when he went into the business he just took the bidding-book and commenced at A, and was going right straight through to X, Y, and Z, and make a bid, I believe, on every route that was in the book. I think that is his testimony. Boone says:

I was going on without instructions. I was going on without authority from anybody, working on the bids.

He thinks it was the same day that Miner got here, or the day afterwards, and he—I suppose meaning Dorsey—came up to the room and saw what the witness was doing. He was making up bids for every route in the advertisement, going right along with big and little, when Dorsey said there was a mistake. No proposals were to be made for over three times a week or for routes under fifty miles. When Miner came into the room witness asked what was the reason of that. I say upon this point that Stephen W. Dorsey never said a word about it, and that Boone is mistaken. But he says he asked Miner the reason. What did Miner say? Did he say to him, “It is because we have got a conspiracy? We have got it fixed with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General”? No. He said this, he said for fear of failure in getting bonds; that they could not get the bonds for all the service and could not get certified checks for all the service. Boone was going clear through the book from preface to finis. They could not get bonds for all the service and could not get certified checks for all the service. You remember that for all the service over five thousand dollars they had to put up five per cent., I think, in certified checks. Now, there was an immense volume, of three or four thousand routes and he was going to put in a bid on every one of them. That is what Boone was going to do. He did not understand the conspiracy at that time. Miner explained to him, “We cannot get the certified checks. We cannot get the bondsmen.” He did not tell him, “Good Lord, my friend, you don’t understand the terms of the conspiracy. We are taking no such service as that. We are taking none over three times a week, because, don’t you see, we want the chance for increase. We want the lowest. If we can find any service where the horses agree to stand still, that is the service to take. You must look over the terms of the conspiracy and have some sense about it.”

Boone says he was starting in, taking the advertisements, going right through the territory, all over that country, and bidding on every route, not missing one. He never

saw Stephen W. Dorsey do any work on the bids. The proposals sent down to the postmasters in Arkansas, including those to Clendenning, he (Boone) fixed himself and sealed them. Gentlemen, there is no evidence that Mr. Dorsey, as I understand it, ever saw one of those papers, but simply the form that was written out by Boone that was sent to Clendenning with instructions what to do with the proposals. That I understand to be the evidence. They proved by Boone that Dorsey never saw them; never wrote them; never ordered them to be written; never ordered a blank to be left unfilled. And yet, gentlemen, he was the man whom they say had brooded over this conspiracy; the man that gave to it life and form. He is the man that used Boone and John W. Dorsey and Peck and Miner as instrumentalities and tools.

What more? Did Boone take those bonds up to Dorsey and show them to him? He says that he did not open them; that he did not show them to Dorsey. That is what Mr. Boone swears. Surely Mr. Boone is an honorable man, stamped with the seal of the Department of Justice. He did not even show them to Dorsey. Dorsey never saw anything except the form after Boone had made it out. I showed you that form on yesterday, I think, marked 16 X. That is the only thing that Dorsey saw. He did not know what blanks were left in the bonds, or whether any were left. He never gave any orders about them, and never saw them. Yet the prosecution want you to hold him responsible as a conspirator for those bonds.

What more, gentlemen? Those bonds were never used. Nobody was ever defrauded. Not a proposal was put in the Post-Office Department. They never came to life. Dead! No contract, says Mr. Boone, was ever awarded on those proposals, even the proposals sent back, unless it was a contract to him, Boone. That is what he swears. And yet Dorsey is to be held responsible.

Let us hurry along, gentlemen. See how Dorsey came to do this. How did that arch-conspirator, as they claim him to be, happen to write that letter to Clendenning? On page 1567 Boone says that he suggested to Dorsey that he had better send a note with the proposals to Clendenning. Boone suggested it. He was not a conspirator, but he suggested it. Dorsey was the conspirator, but never dreamed of it. How fortunate for a conspirator to have an innocent man think of the means of carrying out a conspiracy; never thinking of crime, but having it all suggested by perfect innocence and then crime taking advantage of it. That is the position! He suggested that Dorsey would better send a note with the proposals to Clendenning. I will read from page 1568:

Q. Was there not danger that he would be declared a failing contractor? Was it at that time the practice of the department if a man, for instance, had fifty contracts and failed on one to declare him a failing contractor on all?—A. No, sir; but they would declare him a failing contractor on that one route and suspend his pay until he paid up the loss to the Government—just my case now, exactly.

Q. That was one of the reasons that you had. Now, you were informed at that time that they had not the money to carry this on.

When, as a matter of fact, did you go out of the concern?—A. The 8th day of August, 1878.

Q. Was S. W. Dorsey then in Washington?—A. No, sir; he was not. He had been gone ten or twelve days.

Now, then, we come to August 7, 1878, the time that Mr. Boone went out. He did it for the purpose of saving a failure on the routes in the names of Miner, Peck, Dorsey, and himself. That is what he went out for, and that is his only reason. On page 1570 Mr. Boone swears that so far as he knows neither John W. Dorsey, John R. Miner, John M. Peck, nor Stephen W. Dorsey had any arrangement with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General to increase the service; none whatever.

Boone went out on the 7th day of August, 1878. S. W. Dorsey was in New Mexico. He did not return here until about the time Congress assembled in December. Boone swears that he then learned from S. W. Dorsey that he, Dorsey, did not know that Boone was out of the concern; did not know that he had left on the 7th day of August, 1878. Now, gentlemen, if Stephen W. Dorsey was the main conspirator, if he was doing this entire business, is it possible that A. E. Boone went out on the 7th day of August, that John W. Dorsey assigned his interest in all the routes mentioned in the agreement, and John R. Miner took in Vaile, and the service was put on those routes by the money furnished by Vaile, that all that was done and yet Stephen W. Dorsey never heard of it and did not even know that Boone was out, did not even know that Vaile was in? Besides that, gentlemen, as I told you, Dorsey was not here. He was in New Mexico. He was in utter ignorance of this entire business, and yet they claim that he was the directing spirit.

Mr. Boone further testifies, on page 1571, that Brady showed him a telegram from the postmistress at The Dalles, saying that the service was down. When I read that I thought may be that was where Moore got his hint to swear that he telegraphed to find out what was done with that service. Boone further swears that Brady said that it must be put on; that he said it could not be put on at the contract price, and that Brady told him, “I advise you to telegraph and put it on at any price,” and that unless all the service was on by the 15th day of August he would declare the contractor a failing contractor on every route the service was down upon. That is what Brady told him. Stephen W. Dorsey was not here. According to the testimony of Moore he knew when he went away that the service in Oregon was not put on, but he abandoned it, and paid no attention to it. He happened to meet Miner at Saint Louis, and told him, I believe, “There are my notes for eight thousand five hundred dollars. That is all I will do. I am through! I have already advanced thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars. I will not advance another dollar.” Why did not Miner tell him, “If you are not going on with this conspiracy I am going home”? Why didn’t Miner tell him then, “What did you get up a conspiracy like this for, just to abandon it”? Why did not Miner say to him, “This is your child. I became a criminal at your suggestion. I entered into this conspiracy because you urged me to, and now after we have got the routes, you are going to abandon it”? Why did he not say to him, “Dorsey, if you are not going on with this conspiracy I am going back to Sandusky”? Did Dorsey at Saint Louis treat it as his bantling? or did he say to Miner, “This is all I will do”? Did he mean for himself? No. “All I will do for you.”

Certainly he would not have made the threat to Miner that he would not do anything more for himself. He then said to Miner, “I am through!” Miner knew at that time

that Stephen W. Dorsey had not the interest of one solitary dollar except the money he had advanced. Stephen W. Dorsey, according to the testimony of this prosecution, knew when he left this city that the routes were not in operation in Eastern Oregon. He went away knowing that J. W. Dorsey and John R. Miner and John M. Peck were in danger of being declared failing contractors. Yet he never even called on Brady to see about it. He never asked to have the time extended a minute. He never took the least interest in the business. He started for New Mexico, and went by way of Oberlin, Ohio. He happened to meet Miner in Saint Louis, and for Miner's sake, for Peck's sake, for John W. Dorsey's sake, and not for his own sake, he gave them some notes to the extent of eight thousand five hundred dollars that they could have discounted, and said to Miner then and there. "That is the last dollar. That is the last cent." What more did he do? He abandoned the whole business. He went to New Mexico. He never wrote about it; he never spoke about it; he never received a dispatch concerning it until the following December, when he came back to Washington, and then for the first time found that Boone had gone out and that Vaile had come in. What more? Although he was interested to the extent of thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars, he did not know until he came back in December that his security had been rendered worthless. He found that out then for the first time. That is a fine model of a conspirator. Reading again from Boone's testimony, on page 1371:

Fully a month and a half of the time had been taken up by the Congressional investigation, and we—That is to say, Miner, Peck, Boone, and the rest—did not know what to do with the service. We dared not to move. We expected that the contracts would be taken from us.

Do you tell me that under such circumstances, if Stephen W. Dorsey had conceived this thing, he would have gone off and left it? Do you tell me, with the entire business trembling in the balance, without the money to put the service on, at the mercy of Thomas J. Brady, that if Stephen W. Dorsey had gotten up that conspiracy, and also put in thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars, he would have gone away and left it, and told Miner and the others, "I will have no more to do with it," and leave it so effectually and so perfectly that he did not even know that Boone had gone out and Vaile had come in until the following December, when he came here to take his seat in the Senate?

On page 1580, again quoting from Mr. Boone:

The fact—Here is something that rises like the Rock of Gibraltar. It is one of those indications of truth that rascality never had ingenuity enough to invent:

The fact that Dorsey refused to advance any more money on account of this business was taken into consideration by me when I made up my mind to go out.

Do you want any better testimony than that, that Dorsey did refuse to advance any more money?

Don't you see how everything fits together when you get at the facts? How naturally they all blend and harmonize when you get at the facts. Now, here is some more from Mr. Boone:

If I had not gone out the service would have undoubtedly failed, unless they got the money to put it on. When Mr. Dorsey declined to furnish any more money or to indorse any more notes, there was nothing else to do but for me to go out and let somebody else come in who had the money.

That is a witness for the Government, and yet at the time that happened they say there was a great conspiracy; that the Second Assistant Postmaster-General was in it; that a Senator of the United States was in it; and that these other men were simply tools. It will not do, gentlemen. If that had been the case Stephen W. Dorsey would have remained here. He would have gone to Mr. Brady and said, "I must have time," and Mr. Brady would have given him all the time he desired, because, according to this prosecution, it was their partnership business. Brady had ten times as great an interest as Stephen W. Dorsey. According to the testimony of Mr. Rerdell, Brady had an interest of thirty-three and one-third per cent., and according to the testimony of Rerdell and Boone, Dorsey only had an interest of seven-eighths of one per cent.

That means, as I understand it, according to their testimony, thirty-three and one-third per cent, of the gross expedition; not profits, but of the gross expedition. That is what they swear. When he gave on a route an expedition of, say, six thousand dollars, two thousand dollars would go to Brady each year. In other words, thirty-three and one-third per cent, of the money paid for expedition went to Brady.

Mr. Walsh testified and gave the exact figures, and called the amount, if the Court will recollect, sixty thousand dollars, and twenty per cent, he said of that is twelve thousand dollars. That had to run, he says, for three years, and that made thirty-six thousand dollars. That is the testimony in this case, gentlemen. If you should have a row of men as long as the row of kings that Banquo saw, stretching out "to the crack of doom," and they should swear to it, I should still die an unbeliever; but that is their testimony. Dorsey ran away and left his conspiracy and Brady would not attend to his own business. Now, I read again from Boone:

With regard to the preparation of circulars, the sending of them to postmasters, the printing of proposals, the printing of bonds and subcontracts, there was nothing done differently from what I had always done before.

Recollect that. He is a Government witness. Dorsey in a conspiracy got Boone to help him, and in helping him Boone did nothing different from what he had always done before. There is not much left of this case, gentlemen, but I will keep going on just the same. Mr. Boone swears that he followed the regular custom and practice of doing business.

Then, there is another suspicious circumstance. At the bottom of the contracts published by the Government, for the purpose of informing contractors as to how the bonds or contracts are to be signed, and exactly what is to be done by each person, there are a lot of instructions.

Mr. Carpenter. On the proposals.

Mr. Ingersoll. On the proposals. When they got up the proposals of their own, they, understanding the business, left off all those directions that the Government put upon its forms. Why? Those directions were put there for the benefit of men who did

not understand the business. These men did understand the business, and consequently it was nonsense for them if they had to have the printing done, to put on the bottom of the contracts two or three paragraphs of directions to themselves. They understood exactly how to do it without the directions.

Who left them off? Stephen W. Dorsey? No. John W. Dorsey? No. He had nothing to do with it. Miner? No. He had nothing to do with it. Who left them off? Boone says he did. Was he instructed to do it? No. Did it take a conspiracy to leave them off? No. He left them off for two reasons, and good ones, too. One was to save the expense of printing. That was a good reason. There was no conspiracy needed for that. The other was, that knowing how to perfect the proposals, and understanding all those instructions, there was no need of having them printed for their benefit.

Next, on page 1582. What instructions as a matter of fact did Mr. Boone receive from Mr. Dorsey, if he received any? The question arises, upon what subject? In reference to what particular point? Boone says on this page that he received no instructions from Dorsey in reference to the business except in regard to the subcontract blanks.

That is the one subject on which he received any instructions from S. W. Dorsey. I have shown you that those instructions were in the interests of honesty and fair dealing. Those were the only instructions he received. On every other subject there is not a word. Why? Here Boone gives the reason. “I did not require any.” Why? Because he understood the business himself. What else? “I was to go ahead and do whatever was necessary to be done.” He did it without consulting anybody. He did it in his own way. He did it as he thought best for all concerned. Now, gentlemen, there will be an effort made to convince you that Stephen W. Dorsey did everything during all that period. If you are told that, when you are told it remember what I tell you now: that Mr. Boone swears that he did it himself; that he attended to the entire business, and that he was instructed by Dorsey in no particular except as to that one blank, and that I have clearly demonstrated was in the interests of honesty and in the interests of the subcontractor, so that the subcontract might agree with or be similar to the contract made with the Government. That is all.

Now we come to another point. You must recollect that Mr. Boone got out the circulars. Mr. Boone sent to all the postmasters to know about the roads and the price of grain and the price of labor, about the snow in winter and the rain in the spring. He got all that up. He went through the bidding-book originally and made the bids. He it was who prepared most of these proposals. He did all the work until Miner came. S. W. Dorsey did not do any of it. Boone never saw him working upon or touching the proposals. What S. W. Dorsey did he did at Boone’s request. What he did he did at Miner’s request. What he did he did simply because he was a friend. Boone attended to it all. Now, what does Boone say on page 1584? He swears that so far as he knew there never was any conspiracy on the part of these defendants with him, with each other, or anybody else, in reference to these routes, or any route bid for and awarded to them during that time. There was no conspiracy to defraud the Government in any way. That is what the Government witness swears to—a man brought here to stain the reputation of Stephen W. Dorsey. That is what a Government witness swears; swearing, too, under pressure; swearing, too, under circumstances where the Post-Office Department could strip him of everything he

had on earth; swearing under circumstances where if he did not please the Government they could pursue him as they have pursued us. Perhaps I had better read what he says. I read from page 1583 of my examination:

Now, then, so far as you know, Mr. Boone, was there any conspiracy on the part of any of these defendants with you, or with anybody else, to your knowledge, in respect of these routes mentioned in the indictment or of any routes bid for and awarded to them during that time—any conspiracy to defraud the Government in any way?

And he answered:

No, sir.

That was a Government witness, acquainted with all the transactions during that time. He was swearing under the shadow of power, with the sword hanging over his head, and yet he swears he never knew or heard of any such thing.

Let us go on. On page 1589 he swears that Mr. Dorsey told him to fix the blanks and make them up and to write what he wanted done in Arkansas, and that while he, Boone, was engaged in so doing he said to Dorsey, "Had you not better write a note so that I can attach it to the blanks?" And Dorsey did so. Dorsey told him to fill up what he wanted in Arkansas, and what was necessary to be executed there, and he did so.

Boone indicated exactly what he wanted put in. I showed you the Clendenning bonds yesterday and showed you just what Boone did. He filled up the blanks that he wanted to have filled down there. Of course, the blanks that were already filled in he did not want interfered with. That is what he says. There is another part of his testimony. I want to call the attention of the gentlemen to it. "I hand you," said they, "32 X." Mr. Bliss did the handing. What was that? That was the Chico letter. What did they want to introduce that for? To show that S. W. Dorsey was interested personally in these routes in 1878. That was a magnificent piece of testimony for them to show that Dorsey in 1878 was writing to Rerdell to watch the advertisement of these routes. So they introduced that letter. Mr. Boone looked at it. He was a Government witness. The noose was around his neck and the other end of the rope was in the hands of Mr. Bliss. What did Mr. Boone say? "Mr. Dorsey never wrote that letter." Then said Mr. Bliss to him, "That is not Mr. Dorsey's writing?" And Mr. Boone said "No, sir." And at the same time threw the forged scrap away contemptuously. What else? On April 3, 1878, Mr. Dorsey was here.

Mr. Merrick. Was Mr Dorsey here at that time?

Witness. He was here, sir; and I was in communication with him on that very day.

That is the evidence of a Government witness; a man who was depended upon to show that not only my client, but that Mr. Miner entered into a conspiracy in the fall of 1877 to defraud this Government. I want you to remember one thing which I was about to forget. Mr. Ker, I believe, spoke six or seven days and I do not remember of his having mentioned the Chico letter. He acted as if it had a contagious disease. He was followed by Mr. Bliss in another week, but he did not mention the Chico letter; at least I have never happened to read it in his speech. Both of them are as dumb as

oysters after a clap of thunder. Not a word. They did not, either of them, have the courage to refer to it. They did not have the nerve to ask you to believe it. I tell you one thing, gentlemen, I would either admit that it was a forgery, or I would swear that it was genuine. I would do something with it. I would not allow that paper, blown by the wind, to scare me from the highway of the argument! I would do one thing or the other. I would either admit that Mr. Rerdell forged it, or I would insist that it was the handwriting of Stephen W. Dorsey. Why was it left where it was, gentlemen? They could not get anybody to swear that it was Dorsey's handwriting. That is all.

Now we will take the next step. They had so much confidence in that witness that they concluded they would prove the pencil memorandum by him. They had such a clutch on him. So they stuck that up to him. Recollecting the position he was in, recollecting the danger, recollecting all that might probably follow speaking the truth, here is what he says:

Everything above "profit and loss" in that memorandum favors the handwriting of S. W. Dorsey.

What else?

And everything below favors the handwriting of M. C. Rerdell.

Fit conclusion for a Government witness, brought here to show that Stephen W. Dorsey was the arch-conspirator. And they ended the witness; dismissed him from the stand, after he had shown that Dorsey did not conspire; after he had shown that he himself fixed the subcontracts, with the exception of only one; after he had shown that he himself filled out the blanks to send to Clendenning; after he had shown that he did everything without being advised by S. W. Dorsey, and then he swore that their principal witness was a forger. Then they dismissed him. That was the end of the Government witness who was to brand the word "conspirator" upon the forehead of Stephen W. Dorsey's reputation. But instead of putting "conspirator" there, he put the word "forger" upon the principal witness for the Government. Magnificent exchange! Now, gentlemen, you know as well as I do that Mr. Boone knew all that was happening during that entire time. You know as well as I do that he did not swear anything for the defence that he could help swearing.

What else? Mr. Bliss, on page 303, says that:

Parties conspiring make an informal verbal agreement.

When did we make that agreement? When does the testimony show that we made an informal verbal agreement? Who were present at the time? Where were we? Do you recollect the number of the house? Do you recollect the day of the month? Has any one of you ever had in his mind which side of the street that was on? What town was it in? Could you locate it if you had a good map? I do not care whether it is informal or formal. Did we make one? In order to make a verbal agreement you have to use some words. Is there any evidence as to the words we used? Not a word that I have heard, not a word.

What else? He says that this is necessarily secret and intended to be secret. The first thing done was that Dorsey told it to Moore. Then, for fear it would get out, J. W. Dorsey told it to Pennell and to thirty fellows around the camp-fire out in Dakota. And there was a suspicion in Brady's mind that somebody might hear of it, and so he told Rerdell. He says, "Get the books copied; this is a secret thing." Then Dorsey wrote it to Bosler, and he was so awfully afraid that it would get out that he kept a copy of the letter. You see, Mr. Bliss says the object was to keep it secret. Then Miner and Vaile told it to Rerdell for fear he would not believe it when Brady told him. They were bound the thing should not get out. Yes, sir. And then Rerdell, just bursting with the importance of keeping that secret, told it to Perkins and Taylor; went away out there for that purpose. And then Moore, he gave it away to Major and McBean for the purpose of keeping it secret. Then Miner told Moore. From whom did they keep it secret? Nobody in God's world but Boone. He is the only fellow that nobody told. Boone went through it all, saw all the plan and heard all the whispering, and he is the only man in the country, I think, that did not suspect it. And on the 7th day of August he left the concern because there was not a conspiracy, and admits to you that if he had had even a suspicion of it he would have staid—staid or died.

Now, was there ever a conspiracy published so widely, that one end of the country kept so secret from the other? Was there ever a conspiracy like that, the news of which ran through the West like wild-fire, while the fellows at the East never heard of it? Everybody knew it out on the plains. All you had to do was to subpoena a fellow that wanted to come to Washington, and he would remember it. And yet that is the evidence that the prosecution desires you to believe. I do not believe it. I do not think I ever shall. But then they promised so much at the beginning, and they have done so little in many respects.

Something had to be said, and so Mr. Bliss, on page 265, in a little burst of confidence to the jury, says:

At least one United States Senator was the paid agent of these defendants.

Who was the Senator?

Mr. Bliss. Did I say that, sir?

Mr. Ingersoll. Look at page 265 and see whether you did.

Mr. Bliss. Read all that I said there.

Mr. Ingersoll. I will do that.

But we shall show to you that at least one United States Senator, urging such increase, was the paid agent of these defendants.

Mr. Bliss. I then went on and said we should show it if you put him on the stand.

Mr. Ingersoll. Yes, if we furnished you the evidence.

Mr. Bliss. No, sir; that is not what I said.

Mr. Ingersoll. Why didn't you produce the Senator?

Mr. Bliss. Why didn't you put him on the stand?

Mr. Ingersoll. How did I know what Senator you meant?

Mr. Bliss. Did you have two?

Mr. Ingersoll. No, sir; and we did not have the one. If you could have proved it, it was your duty, as the attorney of the United States, to do it, and if you did not do it, you did not do your duty in this case.

Mr. Bliss. Whose name is expressed in the memorandum?

Mr. Ingersoll. Why did you not say that to the jury? You dared not do it. That is like what was said here the other day before this jury, and taken out of the record. We will come to it. These are the gentlemen who did not wish to stain the names of citizens. These are the gentlemen who did not wish to bring anybody into this case that had not been indicted. And yet Mr. Bliss, in his opening, said that he would show you at least one Senator who was the paid agent of these defendants; and now, having failed to do it, he stands here before you and asks whose name was on the pencil memorandum, meaning that J. H. Mitchell was the paid agent of these defendants.

Ah, gentlemen, I would not, for the sake of convicting any man on this earth, stain the reputation of another in a place and in a way where that other could not defend himself. I would not do it. I do not think there is any crime beyond that. It is as bad to stab the reputation as it is to stab the flesh; it is as bad to kill the honor of the man as to put a dagger into his heart.

There are so many things in these papers that I would never get through, if I commented upon them all, if I talked forty years. I now refer to page 4509. I have to change from one of these lawyers to the other. Now, on this subject of subcontracts, showing how we are endeavoring to cheat and defraud the Government, Mr. Ker says, at page 4509:

Acting upon Stephen W. Dorsey's advice he put in this clause giving the subcontractors sixty-five per cent, of the increase. I want you to remember the sixty-five per cent., because I will show you some subcontracts with that amount in, but I do not want you to think for one moment that the subcontractors ever got a dollar out of it.

Gentlemen, the evidence is that the subcontractors were paid the amount mentioned in their subcontracts. I believe all of them are on file in this case, and on all that were filed in the department the money was paid directly to the subcontractor. And yet Mr. Ker tells you that he does not want you to think for a moment that the subcontractors ever got one dollar out of it. Is it possible, gentlemen, that there is any necessity for resorting to such statements? Can you conceive of any reason for doing it, except that they are actually mistaken, except for the fact that they know they have not the evidence to convict these defendants?

We are not begging of you. We are not upon our knees before you. But we do want to be tried according to the evidence and according to the law. We do not want your mind, nor yours, nor yours [addressing different jurors] poisoned with a misstatement. We want to be tried, and we want the verdict rendered by you when

every fact is as luminous in your mind as the sun at mid-day. We want every fact to stand out like stars in a perfect night, without a cloud of doubt between you and the fact. That is the kind of a verdict we want. We want a verdict that comes from a clear head and a brave heart. We do not want a verdict simply from sympathy. We want a verdict according to the evidence and according to the law. And when the verdict is given we want every one of you to say, "That is my verdict; I found it upon the evidence and upon the law; dig beneath it and you will not find used as the corner-stone a misstatement, or a mistake, or a falsehood; it stands upon the rock of fact, upon the foundation of absolute truth."

Do you know that if I were prosecuting a man, trying to take from him his liberty, trying to take from him his home, trying to rob his fireside and make it desolate, and if I should succeed and afterwards know that I had made a misstatement of the evidence to the jury, I could not sleep until I had done what was in my power to release that man; and after he was released, or even if he were not released, I would go to him when he was wearing the prison garb, and I would get down on my knees and beg him to forgive me. I would rather be sent to the penitentiary myself, I would rather wear the stripes of eternal degradation, than to send another man there by a misstatement or a mistake that I had made. That is my feeling. I may be wrong.

It may be that I am guilty, according to Colonel Bliss, of sneering at everything that people hold sacred. But I do not sneer at justice. I believe that over all, justice sits the eternal queen, holding in her hand the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men. I believe that it is my duty to make the world a little better, because I have lived in it. I believe in helping my fellow-men. I do no not sneer at charity; I do not sneer at justice, and I do not sneer at liberty. And why did he make that remark to you, gentlemen? Is it possible that for a moment he dreamed that he might prejudice your minds against the case of my client, because, I, his attorney, am not what is called a believer? Is it possible that he has so mean an opinion of a Christian that a Christian would violate his oath when upon the jury, simply to get even with a lawyer who happened to be an infidel? Is that his idea of Christianity? It is not mine; it is not mine. I stand before you to-day, gentlemen, as a man having the rights you have, and no more; and I am willing to work and toil and suffer to give you every right that I enjoy. And I know that not one of you will allow himself to be prejudiced against my client because you and I happen to disagree upon subjects about which none of us know anything for certain. I do not believe you will. And yet, that remark was made, gentlemen—I will not say that it was made, but may be it was—hoping that it would lodge the seed of prejudice in your minds, hoping that it might bring to life that little adder of hatred that sleeps unknown to us in nearly all of our bosoms. I have too much confidence in you, too much confidence in human nature to believe that can affect my client.

Now, gentlemen, there is no pretence, there is no evidence that every subcontractor did not get the per cent, mentioned in his subcontract, except one, and that was Mr. French, on the route from Kearney to Kent; and the evidence there is that Miner settled with him, I believe, and gave him a certain amount of money in lieu of expedition. That is the solitary exception.

Now, gentlemen, I come to a most interesting part of this discussion, and I hope we will live through it. In the first place, what is a conspiracy? Well, in this case, they must establish that it was an agreement entered into between the persons mentioned in this indictment, or two of them, to defraud the Government. How? By the means pointed out and described in the indictment. While it may not be absolutely necessary to describe the means, I hold that if they do describe them, tell how the conspiracy was to be accomplished, they are bound by their description; they must prove such a conspiracy as they describe. If a man is indicted for stealing a horse and the color of the horse is given, it will not do to prove a horse of another color. If they describe the offence they are bound by the description.

Now, this is a conspiracy entered into, as they claim, by the persons mentioned in the indictment, to do a certain thing. What is the object of the conspiracy? To defraud the Government. And, gentlemen, I believe the Court will instruct you that the conspiring is the crime. The object of the conspiracy is to defraud the United States. What are the means? According to this indictment false petitions, false oaths, false letters, false orders. What I insist on is that the means cannot take the place of the object; that the means cannot take the place of the conspiracy described. When you describe a conspiracy by certain means to defraud the Government, and set out the means so that the Second Assistant Postmaster-General is a necessity, then you cannot turn and shift your ground, and say that it was not the conspiracy set out in the indictment, but that it was a conspiracy to do some of the things recited as means in the indictment; you cannot say that it was not a conspiracy entered into with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, but was a conspiracy entered into with some others to make a false petition or a false affidavit. The ostrich of this prosecution will not be allowed to hide its head under the leaf of an affidavit. They must prove, in my judgment, the conspiracy that they describe in the indictment, and none other.

Now, what else? You must be prepared, gentlemen, when you make up a verdict, if you say that there was a conspiracy, to say when it was entered into and who entered into it. And I suppose when you retire, the first question for you to decide will be: Was there a conspiracy? Has any conspiracy been established beyond a reasonable doubt? If you say yes, then the next question for you to decide is, who conspired? Who were the members of that conspiracy?

After you do that there is one other thing you have to do: You have to find that one of the conspirators, for the purpose of carrying the conspiracy into effect, did something; that is called an overt act. You have to find, that at least one of them did something to effect the object of that conspiracy. You must remember, gentlemen, that the overt act must come after the conspiracy. In other words, you cannot commit an overt act and make a conspiracy to fit it; you must have the conspiracy first, and then do an overt act for the purpose of accomplishing the object of that conspiracy. The conspiracy must come first, and the overt act afterwards. You all understand that now.

Now, this indictment is so framed that the earliest time within the life of the statute of limitations for an overt act is the 23d day of May, 1879. Why? The indictment charges that as the day, the conspiracy was entered into. Any overt act in consequence of that conspiracy must have been done after the 23d of May, 1879.

Now, get that in your heads, level and square. The conspiracy, according to this, is not back of the 23d of May, 1879, and any overt act done, in order to be considered an overt act, must be done after the date of that conspiracy. If they prove any act done before that time, it shows that it was not an overt act belonging to the conspiracy mentioned in the indictment. If it is an overt act at all, it is an overt act of another conspiracy entered into before the date mentioned in this indictment, and consequently will not do for an overt act in this case. Now, I want you all to understand that.

I forget how many overt acts are charged in this indictment; some sixty or seventy, I think. And understand me, now, gentlemen, no matter what date they fix to an overt act in the indictment, no matter whether there is any date to it or not in the indictment, if it turns out to have been done before the time fixed for the conspiracy it is dead as an overt act: it is good for nothing. The overt act is the fruit of the conspiracy; the conspiracy is not the result of the overt act. Now let me make a statement to you, so that you will understand it.

Every petition, every letter, every affidavit, upon which orders for expedition were based, was filed before the 23d of May, 1879, except on two routes—Toquerville to Adair-ville and Eugene City to Bridge Creek. If that is true, then not a solitary petition filed in this case can be considered as an overt act; and a conspiracy without an overt act is nothing; it simply exists in the imagination; it is an agreement made of words and air, and never was vitalized with an act done by one of the conspirators for the purpose of giving it effect. Recollect that every petition, every affidavit, every letter filed, was filed before the 23d day of May, with the two exceptions I have mentioned. That is the date when the conspiracy came into being. And consequently an overt act must be after that time.

Now,'when they came to write this indictment, why did they not tell the truth in it? I do not mean that in an offensive sense, because a man has the right to write in that indictment what he wants to. That is a matter of pleading. But why did they not tell the facts? Why did they put in the indictment that a certain petition was filed on the 26th day of June, when they had the petition before them and knew that it was filed in April, 1879? Why did they put in that indictment that a certain affidavit was filed on the 26th or 27th of May, I think it was, when they knew that it was filed in April or March? Why? Because if they had put that in the indictment the indictment would have been quashed, so far as their overt acts were concerned. The Court would have said, "I cannot allow you to put on paper that a man entered into a conspiracy on the 23d of May, and then did an act to carry that conspiracy into effect in April before that time. I cannot allow you to do that, because that is infinitely absurd, and pleadings have to be reasonable on their face." But you see they stated that this was done after the conspiracy. They had to do it or they would be gone. I believe there is no dispute about this law that if they describe the overt act—and they must describe it, because it is a part of the offence—that is, the offence is not complete without it—they must prove it exactly as they describe it.

If they describe it with infinite minuteness, they must prove it with infinite minuteness. If they set out that an affidavit was written on bark, they must produce a bark affidavit. If they were foolish enough to say it was written in red ink they must

produce it in red ink. If they allege that an oath was sworn to twice before two notaries public they must produce an oath sworn to twice. They are bound to prove exactly what they charge, and if they were too particular about it that is their fault, not ours.

I say that all these, with the exception of the two routes I have named, were filed too early to play any important part in this case. Now, I will come to those routes. Remember, that every overt act must be after the conspiracy. There are two exceptions, and those two exceptions include petitions and affidavits. And there is a splendid kind of justice in the way this thing is coming out, so far as that is concerned.

The petitions filed on the Toquerville route and on Bridge Creek route, I believe, are genuine; I believe the Government admits that they are honest; and they were not attacked except upon one point, and that was that a daily mail did not mean seven times a week. The point made by the Government was that a daily mail meant six trips a week—that is, where you have them every day. We took the ground that daily mail meant a mail every day, and that in the Western country, as here, they have seven days in a week.

We contended that you cannot have a daily mail without having seven trips a week. I think that was the only point made against these petitions—that they were for a daily mail, and that somebody put in a figure 7.

No petition for increase of service alone was ever attacked by the Government in this case, except 25 L, on The Dalles route, and 20 H and 29 H, on the Canyon City route. 25 L was filed April 23, 1879. That was one month before the conspiracy had life. Consequently that is mustered out of this case as an overt act.

23 L was filed June 27, 1879, and is in time, provided it had been a dishonest petition. And it is the only petition filed on the date alleged in the indictment, and it was not attacked. It was signed by the business men of Baker City, and is set out, I believe, on page 1617.

20 H was filed May 7th. That is not in time. That is gone.

29 H has no file mark, and never was proved. So that goes.

All the allegations as to false petitions for increase of service—and by that I mean additional trips—are shown to have been genuine, honest, true petitions.

There are but two affidavits, one correctly described. Both were made by Peck. Mr. Bliss admits that Peck had nothing to do with any of these routes after April 1, 1879, and both of them were made by Peck, and were sworn to before that date.

The affidavit on the Toquerville route was filed by M. C. Rerdell, who swears that he was not in any conspiracy to defraud the United States; that he was not in a conspiracy with Vaile and Miner and John W. Dorsey, nor with anybody else. It was filed by the subcontractor of record, M. C. Rerdell, and it is the same route on which Mr. Rerdell, by virtue of his subcontract, appropriated about five thousand dollars of money belonging to other people.

The other exception is on the Bridge Creek route, and, strange as it may appear, that was also filed by Mr. Rerdell.

And, strange as it may appear, it has not been successfully impeached as to the men and horses necessary under the existing and proposed schedule. The overt act is not proved, because the oath is not proved to be false, and because Peck and Rerdell, according to Mr. Bliss's admission and according to Rerdell's oath, were not in the conspiracy, and the overt act has to be done by one of the conspirators, of course.

The Court. I understood—I do not know whether I have been under a delusion all this time or not—that the indictment charged that these affidavits and false petitions were the means by which the conspiracy was to be carried into execution; that they were not the overt acts. If they had been set out as overt acts in the indictment, the Court would have seen that they antedated the time, and if an objection had been made to them the Court would not have received them as overt acts. The reason why they have been admitted and regarded as in the case all along, to my mind, was that they were acts tending to prove, so far as they tended to prove anything, the nature of the combination between these parties anterior to the 23d of May.

Mr. Ingersoll. Before the conspiracy.

The Court. Before the conspiracy. So that whatever character belonged to that association anterior to that time, if it was continued on after that time, carried out with overt acts done subsequently to that time, they were properly received as evidence going to establish the conspiracy—not as overt acts, but as means to show the character of the combination amongst the parties anterior to that date.

Mr. Ingersoll. That saves me a great deal of argument. Now, I understand, gentlemen, that the Court will instruct you that you cannot take any petition, any letter, any oath, any paper of any kind that was filed or written or used prior to the 23d of May, 1879, as an overt act; that all that that evidence is for is to show you the relation sustained by the parties before that time.

The Court. Yes; you are right.

Mr. Ingersoll. Now, that saves a great deal of trouble.

There are on the Toquerville and Adairville route, and on the Eugene City and Bridge Creek route, petitions filed after the 23d of May, 1879, set out in indictment as overt acts. I shall insist, if the Court will allow me, that if there is no evidence that those petitions were dishonest, no evidence going to show that they were not genuine, those petitions cannot be used as overt acts for the reason that they are charged in the indictment as false and fraudulent petitions. So, gentlemen, I take that ground, that as to the petitions filed after the 23d day of May on the only two routes left for these gentlemen to find overt acts upon (Eugene City to Bridge Creek, and Toquerville to Adairville), if those petitions have not been proved to be false they cannot be regarded as overt acts for the reason that they were described in the indictment itself as false and fraudulent petitions. It is perfectly clear, is it not?

What else have we left? A couple of affidavits. Who made them? Mr. Peck. When? Before the 1st day of April, 1879, and Mr. Bliss admits that from that time on he

never had anything to do with this business. Mr. Rerdell filed them, and Mr. Rerdell swears that he was never in any conspiracy; and Mr. Bliss admits that Peck, after the 1st of April, had nothing to do with this business. That substantially knocks the bottom out of that dish.

Now, they attacked the affidavit on the Bridge Creek route, but they did not succeed in showing that it was not an honest affidavit.

Now, gentlemen, after what the Court has decided I want to call your attention to another thing.

Do not forget what the Court has decided—that all these things are not overt acts, but that they simply show the relations of the parties.

Now, if you go and find Vaile and Miner getting up petitions on their routes, and you also find Dorsey getting up petitions on his routes, then they claim that that is the result of an agreement between them. That is not the law. Neither is there in that the scintilla of common sense. If I find you plowing in your field and your neighbor plowing in his field, I have no right to draw the conclusion that you have conspired to plow or to help each other. But if I find your neighbor and you plowing in your field, and I afterwards find you and your neighbor plowing in his field, I have the right to conclude that you have swapped work and that you have something in common. If I find you plowing in your field and your neighbor walking behind you sowing grain or dropping corn, and then I find you in the fall shucking out the corn together, and I find your neighbor taking half of it to his barn and you taking half of it to your barn, I make up my mind that you have had some dealings on the corn question.

Now, we find that on May 5, 1879, these parties absolutely divided, and after that, when Vaile and Miner got up a petition on their route, Dorsey did not help them; and when Dorsey got up one on his, Vaile and Miner did not help him. That shows what the relations of the parties were. Does that show that they were then in a conspiracy? Does it show that they had any conspiracy before that time? They had separated their interest; they had ceased to act together; one did nothing for the other. If there had been a conspiracy before that time that conspiracy died on the 5th of May, 1879; and if it did, then there is no possibility of any conviction in this case, no matter what the evidence is—not the slightest.

Now, I want you to understand that ground exactly. I am not begging the question. I am not afraid to meet every point, every paper, every scratch, in this case. But I want you to understand it. All those things were allowed for the purpose of showing the relations of the parties, the relations that the defendants sustained to each other; and the evidence is that they sustained no relations to each other after 1879; that each went his own road to attend to his own business in his own way. That is the evidence.

Now comes the next point. What are the overt acts in the indictment? Really they are the orders made by Mr. Brady, unless you take this poor little affidavit made by Peck and filed by Rerdell.

Then comes the next point. You cannot treat anything as an overt act unless it was made by one of the conspirators. Is there any evidence in this case that Mr. Brady ever conspired with anybody? Not the slightest. And unless he conspired with us, any

other made by him cannot be regarded as an overt act in this case. I think everybody will admit that. Unless Brady conspired with us, and we with him, any order of his cannot be regarded as an overt act.

I ask you, gentlemen, what evidence is there in this case that Mr. Brady ever conspired with any of these defendants? I will answer that question before I get through, and I think I will answer it to your entire satisfaction.

I will go a step further in this case, and I may go a little further than the Court will go. I say that when they state in that indictment that an order is made for the benefit of Miner, Vaile, and Dorsey, and the evidence is that it was made for the benefit only of Vaile and Miner, that is a fatal variance, and it cannot be treated as an overt act for any conspiracy. And when the indictment charges that an order was made for the benefit of S. W. Dorsey, and Vaile, and Miner, and it turns out that it was made for the sole benefit of S. W. Dorsey, I claim that that is a fatal variance.

Gentlemen, I was going through all these overt acts and all these terrible false claims. But the decision of the Court has utterly and entirely relieved me from that duty. So I will turn my attention to another person.

The next defendant to whom I may call your attention is Mr. John W. Dorsey. It is claimed that John W. Dorsey was one of the original conspirators; that he helped to hatch and plot this terrible design. Let us see what interest John W. Dorsey had. You have heard me read the agreement he made, have you not, with Miner? Now, let me read to you the agreement that he made on the 16th day of August, 1878. Now, we will find out what interest John W. Dorsey had in all this conspiracy. On the 16th of August, 1878, there was no reason for telling any lie about it. They could not get on the routes in August, 1878; they had not the money, and so they took in Vaile. At that time, gentlemen, there was no reason for their writing anything in this paper that was not true, not the slightest. And I take it for granted that most people tell the truth when there is no possible object in telling anything else, if their memory is good:

4th. The profits accruing from the business shall be divided as follows: From routes in Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota, to H. M. Vaile, one-third.

To John R. Miner, one-sixth; to John M. Peck, one-sixth; and to John W. Dorsey, one-third.

From routes in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and California, to H. M. Vaile, one-third; to John R. Miner, one-third; to John M. Peck, one-third. [Page 4014.]

And to John W. Dorsey nothing. The entire interest of John W. Dorsey in the whole business was one-third of the profits on routes in the Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. This was signed by H. M. Vaile, John R. Miner, John M. Peck, and John W. Dorsey, and I believe these are all admitted to be the genuine signatures of the parties.

The only routes mentioned in this indictment in which John W. Dorsey on the 16th day of August, 1878, had any interest whatever were: Kearney to Kent in Nebraska, Vermillion to Sioux Falls in Dakota, and Bismarck to Tongue River in Dakota.

Remember that, gentlemen. That is very important. The evidence is that he sold out his interest in the following December, made a bargain for ten thousand dollars, and the evidence is that he received the money, and the evidence is that after that he never had any interest in the profits, no matter how much was made. And yet these gentlemen say that he was part and parcel of a conspiracy formed on the 23d of May, 1879. Long before that time he had sold out every dollar's interest he had, and had no more interest in it than though he had never existed. He got his ten thousand dollars; that was all. Now let us see what he did when the routes were divided.

Mr. Merrick. When did you say he sold out and got the money?

Mr. Ingersoll. The bargain was made in December, and his brother wrote to him at first that Vaile would not give it to him, and then that he would. Don't you recollect the two letters you asked Dorsey so much about?

It had been agreed to once, and then after S. W. Dorsey came out of the Senate John W. Dorsey was paid ten thousand dollars, and Miner swears that the division was absolute, perfect, and complete; and that nothing was signed by one for the other after the 5th of May, 1879.

Mr. Bliss. Miner does not say when. He swore that he, signed no papers after the 5th of May, 1879.

Mr. Ingersoll. He says that he signed no papers for the other side, and that the other side signed none for Vaile and Miner.

Mr. Davidge. You are talking of two different things.

Mr. Ingersoll. I will show you after awhile that you are wrong, as I always do. I never made a mistake on you yet.

The only routes mentioned in this indictment in which John W. Dorsey on the 16th day of August, 1878, had any interest whatever were from Kearney to Kent, in Nebraska; Vermillion to Sioux Falls, in Dakota; and Bismarck to Tongue River, in Dakota. And I will say right here that if at any time I do injustice to Mr. Bliss or anybody else, if it is pointed out I will take it back cheerfully, and if it is not pointed out, and they show that I did it, I will get up and admit it and say that I was mistaken.

Mr. Bliss. You will have a great deal to admit.

Mr. Ingersoll. Very well, I will do it, for I have the courage of conviction, and I have the courage to say that I am mistaken when I am.

Now, the evidence is that John W. Dorsey sold out his interest for ten thousand dollars, and that he received the money, and that after that he had no interest in the profits when the three routes were divided, and the only three were the ones I have mentioned.

On the first route, from Vermillion to Sioux Falls, John W. Dorsey was the subcontractor and he gave Mr. Vaile the entire pay for all increases and all expeditions. John W. Dorsey had the right to subcontract, and Mr. Vaile had the right to make the contract. The statement on page 726 shows simply that John W.

Dorsey never drew a dollar upon that route. That is one route fairly and squarely disposed of. Understand, I cast no imputation upon Mr. Vaile for having the contract and for getting the money. When I come to it I will show you that he had a right to.

The next route is from Kearney to Kent. John W. Dorsey had an interest in that route, according to the agreement of August 16th, of one-third. You will see from page 726 of the record that the first quarter John M. Peck got the money, two hundred and forty-five dollars and six cents. John W. Dorsey was entitled to one-third of that, if it was profit. The next quarter was paid on the 22d of January, 1879—that is, for the fourth quarter of 1878, and that was paid to H. M. Vaile. And never another solitary cent was paid to anybody in such a way that John W. Dorsey was entitled to any part or portion of it. That gets that route out of trouble, so far as John W. Dorsey was concerned, no matter what the increase may have been after that, no matter what the expedition was, no matter whether French carried it for nothing, no matter what happened to Cedarville or that city of Fitzalon; it was no interest to John W. Dorsey, no matter whether the road ran direct from Fitzalon to Cedarville or not. He was entitled to one-third of the profits on one payment to Peck, and that payment was two hundred and forty-five dollars and six cents; whether he ever got it I do not know.

Let us see how he came out on the next route, from Bismarck to Tongue River. He went out there to build stations. I will come to that in a little while. Now, I call attention to page 727. The third quarter from July 1 to September 30, 1878, was paid November 8, 1878, to H. M. Vaile. Never a solitary dollar on the route was paid to John W. Dorsey, according to this record, if you can rely on these books.

That is the state of the case on these three routes. And yet it is solemnly averred in the indictment that all the orders on these routes were made for the joint benefit of John W. Dorsey and others. Now, before another payment was made the division of the routes had been completed, and John W. Dorsey sold out his interest in these routes and all others for ten thousand dollars. So that he never received a dollar upon the Bismarck route and the Vermillion route except as it is included in the gross sum of ten thousand dollars which he received for his entire interest, and that entire interest is described perfectly in the contract of August 16, 1878. Now, it John W. Dorsey had no interest in any route except as stated in the contract, of course nothing was done upon any other route for his benefit; nothing was done in which he, by any possibility, had the slightest pecuniary interest. How were the petitions filed for his benefit? How were the affidavits made for his benefit? How were the orders made for his benefit? He had no interest; he had parted with it, and had nothing more to do with it than the attorneys for the prosecution in this case.

It is claimed by Mr. Bliss that when John W. Dorsey sold out he agreed to make the necessary papers for the routes, and he tried to impress upon your minds the idea that the bargain was that John W. Dorsey knew that for ten thousand dollars he had to commit perjury and forgery and several other cheerful crimes, from time to time, as he might be called upon by the gentlemen who had been his co-conspirators.

J. W. Dorsey frankly and cheerfully swore that he agreed to make the necessary papers. He did not swear that he agreed to commit any frauds, perjuries, or forgeries.

Nothing of the kind. He agreed to execute, of course, the necessary legal papers—the papers that, as contractor, were necessary for him to make to vest title of the route in the person to whom he had sold—just the necessary papers that would allow the man who had paid him for the route to draw the money from the Government if he performed the service.

Now, what were the papers? I say right here, gentlemen, that under the law as it was then, under the law as it is now, it is impossible for a contractor to assign his contract so as to be relieved from responsibility to the Government; the Government will not permit it. The Government will permit him to make a subcontract, and that is what John W. Dorsey did; that is one of the things he agreed to do. In order to make that subcontract absolutely certain; in order to put it beyond his power to do anything with it, that subcontract was made for the entire pay, for the entire increase and expedition. And what more? In order to make that absolutely perfect, so they would not have a loop-hole anywhere, he signed blank drafts upon the Post-Office Department for the entire pay of every quarter during the contract term. And then, if they were fined—and nobody knew how much they would be fined—they had the right to fill up that order for the amount due them from the Post-Office Department after deducting fines.

He sold out in March, 1879. The regulation or order making it necessary for the contractor to make an oath as to additional stock and men was not in existence, was not a binding law or regulation, until the 1st day of July, 1879. When he sold out in March, unless he were gifted with prophecy, he would not know what the regulation of the 1st of July following would be.

Now, there were two affidavits made by John W. Dorsey on route 38134, Pueblo to Rosita. Around those affidavits Mr. Bliss hovered and Mr. Ker remained. John W. Dorsey testifies that he received one of those affidavits in the morning and swore to it, and that it was filled up when he swore to it. Mr. Bliss and Mr. Ker, I believe, both say that it was not filled up.

Mr. Bliss. Where does Mr. Dorsey say that it was filled up when he swore to it?

Mr. Ingersoll. I have not the page here, but I will give it to you. He swore that a dozen times, that he never swore to any blank affidavits.

Mr. Bliss. I undertake to say that it cannot be found in his evidence.

The Court. He testified that he received them both by mail, and that the second one was contained in a letter which said that there was an error in the first, and the second was sent for the purpose of correcting that error.

Mr. Ingersoll. There could not have been any error in the first unless it had been filled up. You cannot make an error in blank. On page 4838, Mr. Rerdell swore that he left this city on the 17th or 18th of April for the West, and then he adds, “I think on the 18th.” Then the Government brought the hotel-keepers from Sydney, Nebraska, and from Denver, and from some other place, nearly as many witnesses as you had about the paper pulp. And they proved that Rerdell was beyond the Missouri River on the 21 st of April.

Now see what Mr. Bliss says on page 4914:

And yet, gentlemen, it is beyond dispute that as early as the 15th of April, 1879, Mr. Rerdell had left this city and gone West.

Why did he have it stated on the 15th, gentlemen? I will tell you. Oh, I tell you the human mind is a queer thing when it gets to working. John W. Dorsey was in Middlebury, Vermont; if a letter had been sent from here on the 15th, it certainly would have got up there before the 21st. So they wanted Rerdell out of this town as early as possible, so that it would make it highly improbable that it would take a letter from that time to the 21st to get to Middlebury. Now, the evidence is that he left here, he thinks, on the 18th. When did the letter get up there? I think the 20th or 21st.

Mr. Davidge. There was a Sunday intervened.

Mr. Ingersoll. They say, gentlemen, that there is no evidence that the blanks were filled, and yet John W. Dorsey swears that he received a letter stating that the first affidavit was erroneous, and the second one was sent to him to correct it. How would you correct one affidavit in blank by another affidavit in blank? How did he ever get those affidavits? I will tell you. We will have that little matter settled. Here is what Rerdell swears on page 2232:

Q. When did you return from that visit?—A. I returned about the 5th of May.

Q. State whether or not after you returned, you found blank affidavits among the papers connected with the business?—A. Yes, sir.

Q. How many did you find?—A. Well, there were several blank affidavits of John W. Dorsey's and several of John M. Peck's. I don't know how many there were.

Q. Were they blank affidavits?—A. Well, sir, they were blank affidavits similar to that one I sent, leaving out the number of men and animals in each case.

Q. Did they purport to have been sworn to?—A. Yes, sir.

Q. Were those affidavits among the papers when you left here to go West?—A. Some of them were. I think those of Peck's were here, probably four or five, or half a dozen, and I had made out, before I left here, a lot of them and sent them to John W. Dorsey. In the mean time, when I returned here, John W. Dorsey was here.

Mr. Rerdell swears that just before he went away he sent the affidavits to John W. Dorsey, and the only question between them is, were they in blank, or were they filled. John W. Dorsey swears that they were filled, because when he received the second he received a letter stating that there was an error in the first, and that error had been corrected in the second. The last nail in the coffin of that doctrine.

Mr. Ingersoll. [Resuming.] May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, before finishing what I am about to say in regard to the two affidavits of John W. Dorsey I will now call your attention to a statement made by Mr. Bliss, on page 304, in his opening speech to you:

Mr. Dorsey, while Senator, was, I think, chairman of the Committee on Post-Offices, and chairman of the subcommittee in charge of all the appropriations. That brought him, of course, directly in connection with the Post-Office Department and its officials, and gave him, as we all understand, necessarily, from the nature of the case, the possession of some exceptional power over officials of the department—greater power than a Senator would have when occupying som'-other position.

That statement was made to you, gentlemen, for the purpose of making you believe that while Senator Dorsey was a member of the Senate he was also chairman of the PostOffice Committee, and of the subcommittee having power over the appropriations, and that he not only took advantage of being a Senator, but by virtue of being chairman of that committee had exceptional power over the officials of the Post-Office Department. He was trying to convince you that, finding himself chairman of that committee, finding himself with this power, he thereupon entered into a conspiracy.

What evidence did the Government offer upon that point? Nothing. Did Mr. Bliss at that time suppose that Mr. Dorsey was chairman of that committee? The records were all here. The Government had plenty of agents to ascertain what the fact was; and yet, without knowing the facts, Mr. Bliss stated to this jury that he believed that; that Dorsey was chairman of the Post-Office Committee and of the sub-committee; wanting to poison your minds with the idea that Mr. Dorsey had taken advantage of having held that position. Now, the only evidence upon that point I find on page 3992, and that is the evidence of Mr. Dorsey himself. He is asked, Were you a member of the Post-Office Committee in 1877? No. In 1878? No. Or chairman of the subcommittee? Here is what he says, that he had not been on that Post-Office Committee "for nearly two years" prior to July 1, 1878. And yet an attorney representing the United States, representing the greatness and honor, the grandeur and the glory of fifty millions of people, for the purpose of poisoning your minds, there made that statement without knowing anything about it or without caring anything about it. I thought I would clear that point up the first thing this morning.

Now we will go on with the affidavits. You know these terrible affidavits that were sworn to in Vermont. It was stated that the first affidavit was wrong and that the second affidavit was substituted for the first. Now, if the second affidavit took more money out of the Treasury than the first affidavit you might say that there was a sinister motive, a dishonest motive in withdrawing the first and substituting the second, unless it appeared clearly that the second was true. But suppose it turns out that the substitution did not take an extra dollar from the United States? Then what motive do you say they had in doing it? Was it a motive to steal something, or was it a motive simply to be correct? What other motive could there have been?

Now, let us see. The first affidavit said three men and twelve animals; for the expedition, seven men and thirty-eight animals; and the proportion was exactly three hundred per cent—that is, three times as much. Now, then, they put in another affidavit. The second affidavit says two men and six animals. That makes eight. And on the expedited schedule six men and eighteen animals, which makes twenty-four; and three times eight are twenty-four; exactly the same. Three times fifteen are forty-five, and three times eight are twenty-four, and the amount of money drawn under

the second affidavit is precisely the same that would have been drawn under the first affidavit.

Now, do you pretend to tell me that they took the trouble to withdraw the first affidavit and put in the second affidavit because they were trying to defraud somebody? On the contrary, they took that trouble because there was a mistake made in the first affidavit and they wanted to correct it, not for the purpose of getting more money, but for the purpose of getting a correct affidavit.

Mr. Crane (foreman of the jury). Was not that first affidavit interlined?

Mr. Ingersoll. No, sir.

If there had been any fraud about it, would they not have withdrawn the paper? They had a right to withdraw it. Yet they left the paper there; they left it there as a witness. Why? Because it did not prove anything against them; it only proved they desired to be correct.

My recollection is there were erasures in both affidavits. Let us find them. Before I get through I will endeavor to show you that every erasure and interlineation is an evidence of honesty instead of dishonesty. What are the numbers of these affidavits? [Examining the papers.] They are number 4 C and 5 C. Route 38134. I will read them.

Hon. Thomas J. Brady,

Second Assistant Postmaster-General:

Sir: The number of men and animals necessary to carry the mail on route 38134 on the present schedule is three men and twelve animals. The number necessary on a schedule of ten hours, seven times a week, is seven men and thirty-eight animals.

Respectfully,

JOHN W. DORSEY,

Subcontractor.

There does not appear to be any erasure or interlineation or anything else in that affidavit. Now, here is the other one:

Hon. Thomas J. Brady,

Second Assistant Postmaster-General:

Sir: The number of men and animals necessary to carry the mails on route 38134 on the present schedule, seven times a week, is two men and six animals. The number necessary on the schedule of ten hours, seven times a week, is six men and eighteen animals.

Respectfully,

JOHN W. DORSEY,

Subcontractor.

That is the second affidavit. The first was withdrawn. That is, they had permission to withdraw it, and in the second affidavit is the interlineation "seven times a week," isn't it? That is simply an interlineation, because there had been an omission to state the service that was then being performed or that was to be performed.

Mr. Crane (foreman of the jury). That has puzzled me a good deal, to understand the motive of those two affidavits.

Mr. Ingersoll. There certainly could not be any motive for putting in seven or three times a week, for this is simply to make it agree with the truth. If I give a note to a man for five hundred dollars and should happen to write in the word "hundred" and not the word "five," and then should take it back and write in the word "five" above it, that is not a sign of fraud.

Will somebody give me number 18 K; I just happened to see something there which may be worth something, or may not.

Now, gentlemen, here is a petition marked 2 A, that Rerdell swears that the words "schedule thirteen hours" were written in by Miner. In one of these papers I happened to see the word "schedule." Just notice the word "schedule" on this paper [exhibiting to the jury,] and then have the kindness to look at the word "schedule" in this other one [exhibiting to the jury,] and see whether you think one man wrote them both. Rerdell says he wrote the word "schedule" in that one [indicating,] and that Miner wrote the word "schedule" in this other one [indicating.]

Now, gentlemen, there is another charge against John W. Dorsey, on route 38145, and upon that route he made two affidavits. In the first affidavit he swore it would require three men and seven animals on the schedule as it then was, and that makes ten; that with the proposed schedule it would take eleven men and twenty-six animals, making thirty-seven. Now, if it took ten on the schedule as it then was, and thirty-seven on the proposed schedule, then the Government, which accepted that affidavit, would have to pay him three times and seven-tenths as much, which is the relation between ten and thirty-seven. The proportion then is three and seven-tenths. On the first affidavit his pay would have been twelve thousand nine hundred and thirty-five dollars and fifty-two cents a year.

Now I come to the second affidavit, which said that for the schedule as it then stood ijt would take twenty men and animals. On the proposed schedule he said it would take twelve men and forty-two animals, making fifty-four. Now, the ratio of the second affidavit was as twenty is to fifty-four. The ratio in the first affidavit was as ten is to thirty-seven, so that under the second affidavit, which they say was willful and corrupt perjury, he got eight thousand four hundred and fifty-seven dollars a year instead of twelve thousand nine hundred and thirty-five dollars and fifty-two cents. There were three years for the contract to run, and a little over. Under the first affidavit he would have received thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-two dollars and seventy-five cents during the contract term more than he took under the second. An affidavit was put in there that he thought was erroneous. He withdrew that affidavit and put in a second one. If he had allowed the first to remain and they had calculated the amount on the first he would have received thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-two dollars and seventy-five cents more than he did under the

second affidavit. But he withdrew the first and put in the second, and took from the Treasury thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-two dollars and seventy-five cents less, and they charge that as a fraud, as an evidence of conspiracy and perjury. Now, that is all there is against John W. Dorsey.

On page 4090 John W. Dorsey swears that General Miles wanted to know how far apart he (Dorsey) was building the stations on the Tongue River and Bismarck route. Let us turn to page 4090. You know they were trying to prove that when John W. Dorsey went out there and built the ranches that he was going to build them about fifteen or seventeen miles apart, because it was claimed that they knew there was to be increase and expedition. You remember that. Now, when John W. Dorsey came upon the stand he swore that when they went out there they started to build those stations, I believe, somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty or thirty-five miles apart, as they could get water. Then he swore that when he went himself over, I think, to Miles City, where General Miles was, that General Miles asked him how far he was building his stations apart. John W. Dorsey told him. Then General Miles gave him his advice. Now, I want to read this to you. I asked him this question:

Q. When you got to Fort Keogh did you go to see General Miles?—A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you have any conversation with him in regard to this route, with regard to the needs of the country for mail service; and, if so, what was it? A. I told him all about the business generally. He seemed to understand it pretty well. He wanted to know how far apart we were building stations. I told him. He wanted to know how often the mails would run, and I told him it would be weekly service, I thought. “We have been pent up here two or three years,” he says, “with mails from eighteen to twenty days apart, reaching us by the way of Ogden and Bozeman.” And he says, “We can get it in seven or eight days over this line.” And now I would like to say that he did not say that he knew there would be an increase, but he said he should like to have it increased to three trips a week, or daily, and fifty hours’ time. I told him there was no use to try to get it at all; that it could not be done at present; that nobody knew the distance through that country; that we expected to have it measured; that it was claimed by everybody that it was a good deal more than two hundred and fifty and probably over three hundred miles, and nobody would undertake to carry it. Said I, “If you extend it the contractor can throw up his contract and you will be without any mail.” He said, “We are going to ask for what we want, but we will take what they will give us.”

“Your stations are too far apart; you can’t run any fast time with your stations so far apart; you want more stations, and nearer together.” The result was that when I went back I met Mr. Pennell, who had built the stations thirty to thirty-five miles apart, and going back we put in intermediate stations. We only carried out lumber enough from Bismarck to build eight or nine stations, for the windows, &c.; we did not think of building any more at that time. Mr. Pennell says the order was to build the stations seventeen to twenty miles apart in going out. That is no such thing. There was not a station built going out closer than thirty to thirty-five miles.

Q. What, if anything, did General Miles say that convinced you that you ought to build stations nearer together?

Then he testifies that on account of what he said he did this, and that he had no instructions from Washington.

That is the testimony. Mr. Bliss endeavored to frighten the witness by stating in his presence that he (Bliss) did not believe General Miles would swear to any such thing, judging, of course, from the conversation that he (Mr. Bliss) had had with General Miles. Notwithstanding that threat, John W. Dorsey, confident that he was telling the truth, knowing that he was telling the truth, told his story, and the Government never brought General Miles to contradict him.

Now, the next thing about John W. Dorsey is the conversation that he had with some men in July or August out on the road, that I have spoken to you about before. Nothing could be more perfectly improbable. It may be that he did tell some man that he was a brother of Senator Dorsey, and, perhaps, he did say that if he got into a tight place or hard up for money he could borrow money from his brother. I do not know what he may have said on that subject. But, gentlemen, there is not a man on this jury, not one of you, who has the slightest suspicion that John W. Dorsey at that time told those men substantially that his brother was in a conspiracy with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, and that he, John W. Dorsey, was also a conspirator. There is not one of you who believes that, not one, and you never will. Why not? Because it is so utterly and infinitely unreasonable and absurd. Now, that is the evidence against John W. Dorsey. My attention is called to one other point in his case, and so I will call your attention to it.

Mr. Bliss, gentlemen, on page 243, in speaking of the two affidavits on the Pueblo and Rosita route, says:

We find this extraordinary condition of things. On route 38134, from Pueblo to Rosita, which, I think, is the same route upon which the obliging Mr. John W. Dorsey, as I have just stated to you, was allowed to make the affidavit instead of Mr. Miner.

Now, he goes on to describe these two affidavits, and then he says:

Those two affidavits were before Mr. Brady, made by John W. Dorsey on the same day, and yet Mr. Brady chose to pick out one or the other of them and say, “I believe that as the absolutely conclusive statement of the number of men and animals that are now in use upon that route, and upon that affidavit I will make my order taking from the Treasury thousands of dollars of money.” You will see that the first affidavit made the number two men and six animals, making eight as the number of stock and carriers then in use; but the other one called for three men and twelve animals, making fifteen as the number then in use, and, therefore, according as he accepted one or the other, by the rule of three, to which I called your attention just now, there would be twice the amount of money allowed from the Treasury under the one affidavit that there would be under the other.

Just think of that, gentlemen. The number of men and animals then in use has nothing to do with the number of men and animals stated in the other affidavit; those amounts bear no relation to each other. The number of men and animals in use in the first affidavit, and the number that would be necessary on the next schedule, do

bear a relation to each other. The number of men and animals on the second affidavit on the then schedule bears relation to the proposed number on the proposed schedule, and not to the number on the other affidavit. And yet Mr. Bliss stood right before you, with those two affidavits that would take the same amount of money out of the Treasury, to a fraction, precisely the same—not the difference of the billionth part of a farthing—and stated to you that one would take twice as much money from the Treasury as the other. You will think that he is as defective in mathematics as in law. I say to you now that the amount that would be taken out of the Treasury on those two affidavits is precisely the same.

I did not think that anybody could excel Mr. Ker in mathematics, but Mr. Bliss bears off the palm. He bean, off the palm even in misstatement, and bears off the palm in mistake. The two affidavits would call for the same amount of money precisely, and yet Mr. Bliss stands up before you and says there is twice as much on one as the other. Now, what is that for? That is to prejudice you: that is all.

Gentlemen, you saw John W. Dorsey; you heard his testimony; you know whether he is a man to be believed. It is for you to judge whether he is honest or dishonest, and I leave his testimony with you. It was direct; it was to the point; and his manner on the stand was absolutely and perfectly honest.

Now, there is another point made. You know you have to think of these things as you can, and step on them and then go on. Another point is made, and it was urged by Mr. Bliss day after day. And what is that? That Mr. Brady took the affidavits of all these men as absolutely true; that he allowed them to fix the limit of the money they would take out of the Treasury; that he allowed interested men to make the affidavits, and then he took the affidavits as absolutely true; that he allowed the contractors themselves to fix the sum they would seize. Now let us see what that is. Mr. Brady swears that he regarded the affidavit as the honest opinion of the man who made it, but not as necessarily true; that he had a standard of his own. Your views upon all such questions, gentlemen, will depend upon which side of human nature you stand—whether you are a believer in total depravity, or whether you think there is a little virtue left in human nature. If you stand on the side of suspicion, if you allow the snake of prejudice to forever whisper in your ear, why, your idea will be that every man is a rascal; and whenever he does a decent action you will say, “This action is a little velvet in the paw for the purpose of covering the claw of some devilment that he has in store.” If you judge from that side you can torture any act, no matter what it is, into evidence of guilt. But you may judge from the other side and say that men, as a rule, are decent; that they would rather do a kind act than a mean thing; that they would rather tell the truth than tell a lie. I tell you to-day that there is an immensity of good in human nature. There are hundreds and thousands and millions of men to-day who are honest, who would not for anything stain the whiteness of their souls with a lie. They are laboring-men, it may be, working by the day for a dollar or a dollar and a half, and only taking enough of it to keep life and strength in their bodies and giving the rest to wife and child. And there are battles as grand as were ever won by a celebrated general, and just as bravely fought, with poverty day after day; and the man who fights the battles gains the victory and goes down to the grave with his manhood untarnished. You know it, and so do I. And yet

you are all the time told to suspect everything, no matter what it is. There is a flower there; ah, but there is a snake under it! Always making that remark; accounting for every decent looking action by a base motive. That is not my view of human nature.

Now, Mr. Brady says that he had a standard of his own; that he let these men make their statements, and he took their statements as being what they believed to be the truth. And why not? Suppose I say to a man, "What will you take for that horse?" And the man says, "That horse is worth a hundred dollars." Suppose he goes and swears to it; that would not make any difference in the price I would give for the horse, not a bit. You see I am not buying an affidavit, I am buying a horse. So, when Brady says to the contractor, "What will you carry the mail at six miles an hour for?" and the man says "Twenty-five thousand dollars," and he swears to it, Brady is not buying the affidavit; it is the service. If he does not believe the service is worth that much, he says, "I can't do it," and that is all. But they say "No; that is not what Brady did."

Now, as a matter of fact, there are nineteen routes in this indictment, and I believe eighteen of them were expedited. I have made a calculation for the purpose of showing that the amount to be paid was a matter of bargain; that it was a matter talked over between the parties; that it was the result of agreement, and that Mr. Brady did not take the affidavit as the actual amount, and that they were not bound to take the amount that he actually said. Now, I have deducted what was allowed from what could have been allowed on the affidavits, and I find that the price did not depend upon the affidavits. I find that there was a difference between the amount called for by the affidavits and the amount granted of over three hundred thousand dollars. And yet these gentlemen say to you that Brady allowed the men who made the affidavits absolutely to fix the amount. Gentlemen, that will not do. It was a matter of agreement, a matter of bargain, the same as any other agreement or any other bargain.

Now, gentlemen, suppose they had had a conspiracy and said, "We want to get all the money we can out of the Treasury." They would have agreed upon a per cent.; they would have had all those affidavits showing substantially the same per cent., wouldn't they? Because they would have wanted harmony in it. They would have said, "It won't do for you to make an affidavit on that route with one thousand two hundred per cent., on this route with five hundred, on that route with two hundred and twenty per cent., and on the other route with three hundred and forty per cent. That won't do; that is nonsense; we are in a conspiracy and we want all these things to agree and harmonize." And the result would have been that they would have had about the same per cent, in all those affidavits. And yet those affidavits vary in per cent, all the way from two hundred and twenty to one thousand two hundred. They say, "Result of conspiracy." I do not look at it in that way.

It is also claimed that the persons who sold out—that is to say, John M. Peck and John W. Dorsey—agreed to make the necessary papers that the other parties required. That being so, why should not affidavits have been made in blank? Now, I ask you if the other parties were willing to swear to anything that these men would write, why were they made that way? Why not avoid the suspicious circumstance of blanks and put the amount in at first, knowing that the men would not hesitate to swear? Of what use was it, gentlemen, to have an affidavit suspiciously made, to have

blanks suspiciously left, when the men were willing to swear to any numbers they would put in? Why did not the parties who made the affidavits write in the amounts? Does not that very fact, that blanks were left, show that they were to take the judgment of the men who were to do the swearing? Why would they leave blanks? Why did they not fill them up at the time and have them sworn to?

Why were they not continuously written? That is another point, if this was a conspiracy. Guilt is always conscious that it is guilty. Guilt is always suspecting detection. Guilt is infinitely suspicious. Guilt would make all the papers as nearly right as possible. Guilt would look out for erasures. Guilt would abhor blots. Guilt would have avoided having blanks filled in with different colored inks. Guilt would want everything fitting everything else, nothing to excite suspicion. Innocence is negligent. The man with honest intentions is the one that does not care. But the guilty man does not travel in the snow. He wants no tracks left.

Now, another thing: The fact that no effort was made to have the affidavits in the same handwriting, no effort to have the blanks apparently filled at the same time, that they were interlined, that there were erasures—all those things tend to show that the parties were honest in what they did. It was just as easy to have one without an erasure as with it; ii was just as easy to have one continuously written as to have the blanks filled up; just as easy to have one without any interlineations as with it. And yet these parties, knowing that they were conspirators (according to these gentlemen), Mr. Brady occupying a high and responsible position, were so careless of their reputations, that they did not even endeavor to make the papers passable upon their face.

Another thing: These very routes were investigated by Congress in 1878—this very business. If the parties at that time had been conscious of guilt, why were any suspicious papers left on file? Why were not others substituted that had no suspicious interlineations, no suspicious erasures, no suspicious blanks that had been filed? Why were these very affidavits at that time reported to Congress?

The first investigation was in 1878, and on account of that investigation the contractors for about a month and a half were left. Then there was another investigation in 1880.

Mr. Merrick. Is there any evidence that they were all reported to Congress?

Mr. Ingersoll. I think so; I think that is here in the record. I understand the evidence to be that it was all reported to Congress.

Mr. Merrick. The investigation of 1880 was general, and not as to these particular routes.

Mr. Ingersoll. In 1878 there was a special investigation growing out of these Clendenning bonds and out of the Peck bids, and out of the connection that they said Stephen W. Dorsey had with this business. That is what it grew out of. Now, in the light of that investigation, let us take it for granted for one moment that according to their statement the parties had conspired. If anything on earth would make them afraid about papers I think it would have been that investigation; and yet no effort was made to conceal one, not the slightest.

Then we will go another step. General Brady was Second Assistant Postmaster-General. All these papers were absolutely in his power. He could have called for them at any time. Every suspicious paper could have been destroyed or an unsuspicious one substituted for it.

Now, I want to know if it is conceivable that General Brady, under these charges, when the new administration came in, under the threat of the Government, would voluntarily leave those papers upon the files if they had been dishonest and he knew it?

Take another step. So far as we have learned from the prosecution I believe there is one paper claimed by them to have been lost. They do claim that there was a second affidavit on the Bismarck and Tongue River route. One is gone and one remains. Which remains? The affidavit for one hundred and fifty men and one hundred and fifty horses. It seems to me absolutely capable of demonstration that we did not take the one that is gone. Had we been going to take anything we would have taken the one for one hundred and fifty men and one hundred and fifty horses, and left the other. But the other, about which nobody ever did complain, was taken, and the one upon which they build their great argument of fraud upon that route was left. And then it turned out that General Brady only allowed forty per cent, of that affidavit.

Now, this prosecution was not begun in a moment. It was talked about for weeks and months, I might almost say for years. Talk, talk, talk in the papers everywhere. These men were not suddenly charged with this offence. They understood it; they knew it. I think I have been engaged in this suit, or suits growing out of this business, for two years. It was a matter of slow growth. Mr. Brady retired, I believe, some time in April, 1881, knowing at that time that these charges had been made and that the charges were being pressed. Mr. Dorsey knew it at the same time. All these defendants knew it. Now they say that at that time we were in conspiracy with Mr. Brady, and they say that at that time we were in conspiracy with Mr. Turner. We had the papers in our power.

Now, if Mr. Dorsey was wicked enough to conspire, if Mr. Brady was villainous enough to conspire, I ask you whether they would have left behind the evidence of their conspiracy? Why were the papers left? Because General Brady never dreamed that one of them was dishonest.

Why did not Vaile and Miner, John W. Dorsey and Peck and Stephen W. Dorsey ask for the papers? Because they believed every one to be honest, and they had no use for them. They were willing that the Government should make out of them what it could. I ask again, is it conceivable that John R. Miner, if he knew there was on the files of the department a petition that he had changed, that he had erased, that he had interlined or forged, is it conceivable, if he had been wicked enough to enter into the conspiracy, that he would have been foolish enough to leave the paper there? Would he not have gone to Brady and said to him, “I conspired; you know it; I changed the petition, and I want it; I erased a word in a petition, I want it; I signed a name to a petition, I want it”? And Brady would have said, “Yes, and you ought to have called for it long ago; you can have it.” If S. W. Dorsey had interlined an affidavit or had filled a blank, if S. W. Dorsey had made an erasure or an interlineation, he, of course,

must have known it, and if he conspired with Brady he must have known it, and he must have gone to General Brady and said, “I want that affidavit on such a route; we can write another, and I want that; I want that petition;” and it would have been given. You cannot conceive of such infinite stupidity as to say that those people knew that those papers were dishonest, and that they still left them on file as weapons for their enemies. You cannot do it.

So much, gentlemen, for the affidavits, and so much for the papers.

Now, there is another question, and I have no doubt that you have asked it yourselves. It has been asked a great many times by the prosecution. That question is this: Why did Dorsey retain Rerdell in his employ after the 20th of June, 1881? These gentleman tell you that it is evidence of guilt that he did it. I will tell you why he did it. At that time the public mind was almost infinitely excited on this question. At that time the public was ready to believe anything. It had its mouth wide open, like a young robin, ready for worms or shingle-nails—it made no difference—anything that dropped in. Every newspaper was charging that these defendants were guilty, that Stephen W. Dorsey was a conspirator, that millions had been taken from the Treasury, and there were nearly as many mistakes in the press then as in the speech of Mr. Bliss now. But I can excuse that, because it was before the evidence. Now, what was Mr. Dorsey to do in the then state of the public mind? That man, no matter how bad he was, how base he was, had the power to have him indicted. That man could have gone before the grand jury and had Mr. Dorsey or any other public man indicted in the then state of excitement and feeling of the public. What was the result of his going even to James and MacVeagh? I believe Mr. Turner says that on account of the statement of this man Rerdell, he (Turner) was turned out of his office. That is the effect. What became of McGrew? What became of Lilley? What became of Lake? What became of twenty or thirty other officials upon whose reputation this man had breathed the poison of slander? Stephen W. Dorsey at that time knew that that man in the then state of public excitement was powerful for mischief. That man made the affidavit of June, 1881, at the request of James W. Bosler, as he himself says, and swore that he went to the Government simply to find out the Government’s secrets; swore that he was still upon the side of Stephen W. Dorsey; took back what he had said, and swore that it was a lie. The question then was what to do with him? Stephen W. Dorsey made up his mind not to do anything more, just to let him alone, just let him stay as he was. That was the wise course. It was the course that any wise man, in my judgment, would have pursued under the circumstances. What else could he do? Let him alone. Let him alone. He did not at that time expect that he would ever be indicted. He shrank from an indictment, as every sensitive man does, because when you have indicted a man you have put a stain upon him that even the verdict of not guilty does not altogether remove. He did not want that stain. He was a man of power; he was a man of position, a man of social and political standing, a man wielding as much influence as any other one man in the United States. He did not wish to be indicted. He did not wish his reputation to be soiled and stained. And so he allowed that man to stay where he was. He may have made a mistake, but whether mistake or not, that is what he did.

There is another question. Why did we fail to produce our books and papers? I will tell you. The notice to produce them was given to us on the 13th day of February. We had noticed curious motions. Two days afterwards, Mr. Rerdell went on the stand. What did they want the books and papers for? For Mr. Rerdell to look at. Why did he want to look at the books and papers? To stake out his testimony. He hated to depend upon his memory. We took the responsibility of letting the witness swear to the contents of the books and papers, and let them call that secondary evidence. We took that responsibility rather than to furnish the books and papers to be looked at by that man in order that he might make no mistakes in his testimony. What happened afterwards justified our course. If we had shown to him the books and papers, and checks, and stubs, do you think he would have made any mistake about that seven thousand five hundred dollar check? Would he have said that he went with Dorsey, and that Dorsey drew the money, and that he looked over his shoulder, and that then he and Dorsey walked down to the Post-Office Department, if he had known that that check was drawn to his order? If he had known before he swore, that he indorsed that check, he would have said he went down and got the money himself; he would not have said that Dorsey did. He would have made no mistakes there. He would not have been driven into the corner of saying “stub” or “stubs,” “checkbook” or “check-books,” “amount” or “amounts.” No, sir. And that one thing justified absolutely the wisdom of our course.

Then the Court decided that, having failed to produce our books on notice and allowed the other side to introduce secondary evidence of their contents, we would not be allowed then to produce them. I insisted that we had the right then to produce them, and the Court decided that we had not. We took the responsibility of refusing, and we took that responsibility because we made up our minds that we would not allow that man to look over the books, checks, and stubs for the purpose of manufacturing his testimony.

The Court. Where did you offer to produce the books?

Mr. Merrick. Where did you offer the production of the books? That is just what I was about to ask.

Mr. Carpenter. The Court said we could not.

Mr. Merrick. Where did you make the offer?

The Court. I want to know.

Mr. Carpenter. Mr. Ingersoll did not say he made the offer.

Mr. Merrick. I think he did.

The Court. I think he did.

Mr. Carpenter. Just read it, Mr. Stenographer. He says nothing of the kind.

The Stenographer, (reading)

I insisted that we had the right then to produce them, and the Court decided that we had not.

Mr. Ingersoll. That is exactly what I say.

The Court. The Court did not give any intimation at that time, but after that point in the trial had passed, several days, several weeks, I think, the attention of the Court was called to this question, and the Court remarked, in the course of the opinion, that it understood the law to be that after a party, upon whom notice had been given to produce books, had failed to produce the books, and the other side had given secondary evidence, then the Court would not allow the party having the books to produce them for the purpose of contradicting the secondary evidence.

Mr. Ingersoll. That is all I claim.

The Court. But there was no such offer made, so far as I recollect.

Mr. Ingersoll. Why should we make the offer after your Honor had decided that we could not do it?

Mr. Merrick. I will answer the question. Because whether it would have been accepted or not was a question for the counsel for the Government when the offer was made. And again, the learned counsel will recollect that after the notice was given, when S. W. Dorsey was on the stand on cross-examination, I demanded those books and those stubs, and he asked leave to consult his counsel. The Court denied that request, and then there was a peremptory refusal to produce any book or any paper.

The Court. Oh, yes. Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Davidge repeatedly announced to the Court that they were not going to produce books to assist the prosecution.

Mr. Ingersoll. Yes; I said that twenty times, and the Court, as I understood it, held that after we had refused to produce the books and driven the other party to secondary evidence, we could not then produce the books.

The Court. You made no offer to produce the books.

Mr. Ingersoll. I resisted the opinion of the Court and made the best argument I could, but the Court said that was not the law.

The Court. The remark of the Court arose upon an argument on the part of Mr. Ingersoll, and if I am not mistaken, upon the effect of the refusal to produce the books and papers, Mr. Ingersoll contending that there was no presumption against his client on account of the refusal to produce the books and papers, and that the jury ought to be instructed that the only effect of refusing to produce the books and papers was to leave the case upon the secondary evidence.

Mr. Ingersoll. I am not referring to that discussion, nor to that decision of your Honor; I am referring to the decision you made during the trial.

The Court. That was the only occasion since this trial began, in which the Court referred to that rule of law which denied the right to introduce primary evidence for the purpose of contradicting the secondary evidence, after the primary evidence had been withheld in the first instance.

Mr. Ingersoll. Of course, I am not absolutely certain, I never am; but I will endeavor to find in the record exactly what you said on that subject.

And now, in order that we may be perfectly correct, and in order to show, too, how easy it is to be mistaken, Mr. Merrick just said upon that very subject of the books and papers, that while Mr. Dorsey was upon the stand, he asked leave to consult his counsel. If Mr. Merrick will read the testimony he will find that Mr. Dorsey made that remark when he was asked about the affidavit of June 20, 1881.

Mr. Merrick. You are right.

Mr. Ingersoll. That just shows how easy it is to make a mistake when it comes to a matter of recollection.

Mr. Merrick. I think it was upon a question of the insertion of the change in the character of the affidavit—its being addressed to the President; and when I asked him if he had not made that change he asked leave to consult his counsel. For the moment I thought it was upon the books. But the substance still remains, that, on the question of the books, I asked him on his cross-examination—and the counsel will state his recollection to be the same—about the stubs and the books, and called upon him to produce them, and the counsel replied, "We will not."

Mr. Ingersoll. I presume I did. I made that reply a good many times.

Mr. Merrick. Will the counsel be frank enough to state when that decision was made?

Mr. Ingersoll. Which decision?

Mr. Merrick. When he was on the stand on cross-examination.

Mr. Ingersoll. And I said we would not produce them?

Mr. Merrick. After the testimony in chief and Rerdell was gone.

Mr. Ingersoll. Then I said we would not produce them. And now I will say that the decision of the Court was made before that time that we could not produce them, and if I do not show it then I will publicly take it back.

The Court. I do not think you can show it.

Mr. Ingersoll. If I do not, then I will beg your Honor's pardon, and if I do—if I do—Now, I think what happened afterwards in this case with that very witness justifies the course that we pursued. He also stated at the time that we had, I believe, some twenty thousand pages of letters on all possible subjects to a great number of people. We knew that there was a spirit abroad—and some of it in a part of the prosecution—to find something against somebody else somewhere. We made up our minds that our private books and correspondence never should be ransacked by this Department of Justice. We took the consequences, and we are willing to take them. We say that the inference from our refusal is an inference of fact, and must be decided by the jury, and is not an inference of law.

We have been asked a good many times why we did not put James W. Bosler on the stand. The prosecution subpoenaed Mr. Bosler. They appeared to have an affection

for him. They subpoenaed him, and he came here. Afterwards they issued an attachment for him. They had him, arrested at midnight and brought here. He gave some testimony, and you will find it on page 2611.

Mr. Merrick. I do not know that there was an attachment.

Mr. Ingersoll. You know you have a right to prove things by circumstances. Now, it is said that he put the marshal out of the house; I think that is evidence tending to show that an attachment was issued.

Mr. Ker. And kept him out with a club.

The Court. I understood also that Mr. Dorsey kicked somebody else out of his house about the same time.

Mr. Ingersoll. Oh, yes; it has been a very lively term of court.

There were two very important things that they were to prove by Mr. Bosler, and they were patting him on the back here for weeks. Friendship sprang up between them. It was a very young plant at first, but the Bosler ivy grew upon the oak of the prosecution. I saw him sitting here, everything delightful. The prosecution, I hoped, began to flatter itself that Mr. Bosler was on their side; I hoped that was so. Finally they put Mr. Bosler on the stand. What did they want to prove by him? That Dorsey wrote a letter to him on the 13th of May, 1879, telling how much money he had given to Brady; that is one thing they wanted to prove by him. The second thing was that Rerdell had written a letter to Bosler, I believe, on the 20th of May or 22d of May, 1880, stating that he (Rerdell) had been subpoenaed to go before the Congressional committee and take his books and papers; that he got very much frightened; that he had taken the advice of Brady and got a very valuable suggestion from Brady, which he was going to follow. They wanted to prove that by Mr. Bosler.

Rerdell had already sworn that Dorsey sent a letter to Bosler on the 13th of May, 1879. Rerdell had sworn to the contents of that letter; that the contents were that he had paid Brady so much money, &c., which you remember, and then that he, in 1880, had written a letter to Mr. Bosler, and I believe he pretended to have a copy of it. Now, here comes Bosler's testimony, on page 2611.

Q. Have you made a search among your papers to find a letter alleged to have been written to you by Stephen W. Dorsey, and dated on or about the 13th of May, 1879?—Yes, sir.

That is the letter that Rerdell swore about.

Q. Have you searched?—A. I have.

Q. Did you find it?-A. No, sir.

Q. Have you made search for a letter purporting to have been written by him to you, and dated on or about the 22d of May, 1880?—A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you find that letter?—A. I did not.

The Court: Was there ever such a letter?

Bosler replied: “There never was such a letter received by me.”

There is the testimony of Mr. Bosler, and on that testimony the two letters of May 13, 1879, and May 22, 1880, turn to dust and ashes.

Now, they say, “Why didn’t you put Bosler on?” Not much necessity of Mr. Bosler after that. And besides, gentlemen, I believe I will take you into my confidence just a little bit. The evidence of Rerdell as to the affidavit of June 20, 1881, and the affidavit of July 13, 1882 (an affidavit in which he swore that there was nothing against Mr. Bosler, an affidavit that was made apparently for the benefit of Bosler), all that evidence, the evidence of Mr. Stephen W. Dorsey upon those questions, advertised the prosecution that Mr. Bosler knew of many circumstances; that he was present a portion of the time, and I did not know but finally the prosecution would get so much confidence in Mr. Bosler that they would call him. I was hoping they would. They did not. It did not work quite as I expected. That is all there is about that.

Now, there is one further point to which I wish to call your attention. I want you to remember that a partnership is not a conspiracy, although all the facts about a partnership are consistent with the idea of a conspiracy up to a certain point; and all the facts about a conspiracy are consistent with a partnership up to a certain point. The fact that men act together does not show that they have conspired; does not show that they have a wicked design. The fact that they are engaged in the same business does not show that they have a wicked design or that they are there by conspiracy. In other words, I want your minds so that you will distinguish between a fact that may be innocent, and generally is innocent, and a fact that must be evidence of guilt. I want you to distinguish between the facts common to all partnerships, common to all agreements, and those facts that necessarily imply a criminal intent. If you wil do that gentlemen, you will have but little trouble.

[At this point a volume of the report of the trial was handed up to the Court by Mr. Ingersoll with a reference to a certain page].

The Court. Without looking at the book I take risk of saying that the Court never announced its opinion on that question until the case referred to a few moments ago.

Mr. Ingersoll. I just gave my memory on the subject. It does not make any great difference in this case, of course.

Mr. Carpenter. This is during the cross-examination of Rerdell.

The Court. Yes, the Court did state on that occasion:

That is not the point here. If they are allowed to go on and cross-examine this way without the production of the books, they cannot contradict the witness afterwards by producing the books.

I had forgotten that I had announced it twice.

Mr. Ingersoll. If the Court please, I did not want to bring this up, because I knew you had, and so I thought I would slip you the book and let you off easy.

The Court. I do not think it weakens the position at all that the same announcement has been made twice instead of once.

Mr. Carpenter. We thought it made it stronger.

The Court. Still, the books were not produced.

Mr. Ingersoll. Now, if the Court please, I am not arguing—

The Court. [Interposing.] I will leave you to the jury.

Mr. Ingersoll. Your Honor knows that I have always shown great modesty about trying to do anything against any decision.

The Court. I do not dispute that.

Mr. Ingersoll. Now, the next question, gentlemen, is what is meant by corroboration? If you tell a man that he is not a great painter, he does not get angry. He says he does not pretend to paint, or is not a great sculptor. But if you tell him he has no logic, he loses his temper. Yet logic is perhaps the rarest quality of the human mind. There are thousands of painters and sculptors where there is one logician. A man swears, for instance, that he went down to a man's house in the morning at six o'clock, and that Mr. Thomas was standing just in front of the house, and when he went in the dog tried to bite him, and that after he got in he had such and such conversation. Now, there are thousands of people who have brains of that quality that they think the fact that he did go there at six o'clock in the morning, and did see Mr. Thomas standing out in front of the house, and especially the fact that the dog did try to bite him, is a corroboration of the conversation that took place in the house. There are just such people. In this case, for instance, in Mr. Brady's matter, they say that the fact of Walsh being in his house is important. Suppose that he was, what of it? Is that corroboration? Corroboration must be on the very point in dispute. It must be the very hinge of the question. Then it is corroboration, if the question is what did the man say. It is not corroboration to prove that the man was there unless the man swears that he was not there. Then the inference is drawn that if he would lie about being there he might lie about what he said.

Now, understand me. They will say, for instance, "Here is an affidavit, and these blanks have been filled up. Rerdell says they were filled up, and he says they were filled up after they were sworn to." Now, the fact that the affidavit is there and that the blanks are filled up is not corroboration, because the point to be corroborated is that it was done after it was sworn to. And so the existence of the affidavit, while it is necessary, is no corroboration; the filling up of the blank is no corroboration; its being on file is no corroboration. Why? The point to be corroborated is not that the blanks were filled, but that they were filled after the paper had been sworn to! That is the point. And when they begin to talk to you about corroboration I want you to have it in your minds all the time that to be corroborated about an immaterial matter is nothing; it has nothing to do with the question; but there must be corroboration on the very heart of the point at issue!

There is another thing, gentlemen. It does not make any difference what I say about this man, or that man, or the other man, unless there is reason in what I say. If I tell

you that the evidence of a witness is not worthy of belief, I must tell you why. I must give you the reason. If I simply say the witness is a perjurer, that shows that I either underrate your sense, or have none of my own, because that is not calculated to convince any human mind one way or the other. You are not to take my statement; you are to take the evidence, and such reasons as I give, and only such as appeal to your good sense. If I say, "You must not believe that man," I must give you the reason why. If the reason I give is a good one, you will act upon it. If it is a bad one I cannot make it better by piling epithet upon epithet. There is no logic in abuse; there is no argument in an epithet.

And there is another thing. An attorney has a certain privilege; he is protected by the court. He is given almost absolute liberty of speech, and it is a privilege that he never should abuse. He should remember if he attacks a defendant, that the defendant cannot open his mouth. He should remember that it does not take as much courage to attack, as it does not to attack. He should remember, too, that by the use of epithets, by abuse, that he is appealing to the lowest and basest part of every juror's head and heart. It is on a low level. It is a fight with the club of a barbarian instead of with an intellectual cimeter. There is no logic in abuse. There is no argument in epithet. Remember that. The weight and worth of an argument is the effect it has upon an unprejudiced mind, and that is all it is worth. Therefore I do not want you, gentlemen, to be carried away by any assault that may be made—I do not say that any will be made—but any that may be made, that is not absolutely justified by the evidence.

There has been one little thing said during this trial; that is, about the testimony of defendants. I believe Mr. Bliss takes the ground that you cannot believe a defendant; that defendants cannot be believed unless they are corroborated. Mr. Bliss has the kindness to put the defendants in this case on an equality with his witness Rerdell. Gentlemen, you cannot believe any witness unless his evidence is reasonable. Every witness has to be corroborated by the naturalness of his story. Every witness is to be corroborated by his manner upon the stand and by the thousand little indications that catch the eye of a juror or of a judge or of an attorney. Congress has passed a law allowing defendants to swear when they are put upon trial. Will you tell me that that law is a net, a snare, and a delusion, and the moment a defendant takes the stand the prosecution is to say, "Of course he will lie"? Why do they say that? Because he is a defendant, and you cannot believe a word that he says; he is swearing in his own behalf. There is that same low, slimy view of human nature again, that a defendant who swears in his own behalf must swear falsely. I do not take that view. The defendant has the same right upon the stand that anybody else has, and if his character is not good his character can be attacked; it can be impeached by the prosecution precisely as you would impeach the reputation of any other witness. If he tells a story which is reasonable you will believe it, and you will believe it notwithstanding he is a defendant and notwithstanding he has an interest in the verdict. In old times they would not allow a man to swear at all if he had the interest of a cent in any civil suit. They would not allow him to testify when he was on trial for his own liberty and his own life. That was barbarism. The enemy—the man who hated him—he could tell his story, but the man attacked, the man defending his own liberty and his own life, his mouth was closed and sealed. We have gotten over that

barbarism in nearly all the States of this Union, and now we say, “Let every man tell his story; don’t allow any avenue to truth to be closed; let us hear all sides, and whatever is reasonable take as the truth, and what is unreasonable throw away.” And, gentlemen, let me say here that it is not your business to go to work picking a witness’s testimony all apart and saying, “Well, I guess there is a little scrap now that there is some truth in,” or “here is a line, and I guess that is so, but the next eleven lines I do not believe; the next sentence, I think, will do.” That is not the way to do. If a witness is of that character you must throw his entire evidence to the winds, for it is tainted and the fountains of justice should not be tainted with such evidence, and a verdict should not be touched and corrupted with such testimony. You will take the evidence of these defendants as you would take that of any other man, and it is for you to say whether that evidence is true. It is for you to say that.

If corroboration was so necessary why were not their witnesses corroborated? Why didn’t they call Mr. Bosler to corroborate their witness?

Now, one of the defendants in this case is Mr. John R. Miner, and I want you to think of the terrible things they have against him. One of the charges made against him is that he wrote a petition and wrote in six names attached to it. His explanation is, that if he did anything of that kind it was because he received a petition which was so worn that it could not be presented, and he copied it, and that the six names were found on that petition. There was no other way on earth for him to get those names, and we find them on the same route in, I believe, seven other petitions which were filed; we find that those very names are on the other petitions, and I think Mr. Hall’s name—the one the most trouble was made about—was on three or four petitions of the other kind.

Mr. Carpenter. He admitted that he wrote them.

Mr. Ingersoll. Yes; Hall admitted that he wrote them. But I believe this petition was never filed in the department.

I think Mr. Woodward said he found it among the papers at some other place.

There is a petition called the Utah petition that has some names in Utah. I think Mr. Woodward swore that he tound it in room No. 22 or 23.

Mr. Merrick. In the case itself, in the department.

Mr. Ingersoll. Yes; but it has no file mark. Mr. Woodward says he does not now remember how it got in there. As I was about to remark, there was a petition called the Utah petition with some names of persons living off the route, I believe—two or three sheets. The petition itself was genuine, and was indorsed, I believe, by Senators Slater and Grover and by Congressman Whiteaker. Now, then, how did these names come in there? The petition is ample without those names; large enough. I will tell you what I think. I think that it is a part of another petition, and that it was the result of an accident. I think it was done in the Post-Office Department, not intentionally, but as an accident. The evidence is that they kept three routes in one pigeonhole, and that the papers sometimes got mixed; that is Mr. Brewer’s testimony. A very strange thing happened to that petition. While it was before this jury it came apart again. And if some clerk not absolutely familiar with the papers had taken it up, he would

have been just as liable to put it on the wrong petition as on the right one. My plan is to account for a thing in some way consistent with evidence, if I naturally can. I do not go out of my way hunting for evidence of crime. And when there was a petition, large enough, with a plenty of genuine names on it, I cannot imagine anybody would go and get names from any other petition and paste them on to that. But being in this same country, and the testimony being that they had three of these routes in one pigeon-hole, my idea is that the papers got mixed and mingled sometimes, and I say the probability is that it was an accident. That is the best way to account for it. If Miner had known that that petition was there that he had made, would he have allowed it to stay there? Why would he want to do such a thing if he was in a conspiracy with Brady? Why would he have to resort to perjury and interlineation in order to get Brady to make orders that he, Brady, had conspired to make? Absurdity cannot go beyond that. Here is the doctrine: "I have conspired with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General. He will do anything for me that I want. Now, I will go and forge some petitions." That seems to me perfectly idiotic. This petition was indorsed by Senators Grover and Slater and Congressman Whiteaker.

Then, there is another petition; that one I showed you this morning, with the words "schedule thirteen hours," and the evidence was (that is, if you call what Rerdell stated evidence) that Miner wrote the words "schedule thirteen hours." I have shown you, this morning, those words, and without any other particle of argument I want to leave it to you who wrote those words—whether Rerdell wrote them or Miner.

Then, there is another wonderful thing about that petition. It is not on any of the routes in this indictment, and has no business here—I mean the Ehrenberg petition. The one I spoke of was the Kearney and Kent.

The next petition is the Ehrenberg and Mineral Park. They say that there has been some word erased and another written in. Nobody pretends that it is not a genuine petition. Nobody pretends that it was not signed by every one of the persons by whom it purports to be signed. Then, another peculiarity; it is not on any route in this indictment, and has no more to do with this case than the last leaf of the Mormon Bible; not the least.

Let us see if they have any more of these terrible things. Here is petition 2 A, on the Kearney and Kent route. That is the petition that has the words "schedule thirteen hours."

That is the one indorsed by Senator Saunders. Petition 18 K, on the route from Ehrenberg to Mineral Park, is not a route in this case. It turned out that the names on it are genuine, and the genuineness of the petition has not been challenged. The only point made is that the word "Ehrenberg" has been written by somebody else. There is no evidence to show that the petition was not properly signed; that the persons on there did not sign their names or authorize somebody else to do it. The probability is there may have been some mistake in the name, or it may have been misspelled. There was some mistake made, and the word "Ehrenberg" was written in. On page 4186 Mr. Miner swears positively that in regard to the petition 2 A he never wrote the words "schedule thirteen hours."

Then, there is another petition, I think it is on page 1247, the Camp McDermitt petition. There are the words “ninety-six hours.” And they get that down there to a fine point. Mr. Boone swore that he did not know who wrote the word “ninety,” but that Miner wrote the word “six..” Well, that is too fine a point, gentlemen, to put on handwriting. It seems there is an interlineation there of the words “ninety-six,” and they say they do not know who wrote the word “ninety” and that Miner wrote the word “six.” But Miner swears that he did not write it at all.

Now, then, you take away the evidence of Mr. Rerdell as to Miner, and what is left? The evidence left is that of A. W. Moore. And what is that? It is that Miner instructed him to get up false petitions. This was the first time he ever went out. But Moore swore that he made arrangements to do what Miner instructed him to do; that he made such arrangements with Major; but Major swears he did not. Moore swore that he made some arrangement with McBean, and the Government did not ask McBean whether he did or not, but I will show that he did not. The testimony shows that on the first trip, at the time he saw Major, he did not see McBean. Now, just see. He swore, in the first place, that he made that arrangement with Major and McBean. I find afterwards that his evidence shows that he did not see McBean on the first trip, but he did see him on the second.

On page 1408 we find that when Moore went West the second time—when he left here and had made a bargain with Dorsey for one-quarter interest in his route, and Miner told him to go West and let Dorsey’s routes go to the devil, and he said he would, and never notified Dorsey that he was going to do it—that man comes here now and swears that he made a contract with Dorsey for one-quarter interest, and then started West and made a contract with Miner, letting Dorsey’s routes go. He did not have the decency to even notify Dorsey that he was going to do so. That is the man. On the first trip he did not agree with anybody about petitions. Now, understand my point, because it kills Mr. Moore again. We have to keep killing these people—keep killing them. It is something like the boy who was found pounding a woodchuck. He was pounding him away in the road with all his might, and a man came along and said to him, “What are you pounding that woodchuck for?” He said, “Oh, I am just pounding him.” “But,” the man said, “he is dead.” “Yes, I know it,” said the boy, “but I am pounding him to show him that there is punishment after death.”

Now, on page 1408, we find that this man Moore went to the West a second time. I have shown you that the first time, he swears that he did not see McBean at all. He saw Major and made the arrangement with him, he says. Major swears that he did not. They do not put McBean on the stand. Now, he goes a second time.

On the second trip, he says he had nothing to do with the petition business at all, and did not explain the petition business to anybody because he had not the time, and on the first trip did not see McBean at all. And yet he swears that he made an arrangement with McBean about these very petitions. The proof that he did not see Mc-Bean on his first trip is found on page 1398.

There is one other point about which we have heard an immensity of talk and upon which a great deal of air has been wasted, and that is, that there was a bargain that Brady was to have fifty per cent, of all the fines that he remitted. In other words, that

he made a bargain with his co-conspirators that if he fined them a thousand dollars and then remitted it, that he was to have five hundred dollars or one-half of that fine. That is a nice bargain; for me to put myself in the power of a man and say, "Now, you fine me what you want to, and then if you will take it off, I will give you half of it." It seems to me that that would be quite an inducement for him to fine me. Yet, here is a man who makes a bargain that Brady may impose a fine upon them and that he may have half of it back—that is, upon their doctrine, although they have never proved it, but they state it just the same as though they had. But here are the facts. Here are the fines and deductions on twelve routes. The fines amount to eighty-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-eight dollars and twenty-two cents and the remissions amount to seven thousand four hundred and twenty-eight dollars and fifty-four cents; that is all. And yet they pretend that we had a bargain. Now, come to the mail routes, and we find that the fines amounted to sixty-one thousand two hundred and thirty-two dollars and twenty cents and all that they could get their co-conspirators to take off of that (although according to the doctrine of the prosecution they were to have fifty per cent.) was thirteen thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars and sixteen cents. That was all they could get off. There are the figures. There has been talk enough on that subject, but all the air that wraps the earth could not answer those facts. Words enough to wear out all human lips could not change those facts. Fines eighty-nine thousand dollars, remissions seven thousand dollars; fines sixty-one thousand dollars, remissions thirteen thousand dollars. And yet they pretend that he had a bargain by which he had fifty per cent, of all he remitted. I need not make any more argument on that point.

There have been one or two things in this trial that I have regretted, and one I find in Mr. Ker's speech. And I find frequent reference to it in other places, and that is the blindness of S. W. Dorsey. Affidavits were made by Drs. Marmion, Bliss, and Sowers that Mr. Dorsey had lost at least eleven-twelfths of his vision. And yet it has been constantly thrown out to you that it was a ruse, a device, and I believe Mr. Ker said in his speech that Mr. Dorsey saw a paper in Mr. Merrick's hand, Mr. Merrick, I believe, holding a balance-sheet from the German-American Savings Bank—a paper several feet wide or long—and because Mr. Dorsey said to him, "I believe you have it in your hand," why they said this man is pretending to be blind. His testimony was that he had been in a dark room for three months; that his eyes had not been visited by one ray of light for three months, and that for six months he had not read a solitary word. And yet the prosecution sneeringly pretended that there was nothing the matter with his eyes. They subpoenaed Dr. Marmion, but they dare not put him on the stand. They threw out hints and innuendoes that these doctors had sworn falsely, but they dare not put it to the test. It seems that nothing in the world can satisfy them about Stephen W. Dorsey except to see him convicted, except to have them put their feet upon his neck. Gentlemen, you never will enjoy that pleasure. You never will while the world swings in its orbit find twelve honest men to convict Stephen W. Dorsey—never. This Government may put forth its utmost power; it may spend every dollar in its Treasury; it may hire all the ingenuity and brain of the country, and it can never find twelve men who will put Stephen W. Dorsey in the penitentiary—never, and you might as well give it up one time as another. Try it year after year; poison the mind of the entire public with the newspapers; get all the informers you can; bring all the

witnesses you can find; put all of those whom you call accomplices on the stand, and I give you notice that it never can be done, and I want you to know it. Spend your millions, and you will end where you start. As long as the average man runs there will always be one or two honest men in a dozen; so you cannot convict one of these defendants. Go on, but it will never be accomplished.

There is one other thing which perhaps may be worth noticing. I believe that they proved by Mr. Dorsey that he wrote an account of his relation to this business, and published it in the *New York Herald*. The only point with which Mr. Merrick quarreled in that entire paper was the statement that Peck was a large contractor, and when Dorsey was put on the stand he explained that while Peck had not many routes in his own name, that he was the partner of a man named Chidester. That is the only thing of which he complained, and yet that communication pretended to tell the relation that Dorsey sustained to this entire business, and if that had not accorded precisely with Dorsey's testimony on the stand every word of it would have been read to you again and again. And Mr. Ker says that letter was written for the purpose of poisoning public opinion. Was the letter of the Attorney-General of the United States, written just before this trial began, written to bias public opinion also?

Mr. Merrick. Is there any evidence of that letter in this trial? If not I object to any reference to it.

The Court, You cannot refer to that, because it is not in the case.

Mr. Ingersoll. I take it back. Was Dickson indicted to bias public opinion?

Mr. Merrick. I object to that also. He was indicted by the grand jury on competent testimony.

The Court. There is no evidence in this case that he was indicted.

Mr. Ingersoll. I will take it back then. I would ask the Court, however, after the attorney for the Government has said that Dorsey wrote that letter to bias public opinion, if I have not the right to say that he wrote that letter because letters had been written by others.

Mr. Merrick. Not unless those letters are in proof.

The Court. The fact that he wrote the letter is in evidence in the case. That of course makes it the proper subject of comment on either side. Anything else not in evidence is not a subject of controversy.

Mr. Ingersoll. I will take it for granted, however, that the jury understand what is going on in this case.

Mr. Merrick. Yes, they understand the evidence.

Mr. Ingersoll. I understand that the jury, as members of this community, as citizens of the United States, have at least a vague idea of what the Department of Justice has done.

It is also claimed, and has been claimed, and I have answered it again and again and again, that S. W. Dorsey is the chief conspirator. Why? Is it possible that it is because

he was the chief man politically? Is it possible that any politician was envious of his place and power? Is it possible that any politician was envious of the influence he had with President Garfield? Is it possible that he had interfered with the career of some piece of mediocrity? Why is it that he is made the chief figure? These are questions that are asked and questions that you can answer. How does it happen that his name never figures in any division? That his name never figures in any paper made in regard to this business? How does it happen that when he was contending with the German-American National Bank that he must be paid, how is it that it never occurred to Miner or Vaile to tell him, "Why, this is a conspiracy of your own hatching. You advanced this money to give life to your own bantling, and you have got to wait until the conspiracy bears fruit, and if you are not willing to wait you can do the next worse thing, have it made public"? If at that time, when he was opposing and fighting Vaile because he had cut out his security, Vaile had known that Dorsey was in the conspiracy, one word from him and Stephen W. Dorsey's mouth would have remained shut forever. But it did not occur to Miner, it did not occur to Vaile. That won't do. Why didn't Vaile say to him, "Mr. Dorsey, you are making a great deal of fuss about a few thousand dollars. You are in the Senate; you are interested in these routes, and I want to hear no more from you"? Why didn't he say it? Because it was not true; that is why.

Now, gentlemen, if what the prosecution claims is true, not only Stephen W. Dorsey, not only Thomas J. Brady, not only John R. Miner, not only H. M. Vaile, and John W. Dorsey are guilty of conspiracy, but hundreds and hundreds of other people. Do you believe it is possible that all the persons who petitioned for an increase of service, who petitioned for expedition—do you believe they were in a conspiracy? Do you believe they were dishonest men, and do you believe they asked for what they did not want? Do you believe that these defendants had at their beck and call the representatives of the entire great Northwest? Do you believe that members of Congress of the Lower House and of the Senate were their agents and tools? Was Senator Hill a conspirator? Was the present Secretary of the Interior a conspirator? Were Senator Grover and Senator Slater also conspirators? Were generals, judges, district attorneys, members of State and Territorial Legislatures—were they all conspirators? Did they indorse false petitions for the purpose of putting money in the pockets of these defendants? Let us be honest. Do you believe that General Miles was a conspirator, or that General Sherman, whose title is next to that of the President, and whose name is one synonymous of victory, entered into a conspiracy? Do you believe that he knows as much about the mail business as Colonel Bliss? Do you believe that he knows as much about the wants of the great Northwest as the gentlemen who are prosecuting this case? Was he a conspirator with their Representative in Congress from Oregon? Was Horace F. Page a conspirator? These are questions, gentlemen, that you must answer. Were all these men, these officers of the Army, State officers, Federal officers, and men of national reputation—were they all engaged in a conspiracy; were they endeavoring to assist these defendants in plundering the Treasury of these United States? These are questions for you to ask and questions for you to answer. Is it not wonderful that such a conspiracy should have existed in all the Western States at one time?

Gentlemen, is it wonderful that all the people of the West want mails? Do you not know, and do I not know, that the mail is the substantial benefit we get from the General Government? Don't you know that the mail is the pioneer of civilization? Do you not know that there ought to be a mail wherever the flag floats? Do you not know that the only way to keep a great country like this together, a vast territory of three million square miles—three million five hundred thousand square miles—is by the free distribution of the mail? If you are going to keep the people who populate that territory together, if you are going to keep them of one heart and one mind, if you are going to make them keep step to this Union and to the progress of this nation, you must have frequent intercourse with them all. The telegraph must reach to the remotest hamlet; the little electric spark, freighted with intelligence and patriotism, must visit every home; and the newspaper and the letter, bearing words of love from home and news from abroad, must visit every house, so that every man, whether digging in the mine or working on the farm, may feel the throb and thrill of the great world, and be a citizen of a mighty nation instead of an ignorant provincial.

I am in favor of frequent mails everywhere, all over the plains, all through the mountains, everywhere, wherever the flag flies, I want the man who sits under it to feel that the Government has not forgotten him; that is what I want. I take pride in this country. I am one of the men who believe that there is only air enough in this entire continent to float one flag. I am one of the men who believe that it is the destiny of the United States to control every inch of soil from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and that when a nation loses its ambition to grow, increase, and expand it begins to die. And what right has a man who is carrying the mail to interfere with the policy of the Post-Office Department? These are large questions, gentlemen of the jury, and I want you to deal with them in a large and splendid American spirit. I want you to feel that we are citizens of the greatest Government on this globe. I want you to feel that here, to every man, no matter from what clime he may come, no matter of what people, no matter of what religion, the soil will give emolument, the sun will give its light and heat, the Government will give its protection. I like to feel that way about the Government. And yet, because the department adopted a splendid and generous policy, it is tortured into evidence of conspiracy.

Now let me speak just a moment about these people—the defendants in this case. First, there is Stephen W. Dorsey. I take a great interest in this case; I admit it. I would rather lose my right hand than have you convict Stephen W. Dorsey. I admit it. I admit that if he were convicted I would lose confidence in trial by jury; I would believe that there were no twelve men in the world that had the honor and the manhood to stand by what they believed to be the evidence and the law. I would feel as though trial by jury was a failure. I admit I have that interest in it—all that anybody can have in any case. You can only convict that man by the testimony of A. W. Moore and M. C. Rerdell. That testimony withdrawn from the record and there is not one word against him. I want you to know and I want you to remember what kind of a man he is. You have seen him; you know him; and you know something of him. It is for you to decide whether you will take the testimony of Rerdell as against that man. It is for you to decide whether you will take the testimony of A. W. Moore as against that man. These men who are prosecuting him seem to forget who he is and

what he has been. Yet men disgrace the position that Stephen W. Dorsey helped to give them, by attacking him.

John W. Dorsey can be convicted by the testimony of nobody. There is no testimony against him, except that of one man. He is an honest man. He told exactly what he did, and he told it like an honest man. He told why he did not put his money in the bank at Middlebury, Vermont, because they thought that he owed a debt which he did not think he owed. He need not have told it, but he is an honest man, and that is the reason he told it. The prosecution does not appreciate that kind of man, that is, they say they do not.

The only witnesses against Miner are Rerdell and Moore, and they being dead, that is the end of it.

What evidence is there against Harvey M. Vaile? One witness, Mr. Rerdell. What did Harvey M. Vaile do? At the solicitation of Mr. Miner he advanced money to prevent his having a failing contract. What else did he do? He wrote a letter saying that he was trustee for S. W. Dorsey, and he was, because the concern owed S. W. Dorsey a few thousand dollars, and agreed out of the profits to repay Stephen W. Dorsey. That is all. That is all. You have seen Mr. Vaile here from day to day. You know that he is a man of mind. I think he is an honest man. I think he testified to the exact truth. He did what any other man had the right to do, he helped a man, not entirely from charity, but believing after all that it might be a good investment, as you have done if you have ever had the opportunity. And there is not the slightest scintilla of evidence against him, not the slightest. I believe every word that he testified, and so do you.

And then they come to Thomas J. Brady, and they tell you that that man is to be convicted upon the testimony of whom? Mr. Walsh. And who else? Mr. Rerdell. You have some idea of human nature. You have a little and I have a little. Here is Mr. Walsh, an athlete; a man who, had he lived in Rome in ancient times, might have been a gladiator. He loans Mr. Brady twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand dollars. For some of this money he has notes, for other portions he has not. He sends word to Brady that he would like to fix the interest. He goes there and Brady takes these notes and puts them in his pocket and they part as philosophers. If we believe that, we must believe it as idiots. You do not believe it. You do not believe any man ever allowed another to take twenty-five thousand dollars in notes belonging to him and put them in his pocket and walk off, he taking off his hat at the door and you bowing and wishing him a happy voyage. My mind is so constructed that I cannot believe that; I cannot help it. I imagine your minds are built a little after the same model. I do not believe the story; you do not.

Who is the next witness against Mr. Brady? Mr. Rerdell.

It is sufficient for me to speak the name. I need argue no further. That is enough. You saw Mr. Brady on the stand and you heard him give his testimony. No man could listen to it without knowing it to be true. I say now to each one of you that when you heard it you believed it, and every one of you believed it was the truth. Take from this record the testimony of Rerdell, Walsh, and Moore, and what is left? Some papers, petitions, orders, affidavits, all made, signed and filed in the cloudless light of day. That is all that is left. Where is your conspiracy? Faded into thin air, nothing left.

I presume it will be said by the prosecution that I spent about three days on Mr. Rerdell. I admit it. Why? Because I regarded Rerdell as your case. Because I made up my mind that when I killed Rerdell the case had breathed its last. That is the reason. And had it been necessary to spend a few weeks more I should have done so. But it is not necessary. Probably I wasted a great deal of time upon the subject, but if he is not dead I do not want it in the power of any human being to say that it was my fault. I went at him with intent to kill, and I kept at him after I knew that he was dead. I admit it.

Now, gentlemen, let us see what I have proved. Let us see what up to this time I have substantiated in my judgment.

First, I think I have shown that John W. Dorsey, John M. Peck, and John R. Miner agreed in 1877, to go into the mail business. That Peck wrote a letter to Stephen W. Dorsey, who was then a United States Senator, asking him to get some competent man to get reliable information as to the cost of service on routes in the Western States and Territories then advertised by the General Government. That S. W. Dorsey gave that letter to A. E. Boone. That he told him to say nothing about it to other contractors. That Boone sent out circulars for the purpose of getting the requisite information; that is, the cost of corn and oats and the wages of men.

That John R. Miner came to Washington on the 1st of December, 1877. That he went to the house of Stephen W. Dorsey, as had been the custom for several years. That he occupied a room in that house, and that he and Mr. Boone went on with the business of making proposals and getting up forms of contracts.

That John W. Dorsey came here in the early part of January, 1878. That after his arrival the partnership was formed between him and A. E. Boone, and that the partnership was dated the 15th day of January, 1878.

That S. W. Dorsey, at the request of his brother and brother-in-law, advanced the amount of money necessary to pay incidental expenses. That he gave his advice whenever it was asked. That he assisted the parties all that he conveniently could.

That the last bids or proposals were put in by these parties on the 2d of February, 1878. That the awards were made on the 15th day of March of the same year. That Miner, Peck, Dorsey, and Boone received about five times as many awards as they had anticipated. Thereupon another partnership was formed with the style of Miner, Peck & Co., and that the partners in this firm were John R. Miner, John M. Peck, and John W. Dorsey. That thereupon John W. Dorsey and John R. Miner went West for the purpose of subcontracting the routes. That John R. Miner on his return from the West met Stephen W. Dorsey at Saint Louis about the 16th of July, 1878. That Stephen W. Dorsey up to that time had advanced eight thousand or nine thousand dollars. That he then gave to Mr. Miner notes amounting to about eight thousand five hundred dollars to be by him discounted at the German-American National Bank of Washington. That Stephen W. Dorsey then told Miner that he would advance no more and would indorse no more. That Stephen W. Dorsey went from Saint Louis to New Mexico; that John R. Miner came to the city of Washington, arriving here about the 20th of July. That John R. Miner then found that service in eastern Oregon was not in operation, although it had been subcontracted; but he then applied to Thomas

J. Brady for an extension of time. That Brady refused to give it. That Miner, Peck & Co. had not the money to stock the routes not then in operation, and that Stephen W. Dorsey had refused to advance further means. That John W. Dorsey was then in the West and that John M. Peck was then in New Mexico. That thereupon Mr. Miner applied to Harvey M. Vaile, and that Mr. Vaile went to Mr. Brady and asked whether an extension of time could be given, provided he undertook to put the service on those routes. That Brady then gave him until the 16th day of August, 1878. That thereupon Miner, under the authority of powers of attorney from John M. Peck and John W. Dorsey, agreed upon the terms on which H. M. Vaile should advance the money necessary to put the service in operation.

That the contract bears date the 16th day of August, 1878, and was duly executed by all the parties on the last of September or first of October of that year.

That the service was not in operation by the 16th of August, and that in August, Brady telegraphed to H. M. Vaile to know what routes he was going to put service on.

That thereupon Vaile replied that he would see that all the service of Miner, Peck, and Dorsey was put in operation. That through the assistance of Mr. Vaile the service was put in operation.

That before that time Stephen W. Dorsey had been secured by Miner, Peck, and John W. Dorsey executing PostOffice drafts upon the routes that had been awarded to them.

That on the 17th day of May, 1878, an act was passed by the Congress of the United States allowing subcontractors to place their subcontracts on file.

That after Vaile came in and agreed to furnish the money necessary to put the service in operation, John R. Miner having powers of attorney from Peck and John W. Dorsey, executed to H. M. Vaile subcontracts for the purpose of securing him for the money he had advanced.

That H. M. Vaile put these subcontracts on file, thus cutting out and rendering worthless as security the PostOffice drafts that had been given to S. W. Dorsey for the purpose of securing him.

That John W. Dorsey returned from the Bismarck and Tongue River route in November, 1878, and that he then offered to sell out his entire interest in the business to Vaile for ten thousand dollars, and left instructions authorizing his brother, S. W. Dorsey, to make such sale for such amount. That John W. Dorsey then returned to the Tongue River route.

That Stephen W. Dorsey returned to Washington in December, 1878, and for the first time found that the subcontracts had been given to Vaile. That he and Mr. Vaile had a quarrel with the German-American National Bank on that question.

That afterwards Dorsey was to give ten thousand dollars to John W. Dorsey, and ten thousand dollars to John M. Peck. That he then concluded not to do so.

That on the 4th day of March, when S. W. Dorsey's Senatorial term expired, he immediately wrote a letter to Brady insisting that the subcontracts that had been

filed by Vaile were in fraud of his rights. That thereupon the parties in interest came together. That S. W. Dorsey acting for Peck, his brother, and himself agreed with Vaile and Miner to a division of the routes.

That S. W. Dorsey paid Peck ten thousand dollars for his interest, paid John W. Dorsey ten thousand dollars for his interest, and took substantially thirty per cent, of the routes and paid himself the money that was owing to him by Miner, Peck & Co.

That the parties at the time executed to each other subcontracts and such other papers as were necessary to vest, as far as they then under the law could vest, the routes so divided in the parties to whom they fell.

That on the 5th of May, 1879, the division was completed, and that from that time forward Vaile and Miner had no interest in the routes that fell to Stephen W. Dorsey, and that from that time forward Stephen W. Dorsey had no interest in the routes that fell to Vaile and Miner, and that John W. Dorsey and John M. Peck had no interest in any route from that date forward until the present moment. That S. W. Dorsey took entire and absolute control of his routes, and that Miner and Vaile took entire control of their routes. That from that time until the present neither party interfered with the routes of the other.

That Vaile and Miner made no paper of any sort, character, or kind for Stephen W. Dorsey after the 5th of May, 1879, and that neither John W. Dorsey, nor John M. Peck, made any papers of any kind, sort or character for Miner or Vaile after that date, no matter what date papers bear that were made before that time. That S. W. Dorsey made no papers for Miner or Vaile after that date. And that Miner and Vaile made no papers for S. W. Dorsey after that date, May 5, 1879. That all the papers bearing date after the 5th of May, were in fact signed by the parties at or before that time. That they were so signed for the purpose of making the division complete.

That Vaile and Miner on their routes got up petitions that they had a right to do. That S. W. Dorsey upon his routes got up petitions, as he had a right to do.

That the routes were increased and expedited by the Second Assistant Postmaster-General in accordance with the policy of the department and in accordance with the petitions filed and the affidavits made, as he had a right to do.

That it was not for the contractors to settle the policy of the Post-Office Department.

That the evidence of A. W. Moore is unworthy of belief, and that his statement that he settled with S. W. Dorsey is demonstrated to be false by the receipts that he afterwards gave in final settlement to John R. Miner, as admitted by himself. That his testimony as to the existence of a conspiracy is rendered worthless and absurd by the fact that he sold out not only his interest, but his services up to that time, for six hundred and eighty-two dollars. That his conversations with Miner could not have taken place. That he never made or offered to make such contracts with Major as he pretended he was instructed to make, and as he swore that he did make. That his conversation with S. W. Dorsey never occurred.

That the testimony of Rerdell is utterly and infinitely unworthy of credit. That he is not only contradicted by all the evidence, but by himself, and how can you corroborate a man who tells no truth? There must be something to be corroborated.

That the red books never existed.

That the pencil memorandum was forged by himself.

That the Chico letter was written by him.

And that the letter from Dorsey to Bosler, said to have been dated May 13, 1879, was born of the imagination of Mr. Rerdell.

That Rerdell's letter to Bosler of the 22d of May, 1880, was never sent, was never received, and was never written until after this man made up his mind to become a witness for the Government. That Bosler never received that letter, or the letter pretended to have been written by Dorsey on the 13th of May, 1879.

That the tabular statement in which thirty-three and one-third per cent, was allowed to Brady never existed. That Rerdell did not visit Dorsey's office in New York in June, 1881, and that he had no conversation with Torrey. That Rerdell was not there. That he did not have the conversation detailed by him with Dorsey at the Albermarle Hotel. That Dorsey did not write the letter of the 13th of June, 1881.

That Rerdell swore in June, 1881, that Dorsey was entirely innocent. That he swore to three affidavits of the same kind. That he again swore to the same thing on the 13th of July, 1882. That he admitted by his letter of July 5, 1882, that S. W. Dorsey did not even ask him to make the affidavit of June, 1881, but that he was persuaded to do it by James W. Bosler. That he was not locked up at Willard's Hotel. That he was not threatened with a prosecution for perjury. That he was not shown the letters he had written to a woman. That the whole story with regard to the making of that affidavit was utterly and unqualifiedly false. That he never had the conversation with Thomas J. Brady that he claimed. That Brady never suggested to to him to have any books copied. That there were no books of Dorsey's that needed to be copied. That he did not see S. W. Dorsey draw any money at Middleton's bank at the time he states. That he, Rerdell, drew the money himself. And that his entire testimony is absurd, contradictory, and utterly unworthy of credit.

Let me say another thing to you, gentlemen, right here. It would be better a thousand times that all the defendants tried in the next hundred years should escape punishment than that one man should be convicted upon the evidence of a man like this—a man who offered to the Government to make a bargain while the trial was in progress, that he would challenge from the jury all the friends of the defendants, and help the Government to get the enemies of the defendants upon the jury. You never can afford to take the evidence of such a man. It turns a court-house into a den of wild beasts. You cannot do it.

I have shown that the story of Walsh is improbable, and that all that Boone swears against these defendants cannot be believed. That Walsh never loaned the money to Brady that he claimed, and that Brady never took from him the notes as he says. That Brady never made in his presence the admissions that he swears to. Think of it;

Brady robbing Walsh, and at the same time saying to Walsh, “I am a thief and public robber.”

I have shown to you, gentlemen, it seems to me, that no reasonable human being, taking all this evidence into consideration, can base upon it a verdict of guilty. It cannot be done.

Now, gentlemen, the responsibility is upon you, and what is that responsibility? You are to decide a question involving all that these defendants are. You are to decide a question involving all that these defendants hope to be. Their fate is in your hands. Everything they love, everything they hold dear, is in your power. With this fearful responsibility upon you, you have no right to listen to the whispers of suspicion. You have no right to be guided or influenced by prejudice. You have no right to act from fear. You must act with absolute and perfect honesty. You must beware of prejudice. You must beware of taking anything into consideration except the sworn testimony in this case. You must not be controlled by the last word instead of by the last argument! You must not be controlled by the last epithet instead of by the last fact. You must give to every argument, whether made by defendant or prosecution, its full and honest weight. You must put the evidence in the scales of your judgment, and your manhood must stand at the scales, and then you must have the courage to tell which side goes down and which side rises.

That is all we ask. We ask the mercy of an honest verdict, and of your honest opinion. We ask the mercy of a verdict born of your courage, a verdict born of your sense of justice, a verdict born of your manhood, remembering that you are the peers of any in the world. And it is for you to say, gentlemen, whether these defendants are worthy to live among their fellow-citizens; whether they shall be taken from the sunshine and from the free air, and whether they are worthy to be men among men.

It is for you to say whether they are to be taken from their homes, from their pursuits, from their wives, from their children. That responsibility rests upon you.

It is for you to say whether they shall be clothed in dishonor, whether they shall be clad in shame, whether their day of life shall set without a star in all the future’s sky; that is for you.

It is for you to say whether Stephen W. Dorsey, John W. Dorsey, John R. Miner, Thomas J. Brady, and H. M. Vaile shall be branded as criminals.

It is for you to say, after they have suffered what they have, after they have been pursued by this Government as no defendants were ever pursued before, whether they shall be branded as criminals.

It is for you to say whether their homes shall be blasted and blackened by the lightning of a false verdict.

It is for you to say whether there shall be left to these defendants and to those they love, a future of agony, of grief and tears. Nothing beneath the stars of heaven is so profoundly sad as the wreck of a human being. Nothing is so profoundly mournful as a home that has been covered with shame—a wife that is worse than widowed—

children worse than orphaned. Nothing in this world is so infinitely sad as a verdict that will cast a stain upon children yet unborn.

It is for you to say, gentlemen, whether there shall be such a verdict, or whether there shall be a verdict in accordance with the evidence and in accordance with law.

And let me say right here that I believe the attorneys for the prosecution, eager as they are in the chase, excited with the hunt, after the sober second thought, would be a thousand times better pleased with a verdict of not guilty. Of course they want victory. They want to put in their cap the little feather of success, and they want you to give in the scales of your judgment greater weight to that feather than to the homes and wives and children of these defendants. Do not do it. Do not do it.

I want a verdict in accordance with the evidence. I want a verdict in accordance with the law. I want a verdict that will relieve my clients from the agony of two years. I want a verdict that will drive the darkness from the heart of the wife. I want a verdict that will take the cloud of agony from the roof and the home. I want a verdict that will fill the coming days and nights with joy. I want a verdict that, like a splendid flower, will fill the future of their lives with a sense of thankfulness and gratitude to you, gentlemen, one and all.

The Court. Let me inquire of the counsel for the defence if there are to be any other arguments upon their side?

Mr. Henkle. May it please your Honor, inasmuch as I alone represent two of the defendants, it is perhaps due to this jury and to myself to explain why I do not propose to argue the case. I had prepared myself, with a good deal of labor and painstaking, to submit an argument to the jury.

But after the exhaustive and able argument of my Brother Wilson, I and my colleagues were of the opinion that there was room but for one more argument on the part of the defence, and with entire unanimity we selected our colleague, Brother Ingersoll, to make that argument. And how grandly he has justified the choice, the jury, your Honor, and the spectators will determine.

I saw some time ago a little paragraph in a paper in this city, which represents the interest of the Government, in which it was said that the defendants' counsel were afraid to argue this case because they would come in collision with each other; that each would try to throw the conspiracy at the door of the others and exonerate himself, and that therefore they were afraid to argue the case. I want to say to your Honor that so far from being afraid to argue the case, I should have been very happy to pursue the argument, so far as I am concerned. But out of tender consideration to the jury, who have been kept for six long months from their business and their interests, which I know are suffering, we have unanimously concluded that we would close the argument with that which your Honor has just heard. And I simply want to say further, that I not only do not antagonize with anything that has been said by my Brother Wilson, or by my eloquent friend who has just concluded, but I indorse most fully and cordially every word that has been uttered. And so far as my clients are concerned, gentlemen of the jury, the case is with you.

Mr. Davidge. May it please your Honor, perhaps I ought to add a single word. It was understood among counsel when Colonel Ingersoll, as stated by General Henkle, was unanimously selected to represent the defendants, that both Colonel Ingersoll and myself should have the privilege of addressing the jury if, in the judgment of either, it should be necessary. I have felt such a deep interest in the present case that I have almost hoped he might leave unoccupied some portion of the field of argument. I have listened to every word that has fallen from his lips. He has filled the whole area of the case with such matchless ability and eloquence that I have no ground upon which I could stand in making any further argument. He has so fully uncovered the origin of this so-called prosecution, its methods, and the character and weight of the evidence upon which a conviction is sought, that I can add nothing whatever to what he has said. I need not add that every syllable he has uttered receives my grateful indorsement, as well as that of all the defendants and their counsel in this case.*

Address To The Jury In The Davis Will Case

MAY it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, waiving congratulations, reminiscences and animadversions, I will proceed to the business in hand. There are two principal and important questions to be decided by you: First, is the will sought to be probated, the will of Andrew J. Davis? Is it genuine? Is it honest?

And second, did Andrew J. Davis make a will after 1866 revoking all former wills, or were the provisions such that they were inconsistent with the provisions of the will of 1866?

These are the questions, and as we examine them, other questions arise that have to be answered. The first question then is: Who wrote the will of 1866? Whose work is it? When, where and by whom was it done? And I don't want you, gentlemen, to pay any attention to what I say unless it appeals to your reason and to your good sense. Don't be afraid of me because I am a sinner. I admit that I am. I am not like the other gentleman who thanked God "that he was not as other men."

I have the faults and frailties common to the human race, but in spite of being a sinner I strive to be at least a good-natured one, and I am such a sinner that if there is any good in any other world I am willing to share it with all the children of men. To that extent at least I am a sinner; and I hope, gentlemen, that you will not be prejudiced against me on that account, or decide for the proponent simply upon the perfections of Senator Sanders. Now, I say, the question is: Who wrote this will? The testimony offered by the proponent is that it was written by Job Davis. We have heard a great deal, gentlemen, of the difference between fact and opinion. There is a difference between fact and opinion, but sometimes when we have to establish a fact by persons, we are hardly as certain that the fact ever existed as we are of the opinion, and although one swears that he saw a thing or heard a thing we all know that the accuracy of that statement must be decided by something besides his word.

There is this beautiful peculiarity in nature—a lie never fits a fact, never. You only fit a lie with another lie, made for the express purpose, because you can change a lie but you can't change a fact, and after a while the time comes when the last lie you tell has to be fitted to a fact, and right there is a bad joint; consequently you must test the statements of people who say they saw, not by what they say but by other facts, by the surroundings, by what are called probabilities; by the naturalness of the statement. If we only had to hear what witnesses say, jurymen would need nothing but ears. Their brains could be dispensed with; but after you hear what they say you call a council in your brain and make up your mind whether the statement, in view of all the circumstances, is true or false.

Did Job Davis write the will? I would be willing to risk this entire case on that one proposition. Did Job Davis write this will? And I propose to demonstrate to you by the evidence on both sides that Job Davis did not write that will. Why do I say so?

First: The evidence of all the parties is that Job Davis wrote a very good hand; that his letters were even. He wrote a good hand; a kind of schoolmaster, copy-book hand.

Is this will written in that kind of hand? I ask Judge Woolworth to tell you whether that is written in a clerkly hand; whether it was written by a man who wrote an even hand; whether it was written by a man who closed his “a’s” and “o’s”; whether it was written by one who made his “h’s” and “b’s” different. Job Davis was a good scholar.

No good penman ever wrote the body of that will. If there were nothing else I would be satisfied, and, in my judgment, you would be, that it is not the writing of Job Davis.

It is the writing; of a poor penman; it is the writing of a careless penman, who, for that time, endeavored to write a little smaller than usual, and why? When people forge a will they write the names first on the blank paper. They will not write the body of the will and then forge the name to it, because if they are not successful in the forgery of the name they would have to write the whole business over again; so the first thing they would do would be to write the name and the next thing that they would do would be to write the will so as to bring it within the space that was left, and here they wrote it a little shorter even than was necessary and quit there [indicating on the will] and made these six or seven marks and then turned over, and on the other side they were a little crowded before they got to the name of A. J. Davis.

Now, the next question is, was Job Davis a good speller? Let us be honest about it. How delighted they would have been to show that he was an ignorant booby. But their witnesses and our witnesses both swear that he was the best speller in the neighborhood; and when they brought men from other communities to a spelling match, after all had fallen on the field, after the floor was covered with dead and wounded, Job Davis stood proudly up, not having missed a word. He was the best speller in that county, and not only so, but at sixteen years of age he wasn’t simply studying arithmetic, he was in algebra; and not only so, after he had finished what you may call this common school education in Salt Creek township, he went to the Normal school of Iowa and prepared himself to be a teacher, and came back and taught a school.

Now, did Job Davis write this will? Senator Sanders says there are three or four misspelled words in this document, while the fact is there are twenty words in the document that are clearly and absolutely misspelled. And what kind of words are misspelled? Some of the easiest and most common in the English language. Will you say upon your oaths that Job Davis, having the reputation of the champion speller of the neighborhood—will you, upon your oaths, say that when he wrote this will (probably the only document of any importance, if he did write it, that he ever wrote) he spelled shall “shal” every time it occurs in the will? Will you say that this champion speller spelled the word whether with two “r’s,” and made it “wherther,” making two mistakes, first as to the word itself, and second, as to the spelling? Will you say that this champion speller could not spell the word dispose, but wrote it “depose”? And will you say the ordinary word give was spelled by this educated young man “guive”? And it seems that Colonel Sanders has ransacked the misspelled world to find somebody idiotic enough to twist a “u” in the word give, and even in the Century dictionary—I suppose they call it the Century dictionary because they looked a hundred years to find that peculiarity of spelling—even there, although give is

spelled four ways, besides the right way, no “u” is there. And will you say that Job Davis did not know the word administrators?

Now, let us be honest about this matter—let us be fair. It is not a personal quarrel between lawyers. I never quarrel with anybody; my philosophy being that everybody does as he must, and if he is in bad luck and does wrong, why, let us pity him, and if we happen to have good luck, and take the path where roses bloom, why, let us be joyful. That is my doctrine; no need of fighting about these little things. They are all over in a little while anyway. Do you believe that Job Davis spelled sheet—a sheet of paper—”sheat”? That is the way he spells it in this document. Now, let us be honor bright with each other, and do not let the lawyers on the other side treat you as if you were twelve imbeciles. You would better be misled by a sensible sinner than by the most pious absurdities that ever floated out from the lips of man. Let us have some good, hard sense, as we would in ordinary business life. Do you believe that Job Davis, the educated young man, the school teacher, the one who attended the Normal school would put periods in the middle of sentences and none at the end? That he would put a period on one side of an “n” and then fearing the “n” might get away, put one on the other; and then when he got the sentence done, be out of periods, so that he could not put one there, and put so many periods in the writing that it looked as if it had broken out with some kind of punctuation measles?

Job Davis, an educated man! And you are going to tell this jury that that man wrote that will! I think your cheeks will get a little red while you are doing it. This man, when he comes to this little word “is” in the middle of a sentence, his desire for equality is so great that he wishes to put that word on a level with others, and starts it with a capital, so that it will not be ashamed to appear with longer words.

And yet the will was written by Job Davis, and Sconce saw him write it, and Mrs. Downey saw him write it. If there were one million Sconces, and a million Mrs. Downeys, and they held their hands up high and swore that they did, I know that they did not, unless all the witnesses who have testified to the education of Job Davis have testified lies. There is where I told you a little while ago that when a lie comes in contact with a fact it will not fit. These other people in Salt Creek township that have come here and sworn to that, did not know whether it was spelled right or wrong. They did not take that into consideration.

It seems to me utterly, absolutely, infinitely impossible that this will was written by a good speller. I know it was not. So do you. There is not a man on the jury that does not know it was not written by a good speller—not a man. And you cannot, upon your oaths, say that you believe two things—first, that Job Davis was a good speller, and, secondly, that he wrote this will. Utterly impossible. There is another word here, “wordly”—”all my wordly goods.” “Worldly” it ought to be; but this Job Davis, this scholar, did not know that there was such a word as worldly, he left out the “l” and called it wordly, “all my wordly goods,” and they want you to find on your oath that it was written by a good speller. There are twenty words misspelled in this short will, and the most common words, some of them, in the English language. Now, I say that these twenty misspelled words are twenty witnesses—twenty witnesses that tell the truth without being on their oath, and that you cannot mix by cross-examination. Twenty witnesses! Every misspelled word holds up its maimed and mutilated hand

and swears that Job Davis did not write that will—every one. Suppose witnesses had sworn that Judge Woolworth wrote this will. How many Salt Creekers do you think it would take to convince you that he was around spelling sheet “sheat”?

Mr. Woolworth. I have done worse than that a great many times.

Mr. Ingersoll. You have acted worse than that, but you have never spelled worse than that.

Now, this Job Davis died in 1868. Nobody has seen him write for twenty-three years, but everybody, their witnesses and ours, positively swears that he was a good speller. Now, comes another question: Who wrote this will? Colonel Sanders tells us that it is immaterial whether Job Davis wrote it or not. To me that is a very strange remark. If Job Davis did not write it, Mr. Sconce has sworn falsely. If Job Davis did not write it, then there was no will on the 20th of July, 1866, and all the Glasgows and Quigleys and Downeys and the rest are mistaken—not one word of truth in their testimony unless Job Davis wrote that will.

And yet a learned counsel, who says that his object is to assist you in finding a correct verdict, says it don’t make any difference whether Job Davis wrote the will or not. I don’t think it will in this case.

Who wrote the will? I am going to tell you, and I am going to demonstrate it, so that you need not think anything about it—so that you will know it; that is to say, it will be a moral certainty.

Who wrote this will? I will tell you who, and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying it. James R. Eddy wrote this will. And why do I say it? Many witnesses have sworn that they were well acquainted with Mr. Eddy’s handwriting—many. Several of the witnesses here had the writing of Eddy with them. That writing was handed to the counsel on the other side, so that they might frame questions for cross-examination. Those witnesses founded their answers as to peculiarities upon the writings given to the other side, and not on the writing in this will—just on the writings of letters and documents they had in their possession, and that we handed to the opposite counsel. Now, what do they say? Every witness who has testified on that subject said that Eddy had this peculiarity: First, that whenever a word ended with the letter “d,” he made that “d” separate from the rest of the word.

And, gentlemen, there are twenty-eight words in this short will ending with the letter “d”; clearly, unequivocally, in twenty-seven of the words ending in “d,” the “d” is separate from the rest of the word.

I do not include the twenty-eighth, because there is a little doubt about it. The testimony is unvarying, except the writing that Eddy has done since he has been found out to be the forger of that will. Nobody has sworn that he had a letter from him in which that is not the fact, unless that letter was written since the institution of this suit. Twenty-seven of these words end with “d” and the “d” is made separate from the rest of the word. Will Judge Woolworth please tell the jury whether any witness testified that Job Davis made these separate from the rest of the word? Poor Job, dead, and his tombstone is being ornamented with “guive,” and he is now made to appear as an ignorant nobody.

Twenty-eight words ending with “d.” Now, if that were all, I would say that might be an accident—a coincidence, and that we could not build upon that as a rock. I would say we must go further, we must find whether any more peculiarities exist in Eddy’s writing that also exist in this will. We must be honest with him. Now, let us see. He always had the peculiarity of terminating that “d” abruptly, down just above the line, or at the line, lifting his pen suddenly, making no mark to the right. Every one of the “d’s” in the will is made exactly that way. Corroboration number two. These twenty-seven witnesses, the “d’s,” swear that Eddy is their father, that they are the children of his hand, that he made them.

Another peculiarity: They say that Eddy always made a double “l” in a peculiar manner. The last “l” came down to the line of the up stroke, and that “l” as a rule stopped there. It did not go on to the right—a peculiarity. Now, let us see. In this will there are nine words that end with a double “l” (and I want you to look at that when you go out); each one is made exactly the same way—each one. Nine more witnesses that take the stand and swear to the authorship of this will.

Has anybody shown that that was Job Davis’s habit? Poor, dead dust cannot swear; nobody has said that. Another peculiarity is that Eddy made a “p” without making any loop to the right in the middle of it. Now and then he makes one with a loop, but his habit is to make one without. Moses Downey swore that Job Davis made a “p” with three loops, a loop at the top, a loop at the bottom and a loop in the middle. That is exactly what he swore, and he was the one who taught Job to write; and he said he made his letters carefully, he closed his “a’s” at the top, he made his “o’s” round, he made his “h’s” after the orthodox pattern, he was all right on the “b’s”—your witness.

Now, gentlemen, you remember how that “p” looks, without any loop; and there are twenty-one “p’s” that have no loop to the right—twenty-one in this will. Twenty-one more witnesses, and every one of them is worth a hundred Sconces, with his sheep and hogs floating in the air. Twenty-one witnesses that swear to the paternity of this will. Moses Downey, your own witness, swears that Job made a “p” with three loops. There is not a “p” in the will with three loops, and there are twenty-one without any, and the evidence of all the witnesses on our side was that it was his habit to make “p’s” without any loop, and they were given the papers that they might cross-examine every one.

Now, do you see, we are getting along on the edge of demonstration.

These things cannot conspire and happen. They may in Omaha, but they can’t in Butte, or even in Salt Creek township. Nature is substantially the same everywhere and I believe her laws are substantially the same everywhere, from a grain of sand to the blazing Arcturus; everywhere the probabilities are the same. Let us take another step.

It is also sworn by intelligent men who have the writing of Eddy in their possession, (writing shown to the other side) that it was his habit to use “a’s,” “o’s” and “u’s” indiscriminately. For instance, “thut” that, you all remember in the will. When you go out you will see it. He often uses an “o” where an “a” should be, an “a” where a “u” should be, a “u” where an “a” or “o” should be; in other words, he uses them

interchangeably or indiscriminately. How many cases of that occur in this will? Twenty-two—twenty-two instances in this will in which one of these vowels is used where another ought to have been used.

Twenty-two more witnesses that James R. Eddy wrote this will. Twenty-two more. They have taken the stand; they won't have to be sworn, because they can't lie. It would be splendid if all witnesses were under that disability—that they had to tell the truth. That cannot be answered by logwood ink. Eddy made "p's" just the same, whether he used logwood or nigrosin, and he used his "a's" and "o's" and "u's" indiscriminately, no matter whether he was writing in ink, red, blue, brown, iron, Carter's, Arnold's, Stafford's, or anybody else's. Another witness testified that he used "r" where he ought to use "s," and that he used "s" where he ought to use "r," or that he made his "r's" and "s's" the same. Many instances of that kind occur in this will, and every "r" says to Eddy, "you are the man"—every one. Every "s" swears that your will is a poor, ignorant, impudent forgery.

That is what it is—the most ignorant forgery ever presented in a court of justice since the art of writing was invented. It comes in covered with the ear marks of fraud. And yet I am told that it requires audacity to say that it is a forgery. What on earth does it require to say that it is genuine? Audacity, in comparison with what is essential to say that it is genuine, is rank meekness and cowardice. Words lose their meaning. All swear that Eddy scattered his periods with a liberal hand, like a farmer sowing his grain. Now, we will take the twenty-third line of the will. "To their use (period) and (period) benefit (another period) forever (another period)"; twenty-fifth line: "Davis (period) and (another period) Job (another period) Davis (another period) of (another period) Davis (another period) County (another period)." What a spendthrift of punctuation this man was! And yet he was well educated, studying algebra, going to the Normal school in Iowa, champion speller of the neighborhood. Every period certifies and swears that Job Davis did not write that will. He had studied grammar. Punctuation is a part of grammar and no one but the most arrant, blundering, stumbling ignoramus, would think of putting six or eight periods along in a sentence, and then leaving the end of that sentence naked without anything. Another peculiarity is, Mr. Eddy uses "b" and "h" interchangeably. He makes a "b" exactly like an "h," makes an "h" exactly like a "b." You can see that all through the will. There are several instances of it, and each one says that Job Davis did not write it. Downey says he did not write that way, and each one says that Mr. Eddy did write it, and nobody else.

I am not through yet. The testimony is that Eddy was a poor speller.

Now, the learned counsel, Mr. Dixon, says that in this case we must be governed by the probable, by the natural, by the reasonable—three splendid words, and they should be in the mind of every juror when examining this testimony. Is it natural, is it probable, is it reasonable? We have shown that Eddy was the poorest speller in the business. Whenever they went to a spelling match, at the first fire he dropped; never outlived, I think, the first volley. And one man by the name of Sharp distinctly recollects that they gave out a sentence to be spelled: "Give alms to the poor," and Eddy had to spell the first word, give; and he lugged in his "u" with both ears—"guive," and he dropped dead the first fire. The man remembers it because it is such

a curious spelling of give; and if I had heard anybody spell it with a “u” when I was six years old it would linger in my memory still.

Now, let us take Judge Dixon’s test. It is a good one, well stated, and it is for you to decide whether the misspelled words were misspelled by a good speller or a poor speller. If you say Job Davis wrote it, then you are unnatural, unreasonable and improbable.

Isn’t it altogether more natural, more reasonable, more probable, to say that a bad speller misspelled the words than that a good speller did?

Let us stick to his standard, and see if Eddy spelled give “guive”—and, gentlemen, you cannot find in all the writing of James R. Eddy, written before he was charged with this forgery, where the word give appears, that it is not written with a “u”—I defy you to find a line in the world where “given” is “guivin.” Now, let us go another step. Everybody admits that he was a poor speller, and is it not more reasonable to say that he wrote the will on the spelling, than that the champion speller did? We have some more evidence on Mr. Eddy as good as anything I have stated.

Now, do not be misled because I am a sinner. Let us stick to the facts. William H. Davis testified to the spelling of Eddy, and while he testified, held in his hand a will that he had seen James R. Eddy write. In this will there were twenty words misspelled; shall, “shal” and in the James Davis will, shall “shal.” Good! Whether, in our will “wherther”; in the other will, “wherther”—just the same; sheet of paper, “sheat” in our will; “sheat” in the other will; in our will “guive,” in that “guive.” Did Job Davis rise from the dead and write another will? Was one copied from the other, and the copy so slavish that it was misspelled exactly the same? You cannot say it was entirely copied, for now and then a word, by accident, is right.

Judge Dixon tells you that Eddy did not disguise his spelling. Good Lord! How could he disguise his spelling? He spelled as he thought was right. No man of his education would think of disguising his spelling. He knows how to spell give; he believes it is with a “u” still There is a prejudice against “u” since he was charged with forgery, and so he has dropped it; but he thinks it is right, nevertheless. Now, isn’t it perfectly wonderful, is it not a miracle, that James R. Eddy made exactly the same mistakes in spelling and writing one will that Job Davis did in writing another?

Isn’t it wonderful beyond the circumference of belief, that a good speller and bad speller happened to misspell the same words? It won’t do. There is something rotten about this will, and the rotten thing about it is that James R. Eddy wrote it, and he wrote it about March, 1890. That is when he wrote it, and he let the proponent in this case have it. We will get to that shortly. So, gentlemen, I tell you that every misspelled word is a witness in our favor. There is something more. Eddy uses the character “&” in writing, instead of writing “and.” The will is full of them; and it is stated that sometimes when he endeavors to write out the word “and” he only gets “an,” and that peculiarity is in this will. “An” for “and”; that you will find in the seventeenth line in the last word of the line. Colonel Jacques swore that one of Eddy’s misspelled words was the word “judgment”; that he put in a superfluous “e,” and in this case here is “judgement”—”shall give the annuity that in the judgement of the executors shall be final;” there is the superfluous “e”—judgement. Now, there is

another. Their witnesses swore that as a rule he turns the bottom of his “y’s” and “g’s” to the left. Now, you will find the same peculiarity in this will, and the amusing peculiarity that he turns the “g’s” a little more than he does the “y’s.” I don’t want these things answered by an essay on immutable justice. I want them to say how this is. Another thing, how he makes a “t,” with a little pot hook at the top, and that hook has caught Mr. Eddy. You will find them made in the will, exactly, where the “t” commences a word—where it is what we call the initial letter. And what else? When he makes a small “e” commencing a word, he always makes it like a capital “E,” only smaller. That is the testimony, and that happens in this will and it happens in the papers and letters.

Now, I say, that all these peculiarities taken together, the same words misspelled, the same letters used interchangeably, the same mistakes in punctuation, the same mistakes in the words themselves—all these things amount to an absolute demonstration. So, I told you, he uses the capital “I” with the word “is” and that he does twice in this will.

Here are hundreds, almost, of witnesses that take the stand and swear that Eddy is the author of that will. He wrote it—every word of it. He negotiated with John A. Davis for it, and I will come to that after a little. And how do they support this will that has in it the internal evidence that it was written by James R. Eddy? Why do I say it is impossible that he should have written it, and the will should be genuine? Because at the date of that will, or the date it purports to bear, Eddy was only eight years old. And we don’t know the real date, gentlemen, of that will yet. My opinion is that it was dated by mistake, so that it came on a date that Davis was not there, or came on a day that was Sunday, and then they folded up that will, and scratched it and rubbed it until the date is absolutely illegible, and nobody can say whether it is June, July, or January. There was a purpose. The day may have been Sunday, or they may have afterward ascertained that he was not there. It is a suspicious circumstance that the day is left loose so they can have a month to play on, maybe more. Now, they say, can you impeach Sconce?

Every misspelled word in the will impeaches Sconce, ever; period impeaches Sconce, every “a” that is used as “o” impeaches him, and “o” as “u”; every “b” that is made like an “h” impeaches him, every “h” that is made like a “b” impeaches him.

In other words, every peculiarity of James R. Eddy that appears in that will impeaches J. C. Sconce, Sr.—Captain Sconce. There is a thing about this will which, to my mind, is a demonstration. It may be that it is because I am a sinner, but I find, and so do you find it in the second initial of Sconce, in the letter “C.” There are two punctures, and you will find that exactly where the punctures are there is a little spatter in the ink—a disturbance of the line, in the capital first; in the small “c” there is another puncture and another disturbance of the line. Professor Elwell says that these holes were made afterwards. Let’s see. There is a hole, and there is a splatter and a change of the line. There is another hole and there is another change. There is another hole and there is another change. What is natural? What is reasonable? What is probable? It is that the hole being there, interrupted the pen, and accounts for the diversion of the line, and for the spatter. That is natural, isn’t it? but they take the unnatural side. They say that these holes were made after the writing. Would it

not be a miracle that just three holes should happen to strike just the three places where there had been a division of the line and a little spatter of the ink? Take up your table of logarithms and figure away until you are blind, and such an accident could not happen in as many thousand, billion, trillion, quintillion years as you can express by figures.

Three holes by accident hitting just the three places where the pen was impeded and where the spatters were. Never such a thing in the world. It might happen once. Nobody could make me believe that it happened twice—that is, a hole might happen to get where the pen was interrupted once; as to the second hole, I would bet all I have on earth, as to the third hole, I know it did not. I just know it did not. And yet Mr. Elwell says that these holes were made afterwards, and he goes still further, and says that there is not any trouble in the line. If anybody will look at it, even with the natural eye, they can see that there is; and, in a kind of diversion, they called Professor Hagan, when he called attention to it, Professor Pin-holes and pin-hole expert. He might have replied that that was a pin-head objection.

Professor Elwell accounts for all the dirt on this will by perspiration, all on one side and made by the thumb, and although there were four fingers under it at the same time, the fingers were so contrary they wouldn't perspire. This left the thumb to do all the sweating. I need not call him a professor of perspiration, for that throws no light on the subject; but I say to you, gentlemen, that those marks, those punctures, were in that paper when Sconce wrote his name. Sconce says they were not—he remembered. He has got a magnificent memory. I say that even that shows that he is not telling the facts.

Now, what else? We went around among the neighbors. He was charged with passing counterfeit money, with stealing sheep, with stealing hogs, with stealing cattle and with stealing harness.

Mr. Woolworth. It was not proved that this man was accused of counterfeiting, of passing counterfeit money.

Mr. Ingersoll. I tell you how I prove it. A man by the name of Lanman was on the stand. He swore he was acquainted with Sconce's reputation. Colonel Sanders asked him who he had ever heard say anything about it. He said Lewis Miller and Abraham Miller and a man by the name of Hopkins and several others. What did they say? I asked them afterwards, and among other things I recollect he was charged with passing counterfeit money, stealing hogs, stealing sheep, stealing harness, killing another man's heifer in the woods. I don't think I am mistaken, but if I am I will take counterfeit money back. I won't try to pass counterfeit money myself, although a sinner.

Mr. Woolworth. (Interrupting): He was not charged with killing a heifer.

Mr. Ingersoll. No, no; the heifer was there. I have a very good memory; I suppose it comes from the habit of taking no notes. Lanman was the man, and while we are on Sconce there is a thing almost too good to be passed.

Mr. Jackson was on the stand, Senator Sanders asked him, "Whoever told you anything against him?" "Well," Jackson answered, "I asked Hopkins—" "Who else?"

"Well," he said, "I had a private conversation, I don't like to tell." "You have got to tell." Mr. Jackson said to the Court: "Must I tell; it was a private conversation." "You must tell." "Well," he said, "it was with Mr. Carruthers, one of the counsel for proponent;" and he said that what Mr. Carruthers said had more influence upon him than anything else, because Carruthers was in a position to know.

Mr. Sanders. (Interrupting). Were those his exact words?

Mr. Ingersoll. Yes, that he was an attorney. I tell you that was a death-blow; that came like thunder out of a clear sky, when you haven't seen a cloud for a month.

Besides that he was impeached in open court. What else? The witnesses that came to the rescue of Sconce; how did they rescue him? They lived down there and never heard anything against him. All these rumors, thick in the air, the bleating of sheep following him wherever lie went; the low of cattle and yet these people never heard it. Tried for stealing harness, they never heard of it They were not acquainted with him. They said that they had some personal dealings with him and he was all right and one man endeavored to draw a distinction between truth and honesty. A man could be a very truthful man and a very dishonest man. Just think of that distinction, a man of truth but dishonest. That won't do. Even Senator Sanders said: "Some accusations, probably a dozen," to use his excellent language—what memories we have! Let me read the exact words: "Some accusations; probably a dozen or more, of stealing sheep and hogs *lit on* Sconce."

Mr. Sanders: I didn't say that.

Mr. Ingersoll. I don't insist; but those are the exact words I remember. And don't you remember that he went into a kind of homily on neighborhood gossip, that hardly anybody escaped? I believe a good many of this jury have escaped and a good many in this audience have escaped. You can pick out a great many men that a dozen accusations of stealing hogs and sheep and heifers have not lit on.

Then, there is another thing about Sconce that I don't like, gentlemen. Sconce, in giving the history of the affair in Arkansas, was asked if he didn't say, "Did I say that Davis' name was on it when I signed it?" and right there he skulked and stated under oath that when he said that he alluded to the photograph. Could he by any possibility have alluded to the photograph when he said: "Did I say that Davis's name was on it when I signed it?" Did he ever sign the photograph? No; he never signed the photograph. Davis never signed the photograph, and if he ever said those words he said them with reference to the original will, and he knows it. And yet, in your presence, under oath, he pretended that when he made that remark he alluded to the photograph. I wish somebody would reply to that and tell us whether, as a matter of fact, he alluded to the photograph.

Now, Mr. Sconce, as you know, has the most peculiar memory in the world. He remembers things that had nothing whatever to do with the subject, photographed in all details, everywhere; and yet, gentlemen, your knowledge of human nature is sufficient to tell you that that kind of memory is not the possession of any human being.

Thousands of people imagine that detail in memory is evidence of truth. I don't think it; if there is something in the details that is striking, then there is; but naturalness, and, above all, probability, is the test of truth. Probability is the torch that every juryman should hold, and by the light of that torch he should march to his verdict. Probability! Now, let us take that for a text. Probability is the test of truth. Let us follow the natural, let us follow the reasonable.

At the time they say this will was made, Andrew J. Davis had removed from Iowa years before; had settled, I believe, in Gallatin county. His interests in Iowa were nothing compared with his interests in this Territory at that time. From the time he left Iowa he began to make money; I mean money of some account. He began to amass wealth. He was, I think, a sagacious man.

Judge Dixon says that he was a man of great business sagacity. I am thankful for that admission. In a little while he became worth several hundreds of thousands of dollars. Afterwards he acquired millions. Now, during all that time, from the 20th of July, 1866, up to the day of his death, he never inquired after the James Davis will. It is a little curious he never wrote a letter to James Davis and said, "Where is the will, have you got it?" Not once. They have not shown a letter of that kind, not a word. Threw it in the waste-basket of forgetfulness and turned his face to Montana. Years rolled by, he never wrote about it, never inquired after it.

They have brought no witnesses to show that A. J. Davis ever spoke of the will; not a word. Gentlemen, let us be controlled by the natural, by the reasonable, by the probable.

In 1868 one of the executors died—Job Davis. I think Colonel Sanders said that if a man of Judge Davis's intelligence, knowing what a difficult thing a will is to write, should have allowed Mr. Knight, a Kentucky lawyer, to draw his will, who had not had much practice, why, he is astonished at that, and in the next breath tells you that Andrew J. Davis employed a twenty-two year old boy who could not spell "give" to draw up his will in 1866. Isn't it wonderful what strange things people can swallow and then find fault with others! Now, remember:

In 1868 Job Davis died; then there was only one executor to that will. A. J. Davis went on piling up his money, thousands on thousands. Greed grew with age, as it generally does. Gold is spurned by the young and loved by the old. There is something magnificent after all about the extravagance of youth, and there is something pitiful about the greed of old age. But he kept getting money, more and more, and in '85 he had sold the Lexington mine. He was then a millionaire. In '85, I think. They say he sold that mine in '81, maybe he was then a millionaire. There was the will of '66 down in Salt Creek township, used as a model for other wills, for the purpose of teaching the neighbors spelling and elocution, to say nothing of punctuation. They got up little will soirees down there—will parties—and all the neighbors came in and Mrs. Downey read it aloud and wept when she thought it was the writing of her brother Job. That accounts for the tear drops, I suppose; the round spots on the will. 1885; Andrew J. Davis worth millions. Then what happened? Then James Davis, the other executor, died. Then there was a will floating around down in Salt Creek township, sometimes in a trunk, sometimes in a box, other times in an old

envelope, other times in a wrapper, and when I think of the shadowy adventures of that document it makes me lonesome. James is dead, poor Job nothing but dust; a will down there with no executors at all; and A. J. Davis did not know in whose possession it was, and never wrote to find out. Let us be governed by the natural, gentlemen, by the probable. Never found out, never inquired, and after James Davis died he lived four years more. I think James Davis died on the 5th of December, 1885, then he lived a little more than three years after he knew that both executors were dead and did not know whether the will existed or not. Judge Dixon tells us perhaps if he had made a will before he died it would have been different from this. I think perhaps it would. What makes him think that it would have been different? If that will existed in Salt Creek township he knew it, and he knew it in 1885, 6, 7, 8, 9, and when death touched with his icy finger his heart he knew it then, and if he made that will in '66, it was his will when he died unless it had been revoked. He knew what he was doing.

I tell you there was no will down in Salt Creek township at all; there wasn't any here. There have been a good many since. Now, where is the evidence that he ever thought of this will, that he ever spoke of it?

What else? He appointed three executors of his will, that is, in '66, if he made it, and in that he provided that a like maintenance should be given to Thomas Jefferson, Pet Davis and Miss Bergett, all three of Van Buren County, State of Iowa. What else did he say? That the executors should have the right of fixing that amount, and whatever amount in their judgment should be fixed should be final. What is the legal effect of that? The legal effect of that is that the estate could not have passed to John A. Davis until the last who had a life interest was dead. The proceeds could have been taken, every cent of them, from that estate and given to the three persons for life maintenance, and the youngest of those persons was four years old. John A. Davis would have had to wait seventeen years. And do you think that A. J. Davis ever made a will like that, putting it into the power of two executors to divert the entire income to certain persons and that there could be no division until they were all dead.

Now, another improbability. Recollect, all the time, that we are to be governed by reason and naturalness. Now, then, it was claimed that Judge Davis held certain relations with a certain Miss Caroline Bergett. It was claimed that a daughter known as Pet Davis was his. It was also claimed that a boy, Thomas Jefferson Davis, was his son. Nobody tells the truth in this will although it has been alluded to and argued as well, I think, as could be. There is this trouble in the will that though the boy Jeff was never in Van Buren County until he was twelve years old—was never there until six years after the will was dated, yet his supposed father describes him as of Van Buren County.

Next, Miss Caroline Bergett had married a man by the name of W. V. Smith in 1853, and in 1858, W. V. Smith took his wife and children and moved to Texas—eight years before this will was made, and yet A. J. Davis forgot her name, forgot her residence, forgot the residence of the boy that was imputed to him; that of itself is enough to show that he was not present when the will was made. If there is anything on earth that he would remember this is it, and you know it. Although Mrs. Downey could not remember when she was married or when her first child was born, she does

remember the time it took her to dust the room where there was a clothes-press, a table and three or four chairs. She recollects that.

Another improbability:

John A. Davis, the proponent, had charge of the Davis farm down in Iowa and stayed there for six years after this alleged will was made, and although he was acquainted with the Quigleys, the Henshaws, the Sconces, and all the aristocracy of the neighborhood, he says he never heard of the existence of this will which so many people of that section talked about. What a place for keeping secrets!

Senator Sanders says that the reason Judge Davis made his will in Salt Creek township was because in that township they knew about this woman or these women and these children, and he didn't want to go into any other community and make his will.

Any need of publishing his will? Any need of reading any more than the attesting clause to the attesting witnesses? Any need to divulge a line? None. Ah, but Senator Sanders said that he wanted to keep the secret. That is the reason he left the will upon that table and rode away in a debonnair kind of style on his roan horse with the bobtail, leaving a congregation of Salt Creek loafers to read his will. He wanted to keep it secret; hoped that it would never get out. Imagine the scene, Job Davis writing the will; Mrs. Downey with a duster tucked under her arm like the soubrette in a theatre. Well, when he was writing the will she was looking over his shoulder and read the will as fast as he wrote it. That makes me think of the fellow who was writing a letter and there was a man looking over his shoulder, so he said: "I would write more but there is a dirty dog looking over my shoulder," and the fellow said: "You are a liar."

Everybody read it. Mrs. Downey read it; she read it as Job wrote it; then he read it aloud; and then he went and got Sconce and read it again; then in comes Glasgow and he read it. I think Mrs. Downey must have read this will ten or twelve times.

Mr. Myers. She said twenty-five.

Mr. Ingersoll. Oh, yes; twenty-five, because it was in Job's handwriting; and whenever the twilight crept around the farm bringing a little sadness, a little pathetic feeling, she would light a candle and hunt the will, and read it just to think about Job. She would see the words "guive" and "wherther" and all that brought back Job, and she used to wonder "wherther" he was in Paradise or not.

Now, John A. lived down there and knew all these people and never heard of that will.

What do you think of that? Why is it that John never got any information from Sconce? Sconce, who saw the will written and who was one of the attesting witnesses. Why didn't he hear of it from old Downey? Why didn't he hear of it from the Quigleys or the Dotsons? Why didn't he hear of it in Salt Creek township, when it was seen and read and read and read again until I think many of them knew it by heart? And yet the only person really interested was walking around unconscious of his great good fortune, and nobody ever told him. There is another thing: For four months

after Andrew J. Davis died nobody told John about the will. Nearly four months passed away; I think he died on the 11th of March, 1890, and this will came to John on the first day of July. All the neighbors knew it. Just as soon as A. J. died, they all said: "John is coming right into the fortune now" only nobody told John; and the first man we find with the will is James R. Eddy, and the next man we find with the will is John A. Davis, the proponent. When John A. Davis saw this will, leaving him four or five million dollars, it did not take much to convince him that the signature was genuine. Human nature is made that way. If it was leaving four or five millions to either of us, including the sinner who addresses you, the probability is that I would say, "Well, that looks pretty genuine—pretty genuine." And then if I could get a few other fellows to swear that it was, I would feel certain, and say, "That is my money."

Now, another improbability. All the evidence shows that Judge Davis was a business-like, quiet, methodical, careful, suspicious man, secretive, keeping his business to himself, keeper of his own counsels; and when he did make a will it was sealed; it was given to one of his friends to put away, and to keep. It did not become the common property of the neighborhood. He did not mount his roan horse and ask the people of the community to look at it. He was a methodical, business-like man, and I suppose many of you, gentlemen of the jury, knew him; and I shall rely somewhat on your knowledge of A. J. Davis, for you to say whether he made this will, whether in 1866 he left his old father naked to the world; whether he cared nothing for brothers and sisters; whether he cared nothing for the children of the sister that raised him. I leave it for you to say. You probably know something about this matter. Andrew J. Davis, when he was a child, when all the children were gathered around the same knee, the children that had been nourished at the same tender and holy breast, he would not have done this then. If some good fortune came to one, it was divided.

How beautiful the generosity, the hospitality of childhood! But as they grow old there comes the love of gold, and the love of gold seems to have the same effect upon the heart that it does upon the country where it is found. All the roses fade, the beautiful green trees lose their leaves, and there is nothing in the heart but sage brush. And so it is with the land that holds within the miserly grip of rocks what we call the precious metals.

The next question in the case is the Knight will. Was any such will made? And I say here to-day, knowing what I am saying, I never saw upon the witness stand a man who appeared to be more candid, more anxious and desirous of telling the exact truth than E. W. Knight, and from what I have heard there is not a man in Montana with a better reputation. He has no interest in this business, not one penny; and it was months and months after the death of Judge Davis that we knew such a will ever existed—that is, on our side. Either Mr. Knight was telling what he believed to be true, or he was perjuring himself. No ifs and ands about it. He is a man of intelligence and knows what he is saying. He swears that A. J. Davis made a will.

And what else does he swear to? That there was also the draft of a will, which gave away the mine or provided for its working, and then at the end of that draft, provided that the rest of the property should be divided in accordance with the statute. Thereupon Mr. Knight told him: "Your heirs would interfere by injunction, and you had better bequeath your whole property and fix the amount to be expended in the

development of the mine." Thereupon he made another will, and that will was signed.

Now, Mr. Knight knows whether it was signed or not. The will was signed or Mr Knight committed perjury knowingly, willfully and corruptly. What does he say? That it was signed. What else? That it was attested. Then these gentlemen came forward with Mr. Talbot, who says that Knight said that when Davis came to the bank to get the will he thought he was going to execute it. That is, the idea being, it was not signed.

What was it attested for if it was not signed? That is absurd to the verge of idiocy. But they say that Mr. Knight is not corroborated. Let us see. He says that Andrew J. Davis made a will. Mr. Keith swears that A. J. Davis made a will. Knight says that Davis went out and brought Keith in, and Keith swears that he lived next door and A. J. Davis did come in there and get him and he knows the time on account of the sickness of his child. Corroboration number two. Knight swears that Davis then went for another man. Keith says that he did go and get Caleb Irvine. Corroboration number three. Knight said one of the men who signed the will was in his working clothes. Corroboration number four. Knight swears that Davis read the attesting clause. Keith swears the same. Keith swears that Davis signed it, that he signed it, and then Irvine signed it. What more? He swears that Knight wrote it, and he was writing it when he went in. And yet they have—and I will use an expression of one of the learned counsel—the audacity to say that Mr. Knight has not been corroborated.

And they would have you believe that Knight took that will over to Helena and put it in the safe when it was not signed by A. J. Davis, and they would make you think besides that, that it was attested by two witnesses, and that two witnesses had to say that they saw A. J. Davis sign it, that he signed it in their presence, and that they attested his signature in his presence and in the presence of each other. They proved a little too much, gentlemen. They proved that by Talbot. They proved that by Andrew J. Davis, Jr., who expects to fall heir to all that is taken, and they proved it also by John A. Davis, the proponent.

Recess.

May it please the Court and gentlemen: When we adjourned I was talking about the testimony of Mr. Knight, and the making of the Knight will. The evidence is, the way that will came to be made, or what started it, is, as follows: A. J. Davis borrowed of the First National Bank of Helena forty thousand dollars to put in the mines, and Governor Hauser remarked when he got the money: "Another old man going to fool with mines until he gets broke." And that it seems piqued A. J. Davis, touched his vanity a little, and then he said: "That mine shall be developed whether I live or die. I am satisfied that it is a good mine, and I am going to make a will and I am going to provide in that will for the mine being developed." And thereupon he talked with Mr. Knight. And finally Knight drew up a draft of a will, according to his testimony, providing for the working of that mine. And what did he say when he got through with it? "Now as to the balance of the property, let it be divided according to law. That makes a good will." That is what he said. Then Mr. Knight said to him: "If you make the will that way it may be that the heirs will come in and enjoin the working of

the mine on the ground that it is a waste of money. You had better make a full will and dispose of all your property as you may desire, and fix the amount to be used in the devolopment of that mine."

Now, this is either true or false. It is true if Mr. Knight can be believed; and he can be believed if any gentleman can be trusted.

What more? Knight says that A. J. Davis made the memoranda from which to draw that will, had his manager come, and in that will it told how the shafts should be run, how much work should be done, and charged his trustees to do development work up to a certain amount.

Is that all born of the fancy of this gentleman? And can you believe that a man like Mr. Knight, who has run the largest bank in Montana for twenty-five years—can you believe that such a man, who is not in any necessity, who is not in need of money, comes here and swears to what he knows to be a lie, and makes this all out of his own head, carves it out of his imagination?

The second will was made, the second will was signed, the second will was attested, the second will was given Mr. Knight to keep. They say it was not signed, and yet Mr. Knight swears he told one man about it. He told Mr. Kleinschmidt, so that if anything happened to him, Knight, he would know that Knight had in that vault the will of Andrew J. Davis. Do you think he would have done that if the will had not been signed, if it were worth only waste paper? And yet they are driven to that absurdity for the purpose of attacking the evidence of this man. It will not do.

Judge Knowles said that in a conversation at Garrison, he said that in the will the mine was left to Erwin Davis, and the reason given for it was that Erwin Davis was a business man. Now, the only way that can be explained, is one of two ways. One is that Judge Knowles has gotten two matters mixed; the other is that he is absolutely mistaken.

Judge Knowles, the President of the First National Bank of Butte—Judge Knowles, who has been the attorney of Andrew J. Davis, Jr.—Judge Knowles had this conversation, or some conversation, with Knight; and why would Knight have taken pains to tell him a deliberate falsehood?

There is something more. After all this occurred, Andrew J. Davis, Jr. went to Mr. Knight and asked him to write out what he remembered about that will, and Knight dictated it on the spot and sent it to him.

Where is that letter? Here it is. I want to read that letter to this jury. That was a letter written long ago. A letter written before this will was filed in this court. A letter written before Mr. Knight knew that A. J. Davis, Jr. had any will. A letter written before Knight imagined there could ever be a lawsuit on the subject. Andrew J. Davis Jr. went to him and asked him to write out what he knew about that will, and he turned, according to his own testimony, and dictated it, and sent it to him, like a frank, candid, honest man; and before I get through I will read that letter, and when it is read I want you to see how it harmonizes absolutely and perfectly with his testimony here on the stand.

I will draw another distinction. Mr. Knight gave two depositions in this case. These depositions have not been suppressed like the deposition taken of Sconce. Not suppressed. Why? Because we are willing that the jury should read the two depositions and hear his testimony besides, and there is not the slightest contradiction in the depositions themselves, or between the depositions or either one of them and his evidence that he gave here—except two that they claim; and think what immense contradictions they are.

In one deposition he says that A. J. Davis left some bequests to some aunts. Mr. Knight swears on the stand that he never said aunts, he said sisters, but if he did say aunts he meant sisters, because he never heard of his having any aunts, and yet that is held up as a contradiction, and to such an extent that you are to throw away the testimony of this man.

Now, here is the letter. This will was filed July 24, 1890, and when he wrote this letter he did not know that A. J. Davis Jr. knew of a will, or that John A. Davis knew of a will. And this is what he writes:

Helena, Montana, July 22, 1890.

I beg to say that some time in 1877 or 1878, I made a draft of a will for your uncle Andrew J. Davis, which he duly executed, and left the same on file with me, as a special deposit for two or three years, when the same was canceled and destroyed; when I was led to believe and to conclude that he had made and executed a will to supersede and take the place of that.

That explains Talbot's testimony. Instead of saying to Talbot that A. J. Davis came there, as he thought, to execute the will, and destroyed that will, it not being signed, what he said was that he destroyed the will, but from the way he acted he thought he was going to make another, that he was going to execute a will; and this is exactly what Mr. Talbot said. To execute a will, and it took a re-direct examination to swap the "a" for "the."

I cannot satisfactorily recall the considerations and provisions of said will drawn by me, but the main burden and desire was that the work on the mine known as the Lexington, should be continued to a certain amount of development, and that the mill should be carried on under a certain management, and after providing for the payment of his just debts, he made certain bequests naming certain nephews and nieces, running from ten thousand to fifteen thousand dollars each, and you are especially named for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, and if the estate exceeded in value the net sum of five hundred thousand dollars, then those bequests were to be increased; and if in excess of one million dollars, the further increase was named and specified.

That is the letter he wrote before he ever knew there would be this suit; before he knew of the existence of this will.

A certain boy named Jefferson—claimed to be his son—was given the sum of twenty thousand dollars to be paid to him in yearly sums of five thousand dollars for four years, and the same provision as to a certain girl, claimed to be his child.

Is that not exactly what he swore to on this stand?

Certain executors named E. W. Knight, S. T. Hauser, and W. W. Dixon, each to receive the sum of ten thousand dollars for services.

Yours truly,

E. W. KNIGHT.

Now, gentlemen, they were informed of the existence of that will and of its destruction, and were so informed before John A. Davis filed this will. And when we pleaded this will, John A. Davis pleaded that it had been republished, and yet no evidence was given in of any republication. They knew that under the statute of Montana, when a man makes will number one, and afterwards makes will number two, and afterwards destroys will number two, that will number one is not revived; that the making of the second will kills the first, and the destruction of the second kills that, and leaves the man intestate and without any will. Now, there is the letter of Mr. Knight—full, free, frank, candid, honorable, like the man himself. He says there that he does not remember all the provisions, but he does remember that he provided for some nephews and nieces, and provided for Andrew J. Davis, Jr., twenty-five thousand dollars, for one Jefferson twenty thousand, for the girl about the same, and that he provided also for the executors of the will, and appointed Knight, Hauser, and Dixon as his executors. That is exactly what he says here.

Now, was that will made? Have they impeached Mr. Keith? I tell them now that they cannot impeach him. He has sworn to the making of that will, apart and separate from Mr. Knight. Oh, they say, why didn't they bring Knight in, and prove by him that he then recollected Mr. Keith? What has that to do with it? Mr. Keith recollected Mr. Knight, swore that he wrote the will, and that he was writing it when he came in, and swore that he attested it, that Davis signed it, and Irvine also signed it. What more do we want on that will? I say, gentlemen, that the will of 1880 ends this case. There is not ingenuity enough in the world to get around it, and there was and never will be enough brains crammed into one head to dodge it. That will was made, and every man on the jury knows it. That will was executed by Andrew J. Davis, every man of you knows it, and the will was afterwards destroyed.

Now, the question is, did that second will revoke the first will? Had it a revoking clause in it? E. W. Knight swears it had, and he swears that he copied it from a will made by an uncle of his named John Knight, and he had that will in his possession here and in that will there are two revocation clauses, and Knight swears that he copied those clauses, and right here it may be well enough to make another remark. When he read the will to A. J. Davis, and the passage "hereby revoking all wills," Davis said: "There is no need of putting that in. I never made any other will. This is the first." Knight said to him, "Well, that is the way, that is the form, and I think it is safer to have it that way." And Davis said: "All right; let it go."

How do you fix that? There is no way out of it, that the will was made in 1880, revoking all former wills. What else? The conditions of the will of 1880, with regard to working the mine, with regard to bequests to nephews, with regard to bequests to others, with regard to the twenty thousand dollars given to Jeff Davis, and the twenty

thousand dollars given to the girl; these provisions are absolutely inconsistent with the provisions of this will of 1866. So on both grounds the will of 1880 destroys, cancels, and forever renders null and void the will of 1866, even if it had been the genuine will of A. J. Davis, and the Court will instruct you to that effect.

And after Mr. Keith had testified, the proponents in this case subpoenaed Mr. Knight, and if they thought that Knight would swear that Keith was not the man, why did they not put him on the stand? They ran no risk. He is an honest man. He would tell the truth. I never had the slightest fear in bringing an honest man on the stand. Never. I want facts, and I hope as long as I live that I shall never win a case that I ought not to win on the facts. No man should wish or endeavor to win a case that he knows is wrong.

I say there is not a man on this jury but believes in his heart and soul this minute that this will was made. You have to throw aside the testimony of a perfectly good man, and no matter whether what he said about Erwin Davis to Judge Knowles was true or not—and I must say that I never saw a witness on the stand in my life more eager to tell his story than Judge Knowles was. Never. He was bound to get it in or die. He answered questions over objections before the Court was allowed to pass upon the objections. Why? Because he is the President of the First National Bank. Now, without saying that he was dishonest about it, I say he was mistaken. Knight never said one word of that kind to him.

It was impossible that he could have said it. So is Mr. Talbot mistaken. So is Andrew J. Davis, Jr. mistaken, and so is John A. Davis mistaken. Think of the idiotic idea that a will, not signed, was given to Knight to keep, attested by two witnesses, and not signed by the testator. Idiotic! Now, as I understand it, gentlemen, you will have to find that that will was made.

Now, what is the next great question in this case, and the question that will be argued at some length, probably, by the other side? And why? Because it is the first and only point, so far as facts are concerned, that they have won in this case. Just one. And what is that? Our experts said that they thought that the ink was nigrosin ink, and the fact that they wanted a test proves that they were sincere. Their witnesses said they did not think it was nigrosin ink. Mr. Hodges said it had too much lustre, but that there was only one way in which it could be absolutely determined and that was by a chemical test. But, say these gentlemen, or rather said Judge Dixon, “the moment that ink turned red the whole case of the contestants was wrecked.” Let us see.

If there had been no logwood ink in existence—not a particle—after the 20th day of July, 1866; if, on the night of the 20th of July, 1866, all the logwood ink on earth had been destroyed and then this ink had turned out to be logwood, why, of course, it would have been a demonstration that this paper was written as far back as the 20th of July, 1866. If it had turned out that it was written in nigrosin ink and that that had only been invented in 1878, it would have been a demonstration that the will was a forgery. But you must recollect the fact that it is written in logwood ink is not only consistent with its genuineness, but consistent with its being a forgery. Why? There was logwood ink in existence in 1890, plenty of it, and if Mr. Eddy wrote this will in

1890, he could have written it in logwood ink; and the fact that it is written in logwood ink does not show that it was written in 1866. Why? Because there was logwood ink in existence every year since 1866, till now.

Suppose I said that the paper was only ten years old and it turned out that it was forty, is that a demonstration in favor of the other side? If it turned out to be ten, it is a demonstration on our side.

But if it turned out to be forty, is not that consistent with the genuineness of the instrument, and also with the spuriousness of the same instrument? You can see that. Nobody's smart enough to fool you on that. Nobody. Take the whole question of ink out and the question is still whether Eddy wrote it or not. Take the ink all out and it is still the question whether Job Davis wrote it or not. Absolutely, and all the test proved was, that our experts—some of them—were mistaken about its being nigrosin ink. Mr. Tolman stated that it was impossible to tell without a chemical test; that it looked like nigrosin ink and from the manner in which it seemed to run he thought it was nigrosin ink, but that it was impossible to tell without a test. Mr. Hodges, their expert, said it looked to him like logwood ink; that it had too much lustre for nigrosin, but he added that it was impossible to tell without a chemical test. That is what he said. Mr. Ames said the same thing, and I appeal to you, gentlemen, if Mr. Ames did not have the appearance of an honest, of a candid, and of a fair man. Professor Hagan said that it was nigrosin ink, but he admitted that the only way to know was to test it. And what else? Their own expert, Mr. Hodges, said that logwood ink penetrates the paper. If this ink has been on here twenty-five years it penetrates the paper.

Sometimes an accident happens in our favor; a piece of that will was torn off this morning. You see the edge there torn off slanting. You see that "o-f"; how much that ink has sunk into that paper. Not the millionth part of a hair. It lies dead upon the top. Just see how the ink went in there—not a particle. It lies right on top. I would call that "float." There is the other edge. There is where the ink stops. It has not entered a particle. And when you go to your room I want you to look at it. That ink has not penetrated a particle. And let us see what this witness Hodges says: "Logwood ink penetrates the paper."

There it is, "to determine the nature of the ink, use hydrochloric acid." What else?

"I think this will was written with Reimal's ink, and that was made in Germany in the neighborhood of 1840. Reimal's ink penetrates the paper." And then they say that we endeavored to draw a distinction between modern and ancient. This is what Mr. Hodges says about it.

On the addition of hydrochloric acid to logwood ink it will turn to a bright red. The old-fashioned ink was manufactured by mixing a decoction of logwood with chromide of potash and formed a blue black solution. Logwood inks as made to-day differ from those, in that the modern logwood inks contain another sort of chrome than chromide of potash; they contain chromium in the form of an acetate or a chlorine.

Hodges was the man that talked about ancient and modern logwood inks; and he, before the test was made, said that the old logwood ink would turn a bright red, modern logwood not so bright. And after the evidence was all in, Professor Elwell came smilingly to the post and said, "they have got it exactly wrong end to; the older the duller and the newer the brighter." And after a moment said, "This was kind of dull." Before the test was made, Mr. Tolman swore, "I agree with Professor Hodges that if it is an old logwood ink it will turn a bright, scarlet red. In the case of modern logwood inks I don't agree with him, but to that extent I think his tests are good," and he drew that distinction before the test was made.

Gentlemen, you saw this will. I want to call your attention to it again. You see that "J" in Sconce's name, that is pretty red. Not so awfully scarlet, though, that it would affect a turkey gobbler. You see it in "Job"; you see it in "James Davis," but there it is brown, and not red, and not scarlet, and no flame in it, and Professor Hodges himself said that although both were logwood inks, he would not swear that Job Davis and James Davis were written with the same ink. Do you see the red in that "Job"?

Now find the red on that "s" of "James." He said he would not swear that they were written in the same ink, but both in logwood ink, that is to say, they might have been different inks. While I would not swear that they were the same inks, I would swear that both inks contained logwood. And that is all he swore to, and I must say that I believe he was a perfectly honest, fair gentleman.

Now, all that the ink test proves on earth is that it is logwood instead of nigrosin, and that does not prove that Eddy did not write the will, because there was plenty of logwood ink when he did write it. That is the kind of ink he used. And it has no more bearing—the fact that it turned out to be logwood—to show that it is a genuine will than though it had turned out to be iron ink. Suppose the experts had been wrong on both sides, and it had turned out to be iron ink, what would have happened then? Is it a genuine will? Nothing can be more absurd than to argue that that test settled the genuineness of this will.

Hodges says another thing; that perhaps the pen went to the bottom of the ink bottle and got a little of the settlings of the ink on it, when he wrote "James Davis," and consequently that has a different color. Well, if the pen had gotten some of this sediment on it, the more sediment the more logwood, and the more logwood the brighter the color. Instead of that, it is dull.

There is another trouble: With regard to the experts, while undoubtedly there are some men who do not swear to the exact truth, whether paid or not, undoubtedly some men swear truthfully who are paid. I do not believe that you doubt the testimony of Hodges simply because you paid him so much a day. I don't. And certainly we have found no men philanthropic enough to go around the country swearing for nothing. I judge of the man's oath, not by what he is paid, but by the manner in which he gives his testimony—by the reason there is behind it. That is the way I judge and yet Senator Sanders judges otherwise, as he told you in a burst of Montana zeal. * * *

I like Montana, too, and I believe the Montana people are big enough and broad enough not to have prejudice against a man because he comes from another State.

Every State in this Union is represented in Montana, and the people who left the old settled States and came out to the new Territories, dropped their prejudices on the way—and sometimes I have thought that that is what killed the grass. I like a good, brave, free, candid, chivalric people. I don't care where you come from—I don't care where you were born. We are all men, and we all have our rights; and as long as the old flag floats over me, I have just as many rights in Montana as I have in New York. And when you come to New York I will see that you have as many rights, if you are in my neighborhood, as you have in Montana. That is the kind of nationality I believe in. I hate this little, provincial prejudice; and yet Senator Sanders invoked that prejudice. That insults you. We did not insult you when we asked you when you went on the jury, if you cared whether the money stayed in Butte or not, or whether you were interested or not, or related or not. Those were the questions asked every juror, and we relied absolutely on your answers when you said that you were unprejudiced, and that you would give us a fair trial; and we believe you will.

Now, then, with regard to these experts, you have got to judge each one by his testimony; and it is foolish it seems to me, to call them vipers and pirates, as Senator Sanders did. A very strong expression—"vipers, pirates" living off, he said, the substance of others; and yet he had an expert on the stand, Mr. Dickinson; he had another, Mr. Elwell; he had another, Mr. Hodges; and after that he rises up before this jury and calls them "three vipers" and "three pirates." I never will do that, If I ask a man to swear for me, and he does the best he can, I will leave the "pirate" out.

I will drop the "viper," and I will stand by him, if I think he is telling the truth; and if he is not I won't say much about him; I don't want to hurt his feelings. But I want to call your attention again to the fact that every expert on our side swore, knowing that they had three experts on the other side, and that if we made a mistake they could catch us in it; and we did make a mistake in that ink; and the test showed that we made a mistake, and that is all the test did show; but it did not show that the will is genuine any more than if it had turned out to be carbon ink; then both sides would have been mistaken. And yet after all it did turn out to be modern logwood ink, and it did turn out not to be Reimal's logwood ink, made of the chromate of potassium; did turn out not to be that, and I say on this will that there is an absolute, decided and distinct difference between the color on the name Job Davis and the name James Davis. And right here, I might as well say that that man Jackson, who came here from Butler, Mo.—and when I said Butler was a pretty tough place, rose up in his wrath and said it was as good as New York any day—that man says that when he saw the will he does not remember of seeing the names of James Davis and Sconce in it, but he did remember of seeing the name of Job Davis. I don't think he saw any of it. Now, there is another question here—because I have said enough about ink, at least enough to give you an inkling of my views.

There is another question. Why didn't John A. Davis take the stand? That is a serious question. John A. Davis had sworn, on the 13th of March, 1890, that his brother died without a will. John A. Davis, on the 24th day of July, 1890, filed a will in which he was the legatee. That will came into his possession under suspicious circumstances. What would a perfectly frank and candid man have done? What would you have done? You would not have allowed yourself to remain under suspicion one moment.

You would have said, “I got that will so and so.” You would have let in the light, “I obtained it in such a place, it is an honest, genuine will, and here it is, and here are the witnesses to that will.” But instead of that, John A. Davis never opened his mouth, except to file a petition swearing that it came into his possession on the first day of July. He knew that he was suspected, didn’t he? He knew that the men in whose veins his blood flowed believed that the will was a forgery—knew that good men and women believed that he was a robber, and that he was endeavoring to steal their portion. He knew that, and any man that loves his own reputation and any man that ever felt the glow of honor in his heart one moment, would not have been willing to rest under such a suspicion or under such an imputation. He would have said: “Here is its history, here is where I got it, it is not a forged will. It is genuine. Here are the witnesses that know all about it. Here is how I came into possession of it.”

No, sir. Not a word. Speechless—tongueless. And he comes into this court and comes on to this stand to be a witness, and is asked about a conversation he had with Burchett, and then we asked him, “How did you come into the possession of that will?” All his lawyers leaped between him and the answer to that question. They objected. If he came by that will honestly he would have said, “I am going to tell the whole story.” He wants you to believe that he came by it honestly, doesn’t he? He wants you to believe it. He not only wants you to believe it, gentlemen, but he asks twelve men—you—to swear that he came by it honestly, doesn’t he? If you give your verdict that that is a genuine will, then you give your oath that John A. Davis came by it honestly; and he wants you twelve men to swear it. And yet he dare not swear it himself. He wants you to do his swearing. He is afraid to stand in your presence and tell the history of that will. He is afraid to tell the name of the man from whom he received it. He is afraid to tell how much he gave for it; afraid to tell how much he promised. He is afraid to tell how they obtained witnesses to substantiate it in the way they have. Well, now, ought not you to let him tell his own story, ought not you, gentlemen, to be clever enough to let him do his own swearing?

Now, I will ask you again if he came by that will honestly, fairly, above board, would he not be glad to tell you the story? Would he not be glad to make it plain to you? If that was a perfectly honest will and came to him through perfectly pure channels, would he not want you to know it? Would he not want every man and woman in this city to know it? Would he not want all his neighbors to know it? And yet, he is willing, when this case is being tried, and when he is on the stand, and asked how he got the will—he is willing to close his mouth—willing to admit that he is afraid to tell; and I tell you to-day, gentlemen, that the silence of John A. Davis is a confession of guilt, and he knows it, and his attorneys know it. A client afraid to swear that he did not forge a will, or have it forged, and then want to hire a man to defend him and call him honest! Well, he would have to hire him; he would not get anybody for nothing. And yet he is asking you to do it. If John A. Davis came properly by it, let him say so under oath. Don’t you swear to it for him, not one of you.

Now, there is another question. Why did not James R. Eddy take the stand? We charged him with forging the will. We made an affidavit setting forth that he did forge the will, and in this very court Mr. Dixon arose and said he was glad that the charge had been fixed, and the man had been designated. Judge Dixon said here,

before this jury, when this case was opened, “the man who was charged with forging this will will be here. He will stand before this jury face to face; and he will explain his connections with the will to your satisfaction.” That is what Judge Dixon said. Where is your witness? Where is James R. Eddy? Why did you not bring him forward? I know he is here now—delighted with the notoriety that this charge of forgery gives him—with a moral nature that is an abyss of shallowness,—delighted to be charged with it, and he will probably be my friend as long as he lives, because I have added to his notoriety by saying he is a forger. Why did they not bring him on the stand? Mr. Dixon gives one reason. Because the jury would not believe him. And that is the man who is first found in possession of this will. That is the man in whose hands it is, and it is from that man that John A. Davis received it. And the reason that he is not put on the stand is that it is the deliberate opinion of the learned counsel in this case that no jury would believe him.

How does that work with you? James R. Eddy here—his deposition here—and they could not read his deposition because he was here—and they had him here and kept him here, so that we could not read his deposition. They were bound that he should not go on the stand. Why? Because the moment he got there he could be asked, Where did you find the will? Who was present when you found it? When did you first tell anybody about it? When did you first show it to John A. Davis? How much did he agree to give you for it? What witnesses have you talked to in this case? What witnesses have you written to in this case? What work have you done in this case? What affidavits have you made in this case? And what have you done with the other three wills that you have in this case?

Such questions might be asked him, and they were afraid to put him on the stand. Every letter that he had written would have been identified by him if he had been put on the stand. Maybe he would have been compelled to write in the presence of the jury, to see whether he would spell words correctly.

They knew that the moment he went on the stand their case was as dead as Julius Cæsar. They knew it and kept him off.

Now, there is only one way for them to win this case. And that is to keep out the evidence. Only one way to win the case—suppress John A. Davis. Keep your mouth closed or defeat will leap out of it. Eddy, keep still. Don’t let anything be seen that will throw any light upon this. I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, to take cognizance of what has been done in this case. Who is it that has tried to get the light? Who is it that has tried to get the evidence? Who is it that has objected? Who is it that wants you to try this case in the dark? Who is it that wants you to guess on your oaths? The failure of Eddy to testify is a confession of guilt. They dare not put him on the stand—dare not.

Now, gentlemen, there is a little more evidence in this case to which I am going to call your attention. Something has been said about a conversation in March, 1891. Sconce had his deposition taken in Bloomfield, Iowa. That deposition has been suppressed. John A. Davis was there at the time it was taken. John A. Davis and Sconce went into the passage leading up to the office of Carruthers. Mr. Burchett, sheriff of the county, a man having no possible earthly or heavenly interest in this

business, happened to stop at the corner to read his paper—looked at it as he opened it—and he then and there heard John A. Davis say, “Stick to that story and I will see that you get all the money you have been promised,” and thereupon Sconce replied, “All right I’ll do it.” Sconce denies it, and that denial is not worth the breath that he wasted in forming the denial. John A. Davis denies it. Of course he denies it. But he dare not tell where he got that will. He dare not do it. He wants you to do that for him. He wants you to lift him out of the gutter and wash the mud off him. He is afraid to do it himself.

I want to call your attention to that conversation, and that of itself is enough to impeach Sconce. That is enough of itself to show that John A. Davis was entering into a conspiracy or rather had entered into one with Mr. Sconce. Now, gentlemen, there is another thing, and we must not forget it. Curious people down in Salt Creek township, on the other side; of course there are plenty of good men there or the township could not exist, and we had a good many of them here—good, straight, honest, intelligent looking men. But the other side had some—all in the family—all of them.

Swaim, he was not in the family, but he is a clerk in Trimble’s bank, where Wallace is the cashier, where they suppress depositions; say they are not finished when they are signed by the person who swears to them.

John C. Sconce, the only living witness, whose “ancient but ignoble blood has crept through rascals ever since the flood,” cousin to James Davis, cousin to Job Davis, cousin to Mrs. Downey, cousin to Eddy, cousin to Dr. Downey by marriage, brother to T. J. Sconce, Jr., brother-in-law to Abe Wilkinson, cousin to Tom Glasgow and Sam, cousin to Moses Davis, cousin to Alex. Davis, uncle to Henshaw’s daughter, and father-in-law of George Quigley. Every one of them united. Blood is thicker than water. Eddy stuck to his family.

James R. Eddy—cousin to Sconce, son of Mrs. Downey, (Mrs. Downey, the duster lady, who remembers that Davis asked her to remain, but didn’t ask her advice, didn’t have her sign the will, didn’t give her any bequest, but there she was with her duster), grandson of James Davis, nephew of Job Davis, and related by blood or marriage to both the Glasgows, Moses and Alexander Davis, to T. J. Scotice and J. C. Sconce, Jr., Abe Wilkinson, George Quigley, S M. Henshaw, (the celebrated lawyer). J. L. Hughes, and Eli Dye, brother-in-law to C. O. Hughes, and foster brother to John Lisle, and Mrs. A. S. Bishop. And it is just lovely about John Lisle.

John Lisle is one of the fellows that saw this will. “How did you come to see it, John?” “James Davis,” he says, “was my guardian and he had to give a bond, and so one day when James Davis was away from home, I thought I would go and see the bond.”

Of course he thought James Davis kept the bond that he gave to somebody else—to the county judge; but Mr. Lisle pretends that he thought the bond would be in the possession of the man who gave it. And so he sneaked in to look among the papers. Now, do you believe such a story—that he thought that man had the bond? Didn’t he know that the bond was given to somebody else? Foolish! Bishop swears the same thing; James Davis was guardian for his wife, and he was looking to see if James had the bond; and another fellow by the name of Sconce, was looking for a note, and

when he opened this double sheet of paper folded four times and happened to see Sconce's name he said: "Here it is—a promissory note."

Mary Ann Davis—that is to say, Mrs. Eddy, that is to say, Mrs. Downey, is the mother of J. R. Eddy, daughter of James Davis, sister to Job, second cousin to Sconce, wife of Downey, and related by blood or marriage to Tom and Sam Glasgow, Moses and Alexander Davis, Abe Wilkinson, S. M. Henshaw, J. C. Sconce, Jr., T. J. Sconce, George Quigley and C. O. Hughes. All right in there, woven together.

E. H. Downey—son-in-law of James Davis, brother-in-law of Job, husband of Mary Ann Davis-Eddy-Downey, and step-father of Mr. Eddy.

J. C. Sconce. Jr.—cousin to Eddy, nephew of J. C. Sconce, Sr., cousin to Mrs. Downey, cousin of E. H. Downey, son-in-law of Henshaw, cousin to George Quigley, related to Tom and Sam Glasgow, Abe Wilkinson and Moses and Alex. Davis.

George Quigley—son-in-law of Sconce.

Sam Glasgow—cousin of Sconce, son-in-law of Dye, brother to Tom Glasgow, brother-in-law to Moses and Alex. Davis, cousin to Abe Wilkinson, and related by marriage to J. R. Eddy. Here they are, same blood. All have the same kind of memory; runs in the blood.

Henshaw—father-in-law to J. C. Sconce, Jr. Lisle—adopted son of James Davis, and his ward, and foster brother to Eddy. A. S. Bishop—married to Allie Lisle, ward of James Davis, foster sister of James R. Eddy.

T. J. Sconce—Eddy's cousin, J. R. Sconce's brother, brother-in-law and cousin to the Glasgows, cousin to Alex, and Moses Davis, brother-in-law to Abe Wilkinson and uncle to J. C. Sconce, Jr.

Moses Davis—cousin of Sconce, brother-in-law to the Glasgows, cousin to Abe Wilkinson, brother of Alex. Davis, and related to Eddy and Arthur Quigley.

Alexander Davis—cousin to Sconce, brother of Moses Davis, brother-in-law to the Glasgows, cousin to Wilkinson and related by marriage to Arthur Quigley.

Abe Wilkinson—brother-in-law to Sconce, cousin to Alex, and Moses Davis, and cousin to the Glasgows.

Tom Glasgow—cousin to Sconce, and Abe Wilkinson, and a brother-in-law of Moses Davis, and a brother to Sam Glasgow, and related by marriage to Eddy.

Arthur Quigley—brother-in-law to Alex. Davis, and brother to George Quigley, who is a son-in-law of Sconce. John L. Hughes—his nephew married Eddy's wife's sister. Eli Dye—father-in-law of Sam Glasgow.

There they are, all of them related except Swaim and Duckworth and Taylor; and Duckworth, he is in the tie business along with Eddy. There is the family tree. All growing on the same tree, and there is a wonderful likeness in the fruit. Why, that Glasgow has as good a memory as Sconce. He remembers that this is the same will he saw—paper like that, and he swears—I think it is Sam Glasgow—that he did not read the contents or see a signature. And yet he comes here, twenty-five years afterwards,

and swears it is the same paper. And then the paper was clean and now it is covered with all kinds and sorts of stains.

Now, gentlemen, take the signature of A. J. Davis, and I want you all to look at it. I say it is made of pieces. I say it is a patchwork. It is a dead signature. It has no personality—no vitality in it, and I want you to look at it, and look at it carefully. I say it is made of pieces. Of course every counterfeit that is worth anything, looks like the original, and the nearer it looks like the original the better the counterfeit. All the witnesses on the side of the proponent who have sworn that it is his signature, also swear that he wrote a rapid, firm hand—nervous, bold, free, and that he scarcely ever took his pen from the paper from the time he commenced his name until he finished; and I want you to look at that name. I will risk your sense; I will risk your judgment—honest, fair and free—whether that is a made signature, or whether it is the honest signature of any human being.

And now, gentlemen, one word more. I contend, first, that the evidence shows beyond all doubt that Job Davis did not write this will. Second, that it is shown beyond all doubt, that James R. Eddy did write this will, and that that evidence amounts to a demonstration. I claim that the will of 1880 was made precisely as E. W. Knight and Mr. Keith swear; that that will was utterly inconsistent with the will of 1866, even if that had been genuine; that it revokes that will, that its provisions were inconsistent, and that afterwards that will was destroyed, and that there is not one particle of evidence beneath the canopy of heaven to show that it was not made and to show that it was not destroyed.

And the Court will instruct you that the will of 1866, even if genuine, is not revived.

This is the end of the case. So I claim that the probabilities, the reason, the naturalness, are all on the side of the contestants in this case—all. And I tell you, that if the evidence can be depended on at all, A. J. Davis went to his grave with the idea that the law made a will good enough for him. Do you believe, if he were here, if he had a voice, that he would take this property and give it to John A. Davis; that he would leave out the children of the very woman who raised him; that he would leave out his other sisters, that he would leave out the children of his sisters and brothers? Do you believe it? I know that not one man on that jury believes it.

This case is in your hands. That property is in your hands. All the millions, however many there may be, are in your hands; they are to be disposed of by you under instructions from the Court as to the law. You are to do it. And, do you know, there is no prouder position in the world, there is no more splendid thing, than to be in a place where you can do justice. Above everybody and above everything should be the idea of justice; and whenever a man happens to sit on a jury in a case like this, or in any other important case, he ought to congratulate himself that he has the opportunity of showing, first, that he is a man, and second, of doing what in his judgment ought to be done, and there will never be a prouder recollection come to you hereafter than that you did your honest duty in this case. Say to this proponent: “If you wanted to show us that you got this will honestly, why didn’t you swear it; if you wanted us to believe it was a genuine will, why didn’t you have the nerve to take your oath that it is a genuine will?”

Now, you have the opportunity, gentlemen, of doing what is right. Your prejudice has been appealed to, but I say that you have the manhood, that you have the intelligence, and that you have the honesty to do exactly what you believe to be right; and whether you agree with me or not, I shall not call in question your integrity or your manhood. I am generous enough to allow for differences of opinion. But when you come to make up your verdict, I implore you to demand of yourselves the reasons; to be guided by what is natural; to be guided by what is reasonable. I want you to find that this will was found in the possession of Eddy in April or March, next in the hands of John A. Davis; and that John A. Davis dare not tell how he came in possession of it. John A. Davis, on the edge of the grave—for this world but a few days, and according to the law without that will he could have had an income of over fifty thousand a year. He was not satisfied with that. He wanted to take from his own brothers and sisters, wanted to leave his own blood in beggary.

He never saw the time in his life that he could earn five thousand a year—never. And he was not satisfied with fifty thousand—he wanted four and a half millions for himself. .

Gentlemen, I want you to do justice between all these heirs. I want you to show to the United States that you have the manhood, that you are free from prejudice, that you are influenced only by the facts, only by the evidence, and that being so influenced, you give a perfectly fair verdict—a verdict that you will be proud of as long as you live. How would you feel, to find a verdict here that this is a good will, and afterwards have it turn out to be what it is—an impudent, ignorant forgery?

Now, all I ask of you is to take this evidence into consideration. Don't be misled even by a Christian, or by a sinner, for that matter. Let us be absolutely honest with each other. We have been together for several weeks. We have gotten tolerably well acquainted. I have tried to treat everybody fairly and kindly, and I have tried to do so in this address.

I have had hard work to keep within certain limits. There would words get into my mouth and insist on coming out, but I said: "go away; go away." I don't want to hurt people's feelings if I can help it. I don't want anyone unnecessarily humiliated, but I say whatever stands between you and justice must give way; and if you have to walk over reputations—and if they become pavement you cannot help it. You must do exactly what is right, and let those who have done wrong bear the consequences.

Now, gentlemen, I have confidence in you. I have confidence in this verdict. I think I know what it will be. It will be that the will is spurious, and that the will of 1880 revoked it, whether spurious or not. That is my judgment, and I don't think there is any man in the world smart enough or ingenious enough to get any other verdict from you as long as John A. Davis was afraid to swear that it was an honest will; as long as James R. Eddy, the forger, dare not take the stand; and they will never get a verdict in this world without taking the stand, and if they do take it, that is the end. There is where they are.

Now, all I ask in the world, as I said, is a fair, honest, impartial verdict at your hands. That I expect. More than that I do not ask. And now, gentlemen, I may never see you again after this trial is over—separated we may be forever—but I want to thank you

from the bottom of my heart for the attention you have paid to the evidence in this case and for the patient hearing you have given me.

Note: The Jury disagreed and the case was compromised.

Argument Before The Vice-Chancellor In The Russell Case

IF your Honor please: I agree with Mr. Pancoast at least in one remark that he made—I think about the only one—that John Russell is dead. I think there is no controversy about that. But as to the other remarks made and the positions taken by him, I fail to agree.

In the first place, for several hundred years the courts of England, and for more than a hundred years the courts of this country, have very jealously guarded the right of dower; and wherever a woman has by antenuptial agreement given up her right of dower, all the courts have decided—and I know of no exception, and Mr. Pancoast has brought forward none—that at the time she made the contract waiving her dower she must have been in the possession of all of the facts, so that she could act with absolutely full knowledge. And where a man seeks to make an agreement by virtue of which the wife, or the supposed wife, shall waive her dower, decision after decision says that he must tell the truth, and the whole truth, and that it is just as fraudulent to suppress a fact as to manufacture one. He must tell the absolute truth. The relation of the parties is such, and the dower right is such, that the courts will not take the right away from the woman unless she gives it freely, and, at the time she gives it, knows all the facts bearing upon the question as to whether she should or should not release or waive her dower.

Now, on that same line the courts have taken another step. They do not put upon the wife the burden of showing that the husband was guilty of fraud directly; they simply put the burden upon the wife of showing what his property was and what the consideration was in the agreement; and then the court steps forward and says that if the amount is disproportionate when you take into consideration his wealth, then the burden is immediately shifted, and the person seeking something under his will, or seeking his property, must show that when the woman signed the antenuptial agreement she had been put in possession of all the facts; that she then knew, and knew from him, what he was worth; and that if she did not and the amount in the agreement is disproportionate to his estate, the agreement is null and void. Then gentlemen who represented the heirs of the testator, or the legatees, said: “Well, it was generally known that he was a rich man; that was his reputation in the neighborhood; and she, if she had taken any pains or acted with reasonable discretion, could have ascertained the fact.”

The Court then took another step in advance and said that it was not her duty; she was not bound to inquire as to his wealth; and yet Mr. Pancoast talks as though the maxim of caveat emptor applies in this business—as though it had been a bargain between two sharpers, she making what she could out of his admiration, and he cheapening her to the extent of his power, driving the best possible bargain, saying that she should have looked out for her rights; that she should have investigated and found out about his property; that she should have called in a detective to ascertain

what it was, and that the courtship should have been carried on in that commercial spirit.

But the law says: No; she is not obliged to ask a question. She is not obliged to take into consideration any thing that is said in the neighborhood. She relies upon one source for her information, and that is the man whom she is going to marry. And the law says he shall meet her with perfect candor, and there shall pass from his lips nothing but words of truth; and then if, being in full possession of all the truth, she makes the contract, that contract shall stand; otherwise, that it shall not.

There is no use of my quoting these decisions—there is no decision any other way.

The first question that arises is as to the condition of this contract under evidence—this antenuptial contract. Is the amount disproportionate to his estate?

If we are to try this case relying on the notions of Mr. Russell, and say that his opinion shall govern, why, it may be said that Russell imagined that he was generous. That would be astonishing, but hardly as astonishing as the fact that Mr. Pancoast thinks he is generous.

Mr. Pancoast: You don't know me very well.

Mr. Ingersoll: I don't think you would do so badly as that. It may be that Russell imagined that one thousand dollars in stock of some bank was a liberal provision in his will. I don't know whether he did, and I do not care whether he did or not. The question is not for Mr. Russell; it is not a question for Mr. Pancoast, and it is not a question for myself; it is for your Honor to decide. Is the amount mentioned in this antenuptial contract, taken together, if you please, with the fifteen hundred dollars in the will—is the amount made by the addition of the two amounts—disproportionate to this estate?

There is a case here from Illinois, Achilles vs. Achilles (which ought to be a strong case), in which I believe the man was worth seventeen or eighteen thousand dollars; and my recollection is that he provided an annuity of three hundred dollars for his wife, with rent free of a house; also rent free of a vacant lot for a garden. That is what he gave her—what would be about four hundred dollars or five hundred dollars a year; and he had eighteen thousand dollars. The Supreme Court of Illinois thought that amount so disproportionate to the value of the estate that the provision was set aside.

Now, in this case, five thousand dollars or six thousand dollars—we will say five thousand anyhow—is the amount; and there is an estate worth a quarter of a million or, to come even within their own testimony, worth two hundred thousand dollars.

The first question for your Honor to decide is whether that amount is so disproportionate to his estate that—unless the other side show that she was put in possession of all the facts—it must be set aside.

The defendants in this case have not endeavored to show that Mr. Russell ever informed the complainant what he was worth. The only evidence we have on that point is what he said with regard to his poverty—not one word about how much he had, and as to his poverty, only indirectly. And here is the way the old man's mind

worked: They were first engaged to be married. Mr. Pancoast believes, or at least he has expressed himself as though he thought, that a man of seventy-five could not be in love (I do not know what his experience is, but I hope no fate like that will overtake me), and that a woman of fifty could not feel the tender flame. I do not know enough about biology to state with accuracy how that is, but I heard a story once about a colored woman having lived to be one hundred and twenty-five, and a man interested in the question that Mr. Pancoast has raised asked this aged lady how old a woman had to be before she ceased to have thoughts about love?

And the old woman said: "I don't know, honey; you will have to ask somebody older than I is." And I guess that is about the experience of the race.

Mr. Russell said to this woman: "I want to make a contract with you, and I will give you fifteen thousand dollars." She said that was satisfactory, and Russell—having a little Semitic blood in his veins, I guess—said to himself, "I must have offered too much, she accepted so readily." So the next time he saw her he said, "I do not think I can make it more than ten thousand dollars." "Well," she said, "all right; ten thousand dollars will do." In the meantime he was getting a little older, and the last time he came he said he could not make it more than five thousand dollars, because his estate was so entangled that he did not know that he would be able to pay it—that it would be a pretty difficult job to pay that amount within six months. Well, she accepted, and in order that she should accept it, he said that, in addition, he would provide well for her in his will—that he would make a liberal provision. There is the contract. No evidence in the world that he told her what he was worth; the only evidence is that he pleaded poverty.

And right at this point, I say that all the decisions I know of declare the contract void unless the defence, on their part, show that she was put in full possession of all the facts; and that the defence in this case did not do.

Now, so far as this contract is concerned, on the evidence it is void, and void notwithstanding the fact that the trustees paid her five hundred dollars; and Mr. Pancoast, according to my recollection, is mistaken when he says that she demanded the balance. He offered her the balance, and she stated that she had been informed that she had some rights against the estate, and therefore refused to receive it. That is the fact about it. He sent her five hundred dollars, and wanted to send her the balance, but she would not have it. Then he asked her to take it, and showed her a receipt to be signed, in which she waived everything, and she refused to sign it.

Under those circumstances I do not think it is possible for your Honor to say that she has been estopped.

The next point raised by Mr. Pancoast is that the oral agreement to provide well for her in the will is void under the statute of frauds.

Well, I am free to say that I do not know how it is in New Jersey, but in every other State in which I am acquainted with the law, the statute of frauds, to be operative, must always be pleaded. I do not know how it is here. That statute has not been pleaded in this case, and I never heard of it until the argument to-day. If it is to be pleaded before it can be invoked, it is too late to cite it now. But let us go on the

supposition that he is right, that the antenuptial contract is void, and that the other contract to provide for her in the will is also void. Then where does that leave us? That leaves us exactly as though no contract had been made. That leaves us without any antenuptial contract, without any agreement to provide liberally for her in the will. Then what is our condition? Then the wife is entitled to her dower in the real estate; that follows as a necessity. She loses her interest in the personalty, because that is given away by the will, but if the antenuptial contract and parole agreement are both dead—one because disproportionate to the estate and because of the fraud of Russell, and the other on account of the statute of frauds, then she is left with her dower in the real estate. It is impossible, it seems to me, to arrive at any other conclusion. It certainly would be inequitable to say that she had been estopped on account of what was done with the five thousand dollars in the hands of the trustees.

There is another view of it. There has been, if the contracts are good, a partial performance; and that of itself would take it out of the statute of frauds.

Then the question is, if it is out of the statute of frauds, and if it is out because the contract has been partially performed, the next question, and, it seems to me, the only question that arises, is, has a court of equity the right to determine what the words "You shall be well provided for," "I will provide for you liberally in my will," or "I will make a liberal provision for you in my will"—what those words mean?

According to the idea of counsel on the other side, the Court is bound to decide according to the meaning that was in the mind of Mr. Russell. But there comes in here another principle. The only way we can find the meaning in his mind is by finding the words that he used; and we are not to import his meanness into the words, if he had meanness; neither would we import his generosity, if he had generosity. We would give to those words their natural meaning, apart from the thought of the one who used them, and apart from the thought of the one who heard them, because the words are known, their meaning is known and can be ascertained by the Court.

Now, the word "reasonable" is about as hard a word to define as a court was ever called upon to define, and yet courts of law and courts of equity, in hundreds and thousands of instances, have passed upon the meaning of the word "reasonable," and have not only passed upon its meaning, but have given it from time to time definitions.

A man must give reasonable care to the property of another given into his keeping. Well, what is reasonable care? Is it reasonable for him to take such care of it as he does of his own? Not if he is unreasonably careless of his own. And the law takes another step, and says you must take such care of it as is reasonable, as a reasonable man would, and the courts then go on to define what a reasonable man under the circumstances would do. Now, there is no word in the language that courts have been called upon to define that is vaguer—where the line between dawn and dusk, between light and dawn, has to be drawn with greater care or greater intelligence—than that word "reasonable." The word "appropriate" has been decided again and again. The word "necessary," the word "convenient," the word "suitable"—"suitable to his or her

condition in life"—"suitable to the condition of the party"—all these words have been given judicial meaning hundreds and thousands of times.

And now we come to the word "liberal," is that a hard word to define?

Everybody in the world has his notion of what liberal means. Given the circumstances and the actions of the man, and everyone you meet is ready to decide whether he is liberal or illiberal. A man loses his pocketbook; five thousand dollars in it; a boy finds it, returns it to him, and he gives the boy five cents. There is not a man in the world, no matter whether he is a judge or not, who would say that was liberal—nobody. If there was only a dollar in the pocketbook and he gave him half of it, you would say that was liberal. You would have to take the circumstances into consideration. You also take into consideration the circumstances of the man who found it. If he is a poor man you can not be liberal unless you give him more than you would give the man who did not need it.

What is a liberal provision for a wife that has no means of making her own living? If the man is able, nothing less than a sufficient sum to take care of her. Suppose Mr. Vanderbilt, who is worth two or three hundred millions—I do not know what he is worth, and I do not care, but I suppose he is worth a hundred millions—should agree to make a liberal provision for his wife, and make it so that he gets away from the statute of frauds, and thereupon leaves her twenty-five hundred dollars. Nobody would say that was liberal. Why? Because that word is capable of a clear and reasonably exact definition. To be liberal, he would have to leave her enough to live in the same style that she has been living in with him, and enough to keep her during her life. Anything less than that would be illiberal, mean, contemptible.

So I might go through all the actions of men in regard to contracts, payments, divisions. We all know what liberal means, and it always means a little more than the law could compel you to do. If a man hires another and says, "I will give you five dollars a day," and the other works twenty days, and he gives him one hundred dollars; nobody says he is liberal, and nobody says he is mean. But when the man goes further and says, "You have worked well; I am very much pleased with what you have done; there is fifty dollars (or twenty-five dollars) as a present," everybody says, "Why, that is liberal, that is generous." But no man ever yet got the reputation of being generous by doing exactly what he was bound to do. He may have the reputation of being just, honest, of keeping his contracts, of being a good, fair, square man, but he never got the reputation of being generous, and he never got the reputation of being liberal, by simply doing what the law compelled him to do, or what his contract compelled him to do, or what he did in consideration of that for which he had received value.

In this case Russell said, "I will make a liberal provision for you in my will." If he had made no will the law would have given her one-third of his personal property. That would not have been liberal. That would simply have been the law. That is the law, and that is what the law has said is just. Whether the law is right or not, I do not know, but that is what the law says. That is just, and no man can be liberal unless he goes just a little beyond justness—just a little.

So when he says, “I will provide for you liberally in my will,” in order to comply with that agreement he has got to go somewhat beyond the law, and the law says one-third; it is impossible for him to be liberal without going a little beyond one-third, and then he is only liberal to the extent that he does go beyond what the law fixes.

Now, it seems to me that there is no escape from that. Neither does it seem to me that there is the slightest difficulty in your Honor fixing what is liberal—no more difficulty than you would have in saying what is right; and we have hundreds of cases where a man has said, “If you will do so and so I will do what is right,” and it has been enforced—has been enforced thousands and thousands of times. “I will do what is right,” “I will do what is just,” “I will do what is liberal,” “I will do what is necessary and proper”—all these words have been judicially determined and their meaning fixed by hundreds and thousands of decisions. I do not see the slightest trouble in that.

So, in this case, looking at the parole contract as bad—and it is bad—the woman is at the very least entitled to her dower; and the only way that she can be robbed of it is by holding that a contract is good which was made by her without any knowledge of the value of the property that he held. But every decision says that makes the contract void, and that she is not bound to make examination herself; he is bound to give her that information. The law says that when two hearts come together in that way, and there is supposed to be affection, they must be candid. He must conceal nothing. His hands must be open; not only must what he says be the truth, but he must tell it all, and she cannot be bound by any contract that she does not make in the full blaze of all the facts. She must have them all, and if he keeps back any, if he makes himself poorer than he is, he destroys the contract. If he tries to take advantage of her the law says he only takes advantage of himself. The Court is her attorney; the Court appears for her for the preservation of her dower right; and the Court will not allow a man to take advantage of any misstatement, of any suppression, of any fraud, no matter whether active fraud, or a fraud that rests in non-action. The Court is her attorney and says the contract is bad, and if you try to deceive her you deceive yourself; and if you fail to put her in possession of all the facts the consideration of the contract fails and it is dead and done.

If these decisions have any meaning, that is the law, and if there is a decision on the other side, I should like to hear it. I haven’t found one, not one; and in all the cases where applications have been made to set aside an antenuptial contract, I have not found one where the disproportion was as great as it appears in this case. The difference is between six thousand five hundred dollars and an estate of a quarter of a million. I have not found one that had anywhere near that disproportion, and yet case after case is set aside on the disproportion of about four hundred dollars or five hundred dollars a year and the fortune of eighteen thousand dollars—one where it is thirty thousand and she gets about five hundred dollars. I do not know of a solitary case where the deception was as great as in this. I do not say that he intentionally deceived, because I do not know, and, as Mr. Pancoast remarked, he is dead. We simply go on the facts that are shown.

Now, as to the value of the property, I do not think there is any real dispute about that. Mr. Russell is one of the executors, and when he went over the real estate here

on the stand he had in his hand a list of all that real estate, with the values put upon it by our two witnesses; and he was asked the value, and he looked at the parcel, and he looked at the amount, and I tried it here myself, just to see if I could guess what his answer would be. I deducted in my own mind fifty per cent, sometimes, sometimes thirty per cent., sometimes forty per cent., and I hit it within five dollars in fifteen cases, just guessing by myself what he would say, because I knew that he was going by the figures without the slightest reference, in many cases, to what the property was worth. He estimated one parcel at two thousand two hundred dollars; I think it was worth about five thousand dollars. He fixed another at three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars; I think it is worth about five thousand dollars. He fixed a third at four hundred dollars; I think it is worth about six hundred dollars. When he was asked about those same parcels, without the figures he sometimes went beyond the price that our experts had fixed; sometimes he doubled his own price, and sometimes he fell below his price. I think in one or two instances he even fell below; but that at the time he had in his mind, any knowledge apart from the figures that had been made by the experts, I do not believe.

The Vice Chancellor: Is it of any significance? If your argument is right the disproportion is so great that it makes no difference.

Mr. Ingersoll: Perhaps not. Then his co-executor was not called at all. So I take it that we can safely say that the property was worth in all two hundred thousand dollars, taking it according to their own estimate. The estimate of the man who fixed it on account of the inheritance tax, I do not think is of any weight. He did not go over it all and did not see it. I say the disproportion is so great—they having failed to show that the knowledge was in her possession, put there by him—that the contract must be set aside. That we insist upon.

One of two things has to be done, it seems to me: Both those contracts set aside and her dower in the real estate given to her, or both contracts allowed to stand and the court to fix what is a liberal provision in the will—and in that, for one, I see no difficulty. “Liberal” is a word as easily understood at least as the word “reasonable”—certainly as the word “necessary,” certainly as the word “convenient,” certainly as the word “suitable,” and in fact I might say as almost any other word except some scientific term that limits its own definition.

Now, we have already said that a liberal provision could not be less than the law gives us. In that view of the case, she should have, in lieu of her dower, the five thousand dollars, and, on account of the will she should have at least whatever one-third of the personal property is worth.

It seems to me that one of those two courses must be pursued. Here is an old man who wants to get a woman some twenty-five years younger than he is. Just think how Mr. Pancoast’s blood would throb at a woman twenty-five years younger than he. Think what visions would haunt his brain. Think of the Cupids that, with outstretched wings, would follow in the darkness of the night as he contemplated his happiness. Here was a man of that age who wanted this woman, and taking into consideration his ideas of money—a man that considered a thousand dollars a liberal provision; one worth two hundred and thirty thousand dollars or two hundred and

forty thousand dollars, offering her five thousand dollars—he wanted her badly. You can hardly think of a more wonderful thought visiting his brain than that of giving all that money for a woman nearly twenty-five years younger than himself.

I want to be kind to Mr. Russell; I want to say that he was honestly in love with this woman. I want to be respectful to her by saying that the affection was reciprocated, and that on her part it was absolutely honest. But I do say that Mr. Russell withheld from her the information as to his property. Mr. Russell endeavored to drive the best bargain he could, and I say that by keeping back the facts that he was bound to make known to her, he defeated himself—that while he did deceive her, he destroyed his contract.

Now, by no way of reasoning I can think of can you arrive at any different conclusion. All matters of this kind, of course, should be dealt with from a high standard, the highest standard we have, the very highest. The affection that man has for woman is, in my judgment, the holiest and the most beautiful thing in nature; the affection that woman has for man—that affection, that something that we call love—has done all there is of value in the world. It has civilized mankind; made all the poems, painted all the pictures, and composed all the music. Take it from the world and we shall be simply wild beasts—far worse than wild beasts, for they have affection for each other and for their young.

So I say this should be treated from the highest possible standpoint, and treating it in that way your Honor must say that a woman must act with a full knowledge of every fact that had any bearing upon the question to be decided by her; and if she was not put in possession of all of these facts, by the man who said he loved her, then the contract is void.

On the other hand, if the contract is held valid, and with it the agreement to provide liberally for her in his will, then I say that there can be no liberality that does not go beyond the law. In the one case she is entitled to five thousand dollars and one-third of the personality, and in the other case she is entitled to her dower.

Volume 11

Address On The Civil Rights Act

ON the 22d of October, 1883, a vast number of citizens met at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., to give expression to their views concerning the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in which it is held that the Civil Rights Act is unconstitutional.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was one of the speakers.

I have the honor to introduce Robert G. Ingersoll.

MR. INGERSOLL'S SPEECH.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have met for the purpose of saying a few words about the recent decision of the Supreme Court, in which that tribunal has held the first and second sections of the Civil Rights Act to be unconstitutional; and so held in spite of the fact that for years the people of the North and South have, with singular unanimity, supposed the Act to be constitutional—supposed that it was upheld by the 13th and 14th Amendments,—and so supposed because they knew with certainty the intention of the framers of the amendments. They knew this intention, because they knew what the enemies of the amendments and the enemies of the Civil Rights Act claimed was the intention. And they also knew what the friends of the amendments and the law admitted the intention to be. The prejudices born of ignorance and of slavery had died or fallen asleep, and even the enemies of the amendments and the law had accepted the situation.

But I shall speak of the decision as I feel, and in the same manner as I should speak even in the presence of the Court. You must remember that I am not attacking persons, but opinions—not motives, but reasons—not judges, but decisions.

The Supreme Court has decided:

1. That the first and second sections of the Civil Rights Act of March 1, 1875, are unconstitutional, as applied to the States—not being authorized by the 13th and 14th Amendments.

2. That the 14th Amendment is prohibitory upon the States only, and the legislation forbidden to be adopted by Congress for enforcing it, is not "direct" legislation, but "corrective,"—such as may be necessary or proper for counteracting and restraining the effect of laws or acts passed or done by the several States.

3. That the 13th Amendment relates only to slavery and involuntary servitude, which it abolishes.

4. That the 13th Amendment establishes universal freedom in the United States.

5. That Congress may probably pass laws directly enforcing its provisions.

6. That such legislative power in Congress extends only to the subject of slavery, and its incidents.

7. That the denial of equal accommodations in inns, public conveyances and places of public amusement, imposes no badge of slavery or involuntary servitude upon the party, but at most infringes rights which are protected from State aggression by the 14th Amendment.

8. The Court is uncertain whether the accommodations and privileges sought to be protected by the first and second sections of the Civil Rights Act are or are not rights constitutionally demandable,—and if they are, in what form they are to be protected.

9. Neither does the Court decide whether the law, as it stands, is operative in the Territories and the District of Columbia.

10. Neither does the Court decide whether Congress, under the commercial power, may or may not pass a law securing to all persons equal accommodations on lines of public conveyance between two or more States.

11. The Court also holds, in the present case, that until some State law has been passed, or some State action through its officers or agents has been taken adverse to the rights of citizens sought to be protected by the 14th Amendment, no legislation of the United States under said amendment, or any proceeding under such legislation, can be called into activity, for the reason that the prohibitions of the amendment are against State laws and acts done under State authority. The essence of said decision being, that the managers and owners of inns, railways, and all public conveyances, of theatres and all places of public amusement, may discriminate on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, and that the citizen so discriminated against, is without redress.

This decision takes from seven millions of people the shield of the Constitution. It leaves the best of the colored race at the mercy of the meanest of the white. It feeds fat the ancient grudge that vicious ignorance bears toward race and color. It will be approved and quoted by hundreds of thousands of unjust men. The masked wretches who, in the darkness of night, drag the poor negro from his cabin, and lacerate with whip and thong his quivering flesh, will, with bloody hands, applaud the Supreme Court. The men who, by mob violence, prevent the negro from depositing his ballot—who with gun and revolver drive him from the polls, and those who insult with vile and vulgar words the inoffensive colored girl, will welcome this decision with hyena joy. The basest will rejoice—the noblest will mourn.

But even in the presence of this decision, we must remember that it is one of the necessities of government that there should be a court of last resort; and while all courts will more or less fail to do justice, still, the wit of man has, as yet, devised no better way. Even after reading this decision, we must take it for granted that the judges of the Supreme Court arrived at their conclusions honestly and in accordance with the best light they had. While they had the right to render the decision, every citizen has the right to give his opinion as to whether that decision is good or bad. Knowing that they are liable to be mistaken, and honestly mistaken, we should always be charitable enough to admit that others may be mistaken; and we may also

take another step, and admit that we may be mistaken about their being mistaken. We must remember, too, that we have to make judges out of men, and that by being made judges their prejudices are not diminished and their intelligence is not increased. No matter whether a man wears a crown or a robe or a rag. Under the emblem of power and the emblem of poverty, the man alike resides. The real thing is the man—the distinction often exists only in the clothes. Take away the crown—there is only a man. Remove the robe—there remains a man. Take away the rag, and we find at least a man.

There was a time in this country when all bowed to a decision of the Supreme Court. It was unquestioned. It was regarded as "a voice from on high." The people heard and they obeyed. The Dred Scott decision destroyed that illusion forever. From that day to this the people have claimed the privilege of putting the decisions of the Supreme Court in the crucible of reason. These decisions are no longer exempt from honest criticism. While the decision remains, it is the law. No matter how absurd, no matter how erroneous, no matter how contrary to reason and justice, it remains the law. It must be overturned either by the Court itself (and the Court has overturned hundreds of its own decisions), or by legislative action, or by an amendment to the Constitution. We do not appeal to armed revolution. Our Government is so framed that it provides for what may be called perpetual peaceful revolution. For the redress of any grievance, for the purpose of righting any wrong, there is the perpetual remedy of an appeal to the people.

We must remember, too, that judges keep their backs to the dawn. They find what has been, what is, but not what ought to be. They are tied and shackled by precedent, fettered by old decisions, and by the desire to be consistent, even in mistakes. They pass upon the acts and words of others, and like other people, they are liable to make mistakes. In the olden time we took what the doctors gave us, we believed what the preachers said; and accepted, without question, the judgments of the highest court. Now it is different. We ask the doctor what the medicine is, and what effect he expects it to produce. We cross-examine the minister, and we criticise the decision of the Chief-Justice. We do this, because we have found that some doctors do not kill, that some ministers are quite reasonable, and that some judges know something about law. In this country, the people are the sovereigns. All officers—including judges—are simply their servants, and the sovereign has always the right to give his opinion as to the action of his agent. The sovereignty of the people is the rock upon which rests the right of speech and the freedom of the press.

Unfortunately for us, our fathers adopted the common law of England—a law poisoned by kingly prerogative—by every form of oppression, by the spirit of caste, and permeated, saturated, with the political heresy that the people received their rights, privileges and immunities from the crown. The thirteen original colonies received their laws, their forms, their ideas of justice, from the old world. All the judicial, legislative, and executive springs and sources had been touched and tainted.

In the struggle with England, our fathers justified their rebellion by declaring that Nature had clothed all men with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The moment success crowned their efforts, they changed their noble declaration of equal rights for all, and basely interpolated the word "white." They

adopted a Constitution that denied the Declaration of Independence—a Constitution that recognized and upheld slavery, protected the slave-trade, legalized piracy upon the high seas—that demoralized, degraded, and debauched the nation, and that at last reddened with brave blood the fields of the Republic.

Our fathers planted the seeds of injustice, and we gathered the harvest. In the blood and flame of civil war, we retraced our fathers' steps. In the stress of war, we implored the aid of Liberty, and asked once more for the protection of Justice. We civilized the Constitution of our fathers. We adopted three Amendments—the 13th, 14th and 15th—the Trinity of Liberty.

Let us examine these amendments:

"Neither slavery, nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

"Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Before the adoption of this amendment, the Constitution had always been construed to be the perfect shield of slavery. In order that slavery might be protected, the slave States were considered as sovereign. Freedom was regarded as a local prejudice, slavery as the ward of the Nation, the jewel of the Constitution. For three-quarters of a century, the Supreme Court of the United States exhausted judicial ingenuity in guarding, protecting and fostering that infamous institution. For the purpose of preserving that infinite outrage, words and phrases were warped, and stretched, and tortured, and thumbscrewed, and racked. Slavery was the one sacred thing, and the Supreme Court was its constitutional guardian.

To show the faithfulness of that tribunal, I call your attention to the 3d clause of the 2d section of the 4th article of the Constitution:

"No person held to service or labor in any State under the laws thereof, escaping to another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

The framers of the Constitution were ashamed to use the word "slave," and thereupon they said "person." They were ashamed to use the word "slavery," and they evaded it by saying, "held to service or labor." They were ashamed to put in the word "master," so they called him "the party to whom service or labor may be due."

How can a slave owe service? How can a slave owe labor? How could a slave make a contract? How could the master have a legal claim against a slave? And yet, the Supreme Court of the United States found no difficulty in upholding the Fugitive Slave Law by virtue of that clause. There were hundreds of decisions declaring that Congress had power to pass laws to carry that clause into effect, and it was carried into effect.

You will observe the wording of this clause:

“No person held to service or labor in any State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.”

To whom was this clause directed? To individuals or to States? It expressly provides that the “person” held to service or labor shall not be discharged from such service or labor in consequence of any law or regulation in the “State” to which he has fled. Did that law apply to States, or to individuals?

The Supreme Court held that it applied to individuals as well as to States. Any “person,” in any State, interfering with the master who was endeavoring to steal the person he called his slave, was liable to indictment, and hundreds and thousands were indicted, and hundreds languished in prisons because they were noble enough to hold in infinite contempt such infamous laws and such infamous decisions. The best men in the United States—the noblest spirits under the flag—were imprisoned because they were charitable, because they were just, because they showed the hunted slave the path to freedom, and taught him where to find amid the glittering host of heaven the blessed Northern Star.

Every fugitive slave carried that clause with him when he entered a free State; carried it into every hiding place; and every Northern man was bound, by virtue of that clause, to act as the spy and hound of slavery. The Supreme Court, with infinite ease, made a club of that clause with which to strike down the liberty of the fugitive and the manhood of the North.

In the Dred Scott decision it was solemnly decided that a man of African descent, whether a slave or not, was not, and could not be, a citizen of a State or of the United States. The Supreme Court held on the even tenor of its way, and in the Rebellion that tribunal was about the last fort to surrender.

The moment the 13th Amendment was adopted, the slaves became freemen. The distinction between “white” and “colored” vanished. The negroes became as though they had never been slaves—as though they had always been free—as though they had been white. They became citizens—they became a part of “the people,” and “the people” constituted the State, and it was the State thus constituted that was entitled to the constitutional guarantee of a republican government.

These freed men became citizens—became a part of the State in which they lived.

The highest and noblest definition of a State, in our Reports, was given by Justice Wilson, in the case of Chisholm, &c., vs. Georgia;

“By a State, I mean a complete body of free persons, united for their common benefit, to enjoy peaceably what is their own, and to do justice to others.”

Chief Justice Chase declared that:

“The people, in whatever territory dwelling, whether temporarily or permanently, or whether organized under regular government, or united by less definite relations, constitute the State.”

Now, if the people, the moment the 13th Amendment was adopted were all free, and if these people constituted the State; if, under the Constitution of the United States, every State is guaranteed a republican government, then it is the duty of the General Government to see to it that every State has such a government. If distinctions are made between free men on account of race or color, the government is not republican. The manner in which this guarantee of a republican form of government is to be enforced or made good, must be left to the wisdom and discretion of Congress.

The 13th Amendment not only destroyed, but it built. It destroyed the slave-pen, and on its site erected the temple of Liberty. It did not simply free slaves—it made citizens. It repealed every statute that upheld slavery. It erased from every Report every decision against freedom. It took the word "white" from every law, and blotted from the Constitution all clauses acknowledging property in man.

If, then, all the people in each State, were, by virtue of the 13th Amendment, free, what right had a majority to enslave a minority? What right had a majority to make any distinctions between free men? What right had a majority to take from a minority any privilege, or any immunity, to which they were entitled as free men? What right had the majority to make that unequal which the Constitution made equal?

Not satisfied with saying that slavery should not exist, we find in the amendment the words "nor involuntary servitude." This was intended to destroy every mark and badge of legal inferiority.

Justice Field upon this very question, says:

"It is, however, clear that the words 'involuntary servitude' include something more than slavery, in the strict sense of the term. They include also serfage, vassalage, villanage, peonage, and all other forms of compulsory service for the mere benefit or pleasure of others. Nor is this the full import of the term. The abolition of slavery and involuntary servitude was intended to make every one born in this country a free man, and as such to give him the right to pursue the ordinary avocations of life without other restraint than such as affects all others, and to enjoy equally with them the fruits of his labor. A person allowed to pursue only one trade or calling, and only in one locality of the country, would not be, in the strict sense of the term, in a condition of slavery, but probably no one would deny that he would be in a condition of servitude. He certainly would not possess the liberties, or enjoy the privileges of a freeman."

Justice Field also quotes with approval the language of the counsel for the plaintiffs in the case:

"Whenever a law of a State, or a law of the United States, makes a discrimination between classes of persons which deprives the one class of their freedom or their property, or which makes a caste of them, to subserve the power, pride, avarice, vanity or vengeance of others—there involuntary servitude exists within the meaning of the 13th Amendment."

To show that the framers of the 13th Amendment intended to blot out every form of slavery and servitude, I call attention to the Civil Rights Act, approved April 9, 1866, which provided, among other things, that:

"All persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power—excluding Indians not taxed—are citizens of the United States; and such citizens, of every race and color, without regard to any previous condition of slavery or involuntary servitude, are entitled to the full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property enjoyed by white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishments, pains and penalties—and to none other—any law, statute, ordinance, regulation or custom to the contrary notwithstanding; and they shall have the same rights in every State and Territory of the United States as white persons."

The Supreme Court, in *The Slaughter-House Cases,* (16 Wallace, 69) has said that the word servitude has a larger meaning than the word slavery. "The word 'servitude' implies subjection to the will of another contrary to the common right." A man is in a state of involuntary servitude when he is forced to do, or prevented from doing, a thing, not by the law of the State, but by the simple will of another. He who enjoys less than the common rights of a citizen, he who can be forced from the public highway at the will of another, who can be denied entrance to the cars of a common carrier, is in a state of servitude.

The 13th Amendment did away with slavery not only, and with involuntary servitude, but with every badge and brand and stain and mark of slavery. It abolished forever distinctions on account of race and color.

In the language of the Supreme Court:

"It was the obvious purpose of the 13th Amendment to forbid all shades and conditions of African slavery."

And to that I add, it was the obvious purpose of that amendment to forbid all shades and conditions of slavery, no matter of what sort or kind—all marks of legal inferiority. Each citizen was to be absolutely free. All his rights complete, whole, unmaimed and unabridged.

From the moment of the adoption of that amendment, the law became color-blind. All distinctions on account of complexion vanished. It took the whip from the hand of the white man, and put the nation's flag above the negro's hut. It gave horizon, scope and dome to the lowest life. It stretched a sky studded with stars of hope above the humblest head.

The Supreme Court has admitted, in the very case we are now discussing, that:

"Under the 13th Amendment the legislation meaning the legislation of Congress—so far as necessary or proper to eradicate all forms and incidents of slavery and involuntary servitude, may be direct and primary, operating upon the acts of individuals, whether sanctioned by State legislation or not."

Here we have the authority for dealing with individuals.

The only question then remaining is, whether an individual, being the keeper of a public inn, or the agent of a railway corporation, created by a State, can be held responsible in a Federal Court for discriminating against a citizen of the United States on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. If such discrimination is a badge of slavery, or places the party discriminated against in a condition of involuntary servitude, then the Civil Rights Act may be upheld by the 13th Amendment.

In The United Slates vs. Harris, 106 U. S., 640, the Supreme Court says:

"It is clear that the 13th Amendment, besides abolishing forever slavery and involuntary servitude within the United States, gives power to Congress to protect all citizens from being in any way subjected to slavery or involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, and in the enjoyment of that freedom which it was the object of the amendment to secure."

This declaration covers the entire case.

I agree with Justice Field:

"The 13th Amendment is not confined to African slavery. It is general and universal in its application—prohibiting the slavery of white men as well as black men, and not prohibiting mere slavery in the strict sense of the term, but involuntary servitude in every form." 16 Wallace, 90.

The 13th Amendment declares that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist. Who must see to it that this declaration is carried out? There can be but one answer. It is the duty of Congress.

At last the question narrows itself to this: Is a citizen of the United States, when denied admission to public inns, railway cars and theatres, on account of his race or color, in a condition of involuntary servitude? If he is, then he is under the immediate protection of the General Government, by virtue of the 13th Amendment; and the Civil Rights Act is clearly constitutional.

If excluded from one inn, he may be from all; if from one car, why not from all? The man who depends for the preservation of his privileges upon a conductor, instead of the Constitution, is in a condition of involuntary servitude. He who depends for his rights—not upon the laws of the land, but upon a landlord, is in a condition of involuntary servitude.

The framers of the 13th Amendment knew that the negro would be persecuted on account of his race and color—knew that many of the States could not be trusted to protect the rights of the colored man; and for that reason, the General Government was clothed with power to protect the colored people from all forms of slavery and involuntary servitude.

Of what use are the declarations in the Constitution that slavery and involuntary servitude shall not exist, and that all persons born or naturalized in the United States shall be citizens—not only of the United States, but of the States in which they reside—if, behind these declarations, there is no power to act—no duty for the General Government to discharge?

Notwithstanding the 13th Amendment had been adopted—notwithstanding slavery and involuntary servitude had been legally destroyed—it was found that the negro was still the helpless victim of the white man. Another amendment was needed; and all the Justices of the Supreme Court have told us why the 14th Amendment was adopted.

Justice Miller, speaking for the entire court, tells us that:

"In the struggle of the civil war, slavery perished, and perished as a necessity of the bitterness and force of the conflict."

That:

"When the armies of freedom found themselves on the soil of slavery, they could do nothing else than free the victims whose enforced servitude was the foundation of the war."

He also admits that:

"When hard pressed in the contest, the colored men (for they proved themselves men in that terrible crisis) offered their services, and were accepted, by thousands, to aid in suppressing the unlawful rebellion."

He also informs us that:

"Notwithstanding the fact that the Southern States had formerly recognized the abolition of slavery, the condition of the slave, without further protection of the Federal Government, was almost as bad as it had been before."

And he declares that:

"The Southern States imposed upon the colored race onerous disabilities and burdens—curtailed their rights in the pursuit of liberty and property, to such an extent that their freedom was of little value, while the colored people had lost the protection which they had received from their former owners from motives of interest."

And that:

"The colored people in some States were forbidden to appear in the towns in any other character than that of menial servants—that they were required to reside on the soil without the right to purchase or own it—that they were excluded from many occupations of gain and profit—that they were not permitted to give testimony in the courts where white men were on trial—and it was said that their lives were at the mercy of bad men, either because laws for their protection were insufficient, or were not enforced."

We are informed by the Supreme Court that, "under these circumstances," the proposition for the 14th Amendment was passed through Congress, and that Congress declined to treat as restored to full participation in the Government of the Union, the States which had been in insurrection, until they ratified that article by a formal vote of their legislative bodies.

Thus it will be seen that the rebel States were restored to the Union by adopting the 14th Amendment. In order to become equal members of the Federal Union, these States solemnly agreed to carry out the provisions of that amendment.

The 14th Amendment provides that:

"All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside."

That is affirmative in its character. That affirmation imposes the obligation upon the General Government to protect its citizens everywhere. That affirmation clothes the Federal Government with power to protect its citizens. Under that clause, the Federal arm can reach to the boundary of the Republic, for the purpose of protecting the weakest citizen from the tyranny of citizens or States. That clause is a contract between the Government and every man—a contract wherein the citizen promises allegiance, and the nation promises protection.

By this clause, the Federal Government adopted all the citizens of all the States and Territories, including the District of Columbia, and placed them under the shield of the Constitution—made each one a ward of the Republic.

Under this contract, the Government is under direct obligation to the citizen. The Government cannot shirk its responsibility by leaving a citizen to be protected in his rights, as a citizen of the United States, by a State. The obligation of protection is direct. The obligation on the part of the citizen to the Government is direct. The citizen cannot be untrue to the Government because his State is, The action of the State under the 14th Amendment is no excuse for the citizen. He must be true to the Government. In war, the Government has a right to his service. In peace, he has the right to be protected.

If the citizen must depend upon the State, then he owes the first allegiance to that government or power that is under obligation to protect him. Then, if a State secedes from the Union, the citizen should go with the State—should go with the power that protects.

That is not my doctrine. My doctrine is this: The first duty of the General Government is to protect each citizen. The first duty of each citizen is to be true—not to his State, but to the Republic.

This clause of the 14th Amendment made us all citizens of the United States—all children of the Republic. Under this decision, the Republic refuses to acknowledge her children. Under this decision of the Supreme Court, they are left upon the doorsteps of the States. Citizens are changed to foundlings.

If the 14th Amendment created citizens of the United States, the power that created must define the rights of the citizens thus created, and must provide a remedy where such rights are infringed. The Federal Government speaks through its representatives—through Congress; and Congress, by the Civil Rights Act, defined some of the rights, privileges and immunities of a citizen of the United States—and Congress provided a remedy when such rights and privileges were invaded, and gave jurisdiction to the Federal courts.

No State, or the department of any State, can authoritatively define the rights, privileges and immunities of a citizen of the United States. These rights and immunities must be defined by the United States, and when so defined, they cannot be abridged by State authority.

In the case of Bartemeyer vs. Iowa, 18 Wall., p. 140, Justice Field, in a concurring opinion, speaking of the 14th Amendment, says:

"It grew out of the feeling that a nation which had been maintained by such costly sacrifices was, after all, worthless, if a citizen could not be protected in all his fundamental rights, everywhere—North and South, East and West—throughout the limits of the Republic. The amendment was not, as held in the opinion of the majority, primarily intended to confer citizenship on the negro race. It had a much broader purpose. It was intended to justify legislation extending the protection of the National Government over the common rights of all citizens of the United States, and thus obviate objection to the legislation adopted for the protection of the emancipated race. It was intended to make it possible for all persons—which necessarily included those of every race and color—to live in peace and security wherever the jurisdiction of the nation reached. It therefore recognized, if it did not create, a national citizenship. This national citizenship is primary and not secondary.".

I cannot refrain from calling attention to the splendor and nobility of the truths expressed by Justice Field in this opinion.

So, Justice Field, in his dissenting opinion in what are known as *The Slaughter-House Cases*, found in 16 Wallace, p. 95, still speaking of the 14th Amendment, says:

"It recognizes in express terms—if it does not create—citizens of the United States, and it makes their citizenship dependent upon the place of their birth or the fact of their adoption, and not upon the constitution or laws of any State, or the condition of their ancestry.

"A citizen of a State is now only a citizen of the United States residing in that State. The fundamental rights, privileges and immunities which belong to him as a free man and a free citizen of the United States, are not dependent upon the citizenship of any State. * * *

"They do not derive their existence from its legislation, and cannot be destroyed by its power."

What are "the fundamental rights, privileges and immunities" which belong to a free man? Certainly the rights of all citizens of the United States are equal. Their immunities and privileges must be the same. He who makes a discrimination between citizens on account of color, violates the Constitution of the United States.

Have all citizens the same right to travel on the highways of the country? Have they all the same right to ride upon the railways created by State authority? A railway is an improved highway. It was only by holding that it was an improved highway that counties and States aided in their construction. It has been decided, over and over again, that a railway is an improved highway. A railway corporation is the creation of

a State—an agent of the State. It is under the control of the State—and upon what principle can a citizen be prevented from using the highways of a State on an equality with all other citizens?

These are all rights and immunities guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

Now, the question is—and it is the only question—can these rights and immunities, thus guaranteed and thus confirmed, be protected by the General Government?

In the case of *The U. S. vs. Reese, et al.*, 92 U. S., p. 207, the Supreme Court decided, the opinion having been delivered by Chief-Justice Waite, as follows:

"Rights and immunities created by, and dependent upon, the Constitution of the United States can be protected by Congress. The form and the manner of the protection may be such as Congress in the legitimate exercise of its legislative discretion shall provide. This may be varied to meet the necessities of the particular right to be protected."

This decision was acquiesced in by Justices Strong, Bradley, Swayne, Davis, Miller and Field. Dissenting opinions were filed by Justices Clifford and Hunt, but neither dissented from the proposition that:

"Rights and immunities created by or dependent upon the Constitution of the United States can be protected by Congress," and that "the form and manner of the protection may be such as Congress in the exercise of its legitimate discretion shall provide."

So, in the same case, I find this language:

"It follows that the Amendment"—meaning the 15th—"has invested the citizens of the United States with a new constitutional right, which is within the protecting power of Congress. This, under the express provisions of the second section of the Amendment, Congress may enforce by appropriate legislation."

If the 15th Amendment invested the citizens of the United States with a new constitutional right—that is, the right to vote—and if for that reason that right is within the protecting power of Congress, then I ask, if the 14th Amendment made certain persons citizens of the United States, did such citizenship become a constitutional right? And is such citizenship within the protecting power of Congress? Does citizenship mean anything except certain "rights, privileges and immunities"?

Is it not an invasion of citizenship to invade the immunities or privileges or rights belonging to a citizen? Are not, then, all the immunities and privileges and rights under the protecting power of Congress?

The 13th Amendment found the negro a slave, and made him a free man. That gave to him a new constitutional right, and according to the Supreme Court, that right is within the protecting power of Congress.

What rights are within the protecting power of Congress? All the rights belonging to a free man.

The 14th Amendment made the negro a citizen. What then is under the protecting power of Congress? All the rights, privileges and immunities belonging to him as a citizen.

So, in the case of *Tennessee vs, Davis*, 100 U, S,, 263, the Supreme Court, held that:

"The United States is a government whose authority extends over the whole territory of the Union, acting upon all the States, and upon all the people of all the States.

"No State can exclude the Federal Government from the exercise of any authority conferred upon it by the Constitution, or withhold from it for a moment the cognizance of any subject which the Constitution has committed to it."

This opinion was given by Justice Strong, and acquiesced in by Chief-Justice Waite, Justices Miller, Swayne, Bradley and Harlan.

So in the case of *Pensacola Tel. Co. vs. Western Union Tel. Co.*, 96 U. S., p. 10, the opinion having been delivered by Chief-Justice Waite, I find this:

"The Government of the United States, within the scope of its power, operates upon every foot of territory under its jurisdiction. It legislates for the whole Nation, and is not embarrassed by State lines."

This was acquiesced in by Justices Clifford, Strong, Bradley, Swayne and Miller.

So we are told by the entire Supreme Court in the case of *Tiernan vs. Rynker*, 102 U. S., 126, that:

"When the subject to which the power applies is national in its character, or of such a nature as to admit of uniformity of regulation, the power is exclusive of State authority."

Surely the question of citizenship is "national in its character." Surely the question as to what are the rights, privileges and immunities of a citizen of the United States is "national in its character."

Unless the declarations and definitions, the patriotic paragraphs, and the legal principles made, given, uttered and defined by the Supreme Court are but a judicial jugglery of words, the Civil Rights Act is upheld by the intent, spirit and language of the 14th Amendment.

It was found that the 13th Amendment did not protect the negro. Then the 14th was adopted. Still the colored citizen was trodden under foot. Then the 15th was adopted. The 13th made him free, and, in my judgment, made him a citizen, and clothed him with all the rights of a citizen. That was denied, and then the 14th declared that he was a citizen. In my judgment, that gave him the right to vote. But that was denied—then the 15th was adopted, declaring that his right to vote should never be denied.

The 13th Amendment made all free. It broke the chains, pulled up the whipping-posts, overturned the auction-blocks, gave the colored mother her child, put the

shield of the Constitution over the cradle, destroyed all forms of involuntary servitude, and in the azure heaven of our flag it put the Northern Star.

The 14th Amendment made us all citizens. It is a contract between the Republic and each individual—a contract by which the Nation agrees to protect the citizen, and the citizen agrees to defend the Nation. This amendment placed the crown of sovereignty on every brow.

The 15th Amendment secured the citizen in his right to vote, in his right to make and execute the laws, and put these rights above the power of any State. This amendment placed the ballot—the sceptre of authority—in every sovereign hand.

We are told by the Supreme Court, in the case under discussion, that:

"We must not forget that the province and scope of the 13th and 14th Amendments are different;" that the 13th Amendment "simply abolished slavery," and that the 14th Amendment "prohibited the States from abridging the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States; from depriving them of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; and from denying to any the equal protection of the laws."

We are told that:

"The amendments are different, and the powers of Congress under them are different. What Congress has power to do under one it may not have power to do under the other." That "under the 13th Amendment it has only to do with slavery and its incidents;" but that "under the 14th Amendment it has power to counteract and render nugatory all State laws or proceedings which have the effect to abridge any of the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States, or to deprive them of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, or to deny to any of them the equal protection of the laws."

Did not Congress have that power under the 13th Amendment? Could the States, in spite of the 13th Amendment, deprive free men of life or property without due process of law? Does the Supreme Court wish to be understood, that until the 14th Amendment was adopted the States had the right to rob and kill free men? Yet, in its effort to narrow and belittle the 13th Amendment, it has been driven to this absurdity. Did not Congress, under the 13th Amendment, have power to destroy slavery and involuntary servitude? Did not Congress, under that amendment, have the power to protect the lives, liberty and property of free men? And did not Congress have the power "to render nugatory all State laws and proceedings under which free men were to be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law"?

If Congress was not clothed with such power by the 13th Amendment, what was the object of that amendment? Was that amendment a mere opinion, or a prophecy, or the expression of a hope?

The 14th Amendment provides that:

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States. Nor shall any State deprive any person of

life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of its laws."

We are told by the Supreme Court that Congress has no right to enforce the 14th Amendment by direct legislation, but that the legislation under that amendment can only be of a "corrective" character—such as may be necessary or proper for counteracting and redressing the effect of unconstitutional laws passed by the States. In other words, that Congress has no duty to perform, except to counteract the effect of unconstitutional laws by corrective legislation.

The Supreme Court has also decided, in the present case, that Congress has no right to legislate for the purpose of enforcing these clauses until the States shall have taken action. What action can the State take? If a State passes laws contrary to these provisions or clauses, they are void. If a State passes laws in conformity to these provisions, certainly Congress is not called on to legislate. Under what circumstances, then, can Congress be called upon to act by way of "corrective" legislation, as to these particular clauses? What can Congress do? Suppose the State passes no law upon the subject, but allows citizens of the State—managers of railways, and keepers of public inns, to discriminate between their passengers and guests on account of race or color—what then?

Again, what is the difference between a State that has no law on the subject, and a State that has passed an unconstitutional law? In other words, what is the difference between no law and a void law? If the "corrective" legislation of Congress is not needed where the State has passed an unconstitutional law, is it needed where the State has passed no law? What is there in either case to correct? Surely it requires no particular legislation on the part of Congress to kill a law that never had life.

The States are prohibited by the Constitution from making any regulations of foreign commerce. Consequently, all regulations made by the States are null and void, no matter what the motive of the States may have been, and it requires no law of Congress to annul such laws or regulations. This was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, long ago, in what are known as *The License Cases*. The opinion may be found in the 5th of Howard, 583.

"The nullity of any act inconsistent with the Constitution, is produced by the declaration that the Constitution is supreme."

This was decided by the Supreme Court, the opinion having been delivered by Chief Justice Marshall, in the case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, 9 Wheat, 210.

The same doctrine was held in the case of *Henderson et al., vs. Mayor of New York, et al.*, 92 U. S. 272—the opinion of the Court being delivered by Justice Miller.

So it was held in the case of *The Board of Liquidation vs. McComb*—2 Otto, 541.

"That an unconstitutional law will be treated by the courts as null and void"—citing *Osborn vs. The Bank of the United States*, 9 Wheaton, 859, and *Davis vs. Gray*, 16 Wallace, 220.

Now, if the legislation of Congress must be "corrective," then I ask, corrective of what? Certainly not of unconstitutional and void laws. That which is void, cannot be

corrected. That which is unconstitutional is not the subject of correction. Congress either has the right to legislate directly, or not at all; because indirect or corrective legislation can apply only, according to the Supreme Court, to unconstitutional and void laws that have been passed by a Stale; and as such laws cannot be "corrected," the doctrine of "corrective legislation" dies an extremely natural death.

A State can do one of three things: 1. It can pass an unconstitutional law; 2. It can pass a constitutional law; 3. It can fail to pass any law. The unconstitutional law, being void, cannot be corrected. The constitutional law does not need correction. And where no law has been passed, correction is impossible.

The Supreme Court insists that Congress can not take action until the State does. A State that fails to pass any law on the subject, has not taken action. This leaves the person whose immunities and privileges have been invaded, with no redress except such as he may find in the State Courts in a suit at law; and if the State Court takes the same view that is apparently taken by the Supreme Court in this case,—namely, that it is a "social question," one not to be regulated by law, and not covered in any way by the Constitution—then, discrimination can be made against citizens by landlords and railway conductors, and they are left absolutely without remedy.

The Supreme Court asks, in this decision,

"Can the act of a mere individual—the owner of the inn, or public conveyance, or place of amusement, refusing the accommodation, be justly regarded as imposing any badge of slavery or servitude upon the applicant, or only as inflicting an ordinary civil injury properly cognizable by the laws of the State, and presumably subject to redress by those laws, until the contrary appears?"

How is "the contrary to appear"? Suppose a person denied equal privileges upon the railway on account of race and color, brings suit and is defeated? And suppose the highest tribunal of the State holds that the question is of a "social" character—what then? If, to use the language of the Supreme Court, it is "an ordinary civil injury, imposing no badge of slavery or servitude," then, no Federal question is involved.

Why did not the Supreme Court tell us what may be done when "the contrary appears"? Nothing is clearer than the intention of the Supreme Court in this case—and that is, to decide that denying to a man equal accommodations at public inns on account of race or color, is not an abridgment of a privilege or immunity of a citizen of the United States, and that such person, so denied, is not in a condition of involuntary servitude, or denied the equal protection of the laws. In other words—that it is a "social question."

I have been told by one who heard the decision when it was read from the bench, that the following phrase was in the opinion:

"*There are certain physiological differences of race that cannot be ignored.*"

That phrase is a lamp, in the light of which the whole decision should be read.

Suppose that in one of the Southern States, the negroes being in a decided majority and having entire control, had drawn the color line, had insisted that:

"There were certain physiological differences between the races that could not be ignored," and had refused to allow white people to enter their hotels, to ride in the best cars, or to occupy the aristocratic portion of a theatre; and suppose that a white man, thrust from the hotels, denied the entrance to cars, had brought his suit in the Federal Court. Does any one believe that the Supreme Court would have intimated to that man that "there is only a social question involved,—a question with which the Constitution and laws have nothing to do, and that he must depend for his remedy upon the authors of the injury"? Would a white man, under such circumstances, feel that he was in a condition of involuntary servitude? Would he feel that he was treated like an underling, like a menial, like a serf? Would he feel that he was under the protection of the laws, shielded like other men by the Constitution? Of course, the argument of color is just as strong on one side as on the other. The white man says to the black, "You are not my equal because you are black;" and the black man can with the same propriety, reply, "You are not my equal because you are white." The difference is just as great in the one case as in the other. The pretext that this question involves, in the remotest degree, a social question, is cruel, shallow, and absurd.

The Supreme Court, some time ago, held that the 4th Section of the Civil Rights Act was constitutional. That section declares that:

"No citizen possessing all other qualifications which are or maybe prescribed by law, shall be disqualified for service as grand or petit juror in any court of the United States or of any State, on account of color or previous condition of servitude."

It also provides that:

"If any officer or other person charged with any duty in the selection or summoning of jurors, shall exclude, or fail to summon, any citizen in the case aforesaid, he shall, on conviction, be guilty of misdemeanor and be fined not more than five hundred dollars."

In the case known as *Ex-parte vs. Virginia*—found in 100 U. S. 339—it was held that an indictment against a State officer, under this section, for excluding persons of color from the jury, could be sustained. Now, let it be remembered, there was no law of the State of Virginia, by virtue of which a man was disqualified from sitting on the jury by reason of race or color. The officer did exclude, and did fail to summon, a citizen on account of race or color or previous condition of servitude. And the Supreme Court held:

"That whether the Statute-book of the State actually laid down any such rule of disqualification or not, the State, through its officer, enforced such rule; and that it was against such State action, through its officers and agents, that the last clause of the section was directed."

The Court further held that:

"This aspect of the law was deemed sufficient to divest it of any unconstitutional character."

In other words, the Supreme Court held that the officer was an agent of the State, although acting contrary to the statute of the State; and that, consequently, such officer, acting outside of law, was amenable to the Civil Rights Act, under the 14th Amendment, that referred only to States. The question arises: Is a State responsible for the action of its agent when acting contrary to law? In other words: Is the principal bound by the acts of his agent, that act not being within the scope of his authority? Is a State liable—or is the Government liable—for the act of any officer, that act not being authorized by law?

It has been decided a thousand times, that a State is not liable for the torts and trespasses of its officers. How then can the agent, acting outside of his authority, be prosecuted under a law deriving its entire validity from a constitutional amendment applying only to States? Does an officer, by acting contrary to State law, become so like a State that the word State, used in the Constitution, includes him?

So it was held in the case of *Neal vs. Delaware*,—103 U. S., 307,—that an officer acting contrary to the laws of the State—in defiance of those laws—would be amenable to the Civil Rights Act, passed under an amendment to the Constitution now held applicable only to States.

It is admitted, and expressly decided in the case of *The U. S. vs. Reese et al.*, (already quoted) that when the wrongful refusal at an election is because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, Congress can interfere and provide for the punishment of any individual guilty of such refusal, no matter whether such individual acted under or against the authority of the State.

With this statement I most heartily agree. I agree that:

"When the wrongful refusal is because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, Congress can interfere and provide for the punishment of any individual guilty of such refusal."

That is the key that unlocks the whole question. Congress has power—full, complete, and ample,—to protect all citizens from unjust discrimination, and from being deprived of equal privileges on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. And this language is just as applicable to the 13th and 14th, as to the 15th Amendment. If a citizen is denied the accommodations of a public inn, or a seat in a railway car, on account of race or color, or deprived of liberty on account of race or color, the Constitution has been violated, and the citizen thus discriminated against or thus deprived of liberty, is entitled to redress in a Federal Court.

It is held by the Supreme Court that the word "State" does not apply to the "people" of the State—that it applies only to the agents of the people of the State. And yet, the word "State," as used in the Constitution, has been held to include not only the persons in office, but the people who elected them—not only the agents, but the principals. In the Constitution it is provided that "no State shall coin money; and no State shall emit bills of credit." According to this decision, any person in any State, unless prevented by State authority, has the right to coin money and to emit bills of credit, and Congress has no power to legislate upon the subject—provided he does not counterfeit any of the coins or current money of the United States. Congress

would have to deal—not with the individuals, but with the State; and unless the State had passed some act allowing persons to coin money, or emit bills of credit, Congress could do nothing. Yet, long ago, Congress passed a statute preventing any person in any State from coining money. No matter if a citizen should coin it of pure gold, of the requisite fineness and weight, and not in the likeness of United States coins, he would be a criminal. We have a silver dollar, coined by the Government, worth eighty-five cents; and yet, if any person, in any State, should coin what he called a dollar, not like our money, but with a dollar's worth of silver in it, he would be guilty of a crime.

It may be said that the Constitution provides that Congress shall have power to coin money, and provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States; in other words, that the Constitution gives power to Congress to coin money and denies it to the States, not only, but gives Congress the power to legislate against counterfeiting. So, in the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments, power is given to Congress, and power is denied to the States, not only, but Congress is expressly authorized to enforce the amendments by appropriate legislation. Certainly the power is as broad in the one case as in the other; and in both cases, individuals can be reached as well as States.

So the Constitution provides that:

"Congress shall have power to regulate commerce among the several States."

Under this clause Congress deals directly with individuals. The States are not engaged in commerce, but the people are; and Congress makes rules and regulations for the government of the people so engaged.

The Constitution also provides that:

"Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with the Indian tribes."

It was held in the case of *The United States vs. Holliday*, 3 Wall., 407, that:

"Commerce with the Indian tribes means commerce with the individuals composing those tribes."

And under this clause it has been further decided that Congress has the power to regulate commerce not only between white people and Indian tribes, but between Indian tribes; and not only that, but between individual Indians. *Worcester vs. The State, 6 Pet., 575; The United States vs. 4.3 Gallons, 93 U. S., 188; The United States vs. Shawmux, 2 Saw., 304.*

Now, if the word "tribe" includes individual Indians, may not the word "State" include citizens?

In this decision it is admitted by the Supreme Court that where a subject is submitted to the general legislative power of Congress, then Congress has plenary powers of legislation over the whole subject. Let us apply these words to the 13th Amendment. In this very decision I find that the 13th Amendment:

"By its own unaided force and effect, abolished slavery and established universal freedom."

The Court admits that:

"Legislation may be necessary and proper to meet all the various cases and circumstances to be affected by it, and to prescribe proper modes of redress for its violation in letter or spirit."

The Court further admits:

"And such legislation may be primary and direct in its character."

And then gives the reason:

"For the amendment is not a mere prohibition of State laws establishing or upholding slavery, but an absolute declaration that slavery or involuntary servitude shall not exist in any part of the United States."

I now ask, has that subject—that is to say, Liberty,—been submitted to the general legislative power of Congress? The 13th Amendment provides that Congress shall have power to enforce that amendment by appropriate legislation.

In construing the 13th and 14th Amendments and the Civil Rights Act, it seems to me that the Supreme Court has forgotten the principle of construction that has been laid down so often by courts, and that is this: that in construing statutes, courts may look to the history and condition of the country as circumstances from which to gather the intention of the Legislature. So it seems to me that the Court failed to remember the rule laid down by Story in the case of *Prigg vs. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,* 16 Pet., 611, a rule laid down in the interest of slavery—laid down for the purpose of depriving human beings of their liberty:

"Perhaps the safest rule of interpretation, after all, will be found to be to look to the nature and objects of the particular powers, duties and rights with all the lights and aids of contemporary history, and to give to the words of each just such operation and force consistent with their legitimate meaning, as may fairly secure and attain the ends proposed."

It must be admitted that certain rights were conferred by the 13th Amendment. Surely certain rights were conferred by the 14th Amendment; and these rights should be protected and upheld by the Federal Government. And it was held in the case last cited, that:

"If by one mode of interpretation the right must become shadowy and unsubstantial, and without any remedial power adequate to the end, and by another mode it will attain its just end and secure its manifest purpose—it would seem, upon principles of reasoning absolutely irresistable, that the latter ought to prevail. No court of justice can be authorized so as to construe any clauses of the Constitution as to defeat its obvious ends, when another construction, equally accordant with the words and sense thereof, will enforce and protect them."

In the present case, the Supreme Court holds, that Congress can not legislate upon this subject until the State has passed some law contrary to the Constitution.

I call attention in reply to this, to the case of *Hall vs. De Cuir,* 95 U. S., 486. The State of Louisiana, in 1869, acting in the spirit of these amendments to the Constitution, passed a law requiring that all persons engaged within that State in the business of common carriers of passengers, should make no discrimination on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Under this law, Mrs. De Cuir, a colored woman, took passage on a steamer, buying a ticket from New Orleans to Hermitage—the entire trip being within the limits of the State. The captain of the boat refused to give her equal accommodations with other passengers—the refusal being on the ground of her color. She commenced suit against the captain in the State Court of Louisiana, and recovered judgment for one thousand dollars. The defendant appealed to the Supreme Court of that State, and the judgment of the lower court was sustained. Thereupon, the captain died, and the case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States by his administrator, on the ground that a Federal question was involved.

You will see that this was a case where the State had acted, and had acted exactly in accordance with the constitutional amendments, and had by law provided that the privileges and immunities of the citizen of the United States—residing in the State of Louisiana—should not be abridged, and that no distinction should be made on account of race or color. But in that case the Supreme Court of the United States solemnly decided that the legislation of the State was void—that the State of Louisiana had no right to interfere—no right, by law, to protect a citizen of the United States from being discriminated against under such circumstances.

You will remember that the plaintiff, Mrs. De Cuir, was to be carried from New Orleans to Hermitage, and that both places were within the State of Louisiana. Notwithstanding this, the Supreme Court held:

“That if the public good required such legislation, it must come from Congress and not from the State.”

What reason do you suppose was given? It was this: The Constitution gives to Congress power to regulate commerce between the States; and it appeared from the evidence given in that case, that the boat plied between the ports of New Orleans and Vicksburg. Consequently, it was engaged in interstate commerce. Therefore, it was under the protection of Congress; and being under the protection of Congress, the State had no authority to protect its citizens by a law in perfect harmony with the Constitution of the United States, while such citizens were within the limits of Louisiana. The Supreme Court scorns the protection of a State!

In the case recently decided, and about which we are talking to-night, the Supreme Court decides exactly the other way. It decides that if the public good requires such legislation, it must come from the States, and not from Congress; that Congress cannot act until the State has acted, and until the State has acted wrong, and that Congress can then only act for the purpose of “correcting” such State action. The decision in *Hall vs. De Cuir* was rendered in 1877. The Civil Rights Act was then in

force, and applied to all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States, and provided expressly that:

“All persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, privileges, and facilities of inns, public conveyances on land or water, theatres, and other places of public amusement, without regard to race or color.”

And yet the Supreme Court said:

“No carrier of passengers can conduct his business with satisfaction to himself, or comfort to those employing him, if on one side of a State line his passengers, both white and colored, must be permitted to occupy the same cabin, and on the other to be kept separate.”

What right had the other State to pass a law that passengers should be kept separate, on account of race or color? How could such a law have been constitutional? The Civil Rights Act applied to all States, and to both sides of the lines between all States, and produced absolute uniformity—and did not put the captain to the trouble of dividing his passengers. The Court further said:

“Uniformity in the regulations by which the carrier is to be governed from one end to the other of his route, is a necessity in his business.”

The uniformity had been guaranteed by the Civil Rights Act, and the statute of the State of Louisiana was in exact conformity with the 14th Amendment and the Civil Rights Act. The Court also said:

“And to secure uniformity, Congress, which is untrammeled by State lines, has been invested with the exclusive power of determining what such regulations shall be.”

Yes. Congress has been invested with such power, and Congress has used it in passing the Civil Rights Act—and yet, under these circumstances, the Court proceeds to imagine the difficulty that a captain would have in dividing his passengers as he crosses a State line, keeping them apart until he reaches the line of another State, and then bringing them together, and so going on through the process of dispersing and huddling, to the end of his unfortunate route.

It is held by the Supreme Court, that uniformity of duties is essential to the carrier, and so essential, that Congress has control of the whole matter. If uniformity is so desirable for the carrier that Congress takes control, then uniformity as to the rights of passengers is equally desirable; and under the 13th and 14th Amendments, Congress has the exclusive power to state what the rights, privileges and immunities of passengers shall be. So that, in 1877, the Supreme Court decided that the *States could not* legislate; and in 1883, that *Congress could not*, unless the State had. If Congress controls interstate commerce upon the navigable waters, it also controls interstate commerce upon the railways. And if Congress has exclusive jurisdiction in the one case, it has in the other. And if it has exclusive jurisdiction, it does not have to wait until States take action. If it does not have to wait until States take action, then the Civil Rights Act, in so far as it refers to the rights of passengers going from one State to another, must be constitutional.

It must be remembered, in this discussion, that the 8th Section of the Constitution conferred upon Congress the power:

"To make all laws that may be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States."

So the 2nd Section of the 13th Article provides:

"Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The same language is used in the 14th and 15th Amendments.

"This clause does not limit—it enlarges—the powers vested in the General Government. It is an additional power—not a restriction on those already granted. It does not impair the right of the Legislature to exercise its best judgment in the selection of measures to carry into execution the constitutional powers of the Government. A sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the National Legislature that discretion with respect to the means by which the powers it confers are to be carried into execution, which will enable that body to perform the high duties assigned to it in the manner most beneficial to the people. Let the end be legitimate—let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate—which are plainly adapted to that end—are constitutional."

This is the language of Chief Justice Marshall, in the case of *M'Caulay, vs. The State*, 4 Wheaton, 316.

"Congress must possess the choice of means, and must be empowered to use any means which are in fact conducive to the exercise of a power granted by the Constitution." U. S. vs. Fisher, 2 Cranch, 358.

Again:

"The power of Congress to pass laws to enforce rights conferred by the Constitution is not limited to the express powers of legislation enumerated in the Constitution. The powers which are necessary and proper as means to carry into effect rights expressly given and duties expressly enjoined, are always implied. The end being given, the means to accomplish it are given also." *Prigs vs. The Commonwealth*, 16 Peters, 539.

This decision was delivered by Justice Story, and is the same one already referred to, in which liberty was taken from a human being by judicial construction. It was held in that case that the 2nd Section of the 4th Article of the Constitution, to which I have already called attention, contained "a positive and unqualified recognition of the right" of the owner in a slave, unaffected by any State law or regulation. If this is so, then I assert that the 13th Amendment "contains a positive and unqualified recognition of the right" of every human being to liberty; that the 14th Amendment "contains a positive and unqualified recognition of the right" to citizenship; and that the 15th Amendment "contains a positive and unqualified recognition of the right" to vote.

Justice Story held in that case that:

"Under and by virtue of that section of the Constitution the owner of a slave was clothed with entire authority in every State in the nation to seize and recapture his slave."

He also held that:

"In that sense, and to that extent, that clause of the Constitution might properly be said to execute itself, and to require no aid from legislation—State or National."

"But," says Justice Story:

"The clause of the Constitution does not stop there, but says that he, the slave, shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

And he holds that:

"Under that clause of the section Congress became clothed with the appropriate authority to legislate for its enforcement."

Now let us look at the 13th and 14th Amendments in the light of that decision.

First. Liberty and citizenship were given the colored people by this amendment. And Justice Story tells us that:

"The power of Congress to enforce rights conferred by the Constitution is not limited to the express powers of legislation enumerated in the Constitution, but the powers which are necessary to protect such rights are always implied."

Language cannot be stronger; words cannot be clearer. But now this decision has been reversed by the Supreme Court, and Congress is left powerless to protect rights conferred by the Constitution. It has been shorn of implied powers. It has duties to perform, and no power to act. It has rights to protect, but cannot choose the means. It is entangled in its own strength. It is a prisoner in the bastile of judicial construction.

Let us go further. Justice Story tells us that:

"The words 'but shall be given up on the claim of the person to whom such labor or service may be due,' clothes Congress with the appropriate authority to legislate for its enforcement."

In the light of this remark, let us look at the 14th Amendment:

"All persons bom or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside."

To which are added these words:

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Now, if the words: "But shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due," clothes Congress with power to legislate upon the entire

subject, then I ask if the words in the 14th Amendment declaring that "no law shall be made by any State, or enforced, which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; and that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws," does not clothe Congress with the power to legislate upon the entire subject?

In the two cases there is only this difference: The first decision was made in the interest of human slavery—made to protect property in man; and the second decision ought to have been made for exactly the opposite purpose. Under the first decision, Congress had the right to select the means—but now that is denied. And yet it was decided in *M'Cauley vs. The State*, 4 Wheaton, 316, that:

"When the Government has a right to do an act, and has imposed on it the duty of performing an act, then it must, according to the dictates of reason, be allowed to select the means."

Again:

"The Government has the right to employ freely every means not prohibited, for the fulfillment of its acknowledged duties."

The Legal Tender Cases—12 Wallace, 457.

It will thus be seen that Congress has the undoubted right to make all laws necessary for the exercise of all the powers vested in it by the Constitution. When the Constitution imposes a duty upon Congress, it grants the necessary means. Congress certainly, then, has the right to pass all necessary laws for the enforcement of the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments. Any legislation is "appropriate" that is calculated to accomplish the end sought and that is not repugnant to the Constitution. Within these limits Congress has the sovereign power of choice. No better definition of "appropriate legislation" has been given than that by the Supreme Court of California, in the case of The People vs. Washington, 38 California, 658:

"Legislation which practically tends to facilitate the securing to all, through the aid of the judicial and executive departments of the Government, the full enjoyment of personal freedom, is appropriate."

The Supreme Court despairingly asks:

"If this legislation is appropriate for enforcing the prohibitions of the Amendment, it is difficult to see where it is to stop. Why may not Congress, with equal show of authority, enact a code of laws for the enforcement and vindication of all rights of life, liberty and property?"

My answer is: The legislation will stop when and where the discriminations on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude, stop. Whenever an immunity or privilege of a citizen of the United States is trodden down by the State, or by an individual, under the circumstances mentioned in the Civil Rights Act—that is to say, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude—then the Federal Government must interfere. The Government must defend the immunities and privileges of its citizens, not only from State invasion, but from individual

invaders, when that invasion is based upon the distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The Government has taken upon itself that duty. This duty can be discharged by a law making a uniform rule, obligatory not only upon States, but upon individuals. All this will stop when the discriminations stop.

After such examination of the authorities as I have been able to make, I lay down the following propositions, namely:

1. The sovereignty of a State extends only to that which exists by its own authority.

2. The powers of the General Government were not conferred by the people of a single State; they were given by the people of the United States; and the laws of the United States, in pursuance of the Constitution, are supreme over the entire Republic.

3. The Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of each State.

4. The United States is a Government whose authority extends over the whole territory of the Union, acting upon all the States and upon all the people of all the States.

5. No State can exclude the Federal Government from the exercise of any authority conferred upon it by the Constitution, or withhold from it, for a moment, the cognizance of any subject which that instrument has committed to it.

6. It is the duty of Congress to enforce the Constitution, and it has been clothed with power to make all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution all the powers vested by the Constitution in the General Government.

7. It is the duty of the Government to protect every citizen of the United States in all his rights, everywhere, without regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude; and this the Government has the right to do by direct legislation.

8. Every citizen, when his privileges and immunities are invaded by the legislature of a State, has the right of appeal from such. State to the Supreme Court of the nation.

9. When a State fails to pass any law protecting a citizen from discrimination on account of race or color, and fails, in fact, to protect such citizen, then such citizen has the right to find redress in the Federal Courts.

10. Whenever, in the Constitution, a State is prohibited from doing anything that in the nature of the thing can be done by any citizen of that State, then the word “State” embraces and includes all the people of a State.

11. The 13th Amendment declares that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist within the jurisdiction of the United States.

This is not a mere negation—it is a splendid affirmation. The duty is imposed upon the General Government by that amendment to see to it that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist.

It is a question absolutely within the power of the Federal Government, and the Federal Government is clothed with power to make all necessary laws to enforce that amendment against States and persons.

12. The 14th Amendment provides that all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the States wherein they reside. This is also an affirmation. It is not a prohibition. The moment that amendment was adopted, it became the duty of the United States to protect the citizens recognized or created by that amendment. We are no longer citizens of the United States because we are citizens of a State, but we are citizens of the United States because we have been born or have been naturalized within the jurisdiction of the United States. It therefore follows, that it is not only the right, but it is the duty, of Congress, to pass all laws necessary for the protection of citizens of the United States.

13. Congress can not shirk this responsibility by leaving citizens of the United States to the care and keeping of the several States.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court cuts, as with a sword, the tie that binds the citizen to the nation. Under the old Constitution, it was not certainly known who were citizens of the United States. There were citizens of the States, and such citizens looked to their several States for protection. The Federal Government had no citizens. Patriotism did not rest on mutual obligation. Under the 14th Amendment, we are all citizens of a common country; and our first duty, our first obligation, our highest allegiance, is not to the State in which we reside, but to the Federal Government. The 14th Amendment tends to destroy State prejudices and lays a foundation for national patriotism.

14. All statutes—all amendments to the Constitution—in derogation of natural rights, should be strictly construed.

15. All statutes and amendments for the preservation of natural rights should be liberally construed. Every court should, by strict construction, narrow the scope of every law that infringes upon any natural human right; and every court should, by construction, give the broadest meaning to every statute or constitutional provision passed or adopted for the preservation of freedom.

16. In construing the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments, the Supreme Court need not go back to decisions rendered in the days of slavery—when every statute was construed in favor of the sovereignty of the State and the rights of the master. These amendments utterly obliterated such decisions. The Supreme Court should begin with the amendments. It need not look behind them. They are a part of the fundamental organic law of the nation. They were adopted to destroy the old statutes, to obliterate the infamous clauses in the Constitution, and to lay a new foundation for a new nation.

17. Congress has the power to eradicate all forms and incidents of slavery and involuntary servitude, by direct and primary legislation binding upon States and individuals alike. And when citizens are denied the exercise of common rights and privileges—when they are refused admittance to public inns and railway cars, on an

equality with white persons—and when such denial and refusal are based upon race and color, such citizens are in a condition of involuntary servitude.

The Supreme Court has failed to take into consideration the intention of the framers of these amendments. It has failed to comprehend the spirit of the age. It has undervalued the accomplishment of the war. It has not grasped in all their height and depth the great amendments to the Constitution and the real object of government. To preserve liberty is the only use for government. There is no other excuse for legislatures, or presidents, or courts, for statutes or decisions. Liberty is not simply a means—it is an end. Take from our history, our literature, our laws, our hearts—that word, and we are naught but moulded clay. Liberty is the one priceless jewel. It includes and holds and is the weal and wealth of life. Liberty is the soil and light and rain—it is the plant and bud and flower and fruit—and in that sacred word lie all the seeds of progress, love and joy.

This decision, in my judgment, is not worthy of the Court by which it was delivered. It has given new life to the serpent of State Sovereignty. It has breathed upon the dying embers of ignorant hate. It has furnished food and drink, breath and blood, to prejudices that were perishing of famine, and in the old case of *Civilization vs. Barbarism*, it has given the defendant a new trial.

From this decision, John M. Harlan had the breadth of brain, the goodness of heart, and the loyalty to logic, to dissent. By the fortress of Liberty, one sentinel remains at his post. For moral courage I have supreme respect, and I admire that intellectual strength that breaks the cords and chains of prejudice and damned custom as though they were but threads woven in a spider's loom. This judge has associated his name with freedom, and he will be remembered as long as men are free.

We are told by the Supreme Court that:

"Slavery cannot exist without law, any more than property and lands and goods can exist without law."

I deny that property exists by virtue of law. I take exactly the opposite ground. It was the fact that man had property in lands and goods, that produced laws for the protection of such property. The Supreme Court has mistaken an effect for a cause. Laws passed for the protection of property, sprang from the possession and ownership of the thing to be protected. When one man enslaves another, it is a violation of all justice—a subversion of the foundation of all law. Statutes passed for the purpose of enabling man to enslave his fellow-man, resulted from a conspiracy entered into by the representatives of brute force. Nothing can be more absurd than to call such a statute, born of such a conspiracy a law. According to the idea of the Supreme Court, man never had property until he had passed a law upon the subject. The first man who gathered leaves upon which to sleep, did not own them, because no law had been passed on the leaf subject. The first man who gathered fruit—the first man who fashioned a club with which to defend himself from wild beasts, according to the Supreme Court, had no property in these things, because no laws had been passed, and no courts had published their decisions.

So the defenders of monarchy have taken the ground that societies were formed by contract—as though at one time men all lived apart, and came together by agreement and formed a government. We might just as well say that the trees got into groves by contract or conspiracy. Man is a social being. By living together there grow out of the relation, certain regulations, certain customs. These at last hardened into what we call law—into what we call forms of government—and people who wish to defend the idea that we got everything from the king, say that our fathers made a contract. Nothing can be more absurd. Men did not agree upon a form of government and then come together; but being together, they made rules for the regulation of conduct. Men did not make some laws and then get some property to fit the laws, but having property they made laws for its protection.

It is hinted by the Supreme Court that this is in some way a question of social equality. It is claimed that social equality cannot be enforced by law. Nobody thinks it can. This is not a question of social equality, but of equal rights. A colored citizen has the same right to ride upon the cars—to be fed and lodged at public inns, and to visit theatres, that I have. Social equality is not involved.

The Federal soldiers who escaped from Libby and Andersonville, and who in swamps, in storm, and darkness, were rescued and fed by the slave, had no scruples about eating with a negro. They were willing to sit beneath the same tree and eat with him the food he brought. The white soldier was then willing to find rest and slumber beneath the negro's roof. Charity has no color. It is neither white nor black. Justice and Patriotism are the same. Even the Confederate soldier was willing to leave his wife and children under the protection of a man whom he was fighting to enslave.

Danger does not draw these nice distinctions as to race or color. Hunger is not proud. Famine is exceedingly democratic in the matter of food. In the moment of peril, prejudices perish. The man fleeing for his life does not have the same ideas about social questions, as he who sits in the Capitol, wrapped in official robes. Position is apt to be supercilious. Power is sometimes cruel. Prosperity is often heartless.

This cry about social equality is born of the spirit of caste—the most fiendish of all things. It is worse than slavery. Slavery is at least justified by avarice—by a desire to get something for nothing—by a desire to live in idleness upon the labor of others—but the spirit of caste is the offspring of natural cruelty and meanness.

Social relations depend upon almost an infinite number of influences and considerations. We have our likes and dislikes. We choose our companions. This is a natural right. You cannot force into my house persons whom I do not want. But there is a difference between a public house and a private house. The one is for the public. The private house is for the family and those they may invite. The landlord invites the entire public, and he must serve those who come if they are fit to be received. A railway is public, not private. It derives its powers and its rights from the State. It takes private land for public purposes. It is incorporated for the good of the public, and the public must be served. The railway, the hotel, and the theatre, have a right to make a distinction between people of good and bad manners—between the clean and the unclean. There are white people who have no right to be in any place except a bath-tub, and there are colored people in the same condition. An unclean white man

should not be allowed to force himself into a hotel, or into a railway car—neither should the unclean colored. What I claim is, that in public places, no distinction should be made on account of race or color. The bad black man should be treated like the bad white man, and the good black man like the good white man. Social equality is not contended for—neither between white and white, black and black, nor between white and black.

In all social relations we should have the utmost liberty—but public duties should be discharged and public rights should be recognized, without the slightest discrimination on account of race or color. Riding in the same cars, stopping at the same inns, sitting in the same theatres, no more involve a social question, or social equality, than speaking the same language, reading the same books, hearing the same music, traveling on the same highway, eating the same food, breathing the same air, warming by the same sun, shivering in the same cold, defending the same flag, loving the same country, or living in the same world.

And yet, thousands of people are in deadly fear about social equality. They imagine that riding with colored people is dangerous—that the chance acquaintance may lead to marriage. They wish to be protected from such consequences by law. They dare not trust themselves. They appeal to the Supreme Court for assistance, and wish to be barricaded by a constitutional amendment. They are willing that colored women shall prepare their food—that colored waiters shall bring it to them—willing to ride in the same cars with the porters and to be shown to their seats in theatres by colored ushers—willing to be nursed in sickness by colored servants. They see nothing dangerous—nothing repugnant, in any of these relations,—but the idea of riding in the same car, stopping at the same hotel, fills them with fear—fear for the future of our race. Such people can be described only in the language of Walt Whitman. “They are the immutable, granitic pudding-heads of the world.”.

Liberty is not a social question. Civil equality is not social equality. We are equal only in rights. No two persons are of equal weight, or height. There are no two leaves in all the forests of the earth alike—no two blades of grass—no two grains of sand—no two hairs. No two any-things in the physical world are precisely alike. Neither mental nor physical equality can be created by law, but law recognizes the fact that all men have been clothed with equal rights by Nature, the mother of us all.

The man who hates the black man because he is black, has the same spirit as he who hates the poor man because he is poor. It is the spirit of caste. The proud useless despises the honest useful. The parasite idleness scorns the great oak of labor on which it feeds, and that lifts it to the light.

I am the inferior of any man whose rights I trample under foot. Men are not superior by reason of the accidents of race or color. They are superior who have the best heart—the best brain. Superiority is born of honesty, of virtue, of charity, and above all, of the love of liberty. The superior man is the providence of the inferior. He is eyes for the blind, strength for the weak, and a shield for the defenceless. He stands erect by bending above the fallen. He rises by lifting others.

In this country all rights must be preserved, all wrongs redressed, through the ballot. The colored man has in his possession in his care, a part of the sovereign power of

the Republic. At the ballot-box he is the equal of judges and senators, and presidents, and his vote, when counted, is the equal of any other. He must use this sovereign power for his own protection, and for the preservation of his children. The ballot is his sword and shield. It is his political providence. It is the rock on which he stands, the column against which he leans. He should vote for no man who dees not believe in equal rights for all—in the same privileges and immunities for all citizens, irrespective of race or color.

He should not be misled by party cries, or by vague promises in political platforms. He should vote for the men, for the party, that will protect him; for congressmen who believe in liberty, for judges who worship justice, whose brains are not tangled by technicalities, and whose hearts are not petrified by precedents; and for presidents who will protect the blackest citizen from the tyranny of the whitest State. As you cannot trust the word of some white people, and as some black people do not always tell the truth, you must compel all candidates to put their principle' in black and white.

Of one thing you can rest assured: The best white people are your friends. The humane, the civilized, the just, the most intelligent, the grandest, are on your side. The sympathies of the noblest are with you. Your enemies are also the enemies of liberty, of progress and of justice. The white men who make the white race honorable believe in equal rights for you. The noblest living are, the noblest dead were, your friends. I ask you to stand with your friends.

Do not hold the Republican party responsible for this decision, unless the Republican party endorses it. Had the question been submitted to that party, it would have been decided exactly the other way—at least a hundred to one. That party gave you the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments. They were given in good faith. These amendments put you on a constitutional and political equality with white men. That they have been narrowed in their application by the Supreme Court, is not the fault of the Republican party. Let us wait and see what the Republican party will do. That party has a strange history, and in that history is a mingling of cowardice and courage. The army of progress always becomes fearful after victory, and courageous after defeat. It has been the custom for principle to apologize to prejudice. The Proclamation of Emancipation gave liberty only to slaves beyond our lines—those beneath our flag were left to wear their chains. We said to the Southern States: "Lay down your arms, and you shall keep your slaves." We tried to buy peace at the expense of the negro.

We offered to sacrifice the manhood of the North, and the natural rights of the colored man, upon the altar of the Union. The rejection of that offer saved us from infamy. At one time we refused to allow the loyal black man to come within our lines. We would meet him at the outposts, receive his information, and drive him back to chain and lash. The Government publicly proclaimed that the war was waged to save the Union, with slavery. We were afraid to claim that the negro was a man—afraid to admit that he was property—and so we called him "contraband." We hesitated to allow the negro to fight for his own freedom—hesitated to let him wear the uniform of the nation while he battled for the supremacy of its flag.

These are some of the inconsistencies of the past. In spite of them we advanced. We were educated by events, and at last we clearly saw that slavery was rebellion; that the “institution” had borne its natural fruit—civil war; that the entire country was responsible for slavery, and that slavery was responsible for rebellion. We declared that slavery should be extirpated from the Republic. The great armies led by the greatest commander of the modern world, shattered, crushed and demolished the Rebellion. The North grew grand. The people became sublime. The three sacred amendments were adopted. The Republic was free.

Then came a period of hesitation, apology and fear. The colored citizen was left to his fate. For years the Federal arm, palsied by policy, was powerless to protect; and this period of fear, of hesitation, of apology, of lack of confidence in the right, has borne its natural fruit—this decision of the Supreme Court.

But it is not for me to give you advice. Your conduct has been above all praise. You have been as patient as the earth beneath, as the stars above. You have been law-abiding and industrious, You have not offensively asserted your rights, or offensively borne your wrongs. You have been modest and forgiving. You have returned good for evil. When I remember that the ancestors of my race were in universities and colleges and common schools while you and your fathers were on the auction-block, in the slave-pen, or in the field beneath the cruel lash, in States where reading and writing were crimes, I am astonished at the progress you have made.

All that I—all that any reasonable man—can ask is, that you continue doing as you have done. Above all things—educate your children—strive to make yourselves independent—work for homes—work for yourselves—and wherever it is possible become the masters of yourselves.

Nothing gives me more pleasure than to see your little children with books under their arms, going and coming from school.

It is very easy to see why colored people should hate us, but why we should hate them is beyond my comprehension. They never sold our wives. They never robbed our cradles.. They never scarred our backs. They never pursued us with bloodhounds. They never branded our flesh.

It has been said that it is hard to forgive a man to whom we have done a great injury. I can conceive of no other reason why we should hate the colored people. To us they are a standing reproach. Their history is our shame. Their virtues seem to enrage some white people—their patience to provoke, and their forgiveness to insult. Turn the tables—change places—and with what fierceness, with what ferocity, with what insane and passionate intensity we would hate them!

The colored people do not ask for revenge—they simply ask for justice. They are willing to forget the past—willing to hide their scars—anxious to bury the broken chains, and to forget the miseries and hardships, the tears and agonies, of two hundred years.

The old issues are again upon us. Is this a Nation? Have all citizens of the United States equal rights, without regard to race or color? Is it the duty of the General

Government to protect its citizens? Can the Federal arm be palsied by the action or non-action of a State?

Another opportunity is given for the people of this country to take sides. According to my belief, the supreme thing for every man to do is to be absolutely true to himself. All consequences—whether rewards or punishments, whether honor and power, or disgrace and poverty, are as dreams undreamt. I have made my choice. I have taken my stand. Where my brain and heart go, there I will publicly and openly walk. Doing this, is my highest conception of duty. Being allowed to do this, is liberty.

If this is not now a free Government; if citizens cannot now be protected, regardless of race or color; if the three sacred amendments have been undermined by the Supreme Court—we must have another; and if that fails, then another; and we must neither stop, nor pause, until the Constitution shall become a perfect shield for every right, of every human being, beneath our flag.

Trial Of C. B. Reynolds For Blasphemy

GENTLEMEN of the Jury: I regard this as one of the most important cases that can be submitted to a jury. It is not a case that involves a little property, neither is it one that involves simply the liberty of one man. It involves the freedom of speech, the intellectual liberty of every citizen of New Jersey.

The question to be tried by you is whether a man has the right to express his honest thought; and for that reason there can be no case of greater importance submitted to a jury. And it may be well enough for me, at the outset, to admit that there could be no case in which I could take a greater—a deeper interest. For my part, I would not wish to live in a world where I could not express my honest opinions. Men who deny to others the right of speech are not fit to live with honest men.

I deny the right of any man, of any number of men, of any church, of any State, to put a padlock on the lips—to make the tongue a convict. I passionately deny the right of the Herod of authority to kill the children of the brain. A man has a right to work with his hands, to plow the earth, to sow the seed, and that man has a right to reap the harvest. If we have not that right, then all are slaves except those who take these rights from their fellow-men. If you have the right to work with your hands and to gather the harvest for yourself and your children, have you not a right to cultivate your brain? Have you not the right to read, to observe, to investigate—and when you have so read and so investigated, have you not the right to reap that field? And what is it to reap that field? It is simply to express what you have ascertained—simply to give your thoughts to your fellow-men.

If there is one subject in this world worthy of being discussed, worthy of being understood, it is the question of intellectual liberty. Without that, we are simply painted clay; without that, we are poor, miserable serfs and slaves. If you have not the right to express your opinions, if the defendant has not this right, then no man ever walked beneath the blue of heaven that had the right to express his thought. If others claim the right, where did they get it? How did they happen to have it, and how did you happen to be deprived of it? Where did a church or a nation get that right?

Are we not all children of the same Mother? Are we not all compelled to think, whether we wish to or not? Can you help thinking as you do? When you look out upon the woods, the fields,—when you look at the solemn splendors of the night—these things produce certain thoughts in your mind, and they produce them necessarily. No man can think as he desires. No man controls the action of his brain, any more than he controls the action of his heart. The blood pursues its old accustomed ways in spite of you. The eyes see, if you open them, in spite of you. The ears hear, if they are unstopped, without asking your permission. And the brain thinks in spite of you. Should you express that thought? Certainly you should, if others express theirs. You have exactly the same right. He who takes it from you is a robber.

For thousands of years people have been trying to force other people to think their way. Did they succeed? No. Will they succeed? No. Why? Because brute force is not an argument. You can stand with the lash over a man, or you can stand by the prison door, or beneath the gallows, or by the stake, and say to this man: "Recant or the lash descends, the prison door is locked upon you, the rope is put about your neck, or the torch is given to the fagot." And so the man recants. Is he convinced? Not at all. Have you produced a new argument? Not the slightest. And yet the ignorant bigots of this world have been trying for thousands of years to rule the minds of men by brute force. They have endeavored to improve the mind by torturing the flesh—to spread religion with the sword and torch. They have tried to convince their brothers by putting their feet in iron boots, by putting fathers, mothers, patriots, philosophers and philanthropists in dungeons. And what has been the result? Are we any nearer thinking alike to-day than we were then?

No orthodox church ever had power that it did not endeavor to make people think its way by force and flame. And yet every church that ever was established commenced in the minority, and while it was in the minority advocated free speech—every one. John Calvin, the founder of the Presbyterian Church, while he lived in France, wrote a book on religious toleration in order to show that all men had an equal right to think; and yet that man afterward, clothed in a little authority, forgot all his sentiments about religious liberty, and had poor Servetus burned at the stake, for differing with him on a question that neither of them knew anything about. In the minority, Calvin advocated toleration—in the majority, he practiced murder.

I want you to understand what has been done in the world to force men to think alike. It seems to me that if there is some infinite being who wants us to think alike, he would have made us alike. Why did he not do so? Why did he make your brain so that you could not by any possibility be a Methodist? Why did he make yours so that you could not be a Catholic? And why did he make the brain of another so that he is an unbeliever—why the brain of another so that he became a Mohammedan—if he wanted us all to believe alike?

After all, may be Nature is good enough and grand enough and broad enough to give us the diversity born of liberty. May be, after all, it would not be best for us all to be just the same. What a stupid world, if everybody said yes to everything that everybody else might say.

The most important thing in this world is liberty. More important than food or clothes—more important than gold or houses or lands—more important than art or science—more important than all religions, is the liberty of man.

If civilization tends to do away with liberty, then I agree with Mr. Buckle that civilization is a curse. Gladly would I give up the splendors of the nineteenth century—gladly would I forget every invention that has leaped from the brain of man—gladly would I see all books ashes, all works of art destroyed, all statues broken, and all the triumphs of the world lost—gladly, joyously would I go back to the abodes and dens of savagery, if that were necessary to preserve the inestimable gem of human liberty. So would every man who has a heart and brain.

How has the church in every age, when in authority, defended itself? Always by a statute against blasphemy, against argument, against free speech. And there never was such a statute that did not stain the book that it was in, and that did not certify to the savagery of the men who passed it. Never. By making a statute and by defining blasphemy, the church sought to prevent discussion—sought to prevent argument—sought to prevent a man giving his honest opinion. Certainly a tenet, a dogma, a doctrine, is safe when hedged about by a statute that prevents your speaking against it. In the silence of slavery it exists. It lives because lips are locked. It lives because men are slaves.

If I understand myself, I advocate only the doctrines that in my judgment will make this world happier and better. If I know myself, I advocate only those things that will make a man a better citizen, a better father, a kinder husband—that will make a woman a better wife, a better mother—doctrines that will fill every home with sunshine and with joy. And if I believed that anything I should say to-day would have any other possible tendency, I would stop. I am a believer in liberty. That is my religion—to give to every other human being every right that I claim for myself, and I grant to every other human being, not the right—because it is his right—but instead of granting I declare that it is his right, to attack every doctrine that I maintain, to answer every argument that I urge—in other words, he must have absolute freedom of speech.

I am a believer in what I call “intellectual hospitality.” A man comes to your door. If you are a gentleman and he appears to be a good man, you receive him with a smile. You ask after his health. You say: “Take a chair; are you thirsty, are you hungry, will you not break bread with me?” That is what a hospitable, good man does—he does not set the dog on him. Now, how should we treat a new thought? I say that the brain should be hospitable and say to the new thought: “Come in; sit down; I want to cross-examine you; I want to find whether you are good or bad; if good, stay; if bad, I don’t want to hurt you—probably you think you are all right,—but your room is better than your company, and I will take another idea in your place.” Why not? Can any man have the egotism to say that he has found it all out? No. Every man who has thought, knows not only how little he knows, but how little every other human being knows, and how ignorant, after all, the world must be.

There was a time in Europe when the Catholic Church had power. And I want it distinctly understood with this jury, that while I am opposed to Catholicism I am not opposed to Catholics—while I am opposed to Presbyterianism I am not opposed to Presbyterians. I do not fight people,—I fight ideas, I fight principles, and I never go into personalities. As I said, I do not hate Presbyterians, but Presbyterianism—that is, I am opposed to their doctrine. I do not hate a man that has the rheumatism—I hate the rheumatism when it has a man. So I attack certain principles because I think they are wrong, but I always want it understood that I have nothing against persons—nothing against victims.

There was a time when the Catholic Church was in power in the Old World. All at once there arose a man called Martin Luther, and what did the dear old Catholics think? “Oh,” they said, “that man and his followers are going to hell.” But they did not go. They were very good people. They may have been mistaken—I do not know. I

think they were right in their opposition to Catholicism—but I have just as much objection to the religion they founded as I have to the church they left. But they thought they were right, and they made very good citizens, and it turned out that their differing from the Mother Church did not hurt them. And then after awhile they began to divide, and there arose Baptists; and-the other gentlemen, who believed in this law that is now in New Jersey, began cutting off their ears so that they could hear better; they began putting them in prison so that they would have a chance to think. But the Baptists turned out to be good folks—first rate—good husbands, good fathers, good citizens. And in a little while, in England, the people turned to be Episcopalians, on account of a little war that Henry VIII. had with the Pope,—and I always sided with the Pope in that war—but it made no difference; and in a little while the Episcopalians turned out to be just about like other folks—no worse—and, as I know of, no better.

After awhile arose the Puritan, and the Episcopalian said, “We don’t want anything of him—he is a bad man;” and they finally drove some of them away and they settled in New England, and there were among them Quakers, than whom there never were better people on the earth—industrious, frugal, gentle, kind and loving—and yet these Puritans began hanging them. They said: “They are corrupting our children; if this thing goes on, everybody will believe in being kind and gentle and good, and what will become of us?” They were honest about it. So they went to cutting off ears. But the Quakers were good people and none of the prophecies were fulfilled.

In a little while there came some Unitarians and they said, “The world is going to ruin, sure;”—but the world went on as usual, and the Unitarians produced men like Channing—one of the tenderest spirits that ever lived—they produced men like Theodore Parker—one of the greatest brained and greatest hearted men produced upon this continent—a good man—and yet they thought he was a blasphemer—they even prayed for his death—on their bended knees they asked their God to take time to kill him. Well, they were mistaken. Honest, probably.

After awhile came the Universalists, who said: “God is good. He will not damn anybody always, just for a little mistake he made here. This is a very short life; the path we travel is very dim, and a great many shadows fall in the way, and if a man happens to stub his toe, God will not burn him forever.” And then all the rest of the sects cried out, “Why, if you do away with hell, everybody will murder just for pastime—everybody will go to stealing just to enjoy themselves.” But they did not. The Universalists were good people—just as good as any others. Most of them much better. None of the prophecies were fulfilled, and yet the differences existed.

And so we go on until we find people who do not believe the Bible at all, and when they say they do not, they come within this statute.

Now, gentlemen, I am going to try to show you, first, that this statute under which Mr. Reynolds is being tried is unconstitutional—that it is not in harmony with the constitution of New Jersey; and I am going to try to show you in addition to that, that it was passed hundreds of years ago, by men who believed it was right to burn heretics and tie Quakers to the end of a cart; men and even modest women—stripped naked—and lash them from town to town. They were the men who originally passed

that statute, and I want to show you that it has slept all this time, and I am informed—I do not know how it is—that there never has been a prosecution in this State for blasphemy.

Now, gentlemen, what is blasphemy? Of course nobody knows what it is, unless he takes into consideration where he is. What is blasphemy in one country would be a religious exhortation, in another. It is owing to where you are and who is in authority. And let me call your attention to the impudence and bigotry of the American Christians. We send missionaries to other countries. What for? To tell them that their religion is false, that their gods are myths and monsters, that their saviors and apostles were impostors, and that our religion is true. You send a man from Morristown—a Presbyterian, over to Turkey. He goes there, and he tells the Mohammedans—and he has it in a pamphlet and he distributes it—that the Koran is a lie, that Mohammed was not a prophet of God, that the angel Gabriel is not so large that it is four hundred leagues between his eyes—that it is all a mistake—there never was an angel so large as that. Then what would the Turks do? Suppose the Turks had a law like this statute in New Jersey. They would put the Morristown missionary in jail, and he would send home word, and then what would the people of Morristown say? Honestly—what do you think they would say? They would say, "Why, look at those poor, heathen wretches. We sent a man over there armed with the truth, and yet they were so blinded by their idolatrous religion, so steeped in superstition, that they actually put that man in prison." Gentlemen, does not that show the need of more missionaries? I would say, yes.

Now, let us turn the tables. A gentleman comes from Turkey to Morristown. He has got a pamphlet. He says, "The Koran is the inspired book, Mohammed is the real prophet, your Bible is false and your Savior simply a myth." Thereupon the Morristown people put him in jail. Then what would the Turks say? They would say, "Morristown needs more missionaries," and I would agree with them.

In other words, what we want is intellectual hospitality. Let the world talk. And see how foolish this trial is. I have no doubt that the prosecuting attorney-agrees with me to-day, that whether this law is good or bad, this trial should not have taken place. And let me tell you why. Here comes a man into your town and circulates a pamphlet. Now, if they had just kept still, very few would ever have heard of it. That would have been the end. The diameter of the echo would have been a few thousand feet. But in order to stop the discussion of that question, they indicted this man, and that question has been more discussed in this country since this indictment than all the discussions put together since New Jersey was first granted to Charles II.'s dearest brother James, the Duke of York.. And what else? A trial here that is to be reported and published all over the United States, a trial that will give Mr. Reynolds a congregation of fifty millions of people. And yet this was done for the purpose of stopping a discussion of this subject. I want to show you that the thing is in itself almost idiotic—that it defeats itself, and that you cannot crush out these things by force. Not only so, but Mr. Reynolds has the right to be defended, and his counsel has the right to give his opinions on this subject.

Suppose that we put Mr. Reynolds in jail. The argument has not been sent to jail. That is still going the rounds, free as the winds. Suppose you keep him at hard labor a

year—all the time he is there, hundreds and thousands of people will be reading some account, or some fragment, of this trial. There is the trouble. If you could only imprison a thought, then intellectual tyranny might succeed. If you could only take an argument and put a striped suit of clothes on it—if you could only take a good, splendid, shining fact and lock it up in some dungeon of ignorance, so that its light would never again enter the mind of man, then you might succeed in stopping human progress. Otherwise, no.

Let us see about this particular statute. In the first place, the State has a constitution. That constitution is a rule, a limitation to the power of the Legislature, and a certain breastwork for the protection of private rights, and the constitution says to this sea of passions and prejudices: "Thus far and no farther." The constitution says to each individual: "This shall panoply you; this is your complete coat of mail; this shall defend your rights." And it is usual in this country to make as a part of each constitution several general declarations—called the Bill of Rights. So I find that in the old constitution of New Jersey, which was adopted in the year of grace 1776, although the people at that time were not educated as they are now—the spirit of the Revolution at that time not having permeated all classes of society—a declaration in favor of religious freedom. The people were on the eve of a revolution. This constitution was adopted on the third day of July, 1776, one day before the immortal Declaration of Independence. Now, what do we find in this—and we have got to go by this light, by this torch, when we examine the statute.

I find in that constitution, in its Eighteenth Section, this: "No person shall ever in this State be deprived of the inestimable privilege of worshiping God, in a manner agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience; nor under any pretence whatever be compelled to attend any place of worship contrary to his own faith and judgment; nor shall he be obliged to pay tithes, taxes, or any other rates for the purpose of building or repairing any church or churches, contrary to what he believes to be true." That was a very great and splendid step. It was the divorce of church and state. It no longer allowed the State to levy taxes for the support of a particular religion, and it said to every citizen of New Jersey: All that you give for that purpose must be voluntarily given, and the State will not compel you to pay for the maintenance of a church in which you do not believe. So far so good.

The next paragraph was not so good. "There shall be no establishment of any one religious sect in this State in preference to another, and no Protestant inhabitants of this State shall be denied the enjoyment of any civil right merely on account of his religious principles; but all persons professing a belief in the faith of any Protestant sect, who shall demean themselves peaceably, shall be capable of being elected to any office of profit or trust, and shall fully and freely enjoy every privilege and immunity enjoyed by other citizens."

What became of the Catholics under that clause, I do not know—whether they had any right to be elected to office or not under this Act. But in 1844, the State having grown civilized in the meantime, another constitution was adopted. The word Protestant was then left out. There was to be no establishment of one religion over another. But Protestantism did not render a man capable of being elected to office

any more than Catholicism, and nothing is said about any religious belief whatever. So far, so good.

“No religious test shall be required as a qualification for any office of public trust. No person shall be denied the enjoyment of any civil right on account of his religious principles.”

That is a very broad and splendid provision. “No person shall be denied any civil right on account of his religious principles.” That was copied from the Virginia constitution, and that clause in the Virginia constitution was written by Thomas Jefferson, and under that clause men were entitled to give their testimony in the courts of Virginia whether they believed in any religion or not, in any bible or not, or in any god or not.

That same clause was afterward adopted by the State of Illinois, also by many other States, and wherever that clause is, no citizen can be denied any civil right on account of his religious principles. It is a broad and generous clause. This statute, under which this indictment is drawn, is not in accordance with the spirit of that splendid sentiment. Under that clause, no man can be deprived of any civil right on account of his religious principles, or on account of his belief. And yet, on account of this miserable, this antiquated, this barbarous and savage statute, the same man who cannot be denied any political or civil right, can be sent to the penitentiary as a common felon for simply expressing his honest thought. And before I get through I hope to convince you that this statute is unconstitutional.

But we will go another step: “Every person may freely speak, write, or publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right.”

That is in the constitution of nearly every State in the Union, and the intention of that is to cover slanderous words—to cover a case where a man under pretence of enjoying the freedom of speech falsely assails or accuses his neighbor. Of course he should be held responsible for that abuse.

Then follows the great clause in the constitution of 1844—more important than any other clause in that instrument—a clause that shines in that constitution like a star at night.—

“No law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press.”

Can anything be plainer—anything be more forcibly stated?

“No law shall be passed to abridge the liberty of speech.”

Now, while you are considering this statute, I want you to keep in mind this other statement:

“No law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press.”

And right here there is another thing I want to call your attention to. There is a constitution higher than any statute. There is a law higher than any constitution. It is the law of the human conscience, and no man who is a man will defile and pollute his conscience at the bidding of any legislature. Above all things, one should maintain

his selfrespect, and there is but one way to do that, and that is to live in accordance with your highest ideal.

There is a law higher than men can make. The facts as they exist in this poor world—the absolute consequences of certain acts—they are above all. And this higher law is the breath of progress, the very outstretched wings of civilization, under which we enjoy the freedom we have. Keep that in your minds. There never was a legislature great enough—there never was a constitution sacred enough, to compel a civilized man to stand between a black man and his liberty. There never was a constitution great enough to make me stand between any human being and his right to express his honest thoughts. Such a constitution is an insult to the human soul, and I would care no more for it than I would for the growl of a wild beast. But we are not driven to that necessity here. This constitution is in accord with the highest and noblest aspirations of the heart—"No law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech."

Now let us come to this old law—this law that was asleep for a hundred years before this constitution was adopted—this law coiled like a snake beneath the foundations of the Government—this law, cowardly, dastardly—this law passed by wretches who were afraid: to discuss—this law passed by men who could not, and who knew they could not, defend their creed—and so they said: "Give us the sword of the State and we will cleave the heretic down." And this law was made to control the minority. When the Catholics were in power they visited that law upon their opponents. When the Episcopalians were in power, they tortured and burned the poor Catholic who had scoffed and who had denied the truth of their religion. Whoever was in power used that, and whoever was out of power cursed that—and yet, the moment he got in power he used it: The people became civilized—but that law was on the statute book. It simply remained. There it was, sound asleep—its lips drawn over its long and cruel teeth. Nobody savage enough to waken it. And it slept on, and New Jersey has flourished. Men have done well. You have had average health in this country. Nobody roused the statute until the defendant in this case went to Boonton, and there made a speech in which he gave his honest thought, and the people not having an argument handy, threw stones. Thereupon Mr. Reynolds, the defendant, published a pamphlet on Blasphemy and in it gave a photograph of the Boonton Christians. That is his offence. Now let us read this infamous statute:

"*If any person shall willfully blaspheme the holy name of God by denying, cursing, or contumeliously reproaching his being*"—

I want to say right here—many a man has cursed the God of another man. The Catholics have cursed the God of the Protestant. The Presbyterians have cursed the God of the Catholics—charged them with idolatry—cursed their images, laughed at their ceremonies. And these compliments have been interchanged between all the religions of the world. But I say here to-day that no man, unless a raving maniac, ever cursed the God in whom he believed. No man, no human being, has ever lived who cursed his own idea of God. He always curses the idea that somebody else entertains. No human being ever yet cursed what he believed to be infinite wisdom and infinite goodness—and you know it. Every man on this jury knows that. He feels that that must be an absolute certainty. Then what have they cursed? Some God they did not

believe in—that is all. And has a man that right? I say, yes. He has a right to give his opinion of Jupiter, and there is nobody in Morristown who will deny him that right. But several thousands years ago it would have been very dangerous for him to have cursed Jupiter, and yet Jupiter is just as powerful now as he was then, but the Roman people are not powerful, and that is all there was to Jupiter—the Roman people.

So there was a time when you could have cursed Zeus, the god of the Greeks, and like Socrates, they would have compelled you to drink hemlock. Yet now everybody can curse this god. Why? Is the god dead? No. He is just as alive as he ever was. Then what has happened? The Greeks have passed away. That is all. So in all of our churches here. Whenever a church is in the minority it clamors for free speech. When it gets in the majority, no. I do not believe the history of the world will show that any orthodox church when in the majority ever had the courage to face the free lips of the world. It sends for a constable. And is it not wonderful that they should do this when they preach the gospel of universal forgiveness—when they say, "if a man strike you on one cheek turn to him the other also—but if he laughs at your religion, put him in the penitentiary"? Is that the doctrine? Is that the law?

Now, read this law. Do you know as I read it I can almost hear John Calvin laugh in his grave. That would have been a delight to him. It is written exactly as he would have written it. There never was an inquisitor who would not have read that law with a malicious smile. The Christians who brought the fagots and ran with all their might to be at the burning, would have enjoyed that law. You know that when they used to burn people for having said something against religion, they used to cut their tongues out before they burned them. Why? For fear that if they did not, the poor, burning victims might say something that would scandalize the Christian gentlemen who were building the fire. All these persons would have been delighted with this law.

Let us read a little further:

"*—Or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ.*"

Why, whoever did, since the poor man, or the poor God, was crucified? How did they come to crucify him? Because they did not believe in free speech in Jerusalem. How else? Because there was a law against blasphemy in Jerusalem—a law exactly like this. Just think of it. Oh, I tell you we have passed too many mile-stones on the shining road of human progress to turn back and wallow in that blood, in that mire.

No: Some men have said that he was simply a man. Some believed that he was actually a God. Others believed that he was not only a man, but that he stood as the representative of infinite love and wisdom. No man ever said one word against that Being for saying "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." No man ever raised his voice against him because he said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." And are they the "merciful" who when some man endeavors to answer their argument, put him in the penitentiary? No. The trouble is, the priests—the trouble is, the ministers—the trouble is, the people whose business it was to tell the meaning of these things, quarreled' with each other, and they put meanings upon human expressions by malice, meanings that the words will not bear. And let me be just to them. I believe that nearly all that has been done in this world has been honestly done. I believe that the poor savage who kneels down and prays to a stuffed

snake—prays that his little children may recover from the fever—is honest, and it seems to me that a good God would answer his prayer if he could, if it was in accordance with wisdom, because the poor savage was doing the best he could, and no one can do any better than that.

So I believe that the Presbyterians who used to think that nearly everybody was going to hell, said exactly what they believed. They were honest about it, and I would not send one of them to jail—would never think of such a thing—even if he called the unbelievers of the world "wretches," "dogs," and "devils." What would I do? I would simply answer him—that is all; answer him kindly. I might laugh at him a little, but I would answer him in kindness.

So these divisions of the human mind are natural. They are a necessity. Do you know that all the mechanics that ever lived—take the best ones—cannot make two clocks that will run exactly alike one hour, one minute? They cannot make two pendulums that will beat in exactly the same time, one beat. If you cannot do that, how are you going to make hundreds, thousands, billions of people, each with a different quality and quantity of brain, each clad in a robe of living, quivering flesh, and each driven by passion's storm over the wild sea of life—how are you going to make them all think alike? This is the impossible thing that Christian ignorance and bigotry and malice have been trying to do. This was the object of the Inquisition and of the foolish Legislature that passed this statute.

Let me read you another line from this ignorant statute:—

"*Or the Christian religion.*"

Well, what is the Christian religion? "If you scoff at the Christian religion—if you curse the Christian religion." Well what is it? Gentlemen, you hear Presbyterians every day attack the Catholic Church. Is that the Christian religion? The Catholic believes it is the Christian religion, and you have to admit that it is the oldest one, and then the Catholics turn round and scoff at the Protestants. Is that the Christian religion? If so, every Christian religion has been cursed by every other Christian religion. Is not that an absurd and foolish statute?

I say that the Catholic has the right to attack the Presbyterian and tell him, "Your doctrine is all wrong." I think he has the right to say to him, "You are leading thousands to hell." If he believes it, he not only has the right to say it, but it is his duty to say it; and if the Presbyterian really believes the Catholics are all going to the devil, it is his duty to say so. Why not? I will never have any religion that I cannot defend—that is, that I do not believe I can defend. I may be mistaken, because no man is absolutely certain that he knows. We all understand that. Every one is liable to be mistaken. The horizon of each individual is very narrow, and in his poor sky the stars are few and very small.

"*Or the Word of God—*"

What is that?

"*The canonical Scriptures contained in the books of the Old and New Testaments.*"

Now, what has a man the right to say about that? Has he the right to show that the book of Revelation got into the canon by one vote, and one only? Has he the right to show that they passed in convention upon what books they would put in and what they would not? Has he the right to show that there were twenty-eight books called "The Books of the Hebrew's"? Has he the right to show that? Has he the right to show that Martin Luther said he did not believe there was one solitary word of gospel in the Epistle to the Romans? Has he the right to show that some of these books were not written till nearly two hundred years afterward? Has he the right to say it, if he believes it? I do not say whether this is true or not, but has a man the right to say it if he believes it?

Suppose I should read the Bible all through right here in Morristown, and after I got through I should make up my mind that it is not a true book—what ought I to say? Ought I to clap my hand over my mouth and start for another State, and the minute I got over the line say, "It is not true, It is not true"? Or, ought I to have the right and privilege of saying right here in New Jersey, "My fellow-citizens, I have read the book—I do not believe that it is the word of God"? Suppose I read it and think it is true, then I am bound to say so. If I should go to Turkey and read the Koran and make up my mind that it is false, you would all say that I was a miserable poltroon if I did not say so.

By force you can make hypocrites—men who will agree with you from the teeth out, and in their hearts hate you. We want no more hypocrites. We have enough in every community. And how are you going to keep from having more? By having the air free,—by wiping from your statute books such miserable and infamous laws as this.

"*The Holy Scriptures.*"

Are they holy? Must a man be honest? Has he the right to be sincere? There are thousands of things in the Scriptures that everybody believes. Everybody believes the Scriptures are right when they say, "Thou shalt not steal"—everybody. And when they say "Give good measure, heaped up and running over," everybody says, "Good!" So when they say "Love your neighbor," everybody applauds that. Suppose a man believes that, and practices it, does it make any difference whether he believes in the flood or not? Is that of any importance? Whether a man built an ark or not—does that make the slightest difference? A man might deny it and yet be a very good man. Another might believe it and be a very mean man. Could it now, by any possibility, make a man a good father, a good husband, a good citizen? Does it make any difference whether you believe it or not? Does it make any difference whether or not you believe that a man was going through town, and his hair was a little short, like mine, and some little children laughed at him, and thereupon two bears from the woods came down and tore to pieces about forty of these children? Is it necessary to believe that? Suppose a man should say, "I guess that is a mistake; they did not copy that right; I guess the man that reported that was a little dull of hearing and did not get the story exactly right." Any harm in saying that? Is a man to be sent to the penitentiary for that? Can you imagine an infinitely good God sending a man to hell because he did not believe the bear story?

So I say if you believe the Bible, say so; if you do not believe it, say so. And here is the vital mistake, I might almost say, in Protestantism itself. The Protestants when they fought the Catholics said: "Read the Bible for yourselves—stop taking it from your priests—read the sacred volume with your own eyes; it is a revelation from God to his children, and you are the children." And then they said: "If after you read it you do not believe it, and you say anything against it, we will put you in jail, and God will put you in hell." That is a fine position to get a man in. It is like a man who invited his neighbor to come and look at his pictures, saying: "They are the finest in the place, and I want your candid opinion. A man who looked at them the other day said they were daubs, and I kicked him downstairs—now I want your candid judgment." So the Protestant Church says to a man, "This Bible is a message from your Father,—your Father in heaven. Read it. Judge for yourself. But if after you have read it you say it is not true, I will put you in the penitentiary for one year."

The Catholic Church has a little more sense about that—at least more logic. It says: "This Bible is not given to everybody. It is given to the world, to be sure, but it must be interpreted by the church. God would not give a Bible to the world unless he also appointed some one, some organization, to tell the world what it means." They said: "We do not want the world filled with interpretations, and all the interpreters fighting each other." And the Protestant has gone to the infinite absurdity of saying: "Judge for yourself, but if you judge wrong you will go to the penitentiary here and to hell hereafter.".

Now, let us see further:

"*Or by profane scoffing expose them to ridicule*"

Think of such a law as that, passed under a constitution that says, "No law shall abridge the liberty of speech." But you must not ridicule the Scriptures. Did anybody ever dream of passing a law to protect Shakespeare from being laughed at? Did anybody ever think of such a thing? Did anybody ever want any legislative enactment to keep people from holding Robert Burns in contempt? The songs of Burns will be sung as long as there is love in the human heart. Do we need to protect him from ridicule by a statute? Does he need assistance from New Jersey? Is any statute needed to keep Euclid from being laughed at in this neighborhood? And is it possible that a work written by an infinite Being has to be protected by a legislature? Is it possible that a book cannot be written by a God so that it will not excite the laughter of the human race?

Why, gentlemen, humor is one of the most valuable things in the human brain. It is the torch of the mind—it sheds light. Humor is the readiest test of truth—of the natural, of the sensible—and when you take from a man all sense of humor, there will only be enough left to make a bigot. Teach this man who has no humor—no sense of the absurd—the Presbyterian creed, fill his darkened brain with superstition and his heart with hatred—then frighten him with the threat of hell, and he will be ready to vote for that statute. Such men made that law.

Let us read another clause:—

"*And every person so offending shall, on conviction, be fined nor exceeding two hundred dollars, or imprisoned at hard labor not exceeding twelve months, or both.*"

I want you to remember that this statute was passed in England hundreds of years ago—just in that language. The punishment, however, has been somewhat changed. In the good old days when the king sat on the throne—in the good old days when the altar was the right-bower of the throne—then, instead of saying: "Fined two hundred dollars and imprisoned one year," it was: "All his goods shall be confiscated; his tongue shall be bored with a hot iron, and upon his forehead he shall be branded with the letter B; and for the second offence he shall suffer death by burning." Those were the good old days when people maintained the orthodox religion in all its purity and in all its ferocity.

The first question for you, gentlemen, to decide in this case is: Is this statute constitutional? Is this statute in harmony with, the part of the constitution of 1844 which says: "The liberty of speech shall not be abridged"? That is for you to say. Is this law constitutional, or is it simply an old statute that fell asleep, that was forgotten, that people simply failed to repeal? I believe I can convince you, if you will think a moment, that our fathers never intended to establish a government like that. When they fought for what they believed to be religious liberty—when they fought for what they believed to be liberty of speech, they believed that all such statutes would be wiped from the statute books of all the States.

Let me tell you another reason why I believe this. We have in this country naturalization laws. People may come here irrespective of their religion. They must simply swear allegiance to this country—they must forswear allegiance to every other potentate, prince and power—but they do not have to change their religion. A Hindoo may become a citizen of the United States, and the Constitution of the United States, like the constitution of New Jersey, guarantees religious liberty. That Hindoo believes in a God—in a God that no Christian does believe in. He believes in a sacred book that every Christian looks upon as a collection of falsehoods. He believes, too, in a Savior—in Buddha. Now, I ask you,—when that man comes here and becomes a citizen—when the Constitution is about him, above him—has he the right to give his ideas about his religion? Has he the right to say in New Jersey: "There is no God except the Supreme Brahm—there is no Savior except Buddha, the Illuminated, Buddha the Blest"? I say that he has that right—and you have no right, because in addition to that he says, "You are mistaken; your God is not God; your Bible is not true, and your religion is a mistake," to abridge his liberty of speech. He has the right to say it, and if he has the right to say it, I insist before this Court and before this jury, that he has the right to give his reasons for saying it; and in giving those reasons, in maintaining his side, he has the right, not simply to appeal to history, not simply to the masonry of logic, but he has the right to shoot the arrows of wit, and to use the smile of ridicule. Anything that can be laughed out of this world ought not to stay in it.

So the Persian—the believer in Zoroaster, in the spirits of Good and Evil, and that the spirit of Evil will finally triumph forever—if that is his religion—has the right to state it, and the right to give his reasons for his belief. How infinitely preposterous for you,

one of the States of this Union, to invite a Persian or a Hindoo to come to your shores. You do not ask him to renounce his God. You ask him to renounce the Shah. Then when he becomes a citizen, having the rights of every other citizen, he has the right to defend his religion and to denounce yours.

There is another thing. What was the spirit of our Government at that time? You must look at the leading men. Who were they? What were their opinions? Were most of them as guilty of blasphemy as is the defendant in this case? Thomas Jefferson—and there is, in my judgment, only one name on the page of American history greater than his—only one name for which I have a greater and tenderer reverence—and that is Abraham Lincoln, because of all men who ever lived and had power, he was the most merciful. And that is the way to test a man. How does he use power? Does he want to crush his fellow citizens? Does he like to lock somebody up in the penitentiary because he has the power of the moment? Does he wish to use it as a despot, or as a philanthropist—like a devil, or like a man? Thomas Jefferson entertained about the same views entertained by the defendant in this case, and he was made President of the United States. He was the author of the Declaration of Independence, founder of the University of Virginia, writer of that clause in the constitution of that State, that made all the citizens equal before the law. And when I come to the very sentences here charged as blasphemy, I will show you that these were the common sentiments of thousands of very great, of very intellectual and admirable men.

I have no time, and it may be this is not the place and the occasion, to call your attention to the infinite harm that has been done in almost every religious nation by statutes such as this. Where that statute is, liberty can not be; and if this statute is enforced by this jury and by this Court, and if it is afterwards carried out, and if it could be carried out in the States of this Union, there would be an end of all intellectual progress. We would go back to the Dark Ages. Every man's mind, upon these subjects at least, would become a stagnant pool, covered with the scum of prejudice and meanness.

And wherever such laws have been enforced, have the people been friends? Here we are to-day in this blessed air—here amid these happy fields. Can we imagine, with these surroundings, that a man for having been found with a crucifix in his poor little home, had been taken from his wife and children and burned—burned by Protestants? You cannot conceive of such a thing now. Neither can you conceive that there was a time when Catholics found some poor Protestant contradicting one of the dogmas of the church, and took that poor honest wretch—while his wife wept—while his children clung to his hands—to the public square, drove a stake in the ground, put a chain or two about him, lighted the fagots, and let the wife whom he loved and his little children see the flames climb around his limbs—you cannot imagine that any such infamy was ever practiced. And yet I tell you that the same spirit made this detestable, infamous, devilish statute.

You can hardly imagine that there was a time when the same kind of men that made this law said to another man: "You say this world is round?" "Yes, sir; I think it is, because I have seen its shadow on the moon." "You have?"—Now, can you imagine a society, outside of hyenas and boa-constrictors, that would take that man, put him in

the penitentiary, in a dungeon, turn the key upon him, and let his name be blotted from the book of human life? Years afterward some explorer amid ruins finds a few bones. The same spirit that did that, made this statute—the same spirit that did that, went before the grand jury in this case—exactly. Give the men that had this man indicted, the power, and I would not want to live in that particular part of the country. I would not willingly live with such men. I would go somewhere else, where the air is free, where I could speak my sentiments to my wife, to my children, and to my neighbors.

Now, this persecution differs only in degree from the infamies of the olden times. What does it mean? It means that the State of New Jersey has all the light it wants. And what does that mean? It means that the State of New Jersey is absolutely infallible—that it has got its growth and does not propose to grow any more. New Jersey knows enough, and it will send teachers to the penitentiary.

It is hardly possible that this State has accomplished all that it is ever going to accomplish. Religions are for a day. They are the clouds. Humanity is the eternal blue. Religions are the waves of the sea. These waves depend upon the force and direction of the wind—that is to say, of passion; but Humanity is the great sea. And so our religions change from day to day, and it is a blessed thing that they do. Why? Because we grow, and we are getting a little more civilized every day,—and any man that is not willing to let another man express his opinion, is not a civilized man, and you know it. Any man that does not give to everybody else the rights he claims for himself, is not in honest man.

Here is a man who says, “I am going to join the Methodist Church.” What right has he? Just the same right to join it that I have not to join it—no more, no less. But if you are a Methodist and I am not, it simply proves that you do not agree with me, and that I do not agree with you—that is all. Another man is a Catholic. He was born a Catholic, or is convinced that Catholicism is right. That is his business, and any man that would persecute him on that account, is a poor barbarian—a savage; any man that would abuse him on that account, is a barbarian—a savage.

Then I take the next step. A man does not wish to belong to any church. How are you going to judge him? Judge him by the way he treats his wife, his children, his neighbors. Does he pay his debts? Does he tell the truth? Does he help the poor? Has he got a heart that melts when he hears grief’s story? That is the way to judge him. I do not care what he thinks about the bears, or the flood, about bibles or gods. When some poor mother is found wandering in the street with a babe at her breast, does he quote Scripture, or hunt for his pocket-book? That is the way to judge. And suppose he does not believe in any bible whatever? If Christianity is true, that is his misfortune, and everybody should pity the poor wretch that is going down the hill. Why kick him? You will get your revenge on him through all eternity—is not that enough?

So I say, let us judge each other by our actions, not by theories, not by what we happen to believe—because that depends very much on where we were born.

If you had been born in Turkey, you probably would have been a Mohammedan. If I had been born among the Hindoos, I might have been a Buddhist—I can’t tell. If I

had been raised in Scotland, on oatmeal, I might have been a Covenanter—nobody knows. If I had lived in Ireland, and seen my poor wife and children driven into the street, I think I might have been a Home-ruler—no doubt of it. You see it depends on where you were born—much depends on our surroundings.

Of course, there are men born in Turkey who are not Mohammedans, and there are men born in this country who are not Christians—Methodists, Unitarians, or Catholics, plenty of them, who are unbelievers—plenty of them who deny the truth of the Scriptures—plenty of them who say:

"I know not whether there be a God or not." Well, it is a thousand times better to say that honestly than to say dishonestly that you believe in God.

If you want to know the opinion of your neighbor, you want his honest opinion. You do not want to be deceived. You do not want to talk with a hypocrite. You want to get straight at his honest mind—and then you are going to judge him, not by what he says but by what he does. It is very easy to sail along with the majority—easy to sail the way the boats are going—easy to float with the stream; but when you come to swim against the tide, with the men on the shore throwing rocks at you, you will get a good deal of exercise in this world.

And do you know that we ought to feel under the greatest obligation to men who have fought the prevailing notions of their day? There is not a Presbyterian in Morristown that does not hold up for admiration the man that carried the flag of the Presbyterians when they were in the minority—not one. There is not a Methodist in this State who does not admire John and Charles Wesley and Whitefield, who carried the banner of that new and despised sect when it was in the minority. They glory in them because they braved public opinion, because they dared to oppose idiotic, barbarous and savage statutes like this. And there is not a Universalist that does not worship dear old Hosea Ballou—I love him myself—because he said to the Presbyterian minister: "You are going around trying to keep people out of hell, and I am going around trying to keep hell out of the people." Every Universalist admires him and loves him because when despised and railed at and spit upon, he stood firm, a patient witness for the eternal mercy of God. And there is not a solitary Protestant who does not honor Martin Luther—who does not honor the Covenanters in poor Scotland, and that poor girl who was tied out on the sand of the sea by Episcopalians, and kept there till the rising tide drowned her, and all she had to do to save her life was to say, "God save the king," but she would not say it without the addition of the words, "If it be God's will." No one, who is not a miserable, contemptible wretch, can fail to stand in admiration before such courage, such self-denial—such heroism. No matter what the attitude of your body may be, your soul falls on its knees before such men and such women.

Let us take another step. Where would we have been if authority had always triumphed? Where would we have been if such statutes had always been carried out? We have now a science called astronomy. That science has done more to enlarge the horizon of human thought than all things else. We now live in an infinite universe. We know that the sun is a million times larger than our earth, and we know that there are other great luminaries millions of times larger than our sun. We know that

there are planets so far away that light, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles a second, requires fifteen thousand years to reach this grain of sand, this tear, we call the earth—and we now know that all the fields of space are sown thick with constellations. If that statute had been enforced, that science would not now be the property of the human mind. That science is contrary to the Bible, and for asserting the truth you become a criminal. For what sum of money, for what amount of wealth, would the world have the science of astronomy expunged from the brain of man? We learned the story of the stars in spite of that statute.

The first men who said the world was round were scourged for scoffing at the Scriptures. And even Martin Luther, speaking of one of the greatest men that ever lived, said: "Does he think with his little lever to overturn the Universe of God?" Martin Luther insisted that such men ought to be trampled under foot. If that statute had been carried into effect, Galileo would have been impossible. Kepler, the discoverer of the three laws, would have died with the great secret locked in his brain, and mankind would have been left ignorant, superstitious, and besotted. And what else? If that statute had been carried out, the world would have been deprived of the philosophy of Spinoza; of the philosophy, of the literature, of the wit and wisdom, the justice and mercy of Voltaire, the greatest Frenchman that ever drew the breath of life—the man who by his mighty pen abolished torture in a nation, and helped to civilize a world.

If that statute had been enforced, nearly all the books that enrich the libraries of the world could not have been written. If that statute had been enforced, Humboldt could not have delivered the lectures now known as "The Cosmos." If that statute had been enforced, Charles Darwin would not have been allowed to give to the world his discoveries that have been of more benefit to mankind than all the sermons ever uttered. In England they have placed his sacred dust in the great Abbey. If he had lived in New Jersey, and this statute could have been enforced, he would have lived one year at least in your penitentiary. Why? That man went so far as not simply to deny the truth of your Bible, but absolutely to deny the existence of your God. Was he a good man? Yes, one of the noblest and greatest of men. Humboldt, the greatest German who ever lived, was of the same opinion.

And so I might go on with the great men of to-day. Who are the men who are leading the race upward and shedding light in the intellectual world? They are the men declared by that statute to be criminals. Mr. Spencer could not publish his books in the State of New Jersey. He would be arrested, tried, and imprisoned; and yet that man has added to the intellectual wealth of the world.

So with Huxley, so with Tyndall, so with Helmholtz—so with the greatest thinkers and greatest writers of modern times.

You may not agree with these men—and what does that prove? It simply proves that they do not agree with you—that is all. Who is to blame? I do not know. They may be wrong, and you may be right; but if they had the power, and put you in the penitentiary simply because you differed with them, they would be savages; and if

you have the power and imprison men because they differ from you, why then, of course, you are savages.

No; I believe in intellectual hospitality. I love men that have a little horizon to their minds—a little sky, a little scope. I hate anything that is narrow and pinched and withered and mean and crawling, and that is willing to live on dust. I believe in creating such an atmosphere that things will burst into blossom. I believe in good will, good health, good fellowship, good feeling—and if there is any God on the earth, or in heaven, let us hope that he will be generous and grand. Do you not see what the effect will be? I am not cursing you because you are a Methodist, and not damning you because you are a Catholic, or because you are an Infidel—a good man is more than all of these. The grandest of all things is to be in the highest and noblest sense a man.

Now let us see the frightful things that this man, the defendant in this case, has done. Let me read the charges against him as set out in this indictment.

I shall insist that this statute does not cover any publication—that it covers simply speech—not in writing, not in book or pamphlet. Let us see:

"*This Bible describes God as so loving that he drowned the whole world in his mad fury.*"

Well, the great question about that is, is it true? Does the Bible describe God as having drowned the whole world with the exception of eight people? Does it, or does it not? I do not know whether there is anybody in this county who has really read the Bible, but I believe the story of the flood is there. It does say that God destroyed all flesh, and that he did so because he was angry. He says so, himself, if the Bible be true.

The defendant has simply repeated what is in the Bible. The Bible says that God is loving, and says that he drowned the world, and that he was angry. Is it blasphemy to quote from the "Sacred Scriptures"?

"*Because it was so much worse than he, knowing all things, ever supposed it could be.*"

Well, the Bible does say that he repented having made man. Now, is there any blasphemy in saying that the Bible is true? That is the only question. It is a fact that God, according to the Bible, did drown nearly everybody. If God knows all things, he must have known at the time he made them that he was going to drown them. Is it likely that a being of infinite wisdom would deliberately do what he knew he must undo? Is it blasphemy to ask that question? Have you a right to think about it at all? If you have, you have the right to tell somebody what you think—if not, you have no right to discuss it, no right to think about it. All you have to do is to read it and believe it—to open your mouth like a young robin, and swallow—worms or shingle nails—no matter which.

The defendant further blasphemed and said that:—

"*An all-wise, unchangeable God, who got out of patience with a world which was just what his own stupid blundering had made it, knew no better way out of the muddle than to destroy it by drowning!*"

Is that true? Was not the world exactly as God made it? Certainly. Did he not, if the Bible is true, drown the people? He did. Did he know he would drown them when he made them? He did. Did he know they ought to be drowned when they were made? He did. Where then, is the blasphemy in saying so? There is not a minister in this world who could explain it—who would be permitted to explain it—under this statute. And yet you would arrest this man and put him in the penitentiary. But after you lock him in the cell, there remains the question still. Is it possible that a good and wise God, knowing that he was going to drown them, made millions of people? What did he make them for? I do not know. I do not pretend to be wise enough to answer that question. Of course, you cannot answer the question. Is there anything blasphemous in that? Would it be blasphemy in me to say I do not believe that any God ever made men, women and children—mothers, with babes clasped to their breasts, and then sent a flood to fill the world with death?

A rain lasting for forty days—the water rising hour by hour, and the poor wretched children of God climbing to the tops of their houses—then to the tops of the hills. The water still rising—no mercy. The people climbing higher and higher, looking to the mountains for salvation—the merciless rain still falling, the inexorable flood still rising. Children falling from the arms of mothers—no pity. The highest hills covered—infancy and old age mingling in death—the cries of women, the sobs and sighs lost in the roar of waves—the heavens still relentless. The mountains are covered—a shoreless sea rolls round the world, and on its billows are billions of corpses.

This is the greatest crime that man has imagined, and this crime is called a deed of infinite mercy.

Do you believe that? I do not believe one word of it, and I have the right to say to all the world that this is false.

If there be a good God, the story is not true. If there be a wise God, the story is not true. Ought an honest man to be sent to the penitentiary for simply telling the truth?

Suppose we had a statute that whoever scoffed at science—whoever by profane language should bring the rule of three into contempt, or whoever should attack the proposition that two parallel lines will never include a space, should be sent to the penitentiary—what would you think of it? It would be just as wise and just as idiotic as this.

And what else says the defendant?

"*The Bible-God says that his people made him jealous." "Provoked him to anger*."

Is that true? It is. If it is true, is it blasphemous?

Let us read another line—

"*And now he will raise the mischief with them; that his anger bums like hell*."

That is true. The Bible says of God—"My anger burns to the lowest hell." And that is all that the defendant says. Every word of it is in the Bible. He simply does not believe it—and for that reason is a "blasphemer."

I say to you now, gentlemen,—and I shall argue to the Court,—that there is not in what I have read a solitary blasphemous word—not a word that has not been said in hundreds of pulpits in the Christian world. Theodore Parker, a Unitarian, speaking of this Bible-God said: "Vishnu with a necklace of skulls, Vishnu with bracelets of living, hissing serpents, is a figure of Love and Mercy compared to the God of the Old Testament." That, we might call "blasphemy," but not what I have read.

Let us read on:—

"*He would destroy them all were it not that he feared the wrath of the enemy*."

That is in the Bible—word for word. Then the defendant in astonishment says:

"*The Almighty God afraid of his enemies!*"

That is what the Bible says. What does it mean? If the Bible is true, God was afraid.

"*Can the mind conceive of more horrid blasphemy?*"

Is not that true? If God be infinitely good and wise and powerful, is it possible he is afraid of anything? If the defendant had said that God was afraid of his enemies, that might have been blasphemy—but this man says the Bible says that, and you are asked to say that it is blasphemy. Now, up to this point there is no blasphemy, even if you were to enforce this infamous statute—this savage law.

"*The Old Testament records for our instruction in morals, the most foul and bestial instances of fornication, incest, and polygamy, perpetrated by God's own saints, and the New Testament indorses these lecherous wretches as examples for all good Christians to follow*.".

Now, is it not a fact that the Old Testament does uphold polygamy? Abraham would have gotten into trouble in New Jersey—no doubt of that. Sarah could have obtained a divorce in this State—no doubt of that. What is the use of telling a falsehood about it? Let us tell the truth about the patriarchs.

Everybody knows that the same is true of Moses. We have all heard of Solomon—a gentleman with five or six hundred wives, and three or four hundred other ladies with whom he was acquainted. This is simply what the defendant says. Is there any blasphemy about that? It is only the truth. If Solomon were living in the United States to-day, we would put him in the penitentiary. You know that under the Edmunds Mormon law he would be locked up. If you should present a petition signed by his eleven hundred wives, you could not get him out.

So it was with David. There are some splendid things about David, of course. I admit that, and pay my tribute of respect to his courage—but he happened to have ten or twelve wives too many, so he shut them up, put them in a kind of penitentiary and kept them there till they died. That would not be considered good conduct even in Morristown. You know that. Is it any harm to speak of it? There are plenty of

ministers here to set it right—thousands of them all over the country, every one with his chance to talk all day Sunday and nobody to say a word back. The pew cannot reply to the pulpit, you know; it has just to sit there and take it. If there is any harm in this, if it is not true, they ought to answer it. But it is here, and the only answer is an indictment.

I say that Lot was a bad man. So I say of Abraham, and of Jacob. Did you ever know of a more despicable fraud practiced by one brother on another than Jacob practiced on Esau? My sympathies have always been with Esau. He seemed to be a manly man. Is it blasphemy to say that you do not like a hypocrite, a murderer, or a thief, because his name is in the Bible? How do you know what such men are mentioned for? May be they are mentioned as examples, and you certainly ought not to be led away and induced to imagine that a man with seven hundred wives is a pattern of domestic propriety, one to be followed by yourself and your sons. I might go on and mention the names of hundreds of others who committed every conceivable crime, in the name of religion—who declared war, and on the field of battle killed men, women and babes, even children yet unborn, in the name of the most merciful God. The Bible is filled with the names and crimes of these sacred savages, these inspired beasts. Any man who says that a God of love commanded the commission of these crimes is, to say the least of it, mistaken. If there be a God, then it is blasphemous to charge him with the commission of crime.

But let us read further from this indictment:

"The aforesaid printed document contains other scandalous, infamous and blasphemous matters and things, to the tenor and effect following, that is to say—"

Then comes this particularly blasphemous line:

"*Now, reader, take time and calmly think it over .*"

Gentlemen, there are many things I have read that I should not have expressed in exactly the same language used by the defendant, and many things that I am going to read I might not have said at all, but the defendant had the right to say every word with which he is charged in this indictment. He had the right to give his honest thought, no matter whether any human being agreed with what he said or not, and no matter whether any other man approved of the manner in which he said these things. I defend his right to speak, whether I believe in what he spoke or not, or in the propriety of saying what he did. I should defend a man just as cheerfully who had spoken against my doctrine, as one who had spoken against the popular superstitions of my time. It would make no difference to me how unjust the attack was upon my belief—how maliciously ingenious; and no matter how sacred the conviction that was attacked, I would defend the freedom of speech. And why? Because no attack can be answered by force, no argument can be refuted by a blow, or by imprisonment, or by fine. You may imprison the man, but the argument is free; you may fell the man to the earth, but the statement stands.

The defendant in this case has attacked certain beliefs, thought by the Christian world to be sacred. Yet, after all, nothing is sacred but the truth, and by truth I mean what a man sincerely and honestly believes. The defendant says:

"*Take time to calmly think it over: Was a Jewish girl the mother of God, the mother of your God?*"

The defendant probably asked this question, supposing that it must be answered by all sensible people in the negative. If the Christian religion is true, then a Jewish girl was the mother of Almighty God. Personally, if the doctrine is true, I have no fault to find with the statement that a Jewish maiden was the mother of God.—Millions believe, that this is true—I do not believe,—but who knows? If a God came from the throne of the universe, came to this world and became the child of a pure and loving woman, it would not lessen, in my eyes, the dignity or the greatness of that God.

There is no more perfect picture on the earth, or within the imagination of man, than a mother holding in her thrilled and happy arms a child, the fruit of love.

No matter how the statement is made, the fact remains the same. A Jewish girl became the mother of God. If the Bible is true, that is true, and to repeat it, even according to your law, is not blasphemous, and to doubt it, or to express the doubt, or to deny it, is not contrary to your constitution.

To this defendant it seemed improbable that God was ever born of woman, was ever held in the lap of a mother; and because he cannot believe this, he is charged with blasphemy. Could you pour contempt on Shakespeare by saying that his mother was a woman,—by saying that he was once a poor, crying, little, helpless child? Of course he was; and he afterwards became the greatest human being that ever touched the earth,—the only man whose intellectual wings have reached from sky to sky; and he was once a crying babe. What of it? Does that cast any scorn or contempt upon him? Does this take any of the music from "Midsummer Night's Dream"?—any of the passionate wealth from "Antony and Cleopatra," any philosophy from "Macbeth," any intellectual grandeur from "King Lear"? On the contrary, these great productions of the brain show the growth of the dimpled babe, give every mother a splendid dream and hope for her child, and cover every cradle with a sublime possibility.

The defendant is also charged with having said that: "*God cried and screamed*."

Why not? If he was absolutely a child, he was like other children,—like yours, like mine. I have seen the time, when absent from home, that I would have given more to have heard my children cry, than to have heard the finest orchestra that ever made the air burst into flower. What if God did cry? It simply shows that his humanity was real and not assumed, that it was a tragedy, real, and not a poor pretence. And the defendant also says that if the orthodox religion be true, that the

"*God of the Universe kicked, and flung about his little arms, and made aimless dashes into space with his little fists*."

Is there anything in this that is blasphemous? One of the best pictures I ever saw of the Virgin and Child was painted by the Spaniard, Murillo. Christ appears to be a truly natural, chubby, happy babe. Such a picture takes nothing from the majesty, the beauty, or the glory of the incarnation.

I think it is the best thing about the Catholic Church that it lifts up for adoration and admiration, a mother,—that it pays what it calls "Divine honors" to a woman. There

is certainly goodness in that, and where a church has so few practices that are good, I am willing to point this one out. It is the one redeeming feature about Catholicism, that it teaches the worship of a woman.

The defendant says more about the childhood of Christ. He goes so far as to say, that:

"*He was found staring foolishly at his own little toes*."

And why not? The Bible says, that "he increased in wisdom and stature." The defendant might have referred to something far more improbable. In the same verse in which St. Luke says that Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, will be found the assertion that he increased in favor with God and man. The defendant might have asked how it was that the love of God for God increased.

But the defendant has simply stated that the child Jesus grew, as other children grow; that he acted like other children, and if he did, it is more than probable that he did stare at his own toes. I have laughed many a time to see little children astonished with the sight of their feet. They seem to wonder what on earth puts the little toes in motion. Certainly there is nothing blasphemous in supposing that the feet of Christ amused him, precisely as the feet of other children have amused them. There is nothing blasphemous about this; on the contrary, it is beautiful. If I believed in the existence of God, the Creator of this world, the Being who, with the hand of infinity, sowed the fields of space with stars, as a farmer sows his grain, I should like to think of him as a little, dimpled babe, overflowing with joy, sitting upon the knees of a loving mother. The ministers themselves might take a lesson even from the man who is charged with blasphemy, and make an effort to bring an infinite God a little nearer to the human heart.

The defendant also says, speaking of the infant Christ, "*He was nursed at Mary's breast*."

Yes, and if the story be true, that is the tenderest fact in it. Nursed at the breast of woman. No painting, no statue, no words can make a deeper and a tenderer impression upon the heart of man than this: The infinite God, a babe, nursed at the holy breast of woman.

You see these things do not strike all people the same. To a man that has been raised on the orthodox desert, these things are incomprehensible. He has been robbed of his humanity. He has no humor, nothing but the stupid and the solemn. His fancy sits with folded wings.

Imagination, like the atmosphere of spring, woos every seed of earth to seek the blue of heaven, and whispers of bud and flower and fruit. Imagination gathers from every field of thought and pours the wealth of many lives into the lap of one. To the contracted, to the cast-iron people who believe in heartless and inhuman creeds, the words of the defendant seem blasphemous, and to them the thought that God was a little child is monstrous.

They cannot bear to hear it said that he nursed at the breast of a maiden, that he was wrapped in swaddling clothes, that he had the joys and sorrows of other babes. I hope, gentlemen, that not only you, but the attorneys for the prosecution, have read

what is known as the "Apocryphal New Testament," books that were once considered inspired, once admitted to be genuine, and that once formed a part of our New Testament. I hope you have read the books of Joseph and Mary, of the Shepherd of Hermes, of the Infancy and of Mary, in which many of the things done by the youthful Christ are described—books that were once the delight of the Christian world; books that gave joy to children, because in them they read that Christ made little birds of clay, that would at his command stretch out their wings and fly with joy above his head. If the defendant in this case had said anything like that, here in the State of New Jersey, he would have been indicted; the orthodox ministers would have shouted "blasphemy," and yet, these little stories made the name of Christ dearer to children.

The church of to-day lacks sympathy; the theologians are without affection. After all, sympathy is genius. A man who really sympathizes with another understands him. A man who sympathizes with a religion, instantly sees the good that is in it, and the man who sympathizes with the right, sees the evil that a creed contains.

But the defendant, still speaking of the infant Christ, is charged with having said:

"*God smiled when he was comfortable. He lay in a cradle and was rocked to sleep.*"

Yes, and there is no more beautiful picture than that. Let some great religious genius paint a picture of this kind—of a babe smiling with content, rocked in the cradle by the mother who bends tenderly and proudly above him. There could be no more beautiful, no more touching, picture than this. What would I not give for a picture of Shakespeare as a babe,—a picture that was a likeness,—rocked by his mother? I would give more for this than for any painting that now enriches the walls of the world.

The defendant also says, that:

"*God was sick when cutting his teeth.*"

And what of that? We are told that he was tempted in all points, as we are. That is to say, he was afflicted, he was hungry, he was thirsty, he suffered the pains and miseries common to man. Otherwise, he was not flesh, he was not human.

"*He caught the measles, the mumps, the scarlet fever and the whooping cough.*"

Certainly he was liable to have these diseases, for he was, in fact, a child. Other children have them. Other children, loved as dearly by their mothers as Christ could have been by his, and yet they are taken from the little family by fever; taken, it may be, and buried in the snow, while the poor mother goes sadly home, wishing that she was lying by its side. All that can be said of every word in this address, about Christ and about his childhood, amounts to this; that he lived the life of a child; that he acted like other children. I have read you substantially what he has said, and this is considered blasphemous.

He has said, that:

"*According to the Old Testament, the God of the Christian world commanded people to destroy each other.*"

If the Bible is true, then the statement of the defendant is true. Is it calculated to bring God into contempt to deny that he upheld polygamy, that he ever commanded one of his generals to rip open with the sword of war, the woman with child? Is it blasphemy to deny that a God of infinite love gave such commandments? Is such a denial calculated to pour contempt and scorn upon the God of the orthodox?

Is it blasphemous to deny that God commanded his children to murder each other? Is it blasphemous to say that he was benevolent, merciful and just?

It is impossible to say that the Bible is true and that God is good. I do not believe that a God made this world, filled it with people and then drowned them. I do not believe that infinite wisdom ever made a mistake. If there be any God he was too good to commit such an infinite crime, too wise, to make such a mistake. Is this blasphemy? Is it blasphemy to say that Solomon was not a virtuous man, or that David was an adulterer?

Must we say when this ancient King had one of his best generals placed in the front of the battle—deserted him and had him murdered for the purpose of stealing his wife, that he was "a man after God's own heart"? Suppose the defendant in this case were guilty of something like that? Uriah was fighting for his country, fighting the battles of David, the King. David wanted to take from him his wife. He sent for Joab, his commander-in-chief, and said to him:

"Make a feint to attack a town. Put Uriah at the front of the attacking force, and when the people sally forth from the town to defend its gate, fall back so that this gallant, noble, patriotic man may be slain."

This was done and the widow was stolen by the King. Is it blasphemy to tell the truth and to say exactly what David was? Let us be honest with each other; let us be honest with this defendant.

For thousands of years men have taught that the ancient patriarchs were sacred, that they were far better than the men of modern times, that what was in them a virtue, is in us a crime. Children are taught in Sunday schools to admire and respect these criminals of the ancient days. The time has come to tell the truth about these men, to call things by their proper names, and above all, to stand by the right, by the truth, by mercy and by justice. If what the defendant has said is blasphemy under this statute then the question arises, is the statute in accordance with the constitution? If this statute is constitutional, why has it been allowed to sleep for all these years? I take this position: Any law made for the preservation of a human right, made to guard a human being, cannot sleep long enough to die; but any law that deprives a human being of a natural right—if that law goes to sleep, it never wakes, it sleeps the sleep of death.

I call the attention of the Court to that remarkable case in England where, only a few years ago, a man appealed to trial by battle. The law allowing trial by battle had been asleep in the statute book of England for more than two hundred years, and yet the court held that, in spite of the fact that the law had been asleep—it being a law in favor of a defendant—he was entitled to trial by battle. And why? Because it was a statute at the time made in defence of a human right, and that statute could not sleep

long enough or soundly enough to die. In consequence of this decision, the Parliament of England passed a special act, doing away forever with the trial by battle.

When a statute attacks an individual right, the State must never let it sleep. When it attacks the right of the public at large and is allowed to pass into a state of slumber, it cannot be raised for the purpose of punishing an individual.

Now, gentlemen, a few words more. I take an almost infinite interest in this trial, and before you decide, I am exceedingly anxious that you should understand with clearness the thoughts I have expressed upon this subject I want you to know how the civilized feel, and the position now taken by the leaders of the world.

A few years ago almost everything spoken against the grossest possible superstition was considered blasphemous. The altar hedged itself about with the sword; the Priest went in partnership with the King. In those days statutes were leveled against all human speech. Men were convicted of blasphemy because they believed in an actual personal God; because they insisted that God had body and parts. Men were convicted of blasphemy because they denied that God had form. They have been imprisoned for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, and they have been torn in pieces for defending that doctrine. There are but few dogmas now believed by any Christian church that have not at some time been denounced as blasphemous.

When Henry VIII. put himself at the head of the Episcopal Church a creed was made, and in that creed there were five dogmas that must, of necessity, be believed. Anybody who denied any one, was to be punished—for the first offence, with fine, with imprisonment, or branding, and for the second offence, with death. Not one of these five dogmas is now a part of the creed of the Church of England.

So I could go on for days and weeks and months, showing that hundreds and hundreds of religious dogmas, to deny which was death, have been either changed or abandoned for others nearly as absurd as the old ones were. It may be, however, sufficient to say, that wherever the church has had power it has been a crime for any man to speak his honest thought. No church has ever been willing that any opponent should give a transcript of his mind. Every church in power has appealed to brute force, to the sword, for the purpose of sustaining its creed. Not one has had the courage to occupy the open field. The church has not been satisfied with calling Infidels and unbelievers blasphemers. Each church has accused nearly every other church of being a blasphemer. Every pioneer has been branded as a criminal. The Catholics called Martin Luther a blasphemer, and Martin Luther called Copernicus a blasphemer. Pious ignorance always regards intelligence as a kind of blasphemy. Some of the greatest men of the world, some of the best, have been put to death for the crime of blasphemy, that is to say, for the crime of endeavoring to benefit their fellow-men.

As long as the church has the power to close the lips of men, so long and no longer will superstition rule this world.

“Blasphemy is the word that the majority hisses into the ear of the few.”

After every argument of the church has been answered, has been refuted, then the church cries, “blasphemy!”

Blasphemy is what an old mistake says of a newly discovered truth.

Blasphemy is what a withered last year’s leaf says to a this year’s bud.

Blasphemy is the bulwark of religious prejudice.

Blasphemy is the breastplate of the heartless.

And let me say now, that the crime of blasphemy, as set out in this statute, is impossible. No man can blaspheme a book. No man can commit blasphemy by telling his honest thought. No man can blaspheme a God, or a Holy Ghost, or a Son of God. The Infinite cannot be blasphemed.

In the olden time, in the days of savagery and superstition, when some poor man was struck by lightning, or when a blackened mark was left on the breast of a wife and mother, the poor savage supposed that some god, angered by something he had done, had taken his revenge. What else did the savage suppose? He believed that this god had the same feelings, with regard to the loyalty of his subjects, that an earthly chief had, or an earthly king had, with regard to the loyalty or treachery of members of his tribe, or citizens of his kingdom. So the savage said, when his country was visited by a calamity, when the flood swept the people away, or the storm scattered their poor houses in fragments: “We have allowed some Freethinker to live; some one is in our town or village who has not brought his gift to the priest, his incense to the altar; some man of our tribe or of our country does not respect our god.” Then, for the purpose of appeasing the supposed god, for the purpose of again winning a smile from heaven, for the purpose of securing a little sunlight for their fields and homes, they drag the accused man from his home, from his wife and children, and with all the ceremonies of pious brutality, shed his blood. They did it in self-defence; they believed that they were saving their own lives and the lives of their children; they did it to appease their god. Most people are now beyond that point. Now when disease visits a community, the intelligent do not say the disease came because the people were wicked; when the cholera comes, it is not because of the Methodists, of the Catholics, of the Presbyterians, or of the Infidels. When the wind destroys a town in the far West, it is not because somebody there had spoken his honest thoughts. We are beginning to see that the wind blows and destroys without the slightest reference to man, without the slightest care whether it destroys the good or the bad, the irreligious or the religious. When the lightning leaps from the clouds it is just as likely to strike a good man as a bad man, and when the great serpents of flame climb around the houses of men, they burn just as gladly and just as joyously, the home of virtue, as they do the den and lair of vice.

Then the reason for all these laws has failed. The laws were made on account of a superstition. That superstition has faded from the minds of intelligent men, and, as a consequence, the laws based on the superstition ought to fail.

There is one splendid thing in nature, and that is that men and nations must reap the consequences of their acts—reap them in this world, if they live, and in another if there be one. The man who leaves this world a bad man, a malicious man, will

probably be the same man when he reaches another realm, and the man who leaves this shore good, charitable and honest, will be good, charitable and honest, no matter on what star he lives again. The world is growing sensible upon these subjects, and as we grow sensible, we grow charitable.

Another reason has been given for these laws against blasphemy, the most absurd reason that can by any possibility be given. It is this: There should be laws against blasphemy, because the man who utters blasphemy endangers the public peace.

Is it possible that Christians will break the peace? Is it possible that they will violate the law? Is it probable that Christians will congregate together and make a mob, simply because a man has given an opinion against their religion? What is their religion? They say, “If a man smites you on one cheek, turn the other also.” They say, “We must love our neighbors as we love ourselves.” Is it possible then, that you can make a mob out of Christians,—that these men, who love even their enemies, will attack others, and will destroy life, in the name of universal love? And yet, Christians themselves say that there ought to be laws against blasphemy, for fear that Christians, who are controlled by universal love, will become so outraged, when they hear an honest man express an honest thought, that they will leap upon him and tear him in pieces.

What is blasphemy? I will give you a definition; I will give you my thought upon this subject. What is real blasphemy?

To live on the unpaid labor of other men—that is blasphemy.

To enslave your fellow-man, to put chains upon his body—that is blasphemy.

To enslave the minds of men, to put manacles upon the brain, padlocks upon the lips—that is blasphemy.

To deny what you believe to be true, to admit to be true what you believe to be a lie—that is blasphemy.

To strike the weak and unprotected, in order that you may gain the applause of the ignorant and superstitious mob—that is blasphemy.

To persecute the intelligent few, at the command of the ignorant many—that is blasphemy.

To forge chains, to build dungeons, for your honest fellow-men—that is blasphemy.

To pollute the souls of children with the dogma of eternal pain—that is blasphemy.

To violate your conscience—that is blasphemy.

The jury that gives an unjust verdict, and the judge who pronounces an unjust sentence, are blasphemers.

The man who bows to public opinion against his better judgment and against his honest conviction, is a blasphemer.

Why should we fear our fellow-men? Why should not each human being have the right, so far as thought and its expression are concerned, of all the world? What harm can come from an honest interchange of thought?

I have been giving you my real ideas. I have spoken freely, and yet the sun rose this morning, just the same as it always has. There is no particular change visible in the world, and I do not see but that we are all as happy to-day as though we had spent yesterday in making somebody else miserable. I denounced on yesterday the superstitions of the Christian world, and yet, last night I slept the sleep of peace. You will pardon me for saying again that I feel the greatest possible interest in the result of this trial, in the principle at stake. This is my only apology, my only excuse, for taking your time. For years I have felt that the great battle for human liberty, the battle that has covered thousands of fields with heroic dead, had finally been won. When I read the history of this world, of what has been endured, of what has been suffered, of the heroism and infinite courage of the intellectual and honest few, battling with the countless serfs and slaves of kings and priests, of tyranny, of hypocrisy, of ignorance and prejudice, of faith and fear, there was in my heart the hope that the great battle had been fought, and that the human race, in its march towards the dawn, had passed midnight, and that the "great balance weighed up morning." This hope, this feeling, gave me the greatest possible joy. When I thought of the many who had been burnt, of how often the sons of liberty had perished in ashes, of how many o! the noblest and greatest had stood upon scaffolds, and of the countless hearts, the grandest that ever throbbed in human breasts, that had been broken by the tyranny of church and state, of how many of the noble and loving had sighed themselves away in dungeons, the only consolation was that the last bastile had fallen, that the dungeons of the Inquisition had been torn down and that the scaffolds of the world could no longer be wet with heroic blood.

You know that sometimes, after a great battle has been fought, and one of the armies has been broken, and its fortifications carried, there are occasional stragglers beyond the great field, stragglers who know nothing of the fate of their army, know nothing of the victory, and for that reason, fight on. There are a few such stragglers in the State of New Jersey. They have never heard of the great victory. They do not know that in all civilized countries the hosts of superstition have been put to flight. They do not know that Freethinkers, Infidels, are to-day the leaders of the intellectual armies of the world.

One of the last trials of this character, tried in Great Britain,—and that is the country that our ancestors fought in the sacred name of liberty,—one of the last trials in that country, a country ruled by a state church, ruled by a woman who was born a queen, ruled by dukes and nobles and lords, children of ancient robbers—was in the year 1843. George Jacob Holyoake, one of the best of the human race, was imprisoned on a charge of Atheism, charged with having written a pamphlet and having made a speech in which he had denied the existence of the British God. The judge who tried him, who passed sentence upon him, went down to his grave with a stain upon his intellect and upon his honor. All the real intelligence of Great Britain rebelled against the outrage. There was a trial after that to which I will call your attention. Judge Coleridge, father of the present Chief Justice of England, presided at this trial. A poor

man by the name of Thomas Pooley, a man who dug wells for a living, wrote on the gate of a priest, that, if people would burn their Bibles and scatter the ashes on the lands, the crops would be better, and that they would also save a good deal of money in tithes. He wrote several sentences of a kindred character. He was a curious man. He had an idea that the world was a living, breathing animal. He would not dig a well beyond a certain depth for fear he might inflict pain upon this animal, the earth. He was tried before Judge Coleridge, on that charge. An infinite God was about to be dethroned, because an honest well-digger had written his sentiments on the fence of a parson. He was indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to prison. Afterward, many intelligent people asked for his pardon, on the ground that he was in danger of becoming insane. The judge refused to sign the petition. The pardon was refused. Long before his sentence expired, he became a raving maniac. He was removed to an asylum and there died. Some of the greatest men in England attacked that judge, among these, Mr. Buckle, author of "The History of Civilization in England," one of the greatest books in this world. Mr. Buckle denounced Judge Coleridge. He brought him before the bar of English opinion, and there was not a man in England, whose opinion was worth anything, who did not agree with Mr. Buckle, and did not with him, declare the conviction of Thomas Pooley to be an infamous outrage. What were the reasons given? This, among others: The law was dead; it had been asleep for many years; it was a law passed during the ignorance of the Middle Ages, and a law that came out of the dungeon of religious persecution; a law that was appealed to by bigots and by hypocrites, to punish, to imprison an honest man.

In many parts of this country, people have entertained the idea that New England was still filled with the spirit of Puritanism, filled with the descendants of those who killed Quakers in the name of universal benevolence, and traded Quaker children in the Barbadoes for rum, for the purpose of establishing the fact that God is an infinite father.

Yet, the last trial in Massachusetts on a charge like this, was when Abner Kneeland was indicted on a charge of Atheism. He was tried for having written this sentence: "The Universalists believe in a God which I do not." He was convicted and imprisoned. Chief Justice Shaw upheld the decision, and upheld it because he was afraid of public opinion; upheld it, although he must have known that the statute under which Kneeland was indicted was clearly and plainly in violation of the Constitution. No man can read the decision of Justice Shaw without being convinced that he was absolutely dominated, either by bigotry, or hypocrisy. One of the judges of that court, a noble man, wrote a dissenting opinion, and in that dissenting opinion is the argument of a civilized, of an enlightened jurist. No man can answer the dissenting opinion of Justice Morton. The case against Kneeland was tried more than fifty years ago, and there has been none since in the New England States; and this case, that we are now trying, is the first ever tried in New Jersey. The fact that it is the first, certifies to my interpretation of this statute, and it also certifies to the toleration and to the civilization of the people of this State. The statute is upon your books. You inherited it from your ignorant ancestors, and they inherited it from their savage ancestors. The people of New Jersey were heirs of the mistakes and of the atrocities of ancient England.

It is too late to enforce a law like this. Why has it been allowed to slumber? Who obtained this indictment? Were they actuated by good and noble motives? Had they the public weal at heart, or were they simply endeavoring to be revenged upon this defendant? Were they willing to disgrace the State, in order that they might punish him?

I have given you my definition of blasphemy, and now the question arises, what is worship? Who is a worshiper? What is prayer? What is real religion? Let me answer these questions.

Good, honest, faithful work, is worship. The man who ploughs the fields and fells the forests; the man who works in mines, the man who battles with the winds and waves out on the wide sea, controlling the commerce of the world; these men are worshipers. The man who goes into the forest, leading his wife by the hand, who builds him a cabin, who makes a home in the wilderness, who helps to people and civilize and cultivate a continent, is a worshiper.

Labor is the only prayer that Nature answers; it is the only prayer that deserves an answer,—good, honest, noble work.

A woman whose husband has gone down to the gutter, gone down to degradation and filth; the woman who follows him and lifts him out of the mire and presses him to her noble heart, until he becomes a man once more, this woman is a worshiper. Her act is worship.

The poor man and the poor woman who work night and day, in order that they may give education to their children, so that they may have a better life than their father and mother had; the parents who deny themselves the comforts of life, that they may lay up something to help their children to a higher place—they are worshipers; and the children who, after they reap the benefit of this worship, become ashamed of their parents, are blasphemers.

The man who sits by the bed of his invalid wife,—a wife prematurely old and gray,—the husband who sits by her bed and holds, her thin, wan hand in his as lovingly, and kisses it as rapturously, as passionately, as when it was dimpled,—that is worship; that man is a worshiper; that is real religion.

Whoever increases the sum of human joy, is a worshiper. He who adds to the sum of human misery, is a blasphemer.

Gentlemen, you can never make me believe—no statute can ever convince me, that there is any infinite Being in this universe who hates an honest man. It is impossible to satisfy me that there is any God, or can be any God, who holds in abhorrence a soul that has the courage to express his thought. Neither can the whole world convince me that any man should be punished, either in this world or in the next, for being candid with his fellow-men. If you send men to the penitentiary for speaking their thoughts, for endeavoring to enlighten their fellows, then the penitentiary will become a place of honor, and the victim will step from it—not stained, not disgraced, but clad in robes of glory.

Let us take one more step.

What is holy, what is sacred? I reply that human happiness is holy, human rights are holy. The body and soul of man—these are sacred. The liberty of man is of far more importance than any book; the rights of man more sacred than any religion—than any Scriptures, whether inspired or not.

What we want is the truth, and does any one suppose that all of the truth is confined in one book—that the mysteries of the whole world are explained by one volume?

All that is—all that conveys information to man—all that has been produced by the past—all that now exists—should be considered by an intelligent man. All the known truths of this world—all the philosophy, all the poems, all the pictures, all the statues, all the entrancing music—the prattle of babes, the lullaby of mothers, the words of honest men, the trumpet calls to duty—all these make up the bible of the world—everything that is noble and true and free, you will find in this great book.

If we wish to be true to ourselves,—if we wish to benefit our fellow-men—if we wish to live honorable lives—we will give to every other human being every right that we claim for ourselves.

There is another thing that should be remembered by you. You are the judges of the law, as well as the judges of the facts. In a case like this, you are the final judges as to what the law is; and if you acquit, no court can reverse your verdict. To prevent the least misconception, let me state to you again what I claim:

First. I claim that the constitution of New Jersey declares that:

"*The liberty of speech shall not be abridged.*" Second. That this statute, under which this indictment is found, is unconstitutional, because it does abridge the liberty of speech; it does exactly that which the constitution emphatically says shall not be done.

Third. I claim, also, that under this law—even if it be constitutional—the words charged in this indictment do not amount to blasphemy, read even in the light, or rather in the darkness, of this statute.

Do not, I pray you, forget this point. Do not forget, that, no matter what the Court may tell you about the law—how good it is, or how bad it is—no matter what the Court may instruct you on that subject—do not forget one thing, and that is: That the words charged in the indictment are the only words that you can take into consideration in this case. Remember that no matter what else may be in the pamphlet—no matter what pictures or cartoons there may be of the gentlemen in Boonton who mobbed this man in the name of universal liberty and love—do not forget that you have no right to take one word into account except the exact words set out in this indictment—that is to say, the words that I have read to you. Upon this point the Court will instruct you that you have nothing to do with any other line in that pamphlet; and I now claim, that should the Court instruct you that the statute is constitutional, still I insist that the words set out in this indictment do not amount to blasphemy.

There is still another point. This statute says: "Whoever shall *willfully* speak against." Now, in this case, you must find that the defendant "willfully" did so and

so—that is to say, that he made the statements attributed to him knowing that they were not true. If you believe that he was honest in what he said, then this statute does not touch him. Even under this statute, a man may give his honest opinion. Certainly, there is no law that charges a man with “willfully” being honest—”willfully” telling his real opinion—”willfully” giving to his fellow-men his thought.

Where a man is charged with larceny, the indictment must set out that he took the goods or the property with the intention to steal—with what the law calls the *animus furandi*. If he took the goods with the intention to steal, then he is a thief; but if he took the goods believing them to be his own, then he is guilty of no offence. So in this case, whatever was said by the defendant must have been “willfully” said. And I claim that if you believe that what the man said was honestly said, you cannot find him guilty under this statute.

One more point: This statute has been allowed to slumber so long, that no man had the right to awaken it. For more than one hundred years it has slept; and so far as New Jersey is concerned, it has been sound asleep since 1664. For the first time it is dug out of its grave. The breath of life is sought to be breathed into it, to the end that some people may wreak their vengeance on an honest man.

Is there any evidence—has there been any—to show that the defendant was not absolutely candid in the expression of his opinions? Is there one particle of evidence tending, to show that he is not a perfectly honest and sincere man? Did the prosecution have the courage to attack his reputation? No. The State has simply proved to you that he circulated that pamphlet—that is all.

It was claimed, among other things, that the defendant circulated this pamphlet among children. There was no such evidence—not the slightest. The only evidence about schools, or school-children was, that when the defendant talked with the bill-poster,—whose business the defendant was interfering with,—he asked him something about the population of the town, and about the schools. But according to the evidence, and as a matter of fact, not a solitary pamphlet was ever given to any child, or to any youth. According to the testimony, the defendant went into two or three stores,—laid the pamphlets on a show case, or threw them upon a desk—put them upon a stand where papers were sold, and in one instance handed a pamphlet to a man. That is all.

In my judgment, however, there would have been no harm in giving this pamphlet to every citizen of your place.

Again I say, that a law that has been allowed to sleep for all these years—allowed to sleep by reason of the good sense and by reason of the tolerant spirit of the State of New Jersey, should not be allowed to leap into life because a few are intolerant, or because a few lacked good sense and judgment. This snake should not be warmed into vicious life by the blood of anger.

Probably not a man on this jury agrees with me about the subject of religion. Probably not a member of this jury thinks that I am right in the opinions that I have entertained and have so often expressed. Most of you belong to some church, and I presume that those who do, have the good of what they call Christianity at heart.

There maybe among you some Methodists. If so, they have read the history of their church, and they know that when it was in the minority, it was persecuted, and they know that they can not read the history of that persecution without becoming indignant. They know that the early Methodists were denounced as heretics, as ranters, as ignorant pretenders.

There are also on this jury, Catholics, and they know that there is a tendency in many parts of this country to persecute a man now because he is a Catholic. They also know that their church has persecuted in times past, whenever and wherever it had the power; and they know that Protestants, when in power, have always persecuted Catholics; and they know, in their hearts, that all persecution, whether in the name of law, or religion, is monstrous, savage, and fiendish.

I presume that each one of you has the good of what you call Christianity at heart. If you have, I beg of you to acquit this man. If you believe Christianity to be a good, it never can do any church any good to put a man in jail for the expression of opinion. Any church that imprisons a man because he has used an argument against its creed, will simply convince the world that it cannot answer the argument.

Christianity will never reap any honor, will never reap any profit, from persecution. It is a poor, cowardly, dastardly way of answering arguments. No gentleman will do it—no civilized man ever did do it—no decent human being ever did, or ever will.

I take it for granted that you have a certain regard, a certain affection, for the State in which you live—that you take a pride in the Commonwealth of New Jersey. If you do, I beg of you to keep the record of your State clean. Allow no verdict to be recorded against the freedom of speech. At present there is not to be found on the records of any inferior court, or on those of the Supreme tribunal—any case in which a man has been punished for speaking his sentiments. The records have not been stained—have not been polluted—with such a verdict.

Keep such a verdict from the Reports of your State—from the Records of your courts. No jury has yet, in the State of New Jersey, decided that the lips of honest men are not free—that there is a manacle upon the brain.

For the sake of your State—for the sake of her reputation throughout the world—for your own sakes—and those of your children, and their children yet to be—say to the world that New Jersey shares in the spirit of this age,—that New Jersey is not a survival of the Dark Ages,—that New Jersey does not still regard the thumbscrew as an instrument of progress,—that New Jersey needs no dungeon to answer the arguments of a free man, and does not send to the penitentiary, men who think, and men who speak. Say to the world, that where arguments are without foundation, New Jersey has confidence enough in the brains of her people to feel that such arguments can be refuted by reason.

For the sake of your State, acquit this man. For the sake of something of far more value to this world than New Jersey—for the sake of something of more importance to mankind than this continent—for the sake of Human Liberty, for the sake of Free Speech, acquit this man.

What light is to the eyes, what love is to the heart, Liberty is to the soul of man. Without it, there come suffocation, degradation and death.

In the name of Liberty, I implore—and not only so, but I insist—that you shall find a verdict in favor of this defendant. Do not do the slightest thing to stay the march of human progress. Do not carry us back, even for a moment, to the darkness of that cruel night that good men hoped had passed away forever.

Liberty is the condition of progress. Without Liberty, there remains only barbarism. Without Liberty, there can be no civilization.

If another man has not the right to think, you have not even the right to think that he thinks wrong. If every man has not the right to think, the people of New Jersey had no right to make a statute, or to adopt a constitution—no jury has the right to render a verdict, and no court to pass its sentence.

In other words, without liberty of thought, no human being has the right to form a judgment. It is impossible that there should be such a thing as real religion without liberty. Without liberty there can be no such thing as conscience, no such word as justice. All human actions—all good, all bad—have for a foundation the idea of human liberty, and without Liberty there can be no vice, and there can be no virtue.

Without Liberty there can be no worship, no blasphemy—no love, no hatred, no justice, no progress.

Take the word Liberty from human speech and all the other words become poor, withered, meaningless sounds—but with that word realized—with that word understood, the world becomes a paradise.

Understand me. I am not blaming the people. I am not blaming the prosecution, or the prosecuting attorney. The officers of the court are simply doing what they feel to be their duty. They did not find the indictment. That was found by the grand jury. The grand jury did not find the indictment of its own motion. Certain people came before the grand jury and made their complaint—gave their testimony, and upon that testimony, under this statute, the indictment was found.

While I do not blame these people—they not being on trial—I do ask you to stand on the side of right.

I cannot conceive of much greater happiness than to discharge a public duty, than to be absolutely true to conscience, true to judgment, no matter what authority may say, no matter what public opinion may demand. A man who stands by the right, against the world, cannot help applauding himself, and saying: “I am an honest man.”

I want your verdict—a verdict born of manhood, of courage; and I want to send a dispatch to-day to a woman who is lying sick. I wish you to furnish the words of this dispatch—only two words—and these two words will fill an anxious heart with joy. They will fill a soul with light. It is a very short message—only two words—and I ask you to furnish them: “Not guilty.”

You are expected to do this, because I believe you will be true to your consciences, true to your best judgment, true to the best interests of the people of New Jersey, true to the great cause of Liberty.

I sincerely hope that it will never be necessary again, under the flag of the United States—that flag for which has been shed the bravest and best blood of the world—under that flag maintained by Washington, by Jefferson, by Franklin and by Lincoln—under that flag in defence of which New Jersey poured out her best and bravest blood—I hope it will never be necessary again for a man to stand before a jury and plead for the Liberty of Speech.

God In The Constitution

"*All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.*"

IN this country it is admitted that the power to govern resides in the people themselves; that they are the only rightful source of authority. For many centuries before the formation of our Government, before the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, the people had but little voice in the affairs of nations. The source of authority was not in this world; kings were not crowned by their subjects, and the sceptre was not held by the consent of the governed. The king sat on his throne by the will of God, and for that reason was not accountable to the people for the exercise of his power. He commanded, and the people obeyed. He was lord of their bodies, and his partner, the priest, was lord of their souls. The government of earth was patterned after the kingdom on high. God was a supreme autocrat in heaven, whose will was law, and the king was a supreme autocrat on earth whose will was law. The God in heaven had inferior beings to do his will, and the king on earth had certain favorites and officers to do his. These officers were accountable to him, and he was responsible to God.

The Feudal system was supposed to be in accordance with the divine plan. The people were not governed by intelligence, but by threats and promises, by rewards and punishments. No effort was made to enlighten the common people; no one thought of educating a peasant—of developing the mind of a laborer. The people were created to support thrones and altars. Their destiny was to toil and obey—to work and want. They were to be satisfied with huts and hovels, with ignorance and rags, and their children must expect no more. In the presence of the king they fell upon their knees, and before the priest they groveled in the very dust. The poor peasant divided his earnings with the state, because he imagined it protected his body; he divided his crust with the church, believing that it protected his soul. He was the prey of Throne and Altar—one deformed his body, the other his mind—and these two vultures fed upon his toil. He was taught by the king to hate the people of other nations, and by the priest to despise the believers in all other religions. He was made the enemy of all people except his own. He had no sympathy with the peasants of other lands, enslaved and plundered like himself., He was kept in ignorance, because education is the enemy of superstition, and because education is the foe of that egotism often mistaken for patriotism.

The intelligent and good man holds in his affections the good and true of every land—the boundaries of countries are not the limitations of his sympathies. Caring nothing for race, or color, he loves those who speak other languages and worship other gods. Between him and those who suffer, there is no impassable gulf. He salutes the world, and extends the hand of friendship to the human race. He does not bow before a provincial and patriotic god—one who protects his tribe or nation, and abhors the rest of mankind.

Through all the ages of superstition, each nation has insisted that it was the peculiar care of the true God, and that it alone had the true religion—that the gods of other

nations were false and fraudulent, and that other religions were wicked, ignorant and absurd. In this way the seeds of hatred had been sown, and in this way have been kindled the flames of war. Men have had no sympathy with those of a different complexion, with those who knelt at other altars and expressed their thoughts in other words—and even a difference in garments placed them beyond the sympathy of others. Every peculiarity was the food of prejudice and the excuse for hatred.

The boundaries of nations were at last crossed by commerce. People became somewhat acquainted, and they found that the virtues and vices were quite evenly distributed. At last, subjects became somewhat acquainted with kings—peasants had the pleasure of gazing at princes, and it was dimly perceived that the differences were mostly in rags and names.

In 1776 our fathers endeavored to retire the gods from politics. They declared that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." This was a contradiction of the then political ideas of the world; it was, as many believed, an act of pure blasphemy—a renunciation of the Deity. It was in fact a declaration of the independence of the earth. It was a notice to all churches and priests that thereafter mankind would govern and protect themselves. Politically it tore down every altar and denied the authority of every "sacred book," and appealed from the Providence of God to the Providence of Man.

Those who promulgated the Declaration adopted a Constitution for the great Republic.

What was the office or purpose of that Constitution?

Admitting that all power came from the people, it was necessary, first, that certain means be adopted for the purpose of ascertaining the will of the people, and second, it was proper and convenient to designate certain departments that should exercise certain powers of the Government. There must be the legislative, the judicial and the executive departments. Those who make laws should not execute them. Those who execute laws should not have the power of absolutely determining their meaning or their constitutionality. For these reasons, among others, a Constitution was adopted.

This Constitution also contained a declaration of rights. It marked out the limitations of discretion, so that in the excitement of passion, men shall not go beyond the point designated in the calm moment of reason.

When man is unprejudiced, and his passions subject to reason, it is well he should define the limits of power, so that the waves driven by the storm of passion shall not overbear the shore.

A constitution is for the government of man in this world. It is the chain the people put upon their servants, as well as upon themselves. It defines the limit of power and the limit of obedience.

It follows, then, that nothing should be in a constitution that cannot be enforced by the power of the state—that is, by the army and navy. Behind every provision of the Constitution should stand the force of the nation. Every sword, every bayonet, every cannon should be there.

Suppose, then, that we amend the Constitution and acknowledge the existence and supremacy of God—what becomes of the supremacy of the people, and how is this amendment to be enforced? A constitution does not enforce itself. It must be carried out by appropriate legislation. Will it be a crime to deny the existence of this constitutional God? Can the offender be proceeded against in the criminal courts? Can his lips be closed by the power of the state? Would not this be the inauguration of religious persecution?

And if there is to be an acknowledgment of God in the Constitution, the question naturally arises as to which God is to have this honor. Shall we select the God of the Catholics—he who has established an infallible church presided over by an infallible pope, and who is delighted with certain ceremonies and placated by prayers uttered in exceedingly common Latin? Is it the God of the Presbyterian with the Five Points of Calvinism, who is ingenious enough to harmonize necessity and responsibility, and who in some way justifies himself for damning most of his own children? Is it the God of the Puritan, the enemy of joy—of the Baptist, who is great enough to govern the universe, and small enough to allow the destiny of a soul to depend on whether the body it inhabited was immersed or sprinkled?

What God is it proposed to put in the Constitution? Is it the God of the Old Testament, who was a believer in slavery and who justified polygamy? If slavery was right then, it is right now; and if Jehovah was right then, the Mormons are right now. Are we to have the God who issued a commandment against all art—who was the enemy of investigation and of free speech? Is it the God who commanded the husband to stone his wife to death because she differed with him on the subject of religion? Are we to have a God who will re-enact the Mosaic code and punish hundreds of offences with death? What court, what tribunal of last resort, is to define this God, and who is to make known his will? In his presence, laws passed by men will be of no value. The decisions of courts will be as nothing. But who is to make known the will of this supreme God? Will there be a supreme tribunal composed of priests?

Of course all persons elected to office will either swear or affirm to support the Constitution. Men who do not believe in this God, cannot so swear or affirm. Such men will not be allowed to hold any office of trust or honor. A God in the Constitution will not interfere with the oaths or affirmations of hypocrites. Such a provision will only exclude honest and conscientious unbelievers. Intelligent people know that 110 one knows whether there is a God or not. The existence of such a Being is merely a matter of opinion. Men who believe in the liberty of man, who are willing to die for the honor of their country, will be excluded from taking any part in the administration of its affairs. Such a provision would place the country under the feet of priests.

To recognize a Deity in the organic law of our country would be the destruction of religious liberty. The God in the Constitution would have to be protected. There would be laws against blasphemy, laws against the publication of honest thoughts, laws against carrying books and papers in the mails in which this constitutional God should be attacked. Our land would be filled with theological spies, with religious

eavesdroppers, and all the snakes and reptiles of the lowest natures, in this sunshine of religious authority, would uncoil and crawl.

It is proposed to acknowledge a God who is the lawful and rightful Governor of nations; the one who ordained the powers that be. If this God is really the Governor of nations, it is not necessary to acknowledge him in the Constitution. This would not add to his power. If he governs all nations now, he has always controlled the affairs of men. Having this control, why did he not see to it that he was recognized in the Constitution of the United States? If he had the supreme authority and neglected to put himself in the Constitution, is not this, at least, *prima facie* evidence that he did not desire to be there?

For one, I am not in favor of the God who has "ordained the powers that be." What have we to say of Russia—of Siberia? What can we say of the persecuted and enslaved? What of the kings and nobles who live on the stolen labor of others? What of the priest and cardinal and pope who wrest, even from the hand of poverty, the single coin thrice earned?

Is it possible to flatter the Infinite with a constitutional amendment? The Confederate States acknowledged God in their constitution, and yet they were overwhelmed by a people in whose organic law no reference to God is made. All the kings of the earth acknowledge the existence of God, and God is their ally; and this belief in God is used as a means to enslave and rob, to govern and degrade the people whom they call their subjects.

The Government of the United States is secular. It derives its power from the consent of man. It is a Government with which God has nothing whatever to do—and all forms and customs, inconsistent with the fundamental fact that the people are the source of authority, should be abandoned. In this country there should be no oaths—no man should be sworn to tell the truth, and in no court should there be any appeal to any supreme being. A rascal by taking the oath appears to go in partnership with God, and ignorant jurors credit the firm instead of the man. A witness should tell his story, and if he speaks falsely should be considered as guilty of perjury. Governors and Presidents should not issue religious proclamations. They should not call upon the people to thank God. It is no part of their official duty. It is outside of and beyond the horizon of their authority. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to justify this religious impertinence.

For many years priests have attempted to give to our Government a religious form. Zealots have succeeded in putting the legend upon our money: "In God We Trust;" and we have chaplains in the army and navy, and legislative proceedings are usually opened with prayer. All this is contrary to the genius of the Republic, contrary to the Declaration of Independence, and contrary really to the Constitution of the United States. We have taken the ground that the people can govern themselves without the assistance of any supernatural power. We have taken the position that the people are the real and only rightful source of authority. We have solemnly declared that the people must determine what is politically right and what is wrong, and that their legally expressed will is the supreme law. This leaves no room for national

superstition—no room for patriotic gods or supernatural beings—and this does away with the necessity for political prayers.

The government of God has been tried. It was tried in Palestine several thousand years ago, and the God of the Jews was a monster of cruelty and ignorance, and the people governed by this God lost their nationality. Theocracy was tried through the Middle Ages. God was the Governor—the pope was his agent, and every priest and bishop and cardinal was armed with credentials from the Most High—and the result was that the noblest and best were in prisons, the greatest and grandest perished at the stake. The result was that vices were crowned with honor, and virtues whipped naked through the streets. The result was that hypocrisy swayed the sceptre of authority, while honesty languished in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

The government of God was tried in Geneva when John Calvin was his representative; and under this government of God the flames climbed around the limbs and blinded the eyes of Michael Servetus, because he dared to express an honest thought. This government of God was tried in Scotland, and the seeds of theological hatred were sown, that bore, through hundreds of years, the fruit of massacre and assassination. This government of God was established in New England, and the result was that Quakers were hanged or burned—the laws of Moses re-enacted and the "witch was not suffered to live." The result was that investigation was a crime, and the expression of an honest thought a capital offence. This government of God was established in Spain, and the Jews were expelled, the Moors were driven out, Moriscoes were exterminated, and nothing left but the ignorant and bankrupt worshipers of this monster. This government of God was tried in the United States when slavery was regarded as a divine institution, when men and women were regarded as criminals because they sought for liberty by flight, and when others were regarded as criminals because they gave them food and shelter. The pulpit of that day defended the buying and selling of women and babes, and the mouths of slave-traders were filled with passages of Scripture, defending and upholding the traffic in human flesh.

We have entered upon a new epoch. This is the century of man. Every effort to really better the condition of mankind has been opposed by the worshipers of some God. The church in all ages and among all peoples has been the consistent enemy of the human race. Everywhere and at all times, it has opposed the liberty of thought and expression. It has been the sworn enemy of investigation and of intellectual development. It has denied the existence of facts, the tendency of which was to undermine its power. It has always been carrying fagots to the feet of Philosophy. It has erected the gallows for Genius. It has built the dungeon for Thinkers. And to-day the orthodox church is as much opposed as it ever was to the mental freedom of the human race.

Of course, there is a distinction made between churches and individual members. There have been millions of Christians who have been believers in liberty and in the freedom of expression—millions who have fought for the rights of man—but churches as organizations, have been on the other side. It is true that churches have fought churches—that Protestants battled with the Catholics for what they were pleased to call the freedom of conscience; and it is also true that the moment these

Protestants obtained the civil power, they denied this freedom of conscience to others.

‘Let me show you the difference between the theological and the secular spirit. Nearly three hundred years ago, one of the noblest of the human race, Giordano Bruno, was burned at Rome by the Catholic Church—that is to say, by the “Triumphant Beast.” This man had committed certain crimes—he had publicly stated that there were other worlds than this—other constellations than ours. He had ventured the supposition that other planets might be peopled. More than this, and worse than this, he had asserted the heliocentric theory—that the earth made its annual journey about the sun. He had also given it as his opinion that matter is eternal. For these crimes he was found unworthy to live, and about his body were piled the fagots of the Catholic Church. This man, this genius, this pioneer of the science of the nineteenth century, perished as serenely as the sun sets. The Infidels of to-day find excuses for his murderers. They take into consideration the ignorance and brutality of the times. They remember that the world was governed by a God who was then the source of all authority. This is the charity of Infidelity,—of philosophy. But the church of to-day is so heartless, is still so cold and cruel, that it can find no excuse for the murdered.

This is the difference between Theocracy and Democracy—between God and man.

If God is allowed in the Constitution, man must abdicate. There is no room for both. If the people of the great Republic become superstitious enough and ignorant enough to put God in the Constitution of the United States, the experiment of self-government will have failed, and the great and splendid declaration that “all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed” will have been denied, and in its place will be found this: All power comes from God; priests are his agents, and the people are their slaves.

Religion is an individual matter, and each soul should be left entirely free to form its own opinions and to judge of its accountability to a supposed supreme being. With religion, government has nothing whatever to do. Government is founded upon force, and force should never interfere with the religious opinions of men. Laws should define the rights of men and their duties toward each other, and these laws should be for the benefit of man in this world.

A nation can neither be Christian nor Infidel—a nation is incapable of having opinions upon these subjects. If a nation is Christian, will all the citizens go to heaven? If it is not, will they all be damned? Of course it is admitted that the majority of citizens composing a nation may believe or disbelieve, and they may call the nation what they please. A nation is a corporation. To repeat a familiar saying, “it has no soul.” There can be no such thing as a Christian corporation. Several Christians may form a corporation, but it can hardly be said that the corporation thus formed was included in the atonement. For instance: Seven Christians form a corporation—that is to say, there are seven natural persons and one artificial—can it be said that there are eight souls to be saved?

No human being has brain enough, or knowledge enough, or experience enough, to say whether there is, or is not, a God. Into this darkness Science has not yet carried its torch. No human being has gone beyond the horizon of the natural. As to the

existence of the supernatural, one man knows precisely as much, and exactly as little as another. Upon this question, chimpanzees and cardinals, apes and popes, are upon exact equality. The smallest insect discernible only by the most powerful microscope, is as familiar with this subject, as the greatest genius that has been produced by the human race.

Governments and laws are for the preservation of rights and the regulation of conduct. One man should not be allowed to interfere with the liberty of another. In the metaphysical world there should be no interference whatever, The same is true in the world of art. Laws cannot regulate what is or is not music, what is or what is not beautiful—and constitutions cannot definitely settle and determine the perfection of statues, the value of paintings, or the glory and subtlety of thought. In spite of laws and constitutions the brain will think. In every direction consistent with the well-being and peace of society, there should be freedom. No man should be compelled to adopt the theology of another; neither should a minority, however small, be forced to acquiesce in the opinions of a majority, however large.

If there be an infinite Being, he does not need our help—we need not waste our energies in his defence. It is enough for us to give to every other human being the liberty we claim for ourselves. There may or may not be a Supreme Ruler of the universe—but we are certain that man exists, and we believe that freedom is the condition of progress; that it is the sunshine of the mental and moral world, and that without it man will go back to the den of savagery, and will become the fit associate of wild and ferocious beasts.

We have tried the government of priests, and we know that such governments are without mercy. In the administration of theocracy, all the instruments of torture have been invented. If any man wishes to have God recognized in the Constitution of our country, let him read the history of the Inquisition, and let him remember that hundreds of millions of men, women and children have been sacrificed to placate the wrath, or win the approbation of this God.

There has been in our country a divorce of church and state. This follows as a natural sequence of the declaration that “governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.” The priest was no longer a necessity. His presence was a contradiction of the principle on which the Republic was founded. He represented, not the authority of the people, but of some “Power from on High,” and to recognize this other Power was inconsistent with free government. The founders of the Republic at that time parted company with the priests, and said to them: “You may turn your attention to the other world—we will attend to the affairs of this.” Equal liberty was given to all. But the ultra theologian is not satisfied with this—he wishes to destroy the liberty of the people—he wishes a recognition of his God as the source of authority, to the end that the church may become the supreme power.

But the sun will not be turned backward. The people of the United States are intelligent. They no longer believe implicitly in supernatural religion. They are losing confidence in the miracles and marvels of the Dark Ages. They know the value of the free school. They appreciate the benefits of science. They are believers in education, in the free play of thought, and there is a suspicion that the priest, the theologian, is

destined to take his place with the necromancer, the astrologer, the worker of magic, and the professor of the black art.

We have already compared the benefits of theology and science. When the theologian governed the world, it was covered with huts and hovels for the many, palaces and cathedrals for the few. To nearly all the children of men, reading and writing were unknown arts. The poor were clad in rags and skins—they devoured crusts, and gnawed bones. The day of Science dawned, and the luxuries of a century ago are the necessities of to-day. Men in the middle ranks of life have more of the conveniences and elegancies than the princes and kings of the theological times. But above and over all this, is the development of mind. There is more of value in the brain of an average man of to-day—of a master-mechanic, of a chemist, of a naturalist, of an inventor, than there was in the brain of the world four hundred years ago.

These blessings did not fall from the skies, These benefits did not drop from the outstretched hands of priests. They were not found in cathedrals or behind altars—neither were they searched for with holy candles. They were not discovered by the closed eyes of prayer, nor did they come in answer to superstitious supplication. They are the children of freedom, the gifts of reason, observation and experience—and for them all, man is indebted to man.

Let us hold fast to the sublime declaration of Lincoln. Let us insist that this, the Republic, is “A government of the people, by the people, and for the people.”—The Arena, Boston, Mass., January, 1890.

A Reply To Bishop Spalding

BISHOP SPALDING admits that “The introduction of the question of religion would not only have brought discord into the Constitutional convention, but would have also engendered strife throughout the land.” Undoubtedly this is true. I am compelled to admit this, for the reason that in all times and in all lands the introduction of the question of religion has brought discord and has engendered strife.

He also says: “In the presence of such danger, like wise men and patriots, they avoided irritating subjects”—the irritating subject being the question of religion. I admit that it always has been, and promises always to be, an “irritating subject,” because it is not a subject decided by reason, but by ignorance, prejudice, arrogance and superstition. Consequently he says: “It was prudence, then, not skepticism, which induced them to leave the question of religion to the several States.” The Bishop admits that it was prudent for the founders of this Government to leave the question of religion entirely to the States. It was prudent because the question of religion is irritating—because religious questions engender strife and hatred. Now, if it was prudent for the framers of the Constitution to leave religion out of the Constitution, and allow that question to be settled by the several States themselves under that clause preventing the establishment of religion or the free exercise thereof, why is it not wise still—why is it not prudent now?

My article was written against the introduction of religion into the Constitution of the United States. I am opposed to a recognition of God and of Jesus Christ in that instrument; and the reason I am opposed to it is, that: “The introduction of the question of religion would not only bring discord, but would engender strife throughout the land.” I am opposed to it for the reason that religion is an “irritating subject,” and also because if it was prudent when the Constitution was made, to leave God out, it is prudent now to keep him out.

The Bishop is mistaken—as bishops usually are—when he says: “Had our fathers been skeptics, or anti-theists, they would not have required the President and Vice-President, the Senators and Representatives in Congress, and all executive and judicial officers of the United States, to call God to witness that they intended to perform their duties under the Constitution like honest men and loyal citizens.”

The framers of the Constitution did no such thing. They allowed every officer, from the President down, either to swear or to affirm, and those who affirmed did not call God to witness. In other words, our Constitution allowed every officer to abolish the oath and to leave God out of the question.

The Bishop informs us, however, that: “The causes which would have made it unwise to introduce any phase of religious controversy into the Constitutional convention have long since ceased to exist.” Is there as much division now in the religious world as then? Has the Catholic Church thrown away the differences between it and the Protestants? Are we any better friends to-day than we were in 1789? As a matter of fact, is there not now a cause which did not to the same extent exist then? Have we

not in the United States, millions of people who believe in no religion whatever, and who regard all creeds as the work of ignorance and superstition?

The trouble about putting God in the Constitution in 1789 was, that they could not agree on the God to go in; and the reason why our fathers did not unite church and state was, that they could not agree on which church was to be the bride. The Catholics of Maryland certainly would not have permitted the nation to take the Puritan Church, neither would the Presbyterians of Pennsylvania have agreed to this, nor would the Episcopalians of New York, or of any Southern State. Each church said: "Marry me, or die a bachelor."

The Bishop asks whether there are "still reasons why an express recognition of God's sovereignty and providence should not form part of the organic law of the land"? I ask, were there any reasons, in 1789, why an express recognition of God's sovereignty and providence should not form part of the organic law of the land? Did not the Bishop say, only a few lines back of that, "that the introduction of the question of religion into that body would have brought discord, and would have engendered strife throughout the land." What is the "question of religion" to which he referred? Certainly "the recognition of God's sovereignty and providence," with the addition of describing the God as the author of the supposed providence. Thomas Jefferson would have insisted on having a God in the Constitution who was not the author of the Old and New Testaments. Benjamin Franklin would have asked for the same God; and on that question John Adams would have voted yes. Others would have voted for a Catholic God—others for an Episcopalian, and so on, until the representatives of the various creeds were exhausted.

I took the ground, and I still take the ground, that there is nothing in the Constitution that cannot on occasion be enforced by the army and navy—that is to say, that cannot be defended and enforced by the sword. Suppose God is acknowledged in the Constitution, and somebody denies the existence of this God—what are you to do with him? Every man elected to office must swear or affirm that he will support the Constitution. Can one who does not believe in this God, conscientiously take such oath, or make such affirmation?

The effect, then, of such a clause in the Constitution would be to drive from public life all except the believers in this God, and this providence. The Government would be in fact a theocracy and would resort for its preservation to one of the old forms of religious persecution.

I took the ground in my article, and still maintain it, that all intelligent people know that no one knows whether there is a God or not. This cannot be answered by saying, "that nearly all intelligent men in every age, including our own, have believed in God and have held that they had rational grounds for such faith." This is what is called a departure in pleading—it is a shifting of the issue. I did not say that intelligent people do not believe in the existence of God. What I did say is, that intelligent people know that no one knows whether there is a God or not.

It is not true that we know the conditions of thought. Neither is it true that we know that these conditions are unconditioned. There is no such thing as the unconditioned conditional. We might as well say that the relative is unrelated—that the unrelated is

the absolute—and therefore that there is no difference between the absolute and the relative.

The Bishop says we cannot know the relative without knowing the absolute. The probability is that he means that we cannot know the relative without admitting the existence of the absolute, and that we cannot know the phenomenal without taking the noumenal for granted. Still, we can neither know the absolute nor the noumenal for the reason that our mind is limited to relations.

Crimes Against Criminals

IN this brief address, the object is to suggest—there being no time to present arguments at length. The subject has been chosen for the reason that it is one that should interest the legal profession, because that profession to a certain extent controls and shapes the legislation of our country and fixes definitely the scope and meaning of all laws.

Lawyers ought to be foremost in legislative and judicial reform, and of all men they should understand the philosophy of mind, the causes of human action, and the real science of government.

It has been said that the three pests of a community are: A priest without charity; a doctor without knowledge, and, a lawyer without a sense of justice.

I.

All nations seem to have had supreme confidence in the deterrent power of threatened and inflicted pain. They have regarded punishment as the shortest road to reformation. Imprisonment, torture, death, constituted a trinity under whose protection society might feel secure.

In addition to these, nations have relied on confiscation and degradation, on maimings, whippings, brandings, and exposures to public ridicule and contempt. Connected with the court of justice was the chamber of torture. The ingenuity of man was exhausted in the construction of instruments that would surely reach the most sensitive nerve. All this was done in the interest of civilization—for the protection of virtue, and the well-being of states. Curiously it was found that the penalty of death made little difference. Thieves and highwaymen, heretics and blasphemers, went on their way. It was then thought necessary to add to this penalty of death, and consequently, the convicted were tortured in every conceivable way before execution. They were broken on the wheel—their joints dislocated on the rack. They were suspended by their legs and arms, while immense weights were placed upon their breasts. Their flesh was burned and torn with hot irons. They were roasted at slow fires. They were buried alive—given to wild beasts—molten lead was poured in their ears—their eye-lids were cut off and, the wretches placed with their faces toward the sun—others were securely bound, so that they could move neither hand nor foot, and over their stomachs were placed inverted bowls; under these bowls rats were confined; on top of the bowls were heaped coals of fire, so that the rats in their efforts to escape would gnaw into the bowels of the victims. They were staked out on the sands of the sea, to be drowned by the slowly rising tide—and every means by which human nature can be overcome slowly, painfully and terribly, was conceived and carried into execution. And yet the number of so-called criminals increased. Enough, the fact is that, no matter how severe the punishments were, the crimes increased.

For petty offences men were degraded—given to the mercy of the rabble. Their ears were cut off, their nostrils slit, their foreheads branded. They were tied to the tails of

carts and flogged from one town to another. And yet, in spite of all, the poor wretches obstinately refused to become good and useful citizens.

Degradation has been thoroughly tried, with its maimings and brandings, and the result was that those who inflicted the punishments became as degraded as their victims.

Only a few years ago there were more than two hundred offences in Great Britain punishable by death. The gallows-tree bore fruit through all the year, and the hangman was the busiest official in the kingdom—but the criminals increased.

Crimes were committed to punish crimes, and crimes were committed to prevent crimes. The world has been filled with prisons and dungeons, with chains and whips, with crosses and gibbets, with thumbscrews and racks, with hangmen and headsmen—and yet these frightful means and instrumentalities and crimes have accomplished little for the preservation of property or life. It is safe to say that governments have committed far more crimes than they have prevented.

Why is it that men will suffer and risk so much for the sake of stealing? Why will they accept degradation and punishment and infamy as their portion? Some will answer this question by an appeal to the dogma of original sin; others by saying that millions of men and women are under the control of fiends—that they are actually possessed by devils; and others will declare that all these people act from choice—that they are possessed of free wills, of intelligence—that they know and appreciate consequences, and that, in spite of all, they deliberately prefer a life of crime.

II.

Have we not advanced far enough intellectually to deny the existence of chance? Are we not satisfied now that back of every act and thought and dream and fancy is an efficient cause? Is anything, or can anything, be produced that is not necessarily produced? Can the fatherless and motherless exist? Is there not a connection between all events, and is not every act related to all other acts? Is it not possible, is it not probable, is it not true, that the actions of all men are determined by countless causes over which they have no positive control?

Certain it is that men do not prefer unhappiness to joy.

It can hardly be said that man intends permanently to injure himself, and that he does what he does in order that he may live a life of misery. On the other hand, we must take it for granted that man endeavors to better his own condition, and seeks, although by mistaken ways, his own well-being. The poorest man would like to be rich—the sick desire health—and no sane man wishes to win the contempt and hatred of his fellow-men. Every human being prefers liberty to imprisonment.

Are the brains of criminals exactly like the brains of honest men? Have criminals the same ambitions, the same standards of happiness or of well-being? If a difference exists in brain, will that in part account for the difference in character? Is there anything in heredity? Are vices as carefully transmitted by nature as virtues? Does each man in some degree bear burdens imposed by ancestors? We know that diseases of flesh and blood are transmitted—that the child is the heir of physical

deformity. Are diseases of the brain—are deformities of the soul, of the mind, also transmitted?

We not only admit, but we assert, that in the physical world there are causes and effects. We insist that there is and can be no effect without an efficient cause. When anything happens in that world, we are satisfied that it was naturally and necessarily produced. The causes may be obscure, but we as implicitly believe in their existence as when we know positively what they are. In the physical world we have taken the ground that there is nothing miraculous—that everything is natural—and if we cannot explain it, we account for our inability to explain, by our own ignorance. Is it not possible, is it not probable, that what is true in the physical world is equally true in the realm of mind—in that strange world of passion and desire? Is it possible that thoughts or desires or passions are the children of chance, born of nothing? Can we conceive of nothing as a force, or as a cause? If, then, there is behind every thought and desire and passion an efficient cause, we can, in part at least, account for the actions of men.

A certain man under certain conditions acts in a certain way. There are certain temptations that he, with his brain, with his experience, with his intelligence, with his surroundings cannot withstand. He is irresistibly led to do, or impelled to do, certain things; and there are other things that he can not do. If we change the conditions of this man, his actions will be changed. Develop his mind, give him new subjects of thought, and you change the man; and the man being Changed, it follows of necessity that his conduct will be different.

In civilized countries the struggle for existence is severe—the competition far sharper than in savage lands. The consequence is that there are many failures. These failures lack, it may be, opportunity or brain or moral force or industry, or something without which, under the circumstances, success is impossible. Certain lines of conduct are called legal, and certain others criminal, and the men who fail in one line may be driven to the other. How do we know that it is possible for all people to be honest? Are we certain that all people can tell the truth? Is it possible for all men to be generous or candid or courageous?

I am perfectly satisfied that there are millions of people incapable of committing certain crimes, and it may be true that there are millions of others incapable of practicing certain virtues. We do not blame a man because he is not a sculptor, a poet, a painter, or a statesman. We say he has not the genius. Are we certain that it does not require genius to be good? Where is the man with intelligence enough to take into consideration the circumstances of each individual case? Who has the mental balance with which to weigh the forces of heredity, of want, of temptation,—and who can analyze with certainty the mysterious motions of the brain? Where and what are the sources of vice and virtue? In what obscure and shadowy recesses of the brain are passions born? And what is it that for the moment destroys the sense of right and wrong?

Who knows to what extent reason becomes the prisoner of passion—of some strange and wild desire, the seeds of which were sown, it may be, thousands of years ago in

the breast of some savage? To what extent do antecedents and surroundings affect the moral sense?

Is it not possible that the tyranny of governments, the injustice of nations, the fierceness of what is called the law, produce in the individual a tendency in the same direction? Is it not true that the citizen is apt to imitate his nation? Society degrades its enemies—the individual seeks to degrade his. Society plunders its enemies, and now and then the citizen has the desire to plunder his. Society kills its enemies, and possibly sows in the heart of some citizen the seeds of murder.

III.

Is it not true that the criminal is a natural product, and that society unconsciously produces these children of vice? Can we not safely take another step, and say that the criminal is a victim, as the diseased and insane and deformed are victims? We do not think of punishing a man because he is afflicted with disease—our desire is to find a cure. We send him, not to the penitentiary, but to the hospital, to an asylum. We do this because we recognize the fact that disease is naturally produced—that it is inherited from parents, or the result of unconscious negligence, or it may be of recklessness—but instead of punishing, we pity. If there are diseases of the mind, of the brain, as there are diseases of the body; and if these diseases of the mind, these deformities of the brain, produce, and necessarily produce, what we call vice, why should we punish the-criminal, and pity those who are physically diseased?

Socrates, in some respects at least one of the wisest of men, said: “It is strange that you should not be angry when you meet a man with an ill-conditioned body, and yet be vexed when you encounter one with an ill-conditioned soul.”

We know that there are deformed bodies, and we are equally certain that there are deformed minds.

Of course, society has the right to protect itself, no matter whether the persons who attack its well-being are responsible or not, no matter whether they are sick in mind, or deformed in brain. The right of self-defence exists, not only in the individual, but in society. The great question is, How shall this right of self-defence be exercised? What spirit shall be in the nation, or in society—the spirit of revenge, a desire to degrade and punish and destroy, or a spirit born of the recognition of the fact that criminals are victims?

The world has thoroughly tried confiscation, degradation, imprisonment, torture and death, and thus far the world has failed. In this connection I call your attention to the following statistics gathered in our own country:

In 1850, we had twenty-three millions of people, and between six and seven thousand prisoners.

In 1860—thirty-one millions of people, and nineteen thousand prisoners.

In 1870—thirty-eight millions of people, and thirty-two thousand prisoners.

In 1880—fifty millions of people, and fifty-eight thousand prisoners.

It may be curious to note the relation between insanity, pauperism and crime:

In 1850, there were fifteen thousand insane; in 1860, twenty-four thousand; in 1870, thirty-seven thousand; in 1880, ninety-one thousand.

In the light of these statistics, we are not succeeding in doing away with crime. There were in 1880, fifty-eight thousand prisoners, and in the same year fifty-seven thousand homeless children, and sixty-six thousand paupers in almshouses.

Is it possible that we must go to the same causes for these effects?

IV.

There is no reformation in degradation. To mutilate a criminal is to say to all the world that he is a criminal, and to render his reformation substantially impossible. Whoever is degraded by society becomes its enemy. The seeds of malice are sown in his heart, and to the day of his death he will hate the hand that sowed the seeds.

There is also another side to this question. A punishment that degrades the punished will degrade the man who inflicts the punishment, and will degrade the government that procures the infliction. The whipping-post pollutes, not only the whipped, but the whipper, and not only the whipper, but the community at large. Wherever its shadow falls it degrades.

If, then, there is no reforming power in degradation—no deterrent power—for the reason that the degradation of the criminal degrades the community, and in this way produces more criminals, then the next question is, Whether there is any reforming power in torture? The trouble with this is that it hardens and degrades to the last degree the ministers of the law. Those who are not affected by the agonies of the bad will in a little time care nothing for the sufferings of the good. There seems to be a little of the wild beast in men—a something that is fascinated by suffering, and that delights in inflicting pain. When a government tortures, it is in the same state of mind that the criminal was when he committed his crime. It requires as much malice in those who execute the law, to torture a criminal, as it did in the criminal to torture and kill his victim. The one was a crime by a person, the other by a nation.

There is something in injustice, in cruelty, that tends to defeat itself. There were never as many traitors in England as when the traitor was drawn and quartered—when he was tortured in every possible way—when his limbs, torn and bleeding, were given to the fury of mobs or exhibited pierced by pikes or hung in chains. These frightful punishments produced intense hatred of the government, and traitors continued to increase until they became powerful enough to decide what treason was and who the traitors were, and to inflict the same torments on others.

Think for a moment of what man has suffered in the cause of crime. Think of the millions that have been imprisoned, impoverished and degraded because they were thieves and forgers, swindlers and cheats. Think for a moment of what they have endured—of the difficulties under which they have pursued their calling, and it will be exceedingly hard to believe that they were sane and natural people possessed of good brains, of minds well-poised, and that they did what they did from a choice

unaffected by heredity and the countless circumstances that tend to determine the conduct of human beings.

The other day I was asked these questions: “Has there been as much heroism displayed for the right as for the wrong? Has virtue had as many martyrs as vice?”

For hundreds of years the world has endeavored to destroy the good by force. The expression of honest thought was regarded as the greatest of crimes. Dungeons were filled by the noblest and the best, and the blood of the bravest was shed by the sword or consumed by flame. It was impossible to destroy the longing in the heart of man for liberty and truth. Is it not possible that brute force and cruelty and revenge, imprisonment, torture and death are as impotent to do away with vice as to destroy virtue?

In our country there has been for many years a growing feeling that convicts should neither be degraded nor tortured. It was provided in the Constitution of the United States that “cruel and unusual punishments should not be inflicted.” Benjamin Franklin took great interest in the treatment of prisoners, being a thorough believer in the reforming influence of justice, having no confidence whatever in punishment for punishment’s sake.

To me it has always been a mystery how the average man, knowing something of the weakness of human nature, something of the temptations to which he himself has been exposed—remembering the evil of his life, the things he would have done had there been opportunity, had he absolutely known that discovery would be impossible—should have feelings of hatred toward the imprisoned.

Is it possible that the average man assaults the criminal in a spirit of self-defence? Does he wish to convince his neighbors that the evil thought and impulse were never in his mind? Are his words a shield that he uses to protect himself from suspicion? For my part, I sympathize sincerely with all failures, with the victims of society, with those who have fallen, with the imprisoned, with the hopeless, with those who have been stained by verdicts of guilty, and with those who, in the moment of passion have destroyed, as with a blow, the future of their lives.

How perilous, after all, is the state of man. It is the work of a life to build a great and splendid character. It is the work of a moment to destroy it utterly, from turret to foundation stone. How cruel hypocrisy is!

Is there any remedy? Can anything be done for the reformation of the criminal?

He should be treated with kindness. Every right should be given him, consistent with the safety of society. He should neither be degraded nor robbed. The State should set the highest and noblest example. The powerful should never be cruel, and in the breast of the supreme there should be no desire for revenge.

A man in a moment of want steals the property of another, and he is sent to the penitentiary—first, as it is claimed, for the purpose of deterring others; and secondly, of reforming him. The circumstances of each individual case are rarely inquired into. Investigation stops when the simple fact of the larceny has been ascertained. No

distinctions are made except as between first and subsequent offences. Nothing is allowed for surroundings.

All will admit that the industrious must be protected. In this world it is necessary to work. Labor is the foundation of all prosperity. Larceny is the enemy of industry. Society has the right to protect itself. The question is, Has it the right to punish?—has it the right to degrade?—or should it endeavor to reform the convict?

A man is taken to the penitentiary. He is clad in the garments of a convict. He is degraded—he loses his name—he is designated by a number. He is no longer treated as a human being—he becomes the slave of the State. Nothing is done for his improvement—nothing for his reformation. He is driven like a beast of burden; robbed of his labor; leased, it may be, by the State to a contractor, who gets out of his hands, out of his muscles, out of his poor brain, all the toil that he can. He is not allowed to speak with a fellow-prisoner. At night he is alone in his cell. The relations that should exist between men are destroyed. He is a convict. He is no longer worthy to associate even with his keepers. The jailer is immensely his superior, and the man who turns the key upon him at night regards himself, in comparison, as a model of honesty, of virtue and manhood. The convict is pavement on which those who watch him walk. He remains for the time of his sentence, and when that expires he goes forth a branded man. He is given money enough to pay his fare back to the place from whence he came.

What is the condition of this man? Can he get employment? Not if he honestly states who he is and where he has been. The first thing he does is to deny his personality, to assume a name. He endeavors by telling falsehoods to lay the foundation for future good conduct. The average man does not wish to employ an ex-convict, because the average man has no confidence in the reforming power of the penitentiary. He believes that the convict who comes out is worse than the convict who went in. He knows that in the penitentiary the heart of this man has been hardened—that he has been subjected to the torture of perpetual humiliation—that he has been treated like a ferocious beast; and so he believes that this ex-convict has in his heart hatred for society, that he feels he has been degraded and robbed. Under these circumstances, what avenue is opened to the ex-convict? If he changes his name, there will be some detective, some officer of the law, some meddlesome wretch, who will betray his secret. He is then discharged. He seeks employment again, and he must seek it by again telling what is not true. He is again detected and again discharged. And finally he becomes convinced that he cannot live as an honest man. He naturally drifts back into the society of those who have had a like experience; and the result is that in a little while he again stands in the dock, charged with the commission of another crime. Again he is sent to the penitentiary—and this is the end. He feels that his day is done, that the future has only degradation for him.

The men in the penitentiaries do not work for themselves. Their labor belongs to others. They have no interest in their toil—no reason for doing the best they can—and the result is that the product of their labor is poor. This product comes in competition with the work of mechanics, honest men, who have families to support, and the cry is that convict labor takes the bread from the mouths of virtuous people.

VI.

Why should the State take without compensation the labor of these men; and why should they, after having been imprisoned for years, be turned out without the means of support? Would it not be far better, far more economical, to pay these men for their labor, to lay aside their earnings from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year—to put this money at interest, so that when the convict is released after five years of imprisonment he will have several hundred dollars of his own—not merely money enough to pay his way back to the place from which he was sent, but enough to make it possible for him to commence business on his own account, enough to keep the wolf of crime from the door of his heart?

Suppose the convict comes out with five hundred dollars. This would be to most of that class a fortune. It would form a breastwork, a fortress, behind which the man could fight temptation. This would give him food and raiment, enable him to go to some other State or country where he could redeem himself. If this were done, thousands of convicts would feel under immense obligation to the Government. They would think of the penitentiary as the place in which they were saved—in which they were redeemed—and they would feel that the verdict of guilty rescued them from the abyss of crime. Under these circumstances, the law would appear beneficent, and the heart of the poor convict, instead of being filled with malice, would overflow with gratitude. He would see the propriety of the course pursued by the Government. He would recognize and feel and experience the benefits of this course, and the result would be good, not only to him, but to the nation as well.

If the convict worked for himself, he would do the best he could, and the wares produced in the penitentiaries would not cheapen the labor of other men.

VII.

There are, however, men who pursue crime as a vocation—as a profession—men who have been convicted again and again, and who will persist in using the liberty of intervals to prey upon the rights of others. What shall be done with these men and women?

Put one thousand hardened thieves on an island—compel them to produce what they eat and use—and I am almost certain that a large majority would be opposed to theft. Those who worked would not permit those who did not, to steal the result of their labor. In other words, self-preservation would be the dominant idea, and these men would instantly look upon the idlers as the enemies of their society.

Such a community would be self-supporting. Let women of the same class be put by themselves. Keep the sexes absolutely apart. Those who are beyond the power of reformation should not have the liberty to reproduce themselves. Those who cannot be reached by kindness—by justice—those who under no circumstances are willing to do their share, should be separated. They should dwell apart, and dying, should leave no heirs.

What shall be done with the slayers of their fellow-men—with murderers? Shall the nation take life?

It has been contended that the death penalty deters others—that it has far more terror than imprisonment for life. What is the effect of the example set by a nation? Is not the tendency to harden and degrade not only those who inflict and those who witness, but the entire community as well?

A few years ago a man was hanged in Alexandria, Virginia. One who witnessed the execution, on that very day, murdered a peddler in the Smithsonian grounds at Washington. He was tried and executed, and one who witnessed his hanging went home, and on the same day murdered his wife.

The tendency of the extreme penalty is to prevent conviction. In the presence of death it is easy for a jury to find a doubt. Technicalities become important, and absurdities, touched with mercy, have the appearance for a moment of being natural and logical. Honest and conscientious men dread a final and irrevocable step. If the penalty were imprisonment for life, the jury would feel that if any mistake were made it could be rectified; but where the penalty is death a mistake is fatal. A conscientious man takes into consideration the defects of human nature—the uncertainty of testimony, and the countless shadows that dim and darken the understanding, and refuses to find a verdict that, if wrong, cannot be righted.

The death penalty, inflicted by the Government, is a perpetual excuse for mobs.

The greatest danger in a Republic is a mob, and as long as States inflict the penalty of death, mobs will follow the example. If the State does not consider life sacred, the mob, with ready rope, will strangle the suspected. The mob will say: “The only difference is in the trial; the State does the same—we know the man is guilty—why should time be wasted in technicalities?” In other words, why may not the mob do quickly that which the State does slowly?

Every execution tends to harden the public heart—tends to lessen the sacredness of human life. In many States of this Union the mob is supreme. For certain offences the mob is expected to lynch the supposed criminal. It is the duty of every citizen—and as it seems to me especially of every lawyer—to do what he can to destroy the mob spirit. One would think that men would be afraid to commit any crime in a community where the mob is in the ascendency, and yet, such are the contradictions and subtleties of human nature, that it is exactly the opposite. And there is another thing in this connection—the men who constitute the mob are, as a rule, among the worst, the lowest, and the most depraved.

A few years ago, in Illinois, a man escaped from jail, and, in escaping, shot the sheriff. He was pursued, overtaken—lynched. The man who put the rope around his neck was then out on bail, having been indicted for an assault to murder. And after the poor wretch was dead, another man climbed the tree from which he dangled and, in derision, put a cigar in the mouth of the dead; and this man was on bail, having been indicted for larceny.

Those who are the fiercest to destroy and hang their fellow-men for having committed crimes, are, for the most part, at heart, criminals themselves.

As long as nations meet on the fields of war—as long as they sustain the relations of savages to each other—as long as they put the laurel and the oak on the brows of

those who kill—just so long will citizens resort to violence, and the quarrels of individuals be settled by dagger and revolver.

VIII.

If we are to change the conduct of men, we must change their conditions. Extreme poverty and crime go hand in hand. Destitution multiplies temptations and destroys the finer feelings. The bodies and souls of men are apt to be clad in like garments. If the body is covered with rags, the soul is generally in the same condition. Selfrespect is gone—the man looks down—he has neither hope nor courage. He becomes sinister—he envies the prosperous—hates the fortunate, and despises himself.

As long as children are raised in the tenement and gutter, the prisons will be full. The gulf between the rich and poor will grow wider and wider. One will depend on cunning, the other on force. It is a great question whether those who live in luxury can afford to allow others to exist in want. The value of property depends, not on the prosperity of the few, but on the prosperity of a very large majority. Life and property must be secure, or that subtle thing called “value” takes its leave. The poverty of the many is a perpetual menace. If we expect a prosperous and peaceful country, the citizens must have homes. The more homes, the more patriots, the more virtue, and the more security for all that gives worth to life.

We need not repeat the failures of the old world. To divide lands among successful generals, or among favorites of the crown, to give vast estates for services rendered in war, is no worse than to allow men of great wealth to purchase and hold vast tracts of land. The result is precisely the same—that is to say, a nation composed of a few landlords and of many tenants—the tenants resorting from time to time to mob violence, and the landlords depending upon a standing army. The property of no man, however, should be taken for either private or public use without just compensation and in accordance with law. There is in the State what is known as the right of eminent domain. The State reserves to itself the power to take the land of any private citizen for a public use, paying to that private citizen a just compensation to be legally ascertained. When a corporation wishes to build a railway, it exercises this right of eminent domain, and where the owner of land refuses to sell a right of way, or land for the establishment of stations or shops, and the corporation proceeds to condemn the land to ascertain its value, and when the amount thus ascertained is paid, the property vests in the corporation. This power is exercised because in the estimation of the people the construction of a railway is a public good.

I believe that this power should be exercised in another direction. It would be well as it seems to me, for the Legislature to fix the amount of land that a private citizen may own, that will not be subject to be taken for the use of which I am about to speak. The amount to be thus held will depend upon many local circumstances, to be decided by each State for itself. Let me suppose that the amount of land that may be held for a farmer for cultivation has been fixed at one hundred and sixty acres—and suppose that A has several thousand acres. B wishes to buy one hundred and sixty acres or less of this land, for the purpose of making himself a home. A refuses to sell. Now, I believe that the law should be so that B can invoke this right of eminent domain, and file his petition, have the case brought before a jury, or before commissioners, who

shall hear the evidence and determine the value, and on the payment of the amount the land shall belong to B.

I would extend the same law to lots and houses in cities and villages—the object being to fill our country with the owners of homes, so that every child shall have a fireside, every father and mother a roof, provided they have the intelligence, the energy and the industry to acquire the necessary means.

Tenements and flats and rented lands are, in my judgment, the enemies of civilization. They make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. They put a few in palaces, but they put many in prisons.

I would go a step further than this. I would exempt homes of a certain value not only from levy and sale, but from every kind of taxation, State and National—so that these poor people would feel that they were in partnership with nature—that some of the land was absolutely theirs, and that no one could drive them from their home—so that mothers could feel secure. If the home increased in value, and exceeded the limit, then taxes could be paid on the excess; and if the home were sold, I would have the money realized exempt for a certain time in order that the family should have the privilege of buying another home.

The home, after all, is the unit of civilization, of good government; and to secure homes for a great majority of our citizens, would be to lay the foundation of our Government deeper and broader and stronger than that of any nation that has existed among men.

IX.

No one places a higher value upon the free school than I do; and no one takes greater pride in the prosperity of our colleges and universities. But at the same time, much that is called education simply unfits men successfully to fight the battle of life. Thousands are to-day studying things that will be of exceedingly little importance to them or to others. Much valuable time is wasted in studying languages that long ago were dead, and histories in which there is no truth.

There was an idea in the olden time—and it is not yet dead—that whoever was educated ought not to work; that he should use his head and not his hands. Graduates were ashamed to be found engaged in manual labor, in ploughing fields, in sowing or in gathering grain. To this manly kind of independence they preferred the garret and the precarious existence of an unappreciated poet, borrowing their money from their friends, and their ideas from the dead. The educated regarded the useful as degrading—they were willing to stain their souls to keep their hands white.

The object of all education should be to increase the use fulness of man—usefulness to himself and others. Every human being should be taught that his first duty is to take care of himself, and that to be self-respecting he must be self-supporting. To live on the labor of others, either by force which enslaves, or by cunning which robs, or by borrowing or begging, is wholly dishonorable. Every man should be taught some useful art. His hands should be educated as well as his head. He should be taught to deal with things as they are—with life as it is. This would give a feeling of

independence, which is the firmest foundation of honor, of character. Every man knowing that he is useful, admires himself.

In all the schools children should be taught to work in wood and iron, to understand the construction and use of machinery, to become acquainted with the great forces that man is using to do his work. The present system of education teaches names, not things. It is as though we should spend years in learning the names of cards, without playing a game.

In this way boys would learn their aptitudes—would ascertain what they were fitted for—what they could do. It would not be a guess, or an experiment, but a demonstration. Education should increase a boy's chances for getting a living. The real good of it is to get food and roof and raiment, opportunity to develop the mind and the body and live a full and ample life.

The more real education, the less crime—and the more homes, the fewer prisons.

X.

The fear of punishment may deter some, the fear of exposure others; but there is no real reforming power in fear or punishment. Men cannot be tortured into greatness, into goodness. All this, as I said before, has been thoroughly tried. The idea that punishment was the only relief, found its limit, its infinite, in the old doctrine of eternal pain; but the believers in that dogma stated distinctly that the victims never would be, and never could be, reformed.

As men become civilized they become capable of greater pain and of greater joy. To the extent that the average man is capable of enjoying or suffering, to that extent he has sympathy with others. The average man, the more enlightened he becomes, the more apt he is to put himself in the place of another. He thinks of his prisoner, of his employee, of his tenant—and he even thinks beyond these; he thinks of the community at large. As man becomes civilized he takes more and more into consideration circumstances and conditions. He gradually loses faith in the old ideas and theories that every man can do as he wills, and in the place of the word "wills," he puts the word "must." The time comes to the intelligent man when in the place of punishments he thinks of consequences, results—that is to say, not something inflicted by some other power, but something necessarily growing out of what is done. The clearer men perceive the consequences of actions, the better they will be. Behind consequences we place no personal will, and consequently do not regard them as inflictions, or punishments. Consequences, no matter how severe they may be, create in the mind no feeling of resentment, no desire for revenge.' We do not feel bitterly toward the fire because it burns, or the frost that freezes, or the flood that overwhelms, or the sea that drowns—because we attribute to these things no motives, good or bad. So, when through the development of the intellect man perceives not only the nature, but the absolute certainty of consequences, he refrains from certain actions, and this may be called reformation through the intellect—and surely there is no better reformation than this. Some may be, and probably millions have been, reformed, through kindness, through gratitude—made better in the sunlight of charity. In the atmosphere of kindness the seeds of virtue burst into bud and flower. Cruelty, tyranny, brute force, do not and can not by any possibility better the heart of

man. He who is forced upon his knees has the attitude, but never the feeling, of prayer.

I am satisfied that the discipline of the average prison hardens and degrades. It is for the most part a perpetual exhibition of arbitrary power. There is really no appeal. The cries of the convict are not heard beyond the walls. The protests die in cells, and the poor prisoner feels that the last tie between him and his fellow-men has been broken. He is kept in ignorance of the outer world. The prison is a cemetery, and his cell is a grave.

In many of the penitentiaries there are instruments of torture, and now and then a convict is murdered. Inspections and investigations go for naught, because the testimony of a convict goes for naught. He is generally prevented by fear from telling his wrongs; but if he speaks, he is not believed—he is regarded as less than a human being, and so the imprisoned remain without remedy. When the visitors are gone, the convict who has spoken is prevented from speaking again.

Every manly feeling, every effort toward real reformation, is trampled under foot, so that when the convict's time is out there is little left on which to build. He has been humiliated to the last degree, and his spirit has so long been bent by authority and fear that even the desire to stand erect has almost faded from the mind. The keepers feel that they are safe, because no matter what they do, the convict when released will not tell the story of his wrongs, for if he conceals his shame, he must also hide their guilt.

Every penitentiary should be a real reformatory. That should be the principal object for the establishment of the prison. The men in charge should be of the kindest and noblest. They should be filled with divine enthusiasm for humanity, and every means should be taken to convince the prisoner that his good is sought—that nothing is done for revenge—nothing for a display of power, and nothing for the gratification of malice. He should feel that the warden is his unselfish friend. When a convict is charged with a violation of the rules—with insubordination, or with any offence, there should be an investigation in due and proper form, giving the convict an opportunity to be heard. He should not be for one moment the victim of irresponsible power. He would then feel that he had some rights, and that some little of the human remained in him still. They should be taught things of value—instructed by competent men. Pains should be taken, not to punish, not to degrade, but to benefit and ennoble.

We know, if we know anything, that men in the penitentiaries are not altogether bad, and that many out are not altogether good; and we feel that in the brain and heart of all, there are the seeds of good and bad. We know, too, that the best are liable to fall, and it may be that the worst, under certain conditions, may be capable of grand and heroic deeds. Of one thing we may be assured—and that is, that criminals will never be reformed by being robbed, humiliated and degraded.

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

XI.

All the penalties, all the punishments, are inflicted under a belief that man can do right under all circumstances—that his conduct is absolutely under his control, and that his will is a pilot that can, in spite of winds and tides, reach any port desired. All this is, in my judgment, a mistake. It is a denial of the integrity of nature. It is based upon the supernatural and miraculous, and as long as this mistake remains the corner-stone of criminal jurisprudence, reformation will be impossible.

We must take into consideration the nature of man—the facts of mind—the power of temptation—the limitations of the intellect—the force of habit—the result of heredity—the power of passion—the domination of want—the diseases of the brain—the tyranny of appetite—the cruelty of conditions—the results of association—the effects of poverty and wealth, of helplessness and power.

Until these subtle things are understood—until we know that man, in spite of all, can certainly pursue the highway of the right, society should not impoverish and degrade, should not chain and kill those who, after all, may be the helpless victims of unknown causes that are deaf and blind.

We know something of ourselves—of the average man—of his thoughts, passions, fears and aspirations—something of his sorrows and his joys, his weakness, his liability to fall—something of what he resists—the struggles, the victories and the failures of his life. We know something of the tides and currents of the mysterious sea—something of the circuits of the wayward winds—but we do not know where the wild storms are born that wreck and rend. Neither do we know in what strange realm the mists and clouds are formed that darken all the heaven of the mind, nor from whence comes the tempest of the brain in which the will to do, sudden as the lightning's flash, seizes and holds the man until the dreadful deed is done that leaves a curse upon the soul.

We do not know. Our ignorance should make us hesitate. Our weakness should make us merciful.

I cannot more fittingly close this address than by quoting the prayer of the Buddhist: "I pray thee to have pity on the vicious—thou hast already had pity on the virtuous by making them so."

A Wooden God

To the Editor:

To-day Messrs. Wright, Dickey, O'Connor, and Murch, of the select committee on the causes of the present depression of labor, presented the majority special report upon Chinese immigration.

These gentlemen are in great fear for the future of our most holy and perfectly authenticated religion, and have, like faithful watchmen, from the walls and towers of Zion, hastened to give the alarm. They have informed Congress that "Joss has his temple of worship in the Chinese quarters, in San Francisco. Within the walls of a dilapidated structure is exposed to the view of the faithful the god of the Chinaman, and here are his altars of worship. Here he tears up his pieces of paper; here he offers up his prayers; here he receives his religious consolations, and here is his road to the celestial land;" that "Joss is located in a long, narrow room in a building in a back alley, upon a kind of altar;" that "he is a wooden image, looking as much like an alligator as like a human being;" that the Chinese "think there is such a place as heaven;" that "all classes of Chinamen worship idols;" that "the temple is open every day at all hours;" that "the Chinese have no Sunday;" that this heathen god has "huge jaws, a big red tongue, large white teeth, a half-dozen arms, and big, fiery eyeballs. About him are placed offerings of meat and other eatables—a sacrificial offering."

*A letter to the Chicago Times, written at Washington, D. C., March 27,1880.

No wonder that these members of the committee were shocked at such an image of God, knowing as they did that the only true God was correctly described by the inspired lunatic of Patmos in the following words:

"And there sat in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."

Certainly a large mouth filled with white teeth is preferable to one used as the scabbard of a sharp, two-edged sword. Why should these gentlemen object to a god with big, fiery eyeballs, when their own Deity has eyes like a flame of fire?

Is it not a little late in the day to object to people because they sacrifice meat and other eatables to their god? We all know that for thousands of years the "real" God was exceedingly fond of roasted meat; that he loved the savor of burning flesh, and delighted in the perfume of fresh, warm blood.

The following account of the manner in which the "living God" desired that his chosen people should sacrifice, tends to show the degradation and religious blindness of the Chinese:

“Aaron therefore went unto the altar, and slew the calf of the sin offering, which was for himself. And the sons of Aaron brought the blood unto him: and he dipped his finger in the blood, and put it upon the horns of the altar, and poured out the blood at the bottom of the altar: But the fat, and the kidneys, and the caul above the liver of the sin offering, he burnt upon the altar; as the Lord commanded Moses. And the flesh and the hide he burnt with fire without the camp. And he slew the burnt offering; and Aaron’s sons presented unto him the blood, which he sprinkled round about upon the altar. * * * And he brought the meat offering, and took a handful thereof, and burnt it upon the altar. * * * He slew also the bullock and the ram for a sacrifice of peace offering, which was for the people: and Aaron’s sons presented unto him the blood, which he sprinkled upon the altar round about, and the fat of the bullock and of the ram, the rump, and that which covereth the inwards and the kidneys, and the caul above the liver, and they put the fat upon the breasts, and he burnt the fat upon the altar. And the breast and the right shoulder Aaron waved for a wave offering before the Lord, as Moses commanded.”

If the Chinese only did something like this, we would know that they worshiped the “living” God. The idea that the supreme head of the “American system of religion” can be placated with a little meat and “ordinary eatables” is simply preposterous. He has always asked for blood, and has always asserted that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin.

The world is also informed by these gentlemen that “the idolatry of the Chinese produces a demoralizing effect upon our American youth by bringing sacred things into disrespect, and making religion a theme of disgust and contempt.”

In San Francisco there are some three hundred thousand people. Is it possible that a few Chinese can bring our “holy religion” into disgust and contempt? In that city there are fifty times as many churches as joss-houses. Scores of sermons are uttered every week; religious books and papers are plentiful as leaves in autumn, and somewhat dryer; thousands of Bibles are within the reach of all. And there, too, is the example of a Christian city.

Why should we send missionaries to China if we can not convert the heathen when they come here? When missionaries go to a foreign land, the poor, benighted people have to take their word for the blessings showered upon a Christian people; but when the heathen come here they can see for themselves. What was simply a story becomes a demonstrated fact. They come in contact with people who love their enemies. They see that in a Christian land men tell the truth; that they will not take advantage of strangers; that they are just and patient, kind and tender; that they never resort to force; that they have no prejudice on account of color, race, or religion; that they look upon mankind as brethren; that they speak of God as a universal Father, and are willing to work, and even to suffer, for the good not only of their own countrymen, but of the heathen as well. All this the Chinese see and know, and why they still cling to the religion of their country is to me a matter of amazement.

We all know that the disciples of Jesus do unto others as they would that others should do unto them, and that those of Confucius do not unto others anything that

they would not that others should do unto them. Surely, such peoples ought to live together in perfect peace.

Rising with the subject, growing heated with a kind of holy indignation, these Christian representatives of a Christian people most solemnly declare that:

"Anyone who is really endowed with a correct knowledge of our religious system, which acknowledges the existence of a living God and an accountability to him, and a future state of reward and punishment, who feels that he has an apology for this abominable pagan worship is not a fit person to be ranked as a good citizen of the American Union. It is absurd to make any apology for its toleration. It must be abolished, and the sooner the decree goes forth by the power of this Government the better it will be for the interests of this land."

I take this, the earliest opportunity, to inform these gentlemen composing a majority of the committee, that we have in the United States no "religious system"; that this is a secular Government. That it has no religious creed; that it does not believe or disbelieve in a future state of reward and punishment; that it neither affirms nor denies the existence of a "living God"; and that the only god, so far as this Government is concerned, is the legally expressed will of a majority of the people. Under our flag the Chinese have the same right to worship a wooden god that you have to worship any other. The Constitution protects equally the church of Jehovah and the house of Joss. Whatever their relative positions may be in heaven, they stand upon a perfect equality in the United States.

This Government is an Infidel Government. We have a Constitution with man put in and God left out; and it is the glory of this country that we have such a Constitution.

It may be surprising to you that I have an apology for pagan worship, yet I have. And it is the same one that I have for the writers of this report. I account for both by the word *superstition*. Why should we object to their worshiping God as they please? If the worship is improper, the protestation should come not from a committee of Congress, but from God himself. If he is satisfied that is sufficient.

Our religion can only be brought into contempt by the actions of those who profess to be governed by its teachings. This report will do more in that direction than millions of Chinese could do by burning pieces of paper before a wooden image. If you wish to impress the Chinese with the value of your religion, of what you are pleased to call "The American system," show them that Christians are better than heathens. Prove to them that what you are pleased to call the "living God" teaches higher and holier things, a grander and purer code of morals than can be found upon pagan pages. Excel these wretches in industry, in honesty, in reverence for parents, in cleanliness, in frugality; and above all by advocating the absolute liberty of human thought.

Do not trample upon these people because they have a different conception of things about which even this committee knows nothing.

Give them the same privilege you enjoy of making a God after their own fashion. And let them describe him as they will. Would you be willing to have them remain, if one of their race, thousands of years ago, had pretended to have seen God, and had written of him as follows:

“There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it, * * * and he rode upon a cherub and did fly.”

Why should you object to these people on account of their religion? Your objection has in it the spirit of hate and intolerance. Of that spirit the Inquisition was born. That spirit lighted the fagot, made the thumbscrew, put chains upon the limbs, and lashes upon the backs of men. The same spirit bought and sold, captured and kidnapped human beings; sold babes, and justified all the horrors of slavery.

Congress has nothing to do with the religion of the people. Its members are not responsible to God for the opinions of their constituents, and it may tend to the happiness of the constituents for me to state that they are in no way responsible for the religion of the members. Religion is an individual, not a national, matter. And where the nation interferes with the right of conscience, the liberties of the people are devoured by the monster superstition.

If you wish to drive out the Chinese, do not make a pretext of religion. Do not pretend that you are trying to do God a favor. Injustice in his name is doubly detestable. The assassin can not sanctify his dagger by falling on his knees, and it does not help a falsehood if it be uttered as a prayer. Religion, used to intensify the hatred of men toward men under the pretence of pleasing God, has cursed this world.

A portion of this most remarkable report is intensely religious. There is in it almost the odor of sanctity; and when reading it, one is impressed with the living piety of its authors. But on the twenty-fifth page there are a few passages that must pain the hearts of true believers.

Leaving their religious views, the members immediately betake themselves to philosophy and prediction. Listen:

“The Chinese race and the American citizen, whether native-born or one who is eligible to our naturalization laws and becomes a citizen, are in a state of antagonism. They cannot, or will not, ever meet upon common ground, and occupy together the same social level. This is impossible. The pagan and the Christian travel different paths. This one believes in a living God; and that one in a type of monsters and the worship of wood and stone. Thus in the religion of the two races of men they are as wide apart as the poles of the two hemispheres. They cannot now and never will approach the same religious altar. The Christian will not recede to barbarism, nor will the Chinese advance to the enlightened belt (whatever it is) of civilization. * * * He cannot be converted to those modern ideas of religious worship which have been accepted by Europe and which crown the American system.”

Christians used to believe that through their religion all the nations of the earth were finally to be blest. In accordance with that belief missionaries have been sent to every land, and untold wealth has been expended for what has been called the spread of the gospel.

I am almost sure that I have read somewhere that “Christ died for *all* men,” and that “God is no respecter of persons.” It was once taught that it was the duty of Christians to tell all people the “tidings of great joy.” I have never believed these things myself, but have always contended that an honest merchant was the best missionary.

Commerce makes friends, religion makes enemies; the one enriches and the other impoverishes; the one thrives best where the truth is told, the other where falsehoods are believed. For myself, I have but little confidence in any business or enterprise or investment that promises dividends only after the death of the stockholders.

But I am astonished that four Christian statesmen, four members of Congress, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, who seriously object to people on account of their religious convictions, should still assert that the very religion in which they believe—and the only religion established by the "living God," head of the American system—is not adapted to the spiritual needs of one-third of the human race. It is amazing that these four gentlemen have, in the defence of the Christian religion, announced the discovery that it is wholly inadequate for the civilization of mankind; that the light of the cross can never penetrate the darkness of China; "that all the labors of the missionary, the example of the good, the exalted character of our civilization, make no impression upon the pagan life of the Chinese;" and that even the report of this committee will not tend to elevate, refine, and Christianize the yellow heathen of the Pacific coast. In the name of religion these gentlemen have denied its power, and mocked at the enthusiasm of its founder. Worse than this, they have predicted for the Chinese a future of ignorance and idolatry in this world, and, if the "American system" of religion is true, hell-fire in the next.

For the benefit of these four philosophers and prophets I will give a few extracts from the writings of Confucius, that will, in my judgment, compare favorably with the best passages of their report:

"My doctrine is that man must be true to the principles of his nature, and the benevolent exercise of them toward others.

With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and with my bended arm for a pillow, I still have joy.

Riches and honor acquired by injustice are to me but floating clouds.

The man who, in view of gain, thinks of righteousness; who, in view of danger, forgets life, and who remembers an old agreement, however far back it extends, such a man may be reckoned a complete man.

Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness.

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life: Reciprocity is that word."

When the ancestors of the four Christian Congressmen were barbarians, when they lived in caves, gnawed bones, and worshiped dried snakes, the infamous Chinese were reading these sublime sentences of Confucius. When the forefathers of these Christian statesmen were hunting toads to get the jewels out of their heads, to be used as charms, the wretched Chinese were calculating eclipses, and measuring the circumference of the earth. When the progenitors of these representatives of the "American system of religion" were burning women charged with nursing devils, the people "incapable of being influenced by the exalted character of our civilization," were building asylums for the insane.

Neither should it be forgotten that, for thousands of years, the Chinese have honestly practiced the great principle known as Civil Service Reform—a something that even the administration of Mr. Hayes has reached only through the proxy of promise.

If we wish to prevent the immigration of the Chinese, let us reform our treaties with the vast empire from whence they came. For thousands of years the Chinese secluded themselves from the rest of the world. They did not deem the Christian nations fit to associate with. We forced ourselves upon them. We called, not with cards, but with cannon. The English battered down the door in the names of opium and Christ. This infamy was regarded as another triumph for the gospel. At last, in self-defence, the Chinese allowed Christians to touch their shores. Their wise men, their philosophers, protested, and prophesied that time would show that Christians could not be trusted. This report proves that the wise men were not only philosophers, but prophets.

Treat China as you would England. Keep a treaty while it is in force. Change it if you will, according to the laws of nations, but on no account excuse a breach of national faith by pretending that we are dishonest for God’s sake.

Some Interrogation Points

A NEW party is struggling for recognition—a party with leaders who are not politicians, with followers who are not seekers after place. Some of those who suffer and some of those who sympathize, have combined. Those who feel that they are oppressed are organized for the purpose of redressing their wrongs. The workers for wages, and the seekers for work have uttered a protest. This party is an instrumentality for the accomplishment of certain things that are very near and very dear to the hearts of many millions.

The object to be attained is a fairer division of profits between employers and employed. There is a feeling that in some way the workers should not want—that the industrious should not be the indigent. There is a hope that men and women and children are not forever to be the victims of ignorance and want—that the tenement house is not always to be the home of the poor, or the gutter the nursery of their babes.

As yet, the methods for the accomplishment of these aims have not been agreed upon. Many theories have been advanced and none has been adopted. The question is so vast, so complex, touching human interests in so many ways, that no one has yet been great enough to furnish a solution, or, if any one has furnished a solution, no one else has been wise enough to understand it.

'The hope of the future is that this question will finally be understood. It must not be discussed in anger. If a broad and comprehensive view is to be taken, there is no place for hatred or for prejudice. Capital is not to blame. Labor is not to blame. Both have been caught in the net of circumstances. The rich are as generous as the poor would be if they should change places. Men acquire through the noblest and the tenderest instincts. They work and save not only for themselves, but for their wives and for their children. There is but little confidence in the charity of the world. The prudent man in his youth makes preparation for his age. The loving father, having struggled himself, hopes to save his children from drudgery and toil.

In every country there are classes—that is to say, the spirit of caste, and this spirit will exist until the world is truly civilized. Persons in most communities are judged not as individuals, but as members of a class. Nothing is more natural, and nothing more heartless. These lines that divide hearts on account of clothes or titles, are growing more and more indistinct, and the philanthropists, the lovers of the human race, believe that the time is coming when they will be obliterated. We may do away with kings and peasants, and yet there may still be the rich and poor, the intelligent and foolish, the beautiful and deformed, the industrious and idle, and it may be, the honest and vicious. These classifications are in the nature of things. They are produced for the most part by forces that are now beyond the control of man—but the old rule, that men are disreputable in the proportion that they are useful, will certainly be reversed. The idle lord was always held to be the superior of the industrious peasant, the devourer better than the producer, and the waster superior to the worker.

While in this country we have no titles of nobility, we have the rich and the poor—no princes, no peasants, but millionaires and mendicants. The individuals composing these classes are continually changing. The rich of to-day may be the poor of to-morrow, and the children of the poor may take their places. In this country, the children of the poor are educated substantially in the same schools with those of the rich. All read the same papers, many of the same books, and all for many years hear the same questions discussed. They are continually being educated, not only at schools, but by the press, by political campaigns, by perpetual discussions on public questions, and the result is that those who are rich in gold are often poor in thought, and many who have not whereon to lay their heads have within those heads a part of the intellectual wealth of the world.

Years ago the men of wealth were forced to contribute toward the education of the children of the poor. The support of schools by general taxation was defended on the ground that it was a means of providing for the public welfare, of perpetuating the institutions of a free country by making better men and women. This policy has been pursued until at last the schoolhouse is larger than the church, and the common people through education have become uncommon. They now know how little is really known by what are called the upper classes—how little after all is understood by kings, presidents, legislators, and men of culture. They are capable not only of understanding a few questions, but they have acquired the art of discussing those that no one understands. With the facility of politicians they can hide behind phrases, make barricades of statistics, and *chevaux-de-frise* of inferences and assertions. They understand the sophistries of those who have governed.

In some respects these common people are the superiors of the so-called aristocracy. While the educated have been turning their attention to the classics, to the dead languages, and the dead ideas and mistakes that they contain—while they have been giving their attention to ceramics, artistic decorations, and compulsory prayers, the common people have been compelled to learn the practical things—to become acquainted with facts—by doing the work of the world. The professor of a college is no longer a match for a master mechanic. The master mechanic not only understands principles, but their application. He knows things as they are. He has come in contact with the actual, with realities. He knows something of the adaptation of means to ends, and this is the highest and most valuable form of education. The men who make locomotives, who construct the vast engines that propel ships, necessarily know more than those who have spent their lives in conjugating Greek verbs, looking for Hebrew roots, and discussing the origin and destiny of the universe.

Intelligence increases wants. By education the necessities of the people become increased. The old wages will not supply the new wants. Man longs for a harmony between the thought within and the things without. When the soul lives in a palace the body is not satisfied with rags and patches. The glaring inequalities among men, the differences in condition, the suffering and the poverty, have appealed to the good and great of every age, and there has been in the brain of the philanthropist a dream—a hope, a prophecy, of a better day.

It was believed that tyranny was the foundation and cause of the differences between men—that the rich were all robbers and the poor all victims, and that if a society or

government could be founded on equal rights and privileges, the inequalities would disappear, that all would have food and clothes and reasonable work and reasonable leisure, and that content would be found by every hearth.

There was a reliance on nature—an idea that men had interfered with the harmonious action of great principles which if left to themselves would work out universal wellbeing for the human race. Others imagined that the inequalities between men were necessary—that they were part of a divine plan, and that all would be adjusted in some other world—that the poor here would be the rich there, and the rich here might be in torture there. Heaven became the reward of the poor, of the slave, and hell their revenge.

When our Government was established it was declared that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It was then believed that if all men had an equal opportunity, if they were allowed to make and execute their own laws, to levy their own taxes, the frightful inequalities seen in the despotisms and monarchies of the old world would entirely disappear. This was the dream of 1776. The founders of the Government knew how kings and princes and dukes and lords and barons had lived upon the labor of the peasants. They knew the history of those ages of want and crime, of luxury and suffering. But in spite of our Declaration, in spite of our Constitution, in spite of universal suffrage, the inequalities still exist. We have the kings and princes, the lords and peasants, in fact, if not in name. Monopolists, corporations, capitalists, workers for wages, have taken their places, and we are forced to admit that even universal suffrage cannot clothe and feed the world.

For thousands of years men have been talking and writing about the great law of supply and demand—and insisting that in some way this mysterious law has governed and will continue to govern the activities of the human race. It is admitted that this law is merciless—that when the demand fails, the producer, the laborer, must suffer, must perish—that the law feels neither pity nor malice—it simply acts, regardless of consequences. Under this law capital will employ the cheapest. The single man can work for less than the married. Wife and children are luxuries not to be enjoyed under this law. The ignorant have fewer wants than the educated, and for this reason can afford to work for less. The great law will give employment to the single and to the ignorant in preference to the married and intelligent. The great law has nothing to do with food or clothes, with filth or crime. It cares nothing for homes, for penitentiaries, or asylums. It simply acts—and some men triumph, some succeed, some fail, and some perish.

Others insist that the curse of the world is monopoly. And yet, as long as some men are stronger than others, as long as some are more intelligent than others, they must be, to the extent of such advantage, monopolists. Every man of genius is a monopolist.

We are told that the great remedy against monopoly—that is to say, against extortion, is free and unrestricted competition. But after all, the history of this world shows that the brutalities of competition are equaled only by those of monopoly. The successful competitor becomes a monopolist, and if competitors fail to destroy each other, the

instinct of self-preservation suggests a combination. In other words, competition is a struggle between two or more persons or corporations for the purpose of determining which shall have the uninterrupted privilege of extortion.

In this country the people have had the greatest reliance on competition. If a railway company charged too much a rival road was built. As a matter of fact, we are indebted for half the railroads of the United States to the extortion of the other half, and the same may truthfully be said of telegraph lines. As a rule, while the exactions of monopoly constructed new roads and new lines, competition has either destroyed the weaker, or produced the pool which is a means of keeping both monopolies alive, or of producing a new monopoly with greater needs, supplied by methods more heartless than the old. When a rival road is built the people support the rival because the fares and freights are somewhat less. Then the old and richer monopoly inaugurates war, and the people, glorying in the benefits of competition, are absurd enough to support the old. In a little while the new company, unable to maintain the contest, left by the people at the mercy of the stronger, goes to the wall, and the triumphant monopoly proceeds to make the intelligent people pay not only the old price, but enough in addition to make up for the expenses of the contest.

Is there any remedy for this? None, except with the people themselves. When the people become intelligent enough to support the rival at a reasonable price; when they know enough to allow both roads to live; when they are intelligent enough to recognize a friend and to stand by that friend as against a known enemy, this question will be at least on the edge of a solution.

So far as I know, this course has never been pursued except in one instance, and that is the present war between the Gould and Mackay cables. The Gould system had been charging from sixty to eighty cents a word, and the Mackay system charged forty. Then the old monopoly tried to induce the rival to put the prices back to sixty. The rival refused, and thereupon the Gould combination dropped to twelve and a half, for the purpose of destroying the rival. The Mackay cable fixed the tariff at twenty-five cents, saying to its customers, “You are intelligent enough to understand what this war means. If our cables are defeated, the Gould system will go back not only to the old price, but will add enough to reimburse itself for the cost of destroying us. If you really wish for competition, if you desire a reasonable service at a reasonable rate, you will support us.” Fortunately an exceedingly intelligent class of people does business by the cables. They are merchants, bankers, and brokers, dealing with large amounts, with intricate, complicated, and international questions. Of necessity, they are used to thinking for themselves. They are not dazzled into blindness by the glare of the present. They see the future. They are not duped by the sunshine of a moment or the promise of an hour. They see beyond the horizon of a penny saved. These people had intelligence enough to say, “The rival who stands between us and extortion is our friend, and our friend shall not be allowed to die.”

Does not this tend to show that people must depend upon themselves, and that some questions can be settled by the intelligence of those who buy, of those who use, and that customers are not entirely helpless?

Another thing should not be forgotten, and that is this: there is the same war between monopolies that there is between individuals, and the monopolies for many years have been trying to destroy each other. They have unconsciously been working for the extinction of monopolies. These monopolies differ as individuals do. You find among them the rich and the poor, the lucky and the unfortunate, millionaires and tramps. The great monopolies have been devouring the little ones.

Only a few years ago, the railways in this country were controlled by local directors and local managers. The people along the lines were interested in the stock. As a consequence, whenever any legislation was threatened hostile to the interests of these railways, they had local friends who used their influence with legislators, governors and juries. During this time they were protected, but when the hard times came many of these companies were unable to pay their interest. They suddenly became Socialists. They cried out against their prosperous rivals. They felt like joining the Knights of Labor. They began to talk about rights and wrongs. But in spite of their cries, they have passed into the hands of the richer roads—they were seized by the great monopolies. Now the important railways are owned by persons living in large cities or in foreign countries. They have no local friends, and when the time conies, and it may come, for the General Government to say how much these companies shall charge for passengers and freight, they will have no local friends. It may be that the great mass of the people will then be on the other side. So that after all, the great corporations have been busy settling the question against themselves.

Possibly a majority of the American people believe to-day that in some way all these questions between capital and labor can be settled by constitutions, laws, and judicial decisions. Most people imagine that a statute is a sovereign specific for any evil. But while the theory has all been one way, the actual experience has been the other—just as the free traders have all the arguments and the protectionists most of the facts.

The truth is, as Mr. Buckle says, that for five hundred years all real advance in legislation has been made by repealing laws. Of one thing we must be satisfied, and that is that real monopolies have never been controlled by law, but the fact that such monopolies exist, is a demonstration that the law has been controlled. In our country, legislators are for the most part controlled by those who, by their wealth and influence, elect them. The few, in reality, cast the votes of the many, and the few influence the ones voted for by the many. Special interests, being active, secure special legislation, and the object of special legislation is to create a kind of monopoly—that is to say, to get some advantage. Chiefs, barons, priests, and kings ruled, robbed, destroyed, and duped, and their places have been taken by corporations, monopolists, and politicians. The large fish still live on the little ones, and the fine theories have as yet failed to change the condition of mankind.

Law in this country is effective only when it is the recorded will of a majority. When the zealous few get control of the Legislature, and laws are passed to prevent Sabbath-breaking, or wine-drinking, they succeed only in putting their opinions and provincial prejudices in legal phrase. There was a time when men worked from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. These hours have not been lessened, they have not been shortened by law. The law has followed and recorded, but the law is not a leader and not a prophet. It appears to be impossible to fix wages—just as impossible as to

fix the values of all manufactured things, including works of art. The field is too great, the problem too complicated, for the human mind to grasp.

To fix the value of labor is to fix all values—labor being the foundation of all values. The value of labor cannot be fixed unless we understand the relations that all things bear to each other and to man. If labor were a legal tender—if a judgment for so many dollars could be discharged by so many days of labor,—and the law was that twelve hours of work should be reckoned as one day, then the law could change the hours to ten or eight, and the judgments could be paid in the shortened days. But it is easy to see that in all contracts made after the passage of such a law, the difference in hours would be taken into consideration.

We must remember that law is not a creative force. It produces nothing. It raises neither corn nor wine. The legitimate object of law is to protect the weak, to prevent violence and fraud, and to enforce honest contracts, to the end that each person may be free to do as he desires, provided only that he does not interfere with the rights of others. Our fathers tried to make people religious by law. They failed. Thousands are now trying to make people temperate in the same manner. Such efforts always have been and probably always will be failures. People who believe that an infinite God gave to the Hebrews a perfect code of laws, must admit that even this code failed to civilize the inhabitants of Palestine.

It seems impossible to make people just or charitable or industrious or agreeable or successful, by law, any more than you can make them physically perfect or mentally sound. Of course we admit that good people intend to make good laws, and that good laws faithfully and honestly executed, tend to the preservation of human rights and to the elevation of the race, but the enactment of a law not in accordance with a sentiment already existing in the minds and hearts of the people—the very people who are depended upon to enforce this law—is not a help, but a hindrance. A real law is but the expression, in an authoritative and accurate form, of the judgment and desire of the majority. As we become intelligent and kind, this intelligence and kindness find expression in law.

But how is it possible to fix the wages of every man? To fix wages is to fix prices, and a government to do this intelligently, would necessarily have to have the wisdom generally attributed to an infinite Being. It would have to supervise and fix the conditions of every exchange of commodities and the value of every conceivable thing. Many things can be accomplished by law, employeers may be held responsible for injuries to the employed. The mines can be ventilated. Children can be rescued from the deformities of toil—burdens taken from the backs of wives and mothers—houses made wholesome, food healthful—that is to say, the weak can be protected from the strong, the honest from the vicious, honest contracts can be enforced, and many rights protected.

The men who have simply strength, muscle, endurance, compete not only with other men of strength, but with the inventions of genius. What would doctors say if physicians of iron could be invented with curious cogs and wheels, so that when a certain button was touched the proper prescription would be written? How would lawyers feel if a lawyer could be invented in such a way that questions of law, being

put in a kind of hopper and a crank being turned, decisions of the highest court could be prophesied without failure? And how would the ministers feel if somebody should invent a clergyman of wood that would to all intents and purposes answer the purpose?

Invention has filled the world with the competitors not only of laborers, but of mechanics—mechanics of the highest skill. To-day the ordinary laborer is for the most part a cog in a wheel. He works with the tireless—he feeds the insatiable. When the monster stops, the man is out of employment, out of bread; He has not saved anything. The machine that he fed was not feeding him, was not working for him—the invention was not for his benefit. The other day I heard a man say that it was almost impossible for thousands of good mechanics to get employment, and that, in his judgment, the Government ought to furnish work for the people. A few minutes after, I heard another say that he was selling a patent for cutting out clothes, that one of his machines could do the work of twenty tailors, and that only the week before he had sold two to a great house in New York, and that over forty cutters had been discharged.

On every side men are being discharged and machines are being invented to take their places. When the great factory shuts down, the workers who inhabited it and gave it life, as thoughts do the brain, go away and it stands there like an empty skull. A few workmen, by the force of habit, gather about the closed doors and broken windows and talk about distress, the price of food and the coming winter. They are convinced that they have not had their share of what their labor created. They feel certain that the machines inside were not their friends. They look at the mansion of the employeer and think of the places where they live. They have saved nothing—nothing but themselves. The employeer seems to have enough. Even when employeers fail, when they become bankrupt, they are far better off than the laborers ever were. Their worst is better than the toilers' best.

The capitalist comes forward with his specific. He tells the workingman that he must be economical—and yet, under the present system, economy would only lessen wages. Under the great law of supply and demand every saving, frugal, self-denying workingman is unconsciously doing what little he can to reduce the compensation of himself and his fellows. The slaves who did not wish to run away helped fasten chains on those who did. So the saving mechanic is a certificate that wages are high enough. Does the great law demand that every worker live on the least possible amount of bread? Is it his fate to work one day, that he may get enough food to be able to work another? Is that to be his only hope—that and death?

Capital has always claimed and still claims the right to combine. Manufacturers meet and determine upon prices, even in spite of the great law of supply and demand. Have the laborers the same right to consult and combine? The rich meet in the bank, the clubhouse, or parlor. Workingmen, when they combine, gather in the street. All the organized forces of society are against them. Capital has the army and the navy, the legislative, the judicial, and the executive departments. When the rich combine, it is for the purpose of "exchanging ideas." When the poor combine, it is a "conspiracy." If they act in concert, if they really do something, it is a "mob." If they defend themselves, it is "treason." How is it that the rich control the departments of

government? In this country the political power is equally divided among the men. There are certainly more poor than there are rich. Why should the rich control? Why should not the laborers combine for the purpose of controlling the executive, legislative, and judicial departments? Will they ever find how powerful they are?

In every country there is a satisfied class—too satisfied to care. They are like the angels in heaven, who are never disturbed by the miseries of earth. They are too happy to be generous. This satisfied class asks no questions and answers none. They believe the world is as it should be. All reformers are simply disturbers of the peace. When they talk low, they should not be listened to; when they talk loud, they should be suppressed.

The truth is to-day what it always has been—what it always will be—those who feel are the only ones who think. A cry comes from the oppressed, from the hungry, from the down-trodden, from the unfortunate, from men who despair and from women who weep. There are times when mendicants become revolutionists—when a rag becomes a banner, under which the noblest and bravest battle for the right.

How are we to settle the unequal contest between men and machines? Will the machine finally go into partnership with the laborer? Can these forces of nature be controlled for the benefit of her suffering children? Will extravagance keep pace with ingenuity? Will the workers become intelligent enough and strong enough to be the owners of the machines? Will these giants, these Titans, shorten or lengthen the hours of labor? Will they give leisure to the industrious, or will they make the rich richer, and the poor poorer?

Is man involved in the “general scheme of things”? Is there no pity, no mercy? Can man become intelligent enough to be generous, to be just; or does the same law or fact control him that controls the animal and vegetable world? The great oak steals the sunlight from the smaller trees. The strong animals devour the weak—everything eating something else—everything at the mercy of beak and claw and hoof and tooth—of hand and club, of brain and greed—inequality, injustice, everywhere.

The poor horse standing in the street with his dray, overworked, over-whipped, and under-fed, when he sees other horses groomed to mirrors, glittering with gold and silver, scorning with proud feet the very earth, probably indulges in the usual socialistic reflections, and this same horse, worn out and old, deserted by his master, turned into the dusty road, leans his head on the topmost rail, looks at donkeys in a field of clover, and feels like a Nihilist.

In the days of savagery the strong devoured the weak—actually ate their flesh. In spite of all the laws that man has made, in spite of all advance in science, literature and art, the strong, the cunning, the heartless still live on the weak, the unfortunate, and foolish. True, they do not eat their flesh, they do not drink their blood, but they live on their labor, on their self-denial, their weariness and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for wife and child through all his anxious, barren, wasted life—who goes to the grave without even having had one luxury—has been the food of others. He has been devoured by his fellow-men. The poor woman living in the bare and lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child, is slowly being eaten by her fellow-men. When I take into

consideration the agony of civilized life—the number of failures, the poverty, the anxiety, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation, the shame—I am almost forced to say that cannibalism, after all, is the most merciful form in which man has ever lived upon his fellow-man.

Some of the best and purest of our race have advocated what is known as Socialism. They have not only taught, but, what is much more to the purpose, have believed that a nation should be a family; that the government should take care of all its children; that it should provide work and food and clothes and education for all, and that it should divide the results of all labor equitably with all.

Seeing the inequalities among men, knowing of the destitution and crime, these men were willing to sacrifice, not only their own liberties, but the liberties of all.

Socialism seems to be one of the worst possible forms of slavery. Nothing, in my judgment, would so utterly paralyze all the forces, all the splendid ambitions and aspirations that now tend to the civilization of man. In ordinary systems of slavery there are some masters, a few are supposed to be free; but in a socialistic state all would be slaves.

If the government is to provide work it must decide for the worker what he must do. It must say who shall chisel statues, who shall paint pictures, who shall compose music, and who shall practice the professions. Is any government, or can any government, be capable of intelligently performing these countless duties? It must not only control work, it must not only decide what each shall do, but it must control expenses, because expenses bear a direct relation to products. Therefore the government must decide what the worker shall eat and wherewithal he shall be clothed; the kind of house in which he shall live; the manner in which it shall be furnished, and, if this government furnishes the work, it must decide on the days or the hours of leisure. More than this, it must fix values; it must decide not only who shall sell, but who shall buy, and the price that must be paid—and it must fix this value not simply upon the labor, but on everything that can be produced, that can be exchanged or sold.

Is it possible to conceive of a despotism beyond this?

The present condition of the world is bad enough, with its poverty and ignorance, but it is far better than it could by any possibility be under any government like the one described. There would be less hunger of the body, but not of the mind. Each man would simply be a citizen of a large penitentiary, and, as in every well regulated prison, somebody would decide what each should do. The inmates of a prison retire early; they rise with the sun; they have something to eat; they are not dissipated; they have clothes; they attend divine service; they have but little to say about their neighbors; they do not suffer from cold; their habits are excellent, and yet, no one envies their condition. Socialism destroys the family. The children belong to the state. Certain officers take the places of parents. Individuality is lost.

The human race cannot afford to exchange its liberty for any possible comfort. You remember the old fable of the fat dog that met the lean wolf in the forest. The wolf, astonished to see so prosperous an animal, inquired of the dog where he got his food,

and the dog told him that there was a man who took care of him, gave him his breakfast, his dinner, and his supper with the utmost regularity, and that he had all that he could eat and very little to do. The wolf said, “Do you think this man would treat me as he does you?” The dog replied, “Yes, come along with me.” So they jogged on together toward the dog’s home. On the way the wolf happened to notice that some hair was worn off the dog’s neck, and he said, “How did the hair become worn?” “That is,” said the dog, “the mark of the collar—my master ties me at night.” “Oh,” said the wolf, “Are you chained? Are you deprived of your liberty? I believe I will go back. I prefer hunger.”

It is impossible for any man with a good heart to be satisfied with this world as it now is. No one can truly enjoy even what he earns—what he knows to be his own, knowing that millions of his fellow-men are in misery and want. When we think of the famished we feel that it is almost heartless to eat. To meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm—one feels as though his heart was as cold as their bodies.

In a world filled with millions and millions of acres of land waiting to be tilled, where one man can raise the food for hundreds, millions are on the edge of famine. Who can comprehend the stupidity at the bottom of this truth?

Is there to be no change? Are “the law of supply and demand,” invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation always to be the enemies of those who toil?

Will the workers always be ignorant enough and stupid enough to give their earnings for the useless? Will they support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other workingmen? Will they always build temples for ghosts and phantoms, and live in huts and dens themselves? Will they forever allow parasites with crowns, and vampires with mitres, to live upon their blood? Will they remain the slaves of the beggars they support? How long will they be controlled by friends who seek favors, and by reformers who want office? Will they always prefer famine in the city to a feast in the fields? Will they ever feel and know that they have no right to bring children into this world that they cannot support? Will they use their intelligence for themselves, or for others? Will they become wise enough to know that they cannot obtain their own liberty by destroying that of others? Will they finally see that every man has a right to choose his trade, his profession, his employment, and has the right to work when, and for whom, and for what he will? Will they finally say that the man who has had equal privileges with all others has no right to complain, or will they follow the example that has been set by their oppressors? Will they learn that force, to succeed, must have a thought behind it, and that anything done, in order that it may endure, must rest upon the corner-stone of justice?

Will they, at the command of priests, forever extinguish the spark that sheds a little light in every brain? Will they ever recognize the fact that labor, above all things, is honorable—that it is the foundation of virtue? Will they understand that beggars cannot be generous, and that every healthy man must earn the right to live? Will honest men stop taking off their hats to successful fraud? Will industry, in the presence of crowned idleness, forever fall upon its knees, and will the lips unstained

by lies forever kiss the robed impostor's hand?—North American Review, March, 1887.

Art And Morality

ART is the highest form of expression, and exists for the sake of expression. Through art thoughts become visible. Back of forms are the desire, the longing, the brooding creative instinct, the maternity of mind and the passion that give pose and swell, outline and color.

Of course there is no such thing as absolute beauty or absolute morality. We now clearly perceive that beauty and conduct are relative. We have outgrown the provincialism that thought is back of substance, as well as the old Platonic absurdity, that ideas existed before the subjects of thought. So far, at least, as man is concerned, his thoughts have been produced by his surroundings, by the action and interaction of things upon his mind; and so far as man is concerned, things have preceded thoughts. The impressions that these things make upon us are what we know of them. The absolute is beyond the human mind. Our knowledge is confined to the relations that exist between the totality of things that we call the universe, and the effect upon ourselves.

Actions are deemed right or wrong, according to experience and the conclusions of reason. Things are beautiful by the relation that certain forms, colors, and modes of expression bear to us. At the foundation of the beautiful will be found the fact of happiness, the gratification of the senses, the delight of intellectual discovery and the surprise and thrill of appreciation. That which we call the beautiful, wakens into life through the association of ideas, of memories, of experiences, of suggestions of pleasure past and the perception that the prophecies of the ideal have been and will be fulfilled.

Art cultivates and kindles the imagination, and quickens the conscience. It is by imagination that we put ourselves in the place of another. When the wings of that faculty are folded, the master does not put himself in the place of the slave; the tyrant is not locked in the dungeon, chained with his victim. The inquisitor did not feel the flames that devoured the martyr. The imaginative man, giving to the beggar, gives to himself. Those who feel indignant at the perpetration of wrong, feel for the instant that they are the victims; and when they attack the aggressor they feel that they are defending themselves. Love and pity are the children of the imagination.

Our fathers read with great approbation the mechanical sermons in rhyme written by Milton, Young and Pollok. Those theological poets wrote for the purpose of convincing their readers that the mind of man is diseased, filled with infirmities, and that poetic poultices and plasters tend to purify and strengthen the moral nature of the human race. Nothing to the true artist, to the real genius, is so contemptible as the “medicinal view.”

Poems were written to prove that the practice of virtue was an investment for another world, and that whoever followed the advice found in those solemn, insincere and lugubrious rhymes, although he might be exceedingly unhappy in this world, would with great certainty be rewarded in the next. These writers assumed that there was a kind of relation between rhyme and religion, between verse and

virtue; and that it was their duty to call the attention of the world to all the snares and pitfalls of pleasure. They wrote with a purpose. They had a distinct moral end in view. They had a plan. They were missionaries, and their object was to show the world how wicked it was and how good they, the writers, were. They could not conceive of a man being so happy that everything in nature partook of his feeling; that all the birds were singing for him, and singing by reason of his joy; that everything sparkled and shone and moved in the glad rhythm of his heart. They could not appreciate this feeling. They could not think of this joy guiding the artist's hand, seeking expression in form and color. They did not look upon poems, pictures, and statues as results, as children of the brain fathered by sea and sky, by flower and star, by love and light. They were not moved by gladness. They felt the responsibility of perpetual duty. They had a desire to teach, to sermonize, to point out and exaggerate the faults of others and to describe the virtues practiced by themselves. Art became a colporteur, a distributer of tracts, a mendicant missionary whose highest ambition was to suppress all heathen joy.

Happy people were supposed to have forgotten, in a reckless moment, duty and responsibility. True poetry would call them back to a realization of their meanness and their misery. It was the skeleton at the feast, the rattle of whose bones had a rhythmic sound. It was the forefinger of warning and doom held up in the presence of a smile.

These moral poets taught the "unwelcome truths," and by the paths of life put posts on which they painted hands pointing at graves. They loved to see the pallor on the cheek of youth, while they talked, in solemn tones, of age, decrepitude and lifeless clay.

Before the eyes of love they thrust, with eager hands, the skull of death. They crushed the flowers beneath their feet and plaited crowns of thorns for every brow.

According to these poets, happiness was inconsistent with virtue. The sense of infinite obligation should be perpetually present. They assumed an attitude of superiority. They denounced and calumniated the reader. They enjoyed his confusion when charged with total depravity. They loved to paint the sufferings of the lost, the worthlessness of human life, the littleness of mankind, and the beauties of an unknown world. They knew but little of the heart. They did not know that without passion there is no virtue, and that the really passionate are the virtuous.

Art has nothing to do directly with morality or immorality. It is its own excuse for being; it exists for itself.

The artist who endeavors to enforce a lesson, becomes a preacher; and the artist who tries by hint and suggestion to enforce the immoral, becomes a pander.

There is an infinite difference between the nude and the naked, between the natural and the undressed. In the presence of the pure, unconscious nude, nothing can be more contemptible than those forms in which are the hints and suggestions of drapery, the pretence of exposure, and the failure to conceal. The undressed is vulgar—the nude is pure.

The old Greek statues, frankly, proudly nude, whose free and perfect limbs have never known the sacrilege of clothes, were and are as free from taint, as pure, as stainless, as the image of the morning star trembling in a drop of perfumed dew.

Morality is the harmony between act and circumstance. It is the melody of conduct. A wonderful statue is the melody of proportion. A great picture is the melody of form and color. A great statue does not suggest labor; it seems to have been created as a joy. A great painting suggests no weariness and no effort; the greater, the easier it seems. So a great and splendid life seems to have been without effort. There is in it no idea of obligation, no idea of responsibility or of duty. The idea of duty changes to a kind of drudgery that which should be, in the perfect man, a perfect pleasure.

The artist, working simply for the sake of enforcing a moral, becomes a laborer. The freedom of genius is lost, and the artist is absorbed in the citizen. The soul of the real artist should be moved by this melody of proportion as the body is unconsciously swayed by the rhythm of a symphony. No one can imagine that the great men who chiseled the statues of antiquity intended to teach the youth of Greece to be obedient to their parents. We cannot believe that Michael Angelo painted his grotesque and somewhat vulgar “Day of Judgment” for the purpose of reforming Italian thieves. The subject was in all probability selected by his employeer, and the treatment was a question of art, without the slightest reference to the moral effect, even upon priests. We are perfectly certain that Corot painted those infinitely poetic landscapes, those cottages, those sad poplars, those leafless vines on weather-tinted walls, those quiet pools, those contented cattle, those fields flecked with light, over which bend the skies, tender as the breast of a mother, without once thinking of the ten commandments. There is the same difference between moral art and the product of true genius, that there is between prudery and virtue.

The novelists who endeavor to enforce what they are pleased to call “moral truths,” cease to be artists. They create two kinds of characters—types and caricatures. The first never has lived, and the second never will. The real artist produces neither. In his pages you will find individuals, natural people, who have the contradictions and inconsistencies inseparable from humanity. The great artists “hold the mirror up to nature,” and this mirror reflects with absolute accuracy. The moral and the immoral writers—that is to say, those who have some object besides that of art—use convex or concave mirrors, or those with uneven surfaces, and the result is that the images are monstrous and deformed. The little novelist and the little artist deal either in the impossible or the exceptional. The men of genius touch the universal. Their words and works throb in unison with the great ebb and flow of things. They write and work for all races and for all time.

It has been the object of thousands of reformers to destroy the passions, to do away with desires; and could this object be accomplished, life would become a burden, with but one desire—that is to say, the desire for extinction. Art in its highest forms increases passion, gives tone and color and zest to life. But while it increases passion, it refines. It extends the horizon. The bare necessities of life constitute a prison, a dungeon. Under the influence of art the walls expand, the roof rises, and it becomes a temple.

Art is not a sermon, and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indirection. The beautiful refines. The perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct. The harmony in music teaches, without intention, the lesson of proportion in life. The bird in his song has no moral purpose, and yet the influence is humanizing. The beautiful in nature acts through appreciation and sympathy. It does not browbeat, neither does it humiliate. It is beautiful without regard to you. Roses would be unbearable if in their red and perfumed hearts were mottoes to the effect that bears eat bad boys and that honesty is the best policy.

Art creates an atmosphere in which the proprieties, the amenities, and the virtues unconsciously grow. The rain does not lecture the seed. The light does not make rules for the vine and flower.

The heart is softened by the pathos of the perfect.

The world is a dictionary of the mind, and in this dictionary of things genius discovers analogies, resemblances, and parallels amid opposites, likeness in difference, and corroboration in contradiction. Language is but a multitude of pictures. Nearly every word is a work of art, a picture represented by a sound, and this sound represented by a mark, and this mark gives not only the sound, but the picture of something in the outward world and the picture of something within the mind, and with these words which were once pictures, other pictures are made.

The greatest pictures and the greatest statues, the most wonderful and marvelous groups, have been painted and chiseled with words. They are as fresh to-day as when they fell from human lips. Penelope still ravels, weaves, and waits; Ulysses' bow is bent, and through the level rings the eager arrow flies. Cordelia's tears are falling now. The greatest gallery of the world is found in Shakespeare's book. The pictures and the marbles of the Vatican and Louvre are faded, crumbling things, compared with his, in which perfect color gives to perfect form the glow and movement of passion's highest life.

Everything except the truth wears, and needs to wear, a mask. Little souls are ashamed of nature. Prudery pretends to have only those passions that it cannot feel. Moral poetry is like a respectable canal that never overflows its banks. It has weirs through which slowly and without damage any excess of feeling is allowed to flow. It makes excuses for nature, and regards love as an interesting convict. Moral art paints or chisels feet, faces, and rags. It regards the body as obscene. It hides with drapery that which it has not the genius purely to portray. Mediocrity becomes moral from a necessity which it has the impudence to call virtue. It pretends to regard ignorance as the foundation of purity and insists that virtue seeks the companionship of the blind.

Art creates, combines, and reveals. It is the highest manifestation of thought, of passion, of love, of intuition. It is the highest form of expression, of history and prophecy. It allows us to look at an unmasked soul, to fathom the abysses of passion, to understand the heights and depths of love.

Compared with what is in the mind of man, the outward world almost ceases to excite our wonder. The impression produced by mountains, seas, and stars is not so great, so thrilling, as the music of Wagner. The constellations themselves grow small

when we read “Troilus and Cres-sida,” “Hamlet,” or “Lear.” What are seas and stars in the presence of a heroism that holds pain and death as naught? What are seas and stars compared with human hearts? What is the quarry compared with the statue?

Art civilizes because it enlightens, develops, strengthens, ennobles. It deals with the beautiful, with the passionate, with the ideal. It is the child of the heart. To be great, it must deal with the human. It must be in accordance with the experience, with the hopes, with the fears, and with the possibilities of man. No one cares to paint a palace, because there is nothing in such a picture to touch the heart. It tells of responsibility, of the prison, of the conventional. It suggests a load—it tells of apprehension, of weariness and ennui. The picture of a cottage, over which runs a vine, a little home thatched with content, with its simple life, its natural sunshine and shadow, its trees bending with fruit, its hollyhocks and pinks, its happy children, its hum of bees, is a poem—a smile in the desert of this world.

The great lady, in velvet and jewels, makes but a poor picture. There is not freedom enough in her life. She is constrained. She is too far away from the simplicity of happiness. In her thought there is too much of the mathematical. In all art you will find a touch of chaos, of liberty; and there is in all artists a little of the vagabond—that is to say, genius.

The nude in art has rendered holy the beauty of woman. Every Greek statue pleads for mothers and sisters. From these marbles come strains of music. They have filled the heart of man with tenderness and worship. They have kindled reverence, admiration and love. The Venus de Milo, that even mutilation cannot mar, tends only to the elevation of our race. It is a miracle of majesty and beauty, the supreme idea of the supreme woman. It is a melody in marble. All the lines meet in a kind of voluptuous and glad content. The pose is rest itself. The eyes are filled with thoughts of love. The breast seems dreaming of a child.

The prudent is not the poetic; it is the mathematical. Genius is the spirit of abandon; it is joyous, irresponsible. It moves in the swell and curve of billows; it is careless of conduct and consequence. For a moment, the chain of cause and effect seems broken; the soul is free. It gives an account not even to itself. Limitations are forgotten; nature seems obedient to the will; the ideal alone exists; the universe is a symphony.

Every brain is a gallery of art, and every soul is, to a greater or less degree, an artist. The pictures and statues that now enrich and adorn the walls and niches of the world, as well as those that illuminate the pages of its literature, were taken originally from the private galleries of the brain.

The soul—that is to say the artist—compares the pictures in its own brain with the pictures that have been taken from the galleries of others and made visible. This soul, this artist, selects that which is nearest perfection in each, takes such parts as it deems perfect, puts them together, forms new pictures, new statues, and in this way creates the ideal.

To express desires, longings, ecstasies, prophecies and passions in form and color; to put love, hope, heroism and triumph in marble; to paint dreams and memories with

words; to portray the purity of dawn, the intensity and glory of noon, the tenderness of twilight, the splendor and mystery of night, with sounds; to give the invisible to sight and touch, and to enrich the common things of earth with gems and jewels of the mind—this is Art.—North American Review, March, 1888.

The Divided Household Of Faith

“Let determined things to destiny hold unbewailed their way.” THERE is a continual effort in the mind of man to find the harmony that he knows must exist between all known facts. It is hard for the scientist to implicitly believe anything that he suspects to be inconsistent with a known fact. He feels that every fact is a key to many mysteries—that every fact is a detective, not only, but a perpetual witness. He knows that a fact has a countless number of sides, and that all these sides will match all other facts, and he also suspects that to understand one fact perfectly—like the fact of the attraction of gravitation—would involve a knowledge of the universe.

It requires not only candor, but courage, to accept a fact. When a new fact is found it is generally denied, resisted, and calumniated by the conservatives until denial becomes absurd, and then they accept it with the statement that they always supposed it was true.

The old is the ignorant enemy of the new. The old has pedigree and respectability; it is filled with the spirit of caste; it is associated with great events, and with great names; it is intrenched; it has an income—it represents property. Besides, it has parasites, and the parasites always defend themselves.

Long ago frightened wretches who had by tyranny or piracy amassed great fortunes, were induced in the moment of death to compromise with God and to let their money fall from their stiffening hands into the greedy palms of priests. In this way many theological seminaries were endowed, and in this way prejudices, mistakes, absurdities, known as religious truths, have been perpetuated. In this way the dead hypocrites have propagated and supported their kind.

Most religions—no matter how honestly they originated—have been established by brute force. Kings and nobles have used them as a means to enslave, to degrade and rob. The priest, consciously and unconsciously, has been the betrayer of his followers.

Near Chicago there is an ox that betrays his fellows. Cattle—twenty or thirty at a time—are driven to the place of slaughter. This ox leads the way—the others follow. When the place is reached, this Bishop Dupanloup turns and goes back for other victims.

This is the worst side: There is a better.

Honest men, believing that they have found the whole truth—the real and only faith—filled with enthusiasm, give all for the purpose of propagating the “divine creed.” They found colleges and universities, and in perfect, pious, ignorant sincerity, provide that the creed, and nothing but the creed, must be taught, and that if any professor teaches anything contrary to that, he must be instantly dismissed—that is to say, the children must be beaten with the bones of the dead.

These good religious souls erect guide-boards with a provision to the effect that the guide-boards must remain, whether the roads are changed or not, and with the

further provision that the professors who keep and repair the guide-boards must always insist that the roads have not been changed.

There is still another side.

Professors do not wish to lose their salaries. They love their families and have some regard for themselves. There is a compromise between their bread and their brain. On pay-day they believe—at other times they have their doubts. They settle with their own consciences by giving old words new meanings. They take refuge in allegory, hide behind parables, and barricade themselves with oriental imagery. They give to the most frightful passages a spiritual meaning—and while they teach the old creed to their followers, they speak a new philosophy to their equals.

There is still another side.

A vast number of clergymen and laymen are perfectly satisfied. They have no doubts. They believe as their fathers and mothers did. The "scheme of salvation" suits them because they are satisfied that they are embraced within its terms. They give themselves no trouble. They believe because they do not understand. They have no doubts because they do not think. They regard doubt as a thorn in the pillow of orthodox slumber. Their souls are asleep, and they hate only those who disturb their dreams. These people keep their creeds for future use. They intend to have them ready at the moment of dissolution. They sustain about the same relation to daily life that the small-boats carried by steamers do to ordinary navigation—they are for the moment of shipwreck. Creeds, like life-preservers, are to be used in disaster.

We must also remember that everything in nature—bad as well as good—has the instinct of self-preservation. All lies go armed, and all mistakes carry concealed weapons. Driven to the last corner, even non-resistance appeals to the dagger.

Vast interests—political, social, artistic, and individual—are interwoven with all creeds. Thousands of millions of dollars have been invested; many millions of people obtain their bread by the propagation and support of certain religious doctrines, and many millions have been educated for that purpose and for that alone. Nothing is more natural than that they should defend themselves—that they should cling to a creed that gives them roof and raiment.

Only a few years ago Christianity was a complete system. It included and accounted for all phenomena; it was a philosophy satisfactory to the ignorant world; it had an astronomy and geology of its own; it answered all questions with the same readiness and the same inaccuracy; it had within its sacred volumes the history of the past, and the prophecies of all the future; it pretended to know all that was, is, or ever will be necessary for the well-being of the human race, here and hereafter.

When a religion has been founded, the founder admitted the truth of everything that was generally believed that did not interfere with his system. Imposture always has a definite end in view, and for the sake of the accomplishment of that end, it will admit the truth of anything and everything that does not endanger its success.

The writers of all sacred books—the inspired prophets—had no reason for disagreeing with the common people about the origin of things, the creation of the

world, the rising and setting of the sun, and the uses of the stars, and consequently the sacred books of all ages have indorsed the belief general at the time. You will find in our sacred books the astronomy, the geology, the philosophy and the morality of the ancient barbarians. The religionist takes these general ideas as his foundation, and upon them builds the supernatural structure. For many centuries the astronomy, geology, philosophy and morality of our Bible were accepted. They were not questioned, for the reason that the world was too ignorant to question.

A few centuries ago the art of printing was invented. A new world was discovered. There was a complete revolution in commerce. The arts were born again. The world was filled with adventure; millions became self-reliant; old ideas were abandoned—old theories were put aside—and suddenly, the old leaders of thought were found to be ignorant, shallow and dishonest. The literature of the classic world was discovered and translated into modern languages. The world was circumnavigated; Copernicus discovered the true relation sustained by our earth to the solar system, and about the beginning of the seventeenth century many other wonderful discoveries were made. In 1609, a Hollander found that two lenses placed in a certain relation to each other magnified objects seen through them. This discovery was the foundation of astronomy. In a little while it came to the knowledge of Galileo; the result was a telescope, with which man has read the volume of the skies.

On the 8th day of May, 1618, Kepler discovered the greatest of his three laws. These were the first great blows struck for the enfranchisement of the human mind. A few began to suspect that the ancient Hebrews were not astronomers. From that moment the church became the enemy of science. In every possible way the inspired ignorance was defended—the lash, the sword, the chain, the fagot and the dungeon were the arguments used by the infuriated church.

To such an extent was the church prejudiced against the new philosophy, against the new facts, that priests refused to look through the telescope of Galileo.

At last it became evident to the intelligent world that the inspired writings, literally translated, did not contain the truth—the Bible was in danger of being driven from the heavens.

The church also had its geology. The time when the earth was created had been definitely fixed and was certainly known. This fact had not only been stated by inspired writers, but their statement had been indorsed by priests, by bishops, cardinals, popes and ecumenical councils; that was settled.

But a few men had learned the art of seeing. There were some eyes not always closed in prayer. They looked at the things about them; they observed channels that had been worn in solid rock by streams; they saw the vast territories that had been deposited by rivers; their attention was called to the slow inroads upon continents by seas—to the deposits by volcanoes—to the sedimentary rocks—to the vast reefs that had been built by the coral, and to the countless evidences of age, of the lapse of time—and finally it was demonstrated that this earth had been pursuing its course about the sun for millions and millions of ages.

The church disputed every step, denied every fact, resorted to every device that cunning could suggest or ingenuity execute, but the conflict could not be maintained. The Bible, so far as geology was concerned, was in danger of being driven from the earth.

Beaten in the open field, the church began to equivocate, to evade, and to give new meanings to inspired words. Finally, falsehood having failed to harmonize the guesses of barbarians with the discoveries of genius, the leading churchmen suggested that the Bible was not written to teach astronomy, was not written to teach geology, and that it was not a scientific book, but that it was written in the language of the people, and that as to unimportant things it contained the general beliefs of its time.

The ground was then taken that, while it was not inspired in its science, it was inspired in its morality, in its prophecy, in its account of the miraculous, in the scheme of salvation, and in all that it had to say on the subject of religion.

The moment it was suggested that the Bible was not inspired in everything within its lids, the seeds of suspicion were sown. The priest became less arrogant. The church was forced to explain. The pulpit had one language for the faithful and another for the philosophical, i. e., it became dishonest with both.

The next question that arose was as to the origin of man.

The Bible was being driven from the skies. The testimony of the stars was against the sacred volume. The church had also been forced to admit that the world was not created at the time mentioned in the Bible—so that the very stones of the earth rose and united with the stars in giving testimony against the sacred volume.

As to the creation of the world, the church resorted to the artifice of saying that "days" in reality meant long periods of time; so that no matter how old the earth was, the time could be spanned by six periods—in other words, that the years could not be too numerous to be divided by six.

But when it came to the creation of man, this evasion, or artifice, was impossible. The Bible gives the date of the creation of man, because it gives the age at which the first man died, and then it gives the generations from Adam to the flood, and from the flood to the birth of Christ, and in many instances the actual age of the principal ancestor is given. So that, according to this account—according to the inspired figures—man has existed upon the earth only about six thousand years. There is no room left for any people beyond Adam.

If the Bible is true, certainly Adam was the first man; consequently, we know, if the sacred volume be true, just how long man has lived and labored and suffered on this earth.

The church cannot and dare not give up the account of the creation of Adam from the dust of the earth, and of Eve from the rib of the man. The church cannot give up the story of the Garden of Eden—the serpent—the fall and the expulsion; these must be defended because they are vital. Without these absurdities, the system known as Christianity cannot exist. Without the fall, the atonement is a *non sequitur*. Facts

bearing upon these questions were discovered and discussed by the greatest and most thoughtful of men. Lamarck, Humboldt, Haeckel, and above all, Darwin, not only asserted, but demonstrated, that man is not a special creation. If anything can be established by observation, by reason, then the fact has been established that man is related to all life below him—that he has been slowly produced through countless years—that the story of Eden is a childish myth—that the fall of man is an infinite absurdity.

If anything can be established by analogy and reason, man has existed upon the earth for many millions of ages. We know now, if we know anything, that people not only existed before Adam, but that they existed in a highly civilized state; that thousands of years before the Garden of Eden was planted men communicated to each other their ideas by language, and that artists clothed the marble with thoughts and passions.

This is a demonstration that the origin of man given in the Old Testament is untrue—that the account was written by the ignorance, the prejudice and the egotism of the olden time.

So, if anything outside of the senses can be known, we do know that civilization is a growth—that man did not commence a perfect being, and then degenerate, but that from small beginnings he has slowly risen, to the intellectual height he now occupies.

The church, however, has not been willing to accept these truths, because they contradict the sacred word. Some of the most ingenious of the clergy have been endeavoring for years to show that there is no conflict—that the account in Genesis is in perfect harmony with the theories of Charles Darwin, and these clergymen in some way manage to retain their creed and to accept a philosophy that utterly destroys it.

But in a few years the Christian world will be forced to admit that the Bible is not inspired in its astronomy, in its geology, or in its anthropology—that is to say, that the inspired writers knew nothing of the sciences, knew nothing of the origin of the earth, nothing of the origin of man—in other words, nothing of any particular value to the human race.

It is, however, still insisted that the Bible is inspired in its morality. Let us examine this question.

We must admit, if we know anything, if we feel anything, if conscience is more than a word, if there is such a thing as right and such a thing as wrong beneath the dome of heaven—we must admit that slavery is immoral. If we are honest, we must also admit that the Old Testament upholds slavery. It will be cheerfully admitted that Jehovah was opposed to the enslavement of one Hebrew by another. Christians may quote the commandment “Thou shalt not steal” as being opposed to human slavery, but after that commandment was given, Jehovah himself told his chosen people that they might “buy their bondmen and bondwomen of the heathen round about, and that they should be their bondmen and their bondwomen forever.” So all that Jehovah meant by the commandment “Thou shalt not steal” was that one Hebrew should not steal from another Hebrew, but that all Hebrews might steal from the people of any other race or creed.

It is perfectly apparent that the Ten Commandments were made only for the Jews, not for the world, because the author of these commandments commanded the people to whom they were given to violate them nearly all as against the surrounding people.

A few years ago it did not occur to the Christian world that slavery was wrong. It was upheld by the church. Ministers bought and sold the very people for whom they declared that Christ had died. Clergymen of the English church owned stock in slave-ships, and the man who denounced slavery was regarded as the enemy of morality, and thereupon was duly mobbed by the followers of Jesus Christ. Churches were built with the results of labor stolen from colored Christians. Babes were sold from mothers and a part of the money given to send missionaries from America to heathen lands with the tidings of great joy. Now every intelligent man on the earth, every decent man, holds in abhorrence the institution of human slavery.

So with the institution of polygamy. If anything on the earth is immoral, that is. If there is anything calculated to destroy home, to do away with human love, to blot out the idea of family life, to cover the hearthstone with serpents, it is the institution of polygamy. The Jehovah of the Old Testament was a believer in that institution.

Can we now say that the Bible is inspired in its morality? Consider for a moment the manner in which, under the direction of Jehovah, wars were waged. Remember the atrocities that were committed. Think of a war where everything was the food of the sword. Think for a moment of a deity capable of committing the crimes that are described and gloated over in the Old Testament. The civilized man has outgrown the sacred cruelties and absurdities.

There is still another side to this question.

A few centuries ago nothing was more natural than the unnatural. Miracles were as plentiful as actual events. In those blessed days, that which actually occurred was not regarded of sufficient importance to be recorded. A religion without miracles would have excited derision. A creed that did not fill the horizon—that did not account for everything—that could not answer every question, would have been regarded as worthless.

After the birth of Protestantism, it could not be admitted by the leaders of the Reformation that the Catholic Church still had the power of working miracles. If the Catholic Church was still in partnership with God, what excuse could have been made for the Reformation? The Protestants took the ground that the age of miracles had passed. This was to justify the new faith. But Protestants could not say that miracles had never been performed, because that would take the foundation not only from the Catholics but from themselves; consequently they were compelled to admit that miracles were performed in the apostolic days, but to insist that, in their time, man must rely upon the facts in nature. Protestants were compelled to carry on two kinds of war; they had to contend with those who insisted that miracles had never been performed; and in that argument they were forced to insist upon the necessity for miracles, on the probability that they were performed, and upon the truthfulness of the apostles. A moment afterward, they had to answer those who contended that

miracles were performed at that time; then they brought forward against the Catholics the same arguments that their first opponents had brought against them.

This has made every Protestant brain “a house divided against itself.” This planted in the Reformation the “irrepressible conflict.”

But we have learned more and more about what we call Nature—about what we call facts. Slowly it dawned upon the mind that force is indestructible—that we cannot imagine force as existing apart from matter—that we cannot even think of matter existing apart from force—that we cannot by any possibility conceive of a cause without an effect, of an effect without a cause, of an effect that is not also a cause. We find no room between the links of cause and effect for a miracle. We now perceive that a miracle must be outside of Nature—that it can have no father, no mother—that is to say, that it is an impossibility.

The intellectual world has abandoned the miraculous.

Most ministers are now ashamed to defend a miracle. Some try to explain miracles, and yet, if a miracle is explained, it ceases to exist. Few congregations could keep from smiling were the minister to seriously assert the truth of the Old Testament miracles.

Miracles must be given up. That field must be abandoned by the religious world. The evidence accumulates every day, in every possible direction in which the human mind can investigate, that the miraculous is simply the impossible.

Confidence in the eternal constancy of Nature increases day by day. The scientist has perfect confidence in the attraction of gravitation—in chemical affinities—in the great fact of evolution, and feels absolutely certain that the nature of things will remain forever the same.

We have at last ascertained that miracles can be perfectly understood; that there is nothing mysterious about them; that they are simply transparent falsehoods.

The real miracles are the facts in nature. No one can explain the attraction of gravitation. No one knows why soil and rain and light become the womb of life. No one knows why grass grows, why water runs, or why the magnetic needle points to the north. The facts in nature are the eternal and the only mysteries. There is nothing strange about the miracles of superstition. They are nothing but the mistakes of ignorance and fear, or falsehoods framed by those who wished to live on the labor of others.

In our time the champions of Christianity, for the most part, take the exact ground occupied by the Deists. They dare not defend in the open field the mistakes, the cruelties, the immoralities and the absurdities of the Bible. They shun the Garden of Eden as though the serpent was still there. They have nothing to say about the fall of man. They are silent as to the laws upholding slavery and polygamy. They are ashamed to defend the miraculous. They talk about these things to Sunday schools and to the elderly members of their congregations; but when doing battle for the faith, they misstate the position of their opponents and then insist that there must be a God, and that the soul is immortal.

We may admit the existence of an infinite Being; we may admit the immortality of the soul, and yet deny the inspiration of the Scriptures and the divine origin of the Christian religion. These doctrines, or these dogmas, have nothing in common. The pagan world believed in God and taught the dogma of immortality. These ideas are far older than Christianity, and they have been almost universal.

Christianity asserts more than this. It is based upon the inspiration of the Bible, on the fall of man, on the atonement, on the dogma of the Trinity, on the divinity of Jesus Christ, on his resurrection from the dead, on his ascension into heaven.

Christianity teaches not simply the immortality of the soul—not simply the immortality of joy—but it teaches the immortality of pain, the eternity of sorrow. It insists that evil, that wickedness, that immorality and that every form of vice are and must be perpetuated forever. It believes in immortal convicts, in eternal imprisonment and in a world of unending pain. It has a serpent for every breast and a curse for nearly every soul. This doctrine is called the dearest hope of the human heart, and he who attacks it is denounced as the most infamous of men.

Let us see what the church, within a few years, has been compelled substantially to abandon,—that is to say, what it is now almost ashamed to defend.

First, the astronomy of the sacred Scriptures; second, the geology; third, the account given of the origin of man; fourth, the doctrine of original sin, the fall of the human race; fifth, the mathematical contradiction known as the Trinity; sixth, the atonement—because it was only on the ground that man is accountable for the sin of another, that he could be justified by reason of the righteousness of another; seventh, that the miraculous is either the misunderstood or the impossible; eighth, that the Bible is not inspired in its morality, for the reason that slavery is not moral, that polygamy is not good, that wars of extermination are not merciful, and that nothing can be more immoral than to punish the innocent on account of the sins of the guilty; and ninth, the divinity of Christ.

All this must be given up by the really intelligent, by those not afraid to think, by those who have the courage of their convictions and the candor to express their thoughts. What then is left?

Let me tell you. Everything in the Bible that is true, is left; it still remains and is still of value. It cannot be said too often that the truth needs no inspiration; neither can it be said too often that inspiration cannot help falsehood. Every good and noble sentiment uttered in the Bible is still good and noble. Every fact remains. All that is good in the Sermon on the Mount is retained. The Lord's Prayer is not affected. The grandeur of self-denial, the nobility of forgiveness, and the ineffable splendor of mercy are with us still. And besides, there remains the great hope for all the human race.

What is lost? All the mistakes, all the falsehoods, all the absurdities, all the cruelties and all the curses contained in the Scriptures. We have almost lost the "hope" of eternal pain—the "consolation" of perdition; and in time we shall lose the frightful shadow that has fallen upon so many hearts, that has darkened so many lives.

The great trouble for many years has been, and still is, that the clergy are not quite candid. They are disposed to defend the old creed. They have been educated in the universities of the Sacred Mistake—universities that Bruno would call "the widows of true learning." They have been taught to measure with a false standard; they have weighed with inaccurate scales. In youth, they became convinced of the truth of the creed. This was impressed upon them by the solemnity of professors who spoke in tones of awe. The enthusiasm of life's morning was misdirected. They went out into the world knowing nothing of value. They preached a creed outgrown. Having been for so many years entirely certain of their position, they met doubt with a spirit of irritation—afterward with hatred. They are hardly courageous enough to admit that they are wrong.

Once the pulpit was the leader—it spoke with authority. By its side was the sword of the state, with the hilt toward its hand. Now it is apologized for—it carries a weight. It is now like a living man to whom has been chained a corpse. It cannot defend the old, and it has not accepted the new. In some strange way it imagines that morality cannot live except in partnership with the sanctified follies and falsehoods of the past.

The old creeds cannot be defended by argument. They are not within the circumference of reason—they are not embraced in any of the facts within the experience of man. All the subterfuges have been exposed; all the excuses have been shown to be shallow, and at last the church must meet, and fairly meet, the objections of our time.

Solemnity is no longer an argument. Falsehood is no longer sacred. People are not willing to admit that mistakes are divine. Truth is more important than belief—far better than creeds, vastly more useful than superstitions. The church must accept the truths of the present, must admit the demonstrations of science, or take its place in the mental museums with the fossils and monstrosities of the past.

The time for personalities has passed; these questions cannot be determined by ascertaining the character of the disputants; epithets are no longer regarded as arguments; the curse of the church produces laughter; theological slander is no longer a weapon; argument must be answered with argument, and the church must appeal to reason, and by that standard it must stand or fall. The theories and discoveries of Darwin cannot be answered by the resolutions of synods, or by quotations from the Old Testament.

The world has advanced. The Bible has remained the same. We must go back to the book—it cannot come to us—or we must leave it forever. In order to remain orthodox we must forget the discoveries, the inventions, the intellectual efforts of many centuries; we must go back until our knowledge—or rather our ignorance—will harmonize with the barbaric creeds.

It is not pretended that all the creeds have not been naturally produced. It is admitted that under the same circumstances the same religions would again ensnare the human race. It is also admitted that under the same circumstances the same efforts would be made by the great and intellectual of every age to break the chains of superstition.

There is no necessity of attacking people—we should combat error. We should hate hypocrisy, but not the hypocrite—larceny, but not the thief—superstition, but not its victim. We should do all within our power to inform, to educate, and to benefit our fellow-men.

There is no elevating power in hatred. There is no reformation in punishment. The soul grows greater and grander in the air of kindness, in the sunlight of intelligence.

We must rely upon the evidence of our senses, upon the conclusions of our reason.

For many centuries the church has insisted that man is totally depraved, that he is naturally wicked, that all of his natural desires are contrary to the will of God. Only a few years ago it was solemnly asserted that our senses were originally honest, true and faithful, but having been debauched by original sin, were now cheats and liars; that they constantly deceived and misled the soul; that they were traps and snares; that no man could be safe who relied upon his senses, or upon his reason;—he must simply rely upon faith; in other words, that the only way for man to really see was to put out his eyes.

There has been a rapid improvement in the intellectual world. The improvement has been slow in the realm of religion, for the reason that religion was hedged about, defended and barricaded by fear, by prejudice and by law. It was considered sacred. It was illegal to call its truth in question. Whoever disputed the priest became a criminal; whoever demanded a reason, or an explanation, became a blasphemer, a scoffer, a moral leper.

The church defended its mistakes by every means within its power.

But in spite of all this there has been advancement, and there are enough of the orthodox clergy left to make it possible for us to measure the distance that has been traveled by sensible people.

The world is beginning to see that a minister should be a teacher, and that “he should not endeavor to inculcate a particular system of dogmas, but to prepare his hearers for exercising their own judgments.”

As a last resource, the orthodox tell the thoughtful that they are not “spiritual”—that they are “of the earth, earthy”—that they cannot perceive that which is spiritual. They insist that “God is a spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit.”

But let me ask, What is it to be spiritual? In order to be really spiritual, must a man sacrifice this world for the sake of another? Were the selfish hermits, who deserted their wives and children for the miserable purpose of saving their own little souls, spiritual? Were those who put their fellow-men in dungeons, or burned them at the state* on account of a difference of opinion, all spiritual people? Did John Calvin give evidence of his spirituality by burning Servetus? Were they spiritual people who invented and used instruments of torture—who denied the liberty of thought and expression—who waged wars for the propagation of the faith? Were they spiritual people who insisted that Infinite Love could punish his poor, ignorant children forever? Is it necessary to believe in eternal torment to understand the meaning of the word spiritual? Is it necessary to hate those who disagree with you, and to

calumniate those whose argument you cannot answer, in order to be spiritual? Must you hold a demonstrated fact in contempt; must you deny or avoid what you know to be true, in order to substantiate the fact that you are spiritual?

What is it to be spiritual? Is the man spiritual who searches for the truth—who lives in accordance with his highest ideal—who loves his wife and children—who discharges his obligations—who makes a happy fireside for the ones he loves—who succors the oppressed—who gives his honest opinions—who is guided by principle—who is merciful and just?

Is the man spiritual who loves the beautiful—who is thrilled by music, and touched to tears in the presence of the sublime, the heroic and the self-denying? Is the man spiritual who endeavors by thought and deed to ennoble the human race?

The defenders of the orthodox faith, by this time, should know that the foundations are insecure.

They should have the courage to defend, or the candor to abandon. If the Bible is an inspired book, it ought to be true. Its defenders must admit that Jehovah knew the facts not only about the earth, but about the stars, and that the Creator of the universe knew all about geology and astronomy even four thousand years ago.

The champions of Christianity must show that the Bible tells the truth about the creation of man, the Garden of Eden, the temptation, the fall and the flood. They must take the ground that the sacred book is historically correct; that the events related really happened; that the miracles were actually performed; that the laws promulgated from Sinai were and are wise and just, and that nothing is upheld, commanded, indorsed, or in any way approved or sustained that is not absolutely right. In other words, if they insist that a being of infinite goodness and intelligence is the author of the Bible, they must be ready to show that it is absolutely perfect. They must defend its astronomy, geology, history, miracle and morality.

If the Bible is true, man is a special creation, and if man is a special creation, millions of facts must have conspired, millions of ages ago, to deceive the scientific world of to-day.

If the Bible is true, slavery is right, and the world should go back to the barbarism of the lash and chain. If the Bible' is true, polygamy is the highest form of virtue. If the Bible is true, nature has a master, and the miraculous is independent of and superior to cause and effect. If the Bible is true, most of the children of men are destined to suffer eternal pain. If the Bible is true, the science known as astronomy is a collection of mistakes—the telescope is a false witness, and light is a luminous liar. If the Bible is true, the science known as geology is false and every fossil is a petrified perjurer.

The defenders of orthodox creeds should have the courage to candidly answer at least two questions: First, Is the Bible inspired? Second, Is the Bible true? And when they answer these questions, they should remember that if the Bible is true, it needs no inspiration, and that if not true, inspiration can do it no good.—North American Review, August, 1888.

Why Am I An Agnostic?

I.

"With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

THE same rules or laws of probability must govern in religious questions as in others. There is no subject—and can be none—concerning which any human being is under any obligation to believe without evidence. Neither is there any intelligent being who can, by any possibility, be flattered by the exercise of ignorant credulity. The man who, without prejudice, reads and understands the Old and New Testaments will cease to be an orthodox Christian. The intelligent man who investigates the religion of any country without fear and without prejudice will not and cannot be a believer.

Most people, after arriving at the conclusion that Jehovah is not God, that the Bible is not an inspired book, and that the Christian religion, like other religions, is the creation of man, usually say: "There must be a Supreme Being, but Jehovah is not his name, and the Bible is not his word. There must be somewhere an over-ruling Providence or Power."

This position is just as untenable as the other. He who cannot harmonize the cruelties of the Bible with the goodness of Jehovah, cannot harmonize the cruelties of Nature with the goodness and wisdom of a supposed Deity. He will find it impossible to account for pestilence and famine, for earthquake and storm, for slavery, for the triumph of the strong over the weak, for the countless victories of injustice. He will find it impossible to account for martyrs—for the burning of the good, the noble, the loving, by the ignorant, the malicious, and the infamous.

How can the Deist satisfactorily account for the sufferings of women and children? In what way will he justify religious persecution—the flame and sword of religious hatred? Why did his God sit idly on his throne and allow his enemies to wet their swords in the blood of his friends? Why did he not answer the prayers of the imprisoned, of the helpless? And when he heard the lash upon the naked back of the slave, why did he not also hear the prayer of the slave? And when children were sold from the breasts of mothers, why was he deaf to the mother's cry?

It seems to me that the man who knows the limitations of the mind, who gives the proper value to human testimony, is necessarily an Agnostic. He gives up the hope of ascertaining first or final causes, of comprehending the supernatural, or of conceiving of an infinite personality. From out the words Creator, Preserver, and Providence, all meaning falls.

The mind of man pursues the path of least resistance, and the conclusions arrived at by the individual depend upon the nature and structure of his mind, on his experience, on hereditary drifts and tendencies, and on the countless things that constitute the difference in minds. One man, finding himself in the midst of mysterious phenomena, comes to the conclusion that all is the result of design; that back of all things is an infinite personality—that is to say, an infinite man; and he

accounts for all that is by simply saying that the universe was created and set in motion by this infinite personality, and that it is miraculously and supernaturally governed and preserved. This man sees with perfect clearness that matter could not create itself, and therefore he imagines a creator of matter. He is perfectly satisfied that there is design in the world, and that consequently there must have been a designer. It does not occur to him that it is necessary to account for the existence of an infinite personality. He is perfectly certain that there can be no design without a designer, and he is equally certain that there can be a designer who was not designed. The absurdity becomes so great that it takes the place of a demonstration. He takes it for granted that matter was created and that its creator was not. He assumes that a creator existed from eternity, without cause, and created what is called matter out of nothing; or, whereas there was nothing, this creator made the something that we call substance.

Is it possible for the human mind to conceive of an infinite personality? Can it imagine a beginningless being, infinitely powerful and intelligent? If such a being existed, then there must have been an eternity during which nothing did exist except this being; because, if the Universe was created, there must have been a time when it was not, and back of that there must have been an eternity during which nothing but an infinite personality existed. Is it possible to imagine an infinite intelligence dwelling for an eternity in infinite nothing? How could such a being be intelligent? What was there to be intelligent about? There was but one thing to know, namely, that there was nothing except this being. How could such a being be powerful? There was nothing to exercise force upon. There was nothing in the universe to suggest an idea. Relations could not exist—except the relation between infinite intelligence and infinite nothing.

The next great difficulty is the act of creation. My mind is so that I cannot conceive of something being created out of nothing. Neither can I conceive of anything being created without a cause. Let me go one step further. It is just as difficult to imagine something being created with, as without, a cause. To postulate a cause does not in the least lessen the difficulty. In spite of all, this lever remains without a fulcrum.

We cannot conceive of the destruction of substance. The stone can be crushed to powder, and the powder can be ground to such a fineness that the atoms can only be distinguished by the most powerful microscope, and we can then imagine these atoms being divided and subdivided again and again and again; but it is impossible for us to conceive of the annihilation of the least possible imaginable fragment of the least atom of which we can think. Consequently the mind can imagine neither creation nor destruction. From this point it is very easy to reach the generalization that the indestructible could not have been created.

These questions, however, will be answered by each individual according to the structure of his mind, according to his experience, according to his habits of thought, and according to his intelligence or his ignorance, his prejudice or his genius.

Probably a very large majority of mankind believe in the existence of supernatural beings, and a majority of what are known as the civilized nations, in an infinite

personality. In the realm of thought majorities do not determine. Each brain is a kingdom, each mind is a sovereign.

The universality of a belief does not even tend to prove its truth. A large majority of mankind have believed in what is known as God, and an equally large majority have as implicitly believed in what is known as the Devil. These beings have been inferred from phenomena. They were produced for the most part by ignorance, by fear, and by selfishness. Man in all ages has endeavored to account for the mysteries of life and death, of substance, of force, for the ebb and flow of things, for earth and star. The savage, dwelling in his cave, subsisting on roots and reptiles, or on beasts that could be slain with club and stone, surrounded by countless objects of terror, standing by rivers, so far as he knew, without source or end, by seas with but one shore, the prey of beasts mightier than himself, of diseases strange and fierce, trembling at the voice of thunder, blinded by the lightning, feeling the earth shake beneath him, seeing the sky lurid with the volcano's glare,—fell prostrate and begged for the protection of the Unknown.

In the long night of savagery, in the midst of pestilence and famine, through the long and dreary winters, crouched in dens of darkness, the seeds of superstition were sown in the brain of man. The savage believed, and thoroughly believed, that everything happened in reference to him; that he by his actions could excite the anger, or by his worship placate the wrath, of the Unseen. He resorted to flattery and prayer. To the best of his ability he put in stone, or rudely carved in wood, his idea of this god. For this idol he built a hut, a hovel, and at last a cathedral. Before these images he bowed, and at these shrines, whereon he lavished his wealth, he sought protection for himself and for the ones he loved. The few took advantage of the ignorant many. They pretended to have received messages from the Unknown. They stood between the helpless multitude and the gods. They were the carriers of flags of truce. At the court of heaven they presented the cause of man, and upon the labor of the deceived they lived.

The Christian of to-day wonders at the savage who bowed before his idol; and yet it must be confessed that the god of stone answered prayer and protected his worshipers precisely as the Christian's God answers prayer and protects his worshipers to-day.

My mind is so that it is forced to the conclusion that substance is eternal; that the universe was without beginning and will be without end; that it is the one eternal existence; that relations are transient and evanescent; that organisms are produced and vanish; that forms change,—but that the substance of things is from eternity to eternity. It may be that planets are born and die, that constellations will fade from the infinite spaces, that countless suns will be quenched,—but the substance will remain.

The questions of origin and destiny seem to be beyond the powers of the human mind.

Heredity is on the side of superstition. All our ignorance pleads for the old. In most men there is a feeling that their ancestors were exceedingly good and brave and wise, and that in all things pertaining to religion their conclusions should be followed.

They believe that their fathers and mothers were of the best, and that that which satisfied them should satisfy their children. With a feeling of reverence they say that the religion of their mother is good enough and pure enough and reasonable enough for them. In this way the love of parents and the reverence for ancestors have unconsciously bribed the reason and put out, or rendered exceedingly dim, the eyes of the mind.

There is a kind of longing in the heart of the old to live and die where their parents lived and died—a tendency to go back to the homes of their youth. Around the old oak of manhood grow and cling these vines. Yet it will hardly do to say that the religion of my mother is good enough for me, any more than to say the geology or the astronomy or the philosophy of my mother is good enough for me. Every human being is entitled to the best he can obtain; and if there has been the slightest improvement on the religion of the mother, the son is entitled to that improvement, and he should not deprive himself of that advantage by the mistaken idea that he owes it to his mother to perpetuate, in a reverential way, her ignorant mistakes.

If we are to follow the religion of our fathers and mothers, our fathers and mothers should have followed the religion of theirs. Had this been done, there could have been no improvement in the world of thought. The first religion would have been the last, and the child would have died as ignorant as the mother. Progress would have been impossible, and on the graves of ancestors would have been sacrificed the intelligence of mankind.

We know, too, that there has been the religion of the tribe, of the community, and of the nation, and that there has been a feeling that it was the duty of every member of the tribe or community, and of every citizen of the nation, to insist upon it that the religion of that tribe, of that community, of that nation, was better than that of any other. We know that all the prejudices against other religions, and all the egotism of nation and tribe, were in favor of the local superstition. Each citizen was patriotic enough to denounce the religions of other nations and to stand firmly by his own. And there is this peculiarity about man: he can see the absurdities of other religions while blinded to those of his own. The Christian can see clearly enough that Mohammed was an impostor. He is sure of it, because the people of Mecca who were acquainted with him declared that he was no prophet; and this declaration is received by Christians as a demonstration that Mohammed was not inspired. Yet these same Christians admit that the people of Jerusalem who were acquainted with Christ rejected him; and this rejection they take as proof positive that Christ was the Son of God.

The average man adopts the religion of his country, or, rather, the religion of his country adopts him. He is dominated by the egotism of race, the arrogance of nation, and the prejudice called patriotism. He does not reason—he feels. He does not investigate—he believes. To him the religions of other nations are absurd and infamous, and their gods monsters of ignorance and cruelty. In every country this average man is taught, first, that there is a supreme being; second, that he has made known his will; third, that he will reward the true believer; fourth, that he will punish the unbeliever, the scoffer, and the blasphemer; fifth, that certain ceremonies are pleasing to this god; sixth, that he has established a church; and seventh, that priests

are his representatives on earth. And the average man has no difficulty in determining that the God of his nation is the true God; that the will of this true God is contained in the sacred scriptures of his nation; that he is one of the true believers, and that the people of other nations—that is, believing other religions—are scoffers; that the only true church is the one to which he belongs; and that the priests of his country are the only ones who have had or ever will have the slightest influence with this true God. All these absurdities to the average man seem self-evident propositions; and so he holds all other creeds in scorn, and congratulates himself that he is a favorite of the one true God.

If the average Christian had been born in Turkey, he would have been a Mohammedan; and if the average Mohammedan had been born in New England and educated at Andover, he would have regarded the damnation of the heathen as the "tidings of great joy."

Nations have eccentricities, peculiarities, and hallucinations, and these find expression in their laws, customs, ceremonies, morals, and religions. And these are in great part determined by soil, climate, and the countless circumstances that mould and dominate the lives and habits of insects, individuals, and nations. The average man believes implicitly in the religion of his country, because he knows nothing of any other and has no desire to know. It fits him because he has been deformed to fit it, and he regards this fact of fit as an evidence of its inspired truth.

Has a man the right to examine, to investigate, the religion of his own country—the religion of his father and mother? Christians admit that the citizens of all countries not Christian have not only this right, but that it is their solemn duty. Thousands of missionaries are sent to heathen countries to persuade the believers in other religions not only to examine their superstitions, but to renounce them, and to adopt those of the missionaries. It is the duty of a heathen to disregard the religion of his country and to hold in contempt the creed of his father and of his mother. If the citizens of heathen nations have the right to examine the foundations of their religion, it would seem that the citizens of Christian nations have the same right. Christians, however, go further than this; they say to the heathen: You must examine your religion, and not only so, but you must reject it; and, unless you do reject it, and, in addition to such rejection, adopt ours, you will be eternally damned. Then these same Christians say to the inhabitants of a Christian country: You must not examine; you must not investigate; but whether you examine or not, you must believe, or you will be eternally damned.

If there be one true religion, how is it possible to ascertain which of all the religions the true one is? There is but one way. We must impartially examine the claims of all. The right to examine involves the necessity to accept or reject. Understand me, not the right to accept or reject, but the necessity. From this conclusion there is no possible escape. If, then, we have the right to examine, we have the right to tell the conclusion reached. Christians have examined other religions somewhat, and they have expressed their opinion with the utmost freedom—that is to say, they have denounced them all as false and fraudulent; have called their gods idols and myths, and their priests impostors.

The Christian does not deem it worth while to read the Koran. Probably not one Christian in a thousand ever saw a copy of that book. And yet all Christians are perfectly satisfied that the Koran is the work of an impostor, No Presbyterian thinks it is worth his while to examine the religious systems of India; he knows that the Brahmins are mistaken, and that all their miracles are falsehoods. No Methodist cares to read the life of Buddha, and no Baptist will waste his time studying the ethics of Confucius. Christians of every sort and kind take it for granted that there is only one true religion, and that all except Christianity are absolutely without foundation. The Christian world believes that all the prayers of India are unanswered; that all the sacrifices upon the countless altars of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome were without effect. They believe that all these mighty nations worshiped their gods in vain; that their priests were deceivers or deceived; that their ceremonies were wicked or meaningless; that their temples were built by ignorance and fraud, and that no God heard their songs of praise, their cries of despair, their words of thankfulness; that on account of their religion no pestilence was stayed; that the earthquake and volcano, the flood and storm went on their ways of death—while the real God looked on and laughed at their calamities and mocked at their fears.

We find now that the prosperity of nations has depended, not upon their religion, not upon the goodness or providence of some god, but on soil and climate and commerce, upon the ingenuity, industry, and courage of the people, upon the development of the mind, on the spread of education, on the liberty of thought and action; and that in this mighty panorama of national life, reason has built and superstition has destroyed.

Being satisfied that all believe precisely as they must, and that religions have been naturally produced, I have neither praise nor blame for any man. Good men have had bad creeds, and bad men have had good ones. Some of the noblest of the human race have fought and died for the wrong. The brain of man has been the trysting-place of contradictions.

Passion often masters reason, and “the state of man, like to a little kingdom, suffers then the nature of an insurrection.”

In the discussion of theological or religious questions, we have almost passed the personal phase, and we are now weighing arguments instead of exchanging epithets and curses. They who really seek for truth must be the best of friends. Each knows that his desire can never take the place of fact, and that, next to finding truth, the greatest honor must be won in honest search.

We see that many ships are driven in many ways by the same wind. So men, reading the same book, write many creeds and lay out many roads to heaven. To the best of my ability, I have examined the religions of many countries and the creeds of many sects. They are much alike, and the testimony by which they are substantiated is of such a character that to those who believe is promised an eternal reward. In all the sacred books there are some truths, some rays of light, some words of love and hope. The face of savagery is sometimes softened by a smile—the human triumphs, and the heart breaks into song. But in these books are also found the words of fear and hate, and from their pages crawl serpents that coil and hiss in all the paths of men.

For my part, I prefer the books that inspiration has not claimed. Such is the nature of my brain that Shakespeare gives me greater joy than all the prophets of the ancient world. There are thoughts that satisfy the hunger of the mind. I am convinced that Humboldt knew more of geology than the author of Genesis; that Darwin was a greater naturalist than he who told the story of the flood; that Laplace was better acquainted with the habits of the sun and moon than Joshua could have been, and that Haeckel, Huxley, and Tyndall know more about the earth and stars, about the history of man, the philosophy of life—more that is of use, ten thousand times—than all the writers of the sacred books.

I believe in the religion of reason—the gospel of this world; in the development of the mind, in the accumulation of intellectual wealth, to the end that man may free himself from superstitious fear, to the end that he may take advantage of the forces of nature to feed and clothe the world.

Let us be honest with ourselves. In the presence of countless mysteries; standing beneath the boundless heaven sown thick with constellations; knowing that each grain of sand, each leaf, each blade of grass, asks of every mind the answer-less question; knowing that the simplest thing defies solution; feeling that we deal with the superficial and the relative, and that we are forever eluded by the real, the absolute,—let us admit the limitations of our minds, and let us have the courage and the candor to say: We do not know.

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II.

THE Christian religion rests on miracles. There are no miracles in the realm of science. The real philosopher does not seek to excite wonder, but to make that plain which was wonderful. He does not endeavor to astonish, but to enlighten. He is perfectly confident that there are no miracles in nature. He knows that the mathematical expression of the same relations, contents, areas, numbers and proportions must forever remain the same. He knows that there are no miracles in chemistry; that the attractions and repulsions, the loves and hatreds, of atoms are constant. Under like conditions, he is certain that like will always happen; that the product ever has been and forever will be the same; that the atoms or particles unite in definite, unvarying proportions,—so many of one kind mix, mingle, and harmonize with just so many of another, and the surplus will be forever cast out. There are no exceptions. Substances are always true to their natures. They have no caprices, no prejudices, that can vary or control their action. They are “the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.”

In this fixedness, this constancy, this eternal integrity, the intelligent man has absolute confidence. It is useless to tell him that there was a time when fire would not consume the combustible, when water would not flow in obedience to the attraction of gravitation, or that there ever was a fragment of a moment during which substance had no weight.

Credulity should be the servant of intelligence. The ignorant have not credulity enough to believe the actual, because the actual appears to be contrary to the

evidence of their senses. To them it is plain that the sun rises and sets, and they have not credulity enough to believe in the rotary motion of the earth—that is to say, they have not intelligence enough to comprehend the absurdities involved in their belief, and the perfect harmony between the rotation of the earth and all known facts. They trust their eyes, not their reason. Ignorance has always been and always will be at the mercy of appearance. Credulity, as a rule, believes everything except the truth. The semi-civilized believe in astrology, but who could convince them of the vastness of astronomical spaces, the speed of light, or the magnitude and number of suns and constellations? If Hermann, the magician, and Humboldt, the philosopher, could have appeared before savages, which would have been regarded as a god?

When men knew nothing of mechanics, nothing of the correlation of force, and of its indestructibility, they were believers in perpetual motion. So when chemistry was a kind of sleight-of-hand, or necromancy, something accomplished by the aid of the supernatural, people talked about the transmutation of metals, the universal solvent, and the philosopher's stone. Perpetual motion would be a mechanical miracle; and the transmutation of metals would be a miracle in chemistry; and if we could make the result of multiplying two by two five, that would be a miracle in mathematics. No one expects to find a circle the diameter of which is just one fourth of the circumference. If one could find such a circle, then there would be a miracle in geometry.

In other words, there are no miracles in any science. The moment we understand a question or subject, the miraculous necessarily disappears. If anything actually happens in the chemical world, it will, under like conditions, happen again.

No one need take an account of this result from the mouths of others: all can try the experiment for themselves. There is no caprice, and no accident.

It is admitted, at least by the Protestant world, that the age of miracles has passed away, and, consequently, miracles cannot at present be established by miracles; they must be substantiated by the testimony of witnesses who are said by certain writers—or, rather, by uncertain writers—to have lived several centuries ago; and this testimony is given to us, not by the witnesses themselves, not by persons who say that they talked with those witnesses, but by unknown persons who did not give the sources of their information.

The question is: Can miracles be established except by miracles? We know that the writers may have been mistaken. It is possible that they may have manufactured these accounts themselves. The witnesses may have told what they knew to be untrue, or they may have been honestly deceived, or the stories may have been true as at first told. Imagination may have added greatly to them, so that after several centuries of accretion a very simple truth was changed to a miracle.

We must admit that all probabilities must be against miracles, for the reason that that which is probable cannot by any possibility be a miracle. Neither the probable nor the possible, so far as man is concerned, can be miraculous. The probability therefore says that the writers and witnesses were either mistaken or dishonest.

We must admit that we have never seen a miracle ourselves, and we must admit that, according to our experience, there are no miracles. If we have mingled with the world, we are compelled to say that we have known a vast number of persons—including ourselves—to be mistaken, and many others who have failed to tell the exact truth. The probabilities are on the side of our experience, and, consequently, against the miraculous; and it is a necessity that the free mind moves along the path of least resistance.

The effect of testimony depends on the intelligence and honesty of the witness and the intelligence of him who weighs. A man living in a community where the supernatural is expected, where the miraculous is supposed to be of almost daily occurrence, will, as a rule, believe that all wonderful things are the result of supernatural agencies. He will expect providential interference, and, as a consequence, his mind will pursue the path of least resistance, and will account for all phenomena by what to him is the easiest method. Such people, with the best intentions, honestly bear false witness. They have been imposed upon by appearances, and are victims of delusion and illusion.

In an age when reading and writing were substantially unknown, and when history itself was but the vaguest hearsay handed down from dotage to infancy, nothing was rescued from oblivion except the wonderful, the miraculous. The more marvelous the story, the greater the interest excited. Narrators and hearers were alike ignorant and alike honest. At that time nothing was known, nothing suspected, of the orderly course of nature—of the unbroken and unbreakable chain of causes and effects. The world was governed by caprice. Everything was at the mercy of a being, or beings, who were themselves controlled by the same passions that dominated man. Fragments of facts were taken for the whole, and the deductions drawn were honest and monstrous.

It is probably certain that all of the religions of the world have been believed, and that all the miracles have found credence in countless brains; otherwise they could not have been perpetuated. They were not all born of cunning. Those who told were as honest as those who heard. This being so, nothing has been too absurd for human credence.

All religions, so far as I know, claim to have been miraculously founded, miraculously preserved, and miraculously propagated. The priests of all claimed to have messages from God, and claimed to have a certain authority, and the miraculous has always been appealed to for the purpose of substantiating the message and the authority.

If men believe in the supernatural, they will account for all phenomena by an appeal to supernatural means or power. We know that formerly everything was accounted for in this way except some few simple things with which man thought he was perfectly acquainted. After a time men found that under like conditions like would happen, and as to those things the supposition of supernatural interference was abandoned; but that interference was still active as to all the unknown world. In other words, as the circle of man's knowledge grew, supernatural interference withdrew and was active only just beyond the horizon of the known.

Now, there are some believers in universal special providence—that is, men who believe in perpetual interference by a supernatural power, this interference being for the purpose of punishing or rewarding, of destroying or preserving, individuals and nations.

Others have abandoned the idea of providence in ordinary matters, but still believe that God interferes on great occasions and at critical moments, especially in the affairs of nations, and that his presence is manifest in great disasters. This is the compromise position. These people believe that an infinite being made the universe and impressed upon it what they are pleased to call "laws," and then left it to run in accordance with those laws and forces; that as a rule it works well, and that the divine maker interferes only in cases of accident, or at moments when the machine fails to accomplish the original design.

There are others who take the ground that all is natural; that there never has been, never will be, never can be any interference from without, for the reason that nature embraces all, and that there can be no without or beyond.

The first class are Theists pure and simple; the second are Theists as to the unknown, Naturalists as to the known; and the third are Naturalists without a touch or taint of superstition.

What can the evidence of the first class be worth? This question is answered by reading the history of those nations that believed thoroughly and implicitly in the supernatural. There is no conceivable absurdity that was not established by their testimony. Every law or every fact in nature was violated. Children were bom without parents; men lived for thousands of years; others subsisted without food, without sleep; thousands and thousands were possessed with evil spirits controlled by ghosts and ghouls; thousands confessed themselves guilty of impossible offences, and in courts, with the most solemn forms, impossibilities were substantiated by the oaths, affirmations, and confessions of men, women, and children.

These delusions were not confined to ascetics and peasants, but they took possession of nobles and kings; of people who were at that time called intelligent; of the then educated. No one denied these wonders, for the reason that denial was a crime punishable generally with death. Societies, nations, became insane—victims of ignorance, of dreams, and, above all, of fears. Under these conditions human testimony is not and cannot be of the slightest value. We now know that nearly all of the history of the world is false, and we know this because we have arrived at that phase or point of intellectual development where and when we know that effects must have causes, that everything is naturally produced, and that, consequently, no nation could ever have been great, powerful, and rich unless it had the soil, the people, the intelligence, and the commerce. Weighed in these scales, nearly all histories are found to be fictions.

The same is true of religions. Every intelligent American is satisfied that the religions of India, of Egypt, of Greece and Rome, of the Aztecs, were and are false, and that all the miracles on which they rest are mistakes. Our religion alone is excepted. Every intelligent Hindoo discards all religions and all miracles except his own. The

question is: When will people see the defects in their own theology as clearly as they perceive the same defects in every other?

All the so-called false religions were substantiated by miracles, by signs and wonders, by prophets and martyrs, precisely as our own. Our witnesses are no better than theirs, and our success is no greater. If their miracles were false, ours cannot be true. Nature was the same in India and in Palestine.

One of the corner-stones of Christianity is the miracle of inspiration, and this same miracle lies at the foundation of all religions. How can the fact of inspiration be established? How could even the inspired man know that he was inspired? If he was influenced to write, and did write, and did express thoughts and facts that to him were absolutely new, on subjects about which he had previously known nothing, how could he know that he had been influenced by an infinite being? And if he could know, how could he convince others?

What is meant by inspiration? Did the one inspired set down only the thoughts of a supernatural being? Was he simply an instrument, or did his personality color the message received and given? Did he mix his ignorance with the divine information, his prejudices and hatreds with the love and justice of the Deity? If God told him not to eat the flesh of any beast that dieth of itself, did the same infinite being also tell him to sell this meat to the stranger within his gates?

A man says that he is inspired—that God appeared to him in a dream, and told him certain things. Now, the things said to have been communicated may have been good and wise; but will the fact that the communication is good or wise establish the inspiration? If, on the other hand, the communication is absurd or wicked, will that conclusively show that the man was not inspired? Must we judge from the communication? In other words, is our reason to be the final standard?

How could the inspired man know that the communication was received from God? If God in reality should appear to a human being, how could this human being know who had appeared? By what standard would he judge? Upon this question man has no experience; he is not familiar enough with the supernatural to know gods even if they exist. Although thousands have pretended to receive messages, there has been no message in which there was, or is, anything above the invention of man. There are just as wonderful things in the uninspired as in the inspired books, and the prophecies of the heathen have been fulfilled equally with those of the Judean prophets. If, then, even the inspired man cannot certainly know that he is inspired, how is it possible for him to demonstrate his inspiration to others? The last solution of this question is that inspiration is a miracle about which only the inspired can have the least knowledge, or the least evidence, and this knowledge and this evidence not of a character to absolutely convince even the inspired.

There is certainly nothing in the Old or the New Testament that could not have been written by uninspired human beings. To me there is nothing of any particular value in the Pentateuch. I do not know of a solitary scientific truth contained in the five books commonly attributed to Moses. There is not, as far as I know, a line in the book of Genesis calculated to make a human being better. The laws contained in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy are for the most part puerile and

cruel. Surely there is nothing in any of these books that could not have been produced by uninspired men. Certainly there is nothing calculated to excite intellectual admiration in the book of Judges or in the wars of Joshua; and the same may be said of Samuel, Chronicles, and Kings. The history is extremely childish, full of repetitions of useless details, without the slightest philosophy, without a generalization bom of a wide survey. Nothing is known of other nations; nothing imparted of the slightest value; nothing about education, discovery, or invention. And these idle and stupid annals are interspersed with myth and miracle, with flattery for kings who supported priests, and with curses and denunciations for those who would not hearken to the voice of the prophets. If all the historic books of the Bible were blotted from the memory of mankind, nothing of value would be lost.

Is it possible that the writer or writers of First and Second Kings were inspired, and that Gibbon wrote “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire” without supernatural assistance? Is it possible that the author of Judges was simply the instrument of an infinite God, while John W. Draper wrote “The Intellectual Development of Europe” without one ray of light from the other world? Can we believe that the author of Genesis had to be inspired, while Darwin experimented, ascertained, and reached conclusions for himself.

Ought not the work of a God to be vastly superior to that of a man? And if the writers of the Bible were in reality inspired, ought not that book to be the greatest of books? For instance, if it were contended that certain statues had been chiselled by inspired men, such statues should be superior to any that uninspired man has made. As long as it is admitted that the Venus de Milo is the work of man, no one will believe in inspired sculptors—at least until a superior statue has been found. So in the world of painting. We admit that Corot was uninspired. Nobody claims that Angelo had supernatural assistance. Now, if some one should claim that a certain painter was simply the instrumentality of God, certainly the pictures produced by that painter should be superior to all others.

I do not see how it is possible for an intelligent human being to conclude that the Song of Solomon is the work of God, and that the tragedy of Lear was the work of an uninspired man. We are all liable to be mistaken, but the Iliad seems to me a greater work than the Book of Esther, and I prefer it to the writings of Haggai and Hosea. ?schylus is superior to Jeremiah, and Shakespeare rises immeasurably above all the sacred books of the world.

It does not seem possible that any human being ever tried to establish a truth—anything that really happened—by what is called a miracle. It is easy to understand how that which was common became wonderful by accretion,—by things added, and by things forgotten,—and it is easy to conceive how that which was wonderful became by accretion what was called supernatural. But it does not seem possible that any intelligent, honest man ever endeavored to prove anything by a miracle.

As a matter of fact, miracles could only satisfy people who demanded no evidence; else how could they have believed the miracle? It also appears to be certain that, even if miracles had been performed, it would be impossible to establish that fact by human testimony. In other words, miracles can only be established by miracles, and

in no event could miracles be evidence except to those who were actually present; and in order for miracles to be of any value, they would have to be perpetual. It must also be remembered that a miracle actually performed could by no possibility shed any light on any moral truth, or add to any human obligation.

If any man has, ever been inspired, this is a secret miracle, known to no person, and suspected only by the man claiming to be inspired. It would not be in the power of the inspired to give satisfactory evidence of that fact to anybody else.

The testimony of man is insufficient to establish the supernatural. Neither the evidence of one man nor of twelve can stand when contradicted by the experience of the intelligent world. If a book sought to be proved by miracles is true, then it makes no difference whether it was inspired or not; and if it is not true, inspiration cannot add to its value.

The truth is that the church has always—unconsciously, perhaps—offered rewards for falsehood. It was founded upon the supernatural, the miraculous, and it welcomed all statements calculated to support the foundation. It rewarded the traveller who found evidences of the miraculous, who had seen the pillar of salt into which the wife of Lot had been changed, and the tracks of Pharaoh's chariots on the sands of the Red Sea. It heaped honors on the historian who filled his pages with the absurd and impossible. It had geologists and astronomers of its own who constructed the earth and the constellations in accordance with the Bible. With sword and flame it destroyed the brave and thoughtful men who told the truth. It was the enemy of investigation and of reason. Faith and fiction were in partnership.

To-day the intelligence of the world denies the miraculous. Ignorance is the soil of the supernatural. The foundation of Christianity has crumbled, has disappeared, and the entire fabric must fall. The natural is true. The miraculous is false.

North American Review, March, 1890.

Huxley And Agnosticism

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND AGNOSTICISM.

IN the February number of the Nineteenth Century, 1889, is an article by Professor Huxley, entitled “Agnosticism.” It seems that a church congress was held at Manchester in October, 1888, and that the Principal of King’s College brought the topic of Agnosticism before the assembly and made the following statement:

“But if this be so, for a man to urge as an escape from this article of belief that he has no means of a scientific knowledge of an unseen world, or of the future, is irrelevant. His difference from Christians lies, not in the fact that he has no knowledge of these things, but that he does not believe the authority on which they are stated. He may prefer to call himself an Agnostic, but his real name is an older one—he is an infidel; that is to say, an unbeliever. The word infidel, perhaps, carries an unpleasant significance. Perhaps it is right that it should. It is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ.”

Let us examine this statement, putting it in language that is easily understood; and for that purpose we will divide it into several paragraphs.

First.—”For a man to urge that he has no means of a scientific knowledge of the unseen world, or of the future, is irrelevant.”

Is there any other knowledge than a scientific knowledge? Are there several kinds of knowing? Is there such a thing as scientific ignorance? If a man says, “I know nothing of the unseen world because I have no knowledge upon that subject,” is the fact that he has no knowledge absolutely irrelevant? Will the Principal of King’s College say that having no knowledge is the reason he knows? When asked to give your opinion upon any subject, can it be said that your ignorance of that subject is irrelevant? If this be true, then your knowledge of the subject is also irrelevant?

Is it possible to put in ordinary English a more perfect absurdity? How can a man obtain any knowledge of the unseen world? He certainly cannot obtain it through the medium of the senses. It is not a world that he can visit. He cannot stand upon its shores, nor can he view them from the ocean of imagination. The Principal of King’s College, however, insists that these impossibilities are irrelevant.

No person has come back from the unseen world. No authentic message has been delivered. Through all the centuries, not one whisper has broken the silence that lies beyond the grave. Countless millions have sought for some evidence, have listened in vain for some word.

It is most cheerfully admitted that all this does not prove the non-existence of another world—all this does not demonstrate that death ends all. But it is the justification of the Agnostic, who candidly says, “I do not know.”

Second.—The Principal of King’s College states that the difference between an Agnostic and a Christian “lies, not in the fact that he has no knowledge of these things, but that he does not believe the authority on which they are stated.”

Is this a difference in knowledge, or a difference in belief—that is to say, a difference in credulity?

The Christian believes the Mosaic account. He reverently hears and admits the truth of all that he finds within the Scriptures. Is this knowledge? How is it possible to know whether the reputed authors of the books of the Old Testament were the real ones? The witnesses are dead. The lips that could testify are dust. Between these shores roll the waves of many centuries. Who knows whether such a man as Moses existed or not? Who knows the author of Kings and Chronicles? By what testimony can we substantiate the authenticity of the prophets, or of the prophecies, or of the fulfillments? Is there any difference between the knowledge of the Christian and of the Agnostic? Does the Principal of King's College know any more as to the truth of the Old Testament than the man who modestly calls for evidence? Has not a mistake been made? Is not the difference one of belief instead of knowledge? And is not this difference founded on the difference in credulity? Would not an infinitely wise and good being—where belief is a condition to salvation—supply the evidence? Certainly the Creator of man—if such exist—knows the exact nature of the human mind—knows the evidence necessary to convince; and, consequently, such a being would act in accordance with such conditions.

There is a relation between evidence and belief. The mind is so constituted that certain things, being in accordance with its nature, are regarded as reasonable, as probable.

There is also this fact that must not be overlooked: that is, that just in the proportion that the brain is developed it requires more evidence, and becomes less and less credulous. Ignorance and credulity go hand in hand. Intelligence understands something of the law of average, has an idea of probability. It is not swayed by prejudice, neither is it driven to extremes by suspicion. It takes into consideration personal motives. It examines the character of the witnesses, makes allowance for the ignorance of the time,—for enthusiasm, for fear,—and comes to its conclusion without fear and without passion.

What knowledge has the Christian of another world? The senses of the Christian are the same as those of the Agnostic.

He hears, sees, and feels substantially the same. His vision is limited. He sees no other shore and hears nothing from another world.

Knowledge is something that can be imparted. It has a foundation in fact. It comes within the domain of the senses. It can be told, described, analyzed, and, in addition to all this, it can be classified. Whenever a fact becomes the property of one mind, it can become the property of the intellectual world. There are words in which the knowledge can be conveyed.

The Christian is not a supernatural person, filled with supernatural truths. He is a natural person, and all that he knows of value can be naturally imparted. It is within his power to give all that he has to the Agnostic.

The Principal of King's College is mistaken when he says that the difference between the Agnostic and the Christian does not lie in the fact that the Agnostic has no

knowledge, “but that he does not believe the authority on which these things are stated.”

The real difference is this: the Christian says that he has knowledge; the Agnostic admits that he has none; and yet the Christian accuses the Agnostic of arrogance, and asks him how he has the impudence to admit the limitations of his mind. To the Agnostic every fact is a torch, and by this light, and this light only, he walks.

It is also true that the Agnostic does not believe the authority relied on by the Christian. What is the authority of the Christian? Thousands of years ago it is supposed that certain men, or, rather, uncertain men, wrote certain things. It is alleged by the Christian that these men were divinely inspired, and that the words of these men are to be taken as absolutely true, no matter whether or not they are verified by modern discovery and demonstration.

How can we know that any human being was divinely inspired? There has been no personal revelation to us to the effect that certain people were inspired—it is only claimed that the revelation was to them. For this we have only their word, and about that there is this difficulty: we know nothing of them, and, consequently, cannot, if we desire, rely upon their character for truth. This evidence is not simply hearsay—it is far weaker than that. We have only been told that they said these things; we do not know whether the persons claiming to be inspired wrote these things or not; neither are we certain that such persons ever existed. We know now that the greatest men with whom we are acquainted are often mistaken about the simplest matters. We also know that men saying something like the same things, in other countries and in ancient days, must have been impostors. The Christian has no confidence in the words of Mohammed; the Mohammedan cares nothing about the declarations of Buddha; and the Agnostic gives to the words of the Christian the value only of the truth that is in them. He knows that these sayings get neither truth nor worth from the person who uttered them. He knows that the sayings themselves get their entire value from the truth they express. So that the real difference between the Christian and the Agnostic does not lie in their knowledge,—for neither of them has any knowledge on this subject,—but the difference does lie in credulity, and in nothing else. The Agnostic does not rely on the authority of Moses and the prophets. He finds that they were mistaken in most matters capable of demonstration. He finds that their mistakes multiply in the proportion that human knowledge increases. He is satisfied that the religion of the ancient Jews is, in most things, as ignorant and cruel as other religions of the ancient world. He concludes that the efforts, in all ages, to answer the questions of origin and destiny, and to account for the phenomena of life, have all been substantial failures.

In the presence of demonstration there is no opportunity for the exercise of faith. Truth does not appeal to credulity—it appeals to evidence, to established facts, to the constitution of the mind. It endeavors to harmonize the new fact with all that we know, and to bring it within the circumference of human experience.

The church has never cultivated investigation. It has never said: Let him who has a mind to think, think; but its cry from the first until now has been: Let him who has ears to hear, hear.

The pulpit does not appeal to the reason of the pew; it speaks by authority and it commands the pew to believe, and it not only commands, but it threatens.

The Agnostic knows that the testimony of man is not sufficient to establish what is known as the miraculous. We would not believe to-day the testimony of millions to the effect that the dead had been raised. The church itself would be the first to attack such testimony. If we cannot believe those whom we know, why should we believe witnesses who have been dead thousands of years, and about whom we know nothing?

Third.—The Principal of King's College, growing somewhat severe, declares that "he may prefer to call himself an Agnostic, but his real name is an older one—he is an infidel; that is to say, an unbeliever."

This is spoken in a kind of holy scorn. According to this gentleman, an unbeliever is, to a certain extent, a disreputable person.

In this sense, what is an unbeliever? He is one whose mind is so constituted that what the Christian calls evidence is not satisfactory to him. Is a person accountable for the constitution of his mind, for the formation of his brain? Is any human being responsible for the weight that evidence has upon him? Can he believe without evidence? Is the weight of evidence a question of choice? Is there such a thing as honestly weighing testimony? Is the result of such weighing necessary? Does it involve moral responsibility? If the Mosaic account does not convince a man that it is true, is he a wretch because he is candid enough to tell the truth? Can he preserve his manhood only by making a false statement?

The Mohammedan would call the Principal of King's College an unbeliever,—so would the tribes of Central Africa,—and he would return the compliment, and all would be equally justified. Has the Principal of King's College any knowledge that he keeps from the rest of the world? Has he the confidence of the Infinite? Is there anything praiseworthy in believing where the evidence is sufficient, or is one to be praised for believing only where the evidence is insufficient? Is a man to be blamed for not agreeing with his fellow-citizen? Were the unbelievers in the pagan world better or worse than their neighbors? It is probably true that some of the greatest Greeks believed in the gods of that nation, and it is equally true that some of the greatest denied their existence. If credulity is a virtue now, it must have been in the days of Athens. If to believe without evidence entities one to eternal reward in this century, certainly the same must have been true in the days of the Pharaohs.

An infidel is one who does not believe in the prevailing religion. We now admit that the infidels of Greece and Rome were right. The gods that they refused to believe in are dead. Their thrones are empty, and long ago the sceptres dropped from their nerveless hands. To-day the world honors the men who denied and derided these gods.

Fourth.—The Principal of King's College ventures to suggest that "the word infidel, perhaps, carries an unpleasant significance; perhaps it is right that it should."

A few years ago the word infidel did carry "an unpleasant significance." A few years ago its significance was so unpleasant that the man to whom the word was applied

found himself in prison or at the stake. In particularly kind communities he was put in the stocks, pelted with offal, derided by hypocrites, scorned by ignorance, jeered by cowardice, and all the priests passed by on the other side.

There was a time when Episcopalians were regarded as infidels; when a true Catholic looked upon a follower of Henry VIII. as an infidel, as an unbeliever; when a true Catholic held in detestation the man who preferred a murderer and adulterer—a man who swapped religions for the sake of exchanging wives—to the Pope, the head of the universal church.

It is easy enough to conceive of an honest man denying the claims of a church based on the caprice of an English king. The word infidel "carries an unpleasant significance" only where the Christians are exceedingly ignorant, intolerant, bigoted, cruel, and unmannerly.

The real gentleman gives to others the rights that he claims for himself. The civilized man rises far above the bigotry of one who has been "born again." Good breeding is far gentler than "universal love."

It is natural for the church to hate an unbeliever—natural for the pulpit to despise one who refuses to subscribe, who refuses to give. It is a question of revenue instead of religion. The Episcopal Church has the instinct of self-preservation. It uses its power, its influence, to compel contribution. It forgives the giver.

Fifth.—The Principal of King's College insists that "it is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ."

Should it be an unpleasant thing for a man to say plainly what he believes? Can this be unpleasant except in an uncivilized community—a community in which an uncivilized church has authority?

Why should not a man be as free to say that he does not believe as to say that he does believe? Perhaps the real question is whether all men have an equal right to express their opinions. Is it the duty of the minority to keep silent? Are majorities always right? If the minority had never spoken, what to-day would have been the condition of this world? Are the majority the pioneers of progress, or does the pioneer, as a rule, walk alone? Is it his duty to close his lips? Must the inventor allow his inventions to die in the brain? Must the discoverer of new truths make of his mind a tomb? Is man under any obligation to his fellows? Was the Episcopal religion always in the majority? Was it at any time in the history of the world an unpleasant thing to be called a Protestant? Did the word Protestant "carry an unpleasant significance"? Was it "perhaps right that it should"? Was Luther a misfortune to the human race?

If a community is thoroughly civilized, why should it be an unpleasant thing for a man to express his belief in respectful language? If the argument is against him, it might be unpleasant; but why should simple numbers be the foundation of unpleasantness? If the majority have the facts,—if they have the argument,—why should they fear the mistakes of the minority? Does any theologian hate the man he can answer?

It is claimed by the Episcopal Church that Christ was in fact God; and it is further claimed that the New Testament is an inspired account of what that being and his disciples did and said. Is there any obligation resting on any human being to believe this account? Is it within the power of man to determine the influence that testimony shall have upon his mind?

If one denies the existence of devils, does he, for that reason, cease to believe in Jesus Christ? Is it not possible to imagine that a great and tender soul living in Palestine nearly twenty centuries ago was misunderstood? Is it not within the realm of the possible that his words have been inaccurately reported? Is it not within the range of the probable that legend and rumor and ignorance and zeal have deformed his life and belittled his character?

If the man Christ lived and taught and suffered, if he was, in reality, great and noble, who is his friend—the one who attributes to him feats of jugglery, or he who maintains that these stories were invented by zealous ignorance and believed by enthusiastic credulity?

If he claimed to have wrought miracles, he must have been either dishonest or insane; consequently, he who denies miracles does what little he can to rescue the reputation of a great and splendid man.

The Agnostic accepts the good he did, the truth he said, and rejects only that which, according to his judgment, is inconsistent with truth and goodness.

The Principal of King's College evidently believes in the necessity of belief. He puts conviction or creed or credulity in place of character. According to his idea, it is impossible to win the approbation of God by intelligent investigation and by the expression of honest conclusions. He imagines that the Infinite is delighted with credulity, with belief without evidence, faith without question.

Man has but little reason, at best; but this little should be used. No matter how small the taper is, how feeble the ray of light it casts, it is better than darkness, and no man should be rewarded for extinguishing the light he has.

We know now, if we know anything, that man in this, the nineteenth century, is better capable of judging as to the happening of any event, than he ever was before. We know that the standard is higher to-day—we know that the intellectual light is greater—we know that the human mind is better equipped to deal with all questions of human interest, than at any other time within the known history of the human race.

It will not do to say that "our Lord and his apostles must at least be regarded as honest men." Let this be admitted, and what does it prove? Honesty is not enough. Intelligence and honesty must go hand in hand. We may admit now that "our Lord and his apostles" were perfectly honest men; yet it does not follow that we have a truthful account of what they said and of what they did. It is not pretended that "our Lord" wrote anything, and it is not known that one of the apostles ever wrote a word. Consequently, the most that we can say is that somebody has written something about "our Lord and his apostles." Whether that somebody knew or did not know is

unknown to us. As to whether what is written is true or false, we must judge by that which is written.

First of all, is it probable? is it within the experience of mankind? We should judge of the gospels as we judge of other histories, of other biographies. We know that many biographies written by perfectly honest men are not correct. We know, if we know anything, that honest men can be mistaken, and it is not necessary to believe everything that a man writes because we believe he was honest. Dishonest men may write the truth.

At last the standard or criterion is for each man to judge according to what he believes to be human experience. We are satisfied that nothing more wonderful has happened than is now happening. We believe that the present is as wonderful as the past, and just as miraculous as the future. If we are to believe in the truth of the Old Testament, the word evidence loses its meaning; there ceases to be any standard of probability, and the mind simply accepts or denies without reason.

We are told that certain miracles were performed for the purpose of attesting the mission and character of Christ. How can these miracles be verified? The miracles of the Middle Ages rest upon substantially the same evidence. The same may be said of the wonders of all countries and of all ages. How is it a virtue to deny the miracles of Mohammed and to believe those attributed to Christ?

You may say of St. Augustine that what he said was true or false. We know that much of it was false; and yet we are not justified in saying that he was dishonest. Thousands of errors have been propagated by honest men. As a rule, mistakes get their wings from honest people. The testimony of a witness to the happening of the impossible gets no weight from the honesty of the witness. The fact that falsehoods are in the New Testament does not tend to prove that the writers were knowingly untruthful. No man can be honest enough to substantiate, to the satisfaction of reasonable men, the happening of a miracle.

For this reason it makes not the slightest difference whether the writers of the New Testament were honest or not. Their character is not involved. Whenever a man rises above his contemporaries, whenever he excites the wonder of his fellows, his biographers always endeavor to bridge over the chasm between the people and this man, and for that purpose attribute to him the qualities which in the eyes of the multitude are desirable.

Miracles are demanded by savages, and, consequently, the savage biographer attributes miracles to his hero. What would we think now of a man who, in writing the life of Charles Darwin, should attribute to him supernatural powers? What would we say of an admirer of Humboldt who should claim that the great German could cast out devils? We would feel that Darwin and Humboldt had been belittled; that the biographies were written for children and by men who had not outgrown the nursery.

If the reputation of “our Lord” is to be preserved—if he is to stand with the great and splendid of the earth—if he is to continue a constellation in the intellectual heavens, all claim to the miraculous, to the supernatural, must be abandoned.

No one can overestimate the evils that have been endured by the human race by reason of a departure from the standard of the natural. The world has been governed by jugglery, by sleight-of-hand. Miracles, wonders, tricks, have been regarded as of far greater importance than the steady, the sublime and unbroken march of cause and effect. The improbable has been established by the impossible. Falsehood has furnished the foundation for faith.

Is the human body at present the residence of evil spirits, or have these imps of darkness perished from the world? Where are they? If the New Testament establishes anything, it is the existence of innumerable devils, and that these satanic beings absolutely took possession of the human mind. Is this true? Can anything be more absurd? Does any intellectual man who has examined the question believe that depraved demons live in the bodies of men? Do they occupy space? Do they live upon some kind of food? Of what shape are they? Could they be classified by a naturalist? Do they run or float or fly? If to deny the existence of these supposed beings is to be an infidel, how can the word infidel "carry an unpleasant significance"?

Of course it is the business of the principals of most colleges, as well as of bishops, cardinals, popes, priests, and clergymen to insist upon the existence of evil spirits. All these gentlemen are employeed to counteract the influence of these supposed demons. Why should they take the bread out of their own mouths? Is it to be expected that they will unfrock themselves?

The church, like any other corporation, has the instinct of self-preservation. It will defend itself; it will fight as long as it has the power to change a hand into a fist.

The Agnostic takes the ground that human experience is the basis of morality. Consequently, it is of no importance who wrote the gospels, or who vouched or vouches for the genuineness of the miracles. In his scheme of life these things are utterly unimportant. He is satisfied that "the miraculous" is the impossible. He knows that the witnesses were wholly incapable of examining the questions involved, that credulity had possession of their minds, that "the miraculous" was expected, that it was their daily food.

All this is very clearly and delightfully stated by Professor Huxley, and it hardly seems possible that any intelligent man can read what he says without feeling that the foundation of all superstition has been weakened. The article is as remarkable for its candor as for its clearness. Nothing is avoided—everything is met. No excuses are given.. He has left all apologies for the other side. When you have finished what Professor Huxley has written, you feel that your mind has been in actual contact with the mind of another, that nothing has been concealed; and not only so, but you feel that this mind is not only willing, but anxious, to know the actual truth.

To me, the highest uses of philosophy are, first, to free the mind of fear, and, second, to avert all the evil that can be averted, through intelligence—that is to say, through a knowledge of the conditions of well-being.

We are satisfied that the absolute is beyond our vision, beneath our touch, above our reach. We are now convinced that we can deal only with phenomena, with relations, with appearances, with things that impress the senses, that can be reached by reason,

by the exercise of our faculties. We are satisfied that the reasonable road is “the straight road,” the only “sacred way.”

Of course there is faith in the world—faith in this world—and always will be, unless superstition succeeds in every land. But the faith of the wise man is based upon facts. His faith is a reasonable conclusion drawn from the known. He has faith in the progress of the race, in the triumph of intelligence, in the coming sovereignty of science. He has faith in the development of the brain, in the gradual enlightenment of the mind. And so he works for the accomplishment of great ends, having faith in the final victory of the race.

He has honesty enough to say that he does not know. He perceives and admits that the mind has limitations. He doubts the so-called wisdom of the past. He looks for evidence, and he endeavors to keep his mind free from prejudice. He believes in the manly virtues, in the judicial spirit, and in his obligation to tell his honest thoughts.

It is useless to talk about a destruction of consolations. That which is suspected to be untrue loses its power to console. A man should be brave enough to bear the truth.

Professor Huxley has stated with great clearness the attitude of the Agnostic. It seems that he is somewhat severe on the Positive Philosophy, While it is hard to see the propriety of worshiping Humanity as a being, it is easy to understand the splendid dream of August Comte. Is the human race worthy to be worshiped by itself—that is to say, should the individual worship himself? Certainly the religion of humanity is better than the religion of the inhuman. The Positive Philosophy is better far than Catholicism. It does not fill the heavens with monsters, nor the future with pain.

It may be said that Luther and Comte endeavored to reform the Catholic Church. Both were mistaken, because the only reformation of which that church is capable is destruction. It is a mass of superstition.

The mission of Positivism is, in the language of its founder, “to generalize science and to systematize sociality.” It seems to me that Comte stated with great force and with absolute truth the three phases of intellectual evolution or progress.

First.—”In the supernatural phase the mind seeks causes—aspires to know the essence of things, and the How and Why of their operation. In this phase, all facts are regarded as the productions of supernatural agents, and unusual phenomena are interpreted as the signs of the pleasure or displeasure of some god.”

Here at this point is the orthodox world of to-day. The church still imagines that phenomena should be interpreted as the signs of the pleasure or displeasure of God. Nearly every history is deformed with this childish and barbaric view.

Second.—The next phase or modification, according to Comte, is the metaphysical. “The supernatural agents are dispensed with, and in their places we find abstract forces or entities supposed to inhere in substances and capable of engendering phenomena.”

In this phase people talk about laws and principles as though laws and principles were forces capable of producing phenomena.

Third.—"The last stage is the Positive. The mind, convinced of the futility of all enquiry into causes and essences, restricts itself to the observation and classification of phenomena, and to the discovery of the invariable relations of succession and similitude—in a word, to the discovery of the relations of phenomena."

Why is not the Positive stage the point reached by the Agnostic? He has ceased to inquire into the origin of things. He has perceived the limitations of the mind. He is thoroughly convinced of the uselessness and futility and absurdity of theological methods, and restricts himself to the examination of phenomena, to their relations, to their effects, and endeavors to find in the complexity of things the true conditions of human happiness.

Although I am not a believer in the philosophy of Auguste Comte, I cannot shut my eyes to the value of his thought; neither is it possible for me not to applaud his candor, his intelligence, and the courage it required even to attempt to lay the foundation of the Positive Philosophy.

Professor Huxley and Frederic Harrison are splendid soldiers in the army of Progress. They have attacked with signal success the sacred and solemn stupidities of superstition. Both have appealed to that which is highest and noblest in man. Both have been the destroyers of prejudice. Both have shed light, and both have won great victories on the fields of intellectual conflict. They cannot afford to waste time in attacking each other.

After all, the Agnostic and the Positivist have the same end in view—both believe in living for this world.

The theologians, finding themselves unable to answer the arguments that have been urged, resort to the old subterfuge—to the old cry that Agnosticism takes something of value from the life of man. Does the Agnostic take any consolation from the world? Does he blot out, or dim, one star in the heaven of hope? Can there be anything more consoling than to feel, to know, that Jehovah is not God—that the message of the Old Testament is not from the infinite?

Is it not enough to fill the brain with a happiness unspeakable to know that the words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," will never be spoken to one of the children of men?

Is it a small thing to lift from the shoulders of industry the burdens of superstition? Is it a little thing to drive the monster of fear from the hearts of men?—North American Review, April, 1889.

Ernest Renan

ERNEST RENAN is dead. Another source of light; another force of civilization; another charming personality; another brave soul, graceful in thought, generous in deed; a sculptor in speech, a colorist in words—clothing all in the poetry born of a delightful union of heart and brain—has passed to the realm of rest.

Reared under the influences of Catholicism, educated for the priesthood, yet by reason of his natural genius, he began to think. Forces that utterly subjugate and enslave the mind of mediocrity sometimes rouse to thought and action the superior soul.

Renan began to think—a dangerous thing for a Catholic to do. Thought leads to doubt, doubt to investigation, investigation to truth—the enemy of all superstition.

He lifted the Catholic extinguisher from the light and flame of reason. He found that his mental vision was improved. He read the Scriptures for himself, examined them as he did other books not claiming to be inspired. He found the same mistakes, the same prejudices, the same miraculous impossibilities in the book attributed to God that he found in those known to have been written by men.

Into the path of reason, or rather into the highway, Renan was led by Henriette, his sister, to whom he pays a tribute that has the perfume of a perfect flower.

“I was,” writes Renan, “brought up by women and priests, and therein lies the whole explanation of my good qualities and of my defects.” In most that he wrote is the tenderness of woman, only now and then a little touch of the priest showing itself, mostly in a reluctance to spoil the ivy by tearing down some prison built by superstition.

In spite of the heartless “scheme” of things he still found it in his heart to say, “When God shall be complete, He will be just,” at the same time saying that “nothing proves to us that there exists in the world a central consciousness—a soul of the universe—and nothing proves the contrary.” So, whatever was the verdict of his brain, his heart asked for immortality. He wanted his dream, and he was willing that others should have theirs. Such is the wish and will of all great souls.

He knew the church thoroughly and anticipated what would finally be written about him by churchmen: “Having some experience of ecclesiastical writers I can sketch out in advance the way my biography will be written in Spanish in some Catholic review, of Santa Fé, in the year 2,000. Heavens! how black I shall be! I shall be so all the more, because the church when she feels that she is lost will end with malice. She will bite like a mad dog.”

He anticipated such a biography because he had thought for himself, and because he had expressed his thoughts—because he had declared that “our universe, within the reach of our experience, is not governed by any intelligent reason. God, as the common herd understand him, the living God, the acting God—the God-Providence, does not show himself in the universe”—because he attacked the mythical and the

miraculous in the life of Christ and sought to rescue from the calumnies of ignorance and faith a serene and lofty soul.

The time has arrived when Jesus must become a myth or a man. The idea that he was the infinite God must be abandoned by all who are not religiously insane. Those who have given up the claim that he was God, insist that he was divinely appointed and illuminated; that he was a perfect man—the highest possible type of the human race and, consequently, a perfect example for all the world.

As time goes on, as men get wider or grander or more complex ideas of life, as the intellectual horizon broadens, the idea that Christ was perfect may be modified.

The New Testament seems to describe several individuals under the same name, or at least one individual who passed through several stages or phases of religious development. Christ is described as a devout Jew, as one who endeavored to comply in all respects with the old law. Many sayings are attributed to him consistent with this idea. He certainly was a Hebrew in belief and feeling when he said, “Swear not by Heaven, because it is God’s throne, nor by earth, for it is his footstool; nor by Jerusalem, for it is his holy city.” These reasons were in exact accordance with the mythology of the Jews. God was regarded simply as an enormous man, as one who walked in the garden in the cool of the evening, as one who had met man face to face, who had conversed with Moses for forty days upon Mount Sinai, as a great king, with a throne in the heavens, using the earth to rest his feet upon, and regarding Jerusalem as his holy city.

Then we find plenty of evidence that he wished to reform the religion of the Jews; to fulfill the law, not to abrogate it Then there is still another change: he has ceased his efforts to reform that religion and has become a destroyer. He holds the Temple in contempt and repudiates the idea that Jerusalem is the holy city. He concludes that it is unnecessary to go to some mountain or some building to worship or to find God, and insists that the heart is the true temple, that ceremonies are useless, that all pomp and pride and show are needless, and that it is enough to worship God under heaven’s dome, in spirit and in truth.

It is impossible to harmonize these views unless we admit that Christ was the subject of growth and change; that in consequence of growth and change he modified his views; that, from wanting to preserve Judaism as it was, he became convinced that it ought to be reformed. That he then abandoned the idea of reformation, and made up his mind that the only reformation of which the Jewish religion was capable was destruction. If he was in fact a man, then the course he pursued was natural; but if he was God, it is perfectly absurd. If we give to him perfect knowledge, then it is impossible to account for change or growth. If, on the other hand, the ground is taken that he was a perfect man, then, it might be asked, Was he perfect when he wished to preserve, or when he wished to reform, or when he resolved to destroy, the religion of the Jews? If he is to be regarded as perfect, although not divine, when did he reach perfection?

It is perfectly evident that Christ, or the character that bears that name, imagined that the world was about to be destroyed, or at least purified by fire, and that, on account of this curious belief, he became the enemy of marriage, of all earthly

ambition and of all enterprise. With that view in his mind, he said to himself, “Why should we waste our energies in producing food for destruction? Why should we endeavor to beautify a world that is so soon to perish?” Filled with the thought of coming change, he insisted that there was but one important thing, and that was for each man to save his soul. He should care nothing for the ties of kindred, nothing for wife or child or property, in the shadow of the coming disaster. He should take care of himself. He endeavored, as it is said, to induce men to desert all they had, to let the dead, bury the dead, and follow him. He told his disciples, or those he wished to make his disciples, according to the Testament, that it was their duty to desert wife and child and property, and if they would so desert kindred and wealth, he would reward them here and hereafter.

We know now—if we know anything—that Jesus was mistaken about the coming of the end, and we know now that he was greatly controlled in his ideas of life, by that mistake. Believing that the end was near, he said, “Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink or wherewithal ye shall be clothed.” It was in view of the destruction of the world that he called the attention of his disciples to the lily that toiled not and yet excelled Solomon in the glory of its raiment. Having made this mistake, having acted upon it, certainly we cannot now say that he was perfect in knowledge.

He is regarded by many millions as the impersonation of patience, of forbearance, of meekness and mercy, and yet, according to the account, he said many extremely bitter words, and threatened eternal pain.

We also know, if the account be true, that he claimed to have supernatural power, to work miracles, to cure the blind and to raise the dead, and we know that he did nothing of the kind. So if the writers of the New Testament tell the truth as to what Christ claimed, it is absurd to say that he was a perfect man. If honest, he was deceived, and those who are deceived are not perfect.

There is nothing in the New Testament, so far as we know, that touches on the duties of nation to nation, or of nation to its citizens; nothing of human liberty; not one word about education; not the faintest hint that there is such a thing as science; nothing calculated to stimulate industry, commerce, or invention; not one word in favor of art, of music or anything calculated to feed or clothe the body, nothing to develop the brain of man.

When it is assumed that the life of Christ, as described in the New Testament, is perfect, we at least take upon ourselves the burden of deciding what perfection is. People who asserted that Christ was divine, that he was actually God, reached the conclusion, without any laborious course of reasoning, that all he said and did was absolute perfection. They said this because they had first been convinced that he was divine. The moment his divinity is given up and the assertion is made that he was perfect, we are not permitted to reason in that way. They said he was God, therefore perfect. Now, if it is admitted that he was human, the conclusion that he was perfect does not follow. We then take the burden upon ourselves of deciding what perfection is. To decide what is perfect is beyond the powers of the human mind.

Renan, in spite of his education, regarded Christ as a man, and did the best he could to account for the miracles that had been attributed to him, for the legends that had gathered about his name, and the impossibilities connected with his career, and also tried to account for the origin or birth of these miracles, of these legends, of these myths, including the resurrection and ascension. I am not satisfied with all the conclusions he reached or with all the paths he traveled. The refraction of light caused by passing through a woman's tears is hardly a sufficient foundation for a belief in so miraculous a miracle as the bodily ascension of Jesus Christ.

There is another thing attributed to Christ that seems to me conclusive evidence against the claim of perfection. Christ is reported to have said that all sins could be forgiven except the sin against the Holy Ghost. This sin, however, is not defined. Although Christ died for the whole world, that through him all might be saved, there is this one terrible exception: There is no salvation for those who have sinned, or who may hereafter sin, against the Holy Ghost. Thousands of persons are now in asylums, having lost their reason because of their fear that they had committed this unknown, this undefined, this unpardonable sin.

It is said that a Roman Emperor went through a form of publishing his laws or proclamations, posting them so high on pillars that they could not be read, and then took the lives of those who ignorantly violated these unknown laws. He was regarded as a tyrant, as a murderer. And yet, what shall we say of one who declared that the sin against the Holy Ghost was the only one that could not be forgiven, and then left an ignorant world to guess what that sin is? Undoubtedly this horror is an interpolation.

There is something like it in the Old Testament. It is asserted by Christians that the Ten Commandments are the foundation of all law and of all civilization, and you will find lawyers insisting that the Mosaic Code was the first information that man received on the subject of law; that before that time the world was without any knowledge of justice or mercy. If this be true the Jews had no divine laws, no real instruction on any legal subject until the Ten Commandments were given. Consequently, before that time there had been proclaimed or published no law against the worship of other gods or of idols. Moses had been on Mount Sinai talking with Jehovah. At the end of the dialogue he received the Tables of Stone and started down the mountain for the purpose of imparting this information to his followers. When he reached the camp he heard music. He saw people dancing, and he found that in his absence Aaron and the rest of the people had cast a molten calf which they were then worshiping. This so enraged Moses that he broke the Tables of Stone and made preparations for the punishment of the Jews. Remember that they knew nothing about this law, and, according to the modern Christian claims, could not have known that it was wrong to melt gold and silver and mould it in the form of a calf. And yet Moses killed about thirty thousand of these people for having violated a law of which they had never heard; a law known only to one man and one God. Nothing could be more unjust, more ferocious, than this; and yet it can hardly be said to exceed in cruelty the announcement that a certain sin was unpardonable and then fail to define the sin. Possibly, to inquire what the sin is, is the sin.

Renan regards Jesus as a man, and his work gets its value from the fact that it is written from a human standpoint. At the same time he, consciously or unconsciously, or may be for the purpose of sprinkling a little holy water on the heat of religious indignation, now and then seems to speak of him as more than human, or as having accomplished something that man could not.

He asserts that "the Gospels are in part legendary; that they contain many things not true; that they are full of miracles and of the supernatural." At the same time he insists that these legends, these miracles, these supernatural things do not affect the truth of the probable things contained in these writings. He sees, and sees clearly, that there is no evidence that Matthew or Mark or Luke or John wrote the books attributed to them; that, as a matter of fact, the mere title of "according to Matthew," "according to Mark," shows that they were written by others who claimed them to be in accordance with the stories that had been told by Matthew or by Mark. So Renan takes the ground that the Gospel of Luke is founded on anterior documents and "is the work of a man who selected, pruned and combined, and that the same man wrote the Acts of the Apostles and in the same way."

The gospels were certainly written long after the events described, and Renan finds the reason for this in the fact that the Christians believed that the world was about to end; that, consequently, there was no need of composing books; it was only necessary for them to preserve in their hearts during the little margin of time that remained a lively image of Him whom they soon expected to meet in the clouds. For this reason the gospels themselves had but little authority for 150 years, the Christians relying on oral traditions. Renan shows that there was not the slightest scruple about inserting additions in the gospels, variously combining them, and in completing some by taking parts from others; that the books passed from hand to hand, and that each one transcribed in the margin of his copy the words and parables he had found elsewhere which touched him; that it was not until human tradition became weakened that the text bearing the names of the apostles became authoritative.

Renan has criticised the gospels somewhat in the same spirit that he would criticise a modern work. He saw clearly that the metaphysics filling the discourses of John were deformities and distortions, full of mysticism, having nothing to do really with the character of Jesus. He shows too "that the simple idea of the Kingdom of God, at the time the Gospel according to St. John was written, had faded away; that the hope of the advent of Christ was growing dim, and that from belief the disciples passed into discussion, from discussion to dogma, from dogma to ceremony," and, finding that the new Heaven and the new Earth were not coming as expected, they turned their attention to governing the old Heaven and the old Earth. The disciples were willing to be humble for a few days, with the expectation of wearing crowns forever. They were satisfied with poverty, believing that the wealth of the world was to be theirs. The coming of Christ, however, being for some unaccountable reason delayed, poverty and humility grew irksome, and human nature began to assert itself.

In the Gospel of John you will find the metaphysics of the church. There you find the Second Birth. There you find the doctrine of the atonement clearly set forth. There you find that God died for the whole world, and that whosoever believeth not in him is to be damned. There is nothing of the kind in Matthew. Matthew makes Christ say

that, if you will forgive others, God will forgive you. The Gospel “according to Mark” is the same. So is the Gospel “according to Luke.” There is nothing about salvation through belief, nothing about the atonement. In Mark, in the last chapter, the apostles are told to go into all the world and preach the gospel, with the statement that whoever believed and was baptised should be saved, and whoever failed to believe should be damned. But we now know that that is an interpolation. Consequently, Matthew, Mark and Luke never had the faintest conception of the “Christian religion.” They knew nothing of the atonement, nothing of salvation by faith—nothing. So that if a man had read only Matthew, Mark and Luke, and had strictly followed what he found, he would have found himself, after death, in perdition.

Renan finds that certain portions of the Gospel “according to John” were added later; that the entire twenty-first chapter is an interpolation; also, that many places bear the traces of erasures and corrections. So he says that it would be “impossible for any one to compose a life of Jesus, with any meaning in it, from the discourses which John attributes to him, and he holds that this Gospel of John is full of preaching, Christ demonstrating himself; full of argumentation, full of stage effect, devoid of simplicity, with long arguments after each miracle, stiff and awkward discourses, the tone of which is often false and unequal.” He also insists that there are evidently “artificial portions, variations like that of a musician improvising on a given theme.”

In spite of all this, Renan, willing to soothe the prejudice of his time, takes the ground that the four canonical gospels are authentic, that they date from the first century, that the authors were, generally speaking, those to whom they are attributed; but he insists that their historic value is very diverse. This is a back-handed stroke. Admitting, first, that they are authentic; second, that they were written about the end of the first century; third, that they are not of equal value, disposes, so far as he is concerned, of the dogma of inspiration.

One is at a loss to understand why four gospels should have been written. As a matter of fact there can be only one true account of any occurrence, or of any number of occurrences. Now, it must be taken for granted, that an inspired account is true. Why then should there be four inspired accounts? It may be answered that all were not to write the entire story. To this the reply is that all attempted to cover substantially the same ground.

Many years ago the early fathers thought it necessary to say why there were four inspired books, and some of them said, because there were four cardinal directions and the gospels fitted the north, south, east and west. Others said that there were four principal winds—a gospel for each wind. They might have added that some animals have four legs.

Renan admits that the narrative portions have not the same authority; “that many legends proceeded from the zeal of the second Christian generation; that the narrative of Luke is historically weak; that sentences attributed to Jesus have been distorted and exaggerated; that the book was written outside of Palestine and after the siege of Jerusalem; that Luke endeavors to make the different narratives agree, changing them for that purpose; that he softens the passages which had become

embarrassing; that he exaggerated the marvelous, omitted errors in chronology; that he was a compiler, a man who had not been an eye-witness himself, and who had not seen eye-witnesses, but who labors at texts and wrests their sense to make them agree." This certainly is very far from inspiration. So "Luke interprets the documents according to his own idea; being a kind of anarchist, opposed to property, and persuaded that the triumph of the poor was approaching; that he was especially fond of the anecdotes showing the conversion of sinners, the exaltation of the humble, and that he modified ancient traditions to give them this meaning."

Renan reached the conclusion that the gospels are neither biographies after the manner of Suetonius nor fictitious legends in the style of Philostratus, but that they are legendary biographies like the legends of the saints, the lives of Plotinus and Isidore, in which historical truth and the desire to present models of virtue are combined in various degrees; that they are "inexact" that they "contain numerous errors and discordances." So he takes the ground that twenty or thirty years after Christ, his reputation had greatly increased, that "legends had begun to gather about Him like clouds," that "death added to His perfection, freeing Him from all defects in the eyes of those who had loved Him, that His followers wrested the prophecies so that they might fit Him. They said, 'He is the Messiah.' The Messiah was to do certain things; therefore Jesus did certain things. Then an account would be given of the doing." All of which of course shows that there can be maintained no theory of inspiration.

It is admitted that where individuals are witnesses of the same transaction, and where they agree upon the vital points and disagree upon details, the disagreement may be consistent with their honesty, as tending to show that they have not agreed upon a story; but if the witnesses are inspired of God then there is no reason for their disagreeing on anything, and if they do disagree it is a demonstration that they were not inspired, but it is not a demonstration that they are not honest. While perfect agreement may be evidence of rehearsal, a failure to perfectly agree is not a demonstration of the truth or falsity of a story; but if the witnesses claim to be inspired, the slightest disagreement is a demonstration that they were not inspired.

Renan reaches the conclusion, proving every step that he takes, that the four principal documents—that is to say, the four gospels—are in "flagrant contradiction one with another." He attacks, and with perfect success, the miracles of the Scriptures, and upon this subject says: "Observation, which has never once been falsified, teaches us that miracles never happen, but in times and countries in which they are believed and before persons disposed to believe them. No miracle ever occurred in the presence of men capable of testing its miraculous character." He further takes the ground that no contemporary miracle will bear inquiry, and that consequently it is probable that the miracles of antiquity which have been performed in popular gatherings would be shown to be simple illusion, were it possible to criticise them in detail. In the name of universal experience he banishes miracles from history. These were brave things to do, things that will bear good fruit. As long as men believe in miracles, past or present they remain the prey of superstition. The Catholic is taught that miracles were performed anciently not only, but that they are still being performed. This is consistent inconsistency. Protestants teach a double

doctrine: That miracles used to be performed, that the laws of nature used to be violated, but that no miracle is performed now. No Protestant will admit that any miracle was performed by the Catholic Church. Otherwise, Protestants could not be justified in leaving a church with whom the God of miracles dwelt. So every Protestant has to adopt two kinds of reasoning: that the laws of Nature used to be violated and that miracles used to be performed, but that since the apostolic age Nature has had her way and the Lord has allowed facts to exist and to hold the field. A supernatural account, according to Renan, "always implies credulity or imposture,"—probably both.

It does not seem possible to me that Christ claimed for himself what the Testament claims for him. These claims were made by admirers, by followers, by missionaries.

When the early Christians went to Rome they found plenty of demigods. It was hard to set aside the religion of a demigod by telling the story of a man from Nazareth. These missionaries, not to be outdone in ancestry, insisted—and this was after the Gospel "according to St. John" had been written—that Christ was the Son of God. Matthew believed that he was the son of David, and the Messiah, and gave the genealogy of Joseph, his father, to support that claim.

In the time of Christ no one imagined that he was of divine origin. This was an after-growth. In order to place themselves on an equality with Pagans they started the claim of divinity, and also took the second step requisite in that country: First, a god for his father, and second, a virgin for his mother. This was the Pagan combination of greatness, and the Christians added to this that Christ was God.

It is hard to agree with the conclusion reached by Renan, that Christ formed and intended to form a church. Such evidence, it seems to me, is hard to find in the Testament. Christ seemed to satisfy himself, according to the Testament, with a few statements, some of them exceedingly wise and tender, some utterly impracticable and some intolerant.

If we accept the conclusions reached by Renan we will throw away, the legends without foundation; the miraculous legends; and everything inconsistent with what we know of Nature. Very little will be left—a few sayings to be found among those attributed to Confucius, to Buddha, to Krishna, to Epictetus, to Zeno, and to many others. Some of these sayings are full of wisdom, full of kindness, and others rush to such extremes that they touch the borders of insanity. When struck on one cheek to turn the other, is really joining a conspiracy to secure the triumph of brutality. To agree not to resist evil is to become an accomplice of all injustice. We must not take from industry, from patriotism, from virtue, the right of self-defence.

Undoubtedly Renan gave an honest transcript of his mind, the road his thought had followed, the reasons in their order that had occurred to him, the criticisms born of thought, and the qualifications, softening phrases, children of old sentiments and emotions that had not entirely passed away. He started, one might say, from the altar and, during a considerable part of the journey, carried the incense with him. The farther he got away, the greater was his clearness of vision and the more thoroughly he was convinced that Christ was merely a man, an idealist. But, remembering the altar, he excused exaggeration in the "inspired" books, not because it was from

heaven, not because it was in harmony with our ideas of veracity, but because the writers of the gospel were imbued with the Oriental spirit of exaggeration, a spirit perfectly understood by the people who first read the gospels, because the readers knew the habits of the writers.

It had been contended for many years that no one could pass judgment on the veracity of the Scriptures who did not understand Hebrew. This position was perfectly absurd. No man needs to be a student of Hebrew to know that the shadow on the dial did not go back several degrees to convince a petty king that a boil was not to be fatal. Renan, however, filled the requirement. He was an excellent Hebrew scholar. This was a fortunate circumstance, because it answered a very old objection.

The founder of Christianity was, for his own sake, taken from the divine pedestal and allowed to stand like other men on the earth, to be judged by what he said and did, by his theories, by his philosophy, by his spirit.

No matter whether Renan came to a correct conclusion or not, his work did a vast deal of good. He convinced many that implicit reliance could not be placed upon the gospels, that the gospels themselves are of unequal worth; that they were deformed by ignorance and falsehood, or, at least, by mistake; that if they wished to save the reputation of Christ they must not rely wholly on the gospels, or on what is found in the New Testament, but they must go farther and examine all legends touching him. Not only so, but they must throw away the miraculous, the impossible and the absurd.

He also has shown that the early followers of Christ endeavored to add to the reputation of their Master by attributing to him the miraculous and the foolish; that while these stories added to his reputation at that time, since the world has advanced they must be cast aside or the reputation of the Master must suffer.

It will not do now to say that Christ himself pretended to do miracles. This would establish the fact at least that he was mistaken. But we are compelled to say that his disciples insisted that he was a worker of miracles. This shows, either that they were mistaken or untruthful.

We all know that a sleight-of-hand performer could gain a greater reputation among savages than Darwin or Humboldt; and we know that the world in the time of Christ was filled with barbarians, with people who demanded the miraculous, who expected it; with people, in fact, who had a stronger belief in the supernatural than in the natural; people who never thought it worth while to record facts. The hero of such people, the Christ of such people, with his miracles, cannot be the Christ of the thoughtful and scientific.

Renan was a man of most excellent temper; candid; not striving for victory, but for truth; conquering, as far as he could, the old superstitions; not entirely free, it may be, but believing himself to be so. He did great good. He has helped to destroy the fictions of faith. He has helped to rescue man from the prison of superstition, and this is the greatest benefit that man can bestow on man.

He did another great service, not only to Jews, but to Christendom, by writing the history of “The People of Israel.” Christians for many centuries have persecuted the

Jews. They have charged them with the greatest conceivable crime—with having crucified an infinite God. This absurdity has hardened the hearts of men and poisoned the minds of children. The persecution of the Jews is the meanest, the most senseless and cruel page in history. Every civilized Christian should feel on his cheeks the red spots of shame as he reads the wretched and infamous story.

The flame of this prejudice is fanned and fed in the Sunday schools of our day, and the orthodox minister points proudly to the atrocities perpetrated against the Jews by the barbarians of Russia as evidences of the truth of the inspired Scriptures. In every wound God puts a tongue to proclaim the truth of his book.

If the charge that the Jews killed God were true, it is hardly reasonable to hold those who are now living responsible for what their ancestors did nearly nineteen centuries ago.

But there is another point in connection with this matter: If Christ was God, then the Jews could not have killed him without his consent; and, according to the orthodox creed, if he had not been sacrificed, the whole world would have suffered eternal pain. Nothing can exceed the meanness of the prejudice of Christians against the Jewish people. They should not be held responsible for their savage ancestors, or for their belief that Jehovah was an intelligent and merciful God, superior to all other gods. Even Christians do not wish to be held responsible for the Inquisition, for the Torquemadas and the John Calvins, for the witch-burners and the Quaker-whippers, for the slave-traders and child-stealers, the most of whom were believers in our "glorious gospel," and many of whom had been bom the second time.

Renan did much to civilize the Christians by telling the truth in a charming and convincing way about the "People of Israel." Both sides are greatly indebted to him: one he has ably defended, and the other greatly enlightened.

Having done what good he could in giving what he believed was light to his fellow-men, he had no fear of becoming a victim of God's wrath, and so he laughingly said: "For my part I imagine that if the Eternal in his severity were to send me to hell I should succeed in escaping from it. I would send up to my Creator a supplication that would make him smile. The course of reasoning by which I would prove to him that it was through his fault that I was damned would be so subtle that he would find some difficulty in replying. The fate which would suit me best is Purgatory—a charming place, where many delightful romances begun on earth must be continued."

Such cheerfulness, such good philosophy, with cap and bells, such banter and blasphemy, such sound and solid sense drive to madness the priest who thinks the curse of Rome can fright the world. How the snake of superstition writhes when he finds that his fangs have lost their poison.

He was one of the gentlest of men—one of the fairest in discussion, dissenting from the views of others with modesty, presenting his own with clearness and candor. His mental manners were excellent. He was not positive as to the "unknowable." He said "Perhaps." He knew that knowledge is good if it increases the happiness of man; and he felt that superstition is the assassin of liberty and civilization. He lived a life of cheerfulness, of industry, devoted to the welfare of mankind.

He was a seeker of happiness by the highway of the natural, a destroyer of the dogmas of mental deformity, a worshiper of Liberty and the Ideal. As he lived, he died—hopeful and serene—and now, standing in imagination by his grave, we ask: Will the night be eternal? The brain says, Perhaps; while the heart hopes for the Dawn.—North American Review, November, 1892.

Tolstoï And “The Kreutzer Sonata”

COUNT TOLSTOÏ is a man of genius. He is acquainted with Russian life from the highest to the lowest—that is to say, from the worst to the best. He knows the vices of the rich and the virtues of the poor. He is a Christian, a real believer in the Old and New Testaments, an honest follower of the Peasant of Palestine. He denounces luxury and ease, art and music; he regards a flower with suspicion, believing that beneath every blossom lies a coiled serpent. He agrees with Lazarus and denounces Dives and the tax-gatherers. He is opposed, not only to doctors of divinity, but of medicine.

From the Mount of Olives he surveys the world.

He is not a Christian like the Pope in the Vatican, or a cardinal in a palace, or a bishop with revenues and retainers, or a millionaire who hires preachers to point out the wickedness of the poor, or the director of a museum who closes the doors on Sunday. He is a Christian something like Christ.

To him this life is but a breathing-spell between the verdict and the execution; the sciences are simply sowers of the seeds of pride, of arrogance and vice. Shocked by the cruelties and unspeakable horrors of war, he became a non-resistant and averred that he would not defend his own body or that of his daughter from insult and outrage. In this he followed the command of his Master: “Resist not evil.” He passed, not simply from war to peace, but from one extreme to the other, and advocated a doctrine that would leave the basest of mankind the rulers of the world. This was and is the error of a great and tender soul.

He did not accept all the teachings of Christ at once. His progress has been, judging from his writings, somewhat gradual; but by accepting one proposition he prepared himself for the acceptance of another. He is not only a Christian, but has the courage of his convictions, and goes without hesitation to the logical conclusion. He has another exceedingly rare quality; he acts in accordance with his belief. His creed is translated into deed. He opposes the doctors of divinity, because they darken and deform the teachings of the Master. He denounces the doctors of medicine, because he depends on Providence and the promises of Jesus Christ. To him that which is called progress is, in fact, a profanation, and property is a something that the organized few have stolen from the unorganized many. He believes in universal labor, which is good, each working for himself. He also believes that each should have only the necessaries of life—which is bad. According to his idea, the world ought to be filled with peasants. There should be only arts enough to plough and sow and gather the harvest, to build huts, to weave coarse cloth, to fashion clumsy and useful garments, and to cook the simplest food. Men and women should not adorn their bodies. They should not make themselves desirable or beautiful.

But even under such circumstances they might, like the Quakers, be proud of humility and become arrogantly meek.

Tolstoi would change the entire order of human development. As a matter of fact, the savage who adorns himself or herself with strings of shells, or with feathers, has taken the first step towards civilization. The tatooed is somewhat in advance of the unfrescoed. At the bottom of all this is the love of approbation, of the admiration of their fellows, and this feeling, this love, cannot be torn from the human heart.

In spite of ourselves we are attracted by what to us is beautiful, because beauty is associated with pleasure, with enjoyment. The love of the well-formed, of the beautiful, is prophetic of the perfection of the human race. It is impossible to admire the deformed. They may be loved for their goodness or genius, but never because of their deformity. There is within us the love of proportion. There is a physical basis for the appreciation of harmony, which is also a kind of proportion.

The love of the beautiful is shared with man by most animals. The wings of the moth are painted by love, by desire. This is the foundation of the bird's song. This love of approbation, this desire to please, to be admired, to be loved, is in some way the cause of all heroic, self-denying, and sublime actions.

Count Tolstoï, following parts of the New Testament, regards love as essentially impure. He seems really to think that there is a love superior to human love; that the love of man for woman, of woman for man, is, after all, a kind of glittering degradation; that it is better to love God than woman; better to love the invisible phantoms of the skies than the children upon our knees—in other words, that it is far better to love a heaven somewhere else than to make one here. He seems to think that women adorn themselves simply for the purpose of getting in their power the innocent and unsuspecting men. He forgets that the best and purest of human beings are controlled, for the most part unconsciously, by the hidden, subtle tendencies of nature. He seems to forget the great fact of "natural selection," and that the choice of one in preference to all others is the result of forces beyond the control of the individual. To him there seems to be no purity in love, because men are influenced by forms, by the beauty of women; and women, knowing this fact, according to him, act, and consequently both are equally guilty. He endeavors to show that love is a delusion; that at best it can last but for a few days; that it must of necessity be succeeded by indifference, then by disgust, lastly by hatred; that in every Garden of Eden is a serpent of jealousy, and that the brightest days end with the yawn of ennui.

Of course he is driven to the conclusion that life in this world is without value, that the race can be perpetuated only by vice, and that the practice of the highest virtue would leave the world without the form of man. Strange as it may sound to some, this is the same conclusion reached by his Divine Master: "They did eat, they drank, they married, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered the ark and the flood came and destroyed them all." "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

According to Christianity, as it really is and really was, the Christian should have no home in this world—at least none until the earth has been purified by fire. His affections should be given to God; not to wife and children, not to friends or country. He is here but for a time on a journey, waiting for the summons. This life is a kind of

dock running out into the sea of eternity, on which he waits for transportation. Nothing here is of any importance; the joys of life are frivolous and corrupting, and by losing these few gleams of happiness in this world he will bask forever in the unclouded rays of infinite joy. Why should a man risk an eternity of perfect happiness for the sake of enjoying himself a few days with his wife and children? Why should he become an eternal outcast for the sake of having a home and fireside here?

The "Fathers" of the church had the same opinion of marriage. They agreed with Saint Paul, and Tolstoï agrees with them. They had the same contempt for wives and mothers, and uttered the same blasphemies against that divine passion that has filled the world with art and song.

All this is to my mind a kind of insanity; nature soured or withered—deformed so that celibacy is mistaken for virtue. The imagination becomes polluted, and the poor wretch believes that he is purer than his thoughts, holier than his desires, and that to outrage nature is the highest form of religion. But nature imprisoned, obstructed, tormented, always has sought for and has always found revenge. Some of these victims, regarding the passions as low and corrupting, feeling humiliated by hunger and thirst, sought through maimings and mutilations the purification of the soul.

Count Tolstoi in "The Kreutzer Sonata," has drawn, with a free hand, one of the vilest and basest of men for his hero. He is suspicious, jealous, cruel, infamous. The wife is infinitely too good for such a wild unreasoning beast, and yet the writer of this insane story seems to justify the assassin. If this is a true picture of wedded life in Russia, no wonder that Count Tolstoï looks forward with pleasure to the extinction of the human race.

Of all passions that can take possession of the heart or brain jealousy is the worst. For many generations the chemists sought for the secret by which all metals could be changed to gold, and through which the basest could become the best. Jealousy seeks exactly the opposite. It endeavors to transmute the very gold of love into the dross of shame and crime.

The story of "The Kreutzer Sonata" seems to have been written for the purpose of showing that woman is at fault; that she has no right to be attractive, no right to be beautiful; and that she is morally responsible for the contour of her throat, for the pose of her body, for the symmetry of her limbs, for the red of her lips, and for the dimples in her cheeks.

The opposite of this doctrine is nearer true. It would be far better to hold people responsible for their ugliness than for their beauty. It may be true that the soul, the mind, in some wondrous way fashions the body, and that to that extent every individual is responsible for his looks. It may be that the man or woman thinking high thoughts will give, necessarily, a nobility to expression and a beauty to outline.

It is not true that the sins of man can be laid justly at the feet of woman. Women are better than men; they have greater responsibilities; they bear even the burdens of joy. This is the real reason why their faults are considered greater.

Men and women desire each other, and this desire is a condition of civilization, progress, and happiness, and of everything of real value. But there is this profound difference in the sexes: in man this desire is the foundation of love, while in woman love is the foundation of this desire.

Tolstoï seems to be a stranger to the heart of woman.

Is it not wonderful that one who holds self-denial in such high esteem should say, "That life is embittered by the fear of one's children, and not only on account of their real or imaginary illnesses, but even by their very presence"?

Has the father no real love for the children? Is he not paid a thousand times through their caresses, their sympathy, their love? Is there no joy in seeing their minds unfold, their affections develop? Of course, love and anxiety go together. That which we love we wish to protect. The perpetual fear of death gives love intensity and sacredness. Yet Count Tolstoï gives us the feelings of a father incapable of natural affection; of one who hates to have his children sick because the orderly course of his wretched life is disturbed. So, too, we are told that modern mothers think too much of their children, care too much for their health, and refuse to be comforted when they die. Lest these words may be thought libellous, the following extract is given;

"In old times women consoled themselves with the belief, The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. They consoled themselves with the thought that the soul of the departed had returned to him who gave it; that it was better to die innocent than to live in sin. If women nowadays had such a comfortable faith to support them, they might take their misfortunes less hard."

The conclusion reached by the writer is that without faith in God, woman's love grovels in the mire.

In this case the mire is made by the tears of mothers falling on the clay that hides their babes.

The one thing constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is woman's love.

This one fact justifies the existence and the perpetuation of the human race. Again I say that women are better than men; their hearts are more unreservedly given; in the web of their lives sorrow is inextricably woven with the greatest joys; self-sacrifice is a part of their nature, and at the behest of love and maternity they walk willingly and joyously down to the very gates of death.

Is there nothing in this to excite the admiration, the adoration, of a modern reformer? Are the monk and nun superior to the father and mother?

The author of "The Kreutzer Sonata" is unconsciously the enemy of mankind. He is filled with what might be called a merciless pity, a sympathy almost malicious. Had he lived a few centuries ago, he might have founded a religion; but the most he can now do is, perhaps, to create the necessity for another asylum.

Count Tolstoi objects to music—not the ordinary kind, but to great music, the music that arouses the emotions, that apparently carries us beyond the limitations of life, that for the moment seems to break the great chain of cause and effect, and leaves the soul soaring and free. “Emotion and duty,” he declares, “do not go hand in hand.” All art touches and arouses the emotional nature. The painter, the poet, the sculptor, the composer, the orator, appeal to the emotions, to the passions, to the hopes and fears. The commonplace is transfigured; the cold and angular facts of existence take form and color; the blood quickens; the fancies spread their wings; the intellect grows sympathetic; the river of life flows full and free; and man becomes capable of the noblest deeds. Take emotion from the heart of man and the idea of obligation would be lost; right and wrong would lose their meaning, and the word “ought” would never again be spoken. We are subject to conditions, liable to disease, pain, and death. We are capable of ecstasy. Of these conditions, of these possibilities, the emotions are born.

Only the conditionless can be the emotionless.

We are conditioned beings; and if the conditions are changed, the result may be pain or death or greater joy. We can only live within certain degrees of heat. If the weather were a few degrees hotter or a few degrees colder, we could not exist. We need food and roof and raiment. Life and happiness depend on these conditions. We do not certainly know what is to happen, and consequently our hopes and fears are constantly active—that is to say, we are emotional beings. The generalization of Tolstoï, that emotion never goes hand in hand with duty, is almost the opposite of the truth. The idea of duty could not exist without emotion. Think of men and women without love, without desires, without passions? Think of a world without art or music—a world without beauty, without emotion.

And yet there are many writers busy pointing out the loathsomeness of love and their own virtues. Only a little while ago an article appeared in one of the magazines in which all women who did not dress according to the provincial prudery of the writer were denounced as impure. Millions of refined and virtuous wives and mothers were described as dripping with pollution because they enjoyed dancing and were so well formed that they were not obliged to cover their arms and throats to avoid the pity of their associates. And yet the article itself is far more indelicate than any dance or any dress, or even lack of dress. What a curious opinion dried apples have of fruit upon the tree!

Count Tolstoï is also the enemy of wealth, of luxury. In this he follows the New Testament. “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.” He gathers his inspiration from the commandment, “Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor.”

Wealth is not a crime any more than health or bodily or intellectual strength. The weak might denounce the strong, the sickly might envy the healthy, just as the poor may denounce or envy the rich. A man is not necessarily a criminal because he is wealthy. He is to be judged, not by his wealth, but by the way he uses his wealth. The strong man can use his strength, not only for the benefit of himself, but for the good of others. So a man of intelligence can be a benefactor of the human race. Intelligence

is often used to entrap the simple and to prey upon the unthinking, but we do not wish to do away with intelligence. So strength is often used to tyrannize over the weak, and in the same way wealth may be used to the injury of mankind. To sell all that you have and give to the poor is not a panacea for poverty. The man of wealth should help the poor man to help himself. Men cannot receive without giving some consideration, and if they have not labor or property to give, they give their manhood, their self-respect. Besides, if all should obey this injunction, "Sell what thou hast and give to the poor," who would buy? We know that thousands and millions of rich men lack generosity and have but little feeling for their fellows. The fault is not in the money, not in the wealth, but in the individuals. They would be just as bad were they poor. The only difference is that they would have less power. The good man should regard wealth as an instrumentality, as an opportunity, and he should endeavor to benefit his fellow-men, not by making them the recipients of his charity, but by assisting them to assist themselves. The desire to clothe and feed, to educate and protect, wives and children, is the principal reason for making money—one of the great springs of industry, prudence, and economy.

Those who labor have a right to live. They have a right to what they earn. He who works has a right to home and fireside and to the comforts of life. Those who waste the spring, the summer, and the autumn of their lives must bear the winter when it comes. Many of our institutions are absurdly unjust. Giving the land to the few, making tenants of the many, is the worst possible form of socialism—of paternal government. In most of the nations of our day the idlers and non-producers are either beggars or aristocrats, paupers or princes, and the great middle laboring class support them both. Rags and robes have a liking for each other. Beggars and kings are in accord; they are all parasites, living on the same blood, stealing the same labor—one by beggary, the other by force. And yet in all this there can be found no reason for denouncing the man who has accumulated. One who wishes to tear down his bams and build greater has laid aside something to keep the wolf of want from the door of home when he is dead.

Even the beggars see the necessity of others working, and the nobility see the same necessity with equal clearness. But it is hardly reasonable to say that all should do the same kind of work, for the reason that all have not the same aptitudes, the same talents. Some can plough, others can paint; some can reap and mow, while others can invent the instruments that save labor; some navigate the seas; some work in mines; while others compose music that elevates and refines the heart of the world.

But the worst thing in "The Kreutzer Sonata" is the declaration that a husband can by force compel the wife to love and obey him. Love is not the child of fear; it is not the result of force. No one can love on compulsion. Even Jehovah found that it was impossible to compel the Jews to love him. He issued his command to that effect, coupled with threats of pain and death, but his chosen people failed to respond.

Love is the perfume of the heart; it is not subject to the will of husbands or kings or God.

Count Tolstoï would establish slavery in every house; he would make every husband a tyrant and every wife a trembling serf. No wonder that he regards such marriage as

a failure. He is in exact harmony with the curse of Jehovah when he said unto the woman: “I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, and thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.”

This is the destruction of the family, the pollution of home, the crucifixion of love.

Those who are truly married are neither masters nor servants. The idea of obedience is lost in the desire for the happiness of each. Love is not a convict, to be detained with bolts and chains. Love is the highest expression of liberty. Love neither commands nor obeys.

The curious thing is that the orthodox world insists that all men and women should obey the injunctions of Christ; that they should take him as the supreme example, and in all things follow his teachings. This is preached from countless pulpits, and has been for many centuries. And yet the man who does follow the Savior, who insists that he will not resist evil, who sells what he has and gives to the poor, who deserts his wife and children for the love of God, is regarded as insane.

Tolstoï, on most subjects, appears to be in accord with the founder of Christianity, with the apostles, with the writers of the New Testament, and with the Fathers of the church; and yet a Christian teacher of a Sabbath school decides, in the capacity of Postmaster-General, that “The Kreutzer Sonata” is unfit to be carried in the mails.

Although I disagree with nearly every sentence in this book, regard the story as brutal and absurd, the view of life presented as cruel, vile, and false, yet I recognize the right of Count Tolstoï to express his opinions on all subjects, and the right of the men and women of America to read for themselves.

As to the sincerity of the author, there is not the slightest doubt. He is willing to give all that he has for the good of his fellow-men. He is a soldier in what he believes to be a sacred cause, and he has the courage of his convictions. He is endeavoring to organize society in accordance with the most radical utterances that have been attributed to Jesus Christ. The philosophy of Palestine is not adapted to an industrial and commercial age. Christianity was born when the nation that produced it was dying. It was a requiem—a declaration that life was a failure, that the world was about to end, and that the hopes of mankind should be lifted to another sphere. Tolstoï stands with his back to the sunrise and looks mournfully upon the shadow. He has uttered many tender, noble, and inspiring words. There are many passages in his works that must have been written when his eyes were filled with tears. He has fixed his gaze so intently on the miseries and agonies of life that he has been driven to the conclusion that nothing could be better than the effacement of the human race.

Some men, looking only at the faults and tyrannies of government, have said: “Anarchy is better.” Others, looking at the misfortunes, the poverty, the crimes, of men, have, in a kind of pitying despair, reached the conclusion that the best of all is death. These are the opinions of those who have dwelt in gloom—of the self-imprisoned.

By comparing long periods of time, we see that, on the whole, the race is advancing; that the world is growing steadily, and surely, better; that each generation enjoys

more and suffers less than its predecessor. We find that our institutions have the faults of individuals. Nations must be composed of men and women; and as they have their faults, nations cannot be perfect. The institution of marriage is a failure to the extent, and only to the extent, that the human race is a failure. Undoubtedly it is the best and the most important institution that has been established by the civilized world. If there is unhappiness in that relation, if there is tyranny upon one side and misery upon the other, it is not the fault of marriage. Take homes from the world and only wild beasts are left.

We cannot cure the evils of our day and time by a return to savagery. It is not necessary to become ignorant to increase our happiness. The highway of civilization leads to the light. The time will come when the human race will be truly enlightened, when labor will receive its due reward, when the last institution begotten of ignorance and savagery will disappear. The time will come when the whole world will say that the love of man for woman, of woman for man, of mother for child, is the highest, the noblest, the purest, of which the heart is capable.

Love, human love, love of men and women, love of mothers fathers, and babes, is the perpetual and beneficent force. Not the love of phantoms, the love that builds cathedrals and dungeons, that trembles and prays, that kneels and curses; but the real love, the love that felled the forests, navigated the seas, subdued the earth, explored continents, built countless homes, and founded nations—the love that kindled the creative flame and wrought the miracles of art, that gave us all there is of music, from the cradle-song that gives to infancy its smiling sleep to the great symphony that bears the soul away with wings of fire—the real love, mother of every virtue and of every joy.—North American Review, September, 1890.

Thomas Paine

A MAGAZINE ARTICLE.

"A great man's memory may outlive his life half a year,
But, by'r lady, he must build churches then."

EIGHTY-THREE years ago Thomas Paine ceased to defend himself. The moment he became dumb all his enemies found a tongue. He was attacked on every hand. The Tories of England had been waiting for their revenge. The believers in kings, in hereditary government, the nobility of every land, execrated his memory. Their greatest enemy was dead. The believers in human slavery, and all who clamored for the rights of the States as against the sovereignty of a Nation, joined in the chorus of denunciation. In addition to this, the believers in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the occupants of orthodox pulpits, the professors in Christian colleges, and the religious historians, were his sworn and implacable foes.

This man had gratified no ambition at the expense of his fellow-men; he had desolated no country with the flame and sword of war; he had not wrung millions from the poor and unfortunate; he had betrayed no trust, and yet he was almost universally despised. He gave his life for the benefit of mankind. Day and night for many, many weary years, he labored for the good of others, and gave himself body and soul to the great cause of human liberty. And yet he won the hatred of the people for whose benefit, for whose emancipation, for whose civilization, for whose exaltation he gave his life.

Against him every slander that malignity could coin and hypocrisy pass was gladly and joyously taken as genuine, and every truth with regard to his career was believed to be counterfeit. He was attacked by thousands where he was defended by one, and the one who defended him was instantly attacked, silenced, or destroyed.

At last his life has been written by Moncure D. Conway, and the real history of Thomas Paine, of what he attempted and accomplished, of what he taught and suffered, has been intelligently, truthfully and candidly given to the world. Henceforth the slanderer will be without excuse.

He who reads Mr. Conway's pages will find that Thomas Paine was more than a patriot—that he was a philanthropist—a lover not only of his country, but of all mankind. He will find that his sympathies were with those who suffered, without regard to religion or race, country or complexion. He will find that this great man did not hesitate to attack the governing class of his native land—to commit what was called treason against the king, that he might do battle for the rights of men; that in spite of the prejudices of birth, he took the side of the American Colonies; that he gladly attacked the political abuses and absurdities that had been fostered by altars and thrones for many centuries; that he was for the people against nobles and kings, and that he put his life in pawn for the good of others.

In the winter of 1774, Thomas Paine came to America. After a time he was employeed as one of the writers on the *Pennsylvania Magazine*.

Let us see what he did, calculated to excite the hatred of his fellow-men.

The first article he ever wrote in America, and the first ever published by him anywhere, appeared in that magazine on the 8th of ‘March, 1775. It was an attack on American slavery—a plea for the rights of the negro. In that article will be found substantially all the arguments that can be urged against that most infamous of all institutions. Every is full of humanity, pity, tenderness, and love of justice.

Five days after this article appeared the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Certainly this should not excite our hatred. To-day the civilized world agrees with the essay written by Thomas Paine in 1775.

At that time great interests were against him. The owners of slaves became his enemies, and the pulpits, supported by slave labor, denounced this abolitionist.

The next article published by Thomas Paine, in the same magazine, and for the next month, was an attack on the practice of dueling, showing that it was barbarous, that it did not even tend to settle the right or wrong of a dispute, that it could not be defended on any just grounds, and that its influence was degrading and cruel. The civilized world now agrees with the opinions of Thomas Paine upon that barbarous practice.

In May, 1775, appeared in the same magazine another article written by Thomas Paine, a Protest Against Cruelty to Animals. He began the work that was so successfully and gloriously carried out by Henry Bergh, one of the noblest, one of the grandest, men that this continent has produced.

The good people of this world agree with Thomas Paine.

In August of the same year he wrote a plea for the Rights of Woman, the first ever published in the New World. Certainly he should not be hated for that.

He was the first to suggest a union of the colonies. Before the Declaration of Independence was issued, Paine had written of and about the Free and Independent States of America. He had also spoken of the United Colonies as the “Glorious Union,” and he was the first to write these words: “The United States of America.”

In May, 1775, Washington said: “If you ever hear of me joining in any such measure (as separation from Great Britain) you have my leave to set me down for everything wicked.” He had also said; “It is not the wish or interest of the government (meaning Massachusetts), or of any other upon this continent, separately or collectively, to set up for independence.” And in the same year Benjamin Franklin assured Chatham that no one in America was in favor of separation. As a matter of fact, the people of the colonies wanted a redress of their grievances—they were not dreaming of separation, of independence.

In 1775 Paine wrote the pamphlet known as “Common Sense.” This was published on the 10th of January, 1776. It was the first appeal for independence, the first cry for national life, for absolute separation. No pamphlet, no book, ever kindled such a sudden conflagration,—a purifying flame, in which the prejudices and fears of millions were consumed. To read it now, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, hastens the blood. It is but the meagre truth to say that Thomas Paine did

more for the cause of separation, to sow the seeds of independence, than any other man of his time. Certainly we should not despise him for this. The Declaration of Independence followed, and in that declaration will be found not only the thoughts, but some of the expressions of Thomas Paine.

During the war, and in the very darkest hours, Paine wrote what is called "The Crisis," a series of pamphlets giving from time to time his opinion of events, and his prophecies. These marvelous publications produced an effect nearly as great as the pamphlet "Common Sense." These strophes, written by the bivouac fires, had in them the soul of battle.

In all he wrote, Paine was direct and natural. He touched the very heart of the subject. He was not awed by names or titles, by place or power. He never lost his regard for truth, for principle—never wavered in his allegiance to reason, to what he believed to be right. His arguments were so lucid, so unanswerable, his comparisons and analogies so apt, so unexpected, that they excited the passionate admiration of friends and the unquenchable hatred of enemies. So great were these appeals to patriotism, to the love of liberty, the pride of independence, the glory of success, that it was said by some of the best and greatest of that time that the American cause owed as much to the pen of Paine as to the sword of Washington.

On the 2d day of November, 1779, there was introduced into the Assembly of Pennsylvania an act for the abolition of slavery. The preamble was written by Thomas Paine. To him belongs the honor and glory of having written the first Proclamation of Emancipation in America—Paine the first, Lincoln the last.

Paine, of all others, succeeded in getting aid for the struggling colonies from France. "According to Lamartine, the King, Louis XVI., loaded Paine with favors, and a gift of six millions was confided into the hands of Franklin and Paine. On the 25th of August, 1781, Paine reached Boston bringing two million five hundred thousand livres in silver, and in convoy a ship laden with clothing and military stores."

"In November, 1779, Paine was elected clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. In 1780, the Assembly received a letter from General Washington in the field, saying that he feared the distresses in the army would lead to mutiny in the ranks. This letter was read by Paine to the Assembly. He immediately wrote to Blair McClenaghan, a Philadelphia merchant, explaining the urgency, and inclosing five hundred dollars, the amount of salary due him as clerk, as his contribution towards a relief fund. The merchant called a meeting the next day, and read Paine's letter. A subscription list was immediately circulated, and in a short time about one million five hundred thousand dollars was raised. With this capital the Pennsylvania bank—afterwards the bank of North America—was established for the relief of the army."

In 1783 "Paine wrote a memorial to Chancellor Livingston, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Robert Morris, Minister of Finance, and his assistant, urging the necessity of adding a Continental Legislature to Congress, to be elected by the several States. Robert Morris invited the Chancellor and a number of eminent men to meet Paine at dinner, where his plea for a stronger Union was discussed and approved. This was probably the earliest of a series of consultations preliminary to the Constitutional Convention."

“On the 19th of April, 1783, it being the eighth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, Paine printed a little pamphlet entitled ‘Thoughts on Peace and the Probable Advantages Thereof.’“ In this pamphlet he pleads for “a supreme Nationality absorbing all cherished sovereignties.” Mr. Conway calls this pamphlet Paine’s “Farewell Address,” and gives the following extract:

“It was the cause of America that made me an author. The force with which it struck my mind, and the dangerous condition in which the country was in, by courting an impossible and an unnatural reconciliation with those who were determined to reduce her, instead of striking out into the only line that could save her,—a Declaration of Independence.—made it impossible for me, feeling as I did, to be silent; and if, in the course of more than seven years, I have rendered her any service, I have likewise added something to the reputation of literature, by freely and disinterestedly employing it in the great cause of mankind.... But as the scenes of war are closed, and every man preparing for home and happier times, I therefore take leave of the subject. I have most sincerely followed it from beginning to end, and through all its turns and windings; and whatever country I may hereafter be in, I shall always feel an honest pride at the part I have taken and acted, and a gratitude to nature and providence for putting it in my power to be of some use to mankind.”

Paine had made some enemies, first, by attacking African slavery, and, second, by insisting upon the sovereignty of the Nation.

During the Revolution our forefathers, in order to justify making war on Great Britain, were compelled to take the ground that all men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In no other way could they justify their action. After the war, the meaner instincts began to take possession of the mind, and those who had fought for their own liberty were perfectly willing to enslave others. We must also remember that the Revolution was begun and carried on by a noble minority—that the majority were really in favor of Great Britain and did what they dared to prevent the success of the American cause. The minority, however, had control of affairs. They were active, energetic, enthusiastic, and courageous, and the majority were overawed, shamed, and suppressed. But when peace came, the majority asserted themselves and the interests of trade and commerce were consulted. Enthusiasm slowly died, and patriotism was mingled with the selfishness of traffic.

But, after all, the enemies of Paine were few, the friends were many. He had the respect and admiration of the greatest and the best, and was enjoying the fruits of his labor.

The Revolution was ended, the colonies were free. They had been united, they formed a Nation, and the United States of America had a place on the map of the world.

Paine was not a politician. He had not labored for seven years to get an office. His services were no longer needed in America. He concluded to educate the English people, to inform them of their rights, to expose the pretences, follies and fallacies, the crimes and cruelties of nobles, kings, and parliaments. In the brain and heart of this man were the dream and hope of the universal republic. He had confidence in the people. He hated tyranny and war, despised the senseless pomp and vain show of

crowned robbers, laughed at titles, and the “honorable” badges worn by the obsequious and servile, by fawners and followers; loved liberty with all his heart, and bravely fought against those who could give the rewards of place and gold, and for those who could pay only with thanks.

Hoping to hasten the day of freedom, he wrote the “Rights of Man”—a book that laid the foundation for all the real liberty that the English now enjoy—a book that made known to Englishmen the Declaration of Nature, and convinced millions that all are children of the same mother, entitled to share equally in her gifts. Every Englishman who has outgrown the ideas of 1688 should remember Paine with love and reverence. Every Englishman who has sought to destroy abuses, to lessen or limit the prerogatives of the crown, to extend the suffrage, to do away with “rotten boroughs,” to take taxes from knowledge, to increase and protect the freedom of speech and the press, to do away with bribes under the name of pensions, and to make England a government of principles rather than of persons, has been compelled to adopt the creed and use the arguments of Thomas Paine. In England every step toward freedom has been a triumph of Paine over Burke and Pitt. No man ever rendered a greater service to his native land.

The book called the “Rights of Man” was the greatest contribution that literature had given to liberty. It rests on the bed-rock. No attention is paid to precedents except to show that they are wrong. Paine was not misled by the proverbs that wolves had written for sheep. He had the intelligence to examine for himself, and the courage to publish his conclusions. As soon as the “Rights of Man” was published the Government was alarmed. Every effort was made to suppress it. The author was indicted; those who published, and those who sold, were arrested and imprisoned. But the new gospel had been preached—a great man had shed light—a new force had been born, and it was beyond the power of nobles and kings to undo what the author-hero had done.

To avoid arrest and probable death, Paine left England. He had sown with brave hand the seeds of thought, and he knew that he had lighted a fire that nothing could extinguish until England should be free.

The fame of Thomas Paine had reached France in many ways—principally through Lafayette. His services in America were well known. The pamphlet “Common Sense” had been published in French, and its effect had been immense. “The Rights of Man” that had created, and was then creating, such a stir in England, was also known to the French. The lovers of liberty everywhere were the friends and admirers of Thomas Paine. In America, England, Scotland, Ireland, and France he was known as the defender of popular rights. He had preached a new gospel. He had given a new Magna Charta to the people.

So popular was Paine in France that he was elected by three constituencies to the National Convention. He chose to represent Calais. From the moment he entered French territory he was received with almost royal honors. He at once stood with the foremost, and was welcomed by all enlightened patriots. As in America, so in France, he knew no idleness—he was an organizer and worker. The first thing he did was to found the first Republican Society, and the next to write its Manifesto, in which the

ground was taken that France did not need a king; that the people should govern themselves. In this Manifesto was this argument:

"What kind of office must that be in a government which requires neither experience nor ability to execute? that may be abandoned to the desperate chance of birth; that may be filled with an idiot, a madman, a tyrant, with equal effect as with the good, the virtuous, the wise? An office of this nature is a mere nonentity; it is a place of show, not of use."

He said:

"I am not the personal enemy of kings. Quite the contrary. No man wishes more heartily than myself to see them all in the happy and honorable state of private individuals; but I am the avowed, open and intrepid enemy of what is called monarchy; and I am such by principles which nothing can either alter or corrupt, by my attachment to humanity, by the anxiety which I feel within myself for the dignity and honor of the human race."

One of the grandest things done by Thomas Paine was his effort to save the life of Louis XVI. The Convention was in favor of death. Paine was a foreigner. His career had caused some jealousies. He knew the danger he was in—that the tiger was already crouching for a spring—but he was true to his principles. He was opposed to the death penalty. He remembered that Louis XVI. had been the friend of America, and he very cheerfully risked his life, not only for the good of France, not only to save the king, but to pay a debt of gratitude. He asked the Convention to exile the king to the United States. He asked this as a member of the Convention and as a citizen of the United States. As an American he felt grateful not only to the king, but to every Frenchman. He, the adversary of all kings, asked the Convention to remember that kings were men, and subject to human frailties. He took still another step, and said: "As France has been the first of European nations to abolish royalty, let us also be the first to abolish the punishment of death."

Even after the death of Louis had been voted, Paine made another appeal. With a courage born of the highest possible sense of duty he said:

"France has but one ally—the United States of America. That is the only nation that can furnish France with naval provisions, for the kingdoms of Northern Europe are, or soon will be, at war with her. It happens that the person now under discussion is regarded in America as a deliverer of their country. I can assure you that his execution will there spread universal sorrow, and it is in your power not thus to wound the feelings of your ally. Could I speak the French language I would descend to your bar, and in their name become your petitioner to respite the execution of your sentence on Louis. Ah, citizens, give not the tyrant of England the triumph of seeing the man perish on the scaffold who helped my dear brothers of America to break his chains."

This was worthy of the man who had said: "Where Liberty is *not*, there is my country."

Paine was second on the committee to prepare the draft of a constitution for France to be submitted to the Convention. He was the real author, not only of the draft of the Constitution, but of the Declaration of Rights.

In France, as in America, he took the lead. His first thoughts seemed to be first principles. He was clear because he was profound. People without ideas experience great difficulty in finding words to express them.

From the moment that Paine cast his vote in favor of mercy—in favor of life—the shadow of the guillotine was upon him. He knew that when he voted for the King's life, he voted for his own death. Paine remembered that the king had been the friend of America, and to him ingratitude seemed the worst of crimes. He worked to destroy the monarch, not the man; the king, not the friend. He discharged his duty and accepted death. This was the heroism of goodness—the sublimity of devotion.

Believing that his life was near its close, he made up his mind to give to the world his thoughts concerning "revealed religion." This he had for some time intended to do, but other matters had claimed his attention. Feeling that there was no time to be lost, he wrote the first part of the "Age of Reason," and gave the manuscript to Joel Barlow. Six hours after, he was arrested. The second part was written in prison while he was waiting for death.

Paine clearly saw that men could not be really free, or defend the freedom they had, unless they were free to think and speak. He knew that the church was the enemy of liberty, that the altar and throne were in partnership, that they helped each other and divided the spoils.

He felt that, being a man, he had the right to examine the creeds and the Scriptures for himself, and that, being an honest man, it was his duty and his privilege to tell his fellow-men the conclusions at which he arrived.

He found that the creeds of all orthodox churches were absurd and cruel, and that the Bible was no better. Of course he found that there were some good things in the creeds and in the Bible. These he defended, but the infamous, the inhuman, he attacked.

In matters of religion he pursued the same course that he had in things political. He depended upon experience, and above all on reason. He refused to extinguish the light in his own soul. He was true to himself, and gave to others his honest thoughts. He did not seek wealth, or place, or fame. He sought the truth.

He had felt it to be his duty to attack the institution of slavery in America, to raise his voice against dueling, to plead for the rights of woman, to excite pity for the sufferings of domestic animals, the speechless friends of man; to plead the cause of separation, of independence, of American nationality, to attack the abuses and crimes of mon-archs, to do what he could to give freedom to the world.

He thought it his duty to take another step. Kings asserted that they derived their power, their right to govern, from God. To this assertion Paine replied with the "Rights of Man." Priests pretended that they were the authorized agents of God. Paine replied with the "Age of Reason."

This book is still a power, and will be as long as the absurdities and cruelties of the creeds and the Bible have defenders. The “Age of Reason” affected the priests just as the “Rights of Man” affected nobles and kings. The kings answered the arguments of Paine with laws, the priests with lies. Kings appealed to force, priests to fraud. Mr. Conway has written in regard to the “Age of Reason” the most impressive and the most interesting chapter in his book.

Paine contended for the rights of the individual,—tor the jurisdiction of the soul. Above all religions he placed Reason, above all kings, Men, and above all men, Law.

The first part of the “Age of Reason” was written in the shadow of a prison, the second part in the gloom of death. From that shadow, from that gloom, came a flood of light. This testament, by which the wealth of a marvelous brain, the love of a great and heroic heart were given to the world, was written in the presence of the scaffold, when the writer believed he was giving his last message to his fellow-men.

The “Age of Reason” was his crime.

Franklin, Jefferson, Sumner and Lincoln, the four greatest statesmen that America has produced, were believers in the creed of Thomas Paine.

The Universalists and Unitarians have found their best weapons, their best arguments, in the “Age of Reason.”

Slowly, but surely, the churches are adopting not only the arguments, but the opinions of the great Reformer.

Theodore Parker attacked the Old Testament and Calvinistic theology with the same weapons and with a bitterness excelled by no man who has expressed his thoughts in our language.

Paine was a century in advance of his time. If he were living now his sympathy would be with Savage, Chadwick, Professor Briggs and the “advanced theologians.” He, too, would talk about the “higher criticism” and the latest definition of “inspiration.” These advanced thinkers substantially are repeating the “Age of Reason.” They still wear the old uniform—clinging to the toggery of theology—but inside of their religious rags they agree with Thomas Paine.

Not one argument that Paine urged against the inspiration of the Bible, against the truth of miracles, against the barbarities and infamies of the Old Testament, against the pretensions of priests and the claims of kings, has ever been answered.

His arguments in favor of the existence of what he was pleased to call the God of Nature were as weak as those of all Theists have been. But in all the affairs of this world, his clearness of vision, lucidity of expression, cogency of argument, aptness of comparison, power of statement and comprehension of the subject in hand, with all its bearings and consequences, have rarely, if ever, been excelled.

He had no reverence for mistakes because they were old. He did not admire the castles of Feudalism even when they were covered with ivy. He not only said that the Bible was not inspired, but he demonstrated that it could not all be true. This was

“brutal.” He presented arguments so strong, so clear, so convincing, that they could not be answered. This was “vulgar.”

He stood for liberty against kings, for humanity against creeds and gods. This was “cowardly and low.” He gave his life to free and civilize his fellow-men. This was “infamous.”

Paine was arrested and imprisoned in December, 1793. He was, to say the least, neglected by Gouverneur Morris and Washington. He was released through the efforts of James Monroe, in November, 1794. He was called back to the Convention, but too late to be of use. As most of the actors had suffered death, the tragedy was about over and the curtain was falling. Paine remained in Paris until the “Reign of Terror” was ended and that of the Corsican tyrant had commenced.

Paine came back to America hoping to spend the remainder of his life surrounded by those for whose happiness and freedom he had labored so many years. He expected to be rewarded with the love and reverence of the American people.

In 1794 James Monroe had written to Paine these words:

“It is unnecessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen, I speak of the great mass of the people, are interested in your welfare. They have not forgot the history of their own Revolution and the difficult scenes through which they passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I hope never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services in our own Revolution, but as being on a more extensive scale the friend of human rights and a distinguished and able advocate of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine we are not and cannot be indifferent.”

In the same year Mr. Monroe wrote a letter to the Committee of General Safety, asking for the release of Mr. Paine, in which, among other things, he said:

“The services Thomas Paine rendered to his country in its struggle for freedom have implanted in the hearts of his countrymen a sense of gratitude never to be effaced as long as they shall deserve the title of a just and generous people.”

On reaching America, Paine found that the sense of gratitude had been effaced. He found that the Federalists hated him with all their hearts because he believed in the rights of the people and was still true to the splendid principles advocated during the darkest days of the Revolution. In almost every pulpit he found a malignant and implacable foe, and the pews were filled with his enemies. The slaveholders hated him. He was held responsible even for the crimes of the French Revolution. He was regarded as a blasphemer, an Atheist, an enemy of God and man. The ignorant citizens of Bordentown, as cowardly as orthodox, longed to mob the author of “Common Sense” and “The Crisis.” They thought he had sold himself to the Devil because he had defended God against the slanderous charges that he had inspired the writers of the Bible—because he had said that a being of infinite goodness and purity did not establish slavery and polygamy.

Paine had insisted that men had the right to think for themselves. This so enraged the average American citizen that he longed for revenge.

In 1802 the people of the United States had exceedingly crude ideas about the liberty of thought and expression Neither had they any conception of religious freedom. Their highest thought on that subject was expressed by the word “toleration,” and even this toleration extended only to the various Christian sects. Even the vaunted religious liberty of colonial Maryland was only to the effect that one kind of Christian should not fine, imprison and kill another kind of Christian, but all kinds of Christians had the right, and it was their duty, to brand, imprison and kill Infidels of every kind.

Paine had been guilty of thinking for himself and giving his conclusions to the world without having asked the consent of a priest—just as he had published his political opinions without leave of the king. He had published his thoughts on religion and had appealed to reason—to the light in every mind, to the humanity, the pity, the goodness which he believed to be in every heart. He denied the right of kings to make laws and of priests to make creeds. He insisted that the people should make laws, and that every human being should think for himself. While some believed in the freedom of religion, he believed in the religion of freedom.

If Paine had been a hypocrite, if he had concealed his opinions, if he had defended slavery with quotations from the “sacred Scriptures”—if he had cared nothing for the liberties of men in other lands—if he had said that the state could not live without the church—if he had sought for place instead of truth, he would have won wealth and power, and his brow would have been crowned with the laurel of fame.

He made what the pious call the “mistake” of being true to himself—of living with an unstained soul. He had lived and labored for the people. The people were untrue’ to him. They returned evil for good, hatred for benefits received, and yet this great chivalric soul remembered their ignorance and loved them with all his heart, and fought their oppressors with all his strength.

We must remember what the churches and creeds were in that day, what the theologians really taught, and what the people believed. To save a few in spite of their vices, and to damn the many without regard to their virtues, and all for the glory of the Damner:—*this was Calvinism*. “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,” but he that hath a brain to think must not think. He that believeth without evidence is good, and he that believeth in spite of evidence is a saint. Only the wicked doubt, only the blasphemer denies. *This was orthodox Christianity*.

Thomas Paine had the courage, the sense, the heart, to denounce these horrors, these absurdities, these infinite infamies. He did what he could to drive these theological vipers, these Calvinistic cobras, these fanged and hissing serpents of superstition from the heart of man.

A few civilized men agreed with him then, and the world has progressed since 1809. Intellectual wealth has accumulated; vast mental estates have been left to the world. Geologists have forced secrets from the rocks, astronomers from the stars, historians from old records and lost languages. In every direction the thinker and the

investigator have ventured and explored, and even the pews have begun to ask questions of the pulpits. Humboldt has lived, and Darwin and Haeckel and Huxley, and the armies led by them, have changed the thought of the world.

The churches of 1809 could not be the friends of Thomas Paine. No church asserting that belief is necessary to salvation ever was, or ever will be, the champion of true liberty. A church founded on slavery—that is to say, on blind obedience, worshiping irresponsible and arbitrary power, must of necessity be the enemy of human freedom.

The orthodox churches are now anxious to save the little that Paine left of their creed. If one now believes in God, and lends a little financial aid, he is considered a good and desirable member. He need not define God after the manner of the catechism. He may talk about a "Power that works for righteousness," or the tortoise Truth that beats the rabbit Lie in the long run, or the "Unknowable," or the "Unconditioned," or the "Cosmic Force," or the "Ultimate Atom," or "Protoplasm," or the "What"—provided he begins this word with a capital.

We must also remember that there is a difference between independence and liberty. Millions have fought for independence—to throw off some foreign yoke—and yet were at heart the enemies of true liberty. A man in jail, sighing to be free, may be said to be in favor of liberty, but not from principle; but a man who, being free, risks or gives his life to free the enslaved, is a true soldier of liberty.

Thomas Paine had passed the legendary limit of life. One by one most of his old friends and acquaintances had deserted him. Maligned on every side, execrated, shunned and abhorred—his virtues denounced as vices—his services forgotten—his character blackened, he preserved the poise and balance of his soul. He was a victim of the people, but his convictions remained unshaken. He was still a soldier in the army of freedom, and still tried to enlighten and civilize those who were impatiently waiting for his death. Even those who loved their enemies hated him, their friend—the friend of the whole world—with all their hearts.

On the 8th of June, 1809, death came—Death, almost his only friend.

At his funeral no pomp, no pageantry, no civic procession, no military display. In a carriage, a woman and her son who had lived on the bounty of the dead—On horseback, a Quaker, the humanity of whose heart dominated the creed of his head—and, following on foot, two negroes filled with gratitude—constituted the funeral cortege of Thomas Paine.

He who had received the gratitude of many millions, the thanks of generals and statesmen—he who had been the friend and companion of the wisest and best—he who had taught a people to be free, and whose words had inspired armies and enlightened nations, was thus given back to Nature, the mother of us all.

If the people of the great Republic knew the life of this generous, this chivalric man, the real story of his services, his sufferings and his triumphs—of what he did to compel the robed and crowned, the priests and kings, to give back to the people liberty, the jewel of the soul; if they knew that he was the first to write, "The Religion of Humanity"; if they knew that he, above all others, planted and watered the seeds

of independence, of union, of nationality, in the hearts of our forefathers—that his words were gladly repeated by the best and bravest in many lands; if they knew that he attempted, by the purest means, to attain the noblest and loftiest ends—that he was original, sincere, intrepid, and that he could truthfully say: “The world is my country, to do good my religion”—if the people only knew all this—the truth—they would repeat the words of Andrew Jackson: “Thomas Paine needs no monument made with hands; he has erected a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty.”—North American Review, August, 1893.

The Three Philanthropists

"Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich."

MR. A. lived in the kingdom of————. He was a sincere professional philanthropist. He was absolutely certain that he loved his fellow-men, and that his views were humane and scientific. He concluded to turn his attention to taking care of people less fortunate than himself.

With this object in view he investigated the common people that lived about him, and he found that they were extremely ignorant, that many of them seemed to take no particular interest in life or in business, that few of them had any theories of their own, and that, while many had muscle, there was only now and then one who had any mind worth speaking of. Nearly all of them were destitute of ambition. They were satisfied if they got something to eat, a place to sleep, and could now and then indulge in some form of dissipation. They seemed to have great confidence in to-morrow—trusted to luck, and took no thought for the future. Many of them were extravagant, most of them dissipated, and a good many dishonest.

Mr. A. found that many of the husbands not only failed to support their families, but that some of them lived on the labor of their wives; that many of the wives were careless of their obligations, knew nothing about the art of cooking; nothing about keeping house; and that parents, as a general thing, neglected their children or treated them with cruelty. He also found that many of the people were so shiftless that they died of want and exposure.

After having obtained this information Mr. A. made up his mind to do what little he could to better their condition. He petitioned the king to assist him, and asked that he be allowed to take control of five hundred people in consideration that he would pay a certain amount into the treasury of the kingdom. The king being satisfied that Mr. A. could take care of these people better than they were taking care of themselves, granted the petition.

Mr. A., with the assistance of a few soldiers, took these people from their old homes and haunts to a plantation of his own. He divided them into groups, and over each group placed a superintendent. He made certain rules and regulations for their conduct. They were only compelled to work from twelve to fourteen hours a day, leaving ten hours for sleep and recreation. Good and substantial food was provided. Their houses were comfortable and their clothing sufficient. Their work was laid out from day to day and from month to month, so that they knew exactly what they were to do in each hour of every day. These rules were made for the good of the people, to the end that they might not interfere with each other, that they might attend to their duties, and enjoy themselves in a reasonable way. They were not allowed to waste their time, or to use stimulants or profane language. They were told to be respectful to the superintendents, and especially to Mr. A.; to be obedient, and, above all, to accept the position in which Providence had placed them, without complaining, and to cheerfully perform their tasks.

Mr. A. had found out all that the five hundred persons had earned the year before they were taken control of by him—just how much they had added to the wealth of the world. He had statistics taken for the year before with great care showing the number of deaths, the cases of sickness and of destitution, the number who had committed suicide, how many had been convicted of crimes and misdemeanors, how many days they had been idle, and how much time and money they had spent in drink and for worthless amusements.

During the first year of their enslavement he kept like statistics. He found that they had earned several times as much; that there had been no cases of destitution, no drunkenness; that no crimes had been committed; that there had been but little sickness, owing to the regular course of their lives; that few had been guilty of misdemeanors, owing to the certainty of punishment; and that they had been so watched and superintended that for the most part they had traveled the highway of virtue and industry.

Mr. A. was delighted, and with a vast deal of pride showed these statistics to his friends. He not only demonstrated that the five hundred people were better off than they had been before, but that his own income was very largely increased. He congratulated himself that he had added to the well-being of these people not only, but had laid the foundation of a great fortune for himself. On these facts and these figures he claimed not only to be a philanthropist, but a philosopher; and all the people who had a mind to go into the same business agreed with him.

Some denounced the entire proceeding as unwarranted, as contrary to reason and justice. These insisted that the five hundred people had a right to live in their own way provided they did not interfere with others; that they had the right to go through the world with little food and with poor clothes, and to live in huts, if such was their choice. But Mr. A. had no trouble in answering these objectors. He insisted that well-being is the only good, and that every human being is under obligation, not only to take care of himself, but to do what little he can towards taking care of others; that where five hundred people neglect to take care of themselves, it is the duty of somebody else, who has more intelligence and more means, to take care of them; that the man who takes five hundred people and improves their condition, gives them on the average better food, better clothes, and keeps them out of mischief, is a benefactor.

“These people,” said Mr. A., “were tried. They were found incapable of taking care of themselves. They lacked intelligence or will or honesty or industry or ambition or something, so that in the struggle for existence they fell behind, became stragglers, dropped by the wayside, died in gutters; while many were destined to end their days either in dungeons or on scaffolds. Besides all this, they were a nuisance to their prosperous fellow-citizens, a perpetual menace to the peace of society. They increased the burden of taxation; they filled the ranks of the criminal classes, they made it necessary to build more jails, to employ more policemen and judges; so that I, by enslaving them, not only assisted them, not only protected them against themselves, not only bettered their condition, not only added to the well-being of-society at large, but greatly increased my own fortune.”

Mr. A. also took the ground that Providence, by giving him superior intelligence, the genius of command, the aptitude for taking charge of others, had made it his duty to exercise these faculties for the well-being of the people and for the glory of God. Mr. A. frequently declared that he was God's steward. He often said he thanked God that he was not governed by a sickly sentiment, but that he was a man of sense, of judgment, of force of character, and that the means employeed by him were in accordance with the logic of facts.

Some of the people thus enslaved objected, saying that they had the same right to control themselves that Mr. A. had to control himself. But it only required a little discipline to satisfy them that they were wrong. Some of the people were quite happy, and declared that nothing gave them such perfect contentment as the absence of all responsibility. Mr. A. insisted that all men had not been endowed with the same capacity; that the weak ought to be cared for by the strong; that such was evidently the design of the Creator, and that he intended to do what little he could to carry that design into effect.

Mr. A. was very successful. In a few years he had several thousands of men, women, and children working for him. He amassed a large fortune. He felt that he had been intrusted with this money by Providence. He therefore built several churches, and once in a while gave large sums to societies for the spread of civilization. He passed away regretted by a great many people—not including those who had lived under his immediate administration. He was buried with great pomp, the king being one of the pall-bearers, and on his tomb was this:

HE WAS THE PROVIDENCE OF THE POOR. II.

"And, being rich, my virtue then shall be

To say there is no vice but beggary."

Mr. B. did not believe in slavery. He despised the institution with every drop of his blood, and was an advocate of universal freedom. He held all the ideas of Mr. A. in supreme contempt, and frequently spent whole evenings in denouncing the inhumanity and injustice of the whole business. He even went so far as to contend that many of A.'s slaves had more intelligence than A. himself, and that, whether they had intelligence or not, they had the right to be free. He insisted that Mr. A.'s philanthropy was a sham; that he never bought a human being for the purpose of bettering that being's condition; that he went into the business simply to make money for himself; and that his talk about his slaves committing less crime than when they were free was simply to justify the crime committed by himself in enslaving his fellow-men.

Mr. B. was a manufacturer, and he employeed some five or six thousand men. He used to say that these men were not forced to work for him; that they were at perfect liberty to accept or reject the terms; that, so far as he was concerned, he would just as soon commit larceny or robbery as to force a man to work for him. "Every laborer under my roof," he used to say, "is as free to choose as I am."

Mr B. believed in absolutely free trade; thought it an outrage to interfere with the free interplay of forces; said that every man should buy, or at least have the privilege

of buying, where he could buy cheapest, and should have the privilege of selling where he could get the most. He insisted that a man who has labor to sell has the right to sell it to the best advantage, and that the purchaser has the right to buy it at the lowest price. He did not enslave men—he hired them. Some said that he took advantage of their necessities; but he answered that he created no necessities, that he was not responsible for their condition, that he did not make them poor, that he found them poor and gave them work, and gave them the same wages that he could employ others for. He insisted that he was absolutely just to all; he did not give one man more than another, and he never refused to employ a man on account of the man's religion or politics; all that he did was simply to employ that man if the man wished to be employed, and give him the wages, no more and no less, that some other man of like capacity was willing to work for.

Mr. B. also said that the price of the article manufactured by him fixed the wages of the persons employed, and that he, Mr. B., was not responsible for the price of the article he manufactured; consequently he was not responsible for the wages of the workmen. He agreed to pay them a certain price, he taking the risk of selling his articles, and he paid them regularly just on the day he agreed to pay them, and if they were not satisfied with the wages, they were at perfect liberty to leave. One of his private sayings was: "The poor ye have always with you." And from this he argued that some men were made poor so that others could be generous. "Take poverty and suffering from the world," he said, "and you destroy sympathy and generosity."

Mr. B. made a large amount of money. Many of his workmen complained that their wages did not allow them to live in comfort. Many had large families, and therefore but little to eat. Some of them lived in crowded rooms. Many of the children were carried off by disease; but Mr. B. took the ground that all these people had the right to go, that he did not force them to remain, that if they were not healthy it was not his fault, and that whenever it pleased Providence to remove a child, or one of the parents, he, Mr. B., was not responsible.

Mr. B. insisted that many of his workmen were extravagant; that they bought things that they did not need; that they wasted in beer and tobacco, money that they should save for funerals; that many of them visited places of amusement when they should have been thinking about death, and that others bought toys to please the children when they hardly had bread enough to eat. He felt that he was in no way accountable for this extravagance, nor for the fact that their wages did not give them the necessaries of life, because he not only gave them the same wages that other manufacturers gave, but the same wages that other workmen were willing to work for.

Mr. B. said,—and he always said this as though it ended the argument,—and he generally stood up to say it: "The great law of supply and demand is of divine origin; it is the only law that will work in all possible or conceivable cases; and this law fixes the price of all labor, and from it there is no appeal. If people are not satisfied with the operation of the law, then let them make a new world for themselves."

Some of Mr. B.'s friends reported that on several occasions, forgetting what he had said on others, he did declare that his confidence was somewhat weakened in the law

of supply and demand; but this was only when there seemed to be an over-production of the things he was engaged in manufacturing, and at such times he seemed to doubt the absolute equity of the great law.

Mr. B. made even a larger fortune than Mr. A., because when his workmen got old he did not have to care for them, when they were sick he paid no doctors, and when their children died he bought no coffins. In this way he was relieved of a large part of the expenses that had to be borne by Mr. A. When his workmen became too old, they were sent to the poorhouse; when they were sick, they were assisted by charitable societies; and when they died, they were buried by pity.

In a few years Mr. B. was the owner of many millions. He also considered himself as one of God's stewards; felt that Providence had given him the intelligence to combine interests, to carry out great schemes, and that he was specially raised up to give employment to many thousands of people. He often regretted that he could do no more for his laborers without lessening his own profits, or, rather, without lessening his fund for the blessing of mankind—the blessing to begin immediately after his death. He was so anxious to be the providence of posterity that he was sometimes almost heartless in his dealings with contemporaries. He felt that it was necessary for him to be economical, to save every dollar that he could, because in this way he could increase the fund that was finally to bless mankind. He also felt that in this way he could lay the foundations of a permanent fame—that he could build, through his executors, an asylum to be called the "B. Asylum," that he could fill a building with books to be called the "B. Library," and that he could also build and endow an institution of learning to be called the "B. College," and that, in addition, a large amount of money could be given for the purpose of civilizing the citizens of less fortunate countries, to the end that they might become imbued with that spirit of combination and manufacture that results in putting large fortunes in the hands of those who have been selected by Providence, on account of their talents, to make a better distribution of wealth than those who earned it could have done.

Mr. B. spent many thousands of dollars to procure such legislation as would protect him from foreign competition. He did not believe the law of supply and demand would work when interfered with by manufacturers living in other countries.

Mr. B., like Mr. A., was a man of judgment. He had what is called a level head, was not easily turned aside from his purpose, and felt that he was in accord with the general sentiment of his time. By his own exertions he rose from poverty to wealth. He was born in a hut and died in a palace. He was a patron of art and enriched his walls with the works of the masters. He insisted that others could and should follow his example. For those who failed or refused he had no sympathy. He accounted for their poverty and wretchedness by saying: "These paupers have only themselves to blame." He died without ever having lost a dollar. His funeral was magnificent, and clergymen vied with each other in laudations of the dead. Over his dust rises a monument of marble with the words:

HE LIVED FOR OTHERS. III

"But there are men who steal, and vainly try
To gild the crime with pompous charity."

There was another man, Mr. C., who also had the genius for combination. He understood the value of capital, the value of labor; knew exactly how much could be done with machinery; understood the economy of things; knew how to do everything in the easiest and shortest way. And he, too, was a manufacturer and had in his employ many thousands of men, women, and children. He was what is called a visionary, a sentimentalist, rather weak in his will, not very obstinate, had but little egotism; and it never occurred to him that he had been selected by Providence, or any supernatural power, to divide the property of others. It did not seem to him that he had any right to take from other men their labor without giving them a full equivalent. He felt that if he had more intelligence than his fellow-men he ought to use that intelligence not only for his own good but for theirs; that he certainly ought not to use it for the purpose of gaining an advantage over those who were his intellectual inferiors. He used to say that a man strong intellectually had no more right to take advantage of a man weak intellectually than the physically strong had to rob the physically weak.

He also insisted that we should not take advantage of each other's necessities; that you should not ask a drowning man a greater price for lumber than you would if he stood on the shore; that if you took into consideration the necessities of your fellow-man, it should be only to lessen the price of that which you would sell to him, not to increase it. He insisted that honest men do not take advantage of their fellows. He was so weak that he had not perfect confidence in the great law of supply and demand as applied to flesh and blood. He took into consideration another law of supply and demand; he knew that the workingman had to be supplied with food, and that his nature demanded something to eat, a house to live in, clothes to wear.

Mr. C. used to think about this law of supply and demand as applicable to individuals. He found that men would work for exceedingly small wages when pressed for the necessaries of life; that under some circumstances they would give their labor for half of what it was worth to the employer, because they were in a position where they must do something for wife or child. He concluded that he had no right to take advantage of the necessities of others, and that he should in the first place honestly find what the work was worth to him, and then give to the man who did the work that amount.

Other manufacturers regarded Mr. C. as substantially insane, while most of his workmen looked upon him as an exceedingly good-natured man, without any particular genius for business. Mr. C., however, cared little about the opinions of others, so long as he maintained his respect for himself.

At the end of the first year he found that he had made a large profit, and thereupon he divided this profit with the people who had earned it. Some of his friends said to him that he ought to endow some public institution; that there should be a college in his native town; but Mr. C. was of such a peculiar turn of mind that he thought justice ought to go before charity, and a little in front of egotism, and a desire to immortalize one's self. He said that it seemed to him that of all persons in the world entitled to this profit were the men who had earned it, the men who had made it by their labor, by days of actual toil. He insisted that, as they had earned it, it was really theirs, and if it was theirs, they should have it and should spend it in their own way.

Mr. C. was told that he would make the workmen in other factories dissatisfied, that other manufacturers would become his enemies, and that his course would scandalize some of the greatest men who had done so much for the civilization of the world and for the spread of intelligence. Mr. C. became extremely unpopular with men of talent, with those who had a genius for business. He, however, pursued his way, and carried on his business with the idea that the men who did the work were entitled to a fair share of the profits; that, after all, money was not as sacred as men, and that the law of supply and demand, as understood, did not apply to flesh and blood.

Mr. C. said: “I cannot be happy if those who work for me are defrauded. If I feel I am taking what belongs to them, then my life becomes miserable. To feel that I have done justice is one of the necessities of my nature. I do not wish to establish colleges. I wish to establish no public institution. My desire is to enable those who work for me to establish a few thousand homes for themselves. My ambition is to enable them to buy the books they really want to read. I do not wish to establish a hospital, but I want to make it possible for my workmen to have the services of the best physicians—physicians of their own choice.

“It is not for me to take their money and use it for the good of others or for my own glory. It is for me to give what they have earned to them. After I have given them the money that belongs to them, I can give them my advice—I can tell them how I hope they will use it; and after I have advised them, they will use it as they please. You cannot make great men and great women by suppression. Slavery is not the school in which genius is born. Every human being must make his own mistakes for himself, must learn for himself, must have his own experience; and if the world improves, it must be from choice, not from force; and every man who does justice, who sets the example of fair dealing, hastens the coming of universal honesty, of universal civilization.”

Mr. C. carried his doctrine out to the fullest extent, honestly and faithfully. When he died, there were at the funeral those who had worked for him, their wives and their children. Their tears fell upon his grave. They planted flowers and paid to him the tribute of their love. Above his silent dust they erected a monument with this inscription:

HE ALLOWED OTHERS TO LIVE FOR THEMSELVES.

North American Review, December, 1831.

Should The Chinese Be Excluded?

THE average American, like the average man of any country, has but little imagination. People who speak a different language, or worship some other god, or wear clothing unlike his own, are beyond the horizon of his sympathy. He cares but little or nothing for the sufferings or misfortunes of those who are of a different complexion or of another race. His imagination is not powerful enough to recognize the human being, in spite of peculiarities. Instead of this he looks upon every difference as an evidence of inferiority, and for the inferior he has but little if any feeling. If these “inferior people” claim equal rights he feels insulted, and for the purpose of establishing his own superiority tramples on the rights of the so-called inferior.

In our own country the native has always considered himself as much better than the immigrant, and as far superior to all people of a different complexion. At one time our people hated the Irish, then the Germans, then the Italians, and now the Chinese. The Irish and Germans, however, became numerous. They became citizens, and, most important of all, they had votes. They combined, became powerful, and the political parties sought their aid. They had something to give in exchange for protection—in exchange for political rights. In consequence of this they were flattered by candidates, praised by the political press, and became powerful enough not only to protect themselves, but at last to govern the principal cities in the United States. As a matter of fact the Irish and the Germans drove the native Americans out of the trades and from the lower forms of labor. They built the railways and canals. They became servants. Afterward the Irish and the Germans were driven from the canals and railways by the Italians.

The Irish and Germans improved their condition. They went into other businesses, into the higher and more lucrative trades. They entered the professions, turned their attention to politics, became merchants, brokers, and professors in colleges. They are not now building railroads or digging on public works. They are contractors, legislators, holders of office, and the Italians and Chinese are doing the old work.

If matters had been allowed to work in a natural way, without the interference of mobs or legislators, the Chinese would have driven the Italians to better employments, and all menial labor would, in time, be done by the Mongolians.

In olden times each nation hated all others. This was considered natural and patriotic. Spain, after many centuries of war, expelled the Moors, then the Moriscoes, and then the Jews. And Spain, in the name of religion and patriotism, succeeded in driving from its territory its industry, its taste and its intelligence, and by these mistakes became poor, ignorant and weak. France started on the same path when the Huguenots were expelled, and even England at one time deported the Jews. In those days a difference of race or religion was sufficient to justify any absurdity and any cruelty.

In our country, as a matter of fact, there is but little prejudice against emigrants coming from Europe, except among naturalized citizens; but nearly all foreign-born citizens are united in their prejudice against the Chinese.

The truth is that the Chinese came to this country by invitation. Under the Burlingame Treaty, China and the United States recognized:

"The inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance, and also the mutual advantage of free migration and emigration of their citizens and subjects respectively from one country to the other for purposes of curiosity, of trade, or as permanent residents."

And it was provided:

"That the citizens of the United States visiting or residing in China and Chinese subjects visiting or residing in the United States should reciprocally enjoy the same privileges, immunities and exemptions, in respect to travel or residence, as shall be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation, in the country in which they shall respectively be visiting or residing."

So, by the treaty of 1880, providing for the limitation or suspension of emigration of Chinese labor, it was declared:

"That the limitation or suspension should apply only to Chinese who emigrated to the United States as laborers; but that Chinese laborers who were then in the United States should be allowed to go and come of their own free will and should be accorded all the rights, privileges, immunities and exemptions, which were accorded to the citizens and subjects of the most favored nations."

It will thus be seen that all Chinese laborers who came to this country prior to the treaty of 1880 were to be treated the same as the citizens and subjects of the most favored nation; that is to say, they were to be protected by our laws the same as we protect our own citizens.

These Chinese laborers are inoffensive, peaceable and law-abiding. They are honest, keeping their contracts, doing as they agree. They are exceedingly industrious, always ready to work and always giving satisfaction to their employers. They do not interfere with other people. They cannot become citizens. They have no voice in the making or the execution of the laws. They attend to their own business. They have their own ideas, customs, religion and ceremonies—about as foolish as our own; but they do not try to make converts or to force their dogmas on others. They are patient, uncomplaining, stoical and philosophical. They earn what they can, giving reasonable value for the money they receive, and as a rule, when they have amassed a few thousand dollars, they go back to their own country. They do not interfere with our ideas, our ways or customs. They are silent workers, toiling without any object, except to do their work and get their pay. They do not establish saloons and run for Congress. Neither do they combine for the purpose of governing others. Of all the people on our soil they are the least meddlesome. Some of them smoke opium, but the opium-smoker does not beat his wife. Some of them play games of chance, but they are not members of the Stock Exchange. They eat the bread that they earn; they neither beg nor steal, but they are of no use to parties or politicians except as they

become fuel to supply the flame of prejudice. They are not citizens and they cannot vote. Their employers are about the only friends they have.

In the Pacific States the lowest became their enemies and asked for their expulsion. They denounced the Chinese and those who gave them work. The patient followers of Confucius were treated as outcasts—stoned by boys in the streets and mobbed by the fathers. Few seemed to have any respect for their rights or their feelings. They were unlike us. They wore different clothes. They dressed their hair in a peculiar way, and therefore they were beyond our sympathies. These ideas, these practices, demoralized many communities; the laboring people became cruel and the small politicians infamous.

When the rights of even one human being are held in contempt the rights of all are in danger. We cannot destroy the liberties of others without losing our own. By exciting the prejudices of the ignorant we at last produce a contempt for law and justice, and sow the seeds of violence and crime.

Both of the great political parties pandered to the leaders of the crusade against the Chinese for the sake of electoral votes, and in the Pacific States the friends of the Chinese were forced to keep still or to publicly speak contrary to their convictions. The orators of the “Sand Lots” were in power, and the policy of the whole country was dictated by the most ignorant and prejudiced of our citizens. Both of the great parties ratified the outrages committed by the mobs, and proceeded with alacrity to violate the treaties and solemn obligations of the Government. These treaties were violated, these obligations were denied, and thousands of Chinamen were deprived of their rights, of their property, and hundreds were maimed or murdered. They were driven from their homes. They were hunted like wild beasts. All this was done in a country that sends missionaries to China to tell the benighted savages of the blessed religion of the United States.

At first a demand was made that the Chinese should be driven out, then that no others should be allowed to come, and laws with these objects in view were passed, in spite of the treaties, preventing the coming of any more. For a time that satisfied the haters of the Mongolian. Then came a demand for more stringent legislation, so that many of the Chinese already here could be compelled to leave. The answer or response to this demand is what is known as the Geary Law.

By this act it is provided, among other things, that any Chinaman convicted of not being lawfully in the country shall be removed to China, after having been imprisoned at hard labor for not exceeding one year. This law also does away with bail on *habeas corpus*, proceedings where the right to land has been denied to a Chinaman. It also compels all Chinese laborers to obtain, within one year after the passage of the law, certificates of residence from the revenue collectors, and if found without such certificate they shall be held to be unlawfully in the United States.

It is further provided that if a Chinaman claims that he failed to get such certificate by “accident, sickness or other unavoidable cause,” then he must clearly establish such claim to the satisfaction of the judge “by at least one credible white witness.”

If we were at war with China then we might legally consider every Chinaman as an enemy, but we were and are at peace with that country. The Geary Act was passed by Congress and signed by the President simply for the sake of votes. The Democrats in Congress voted for it to save the Pacific States to the Democratic column; and a Republican President signed it so that the Pacific States should vote the Republican ticket. Principle was forgotten, or rather it was sacrificed, in the hope of political success. It was then known, as now, that China is a peaceful nation, that it does not believe in war as a remedy, that it relies on negotiation and treaty. It is also known that the Chinese in this country were helpless, without friends, without power to defend themselves. It is possible that many members of Congress voted in favor of the Act believing that the Supreme Court would hold it unconstitutional, and that in the meantime it might be politically useful.

The idea of imprisoning a man at hard labor for a year, and this man a citizen of a friendly nation, for the crime of being found in this country without a certificate of residence, must be abhorrent to the mind of every enlightened man. Such punishment for such an “offence” is barbarous and belongs to the earliest times of which we know. This law makes industry a crime and puts one who works for his bread on a level with thieves and the lowest criminals, treats him as a felon, and clothes him in the stripes of a convict,—and all this is done at the demand of the ignorant, of the prejudiced, of the heartless, and because the Chinese are not voters and have no political power.

The Chinese are not driven away because there is no room for them. Our country is not crowded. There are many millions of acres waiting for the plow. There is plenty of room here under our flag for five hundred millions of people. These Chinese that we wish to oppress and imprison are people who understand the art of irrigation. They can redeem the deserts. They are the best of gardeners. They are modest and willing to occupy the lowest seats. They only ask to be day-laborers, washers and ironers. They are willing to sweep and scrub. They are good cooks. They can clear lands and build railroads. They do not ask to be masters—they wish only to serve. In every capacity they are faithful; but in this country their virtues have made enemies, and they are hated because of their patience, their honesty and their industry.

The Geary Law, however, failed to provide the ways and means for carrying it into effect, so that the probability is it will remain a dead letter upon the statute book. The sum of money required to carry it out is too large, and the law fails to create the machinery and name the persons authorized to deport the Chinese. Neither is there any mode of trial pointed out. According to the law there need be no indictment by a grand jury, no trial by a jury, and the person found guilty of being here without a certificate of residence can be imprisoned and treated as a felon without the ordinary forms of trial.

This law is contrary to the laws and customs of nations. The punishment is unusual, severe, and contrary to our Constitution, and under its provisions aliens—citizens of a friendly nation—can be imprisoned without due process of law. The law is barbarous, contrary to the spirit and genius of American institutions, and was passed in violation of solemn treaty stipulations.

The Congress-that passed it is the same that closed the gates of the World's Fair on the "blessed Sabbath," thinking it wicked to look at statues and pictures on that day. These representatives of the people seem to have had more piety than principle.

After the passage of such a law by the United States is it not indecent for us to send missionaries to China? Is there not work enough for them at home? We send ministers to China to convert the heathen; but when we find a Chinaman on our soil, where he can be saved by our example, we treat him as a criminal.

It is to the interest of this country to maintain friendly relations with China. We want the trade of nearly one-fourth of the human race. We want to pay for all we get from that country in articles of our own manufacture. We lost the trade of Mexico and the South American Republics because of slavery, because we hated people in whose veins was found a drop of African blood, and now we are losing the trade of China by pandering to the prejudices of the ignorant and cruel.

After all, it pays to do right. This is a hard truth to learn—especially for a nation. A great nation should be bound by the highest conception of justice and honor. Above all things it should be true to its treaties, its contracts, its obligations. It should remember that its responsibilities are in accordance with its power and intelligence.

Our Government is founded on the equality of human rights—on the idea, the sacred truth, that all are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Our country is an asylum for the oppressed of all nations—of all races. Here, the Government gets its power from the consent of the governed. After the abolition of slavery these great truths were not only admitted, but they found expression in our Constitution and laws.

Shall we now go back to barbarism?

Russia is earning the hatred of the civilized world by driving the Jews from their homes. But what can the United States say? Our mouths are closed by the Geary Law. We are in the same business. Our law is as inhuman as the order or ukase of the Czar.

Let us retrace our steps, repeal the law and accomplish what we justly desire by civilized means. Let us treat China as we would England; and, above all, let us respect the rights of men,—North American Review, July, 1893.

A Word About Education

THE end of life—the object of life—is happiness. Nothing can be better than that—nothing higher. In order to be really happy, man must be in harmony with his surroundings, with the conditions of well-being. In order to know these surroundings, he must be educated, and education is of value only as it contributes to the wellbeing of man, and only that is education which increases the power of man to gratify his real wants—wants of body and of mind.

The educated man knows the necessity of finding out the facts in nature, the relations between himself and his fellow-men, between himself and the world, to the end that he may take advantage of these facts and relations for the benefit of himself and others. He knows that a man may understand Latin and Greek, Hebrew and Sanscrit, and be as ignorant of the great facts and forces in nature as a native of Central Africa.

The educated man knows something that he can use, not only for the benefit of himself, but for the benefit of others. Every skilled mechanic, every good farmer, every man who knows some of the real facts in nature that touch him, is to that extent an educated man. The skilled mechanic and the intelligent farmer may not be what we call “scholars,” and what we call scholars may not be educated men.

Man is in constant need. He must protect himself from cold and heat, from sun and storm. He needs food and raiment for the body, and he needs what we call art for the development and gratification of his brain. Beginning with what are called the necessaries of life, he rises to what are known as the luxuries, and the luxuries become necessaries, and above luxuries he rises to the highest wants of the soul.

The man who is fitted to take care of himself, in the conditions he may be placed, is, in a very important sense, an educated man. The savage who understands the habits of animals, who is a good hunter and fisher, is a man of education, taking into consideration his circumstances. The graduate of a university who cannot take care of himself—no matter how much he may have studied—is not an educated man.

In our time, an educated man, whether a mechanic, a farmer, or one who follows a profession, should know something about what the world has discovered. He should have an idea of the outlines of the sciences. He should have read a little, at least, of the best that has been written. He should know something of mechanics, a little about politics, commerce, and metaphysics; and in addition to all this, he should know how to make something. His hands should be educated, so that he can, if necessary, supply his own wants by supplying the wants of others.

There are mental misers—men who gather learning all their lives and keep it to themselves. They are worse than hoarders of gold, because when they die their learning dies with them, while the metal miser is compelled to leave his gold for others.

The first duty of man is to support himself—to see to it that he does not become a burden. His next duty is to help others if he has a surplus, and if he really believes they deserve to be helped.

It is not necessary to have what is called a university education in order to be useful or to be happy, any more than it is necessary to be rich, to be happy. Great wealth is a great burden, and to have more than you can use, is to care for more than you want. The happiest are those who are prosperous, and who by reasonable endeavor can supply their reasonable wants and have a little surplus year by year for the winter of their lives.

So, it is no use to learn thousands and thousands of useless facts, or to fill the brain with unspoken tongues. This is burdening yourself with more than you can use. The best way is to learn the useful.

We all know that men in moderate circumstances cau have just as comfortable houses as the richest, just as comfortable clothing, just as good food. They can see just as fine paintings, just as marvelous statues, and they can hear just as good music. They can attend the same theatres and the same operas. They can enjoy the same sunshine, and above all, can love and be loved just as well as kings and millionaires.

So the conclusion of the whole matter is, that he is educated who knows how to take care of himself; and that the happy man is the successful man, and that it is only a burden to have more than you want, or to learn those things that you cannot use.—The High School Register, Omaha, Nebraska, January. 1891.

What I Want For Christmas

IF I had the power to produce exactly what I want for next Christmas, I would have all the kings and emperors resign and allow the people to govern themselves.

I would have all the nobility drop their titles and give their lands back to the people. I would have the Pope throw away his tiara, take off his sacred vestments, and admit that he is not acting for God—is not infallible—but is just an ordinary Italian. I would have all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests and clergymen admit that they know nothing about theology, nothing about hell or heaven, nothing about the destiny of the human race, nothing about devils or ghosts, gods or angels. I would have them tell all their "flocks" to think for themselves, to be manly men and womanly women, and to do all in their power to increase the sum of human happiness.

I would have all the professors in colleges, all the teachers in schools of every kind, including those in Sunday schools, agree that they would teach only what they know, that they would not palm off guesses as demonstrated truths.

I would like to see all the politicians changed to statesmen,—to men who long to make their country great and free,—to men who care more for public good than private gain—men who long to be of use.

I would like to see all the editors of papers and magazines agree to print the truth and nothing but the truth, to avoid all slander and misrepresentation, and to let the private affairs of the people alone.

I would like to see drunkenness and prohibition both abolished.

I would like to see corporal punishment done away with in every home, in every school, in every asylum, reformatory, and prison. Cruelty hardens and degrades, kindness reforms and ennobles.

I would like to see the millionaires unite and form a trust for the public good.

I would like to see a fair division of profits between capital and labor, so that the toiler could save enough to mingle a little June with the December of his life.

I would like to see an international court established in which to settle disputes between nations, so that armies could be disbanded and the great navies allowed to rust and rot in perfect peace.

I would like to see the whole world free—free from injustice—free from superstition.

This will do for next Christmas. The following Christmas, I may want more.—The Arena, Boston, December, 1897.

Fool Friends

NOTHING hurts a man, nothing hurts a party so terribly as fool friends.

A fool friend is the sewer of bad news, of slander and all base and unpleasant things.

A fool friend always knows every mean thing that has been said against you and against the party.

He always knows where your party is losing, and the other is making large gains.

He always tells you of the good luck your enemy has had.

He implicitly believes every story against you, and kindly suspects your defence.

A fool friend is always full of a kind of stupid candor.

He is so candid that he always believes the statement of an enemy.

He never suspects anything on your side.

Nothing pleases him like being shocked by horrible news concerning some good man.

He never denies a lie unless it is in your favor.

He is always finding fault with his party, and is continually begging pardon for not belonging to the other side.

He is frightfully anxious that all his candidates should stand well with the opposition.

He is forever seeing the faults of his party and the virtues of the other.

He generally shows his candor by scratching the ticket.

He always searches every nook and comer of his conscience to find a reason for deserting a friend or a principle.

In the moment of victory he is magnanimously on your side.

In defeat he consoles you by repeating prophecies made after the event.

The fool friend regards your reputation as common prey for all the vultures, hyenas and jackals.

He takes a sad pleasure in your misfortunes.

He forgets his principles to gratify your enemies.

He forgives your maligner, and slanders you with all his heart.

He is so friendly that you cannot kick him.

He generally talks for you but always bets the other way.

Inspiration

WE are told that we have in our possession the inspired will of God. What is meant by the word “inspired” is not exactly known; but whatever else it may mean, certainly it means that the “inspired” must be the true. If it is true, there is in fact no need of its being inspired—the truth will take care of itself.

The church is forced to say that the Bible differs from all other books; it is forced to say that it contains the actual will of God. Let us then see what inspiration really is. A man looks at the sea, and the sea says something to him. It makes an impression upon his mind. It awakens memory, and this impression depends upon the man’s experience—upon his intellectual capacity. Another looks upon the same sea. He has a different brain; he has had a different experience. The sea may speak to him of joy; to the other of grief and tears. The sea cannot tell the same thing to any two human beings, because no two human beings have had the same experience.

Another, standing upon the shore, listening to what the great Greek tragedian called “The multitudinous laughter of the sea,” may say: Every drop has visited all the shores of the earth; every one has been frozen in the vast and icy North; every one has fallen in snow, has been whirled by storms around mountain peaks; every one has been kissed to vapor by the sun; every one has worn the seven-hued garment of light; every one has fallen in pleasant rain, gurgled from springs and laughed in brooks while lovers wooed upon the banks, and every one has rushed with mighty rivers back to the sea’s embrace. Everything in Nature tells a different story to all eyes that see, and to all ears that hear.

Once in my life, and once only, I heard Horace Greeley deliver a lecture. I think the title was “Across the Continent.” At last he reached the mammoth trees of California, and I thought, “Here is an opportunity for the old man to indulge his fancy. Here are trees that have outlived a thousand human governments. There are limbs above his head older than the pyramids. While man was emerging from barbarism to something like civilization, these trees were growing. Older than history, every one appeared to be a memory, a witness, and a prophecy. The same wind that filled the sails of the Argonauts had swayed these trees.” But these trees said nothing of this kind to Mr. Greeley. Upon these subjects not a word was told him. Instead, he took his pencil, and after figuring awhile, remarked: “One of these trees, sawed into inch boards, would make more than three hundred thousand feet of lumber.”

I was once riding in the cars in Illinois. There had been a violent thunder storm. The rain had ceased, the sun was going down. The great clouds had floated toward the west, and there they assumed most wonderful architectural shapes. There were temples and palaces domed and turreted, and they were touched with silver, with amethyst and gold. They looked like the homes of the Titans, or the palaces of the gods. A man was sitting near me. I touched him and said, “Did you ever see anything so beautiful?” He looked out. He saw nothing of the cloud, nothing of the sun, nothing of the color; he saw only the country, and replied, “Yes, it is beautiful; I always did like rolling land.”

On another occasion I was riding in a stage. There had been a snow, and after the snow a sleet, and all the trees were bent, and all the boughs were arched. Every fence, every log cabin, had been transfigured, touched with a glory almost beyond this world. The great fields were a pure and perfect white; the forests, drooping beneath their load of gems, made wonderful caves, from which one almost expected to see troops of fairies come. The whole world looked like a bride, jeweled from head to foot. A German on the back seat, hearing our talk, and our exclamations of wonder, leaned forward, looked out of the stage window, and said, "Y-a-a-s; it looks like a clean table cloth!"

So, when we look upon a flower, a painting, a statue, a star, or a violet, the more we know, the more we have experienced, the more we have thought, the more we remember,—the more the statue, the star, the painting, the violet, has to tell. Nature says to me all that I am capable of understanding—gives all that I can receive.

As with star or flower or sea, so with a book. A man reads Shakespeare. What does he get from him? All that he has the mind to understand. He gets his little cup full. Let another read him who knows nothing of the drama, nothing of the impersonations of passion, and what does he get? Almost nothing. Shakespeare has a different story for each reader. He is a world in which each recognizes his acquaintances—he may know a few—he may know all.

The impression that Nature makes upon the mind, the stories told by sea and star and flower, must be the natural food of thought. Leaving out for the moment the impression gained from ancestors, the hereditary fears and drifts and trends—the natural food of thought must be the impression made upon the brain by coming in contact, through the medium of the five senses, with what we call the outward world. The brain is natural. Its food is natural. The result—thought—must be natural. The supernatural can be constructed with no material except the natural. Of the supernatural we can have no conception.

"Thought" may be deformed, and the thought of one may be strange to, and denominated as unnatural by, another; but it cannot be supernatural. It may be weak, it may be insane, but it is not supernatural. Above the natural, man cannot rise. There can be deformed ideas, as there are deformed persons. There can be religious monstrosities and misshapen, but they must be naturally produced. Some people have ideas about what they are pleased to call the supernatural; what they call the supernatural is simply the deformed. The world is to each man according to each man. It takes the world as it really is, and that man to make that man's world, and that man's world cannot exist without that man.

You may ask, and what of all this? I reply: As with everything in Nature, so with the Bible. It has a different story for each reader. Is then, the Bible a different book to every human being who reads it? It is. Can God, then, through the Bible, make the same revelation to two persons? He cannot. Why? Because the man who reads it is the man who inspires. Inspiration is in the man, as well as in the book. God should have "inspired" readers as well as writers.

You may reply, God knew that his book would be understood differently by each one; really intended that it should be understood as it is understood by each. If this is so,

then my understanding of the Bible is the real revelation to me. If this is so, I have no right to take the understanding of another. I must take the revelation made to me through my understanding, and by that revelation I must stand. Suppose, then, that I do read this Bible honestly, carefully, and when I get through I am compelled to say, “The book is not true!”

If this is the honest result, then you are compelled to say, either that God has made no revelation to me, or that the revelation that it is not true is the revelation made to me, and by which I am bound. If the book and my brain are both the work of the same infinite God, whose fault is it that the book and the brain do not agree? Either God should have written a book to fit my brain, or should have made my brain to fit his book.

The inspiration of the Bible depends upon the ignorance of him who reads.—The Truth Seeker Annual, New York, 1885.

The Truth Of History

THOUSANDS of Christians have asked: How was it possible for Christ and his apostles to deceive the people of Jerusalem? How came the miracles to be believed? Who had the impudence to say that lepers had been cleansed, and that the dead had been raised? How could such impostors have escaped exposure?

I ask: How did Mohammed deceive the people of Mecca? How has the Catholic Church imposed upon millions of people? Who can account for the success of falsehood?

Millions of people are directly interested in the false. They live by lying. To deceive is the business of their lives. Truth is a cripple; lies have wings. It is almost impossible to overtake and kill and bury a lie. If you do, some one will erect a monument over the grave, and the lie is born again as an epitaph. Let me give you a case in point.

A few days ago the Matlock *Register*, a paper published in England, printed the following:

CONVERSION OF THE ARCH ATHEIST.

“Mr. Isaac Loveland, of Shoreham, desires us to insert the following:—

“November 27, 1886.

“Dear Mr. Loveland.—A day or two since, I received from Mr. Hine the exhilarating intelligence that through his lectures on the ‘Identity of the British Nation with Lost Israel,’ in Canada and the United States, that Col. Bob Ingersoll, the arch Atheist, has been converted to Christianity, and has joined the Episcopal Church. Praise the Lord!!! 5,000 of his followers *have been won for Christ* through Mr. Hine’s grand mission work, the other side of the Atlantic. The Colonel’s cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ingersoll, wrote to Mr. Hine soon after he began lecturing in America, informing him that his lectures had made a great impression on the Colonel and other Atheists. I noted it at the time in the Messenger. Bradlaugh will yet be converted; his brother has been, and has joined a British Israel Identity Association. This is progress, and shows what an energetic, determined man (like Mr. Hine), who is earnest in his faith, can do.

“Very faithfully yours,

“H. HODSON RUGG.

“Grove-road, St. John’s Wood, London.”

How can we account for an article like that? Who made up this story? Who had the impudence to publish it?

As a matter of fact, I never saw Mr. Hine, never heard of him until this extract was received by me in the month of December. I never read a word about the “Identity of Lost Israel with the British Nation.” It is a question in which I never had, and never expect to have, the slightest possible interest.

Nothing can be more preposterous than that the Englishman in whose veins can be found the blood of the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, the Piet, the Scot and the Celt, is the descendant of "Abraham, Isaac and Jacob." The English language does not bear the remotest resemblance to the Hebrew, and yet it is claimed by the Reverend Hod-son Rugg that not only myself, but five thousand other Atheists, were converted by the Rev. Mr. Hine, because of his theory that Englishmen and Americans are simply Jews in disguise.

This letter, in my judgment, was published to be used by missionaries in China, Japan, India and Africa.

If stories like this can be circulated about a living man, what may we not expect concerning the dead who have opposed the church?

Countless falsehoods have been circulated about all the opponents of superstition. Whoever attacks the popular falsehoods of his time will find that a lie defends itself by telling other lies. Nothing is so prolific, nothing can so multiply itself, nothing can lay and hatch as many eggs, as a good, healthy, religious lie.

And nothing is more wonderful than the credulity of the believers in the supernatural. They feel under a kind of obligation to believe everything in favor of their religion, or against any form of what they are pleased to call "Infidelity."

The old falsehoods about Voltaire, Paine, Hume, Julian, Diderot and hundreds of others, grow green every spring. They are answered; they are demonstrated to be without the slightest foundation; but they rarely die. And when one does die there seems to be a kind of Cæsarian operation, so that in each instance although the mother dies the child lives to undergo, if necessary, a like operation, leaving another child, and sometimes two.

There are thousands and thousands of tongues ready to repeat what the owners know to be false, and these lies are a part of the stock in trade, the valuable assets, of superstition. No church can afford to throw its property away. To admit that these stories are false now, is to admit that the church has been busy lying for hundreds of years, and it is also to admit that the word of the church is not and cannot be taken as evidence of any fact.

A few years ago, I had a little controversy with the editor of the New York *Observer*, the Rev. Irenaeus Prime, (who is now supposed to be in heaven enjoying the bliss of seeing Infidels in hell), as to whether Thomas Paine recanted his religious opinions. I offered to deposit a thousand dollars for the benefit of a charity, if the reverend doctor would substantiate the charge that Paine recanted. I forced the New York *Observer* to admit that Paine did not recant, and compelled that paper to say that "Thomas Paine died a blaspheming Infidel."

A few months afterward an English paper was sent to me—a religious paper—and in that paper was a statement to the effect that the editor of the New York *Observer* had claimed that Paine recanted; that I had offered to give a thousand dollars to any charity that Mr. Prime might select, if he would establish the fact that Paine did recant; and that so overwhelming was the testimony brought forward by Mr. Prime, that I admitted that Paine did recant, and paid the thousand dollars.

This is another instance of what might be called the truth of history.

I wrote to the editor of that paper, telling the exact facts, and offering him advertising rates to publish the denial, and in addition, stated that if he would send me a copy of his paper with the denial, I would send him twenty-five dollars for his trouble. I received no reply, and the lie is in all probability still on its travels, going from Sunday school to Sunday school, from pulpit to pulpit, from hypocrite to savage,—that is to say, from missionary to Hottentot—without the slightest evidence of fatigue—fresh and strong, and in its cheeks the roses and lilies of perfect health.

Some person, expecting to add another gem to his crown of glory, put in circulation the story that one of my daughters had joined the Presbyterian Church,—a story without the slightest foundation—and although denied a hundred times, it is still being printed and circulated for the edification of the faithful. Every few days I receive some letter of inquiry as to this charge, and I have industriously denied it for years, but up to the present time, it shows no signs of death—not even of weakness.

Another religious gentleman put in print the charge that my son, having been raised in the atmosphere of Infidelity, had become insane and died in an asylum. Notwithstanding the fact that I never had a son, the story still goes right on, and is repeated day after day without the semblance of a blush.

Now, if all this is done while I am alive and well, and while I have all the facilities of our century for spreading the denials, what will be done after my lips are closed?

The mendacity of superstition is almost enough to make a man believe in the supernatural.

And so I might go on for a hundred columns. Billions of falsehoods have been told and there are trillions yet to come. The doctrines of Malthus have nothing to do with this particular kind of reproduction.

“And there are also many other falsehoods which the church has told, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.”—The Truth Seeker, New York, February, 19,1887.

How To Edit A Liberal Paper

A LIBERAL paper should be edited by a Liberal man.

And by the word Liberal I mean, not only free, not only one who thinks for himself, not only one who has escaped from the prisons of customs and creed, but one who is candid, intelligent and kind.

This Liberal editor should not forever play upon one string, no matter how wonderful the music. He should not have his attention forever fixed upon one question—that is to say, he should not look through a reversed telescope and narrow his horizon to that degree that he sees only one thing.

To know that the Bible is the literature of a barbarous people, to know that it is uninspired, to be certain that the supernatural does not and cannot exist—all this is but the beginning of wisdom. This only lays the foundation for unprejudiced observation. To kill weeds, to fell forests, to drive away or exterminate wild beasts—this is preparatory to doing something of greater value. Of course the weeds must be killed, the forests must be felled, and the beasts must be destroyed before the building of homes and the cultivation of fields.

A Liberal paper should not discuss theological questions alone. Intelligent people everywhere have given up most of the old superstitions. They have pretty well made up their minds what is false, and they want to know some others.

That is to say, liberal toward everything that is true. For this reason, a Liberal paper should keep abreast of the discoveries of the human mind. No science should be neglected; no fact should be overlooked. Inventions should be described and understood. And not only this, but the beautiful in thought, in form and color, should be preserved. The paper should be filled with things calculated to interest thoughtful, intelligent and serious people. There should be a column for children as well as for men.

Above all, it should be perfectly kind and candid. In discussion there is no place for hatred, no opportunity for slander. A personality is always out of place. An angry man can neither reason himself, nor perceive the reason of what another says. The orthodox world has always dealt in personalities. Every minister can answer the argument of an opponent by attacking the character of the opponent. This example should never be followed by a Liberal man. Nobody can be bad enough to prove that the Bible is uninspired, and nobody can be good enough to prove that it is the word of God. These facts have no relation. They neither stand nor fall together.

Nothing should be asserted that is not known. Nothing should be denied, the falsity of which has not been, or cannot be, demonstrated. Opinions are simply given for what they are worth. They are guesses, and one guesser should give to another guesser all the right of guessing that he claims for himself. Upon the great questions of origin, of destiny, of immortality, of punishment and reward in other worlds, every honest man must say, “I do not know.” Upon these questions, this is the creed of intelligence. Nothing is harder to bear than the egotism of ignorance and the

arrogance of superstition. The man who has some knowledge of the difficulties surrounding these subjects, who knows something of the limitations of the human mind, must, of necessity, be mentally modest. And this condition of mental modesty is the only one consistent with individual progress.

Above all, and over all, a Liberal paper should teach the absolute freedom of the mind, the utter independence of the individual, the perfect liberty of speech. We should remember that the world is as it must be; that the present is the necessary offspring of the past; that the future must be what the present makes it, and that the real work of the reformer, of the philanthropist, is to change the conditions of the present, to the end that the future may be better.

Secular Thought, Toronto, January 8,1887.

Secularism

SEVERAL people have asked me the meaning of this term.

Secularism is the religion of humanity; it embraces the affairs of this world; it is interested in everything that touches the welfare of a sentient being; it advocates attention to the particular planet in which we happen to live; it means that each individual counts for something; it is a declaration of intellectual independence; it means that the pew is superior to the pulpit, that those who bear the burdens shall have the profits and that they who fill the purse shall hold the strings. It is a protest against theological oppression, against ecclesiastical tyranny, against being the serf, subject or slave of any phantom, or of the priest of any phantom. It is a protest against wasting this life for the sake of one that we know not of. It proposes to let the gods take care of themselves. It is another name for common sense; that is to say, the adaptation of means to such ends as are desired and understood.

Secularism believes in building a home here, in this world. It trusts to individual effort, to energy, to intelligence, to observation and experience rather than to the unknown and the supernatural. It desires to be happy on this side of the grave.

Secularism means food and fireside, roof and raiment, reasonable work and reasonable leisure, the cultivation of the tastes, the acquisition of knowledge, the enjoyment of the arts, and it promises for the human race comfort, independence, intelligence, and above all, liberty. It means the abolition of sectarian feuds, of theological hatreds. It means the cultivation of friendship and intellectual hospitality. It means the living for ourselves and each other; for the present instead of the past, for this world rather than for another. It means the right to express your thought in spite of popes, priests, and gods. It means that impudent idleness shall no longer live upon the labor of honest men. It means the destruction of the business of those who trade in fear. It proposes to give serenity and content to the human soul. It will put out the fires of eternal pain. It is striving to do away with violence and vice, with ignorance, poverty and disease. It lives for the ever present to-day, and the ever coming to-morrow. It does not believe in praying and receiving, but in earning and deserving. It regards work as worship, labor as prayer, and wisdom as the savior of mankind. It says to every human being, Take care of yourself so that you may be able to help others; adorn your life with the gems called good deeds; illumine your path with the sunlight called friendship and love.

Secularism is a religion, a religion that is understood. It has no mysteries, no mummeries, no priests, no ceremonies, no falsehoods, no miracles, and no persecutions. It considers the lilies of the field, and takes thought for the morrow. It says to the whole world, Work that you may eat, drink, and be clothed; work that you may enjoy; work that you may not want; work that you may give and never need.—The Independent Pulpit, Waco, Texas, 1887.

Criticism Of "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," And "An African Farm."

IF one wishes to know what orthodox religion really is—I mean that religion unsoftened by Infidelity, by doubt—let him read "John Ward, Preacher." This book shows exactly what the love of God will do in the heart of man. This shows what the effect of the creed of Christendom is, when absolutely believed. In this case it is the woman who is free and the man who is enslaved. In "Robert Els-mere" the man is breaking chains, while the woman prefers the old prison with its ivy-covered walls.

Why should a man allow human love to stand between his soul and the will of God—between his soul and eternal joy? Why should not the true believer tear every blossom of pity, of charity, from his heart, rather than put in peril his immortal soul?

An orthodox minister has a wife with a heart. Having a heart she cannot believe in the orthodox creed. She thinks God better than he is. She flatters the Infinite. This endangers the salvation of her soul. If she is upheld in this the souls of others may be lost. Her husband feels not only accountable for her soul, but for the souls of others that may be injured by what she says, and by what she does. He is compelled to choose between his wife and his duty, between the woman and God. He is not great enough to go with his heart. He is selfish enough to side with the administration, with power. He lives a miserable life and dies a miserable death.

The trouble with Christianity is that it has no element of compromise—it allows no room for charity so far as belief is concerned. Honesty of opinion is not even a mitigating circumstance. You are not asked to understand—you are commanded to believe. There is no common ground. The church carries no flag of truce. It does not say, Believe you must, but, You must believe. No exception can be made in favor of wife or mother, husband or child. All human relations, all human love must, if necessary, be sacrificed with perfect cheerfulness. "Let the dead bury their dead—follow thou me. Desert wife and child. Human love is nothing—nothing but a snare. You must love God better than wife, better than child." John Ward endeavored to live in accordance with this heartless creed.

Nothing can be more repulsive than an orthodox life—than one who lives in exact accordance with the creed. It is hard to conceive of a more terrible character than John Calvin. It is somewhat difficult to understand the Puritans, who made themselves unhappy by way of recreation, and who seemed to enjoy themselves when admitting their utter worthlessness and in telling God how richly they deserved to be eternally damned. They loved to pluck from the tree of life every bud, every blossom, every leaf. The bare branches, naked to the wrath of God, excited their admiration. They wondered how birds could sing, and the existence of the rainbow led them to suspect the seriousness of the Deity. How can there be any joy if man believes that he acts and lives under an infinite responsibility, when the only business of this life is to avoid the horrors of the next? Why should the lips of men feel the ripple of laughter if there is a bare possibility that the creed of Christendom is true?

I take it for granted that all people believe as they must—that all thoughts and dreams have been naturally produced—that what we call the unnatural is simply the uncommon. All religions, poems, statues, vices and virtues, have been wrought by nature with the instrumentalities called men. No one can read "John Ward, Preacher," without hating with all his heart the creed of John Ward; and no one can read the creed of John Ward, preacher, without pitying with all his heart John Ward; and no one can read this book without feeling how much better the wife was than the husband—how much better the natural sympathies are than the religions of our day, and how much superior common sense is to what is called theology.

When we lay down the book we feel like saying: No matter whether God exists or not; if he does, he can take care of himself; if he does, he does not take care of us; and whether he lives or not we must take care of ourselves. Human love is better than any religion. It is better to love your wife than to love God. It is better to make a happy home here than to sunder hearts with creeds. This book meets the issues far more frankly, with far greater candor. This book carries out to its logical sequence the Christian creed. It shows how uncomfortable a true believer must be, and how uncomfortable he necessarily makes those with whom he comes in contact. It shows how narrow, how hard, how unsympathetic, how selfish, how unreasonable, how unpoetic, the creed of the orthodox church is.

In "Robert Elsmere" there is plenty of evidence of reading and cultivation, of thought and talent. So in "John Ward, Preacher," there is strength, purpose, logic, power of statement, directness and courage. But "The Story of an African Farm" has but little in common with the other two.

It is a work apart—belonging to no school, and not to be judged by the ordinary rules and canons of criticism. There are some puerilities and much philosophy, trivialities and some of the profoundest reflections. In addition to this, there is a vast and wonderful sympathy.

The following upon love is beautiful and profound: "There is a love that begins in the head and goes down to the heart, and grows slowly, but it lasts till death and asks less than it gives. There is another love that blots out wisdom, that is sweet with the sweetness of life and bitter with the bitterness of death, lasting for an hour; but it is worth having lived a whole life for that hour. It is a blood-red flower, with the color of sin, but there is always the scent of a god about it."

There is no character in "Robert Elsmere" or in "John Ward, Preacher," comparable for a moment to Lyndall in the "African Farm." In her there is a splendid courage. She does not blame others for her own faults; she accepts. There is that splendid candor that you find in Juliet in "Measure for Measure." She is asked:

"Love you the man that wronged you?"

And she replies:

"Yes; as I love the woman that wronged him."

The death of this wonderful girl is extremely pathetic.

None but an artist could have written it:

“Then slowly, without a sound, the beautiful eyes closed. The dead face that the glass reflected was a thing of marvellous beauty and tranquillity. The gray dawn crept in over it and saw it lying there.”

So the story of the hunter is wonderfully told. This hunter climbs above his fellows—day by day getting away from human sympathy, away from ignorance. He lost at last his fellow-men, and truth was just as far away as ever. Here he found the bones of another hunter, and as he looked upon the poor remains the wild faces said:

“So he lay down here, for he was very tired. He went to sleep forever. He put himself to sleep. Sleep is very tranquil. You are not lonely when you are asleep, neither do your hands ache nor your heart.”

So the death of Waldo is most wonderfully told. The book is filled with thought, and with thoughts of the writer—nothing is borrowed. It is original, true and exceedingly sad. It has the pathos of real life. There is in it the hunger of the heart, the vast difference between the actual and the ideal:

“I like to feel that strange life beating up against me. I like to realize forms of life utterly unlike my own. When my own life feels small and I am oppressed with it, I like to crush together and see it in a picture, in an instant, a multitude of disconnected, unlike phases of human life—a mediaeval monk with his string of beads pacing the quiet orchard, and looking up from the grass at his feet to the heavy fruit trees; little Malay boys playing naked on a shining sea-beach; a Hindoo philosopher alone under his banyan tree, thinking, thinking, thinking, so that in the thought of God he may lose himself; a troop of Bacchanalians dressed in white, with crowns of vine-leaves, dancing along the Roman streets; a martyr on the night of his death looking through the narrow window to the sky and feeling that already he has the wings that shall bear him up; an epicurean discoursing at a Roman bath to a knot of his disciples on the nature of happiness; a Kafir witch-doctor seeking for herbs by moonlight, while from the huts on the hillside come the sound of dogs barking and the voices of women and children; a mother giving bread and milk to her children in little wooden basins and singing the evening song. I like to see it all; I feel it run through me—that life belongs to me; it makes my little life larger, it breaks down the narrow walls that shut me in.”

The author, Olive Schreiner, has a tropic zone in her heart. She sometimes prattles like a child, then suddenly, and without warning, she speaks like a philosopher—like one who had guessed the riddle of the Sphinx. She, too, is overwhelmed with the injustice of the world—with the negligence of nature—and she finds that it is impossible to find repose for heart or brain in any Christian creed.

These books show what the people are thinking—the tendency of modern thought. Singularly enough the three are written by women. Mrs. Ward, the author of “Robert Elsmere,” to say the least is not satisfied with the Episcopal Church. She feels sure that its creed is not true. At the same time, she wants it denied in a respectful tone of voice, and she really pities people who are compelled to give up the consolation of eternal punishment, although she has thrown it away herself and the tendency of her book is to make other people do so. It is what the orthodox call “a dangerous book.”

It is a flank movement calculated to suggest a doubt to the unsuspecting reader, to some sheep who has strayed beyond the shepherd's voice.

It is hard for any one to read "John Ward, Preacher," without hating Puritanism with all his heart and without feeling certain that nothing is more heartless than the "scheme of salvation;" and whoever finishes "The Story of an African Farm" will feel that he has been brought in contact with a very great, passionate and tender soul. Is it possible that women, who have been the Caryatides of the church, who have borne its insults and its burdens, are to be its destroyers?

Man is a being capable of pleasure and pain. The fact that he can enjoy himself—that he can obtain good—gives him courage—courage to defend what he has, courage to try to get more. The fact that he can suffer pain sows in his mind the seeds of fear. Man is also filled with curiosity. He examines. He is astonished by the uncommon. He is forced to take an interest in things because things affect him. He is liable at every moment to be injured. Countless things attack him. He must defend himself. As a consequence his mind is at work; his experience in some degree tells him what may happen; he prepares; he defends himself from heat and cold. All the springs of action lie in the fact that he can suffer and enjoy. The savage has great confidence in his senses. He has absolute confidence in his eyes and ears. It requires many years of education and experience before he becomes satisfied that things are not always what they appear. It would be hard to convince the average barbarian that the sun does not actually rise and set—hard to convince him that the earth turns. He would rely upon appearances and would record you as insane.

As man becomes civilized, educated, he finally has more confidence in his reason than in his eyes. He no longer believes that a being called Echo exists. He has found out the theory of sound, and he then knows that the wave of air has been returned to his ear, and the idea of a being who repeats his words fades from his mind; he begins then to rely, not upon appearances, but upon demonstration, upon the result of investigation. At last he finds that he has been deceived in a thousand ways, and he also finds that he can invent certain instruments that are far more accurate than his senses—instruments that add power to his sight, to his hearing and to the sensitiveness of his touch. Day by day he gains confidence in himself.

There is in the life of the individual, as in the life of the race, a period of credulity, when not only appearances are accepted without question, but the declarations of others. The child in the cradle or in the lap of its mother, has implicit confidence in fairy stories—believes in giants and dwarfs, in beings who can answer wishes, who create castles and temples and gardens with a thought. So the race, in its infancy, believed in such beings and in such creations. As the child grows, facts take the place of the old beliefs, and the same is true of the race.

As a rule, the attention of man is drawn first, not to his own mistakes, not to his own faults, but to the mistakes and faults of his neighbors. The same is true of a nation—it notices first the eccentricities and peculiarities of other nations. This is especially true of religious systems. Christians take it for granted that their religion is true, that there can be about that no doubt, no mistake. They begin to examine the religions of other nations. They take it for granted that all these other religions are false. They are

in a frame of mind to notice contradictions, to discover mistakes and to apprehend absurdities. In examining other religions they use their common sense. They carry in the hand the lamp of probability. The miracles of other Christs, or of the founders of other religions, appear unreasonable—they find that they are not supported by evidence. Most of the stories excite their laughter. Many of the laws seem cruel, many of the ceremonies absurd. These Christians satisfy themselves that they are right in their first conjecture—that is, that other religions are all made by men. Afterward the same arguments they have used against other religions were found to be equally forcible against their own. They find that the miracles of Buddha rest upon the same kind of evidence as the miracles in the Old Testament, as the miracles in the New—that the evidence in the one case is just as weak and unreliable as in the other. They also find that it is just as easy to account for the existence of Christianity as for the existence of any other religion, and they find that the human mind in all countries has traveled substantially the same road and has arrived at substantially the same conclusions.

It may be truthfully said that Christianity by the examination of other religions laid the foundation for its own destruction. The moment it examined another religion it became a doubter, a sceptic, an investigator. It began to call for proof. This course being pursued in the examination of Christianity itself, reached the result that had been reached as to other religions. In other words, it was impossible for Christians successfully to attack other religions without showing that their own religion could be destroyed. The fact that only a few years ago we were all provincial should be taken into consideration. A few years ago nations were unacquainted with each other—no nation had any conception of the real habits, customs, religions and ideas of any other. Each nation imagined itself to be the favored of heaven—the only one to whom God had condescended to make known his will—the only one in direct communication with angels and deities. Since the circumnavigation of the globe, since the invention of the steam engine, the discovery of electricity, the nations of the world have become acquainted with each other, and we now know that the old ideas were born of egotism, and that egotism is the child of ignorance and savagery.

Think of the egotism of the ancient Jews, who imagined that they were “the chosen people”—the only ones in whom God took the slightest interest! Imagine the egotism of the Catholic Church, claiming that it is the only church—that it is continually under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and that the pope is infallible and occupies the place of God. Think of the egotism of the Presbyterian, who imagines that he is one of “the elect,” and that billions of ages before the world was created, God, in the eternal counsel of his own good pleasure, picked out this particular Presbyterian, and at the same time determined to send billions and billions to the pit of eternal pain. Think of the egotism of the man who believes in special providence. The old philosophy, the old religion, was made in about equal parts of ignorance and egotism. This earth was the universe. The sun rose and set simply for the benefit of “God’s chosen people.” The moon and stars were made to beautify the night, and all the countless hosts of heaven were for no other purpose than to decorate what might be called the ceiling of the earth. It was also believed that this firmament was solid—that up there the gods lived, and that they could be influenced by the prayers and desires of men.

We have now found that the earth is only a grain of sand, a speck, an atom in an infinite universe. We now know that the sun is a million times larger than the earth, and that other planets are millions of times larger than the sun; and when we think of these things, the old stories of the Garden of Eden and Sinai and Calvary seem infinitely out of proportion.

At last we have reached a point where we have the candor and the intelligence to examine the claims of our own religion precisely as we examine those of other countries. We have produced men and women great enough to free themselves from the prejudices born of provincialism—from the prejudices, we might almost say, of patriotism. A few people are great enough not to be controlled by the ideas of the dead—great enough to know that they are not bound by the mistakes of their ancestors—and that a man may actually love his mother without accepting her belief. We have even gone further than this, and we are now satisfied that the only way to really honor parents is to tell our best and highest thoughts. These thoughts ought to be in the mind when reading the books referred to. There are certain tendencies, certain trends of thought, and these tendencies—these trends—bear fruit; that is to say, they produce the books about which I have spoken as well as many others.

The Libel Laws

Question. Have you any suggestions to make in regard to remodeling the libel laws?

Answer. I believe that every article appearing in a paper should be signed by the writer. If it is libelous, then the writer and the publisher should both be held responsible in damages. The law on this subject, if changed, should throw greater safeguards around the reputation of the citizen. It does not seem to me that the papers have any right to complain. Probably a good many suits are brought that should not be instituted, but just think of the suits that are not brought.

Personally I have no complaint to make, as it would be very hard to find anything in any paper against me, but it has never occurred to me that the press needed any greater liberty than it now enjoys.

It might be a good thing for a paper to publish each week, a list of mistakes, if this could be done without making that edition too large. But certainly when a false and scandalous charge has been made by mistake or as the result of imposition, great pains should be taken to give the retraction at once and in a way to attract attention.

I suppose the papers are liable to be imposed upon—liable to print thousands of articles to which the attention of the editor or proprietor was not called. Still, that is not the fault of the man whose character is attacked. On the whole I think the papers have the advantage of the average citizen as the law now is.

If all articles had to be signed by the writer, I am satisfied the writer would be more careful and less liable to write anything of a libelous nature. I am willing to admit that I have given but little attention to the subject, probably for the reason that I have never been a sufferer.

It would hardly do to hold only the writer responsible. Suppose a man writes a libelous article, leaves the country, and then the article is published; is there no remedy? A suit for libel is not much of a remedy, I admit, but it is some. It is like the bayonet in war. Very few are injured by bayonets, but a good many are afraid that they may be.

—The Herald, New York, October 26,1888.

Rev. Dr. Newton's Sermon On A New Religion

I HAVE read the report of the Rev. R. Heber Newton's sermon and I am satisfied, first, that Mr. Newton simply said what he thoroughly believes to be true, and second, that some of the conclusions at which he arrives are certainly correct. I do not regard Mr. Newton as a heretic or sceptic. Every man who reads the Bible must, to a greater or less extent, think for himself. He need not tell his thoughts; he has the right to keep them to himself. But if he undertakes to tell them, then he should be absolutely honest.

The Episcopal creed is a few ages behind the thought of the world. For many, years the foremost members and clergymen in that church have been giving some new meanings to the old words and phrases. Words are no more exempt from change than other things in nature. A word at one time rough, jagged, harsh and cruel, is finally worn smooth. A word known as slang, picked out of the gutter, is cleaned, educated, becomes respectable and finally is found in the mouths of the best and purest.

We must remember that in the world of art the picture depends not alone on the painter, but on the one who sees it. So words must find some part of their meaning in the man who hears or the man who reads. In the old times the word "hell" gave to the hearer or reader the picture of a vast pit filled with an ocean of molten brimstone, in which innumerable souls were suffering the torments of fire, and where millions of devils were engaged in the cheerful occupation of increasing the torments of the damned. This was the real old orthodox view.

As man became civilized, however, the picture grew less and less vivid. Finally, some expressed their doubts about the brimstone, and others began to think that if the Devil was, and is, really an enemy of God he would not spend his time punishing sinners to please God. Why should the Devil be in partnership with his enemy, and why should he inflict torments on poor souls who were his own friends, and who shared with him the feeling of hatred toward the Almighty?

As men became more and more civilized, the idea began to dawn in their minds that an infinitely good and wise being would not have created persons, knowing that they would be eternal failures, or that they were to suffer eternal punishment, because there could be no possible object in eternal punishment—no reformation, no good to be accomplished—and certainly the sight of all this torment would not add to the joy of heaven, neither would it tend to the happiness of God.

So the more civilized adopted the idea that punishment is a consequence and not an infliction. Then they took another step and concluded that every soul, in every world, in every age, should have at least the chance of doing right. And yet persons so believing still used the word "hell," but the old meaning had dropped out.

So with regard to the atonement. At one time it was regarded as a kind of bargain in which so much blood was shed for so many souls. This was a barbaric view. Afterward, the mind developing a little, the idea got in the brain that the life of Christ

was worth its moral effect. And yet these people use the word “atonement,” but the bargain idea has been lost.

Take for instance the word “justice.” The meaning that is given to that word depends upon the man who uses it—depends for the most part on the age in which he lives, the country in which he was born. The same is true of the word “freedom.” Millions and millions of people boasted that they were the friends of freedom, while at the same time they enslaved their fellow-men. So, in the name of justice every possible crime has been perpetrated and in the name of mercy every instrument of torture has been used.

Mr. Newton realizes the fact that everything in the world changes; that creeds are influenced by civilization, by the acquisition of knowledge, by the progress of the sciences and arts—in other words, that there is a tendency in man to harmonize his knowledge and to bring about a reconciliation between what he knows and what he believes. This will be fatal to superstition, provided the man knows anything.

Mr. Newton, moreover, clearly sees that people are losing confidence in the morality of the gospel; that its foundation lacks common sense; that the doctrine of forgiveness is unscientific, and that it is impossible to feel that the innocent can rightfully suffer for the guilty, or that the suffering of innocence can in any way justify the crimes of the wicked. I think he is mistaken, however, when he says that the early church softened or weakened the barbaric passions. I think the early church was as barbarous as any institution that ever gained a footing in this world. I do not believe that the creed of the early church, as understood, could soften anything. A church that preaches the eternity of punishment has within it the seed of all barbarism and the soil to make it grow.

So Mr. Newton is undoubtedly right when he says that the organized Christianity of to-day is not the leader in social progress. No one now goes to a synod to find a fact in science or on any subject. A man in doubt does not ask the average minister; he regards him as behind the times. He goes to the scientist, to the library. He depends upon the untrammelled thought of fearless men.

The church, for the most part, is in the control of the rich, of the respectable, of the well-to-do, of the unsympathetic, of the men who, having succeeded themselves, think that everybody ought to succeed. The spirit of caste is as well developed in the church as it is in the average club. There is the same exclusive feeling, and this feeling in the next world is to be heightened and deepened to such an extent that a large majority of our fellow-men are to be eternally excluded.

The peasants of Europe—the workingmen—do not go to the church for sympathy. If they do they come home empty, or rather empty hearted. So, in our own country the laboring classes, the mechanics, are not depending on the churches to right their wrongs. They do not expect the pulpits to increase their wages. The preachers get their money from the well-to-do—from the employeer class—and their sympathies are with those from whom they receive their wages.

The ministers attack the pleasures of the world. They are not so much scandalized by murder and forgery as by dancing and eating meat on Friday. They regard unbelief as

the greatest of all sins. They are not touching the real, vital issues of the day, and their hearts do not throb in unison with the hearts of the struggling, the aspiring, the enthusiastic and the real believers in the progress of the human race.

It is all well enough to say that we should depend on Providence, but experience has taught us that while it may do no harm to say it, it will do no good to do it. We have found that man must be the Providence of man, and that one plow will do more, properly pulled and properly held, toward feeding the world, than all the prayers that ever agitated the air.

So, Mr. Newton is correct in saying, as I understand him to say, that the hope of immortality has nothing to do with orthodox religion. Neither, in my judgment, has the belief in the existence of a God anything in fact to do with real religion. The old doctrine that God wanted man to do something for him, and that he kept a watchful eye upon all the children of men; that he rewarded the virtuous and punished the wicked, is gradually fading from the mind. We know that some of the worst men have what the world calls success. We know that some of the best men lie upon the straw of failure. We know that honesty goes hungry, while larceny sits at the banquet. We know that the vicious have every physical comfort, while the virtuous are often clad in rags.

Man is beginning to find that he must take care of himself; that special providence is a mistake. This being so, the old religions must go down, and in their place man must depend upon intelligence, industry, honesty; upon the facts that he can ascertain, upon his own experience, upon his own efforts. Then religion becomes a thing of this world—a religion to put a roof above our heads, a religion that gives to every man a home, a religion that rewards virtue here.

If Mr. Newton's sermon is in accordance with the Episcopal creed, I congratulate the creed. In any event, I think Mr. Newton deserves great credit for speaking his thought. Do not understand that I imagine that he agrees with me. The most I will say is that in some things I agree with him, and probably there is a little too much truth and a little too much humanity in his remarks to please the bishop.

There is this wonderful fact, no man has ever yet been persecuted for thinking God bad. When any one has said that he believed God to be so good that he would, in his own time and way, redeem the entire human race, and that the time would come when every soul would be brought home and sit on an equality with the others around the great fireside of the universe, that man has been denounced as a poor, miserable, wicked wretch.—New York Herald, December 13,1888.

An Essay On Christmas

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

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

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

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

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

For my part I am willing to have two or three a year—the more holidays the better. Many people have an idea that I am opposed to Sunday. I am perfectly willing to have

two a week. All I insist on is that these days shall be for the benefit of the people, and that they shall be kept not in a way to make folks miserable or sad or hungry, but in a way to make people happy, and to add a little to the joy of life. Of course, I am in favor of everybody keeping holidays to suit himself, provided he does not interfere with others, and I am perfectly willing that everybody should go to church on that day, provided he is willing that I should go somewhere else.—The Tribune, New York, December, 1889.

Has Freethought A Constructive Side?

THE object of the Freethinker is to ascertain the truth—the conditions of well-being—to the end that this life will be made of value. This is the affirmative, positive, and constructive side.

Without liberty there is no such thing as real happiness. There may be the contentment of the slave—of one who is glad that he has passed the day without a beating—one who is happy because he has had enough to eat—but the highest possible idea of happiness is freedom.

All religious systems enslave the mind. Certain things are demanded—certain things must be believed—certain things must be done—and the man who becomes the subject or servant of this superstition must give up all idea of individuality or hope of intellectual growth and progress.

The religionist informs us that there is somewhere in the universe an orthodox God, who is endeavoring to govern the world, and who for this purpose resorts to famine and flood, to earthquake and pestilence—and who, as a last resort, gets up a revival of religion. That is called "affirmative and positive."

The man of sense knows that no such God exists, and thereupon he affirms that the orthodox doctrine is infinitely absurd. This is called a "negation." But to my mind it is an affirmation, and is a part of the positive side of Freethought.

A man who compels this Deity to abdicate his throne renders a vast and splendid service to the human race.

As long as men believe in tyranny in heaven they will practice tyranny on earth. Most people are exceedingly imitative, and nothing is so gratifying to the average orthodox man as to be like his God.

These same Christians tell us that nearly everybody is to be punished forever, while a few fortunate Christians who were elected and selected billions of ages before the world was created, are to be happy. This they call the "tidings of great joy." The Freethinker denounces this doctrine as infamous beyond the power of words to express. He says, and says clearly, that a God who would create a human being, knowing that that being was to be eternally miserable, must of necessity be an infinite fiend.

The free man, into whose brain the serpent of superstition has not crept, knows that the dogma of eternal pain is an infinite falsehood. He also knows—if the dogma be true—that every decent human being should hate, with every drop of his blood, the creator of the universe. He also knows—if he knows anything—that no decent human being could be happy in heaven with a majority of the human race in hell. He knows that a mother could not enjoy the society of Christ with her children in perdition; and if she could, he knows that such a mother is simply a wild beast. The free man knows that the angelic hosts, under such circumstances, could not enjoy themselves unless they had the hearts of boa-constrictors.

It will thus be seen that there is an affirmative, a positive, a constructive side to Freethought.

What is the positive side?

First: A denial of all orthodox falsehoods—an exposure of all superstitions. This is simply clearing the ground, to the end that seeds of value may be planted. It is necessary, first, to fell the trees, to destroy the poisonous vines, to drive out the wild beasts. Then comes another phase—another kind of work. The Freethinker knows that the universe is natural—that there is no room, even in infinite space, for the miraculous, for the impossible. The Freethinker knows, or feels that he knows, that there is no sovereign of the universe, who, like some petty king or tyrant, delights in showing his authority. He feels that all in the universe are conditioned beings, and that only those are happy who live in accordance with the conditions of happiness, and this fact or truth or philosophy embraces all men and all gods—if there be gods.

The positive side is this: That every good action has good consequences—that it bears good fruit forever—and that every bad action has evil consequences, and bears bad fruit. The Freethinker also asserts that every man must bear the consequences of his actions—that he must reap what he sows, and that he cannot be justified by the goodness of another, or damned for the wickedness of another.

There is still another side, and that is this: The Freethinker knows that all the priests and cardinals and popes know nothing of the supernatural—they know nothing about gods or angels or heavens or hells—nothing about inspired books or Holy Ghosts, or incarnations or atonements. He knows that all this is superstition pure and simple. He knows also that these people—from pope to priest, from bishop to parson, do not the slightest good in this world—that they live upon the labor of others—that they earn nothing themselves—that they contribute nothing toward the happiness, or well-being, or the wealth of mankind. He knows that they trade and traffic in ignorance and fear, that they make merchandise of hope and grief—and he also knows that in every religion the priest insists on five things—First: There is a God. Second: He has made known his will. Third: He has selected me to explain this message. Fourth: We will now take up a collection; and Fifth: Those who fail to subscribe will certainly be damned.

The positive side of Freethought is to find out the truth—the facts of nature—to the end that we may take advantage of those truths, of those facts—for the purpose of feeding and clothing and educating mankind.

In the first place, we wish to find that which will lengthen human life—that which will prevent or kill disease—that which will do away with pain—that which will preserve or give us health.

We also want to go in partnership with these forces of nature, to the end that we may be well fed and clothed—that we may have good houses that protect us from heat and cold. And beyond this—beyond these simple necessities—there are still wants and aspirations, and free-thought will give us the highest possible in art—the most wonderful and thrilling in music—the greatest paintings, the most marvelous

sculpture—in other words, free-thought will develop the brain to its utmost capacity. Freethought is the mother of art and science, of morality and happiness.

It is charged by the worshipers of the Jewish myth, that we destroy, that we do not build.

What have we destroyed? We have destroyed the idea that a monster created and governs this world—the declaration that a God of infinite mercy and compassion upheld slavery and polygamy and commanded the destruction of men, women, and babes. We have destroyed the idea that this monster created a few of his children for eternal joy, and the vast majority for everlasting pain. We have destroyed the infinite absurdity that salvation depends upon belief, that investigation is dangerous, and that the torch of reason lights only the way to hell. We have taken a grinning devil from every grave, and the curse from death—and in the place of these dogmas, of these infamies, we have put that which is natural and that which commends itself to the heart and brain.

Instead of loving God, we love each other. Instead of the religion of the sky—the religion of this world—the religion of the family—the love of husband for wife, of wife for husband—the love of all for children. So that now the real religion is: Let us live for each other; let us live for this world, without regard for the past and without fear for the future. Let us use our faculties and our powers for the benefit of ourselves and others, knowing that if there be another world, the same philosophy that gives us joy here will make us happy there.

Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that we can do something to please or displease an infinite Being. If our thoughts and actions can lessen or increase the happiness of God, then to that extent God is the slave and victim of man.

The energies of the world have been wasted in the service of a phantom—millions of priests have lived on the industry of others and no effort has been spared to prevent the intellectual freedom of mankind.

We know, if we know anything, that supernatural religion has no foundation except falsehood and mistake. To expose these falsehoods—to correct these mistakes—to build the fabric of civilization on the foundation of demonstrated truth—is the task of the Freethinker. To destroy guide-boards that point in the wrong direction—to correct charts that lure to reef and wreck—to drive the fiend of fear from the mind—to protect the cradle from the serpent of superstition and dispel the darkness of ignorance with the sun of science—is the task of the Freethinker.

What constructive work has been done by the church? Christianity gave us a flat world a few thousand years ago—a heaven above it where Jehovah dwells and a hell below it where most people will dwell. Christianity took the ground that a certain belief was necessary to salvation and that this belief was far better and of more importance than the practice of all the virtues. It became the enemy of investigation—the bitter and relentless foe of reason and the liberty of thought. It committed every crime and practiced every cruelty in the propagation of its creed. It drew the sword against the freedom of the world. It established schools and universities for the preservation of ignorance. It claimed to have within its keeping

the source and standard of all truth. If the church had succeeded the sciences could not have existed.

Freethought has given us all we have of value. It has been the great constructive force. It is the only discoverer, and every science is its child.—The Truth Seeker, New York 1890.

The Improved Man

THE Improved Man will be in favor of universal liberty, that is to say, he will be opposed to all kings and nobles, to all privileged classes. He will give to all others the rights he claims for himself. He will neither bow nor cringe, nor accept bowing and cringing from others. He will be neither master nor slave, neither prince nor peasant—simply man.

He will be the enemy of all caste, no matter whether its foundation be wealth, title or power, and of him it will be said: “Blessed is that man who is afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid.”

The Improved Man will be in favor of universal education. He will believe it the duty of every person to shed all the light he can, to the end that no child may be reared in darkness. By education he will mean the gaining of useful knowledge, the development of the mind along the natural paths that lead to human happiness.

He will not waste his time in ascertaining the foolish theories of extinct peoples or in studying the dead languages for the sake of understanding the theologies of ignorance and fear, but he will turn his attention to the affairs of life, and will do his utmost to see to it that every child has an opportunity to learn the demonstrated facts of science, the true history of the world, the great principles of right and wrong applicable to human conduct—the things necessary to the preservation of the individual and of the state, and such arts and industries as are essential to the preservation of all.

He will also endeavor to develop the mind in the direction of the beautiful—of the highest art—so that the palace in which the mind dwells may be enriched and rendered beautiful, to the end that these stones, called facts, may be changed into statues.

The Improved Man will believe only in the religion of this world. He will have nothing to do with the miraculous and supernatural. He will find that there is no room in the universe for these things. He will know that happiness is the only good, and that everything that tends to the happiness of sentient beings is good, and that to do the things—and no other—that add to the happiness of man is to practice the highest possible religion. His motto will be: “Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof.” He will know that each man should be his own priest, and that the brain is the real cathedral. He will know that in the realm of mind there is no authority—that majorities in this mental world can settle nothing—that each soul is the sovereign of its own world, and that it cannot abdicate without degrading itself. He will not bow to numbers or force; to antiquity or custom. He, standing under the flag of nature, under the blue and stars, will decide for himself. He will not endeavor by prayers and supplication, by fastings and genuflections, to change the mind of the “Infinite” or alter the course of nature, neither will he employ others to do those things in his place. He will have no confidence in the religion of idleness, and will give no part of what he earns to support parson or priest, archbishop or pope. He will know that honest labor is the highest form of prayer. He will spend no time in ringing bells or

swinging censers, or in chanting the litanies of barbarism, but he will appreciate all that is artistic—that is beautiful—that tends to refine and ennoble the human race. He will not live a life of fear. He will stand in awe neither of man nor ghosts. He will enjoy not only the sunshine of life, but will bear with fortitude the darkest days. He will have no fear of death. About the grave, there will be no terrors, and his life will end as serenely as the sun rises.

The Improved Man will be satisfied that the supernatural does not exist—that behind every fact, every thought and dream is an efficient cause. He will know that every human action is a necessary product, and he will also know that men cannot be reformed by punishment, by degradation or by revenge. He will regard those who violate the laws of nature and the laws of States as victims of conditions, of circumstances, and he will do what he can for the wellbeing of his fellow-men.

The Improved Man will not give his life to the accumulation of wealth. He will find no happiness in exciting the envy of his neighbors. He will not care to live in a palace while others who are good, industrious and kind are compelled to huddle in huts and dens. He will know that great wealth is a great burden, and that to accumulate beyond the actual needs of a reasonable human being is to increase not wealth, but responsibility and trouble.

The Improved Man will find his greatest joy in the happiness of others and he will know that the home is the real temple. He will believe in the democracy of the fireside, and will reap his greatest reward in being loved by those whose lives he has enriched.

The Improved Man will be self-poised, independent, candid and free. He will be a scientist. He will observe, investigate, experiment and demonstrate. He will use his sense and his senses. He will keep his mind open as the day to the hints and suggestions of nature. He will always be a student, a learner and a listener—a believer in intellectual hospitality. In the world of his brain there will be continuous summer, perpetual seed-time and harvest. Facts will be the foundation of his faith. In one hand he will carry the torch of truth, and with the other raise the fallen.—The World, New York, February 28,1890.

Eight Hours Must Come

I HARDLY know enough on the subject to give an opinion as to the time when eight hours are to become a day's work, but I am perfectly satisfied that eight hours will become a labor day.

The working people should be protected by law; if they are not, the capitalists will require just as many hours as human nature can bear. We have seen here in America street-car drivers working sixteen and seventeen hours a day. It was necessary to have a strike in order to get to fourteen, another strike to get to twelve, and nobody could blame them for keeping on striking till they get to eight hours.

For a man to get up before daylight and work till after dark, life is of no particular importance. He simply earns enough one day to prepare himself to work another. His whole life is spent in want and toil, and such a life is without value.

Of course, I cannot say that the present effort is going to succeed—all I can say is that I hope it will. I cannot see how any man who does nothing—who lives in idleness—can insist that others should work ten or twelve hours a day. Neither can I see how a man who lives on the luxuries of life can find it in his heart, or in his stomach, to say that the poor ought to be satisfied with the crusts and crumbs they get.

I believe there is to be a revolution in the relations between labor and capital. The laboring people a few generations ago were not very intellectual. There were no schoolhouses, no teachers except the church, and the church taught obedience and faith—told the poor people that although they had a hard time here, working for nothing, they would be paid in Paradise with a large interest. Now the working people are more intelligent—they are better educated—they read and write. In order to carry on the works of the present, many of them are machinists of the highest order. They must be reasoners. Every kind of mechanism insists upon logic. The working people are reasoners—their hands and heads are in partnership. They know a great deal more than the capitalists. It takes a thousand times the brain to make a locomotive that it does to run a store or a bank. Think of the intelligence in a steamship and in all the thousand machines and devices that are now working for the world. These working people read. They meet together—they discuss. They are becoming more and more independent in thought. They do not believe all they hear. They may take their hats off their heads to the priests, but they keep their brains in their heads for themselves.

The free school in this country has tended to put men on an equality, and the mechanic understands his side of the case, and is able to express his views. Under these circumstances there must be a revolution. That is to say, the relations between capital and labor must be changed, and the time must come when they who do the work—they who make the money—will insist on having some of the profits.

I do not expect this remedy to come entirely from the Government, or from Government interference. I think the Government can aid in passing good and wholesome laws—laws fixing the length of a labor day; laws preventing the

employment of children; laws for the safety and security of workingmen in mines and other dangerous places. But the laboring people must rely upon themselves; on their intelligence, and especially on their political power. They are in the majority in this country. They can if they wish—if they will stand together—elect Congresses and Senates, Presidents and Judges. They have it in their power to administer the Government of the United States.

The laboring man, however, ought to remember that all who labor are their brothers, and that all women who labor are their sisters, and whenever one class of workingmen or working women is oppressed all other laborers ought to stand by the oppressed class. Probably the worst paid people in the world are the working-women. Think of the sewing women in this city—and yet we call ourselves civilized! I would like to see all working people unite for the purpose of demanding justice, not only for men, but for women.

All my sympathies are on the side of those who toil—of those who produce the real wealth of the world—of those who carry the burdens of mankind.

Any man who wishes to force his brother to work—to toil—more than eight hours a day is not a civilized man.

My hope for the workingman has its foundation in the fact that he is growing more and more intelligent. I have also the same hope for the capitalist. The time must come when the capitalist will clearly and plainly see that his interests are identical with those of the laboring man. He will finally become intelligent enough to know that his prosperity depends on the prosperity of those who labor. When both become intelligent the matter will be settled.

Neither labor nor capital should resort to force.—The Morning Journal, April 27, 1890.

The Jews

WHEN I was a child, I was taught that the Jews were an exceedingly hard-hearted and cruel people, and that they were so destitute of the finer feelings that they had a little while before that time crucified the only perfect man who had appeared upon the earth; that this perfect man was also perfect God, and that the Jews had really stained their hands with the blood of the Infinite.

When I got somewhat older, I found that nearly all people had been guilty of substantially the same crime—that is, that they had destroyed the progressive and the thoughtful; that religionists had in all ages been cruel; that the chief priests of all people had incited the mob, to the end that heretics—that is to say, philosophers—that is to say, men who knew that the chief priests were hypocrites—might be destroyed.

I also found that Christians had committed more of these crimes than all other religionists put together.

I also became acquainted with a large number of Jewish people, and I found them like other people, except that, as a rule, they were more industrious, more temperate, had fewer vagrants among them, no beggars, very few criminals; and in addition to all this, I found that they were intelligent, kind to their wives and children, and that, as a rule, they kept their contracts and paid their debts.

The prejudice was created almost entirely by religious, or rather irreligious, instruction. All children in Christian countries are taught that all the Jews are to be eternally damned who die in the faith of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; that it is not enough to believe in the inspiration of the Old Testament—not enough to obey the Ten Commandments—not enough to believe the miracles performed in the days of the prophets, but that every Jew must accept the New Testament and must be a believer in Christianity—that is to say, he must be regenerated—or he will simply be eternal kindling wood.

The church has taught, and still teaches, that every Jew is an outcast; that he is to-day busily fulfilling prophecy; that he is a wandering witness in favor of “the glad tidings of great joy;” that Jehovah is seeing to it that the Jews shall not exist as a nation—that they shall have no abiding place, but that they shall remain scattered, to the end that the inspiration of the Bible may be substantiated.

Dr. John Hall of this city, a few years ago, when the Jewish people were being persecuted in Russia, took the ground that it was all fulfillment of prophecy, and that whenever a Jewish maiden was stabbed to death, God put a tongue in every wound for the purpose of declaring the truth of the Old Testament.

Just as long as Christians take these positions, of course they will do what they can to assist in the fulfillment of what they call prophecy, and they will do their utmost to keep the Jewish people in a state of exile, and then point to that fact as one of the corner-stones of Christianity.

My opinion is that in the early days of Christianity all sensible Jews were witnesses against the faith, and in this way excited the hostility of the orthodox. Every sensible Jew knew that no miracles had been performed in Jerusalem. They all knew that the sun had not been darkened, that the graves had not given up their dead, that the veil of the temple had not been rent in twain—and they told what they knew. They were then denounced as the most infamous of human beings, and this hatred has pursued them from that day to this.

There is no other chapter in history so infamous, so bloody, so cruel, so relentless, as the chapter in which is told the manner in which Christians—those who love their enemies—have treated the Jewish people. This story is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek, and the words of indignation to the lips of every honest man.

Nothing can be more unjust than to generalize about nationalities, and to speak of a race as worthless or vicious, simply because you have met an individual who treated you unjustly. There are good people and bad people in all races, and the individual is not responsible for the crimes of the nation, or the nation responsible for the actions of the few. Good men and honest men are found in every faith, and they are not honest or dishonest because they are Jews or Gentiles, but for entirely different reasons.

Some of the best people I have ever known are Jews, and some of the worst people I have known are Christians. The Christians were not bad simply because they were Christians, neither were the Jews good because they were Jews. A man is far above these badges of faith and race. Good Jews are precisely the same as good Christians, and bad Christians are wonderfully like bad Jews.

Personally, I have either no prejudices about religion, or I have equal prejudice against all religions. The consequence is that I judge of people not by their creeds, not by their rites, not by their mummeries, but by their actions.

In the first place, at the bottom of this prejudice lies the coiled serpent of superstition. In other words, it is a religious question. It seems impossible for the people of one religion to like the people believing in another religion. They have different gods, different heavens, and a great variety of hells. For the followers of one god to treat the followers of another god decently is a kind of treason. In order to be really true to his god, each follower must not only hate all other gods, but the followers of all other gods.

The Jewish people should outgrow their own superstitions. It is time for them to throw away the idea of inspiration. The intelligent jew of to-day knows that the Old Testament was written by barbarians., and he knows that the rites and ceremonies are simply absurd. He knows that no intelligent man should care anything about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, three dead barbarians. In other words, the Jewish people should leave their superstition and rely on science and philosophy.

The Christian should do the same. He, by this time, should know that his religion is a mistake, that his creed has no foundation in the eternal verities. The Christian certainly should give up the hopeless task of converting the Jewish people, and the

Jews should give up the useless task of converting the Christians. There is no propriety in swapping superstitions—neither party can afford to give any boot.

When the Christian throws away his cruel and heartless superstitions, and when the Jew throws away his, then they can meet as man to man.

In the meantime, the world will go on in its blundering way, and I shall know and feel that everybody does as he must, and that the Christian, to the extent that he is prejudiced, is prejudiced by reason of his ignorance, and that consequently the great lever with which to raise all mankind into the sunshine of philosophy, is intelligence.

Crumbling Creeds

THERE is a desire in each brain to harmonize the knowledge that it has. If a man knows, or thinks he knows, a few facts, he will naturally use those facts for the purpose of determining the accuracy of his opinions on other subjects. This is simply an effort to establish or prove the unknown by the known—a process that is constantly going on in the minds of all intelligent people.

It is natural for a man not governed by fear, to use what he knows in one department of human inquiry, in every other department that he investigates. The average of intelligence has in the last few years greatly increased. Man may have as much credulity as he ever had, on some subjects, but certainly on the old subjects he has less. There is not as great difference to-day between the members of the learned professions and the common people. Man is governed less and less by authority. He cares but little for the conclusions of the universities. He does not feel bound by the actions of synods or ecumenical councils—neither does he bow to the decisions of the highest tribunals, unless the reasons given for the decision satisfy his intellect. One reason for this is, that the so-called "learned" do not agree among themselves—that the universities dispute each other—that the synod attacks the ecumenical council—that the parson snaps his fingers at the priest, and even the Protestant bishop holds the pope in contempt. If the learned cau thus disagree, there is no reason why the common people should hold to one opinion. They are at least called upon to decide as between the universities or synods; and in order to decide, they must examine both sides, and having examined both sides, they generally have an opinion of their own.

There was a time when the average man knew nothing of medicine—he simply opened his mouth and took the dose. If he died, it was simply a dispensation of Providence—if he got well, it was a triumph of science. Now this average man not only asks the doctor what is the matter with him—not only asks what medicine will be good for him,—but insists on knowing the philosophy of the cure—asks the doctor why he gives it—what result he expects—and, as a rule, has a judgment of his own.

So in law. The average business man has an exceedingly good idea of the law affecting his business. There is nothing now mysterious about what goes on in courts or in the decisions of judges—they are published in every direction, and all intelligent people who happen to read these opinions have their ideas as to whether the opinions are right or wrong. They are no longer the victims of doctors, or of lawyers, or of courts.

The same is true in the world of art and literature. The average man has an opinion of his own. He is no longer a parrot repeating what somebody else says. He not only has opinions, but he has the courage to express them. In literature the old models fail to satisfy him. He has the courage to say that Milton is tiresome—that Dante is prolix—that they deal with subjects having no human interest. He laughs at Young's "Night Thoughts" and Pollok's "Course of Time"—knowing that both are filled with hypocrisies and absurdities. He no longer falls upon his knees before the mechanical

poetry of Mr. Pope. He chooses—and stands by his own opinion. I do not mean that he is entirely independent, but that he is going in that direction.

The same is true of pictures. He prefers the modern to the old masters. He prefers Corot to Raphael. He gets more real pleasure from Millet and Troyon than from all the pictures of all the saints and donkeys of the Middle Ages.

In other words, the days of authority are passing away.

The same is true in music. The old no longer satisfies, and there is a breadth, color, wealth, in the new that makes the old poor and barren in comparison.

To a far greater extent this advance, this individual independence, is seen in the religious world. The religion of our day—that is to say, the creeds—at the time they were made, were in perfect harmony with the knowledge, or rather with the ignorance, of man in all other departments of human inquiry. All orthodox creeds agreed with the sciences of their day—with the astronomy and geology and biology and political conceptions of the Middle Ages. These creeds were declared to be the absolute and eternal truth. They could not be changed without abandoning the claim that made them authority. The priests, through a kind of unconscious self-defence, clung to every word. They denied the truth of all discovery. They measured every assertion in every other department by their creeds. At last the facts against them became so numerous—their congregations became so intelligent—that it was necessary to give new meanings to the old words. The cruel was softened—the absurd was partially explained, and they kept these old words, although the original meanings had fallen out. They became empty purses, but they retained them still.

Slowly but surely came the time when this course could not longer be pursued. The words must be thrown away—the creeds must be changed—they were no longer believed—only occasionally were they preached. The ministers became a little ashamed—they began to apologize. Apology is the prelude to retreat.

Of all the creeds, the Presbyterian, the old Congregational, were the most explicit, and for that reason the most absurd. When these creeds were written, those who wrote them had perfect confidence in their truth. They did not shrink because of their cruelty. They cared nothing for what others called absurdity. They failed not to declare what they believed to be “the whole counsel of God.”

At that time, cruel punishments were inflicted by all governments. People were torn asunder, mutilated, burned. Every atrocity was perpetrated in the name of justice, and the limit of pain was the limit of endurance. These people imagined that God would do as they would do. If they had had it in their power to keep the victim alive for years in the flames, they would most cheerfully have supplied the fagots. They believed that God could keep the victim alive forever, and that therefore his punishment would be eternal. As man becomes civilized he becomes merciful, and the time came when civilized Presbyterians and Congregationalists read their own creeds with horror.

I am not saying that the Presbyterian creed is any worse than the Catholic. It is only a little more specific. Neither am I saying that it is more horrible than the Episcopal. It is not. All orthodox creeds are alike infamous. All of them have good things, and all

of them have bad things. You will find in every creed the blossom of mercy and the oak of justice, but under the one and around the other are coiled the serpents of infinite cruelty.

The time came when orthodox Christians began dimly to perceive that God ought at least to be as good as they were. They felt that they were incapable of inflicting eternal pain, and they began to doubt the propriety of saying that God would do that which a civilized Christian would be incapable of.

We have improved in all directions for the same reasons. We have better laws now because we have a better sense of justice. We are believing more and more in the government of the people. Consequently we are believing more and more in the education of the people, and from that naturally results greater individuality and a greater desire to hear the honest opinions of all.

The moment the expression of opinion is allowed in any department, progress begins. We are using our knowledge in every direction. The tendency is to test all opinions by the facts we know. All claims are put in the crucible of investigation—the object being to separate the true from the false. He who objects to having his opinions thus tested is regarded as a bigot.

If the professors of all the sciences had claimed that the knowledge they had was given by inspiration—that it was absolutely true, and that there was no necessity of examining further, not only, but that it was a kind of blasphemy to doubt—all the sciences would have remained as stationary as religion has. Just to the extent that the Bible was appealed to in matters of science, science was retarded; and just to the extent that science has been appealed to in matters of religion, religion has advanced—so that now the object of intelligent religionists is to adopt a creed that will bear the test and criticism of science.

Another thing may be alluded to in this connection. All the countries of the world are now, and have been for years, open to us. The ideas of other people—their theories, their religions—are now known; and we have ascertained that the religions of all people have exactly the same foundation as our own—that they all arose in the same way, were substantiated in the same way, were maintained by the same means, having precisely the same objects in view.

For many years, the learned of the religious world were examining the religions of other countries, and in that work they established certain rules of criticism—pursued certain lines of argument—by which they overturned the claims of those religions to supernatural origin. After this had been successfully done, others, using the same methods on our religion, pursuing the same line of argument, succeeded in overturning ours. We have found that all miracles rest on the same basis—that all wonders were born of substantially the same ignorance and the same fear.

The intelligence of the world is far better distributed than ever before. The historical outlines of all countries are well known. The arguments for and against all systems of religion are generally understood. The average of intelligence is far higher than ever before. All discoveries become almost immediately the property of the whole civilized world, and all thoughts are distributed by the telegraph and press with such rapidity,

that provincialism is almost unknown. The egotism of ignorance and seclusion is passing away. The prejudice of race and religion is growing feebler, and everywhere, to a greater extent than ever before, the light is welcome.

These are a few of the reasons why creeds are crumbling, and why such a change has taken place in the religious world.

Only a few years ago the pulpit was an intellectual power. The pews listened with wonder, and accepted without question. There was something sacred about the preacher. He was different from other mortals. He had bread to eat which they knew not of. He was oracular, solemn, dignified, stupid.

The pulpit has lost its position. It speaks no longer with authority. The pews determine what shall be preached. They pay only for that which they wish to buy—for that which they wish to hear. Of course in every church there is an advance guard and a conservative party, and nearly every minister is obliged to preach a little for both. He now and then says a radical thing for one part of his congregation, and takes it mostly back on the next Sabbath, for the sake of the others. Most of them ride two horses, and their time is taken up in urging one forward and in holding the other back.

The great reason why the orthodox creeds have become unpopular is, that all teach the dogma of eternal pain.

In old times, when men were nearly wild beasts, it was natural enough for them to suppose that God would do as they would do in his place, and so they attributed to this God infinite cruelty, infinite revenge. This revenge, this cruelty, wore the mask of justice. They took the ground that God, having made man, had the right to do with him as he pleased. At that time they were not civilized to the extent of seeing that a God would not have the right to make a failure, and that a being of infinite wisdom and power would be under obligation to do the right, and that he would have no right to create any being whose life would not be a blessing. The very fact that he made man, would put him under obligation to see to it that life should not be a curse.

The doctrine of eternal punishment is in perfect harmony with the savagery of the men who made the orthodox creeds. It is in harmony with torture, with flaying alive and with burnings. The men who burned their fellow-men for a moment, believed that God would burn his enemies forever.

No civilized men ever believed in this dogma. The belief in eternal punishment has driven millions from the church. It was easy enough for people to imagine that the children of others had gone to hell; that foreigners had been doomed to eternal pain; but when it was brought home—when fathers and mothers bent above their dead who had died in their sins—when wives shed their tears on the faces of husbands who had been born but once—love suggested doubts and love fought the dogma of eternal revenge.

This doctrine is as cruel as the hunger of hyenas, and is infamous beyond the power of any language to express—yet a creed with this doctrine has been called “the glad tidings of great joy”—a consolation to the weeping world. It is a source of great pleasure to me to know that all intelligent people are ashamed to admit that they

believe it—that no intelligent clergyman now preaches it, except with a preface to the effect that it is probably untrue.

I have been blamed for taking this consolation from the world—for putting out, or trying to put out, the fires of hell; and many orthodox people have wondered how I could be so wicked as to deprive the world of this hope.

The church clung to the doctrine because it seemed a necessary excuse for the existence of the church. The ministers said: “No hell, no atonement; no atonement, no fall of man; no fall of man, no inspired book; no inspired book, no preachers; no preachers, no salary; no hell, no missionaries; no sulphur, no salvation.”

At last, the people are becoming enlightened enough to ask for a better philosophy. The doctrine of hell is now only for the poor, the ragged, the ignorant. Well-dressed people won’t have it. Nobody goes to hell in a carriage—they foot it. Hell is for strangers and tramps. No soul leaves a brown-stone front for hell—they start from the tenements, from jails and reformatories. In other words, hell is for the poor. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a poor man to get into heaven, or for a rich man to get into hell. The ministers stand by their supporters. Their salaries are paid by the well-to-do, and they can hardly afford to send the subscribers to hell. Every creed in which is the dogma of eternal pain is doomed. Every church teaching the infinite lie must fall, and the sooner the better.—The Twentieth Century, N, Y., April 21,1890.

Our Schools

I BELIEVE that education is the only lever capable of raising mankind. If we wish to make the future of the Republic glorious we must educate the children of the present. The greatest blessing conferred by our Government is the free school. In importance it rises above everything else that the Government does. In its influence it is far greater.

The schoolhouse is infinitely more important than the church, and if all the money wasted in the building of churches could be devoted to education we should become a civilized people. Of course, to the extent that churches disseminate thought they are good, and to the extent that they provoke discussion they are of value, but the real object should be to become acquainted with nature—with the conditions of happiness—to the end that man may take advantage of the forces of nature. I believe in the schools for manual training, and that every child should be taught not only to think, but to do, and that the hand should be educated with the brain. The money expended on schools is the best investment made by the Government.

The schoolhouses in New York are not sufficient. Many of them are small, dark, unventilated, and unhealthy. They should be the finest public buildings in the city. It would be far better for the Episcopalians to build a university than a cathedral. Attached to all these schoolhouses there should be grounds for the children—places for air and sunlight. They should be given the best. They are the hope of the Republic and, in my judgment, of the world.

We need far more schoolhouses than we have, and while money is being wasted in a thousand directions, thousands of children are left to be educated in the gutter. It is far cheaper to build schoolhouses than prisons, and it is much better to have scholars than convicts.

The Kindergarten system should be adopted, especially for the young; attending school is then a pleasure—the children do not run away from school, but to school. We should educate the children not simply in mind, but educate their eyes and hands, and they should be taught something that will be of use, that will help them to make a living, that will give them independence, confidence—that is to say, character.

The cost of the schools is very little, and the cost of land—giving the children, as I said before, air and light—would amount to nothing.

There is another thing: Teachers are poorly paid. Only the best should be employeed, and they should be well paid. Men and women of the highest character should have charge of the children, because there is a vast deal of education in association, and it is of the utmost importance that the children should associate with real gentlemen—that is to say, with real men; with real ladies—that is to say, with real women.

Every schoolhouse should be inviting, clean, well ventilated, attractive. The surroundings should be delightful. Children forced to school, learn but little. The schoolhouse should not be a prison or the teachers turnkeys.

I believe that the common school is the bread of life, and all should be commanded to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It would have been far better to have expelled those who refused to eat.

The greatest danger to the Republic is ignorance. Intelligence is the foundation of free government.—The World, New York, September 7, 1800.

Vivisection

VIVISECTION is the Inquisition—the Hell—of Science.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I know that good for the human race can never be accomplished by torture. I also know that all that has been ascertained by vivisection could have been done by the dissection of the dead. I know that all the torture has been useless. All the agony inflicted has simply hardened the hearts of the criminals, without enlightening their minds.

It may be that the human race might be physically improved if all the sickly and deformed babes were killed, and if all the paupers, liars, drunkards, thieves, villains, and vivisectionists were murdered. All this might, in a few ages, result in the

production of a generation of physically perfect men and women; but what would such beings be worth,—men and women healthy and heartless, muscular and cruel—that is to say, intelligent wild beasts?

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

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

The Census Enumerator's Official Catechism

I SUPPOSE the Government has a right to ask all of these questions, and any more it pleases, but undoubtedly the citizen would have the right to refuse to answer them. Originally the census was taken simply for the purpose of ascertaining the number of people—first, as a basis of representation; second, as a basis of capitation tax; third, as a basis to arrive at the number of troops that might be called from each State; and it may be for some other purposes, but I imagine that all are embraced in the foregoing.

The Government has no right to invade the privacy of the citizen; no right to inquire into his financial condition, as thereby his credit might be injured; no right to pry into his affairs, into his diseases, or his deformities; and, while the Government may have the right to ask these questions, I think it was foolish to instruct the enumerators to ask them, and that the citizens have a perfect right to refuse to answer them. Personally, I have no objection to answering any of these questions, for the reason that nothing is the matter with me that money will not cure.

I know that it is thought advisable by many to find out the amount of mortgages in the United States, the rate of interest that is being paid, the general indebtedness of individuals, counties, cities and States, and I see no impropriety in finding this out in any reasonable way. But I think it improper to insist on the debtor exposing his financial condition. My opinion is that Mr. Porter only wants what is perfectly reasonable, and if left to himself, would ask only those questions that all people would willingly answer.

I presume we can depend on medical statistics—on the reports of hospitals, etc., in regard to diseases and deformities, without interfering with the patients. As to the financial standing of people, there are already enough of spies in this country attending to that business. I don't think there is any danger of the courts compelling a man to answer these questions. Suppose a man refuses to tell whether he has a chronic disease or not, and he is brought up before a United States Court for contempt. In my opinion the judge would decide that the man could not be compelled to answer. It is bad enough to have a chronic disease without publishing it to the world. All intelligent people, of course, will be desirous of giving all useful information of a character that cannot be used to their injury, but can be used for the benefit of society at large.

If, however, the courts shall decide that the enumerators have the right to ask these questions, and that everybody must answer them, I doubt if the census will be finished for many years. There are hundreds and thousands of people who delight in telling all about their diseases, when they were attacked, what they have taken, how many doctors have given them up to die, etc., and if the enumerators will stop to listen, the census of 1890 will not be published until the next century.—The World, New York, June 8, 1890.

The Agnostic Christmas

AGAIN we celebrate the victory of Light over Darkness, of the God of day over the hosts of night. Again Samson is victorious over Delilah, and Hercules triumphs once more over Omphale. In the embrace of Isis, Osiris rises from the dead, and the scowling Typhon is defeated once more. Again Apollo, with unerring aim, with his arrow from the quiver of light, destroys the serpent of shadow. This is the festival of Thor, of Baldur and of Prometheus. Again Buddha by a miracle escapes from the tyrant of Madura, Zoroaster foils the King, Bacchus laughs at the rage of Cadmus, and Chrishna eludes the tyrant.

This is the festival of the sun-god, and as such let its observance be universal.

This is the great day of the first religion, the mother of all religions—the worship of the sun.

Sun worship is not only the first, but the most natural and most reasonable of all. And not only the most natural and the most reasonable, but by far the most poetic, the most beautiful.

The sun is the god of benefits, of growth, of life, of warmth, of happiness, of joy. The sun is the all-seeing, the all-pitying, the all-loving.

This bright God knew no hatred, no malice, never sought for revenge.

All evil qualities were in the breast of the God of darkness, of shadow, of night. And so I say again, this is the festival of Light. This is the anniversary of the triumph of the Sun over the hosts of Darkness.

Let us all hope for the triumph of Light—of Right and Reason—for the victory of Fact over Falsehood, of Science over Superstition.

And so hoping, let us celebrate the venerable festival of the Sun.—The Journal, New York, December 25,1892.

Spirituality

IF there is an abused word in our language, it is “spirituality.”

It has been repeated over and over for several hundred years by pious pretenders and snivelers as though it belonged exclusively to them.

In the early days of Christianity, the “spiritual” renounced the world with all its duties and obligations. They deserted their wives and children. They became hermits and dwelt in caves. They spent their useless years in praying for their shriveled and worthless souls. They were too “spiritual” to love women, to build homes and to labor for children. They were too “spiritual” to earn their bread, so they became beggars and stood by the highways of Life and held out their hands and asked alms of Industry and Courage. They were too “spiritual” to be merciful. They preached the dogma of eternal pain and gloried in “the wrath to come.” They were too “spiritual” to be civilized, so they persecuted their fellow-men for expressing their honest thoughts. They were so “spiritual” that they invented instruments of torture, founded the Inquisition, appealed to the whip, the rack, the sword and the fagot. They tore the flesh of their fellow-men with hooks of iron, buried their neighbors alive, cut off their eyelids, dashed out the brains of babes and cut off the breasts of mothers. These “spiritual” wretches spent day and night on their knees, praying for their own salvation and asking God to curse the best and noblest of the world.

John Calvin was intensely “spiritual” when he warmed his fleshless hands at the flames that consumed Servetus.

John Knox was constrained by his “spirituality” to utter low and loathsome calumnies against all women. All the witch-burners and Quaker-maimers and mutilators were so “spiritual” that they constantly looked heavenward and longed for the skies.

These lovers of God—these haters of men—looked upon the Greek marbles as unclean, and denounced the glories of Art as the snares and pitfalls of perdition.

These “spiritual” mendicants hated laughter and smiles and dimples, and exhausted their diseased and polluted imaginations in the effort to make love loathsome.

From almost every pulpit was heard the denunciation of all that adds to the wealth, the joy and glory of life. It became the fashion for the “spiritual” to malign every hope and passion that tends to humanize and refine the heart. Man was denounced as totally depraved. Woman was declared to be a perpetual temptation—her beauty a snare and her touch pollution.

Even in our own time and country some of the ministers, no matter how radical they claim to be, retain the aroma, the odor, or the smell of the “spiritual.”

They denounce some of the best and greatest—some of the benefactors of the race—for having lived on the low plane of usefulness—and for having had the pitiful ambition to make their fellows happy in this world.

Thomas Paine was a groveling wretch because he devoted his life to the preservation of the rights of man, and Voltaire lacked the "spiritual" because he abolished torture in France and attacked, with the enthusiasm of a divine madness, the monster that was endeavoring to drive the hope of liberty from the heart of man.

Humboldt was not "spiritual" enough to repeat with closed eyes the absurdities of superstition, but was so lost to all the "skyey influences" that he was satisfied to add to the intellectual wealth of the world.

Darwin lacked "spirituality," and in its place had nothing but sincerity, patience, intelligence, the spirit of investigation and the courage to give his honest conclusions to the world. He contented himself with giving to his fellow-men the greatest and the sublimest truths that man has spoken since lips have uttered speech.

But we are now told that these soldiers of science, these heroes of liberty, these sculptors and painters, these singers of songs, these composers of music, lack "spirituality" and after all were only common clay.

This word "spirituality" is the fortress, the breastwork, the rifle-pit of the Pharisee. It sustains the same relation to sincerity that Dutch metal does to pure gold.

There seems to be something about a pulpit that poisons the occupant—that changes his nature—that causes him to denounce what he really loves and to laud with the fervor of insanity a joy that he never felt—a rapture that never thrilled his soul. Hypnotized by his surroundings, he unconsciously brings to market that which he supposes the purchasers desire.

In every church, whether orthodox or radical, there are two parties—one conservative, looking backward, one radical, looking forward, and generally a minister "spiritual" enough to look both ways.

A minister who seems to be a philosopher on the street, or in the home of a sensible man, cannot withstand the atmosphere of the pulpit. The moment he stands behind the Bible cushion, like Bottom, he is "translated" and the Titania of superstition "kisses his large, fair ears."

Nothing is more amusing than to hear a clergyman denounce worldliness—ask his hearers what it will profit them to build railways and palaces and lose their own souls—inquire of the common folks before him why they waste their precious years in following trades and professions, in gathering treasures that moths corrupt and rust devours, giving their days to the vulgar business of making money,—and then see him take up a collection, knowing perfectly well that only the worldly, the very people he has denounced, can by any possibility give a dollar.

"Spirituality" for the most part is a mask worn by idleness, arrogance and greed.

Some people imagine that they are "spiritual" when they are sickly.

It may be well enough to ask: What is it to be really spiritual?

The spiritual man lives to his ideal. He endeavors to make others happy. He does not despise the passions that have filled the world with art and glory. He loves his wife

and children—home and fireside. He cultivates the amenities and refinements of life. He is the friend and champion of the oppressed. His sympathies are with the poor and the suffering. He attacks what he believes to be wrong, though defended by the many, and he is willing to stand for the right against the world. He enjoys the beautiful. In the presence of the highest creations of Art his eyes are suffused with tears. When he listens to the great melodies, the divine harmonies, he feels the sorrows and the raptures of death and love. He is intensely human. He carries in his heart the burdens of the world. He searches for the deeper meanings. He appreciates the harmonies of conduct, the melody of a perfect life.

He loves his wife and children better than any god. He cares more for the world he lives in than for any other. He tries to discharge the duties of this life, to help those that he can reach. He believes in being useful—in making money to feed and clothe and educate the ones he loves—to assist the deserving and to support himself. He does not wish to be a burden on others. He is just, generous and sincere.

Spirituality is all of this world. It is a child of this earth, born and cradled here. It comes from no heaven, but it makes a heaven where it is.

There is no possible connection between superstition and the spiritual, or between theology and the spiritual.

The spiritually-minded man is a poet. If he does not write poetry, he lives it. He is an artist. If he does not paint pictures or chisel statues, he feels them, and their beauty softens his heart. He fills the temple of his soul with all that is beautiful, and he worships at the shrine of the Ideal.

In all the relations of life he is faithful and true. He asks for nothing that he does not earn. He does not wish to be happy in heaven if he must receive happiness as alms He does not rely on the goodness of another. He is not ambitious to become a winged pauper.

Spirituality is the perfect health of the soul. It is noble, manly, generous, brave, free-spoken, natural, superb.

Nothing is more sickening than the “spiritual” whine—the pretence that crawls at first and talks about humility and then suddenly becomes arrogant and says: “I am ‘spiritual.’ I hold in contempt the vulgar joys of this life. You work and toil and build homes and sing songs and weave your delicate robes. You love women and children and adorn yourselves. You subdue the earth and dig for gold. You have your theatres, your operas and all the luxuries of life; but I, beggar that I am, Pharisee that I am, am your superior because I am ‘spiritual.’“

Above all things, let us be sincere.—The Conservator, Philadelphia, 1891.

Sumter's Gun

1861—April 12th—1891

FOR about three-quarters of a century the statesmen, that is to say, the politicians, of the North and South', had been busy making compromises, adopting constitutions and enacting laws; busy making speeches, framing platforms and political pretences, to the end that liberty and slavery might dwell in peace and friendship under the same flag.

Arrogance on one side, hypocrisy on the other.

Right apologized to Wrong for the sake of the Union.

The sources of justice were poisoned, and patriotism became the defender of piracy. In the name of humanity mothers were robbed of their babes.

Thirty years ago to-day a shot was fired, and in a moment all the promises, all the laws, all the constitutional amendments, and all the idiotic and heartless decisions of courts, and all the speeches of orators inspired by the hope of place and power, were blown into rags and ravelings, pieces and patches.

The North and South had been masquerading as friends, and in a moment, while the sound of that shot was ringing in their ears, they faced each other as enemies.

The roar of that cannon announced the birth of a new epoch. The echoes of that shot went out, not only over the bay of Charleston, but over the hills, the prairies and forests of the continent.

These echoes said marvelous things and uttered prophecies that none were wise enough to understand.

Who at that time had the slightest conception of the immediate future? Who then was great enough to see the end? Who then was wise enough to know that the echoes would be kept alive and repeated for years by thousands and thousands of cannon, by millions of muskets, on the fields of ruthless war?

At that time Abraham Lincoln, an Illinois lawyer, was barely a month in the President's chair, and that shot made him the most commanding and majestic figure of the nineteenth century—a figure that stands alone.

Who could have guessed the names of the heroes to be repeated by countless lips before the echoes of that shot should have died away?

There was at that time a young man at Galena, silent, unobtrusive, unknown; and yet, the moment that shot was fired he was destined to lead the greatest host ever marshaled on a field of war, destined to receive the final sword of the Rebellion.

There was another, in the Southwest, who heard one of the echoes of that shot, and who afterward marched from Atlanta to the sea; and another, far away by the Pacific, who also heard one of the echoes, and who became one of the immortal three.

But, above all, the echoes were heard by millions of men and women in the fields of unpaid toil, and they knew not the meaning, but felt that they had heard a prophecy of freedom. And the echoes told of death and glory for many thousands—of the agonies of women—the sobs of orphans—the sighs of the imprisoned, and the glad shouts of the delivered, the enfranchised, the redeemed.

They who fired that gun did not dream that they were giving liberty to millions of people, including themselves, white as well as black, North as well as South, and that before the echoes should die away, all the shackles would be broken, all the constitutions and statutes of slavery repealed, and all the compromises merged and lost in a great compact made to preserve the liberties of all.

What Infidels Have Done

ONE HUNDRED years after Christ had died suppose some one had asked a Christian, What hospitals have you built? What asylums have you founded? They would have said “None.” Suppose three hundred years after the death of Christ the same questions had been asked the Christian, he would have said “None, not one.” Two hundred years more and the answer would have been the same. And at that time the Christian could have told the questioner that the Mohammedans had built asylums before the Christians. He could also have told him that there had been orphan asylums in China for hundreds and hundreds of years, hospitals in India, and hospitals for the sick at Athens.

Here it may be well enough to say that all hospitals and asylums are not built for charity. They are built because people do not want to be annoyed by the sick and the insane. If a sick man should come down the street and sit upon your doorstep, what would you do with him? You would have to take him into your house or leave him to suffer. Private families do not wish to take the burden of the sick. Consequently, in self-defence, hospitals are built so that any wanderer coming to a house, dying, or suffering from any disease, may immediately be packed off to a hospital and not become a burden upon private charity. The fact that many diseases are contagious rendered hospitals necessary for the preservation of the lives of the citizens. The same thing is true of the asylums. People do not, as a rule, want to take into their families, all the children who happen to have no fathers and mothers. So they endow and build an asylum where those children can be sent—and where they can be whipped according to law. Nobody wants an insane stranger in his house. The consequence is, that the community, to get rid of these people, to get rid of the trouble, build public institutions and send them there.

Now, then, to come to the point, to answer the interrogatory often flung at us from the pulpit, What institutions have Infidels built? In the first place, there have not been many Infidels for many years and, as a rule, a known Infidel cannot get very rich, for the reason that the Christians are so forgiving and loving they boycott him. If the average Infidel, freely stating his opinion, could get through the world himself, for the last several hundred years, he has been in good luck. But as a matter of fact there have been some Infidels who have done some good, even from a Christian standpoint. The greatest charity ever established in the United States by a man—not by a community to get rid of a nuisance, but by a man who wished to do good and wished that good to last after his death—is the Girard College in the city of Philadelphia. Girard was an Infidel. He gained his first publicity by going like a common person into the hospitals and taking care of those suffering from contagious diseases—from cholera and smallpox. So there is a man by the name of James Lick, an Infidel, who has given the finest observatory ever given to the world. And it is a good thing for an Infidel to increase the sight of men. The reason people are theologians is because they cannot see. Mr. Lick has increased human vision, and I can say right here that nothing has been seen through the telescope, calculated to prove the astronomy of Joshua. Neither can you see with that telescope a star that

bears a Christian name. The reason is that Christianity was opposed to astronomy. So astronomers took their revenge, and now there is not one star that glitters in all the vast firmament of the boundless heavens that has a Christian name. Mr. Carnegie has been what they call a public-spirited man. He has given millions of dollars for libraries and other institutions, and he certainly is not an orthodox Christian.

Infidels, however, have done much better even than that. They have increased the sum of human knowledge. John W. Draper, in his work on "The Intellectual Development of Europe," has done more good to the American people and to the civilized world than all the priests in it. He was an Infidel. Buckle is another who has added to the sum of human knowledge. Thomas Paine, an Infidel, did more for this country than any other man who ever lived in it.

Most of the colleges in this country have, I admit, been founded by Christians, and the money for their support has been donated by Christians, but most of the colleges of this country have simply classified ignorance, and I think the United States would be more learned than it is to-day if there never had been a Christian college in it. But whether Christians gave or Infidels gave has nothing to do with the probability of the Jonah story or with the probability that the mark on the dial went back ten degrees to prove that a little Jewish king was not going to die of a boil. And if the Infidels are all stingy and the Christians are all generous it does not even tend to prove that three men were in a fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than was its wont without even scorching their clothes.

The best college in this country—or, at least, for a long time the best—was the institution founded by Ezra Cornell. That is a school where people try to teach what they know instead of what they guess. Yet Cornell University was attacked by every orthodox college in the United States at the time it was founded, because they said it was without religion.

Everybody knows that Christianity does not tend to generosity. Christianity says: "Save your own soul, whether anybody else saves his or not." Christianity says: "Let the great ship go down. You get into the little life-boat of the gospel and paddle ashore, no matter what becomes of the rest." Christianity says you must love God, or something in the sky, better than you love your wife and children. And the Christian, even when giving, expects to get a very large compound interest in another world. The Infidel who gives, asks no return except the joy that comes from relieving the wants of another.

Again the Christians, although they have built colleges, have built them for the purpose of spreading their superstitions, and have poisoned the minds of the world, while the Infidel teachers have filled the world with light. Darwin did more for mankind than if he had built a thousand hospitals. Voltaire did more than if he had built a thousand asylums for the insane. He will prevent thousands from going insane that otherwise might be driven into insanity by the "glad tidings of great joy." Haeckel is filling the world with light.

I am perfectly willing that the results of the labors of Christians and the labors of Infidels should be compared. Then let it be understood that Infidels have been in this world but a very short time. A few years ago there were hardly any. I can remember

when I was the only Infidel in the town where I lived. Give us time and we will build colleges in which something will be taught that is of use. We hope to build temples that will be dedicated to reason and common sense, and where every effort will be made to reform mankind and make them better and better in this world.

I am saying nothing against the charity of Christians; nothing against any kindness or goodness. But I say the Christians, in my judgment, have done more harm than they have done good. They may talk of the asylums they have built, but they have not built asylums enough to hold the people who have been driven insane by their teachings. Orthodox religion has opposed liberty. It has opposed investigation and free thought. If all the churches in Europe had been observatories, if the cathedrals had been universities where facts were taught and where nature was studied, if all the priests had been real teachers, this world would have been far, far beyond what it is to-day.

There is an idea that Christianity is positive, and Infidelity is negative. If this be so, then falsehood is positive and truth is negative. What I contend is that Infidelity is a positive religion; that Christianity is a negative religion. Christianity denies and Infidelity admits. Infidelity stands by facts; it demonstrates by the conclusions of the reason. Infidelity does all it can to develop the brain and the heart of man. That is positive. Religion asks man to give up this world for one he knows nothing about. That is negative. I stand by the religion of reason. I stand by the dogmas of demonstration.

Cruelty In The Elmira Reformatory

IN my judgment, no human being was ever made better, nobler, by being whipped or clubbed.

Mr. Brockway, according to his own testimony, is simply a savage. He belongs to the Dark Ages—to the Inquisition, to the torture-chamber, and he needs reforming more than any prisoner under his control. To put any man within his power is in itself a crime. Mr. Brockway is a believer in cruelty—an apostle of brutality. He beats and bruises flesh to satisfy his conscience—his sense of duty. He wields the club himself because he enjoys the agony he inflicts.

When a poor wretch, having reached the limit of endurance, submits or becomes unconscious, he is regarded as reformed. During the remainder of his term he trembles and obeys. But he is not reformed. In his heart is the flame of hatred, the desire for revenge; and he returns to society far worse than when he entered the prison.

Mr. Brockway should either be removed or locked up, and the Elmira Reformatory should be superintended by some civilized man—some man with brain enough to know, and heart enough to feel.

I do not believe that one brute, by whipping, beating and lacerating the flesh of another, can reform him. The lash will neither develop the brain nor cultivate the heart. There should be no bruising, no scarring of the body in families, in schools, in reformatories, or prisons. A civilized man does not believe in the methods of savagery. Brutality has been tried for thousands of years and through all these years it has been a failure.

Criminals have been flogged, mutilated and maimed, tortured in a thousand ways, and the only effect was to demoralize, harden and degrade society and increase the number of crimes. In the army and navy, soldiers and sailors were flogged to death, and everywhere by church and state the torture of the helpless was practiced and upheld.

Only a few years ago there were two hundred and twenty-three offences punished with death in England. Those who wished to reform this savage code were denounced as the enemies of morality and law. They were regarded as weak and sentimental.

At last the English code was reformed through the efforts of men who had brain and heart. But it is a significant fact that no bishop of the Episcopal Church, sitting in the House of Lords, ever voted for the repeal of one of those savage laws. Possibly this fact throws light on the recent poetic and Christian declaration by Bishop Potter to the effect that “there are certain criminals who can only be made to realize through their hides the fact that the State has laws to which the individual must be obedient.”

This orthodox remark has the true apostolic ring, and is in perfect accord with the history of the church. But it does not accord with the intelligence and philanthropy of our time. Let us develop the brain by education, the heart by kindness. Let us

remember that criminals are produced by conditions, and let us do what we can to change the conditions and to reform the criminals.

Law's Delay

THE object of a trial is not to convict—neither is it to acquit. The object is to ascertain the truth by legal testimony and in accordance with law.

In this country we give the accused the benefit of all reasonable doubts. We insist that his guilt shall be really established by competent testimony.

We also allow the accused to take exceptions to the rulings of the judge before whom he is tried, and to the verdict of the jury, and to have these exceptions passed upon by a higher court.

We also insist that he shall be tried by an impartial jury, and that before he can be found guilty all the jurors must unite in the verdict.

Some people, not on trial for any crime, object to our methods. They say that time is wasted in getting an impartial jury; that more time is wasted because appeals are allowed, and that by reason of insisting on a strict compliance with law in all respects, trials sometimes linger for years, and that in many instances the guilty escape.

No one, so far as I know, asks that men shall be tried by partial and prejudiced jurors, or that judges shall be allowed to disregard the law for the sake of securing convictions, or that verdicts shall be allowed to stand unsupported by sufficient legal evidence. Yet they talk as if they asked for these very things. We must remember that revenge is always in haste, and that justice can always afford to wait until the evidence is actually heard.

There should be no delay except that which is caused by taking the time to find the truth. Without such delay courts become mobs, before which, trials in a legal sense are impossible. It might be better, in a city like New York, to have the grand jury in almost perpetual session, so that a man charged with crime could be immediately indicted and immediately tried. So, the highest court to which appeals are taken should be in almost constant session, in order that all appeals might be quickly decided.

But we do not wish to take away the right of appeal. That right tends to civilize the trial judge, reduces to a minimum his arbitrary power, puts his hatreds and passions in the keeping and control of his intelligence. That right of appeal has an excellent effect on the jury, because they know that their verdict may not be the last word. The appeal, where the accused is guilty, does not take the sword from the State, but it is a shield for the innocent.

In England there is no appeal. The trials are shorter, the judges more arbitrary, the juries subservient, and the verdict often depends on the prejudice of the judge. The judge knows that he has the last guess—that he cannot be reviewed—and in the passion often engendered by the conflict of trial he acts much like a wild beast.

The case of Mrs. Maybrick is exactly in point, and shows how dangerous it is to clothe the trial judge with supreme power.

Without doubt there is in this country too much delay, and this, it seems to me, can be avoided without putting the life or liberty of innocent persons in peril. Take only such time as may be necessary to give the accused a fair trial, before an impartial jury, under and in accordance with the established forms of law, and to allow an appeal to the highest court.

The State in which a criminal cannot have an impartial trial is not civilized. People who demand the conviction of the accused without regard to the forms of law are savages.

But there is another side to this question. Many people are losing confidence in the idea that punishment reforms the convict, or that capital punishment materially decreases capital crimes.

My own opinion is that ordinary criminals should, if possible, be reformed, and that murderers and desperate wretches should be imprisoned for life. I am inclined to believe that our prisons make more criminals than they reform; that places like the Reformatory at Elmira plant and cultivate the seeds of crime.

The State should never seek revenge; neither should it put in peril the life or liberty of the accused for the sake of a hasty trial, or by the denial of appeal.

In my judgment, defective as our criminal courts and methods are, they are far better than the English.

Our judges are kinder, more humane; our juries nearer independent, and our methods better calculated to ascertain the truth.

The Bigotry Of Colleges

UNIVERSITIES are naturally conservative. They know that if suspected of being really scientific, orthodox Christians will keep their sons away, so they pander to the superstitions of the times.

Most of the universities are exceedingly poor, and poverty is the enemy of independence. Universities, like people, have the instinct of self-preservation. The University of Kansas is like the rest.

The faculty of Cornell, upon precisely the same question, took exactly the same action, and the faculty of the University of Missouri did the same. These institutions must be the friends and defenders of superstition.

The Vanderbilt College, or University of Tennessee, discharged Professor Winchell because he differed with the author of Genesis on geology.

These colleges act as they must, and we should blame nobody. If Humboldt and Darwin were now alive they would not be allowed to teach in these institutions of “learning.”

We need not find fault with the president and professors. They want to keep their places. The probability is that they would like to do better—that they desire to be free, and, if free, would, with all their hearts, welcome the truth. Still, these universities seem to do good. The minds of their students are developed to that degree, that they naturally turn to me as the defender of their thoughts.

This gives me great hope for the future. The young, the growing, the enthusiastic, are on my side. All the students who have selected me are my friends, and I thank them with all my heart.

A Young Man's Chances To-Day

A FEW years ago there were many thousand miles of railroads to be built, a great many towns and cities to be located, constructed and filled; vast areas of uncultivated land were waiting for the plow, vast forests the axe, and thousands of mines were longing to be opened. In those days every young man of energy and industry had a future. The professions were not overcrowded; there were more patients than doctors, more litigants than lawyers, more buyers of goods than merchants. The young man of that time who was raised on a farm got a little education, taught school, read law or medicine—some of the weaker ones read theology—and there seemed to be plenty of room, plenty of avenues to success and distinction.

So, too, a few years ago a political life was considered honorable, and so in politics there were many great careers. So, hundreds of towns wanted newspapers, and in each of those towns there was an opening for some energetic young man. At that time the plant cost but little; a few dollars purchased the press—the young publisher could get the paper stock on credit.

Now the railroads have all been built; the canals are finished; the cities have been located; the outside property has been cut into lots, and sold and mortgaged many times over. Now it requires great capital to go into business. The individual is counting for less and less; the corporation, the trust, for more and more. Now a great merchant employs hundreds of clerks; a few years ago most of those now clerks would have been merchants. And so it seems to be in nearly every department of life. Of course, I do not know what inventions may leap from the brains of the future; there may be millions and millions of fortunes yet to be made in that direction, but of that I am not speaking.

So, I think that a few years ago the chances were far more numerous and favorable to young men who wished to make a name for themselves, and to succeed in some department of human energy than now.

In savage life a living is very easy to get. Most any savage can hunt or fish; consequently there are few failures. But in civilized life competition becomes stronger and sharper; consequently, the percentage of failures increases, and this seems to be the law. The individual is constantly counting for less. It may be that, on the average, people live better than they did formerly, that they have more to eat, drink and wear; but the individual horizon has lessened; it is not so wide and cloudless as formerly. So I say that the chances for great fortunes, for great success, are growing less and less.

I think a young man should do that which is easiest for him to do, provided there is an opportunity; if there is none, then he should take the next. The first object of every young man should be to be self-supporting, no matter in what direction—be independent. He should avoid being a clerk and he should avoid giving his future into the hands of any one person. He should endeavor to get a business in which the community will be his patron, and whether he is to be a lawyer, a doctor or a day-laborer depends on how much he has mixed mind with muscle.

If a young man imagines that he has an aptitude for public speaking—that is, if he has a great desire to make his ideas known to the world—the probability is that the desire will choose the way, time and place for him to make the effort.

If he really has something to say, there will be plenty to listen. If he is so carried away with his subject, is so in earnest that he becomes an instrumentality of his thought—so that he is forgotten by himself; so that he cares neither for applause nor censure—simply caring to present his thoughts in the highest and best and most comprehensive way, the probability is that he will be an orator.

I think oratory is something that cannot be taught. Undoubtedly a man can learn to be a fair talker. He can by practice learn to present his ideas consecutively, clearly and in what you may call "form," but there is as much difference between this and an oration as there is between a skeleton and a living human being clad in sensitive, throbbing flesh.

There are millions of skeleton makers, millions of people who can express what may be called "the bones" of a discourse, but not one in a million who can clothe these bones.

You can no more teach a man to be an orator than you can teach him to be an artist or a poet of the first class. When you teach him, there is the same difference between the man who is taught, and the man who is what he is by virtue of a natural aptitude, that there is between a pump and a spring—between a canal and a river—between April rain and water-works. It is a question of capacity and feeling—not of education. There are some things that you can tell an orator not to do. For instance, he should never drink water while talking, because the interest is broken, and for the moment he loses control of his audience. He should never look at his watch for the same reason. He should never talk about himself. He should never deal in personalities. He should never tell long stories, and if he tells any story he should never say that it is a true story, and that he knew the parties. This makes it a question of veracity instead of a question of art. He should never clog his discourse with details. He should never dwell upon particulars—he should touch universals, because the great truths are for all time.

If he wants to know something, if he wishes to feel something, let him read Shakespeare. Let him listen to the music of Wagner, of Beethoven, or Schubert. If he wishes to express himself in the highest and most perfect form, let him become familiar with the great paintings of the world—with the great statues—all these will lend grace, will give movement and passion and rhythm to his words. A great orator puts into his speech the perfume, the feelings, the intensity of all the great and beautiful and marvelous things that he has seen and heard and felt. An orator must be a poet, a metaphysician, a logician—and above all, must have sympathy with all.

Science And Sentiment

IT was thought at one time by many that science would do away with poetry—that it was the enemy of the imagination. We know now that is not true. We know that science goes hand in hand with imagination. We know that it is in the highest degree poetic and that the old ideas once considered so beautiful are flat and stale. Compare Kepler's laws with the old Greek idea that the planets were boosted or pushed by angels. The more we know, the more beauty, the more poetry we find. Ignorance is not the mother of the poetic or artistic.

So, some people imagine that science will do away with sentiment. In my judgment, science will not only increase sentiment but sense.

A person will be attracted to another for a thousand reasons, and why a person is attracted to another, may, and in some degree will, depend upon the intellectual, artistic and ethical development of each.

The handsomest girl in Zululand might not be attractive to Herbert Spencer, and the fairest girl in England might not be able to hasten the pulse of a Choctaw brave. This does not prove that there is any lack of sentiment. Men are influenced according to their capacity, their temperament, their knowledge.

Some men fall in love with a small waist, an arched instep or curly hair, without the slightest regard to mind or muscle. This we call sentiment.

Now, educate such men, develop their brains, enlarge their intellectual horizon, teach them something of the laws of health, and then they may fall in love with women because they are developed grandly in body and mind. The sentiment is still there—still controls—but back of the sentiment is science.

Sentiment can never be destroyed, and love will forever rule the human race.

Thousands, millions of people fear that science will destroy not only poetry, not only sentiment, but religion. This fear is idiotic. Science will destroy superstition, but it will not injure true religion. Science is the foundation of real religion. Science teaches us the consequences of actions, the rights and duties of all. Without science there can be no real religion.

Only those who live on the labor of the ignorant are the enemies of science. Real love and real religion are in no danger from science. The more we know the safer all good things are.

Do I think that the marriage of the sickly and diseased ought to be prevented by law?

I have not much confidence in law—in law that I know cannot be carried out. The poor, the sickly, the diseased, as long as they are ignorant, will marry and help fill the world with wretchedness and want.

We must rely on education instead of legislation.

We must teach the consequences of actions. We must show the sickly and diseased what their children will be. We must preach the gospel of the body. I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease—to leave a legacy of agony.

I believe the time will come when men will refuse to fill the future with consumption and insanity. Yes, we shall study ourselves. We shall understand the conditions of health and then we shall say: We are under obligation to put the flags of health in the cheeks of our children.

Even if I should get to heaven and have a harp, I know that I could not bear to see my descendants still on the earth, diseased, deformed, crazed—all suffering the penalties of my ignorance. Let us have more science and more sentiment—more knowledge and more conscience—more liberty and more love.

Sowing And Reaping

I HAVE read the sermon on “Sowing and Reaping,” and I now understand Mr. Moody better than I did before. The other day, in New York, Mr. Moody said that he implicitly believed the story of Jonah and really thought that he was in the fish for three days.

When I read it I was surprised that a man living in the century of Humboldt, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and Haeckel, should believe such an absurd and idiotic story.

Now I understand the whole thing. I can account for the amazing credulity of this man. Mr. Moody never read one of my lectures. That accounts for it all, and no wonder that he is a hundred years behind the times. He never read one of my lectures; that is a perfect explanation.

Poor man! He has no idea of what he has lost. He has been living on miracles and mistakes, on falsehood and foolishness, stuffing his mind with absurdities when he could have had truth, facts and good, sound sense.

Poor man!

Probably Mr. Moody has never read one word of Darwin and so he still believes in the Garden of Eden and the talking snake and really thinks that Jehovah took some mud, moulded the form of a man, breathed in its nostrils, stood it up and called it Adam, and that he then took one of Adam’s ribs and some more mud and manufactured Eve. Probably he has never read a word written by any great geologist and consequently still believes in the story of the flood. Knowing nothing of astronomy, he still thinks that Joshua stopped the sun.

Poor man! He has neglected Spencer and has no idea of evolution. He thinks that man has, through all the ages, degenerated, the first pair having been perfect. He does not believe that man came from lower forms and has gradually journeyed upward.

He really thinks that the Devil outwitted God and vaccinated the human race with the virus of total depravity.

Poor man!

He knows nothing of the great scientists—of the great thinkers, of the emancipators of the human race; knows nothing of Spinoza, of Voltaire, of Draper, Buckle, of Paine or Renan.

Mr. Moody ought to read something besides the Bible—ought to find out what the really intelligent have thought. He ought to get some new ideas—a few facts—and I think that, after he did so, he would be astonished to find how ignorant and foolish he had been. He is a good man. His heart is fairly good, but his head is almost useless.

The trouble with this sermon, “Sowing and Reaping,” is that he contradicts it. I believe that a man must reap what he sows, that every human being must bear the natural consequences of his acts. Actions are good or bad according to their consequences. That is my doctrine.

There is no forgiveness in nature. But Mr. Moody tells us that a man may sow thistles and gather figs, that having acted like a fiend tor seventy years, he can, between his last dose of medicine and his last breath, repent; that he can be washed clean by the blood of the lamb, and that myriads of angels will carry his soul to heaven—in other words, that this man will not reap what he sowed, but what Christ sowed, that this man’s thistles will be changed to figs.

This doctrine, to my mind, is not only absurd, but dishonest and corrupting.

This is one of the absurdities in Mr. Moody’s theology. The other is that a man can justly be damned for the sin of another.

Nothing can exceed the foolishness of these two ideas—first: “Man can be justly punished forever for the sin of Adam.” Second: “Man can be justly rewarded with eternal joy for the goodness of Christ.”

Yet the man who believes this, preaches a sermon in which he says that a man must reap what he sows. Orthodox Christians teach exactly the opposite. They teach that no matter what a man sows, no matter how wicked his life has been, that he can by repentance change the crop. That all his sins shall be forgotten and that only the goodness of Christ will be remembered.

Let us see how this works:

Mr. A. has lived a good and useful life, kept his contracts, paid his debts, educated his children, loved his wife and made his home a heaven, but he did not believe in the inspiration of Mr. Moody’s Bible. He died and his soul was sent to hell. Mr. Moody says that as a man sows so shall he reap.

Mr. B. lived a useless and wicked life. By his cruelty he drove his wife to insanity, his children became vagrants and beggars, his home was a perfect hell, he committed many crimes, he was a thief, a burglar, a murderer. A few minutes before he was hanged he got religion and his soul went from the scaffold to heaven. And yet Mr. Moody says that as a man sows so shall he reap.

Mr. Moody ought to have a little philosophy—a little good sense.

So Mr. Moody says that only in this life can a man secure the reward of repentance.

Just before a man dies, God loves him—loves him as a mother loves her babe—but a moment after he dies, he sends his soul to hell. In the other world nothing can be done to reform him. The society of God and the angels can have no good effect. Nobody can be made better in heaven. This world is the only place where reform is possible. Here, surrounded by the wicked in the midst of temptations, in the darkness of ignorance, a human being may reform if he is fortunate enough to hear the words of some revival preacher, but when he goes before his maker—before the Trinity—he has no chance. God can do nothing for his soul except to send it to hell.

This shows that the power for good is confined to people in this world and that in the next world God can do nothing to reform his children. This is theology. This is what they call “Tidings of great joy.”

Every orthodox creed is savage, ignorant and idiotic.

In the orthodox heaven there is no mercy, no pity. In the orthodox hell there is no hope, no reform. God is an eternal jailer, an everlasting turnkey.

And yet Christians now say that while there may be no fire in hell—no actual flames—yet the lost souls will feel forever the tortures of conscience.

What will conscience trouble the people in hell about? They tell us that they will remember their sins.

Well, what about the souls in heaven? They committed awful sins, they made their fellow-men unhappy. They took the lives of others—sent many to eternal torment. Will they have no conscience? Is hell the only place where souls regret the evil they have done? Have the angels no regret, no remorse, no conscience?

If this be so, heaven must be somewhat worse than hell.

In old times, if people wanted to know anything they asked the preacher. Now they do if they don’t.

The Bible has, with intelligent men, lost its authority.

The miracles are now regarded by sensible people as the spawn of ignorance and credulity. On every hand people are looking for facts—for truth—and all religions are taking their places in the museum of myths.

Yes, the people are becoming civilized, and so they are putting out the fires of hell. They are ceasing to believe in a God who seeks eternal revenge.

The people are becoming sensible. They are asking for evidence. They care but little for the winged phantoms of the air—for the ghosts and devils and supposed gods. The people are anxious to be happy here and they want a little heaven in this life.

Theology is a curse. Science is a blessing. We do not need preachers, but teachers; not priests, but thinkers; not churches, but schools; not steeples, but observatories. We want knowledge.

Let us hope that Mr. Moody will read some really useful books.

Should Infidels Send Their Children To Sunday School?

SHOULD parents, who are Infidels, unbelievers or Atheists, send their children to Sunday schools and churches to give them the benefit of Christian education?

Parents who do not believe the Bible to be an inspired book should not teach their children that it is. They should be absolutely honest. Hypocrisy is not a virtue, and, as a rule, lies are less valuable than facts.

An unbeliever should not allow the mind of his child to be deformed, stunted and shriveled by superstition. He should not allow the child's imagination to be polluted. Nothing is more outrageous than to take advantage of the helplessness of childhood to sow in the brain the seeds of falsehoods, to imprison the soul in the dungeon of Fear, to teach dimpled infancy the infamous dogma of eternal pain—filling life with the glow and glare of hell.

No unbeliever should allow his child to be tortured in the orthodox inquisitions. He should defend the mind from attack as he would the body. He should recognize the rights of the soul. In the orthodox Sunday schools, children are taught that it is a duty to believe—that evidence is not essential—that faith is independent of facts and that religion is superior to reason. They are taught not to use their natural sense—not to tell what they really think—not to entertain a doubt—not to ask wicked questions, but to accept and believe what their teachers say. In this way the minds of the children are invaded, corrupted and conquered. Would an educated man send his child to a school in which Newton's statement in regard to the attraction of gravitation was denied—in which the law of falling bodies, as given by Galileo, was ridiculed—Kepler's three laws declared to be idiotic, and the rotary motion of the earth held to be utterly absurd?

Why then should an intelligent man allow his child to be taught the geology and astronomy of the Bible? Children should be taught to seek for the truth—to be honest, kind, generous, merciful and just. They should be taught to love liberty and to live to the ideal.

Why then should an unbeliever, an Infidel, send his child to an orthodox Sunday school where he is taught that he has no right to seek for the truth—no right to be mentally honest, and that he will be damned for an honest doubt—where he is taught that God was ferocious, revengeful, heartless as a wild beast—that he drowned millions of his children—that he ordered wars of extermination and told his soldiers to kill gray-haired and trembling age, mothers and children, and to assassinate with the sword of war the babes unborn?

Why should an unbeliever in the Bible send his child to an orthodox Sunday school where he is taught that God was in favor of slavery and told the Jews to buy of the heathen and that they should be their bondmen and bondwomen forever; where he is taught that God upheld polygamy and the degradation of women?

Why should an unbeliever, who believes in the uniformity of Nature, in the unbroken and unbreakable chain of cause and effect, allow his child to be taught that miracles have been performed; that men have gone bodily to heaven; that millions have been miraculously fed with manna and quails; that fire has refused to burn clothes and flesh of men; that iron has been made to float; that the earth and moon have been stopped and that the earth has not only been stopped, but made to turn the other way; that devils inhabit the bodies of men and women; that diseases have been cured with words, and that the dead, with a touch, have been made to live again?

The thoughtful man knows that there is not the slightest evidence that these miracles ever were performed. Why should he allow his children to be stuffed with these foolish and impossible falsehoods? Why should he give his lambs to the care and keeping of the wolves and hyenas of superstition?

Children should be taught only what somebody knows. Guesses should not be palmed off on them as demonstrated facts. If a Christian lived in Constantinople he would not send his children to the mosque to be taught that Mohammed was a prophet of God and that the Koran is an inspired book. Why? Because he does not believe in Mohammed or the Koran. That is reason enough. So, an Agnostic, living in New York, should not allow his children to be taught that the Bible is an inspired book. I use the word “Agnostic” because I prefer it to the word Atheist. As a matter of fact, no one knows that God exists and no one knows that God does not exist. To my mind there is no evidence that God exists—that this world is governed by a being of infinite goodness, wisdom and power, but I do not pretend to know. What I insist upon is that children should not be poisoned—should not be taken advantage of—that they should be treated fairly, honestly—that they should be allowed to develop from the inside instead of being crammed from the outside—that they should be taught to reason, not to believe—to think, to investigate and to use their senses, their minds.

Would a Catholic send his children to a school to be taught that Catholicism is superstition and that Science is the only savior of mankind?

Why then should a free and sensible believer in Science, in the naturalness of the universe, send his child to a Catholic school?

Nothing could be more irrational, foolish and absurd.

My advice to all Agnostics is to keep their children from the orthodox Sunday schools, from the orthodox churches, from the poison of the pulpits.

Teach your children the facts you know. If you do not know, say so. Be as honest as you are ignorant. Do all you can to develop their minds, to the end that they may live useful and happy lives.

Strangle the serpent of superstition that crawls and hisses about the cradle. Keep your children from the augurs, the soothsayers, the medicine-men, the priests of the supernatural. Tell them that all religions have been made by folks and that all the “sacred books” were written by ignorant men.

Teach them that the world is natural. Teach them to be absolutely honest. Do not send them where they will contract diseases of the mind—the leprosy of the soul. Let us do all we can to make them intelligent.

What Would You Substitute For The Bible As A Moral Guide?

YOU ask me what I would “substitute for the Bible as a moral guide.”.

I know that many people regard the Bible as the only moral guide and believe that in that book only can be found the true and perfect standard of morality.

There are many good precepts, many wise sayings and many good regulations and laws in the Bible, and these are mingled with bad precepts, with foolish sayings, with absurd rules and cruel laws.

But we must remember that the Bible is a collection of many books written centuries apart, and that it in part represents the growth and tells in part the history of a people. We must also remember that the writers treat of many subjects. Many of these writers have nothing to say about right or wrong, about vice or virtue.

The book of Genesis has nothing about morality. There is not a line in it calculated to shed light on the path of conduct. No one can call that book a moral guide. It is made up of myth and miracle, of tradition and legend.

In Exodus we have an account of the manner in which Jehovah delivered the Jews from Egyptian bondage.

We now know that the Jews were never enslaved by the Egyptians; that the entire story is a fiction. We know this, because there is not found in Hebrew a word of Egyptian origin, and there is not found in the language of the Egyptians a word of Hebrew origin. This being so, we know that the Hebrews and Egyptians could not have lived together for hundreds of years.

Certainly Exodus was not written to teach morality. In that book you cannot find one word against human slavery. As a matter of fact, Jehovah was a believer in that institution.

The killing of cattle with disease and hail, the murder of the first-born, so that in every house was death, because the king refused to let the Hebrews go, certainly was not moral; it was fiendish. The writer of that book regarded all the people of Egypt, their children, their flocks and herds, as the property of Pharaoh, and these people and these cattle were killed, not because they had done anything wrong, but simply for the purpose of punishing the king. Is it possible to get any morality out of this history?

All the laws found in Exodus, including the Ten Commandments, so far as they are really good and sensible, were at that time in force among all the peoples of the world.

Murder is, and always was, a crime, and always will be, as long as a majority of people object to being murdered.

Industry always has been and always will be the enemy of larceny.

The nature of man is such that he admires the teller of truth and despises the liar. Among all tribes, among all people, truth-telling has been considered a virtue and false swearing or false speaking a vice.

The love of parents for children is natural, and this love is found among all the animals that live. So the love of children for parents is natural, and was not and cannot be created by law. Love does not spring from a sense of duty, nor does it bow in obedience to commands.

So men and women are not virtuous because of anything in books or creeds.

All the Ten Commandments that are good were old, were the result of experience. The commandments that were original with Jehovah were foolish.

The worship of "any other God" could not have been worse than the worship of Jehovah, and nothing could have been more absurd than the sacredness of the Sabbath.

If commandments had been given against slavery and polygamy, against wars of invasion and extermination, against religious persecution in all its forms, so that the world could be free, so that the brain might be developed and the heart civilized, then we might, with propriety, call such commandments a moral guide.

Before we can truthfully say that the Ten Commandments constitute a moral guide, we must add and subtract. We must throw away some, and write others in their places.

The commandments that have a known application here, in this world, and treat of human obligations are good, the others have no basis in fact, or experience.

Many of the regulations found in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, are good. Many are absurd and cruel.

The entire ceremonial of worship is insane.

Most of the punishment for violations of laws are un-philosophic and brutal.... The fact is that the Pentateuch upholds nearly all crimes, and to call it a moral guide is as absurd as to say that it is merciful or true.

Nothing of a moral nature can be found in Joshua or Judges. These books are filled with crimes, with massacres and murders. They are about the same as the real history of the Apache Indians.

The story of Ruth is not particularly moral.

In first and second Samuel there is not one word calculated to develop the brain or conscience.

Jehovah murdered seventy thousand Jews because David took a census of the people. David, according to the account, was the guilty one, but only the innocent were killed.

In first and second Kings can be found nothing of ethical value. All the kings who refused to obey the priests were denounced, and all the crowned wretches who

assisted the priests, were declared to be the favorites of Jehovah. In these books there cannot be found one word in favor of liberty.

There are some good Psalms, and there are some that are infamous. Most of these Psalms are selfish. Many of them, are passionate appeals for revenge.

The story of Job shocks the heart of every good man. In this book there is some poetry, some pathos, and some philosophy, but the story of this drama called Job, is heartless to the last degree. The children of Job are murdered to settle a little wager between God and the Devil. Afterward, Job having remained firm, other children are given in the place of the murdered ones. Nothing, however, is done for the children who were murdered.

The book of Esther is utterly absurd, and the only redeeming feature in the book is that the name of Jehovah is not mentioned.

I like the Song of Solomon because it tells of human love, and that is something I can understand. That book in my judgment, is worth all the ones that go before it, and is a far better moral guide.

There are some wise and merciful Proverbs. Some are selfish and some are flat and commonplace.

I like the book of Ecclesiastes because there you find some sense, some poetry, and some philosophy. Take away the interpolations and it is a good book.

Of course there is nothing in Nehemiah or Ezra to make men better, nothing in Jeremiah or Lamentations calculated to lessen vice, and only a few passages in Isaiah that can be used in a good cause.

In Ezekiel and Daniel we find only ravings of the insane.

In some of the minor prophets there is now and then a good verse, now and then an elevated thought.

You can, by selecting passages from different books, make a very good creed, and by selecting passages from different books, you can make a very bad creed.

The trouble is that the spirit of the Old Testament, its disposition, its temperament, is bad, selfish and cruel. The most fiendish things are commanded, commended and applauded.

The stories that are told of Joseph, of Elisha, of Daniel and Gideon, and of many others, are hideous; hellish.

On the whole, the Old Testament cannot be considered a moral guide.

Jehovah was not a moral God. He had all the vices, and he lacked all the virtues. He generally carried out his threats, but he never faithfully kept a promise.

At the same time, we must remember that the Old Testament is a natural production, that it was written by savages who were slowly crawling toward the light. We must give them credit for the noble things they said, and we must be charitable enough to excuse their faults and even their crimes.

I know that many Christians regard the Old Testament as the foundation and the New as the superstructure, and while many admit that there are faults and mistakes in the Old Testament, they insist that the New is the flower and perfect fruit.

I admit that there are many good things in the New Testament, and if we take from that book the dogmas of eternal pain, of infinite revenge, of the atonement, of human sacrifice, of the necessity of shedding blood; if we throw away the doctrine of non-resistance, of loving enemies, the idea that prosperity is the result of wickedness, that poverty is a preparation for Paradise, if we throw all these away and take the good, sensible passages, applicable to conduct, then we can make a fairly good moral guide,—narrow, but moral.

Of course, many important things would be left out. You would have nothing about human rights, nothing in favor of the family, nothing for education, nothing for investigation, for thought and reason, but still you would have a fairly good moral guide.

On the other hand, if you would take the foolish passages, the extreme ones, you could make a creed that would satisfy an insane asylum.

If you take the cruel passages, the verses that inculcate eternal hatred, verses that writhe and hiss like serpents, you can make a creed that would shock the heart of a hyena.

It may be that no book contains better passages than the New Testament, but certainly no book contains worse.

Below the blossom of love you find the thorn of hatred; on the lips that kiss, you find the poison of the cobra.

The Bible is not a moral guide.

Any man who follows faithfully all its teachings is an enemy of society and will probably end his days in a prison or an asylum.

What is morality?

In this world we need certain things. We have many wants. We are exposed to many dangers. We need food, fuel, raiment and shelter, and besides these wants, there is, what may be called, the hunger of the mind.

We are conditioned beings, and our happiness depends upon conditions. There are certain things that diminish, certain things that increase, well-being. There are certain things that destroy and there are others that preserve.

Happiness, including its highest forms, is after all the only good, and everything, the result of which is to produce or secure happiness, is good, that is to say, moral. Everything that destroys or diminishes well-being is bad, that is to say, immoral. In other words, all that is good is moral, and all that is bad is immoral.

What then is, or can be called, a moral guide? The shortest possible answer is one word: Intelligence.

We want the experience of mankind, the true history of the race. We want the history of intellectual development, of the growth of the ethical, of the idea of justice, of conscience, of charity, of self-denial. We want to know the paths and roads that have been traveled by the human mind.

These facts in general, these histories in outline, the results reached, the conclusions formed, the principles evolved, taken together, would form the best conceivable moral guide.

We cannot depend on what are called "inspired books," or the religions of the world. These religions are based on the supernatural, and according to them we are under obligation to worship and obey some supernatural being, or beings. All these religions are inconsistent with intellectual liberty. They are the enemies of thought, of investigation, of mental honesty. They destroy the manliness of man. They promise eternal rewards for belief, for credulity, for what they call faith.

This is not only absurd, but it is immoral.

These religions teach the slave virtues. They make inanimate things holy, and falsehoods sacred. They create artificial crimes. To eat meat on Friday, to enjoy yourself on Sunday, to eat on fast-days, to be happy in Lent, to dispute a priest, to ask for evidence, to deny a creed, to express your sincere thought, all these acts are sins, crimes against some god. To give your honest opinion about Jehovah, Mohammed or Christ, is far worse than to maliciously slander your neighbor. To question or doubt miracles, is far worse than to deny known facts. Only the obedient, the credulous, the cringers, the kneelers, the meek, the unquestioning, the true believers, are regarded as moral, as virtuous. It is not enough to be honest, generous and useful; not enough to be governed by evidence, by facts. In addition to this, you must believe. These things are the foes of morality. They subvert all natural conceptions of virtue.

All "inspired books," teaching that what the supernatural commands is right, and right because commanded, and that what the supernatural prohibits is wrong, and wrong because prohibited, are absurdly unphilosophic.

And all "inspired books," teaching that only those who obey the commands of the supernatural are, or can be, truly virtuous, and that unquestioning faith will be rewarded with eternal joy, are grossly immoral.

Again I say: Intelligence is the only moral guide.

Governor Rollins' Fast-Day Proclamation

THE Governor of New Hampshire, undoubtedly a good and sincere man, issued a Fast-Day Proclamation to the people of his State, in which I find the following paragraph:

"The decline of the Christian religion, particularly in our rural communities, is a marked feature of the times, and steps should be taken to remedy it. No matter what our belief may be in religious matters, every good citizen knows that when the restraining influences of religion are withdrawn from a community, its decay, moral, mental and financial, is swift and sure. To me this is one of the strongest evidences of the fundamental truth of Christianity. I suggest to-day, as far as possible on Fast-Day, union meetings be held, made up of all shades of belief, including all who are interested in the welfare of our State, and that in your prayers and other devotions and in your mutual councils you remember and consider the problem of the condition of religion in the rural communities. There are towns where no church bell sends forth its solemn call from January to January. There are villages where children grow to manhood unchristened. There are communities where the dead are laid away without the benison of the name of the Christ, and where marriages are solemnized only by Justices of the Peace. This is a matter worthy of your thoughtful consideration, citizens of New Hampshire. It does not augur well for the future. You can afford to devote one day in the year to your fellow-men, to work and thought and prayer for your children and your children's children."

These words of the Governor have caused surprise, discussion and danger. Many ministers have denied that Christianity is declining, and have attacked the Governor with the malice of meekness and the savagery of humility. The question is: Is Christianity declining?

In order to answer this question we must state what Christianity is.

Christians tell us that there are certain fundamental truths that must be believed.

We must believe in God, the creator and governor of the universe; in Jesus Christ, his only begotten son; in the Holy Ghost; in the atonement made by Christ; in salvation by faith; in the second birth; in heaven for believers, in hell for deniers and doubters, and in the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments. They must also believe in a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, in special providence, and in addition to all this they must practice a few ceremonies. This, I believe, is a fair skeleton of Christianity. Of course I cannot give an exact definition. Christians do not and never have agreed among themselves. They have been disputing and fighting for many centuries, and to-day they are as far apart as ever.

A few years ago Christians believed the "fundamental truths" They had no doubts. They knew that God existed; that he made the world. They knew when he commenced to work at the earth and stars and knew when he finished. They knew that he, like a potter, mixed and moulded clay into the shape of a man and breathed

into its nostrils the breath of life. They knew that he took from this man a rib and framed the first woman.

It must be admitted that sensible Christians have outgrown this belief. Jehovah the gardener, the potter, the tailor, has been dethroned. The story of creation is believed only by the provincial, the stupid, the truly orthodox. People who have read Darwin and Haeckel and had sense enough to understand these great men, laugh at the legends of the Jews.

A few years ago most Christians believed that Christ was the son of God, and not only the son of God, but God himself.

This belief is slowly fading from the minds of Christians, from the minds of those who have minds.

Many Christians now say that Christ was simply a man—a perfect man. Others say that he was divine, but not actually God—a union of God and man. Some say that while Christ was not God, he was as nearly like God as it is possible for man to be.

The old belief that he was actually God—that he sacrificed himself unto himself—that he deserted himself; that he bore the burden of his own wrath; that he made it possible to save a few of his children by shedding his own blood; that he could not forgive the sins of men until they murdered him—this frightful belief is slowly dying day by day. Most ministers are ashamed to preach these cruel and idiotic absurdities. The Christ of our time is not the Christ of the New Testament—not the Christ of the Middle Ages; nor of Luther, Wesley or the Puritan fathers.

The Christ who was God—who was his own son and his own father—who was born of a virgin, cast out devils, rose from the dead, and ascended bodily to heaven—is not the Christ of to-day.

The Holy Ghost has never been accurately defined or described. He has always been a winged influence—a divine aroma; a disembodied essence; a spiritual climate; an enthusiastic flame; a something sensitive and unforgiving; the real father of Jesus Christ.

A few years ago the clergy had a great deal to say about the Holy Ghost, but now the average minister, while he alludes to this shadowy deity to round out a prayer, seems ta have but little confidence in him. This deity is and always has been extremely vague. He has been represented in the form of a dove; but this form is not associated with much intelligence.

Formerly it was believed that all men were by nature wicked, and that it would be perfectly just for God to damn the entire human race. In fact, it was thought that God, feeling that he had to damn all his children, invented a scheme by which some could be saved and at the same time justice could be satisfied. God knew that without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin. For many centuries he was satisfied with the blood of oxen, lambs and doves. But the sins continued to increase. A greater sacrifice was necessary. So God concluded to make the greatest possible sacrifice—to shed his own blood, that is to say, to have it shed by his chosen people.

This was the atonement—the scheme of salvation—a scheme that satisfied justice and partially defeated the Devil.

No intelligent Christians believe in this atonement. It is utterly unphilosophic. The idea that man made salvation possible by murdering God is infinitely absurd. This makes salvation the blossom of a crime—the blessed fruit of murder. According to this the joys of heaven are born of the agonies of innocence. If the Jews had been civilized—if they had believed in freedom of conscience and had listened kindly and calmly to the teachings of Christ, the whole world, including Christ's mother, would have gone to hell.

Our fathers had two absurdities. They balanced each other. They said that God could justly damn his children for the sin of Adam, and that he could justly save his children on account of the sufferings and virtues of Christ; that is to say, on account of his own sufferings and virtues.

This view of the atonement has mostly been abandoned. It is now preached, not that Christ bought souls with his blood, but that he has ennobled souls by his example. The supernatural part of the atonement has, by the more intelligent, been thrown away. So the idea of imputed sin—of vicarious vice—has been by many abandoned.

Salvation by faith is growing weak. People are beginning to see that character is more important than belief; that virtue is above all creeds. Civilized people no longer believe in a God who will damn an honest, generous man. They see that it is not honest to offer a reward for belief. The promise of reward is not evidence. It is an attempt to bribe.

If God wishes his children to believe, he should furnish evidence. He should not endeavor to make promises and threats take the place of facts. To offer a reward for credulity is dishonest and immoral—infamous.

To say that good people who never heard of Christ ought to be damned for not believing on him is a mixture of idiocy and savagery.

People are beginning to perceive that happiness is a result, not a reward; that happiness must be earned; that it is not alms. It is also becoming apparent that sins cannot be forgiven; that no power can step between actions and consequences; that men must "reap what they sow;" that a man who has lived a cruel life cannot, by repenting between the last dose of medicine and the last breath, be washed in the blood of the Lamb, and become an angel—an angel entitled to an eternity of joy.

All this is absurd, but you may say that it is not cruel. But to say that a man who has lived a useful life; who has made a happy home; who has lifted the fallen, succored the oppressed and battled to uphold the right; to say that such a man, because he failed to believe without evidence, will suffer eternal pain, is to say that God is an infinite wild beast.

Salvation for credulity means damnation for investigation.

At one time the "second birth" was regarded as a divine mystery—as a miracle—a something done by a supernatural power; probably by the Holy Ghost. Now

ministers are explaining this mystery. A change of heart is a change of ideas. About this there is nothing miraculous.

This happens to most men and women—happens many times in the life of one man. If this happens without excitement—as the result of thought—it is called reformation. If it occurs in a revival—if it is the result of fright—it is called the "second birth."

A few years ago Christians believed in the inspiration of the Bible. They had no doubts. The Bible was the standard. If some geologist found a fact inconsistent with the Scriptures he was silenced with a text. If some doubter called attention to a contradiction in the Bible he was denounced as an ungodly and blaspheming wretch. Christians then knew that the universe was only about six thousand years old, and any man who denied this was an enemy of Christ and a friend of the Devil.

All this has changed. The Bible is no longer the standard. Science has dethroned the inspired volume. Even theologians are taking facts into consideration. Only ignorant bigots now believe in the plenary inspiration of the Bible.

The intelligent ministers know that the Holy Scriptures are filled with mistakes, contradictions and interpolations. They no longer believe in the flood, in Babel, in Lot's wife or in the fire and brimstone storm. They are not sure about the burning bush, the plagues of Egypt, the division of the Red Sea or the miracles in the wilderness. All these wonders are growing foolish. They belong to the Mother Goose of the past, and many clergymen are ashamed to say that they believe them. So, the lengthening of the day in order that General Joshua might have more time to kill, the journey of Elijah to heaven, the voyage of Jonah in the fish, and many other wonders of a like kind, have become so transparently false that even a theologian refuses to believe.

The same is true of many of the miracles of the New Testament. No sensible man now believes that Christ cast devils and unclean spirits out of the bodies of men and women. A few years ago all Christians believed all these devil miracles with all the mind they had. A few years ago only Infidels denied these miracles, but now the theologians who are studying the "Higher Criticism" are reaching the conclusions of Voltaire and Paine. They have just discovered that the objections made to the Bible by the Deists are supported by the facts.

At the same time these "Higher Critics," while they admit that the Bible is not true, still insist that it is inspired.

The other evening I attended Forepaugh & Sell's Circus at Madison Square Garden and saw a magnificent panorama of performances. While looking at a man riding a couple of horses I thought of the "Higher Critics." They accept Darwin and cling to Genesis. They admit that Genesis is false in fact, and then assert that in a higher sense it is absolutely true.

A lie bursts into blossom and has the perfume of truth. These critics declare that the Bible is the inspired word of God, and then establish the truth of the declaration by showing that it is filled with contradictions, absurdities and false prophecies.

The horses they ride, sometimes get so far apart that it seems to me that walking would be easier on the legs.

So, I saw at the circus the “Snake Man.” I saw him tie himself into all kinds of knots; saw him make a necktie of his legs; saw him throw back his head and force it between his knees; saw him twist and turn as though his bones were made of rubber, and as I watched him I thought of the mental doublings and contortions of the preachers who have answered me.

Let Christians say what they will, the Bible is no longer the actual word of God; it is no longer perfect; it is no longer quite true.

The most that is now claimed for the Bible by the “Higher Critics” is, that some passages are inspired; that some passages are true, and that God has left man free to pick these passages out.

The ministers are preaching Infidelity. What would Lyman Beecher have thought of a man like Dr. Abbott? he would have consigned him to hell. What would John Wesley have thought of a Methodist like Dr. Cadman? He would have denounced him as a child of the Devil. What would Calvin have thought of a Presbyterian like Professor Briggs? He would have burned him at the stake, and through the smoke and flame would have shouted, “You are a dog of Satan.” How would Jeremy Taylor have treated an Episcopalian like Heber Newton?

The Governor of New Hampshire is right when he says that Christianity has declined. The flames of faith are flickering, zeal is cooling and even bigotry is beginning to see the other side. I admit that there are still millions of orthodox Christians whose minds are incapable of growth, and who care no more for facts than a monitor does for bullets. Such obstructions on the highway of progress are removed only by death.

The dogma of eternal pain is no longer believed by the reasonably intelligent. People who have a sense of justice know that eternal revenge cannot be enjoyed by infinite goodness. They know that hell would make heaven impossible. If Christians believed in hell as they once did, the fagots would be lighted again, heretics would be stretched on the rack, and all the instruments of torture would again be stained with innocent blood. Christianity has declined because intelligence has increased.

Men and women who know something of the history of man, of the horrors of plague, famine and flood, of earthquake, volcano and cyclone, of religious persecution and slavery, have but little confidence in special providence. They do not believe that a prayer was ever answered.

Thousands of people who accept Christ as a moral guide have thrown, away the supernatural.

Christianity does not satisfy the brain and heart. It contains too many absurdities. It is unphilosophic, unnatural, impossible. Not to resist evil is moral suicide. To love your enemies is impossible. To desert wife and children for the sake of heaven is cowardly and selfish. To promise rewards for belief is dishonest. To threaten torture for honest unbelief is infamous. Christianity is declining because men and women are growing better.

The Governor was not satisfied with saying that Christianity had declined, but he added this: “Every good citizen knows that when the restraining influences of religion are withdrawn from a community, its decay, moral, mental and financial is swift and sure.”

The restraining influences of religion have never been withdrawn from Spain or Portugal, from Austria or Italy. The “restraining influences” are still active in Russia. Emperor William relies on them in Germany, and the same influences are very busy taking care of Ireland. If these influences should be withdrawn from Spain there would be “mental, moral and financial decay.” Is not this statement perfectly absurd?

The fact is that religion has reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand organ and Ireland to exile. What are the restraining influences of religion? I admit that religion can prevent people from eating meat on Friday, from dancing in Lent, from going to the theatre on holy days and from swearing in public. In other words, religion can restrain people from committing artificial offences. But the real question is: Can religion restrain people from committing natural crimes?

The church teaches that God can and will forgive sins.

Christianity sells sin on a credit. It says to men and women, “Be good; do right; but no matter how many crimes you commit you can be forgiven.” How can such a religion be regarded as a restraining influence! There was a time when religion had power; when the church ruled Christendom; when popes crowned and uncrowned kings. Was there at that time moral, mental and financial growth? Did the nations thus restrained by religion, prosper? When these restraining influences were weakened, when popes were humbled, when creeds were denied, did morality, intelligence and prosperity begin to decay?

What are the restraining influences of religion? Did anybody ever hear of a policeman being dismissed because a new church had been organized?

Christianity teaches that the man who does right carries a cross. The exact opposite of this is true. The cross is carried by the man who does wrong. I believe in the restraining influences of intelligence. Intelligence is the only lever capable of raising mankind. If you wish to make men moral and prosperous develop the brain. Men must be taught to rely on themselves. To supplicate the supernatural is a waste of time.

The only evils that have been caused by the decline of Christianity, as pointed out by the Governor, are that in some villages they hear no solemn bells, that the dead are buried without Christian ceremony, that marriages are contracted before Justices of the Peace, and that children go unchristened.

These evils are hardly serious enough to cause moral, mental and financial decay. The average church bell is not very musical—not calculated to develop the mind or quicken the conscience. The absence of the ordinary funeral sermon does not add to the horror of death, and the failure to hear a minister say, as he stands by the grave, “One star differs in glory from another star. There is a difference between the flesh of fowl and fish. Be not deceived. Evil communications corrupt good manners,” does not necessarily increase the grief of the mourners. So far as children are concerned, if

they are vaccinated, it does not make much difference whether they are christened or not.

Marriage is a civil contract, and God is not one of the contracting parties. It is a contract with which the church has no business to interfere. Marriage with us is regulated by law. The real marriage—the uniting of hearts, the lighting of the sacred flame in each—is the work of Nature, and it is the best work that nature does. The ceremony of marriage gives notice to the world that the real marriage has taken place. Ministers have no real interest in marriages outside of the fees. Certainly marriages by Justices of the Peace cannot cause the mental, moral and financial decay of a State.

The things pointed out by the Governor were undoubtedly produced by the decline of Christianity, but they are not evils, and they cannot possibly injure the people morally, mentally or financially. The Governor calls on the people to think, work and pray. With two-thirds of this I agree. If the people of New Hampshire will think and work without praying they will grow morally, mentally and financially. If they pray without working and thinking, they will decay.

Prayer is beggary—an effort to get something for nothing. Labor is the honest prayer.

I do not think that the good and true in Christianity are declining. The good and true are more clearly perceived and more precious than ever. The supernatural, the miraculous part of Christianity is declining. The New Testament has been compelled to acknowledge the jurisdiction of reason. If Christianity continues to decline at the same rate and ratio that it has declined in this generation, in a few years all that is supernatural in the Christian religion will cease to exist. There is a conflict—a battle between the natural and the supernatural. The natural was baffled and beaten for thousands of years. The flag of defeat was carried by the few, by the brave and wise, by the real heroes of our race. They were conquered, captured, imprisoned, tortured and burned. Others took their places. The banner was kept in the air. In spite of countless defeats the army of the natural increased. It began to gain victories. It did not torture and kill the conquered. It enlightened and blessed. It fought ignorance with science, cruelty with kindness, slavery with justice, and all vices with virtues. In this great conflict we have passed midnight. When the morning comes its rays will gild but one flag—the flag of the natural.

All over Christendom religions are declining. Only children and the intellectually undeveloped have faith—the old faith that defies facts. Only a few years ago to be excommunicated by the pope blanched the cheeks of the bravest. Now the result would be laughter. Only a few years ago, for the sake of saving heathen souls, priests would brave all dangers and endure all hardships.

I once read the diary of a priest—one who long ago went down the Illinois River, the first white man to be borne on its waters. In this diary he wrote that he had just been paid for all that he had suffered. He had added a gem to the crown of his glory—had saved a soul for Christ. He had baptized a papoose.

That kind of faith has departed from the world.

The zeal that flamed in the hearts of Calvin, Luther and Knox, is cold and dead. Where are the Wesleys and Whitfields? Where are the old evangelists, the revivalists who swayed the hearts of their hearers with words of flame? The preachers of our day have lost the Promethean fire. They have lost the tone of certainty, of authority. "Thus saith the Lord" has dwindled to "perhaps." Sermons, messages from God, promises radiant with eternal joy, threats lurid with the flames of hell—have changed to colorless essays; to apologies and literary phrases; to inferences and peradventures.

"The blood-dyed vestures of the Redeemer are not waving in triumph over the ramparts of sin and rebellion," but over the fortresses of faith float the white flags of truce. The trumpets no longer sound for battle, but for parley. The fires of hell have been extinguished, and heaven itself is only a dream. The "eternal verities" have changed to doubts. The torch of inspiration, choked with ashes, has lost its flame. There is no longer in the church "a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind;" no "cloven tongues like as of fire;" no "wonders in the heaven above," and no "signs in the earth beneath." The miracles have faded away and the sceptre is passing from superstition to science—science, the only possible savior of mankind.

A Look Backward And A Prophecy

I CONGRATULATE *The Truth Seeker* on its twenty-fifth birthday. It has fought a good fight. It has always been at the front. It has carried the flag, and its flag is a torch that sheds light.

Twenty-five years ago the people of this country, for the most part, were quite orthodox. The great "fundamental" falsehoods of Christianity were generally accepted. Those who were not Christians, as a rule, admitted that they ought to be; that they ought to repent and join the church, and this they generally intended to do.

The ministers had few doubts. The most of them had been educated not to think, but to believe. Thought was regarded as dangerous, and the clergy, as a rule, kept on the safe side. Investigation was discouraged. It was declared that faith was the only road that led to eternal joy.

Most of the schools and colleges were under sectarian control, and the presidents and professors were defenders of their creeds. The people were crammed with miracles and stuffed with absurdities. They were taught that the Bible was the "inspired" word of God, that it was absolutely perfect, that the contradictions were only apparent, and that it contained no mistakes in philosophy, none in science. The great scheme of salvation was declared to be the result of infinite wisdom and mercy. Heaven and hell were waiting for the human race. Only those could be saved who had faith and who had been born twice.

Most of the ministers taught the geology of Moses, the astronomy of Joshua, and the philosophy of Christ. They regarded scientists as enemies, and their principal business was to defend miracles and deny facts. They knew, however, that men were thinking, investigating in every direction, and they feared the result. They became a little malicious—somewhat hateful. With their congregations they relied on sophistry, and they answered their enemies with epithets, with misrepresentations and slanders; and yet their minds were filled with a vague fear, with a sickening dread. Some of the people were reading and some were thinking. Lyell had told them something about geology, and in the light of facts they were reading Genesis again. The clergy called Lyell an Infidel, a blasphemer, but the facts seemed to care nothing for opprobrious names. Then the "called," the "set apart," the "Lord's anointed" began changing the "inspired" word. They erased the word "day" and inserted "period," and then triumphantly exclaimed: "The world was created in six periods." This answer satisfied bigotry, hypocrisy, and honest ignorance, but honest intelligence was not satisfied.

More and more was being found about the history of life, of living things, the order in which the various forms had appeared and the relations they had sustained to each other. Beneath the gaze of the biologist the fossils were again clothed with flesh, submerged continents and islands reappeared, the ancient forest grew once more, the air was filled with unknown birds, the seas with armored monsters, and the land with beasts of many forms that sought with tooth and claw each other's flesh.

Haeckel and Huxley followed life through all its changing forms from monad up to man. They found that men, women, and children had been on this poor world for hundreds of thousands of years.

The clergy could not dodge these facts, this conclusion, by calling “days” periods, because the Bible gives the age of Adam when he died, the lives and ages to the flood, to Abraham, to David, and from David to Christ, so that, according to the Bible, man at the birth of Christ had been on this earth four thousand and four years and no more.

There was no way in which the sacred record could be changed, but of course the dear ministers could not admit the conclusion arrived at by Haeckel and Huxley. If they did they would have to give up original sin, the scheme of the atonement, and the consolation of eternal fire.

They took the only course they could. They promptly and solemnly, with upraised hands, denied the facts, denounced the biologists as irreverent wretches, and defended the Book. With tears in their voices they talked about “Mother’s Bible,” about the “faith of the fathers,” about the prayers that the children had said, and they also talked about the wickedness of doubt. This satisfied bigotry, hypocrisy, and honest ignorance, but honest intelligence was not satisfied.

The works of Humboldt had been translated, and were being read; the intellectual horizon was enlarged, and the fact that the endless chain of cause and effect had never been broken, that Nature had never been interfered with, forced its way into many minds. This conception of nature was beyond the clergy. They did not believe it; they could not comprehend it. They did not answer Humboldt, but they attacked him with great virulence. They measured his works by the Bible, because the Bible was then the standard.

In examining a philosophy, a system, the ministers asked: “Does it agree with the sacred book?” With the Bible they separated the gold from the dross. Every science had to be tested by the Scriptures. Humboldt did not agree with Moses. He differed from Joshua. He had his doubts about the flood. That was enough.

Yet, after all, the ministers felt that they were standing on thin ice, that they were surrounded by masked batteries, and that something unfortunate was liable at any moment to happen. This increased their efforts to avoid, to escape. The truth was that they feared the truth. They were afraid of facts. They became exceedingly anxious for morality, for the young, for the inexperienced. They were afraid to trust human nature. They insisted that without the Bible the world would rush to crime. They warned the thoughtless of the danger of thinking. They knew that it would be impossible for civilization to exist without the Bible. They knew this because their God had tried it. He gave no Bible to the antediluvians, and they became so bad that he had to destroy them. He gave the Jews only the Old Testament, and they were dispersed. Irreverent people might say that Jehovah should have known this without a trial, but after all that has nothing to do with theology.

Attention had been called to the fact that two accounts of creation are in Genesis, and that they do not agree and cannot be harmonized, and that, in addition to that, the

divine historian had made a mistake as to the order of creation; that according to one account Adam was made before the animals, and Eve last of all, from Adam's rib; and by the other account Adam and Eve were made after the animals, and both at the same time. A good many people were surprised to find that the Creator had written contradictory accounts of the creation, and had forgotten the order in which he created.

Then there was another difficulty. Jehovah had declared that on Tuesday, or during the second period, he had created the "firmament" to divide the waters which were below the firmament from the waters above the firmament. It was found that there is no firmament; that the moisture in the air is the result of evaporation, and that there was nothing to divide the waters above, from the waters below. So that, according to the facts, Jehovah did nothing on the second day or period, because the moisture above the earth is not prevented from falling by the firmament, but because the mist is lighter than air.

The preachers, however, began to dodge, to evade, to talk about "oriental imagery." They declared that Genesis was a "sublime poem," a divine "panorama of creation," an "inspired vision;" that it was not intended to be exact in its details, but that it was true in a far higher sense, in a poetical sense, in a spiritual sense, conveying a truth much higher, much grander than simple, fact. The contradictions were covered with the mantle of oriental imagery. This satisfied bigotry, hypocrisy, and honest ignorance, but honest intelligence was not satisfied.

People were reading Darwin. His works interested not only the scientific, but the intelligent in all the walks of life. Darwin was the keenest observer of all time, the greatest naturalist in all the world. He was patient, modest, logical, candid, courageous, and absolutely truthful. He told the actual facts. He colored nothing. He was anxious only to ascertain the truth. He had no prejudices, no theories, no creed. He was the apostle of the real.

The ministers greeted him with shouts of derision. From nearly all the pulpits came the sounds of ignorant laughter, one of the saddest of all sounds. The clergy in a vague kind of way believed the Bible account of creation; they accepted the Miltonic view; they believed that all animals, including man, had been made of clay, fashioned by Jehovah's hands, and that he had breathed into all forms, not only the breath of life, but instinct and reason. They were not in the habit of descending to particulars; they did not describe Jehovah as kneading the clay or modeling his forms like a sculptor, but what they did say included these things.

The theory of Darwin contradicted all their ideas on the subject, vague as they were. He showed that man had not appeared at first as man, that he had not fallen from perfection, but had slowly risen through many ages from lower forms. He took food, climate, and all conditions into consideration, and accounted for difference of form, function, instinct, and reason, by natural causes. He dispensed with the supernatural. He did away with Jehovah the potter.

Of course the theologians denounced him as a blasphemer, as a dethroner of God. They even went so far as to smile at his ignorance. They said: "If the theory of Darwin is true the Bible is false, our God is a myth, and our religion a fable."

In that they were right.

Against Darwin they rained texts of Scripture like shot and shell. They believed that they were victorious and their congregations were delighted. Poor little frightened professors in religious colleges sided with the clergy. Hundreds of backboneless "scientists" ranged themselves with the enemies of Darwin. It began to look as though the church was victorious.

Slowly, steadily, the ideas of Darwin gained ground. He began to be understood. Men of sense were reading what he said. Men of genius were on his side. In a little while the really great in all departments of human thought declared in his favor. The tide began to turn. The smile on the face of the theologian became a frozen grin. The preachers began to hedge, to dodge. They admitted that the Bible was not inspired for the purpose of teaching science—only inspired about religion, about the spiritual, about the divine. The fortifications of faith were crumbling, the old guns had been spiked, and the armies of the "living God" were in retreat.

Great questions were being discussed, and freely discussed. People were not afraid to give their opinions, and they did give their honest thoughts. Draper had shown in his "Intellectual Development of Europe" that Catholicism had been the relentless enemy of progress, the bitter foe of all that is really useful. The Protestants were delighted with this book.

Buckle had shown in his "History of Civilization in England" that Protestantism had also enslaved the mind, had also persecuted to the extent of its power, and that Protestantism in its last analysis was substantially the same as the creed of Rome.

This book satisfied the thoughtful.

Hegel in his first book had done a great work and it did great good in spite of the fact that his second book was almost a surrender. Lecky in his first volume of "The History of Rationalism" shed a flood of light on the meanness, the cruelty, and the malevolence of "revealed religion," and this did good in spite of the fact that he almost apologizes in the second volume for what he had said in the first.

The Universalists had done good. They had civilized a great many Christians. They declared that eternal punishment was infinite revenge, and that the God of hell was an infinite savage.

Some of the Unitarians, following the example of Theodore Parker, denounced Jehovah as a brutal, tribal God. All these forces worked together for the development of the orthodox brain.

Herbert Spencer was being read and understood. The theories of this great philosopher were being adopted. He overwhelmed the theologians with facts, and from a great height he surveyed the world. Of course he was attacked, but not answered.

Emerson had sowed the seeds of thought—of doubt—in many minds, and from many directions the world was being flooded with intellectual light. The clergy became apologetic; they spoke with less certainty; with less emphasis, and lost a little confidence in the power of assertion. They felt the necessity of doing something, and

they began to harmonize as best they could the old lies and the new truths. They tried to get the wreck ashore, and many of them were willing to surrender if they could keep their side-arms; that is to say, their salaries.

Conditions had been reversed. The Bible had ceased to be the standard. Science was the supreme and final test.

There was no peace for the pulpit; no peace for the shepherds. Students of the Bible in England and Germany had been examining the inspired Scriptures. They had been trying to find when and by whom the books of the Bible were written. They found that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses; that the authors of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Esther, and Job were not known; that the Psalms were not written by David; that Solomon had nothing to do with Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, or the Song; that Isaiah was the work of at least three authors; that the prophecies of Daniel were written after the happening of the events prophesied. They found many mistakes and contradictions, and some of them went so far as to assert that the Hebrews had never been slaves in Egypt; that the story of the plagues, the exodus, and the pursuit was only a myth.

The New Testament fared no better than the Old. These critics found that nearly all of the books of the New Testament had been written by unknown men; that it was impossible to fix the time when they were written; that many of the miracles were absurd and childish, and that in addition to all of this, the gospels were found filled with mistakes, with interpolations' and contradictions; that the writers of Matthew, Mark, and Luke did not understand the Christian religion as it was understood by the author of the gospel according to John.

Of course, the critics were denounced from most of the pulpits, and the religious papers, edited generally by men who had failed as preachers, were filled with bitter denials and vicious attacks. The religious editors refused to be enlightened. They fought under the old flag. When dogmas became too absurd to be preached, they were taught in the Sunday schools; when worn out there, they were given to the missionaries; but the dear old religious weeklies, the Banners, the Covenants, the Evangelists, continued to feed their provincial subscribers with known mistakes and refuted lies.

There is another fact that should be taken into consideration. All religions are provincial. Mingled with them all and at the foundation of all are the egotism of ignorance, of isolation, the pride of race, and what is called patriotism. Every religion is a natural product—the result of conditions. When one tribe became acquainted with another, the ideas of both were somewhat modified. So when nations and races come into contact a change in thought, in opinion, is a necessary result.

A few years ago nations were strangers, and consequently hated each other's institutions and religions. Commerce has done a great work in destroying provincialism. To trade commodities is to exchange ideas. So the press, the steamships, the railways, cables, and telegraphs have brought the nations together and enabled them to compare their prejudices, their religions, laws and customs.

Recently many scholars have been studying the religions of the world and have found them much the same. They have also found that there is nothing original in Christianity; that the legends, miracles, Christs, and conditions of salvation, the heavens, hells, angels, devils, and gods were the common property of the ancient world. They found that Christ was a new name for an old biography; that he was not a life, but a legend; not a man, but a myth.

People began to suspect that our religion had not been supernaturally revealed, while others, far older and substantially the same, had been naturally produced. They found it difficult to account for the fact that poor, ignorant savages had in the darkness of nature written so well that Jehovah thousands of years afterwards copied it and adopted it as his own. They thought it curious that God should be a plagiarist.

These scholars found that all the old religions had recognized the existence of devils, of evil spirits, who sought in countless ways to injure the children of men. In this respect they found that the sacred books of other nations were just the same as our Bible, as our New Testament.

Take the Devil from our religion and the entire fabric falls. No Devil, no fall of man. No Devil, no atonement. No Devil, no hell.

The Devil is the keystone of the arch.

And yet for many years the belief in the existence of the Devil—of evil spirits—has been fading from the minds of intelligent people. This belief has now substantially vanished. The minister who now seriously talks about a personal Devil is regarded with a kind of pitying contempt.

The Devil has faded from his throne and the evil spirits have vanished from the air.

The man who has really given up a belief in the existence of the Devil cannot believe in the inspiration of the New Testament—in the divinity of Christ. If Christ taught anything, if he believed in anything, he taught a belief in the existence of the Devil..His principal business was casting out devils. He himself was taken possession of by the Devil and carried to the top of the temple.

Thousands and thousands of people have ceased to believe the account in the New Testament regarding devils, and yet continue to believe in the dogma of “inspiration” and the divinity of Christ.

In the brain of the average Christian, contradictions dwell in unity.

While a belief in the existence of the Devil has almost faded away, the belief in the existence of a personal God has been somewhat weakened. The old belief that back of nature, back of all substance and force, was and is a personal God, an infinite intelligence who created and governs the world, began to be questioned. The scientists had shown the indestructibility of matter and force. Büchner’s great work had convinced most readers that matter and force could not have been created. They also became satisfied that matter cannot exist apart from force and that force cannot exist apart from matter.

They found, too, that thought is a form of force, and that consequently intelligence could not have existed before matter, because without matter, force in any form cannot and could not exist.

The creator of anything is utterly unthinkable.

A few years ago God was supposed to govern the world. He rewarded the people with sunshine, with prosperity and health, or he punished with drought and flood, with plague and storm. He not only attended to the affairs of nations, but he watched the actions of individuals. He sank ships, derailed trains, caused conflagrations, killed men and women with his lightnings, destroyed some with earthquakes, and tore the homes and bodies of thousands into fragments with his cyclones.

In spite of the church, in spite of the ministers, the people began to lose confidence in Providence. The right did not seem always to triumph. Virtue was not always rewarded and vice was not always punished. The good failed; the vicious succeeded; the strong and cruel enslaved the weak; toil was paid with the lash; babes were sold from the breasts of mothers, and Providence seemed to be absolutely heartless.

In other words, people began to think that the God of the Christians and the God of nature were about the same, and that neither appeared to take any care of the human race.

The Deists of the last century scoffed at the Bible God. He was too cruel, too savage. At the same time they praised the God of nature. They laughed at the idea of inspiration and denied the supernatural origin of the Scriptures.

Now, if the Bible is not inspired, then it is a natural production, and nature, not God, should be held responsible for the Scriptures. Yet the Deists denied that God was the author and at the same time asserted the perfection of nature.

This shows that even in the minds of Deists contradictions dwell in unity.

Against all these facts and forces, these theories and tendencies, the clergy fought and prayed. It is not claimed that they were consciously dishonest, but it is claimed that they were prejudiced—that they were incapable of examining the other side—that they were utterly destitute of the philosophic spirit. They were not searchers for the facts, but defenders of the creeds, and undoubtedly they were the product of conditions and surroundings, and acted as they must.

In spite of everything a few rays of light penetrated the orthodox mind. Many ministers accepted some of the new facts, and began to mingle with Christian mistakes a few scientific truths. In many instances they excited the indignation of their congregations. Some were tried for heresy and driven from their pulpits, and some organized new churches and gathered about them a few people willing to listen to the sincere thoughts of an honest man.

The great body of the church, however, held to the creed—not quite believing it, but still insisting that it was true.

In private conversation they would apologize and admit that the old ideas were outgrown, but in public they were as orthodox as ever. In every church, however,

there were many priests who accepted the new gospel; that is to say, welcomed the truth.

To-day it may truthfully be said that the Bible in the old sense is no longer regarded as the inspired word of God. Jehovah is no longer accepted or believed in as the creator of the universe. His place has been taken by the Unknown, the Unseen, the Invisible, the Incomprehensible Something, the Cosmic Dust, the First Cause, the Inconceivable, the Original Force, the Mystery. The God of the Bible, the gentleman who walked in the cool of the evening, who talked face to face with Moses, who revenged himself on unbelievers and who gave laws written with his finger on tables of stone, has abdicated. He has become a myth.

So, too, the New Testament has lost its authority. People reason about it now as they do about other books, and even orthodox ministers pick out the miracles that ought to be believed, and when anything is attributed to Christ not in accordance with their views, they take the liberty of explaining it away by saying “interpolation.”

In other words, we have lived to see Science the standard instead of the Bible. We have lived to see the Bible tested by Science, and, what is more, we have lived to see reason the standard not only in religion, but in all the domain of science. Now all civilized scientists appeal to reason. They get their facts, and then reason from the foundation. Now the theologian appeals to reason. Faith is no longer considered a foundation. The theologian has found that he must build upon the truth and that he must establish this truth by satisfying human reason.

This is where we are now.

What is to be the result? Is progress to stop? Are we to retrace our steps? Are we going back to superstition? Are we going to take authority for truth?

Let me prophesy.

In modern times we have slowly lost confidence in the supernatural and have slowly gained confidence in the natural. We have slowly lost confidence in gods and have slowly gained confidence in man. For the cure of disease, for the stopping of plague, we depend on the natural—on science. We have lost confidence in holy water and religious processions. We have found that prayers are never answered.

In my judgment, all belief in the supernatural will be driven from the human mind. All religions must pass away. The augurs, the soothsayers, the seers, the preachers, the astrologers and alchemists will all lie in the same cemetery and one epitaph will do for them all. In a little while all will have had their day. They were naturally produced and they will be naturally destroyed. Man at last will depend entirely upon himself—on the development of the brain—to the end that he may take advantage of the forces of nature—to the end that he may supply the wants of his body and feed the hunger of his mind.

In my judgment, teachers will take the place of preachers and the interpreters of nature will be the only priests.

Political Morality

THE room of the House Committee on Elections was crowded this morning with committeemen and spectators to listen to an argument by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in the contested election case of Strobach against Herbert, of the IId Alabama district. Colonel Ingersoll appeared for Strobach, the contestant. While most of his argument was devoted to the dry details of the testimony, he entered into some discussion of the general principles involved in contested election cases, and spoke with great eloquence and force.

The mere personal controversy, as between Herbert and Strobach, is not worth talking about. It is a question as to whether or not the republican system is a failure. Unless the will of the majority can be ascertained, and surely ascertained, through the medium of the ballot, the foundation of this Government rests upon nothing—the Government ceases to be. I would a thousand time rather a Democrat should come to Congress from this district, or from any district, than that a Republican should come who was not honestly elected. I would a thousand times rather that this country should honestly go to destruction than dishonestly and fraudulently go anywhere. We want it settled whether this form of government is or is not a failure. That is the real question, and it is the question at issue in every one of these cases. Has Congress power and has Congress the sense to say to-day, that no man shall sit as a maker of laws for the people who has not been honestly elected? Whenever you admit a man to Congress and allow him to vote and make laws, you poison the source of justice—you poison the source of power; and the moment the people begin to think that many members of Congress are there through fraud, that moment they cease to have respect for the legislative department of this Government—that moment they cease to have respect for the sovereignty of the people represented by fraud.

Now, as I have said, I care nothing about the personal part of it, and, maybe you will not believe me, but I care nothing about the political part. The question is, Who has the right on his side? Who is honestly entitled to this seat? That is infinitely more important than any personal or party question. My doctrine is that a majority of the people must control—that we have in this country a king, that we have in this country a sovereign, just as truly as they can have in any other, and, as a matter of fact, a republic is the only country that does in truth have a sovereign, and that sovereign is the legally expressed will of the people. So that any man that puts in a fraudulent vote is a traitor to that sovereign; any man that knowingly counts an illegal vote is a traitor to that sovereign, and is not fit to be a citizen of the great Republic. Any man who fraudulently throws out a vote, knowing it to be a legal vote, tampers with the source of power, and is, in fact, false to our institutions. Now, these are the questions to be decided, and I want them decided, not because this case happens to come from the South any more than if it came from the North. It is a matter that concerns the whole country. We must decide it. There must be a law on the subject. We have got to lay down a stringent rule that shall apply to these cases. There should be—there must be—such a thing as political morality so far as voting is concerned.—New York Tribune, May 13, 1883.

A Few Reasons For Doubting The Inspiration Of The Bible

THE Old Testament must have been written nearly two thousand years before the invention of printing. There were but few copies, and these were in the keeping of those whose interest might have prompted interpolations, and whose ignorance might have led to mistakes.

Second. The written Hebrew was composed entirely of consonants, without any points or marks standing for vowels, so that anything like accuracy was impossible. Anyone can test this for himself by writing an English sentence, leaving out the vowels. It will take far more inspiration to read than to write a book with consonants alone.

Third. The books composing the Old Testament were not divided into chapters or verses, and no system of punctuation was known. Think of this a moment and you will see how difficult it must be to read such a book.

Fourth. There was not among the Jews any dictionary of their language, and for this reason the accurate meaning of words could not be preserved. Now the different meanings of words are preserved so that by knowing the age in which a writer lived we can ascertain with reasonable certainty his meaning.

Fifth. The Old Testament was printed for the first time in 1488. Until this date it existed only in manuscript, and was constantly exposed to erasures and additions.

Sixth. It is now admitted by the most learned in the Hebrew language that in our present English version of the Old Testament there are at least one hundred thousand errors. Of course the believers in inspiration assert that these errors are not sufficient in number to cast the least suspicion upon any passages upholding what are called the “fundamentals.”

Seventh. It is not certainly known who in fact wrote any of the books of the Old Testament. For instance, it is now generally conceded that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch.

Eighth. Other books, not now in existence, are referred to in the Old Testament as of equal authority, such as the books of Jasher, Nathan, Ahijah, Iddo, Jehu, Sayings of the Seers.

Ninth. The Christians are not agreed among themselves as to what books are inspired. The Catholics claim as inspired the books of Maccabees, Tobit, Esdras, etc. Others doubt the inspiration of Esther, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon.

Tenth. In the book of Esther and the Song of Solomon the name of God is not mentioned, and no reference is made to any supreme being, nor to any religious duty. These omissions would seem sufficient to cast a little doubt upon these books.

Eleventh. Within the present century manuscript copies of the Old Testament have been found throwing new light and changing in many instances the present readings.

In consequence a new version is now being made by a theological syndicate composed of English and American divines, and after this is published it may be that our present Bible will fall into disrepute.

Twelfth. The fact that language is continually changing, that words are constantly dying and others being born; that the same word has a variety of meanings during its life, shows hew hard it is to preserve the original ideas that might have been expressed in the Scriptures, for thousands of years, without dictionaries, without the art of printing, and without the light of contemporaneous literature.

Thirteenth. Whatever there was of the Old Testament seems to have been lost from the time of Moses until the days of Josiah, and it is probable that nothing like the Bible existed in any permanent form among the Jews until a few hundred years before Christ. It is said that Ezra gave the Pentateuch to the Jews, but whether he found or originated it is unknown. So it is claimed that Nehemiah gathered up the manuscripts about the kings and prophets, while the books of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ruth, Ecclesiastes, and some others were either collected or written long after. The Jews themselves did not agree as to what books were really inspired.

Fourteenth. In the Old Testament we find several contradictory laws about the same thing, and contradictory accounts of the same occurrences. In the twentieth chapter of Exodus we find the first account of the giving of the Ten Commandments. In the thirty-fourth chapter another account is given. These two accounts could never have been written by the same person. Read these two accounts and you will be forced to admit that one of them cannot be true. So there are two histories of the creation, of the flood, and of the manner in which Saul became king.

Fifteenth. It is now generally admitted that Genesis must have been written by two persons, and the parts written by each can be separated, and when separated they are found to contradict each other in many important particulars.

Sixteenth. It is also admitted that copyists made verbal changes not only, but pieced out fragments; that the speeches of Elihu in the book of Job were all interpolated, and that most of the prophecies were made by persons whose names we have never known.

Seventeenth. The manuscripts of the Old Testament were not alike, and the Greek version differed from the Hebrew, and there was no absolutely received text of the Old Testament until after the commencement of the Christian era. Marks and points to denote vowels were invented probably about the seventh century after Christ. Whether these vowels were put in the proper places or not is still an open question.

Eighteenth. The Alexandrian version, or what is known as the Septuagint, translated by seventy learned Jews, assisted by “miraculous power,” about two hundred years before Christ, could not have been, it is said, translated from the Hebrew text that we now have. The differences can only be accounted for by supposing that they had a different Hebrew text. The early Christian Churches adopted the Septuagint, and were satisfied for a time. But so many errors were found, and so many were scanning every word in search of something to sustain their peculiar views, that several new versions appeared, all different somewhat from the Hebrew manuscripts, from the

Septuagint, and from each other. All these versions were in Greek. The first Latin Bible originated in Africa, but no one has ever found out which Latin manuscript was the original. Many were produced, and all differed from each other. These Latin versions were compared with each other and with the Hebrew, and a new Latin version was made in the fifth century, but the old Latin versions held their own for about four hundred years, and no one yet knows which were right. Besides these there were Egyptian, Ethiopie, Armenian, and several others, all differing from each other as well as from all others in the world.

It was not until the fourteenth century that the Bible was translated into German, and not until the fifteenth that Bibles were printed in the principal languages of Europe. Of these Bibles there were several kinds—Luther's, the Dort, King James's, Genevan, French, besides the Danish and Swedish. Most of these differed from each other, and gave rise to infinite disputes and crimes without number. The earliest fragment of the Bible in the "Saxon" language known to exist was written sometime in the seventh century. The first Bible was printed in England in 1538. In 1560 the first English Bible was printed that was divided into verses. Under Henry VIII. the Bible was revised; again under Queen Elizabeth, and once again under King James. This last was published in 1611, and is the one now in general use.

Nineteenth. No one in the world has learning enough, nor has he time enough even if he had the learning, and could live a thousand years, to find out what books really belong to and constitute the Old Testament, the authors of these books, when they were written, and what they really mean. And until a man has the learning and the time to do all this he cannot certainly tell whether he believes the Bible or not.

Twentieth. If a revelation from God was actually necessary to the happiness of man here and to his salvation hereafter, it is not easy to see why such revelation was not given to all the nations of the earth. Why were the millions of Asia, Egypt, and America left to the insufficient light of nature. Why was not a written, or what is still better, a printed revelation given to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? And why were the Jews themselves without a Bible until the days of Ezra the scribe? Why was nature not so made that it would give light enough? Why did God make men and leave them in darkness—a darkness that he, knew would fill the world with want and crime, and crowd with damned souls the dungeons of his hell? Were the Jews the only people who needed a revelation? It may be said that God had no time to waste with other nations, and gave the Bible to the Jews that other nations through them might learn of his existence and his will. If he wished other nations to be informed, and revealed himself to but one, why did he not choose a people that mingled with others? Why did he give the message to those who had no commerce, who were obscure and unknown, and who regarded other nations with the hatred born of bigotry and weakness? What would we now think of a God who made his will known to the South Sea Islanders for the benefit of the civilized world? If it was of such vast importance for man to know that there is a God, why did not God make himself known? This fact could have been revealed by an infinite being instantly to all, and there certainly was no necessity of telling it alone to the Jews, and allowing millions for thousands of years to die in utter ignorance.

Twenty-first. The Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Tartars, Africans, Eskimo, Persians, Turks, Kurds, Arabs, Polynesians, and many other peoples, are substantially ignorant of the Bible. All the Bible societies of the world have produced only about one hundred and twenty millions of Bibles, and there are about fourteen hundred million people. There are hundreds of languages and tongues in which no Bible has yet been printed. Why did God allow, and why does he still allow, a vast majority of his children to remain in ignorance of his will?

Twenty-second. If the Bible is the foundation of all civilization, of all just ideas of right and wrong, of our duties to God and each other, why did God not give to each nation at least one copy to start with? He must have known that no nation could get along successfully without a Bible, and he also knew that man could not make one for himself. Why, then, were not the books furnished? He must have known that the light of nature was not sufficient to reveal the scheme of the atonement, the necessity of baptism, the immaculate conception, transubstantiation, the arithmetic of the Trinity, or the resurrection of the dead.

Twenty-third. It is probably safe to say that not one-third of the inhabitants of this world ever heard of the Bible, and not one-tenth ever read it. It is also safe to say that no two persons who ever read it agreed as to its meaning, and it is not likely that even one person has ever understood it. Nothing is more needed at the present time than an inspired translator. Then we shall need an inspired commentator, and the translation and the commentary should be written in an inspired universal language, incapable of change, and then the whole world should be inspired to understand this language precisely the same. Until these things are accomplished, all written revelations from God will fill the world with contending sects, contradictory creeds and opinions.

Twenty-fourth. All persons who know anything of constitutions and laws know how impossible it is to use words that will convey the same ideas to all. The best statesmen, the profoundest lawyers, differ as widely about the real meaning of treaties and statutes as do theologians about the Bible. When the differences of lawyers are left to courts, and the courts give written decisions, the lawyers will again differ as to the real meaning of the opinions. Probably no two lawyers in the United States understand our Constitution alike. To allow a few men to tell what the Constitution means, and to hang for treason all who refuse to accept the opinions of these few men, would accomplish in politics what most churches have asked for in religion.

Twenty-fifth. Is it very wicked to deny that the universe was created of nothing by an infinite being who existed from all eternity? The human mind is such that it cannot possibly conceive of creation, neither can it conceive of an infinite being who dwelt in infinite space an infinite length of time.

Twenty-sixth. The idea that the universe was made in six days, and is but about six thousand years old, is too absurd for serious refutation. Neither will it do to say that the six days were six periods, because this does away with the Sabbath, and is in direct violation of the text.

Twenty-seventh. Neither is it reasonable that this God made man out of dust, and woman out of one of the ribs of the man; that this pair were put in a garden; that they were deceived by a snake that had the power of speech; that they were turned out of this garden to prevent them from eating of the tree of life and becoming immortal; that God himself made them clothes; that the sons of God intermarried with the daughters of men; that to destroy all life upon the earth a flood was sent that covered the highest mountains; that Noah and his sons built an ark and saved some of all animals as well as themselves; that the people tried to build a tower that would reach to heaven; that God confounded their language, and in this way frustrated their design.

Twenty-eighth. It is hard to believe that God talked to Abraham as one man talks to another; that he gave him land that he pointed out; that he agreed to give him land that he never did; that he ordered him to murder his own son; that angels were in the habit of walking about the earth eating veal dressed with butter and milk, and making bargains about the destruction of cities.

Twenty-ninth. Certainly a man ought not to be eternally damned for entertaining an honest doubt about a woman having been turned into a pillar of salt, about cities being destroyed by storms of fire and brimstone, and about people once having lived for nearly a thousand years.

Thirtieth. Neither is it probable that God really wrestled with Jacob and put his thigh out of joint, and that for that reason the Jews refused "to eat the sinew that shrank," as recounted in the thirty-second chapter of Genesis; that God in the likeness of a flame inhabited a bush; that he amused himself by changing the rod of Moses into a serpent, and making his hand leprous as snow.

Thirty-first. One can scarcely be blamed for hesitating to believe that God met Moses at a hotel and tried to kill him that afterward he made this same Moses a god to Pharaoh, and gave him his brother Aaron for a prophet;2 that he turned all the ponds and pools and streams and all the rivers into blood,3 and all the water in vessels of wood and stone; that the rivers thereupon brought forth frogs;4 that the frogs covered the whole land of Egypt; that he changed dust into lice, so that all the men, women, children, and animals were covered with them;6 that he sent swarms of flies upon the Egyptians;8 that he destroyed the innocent cattle with painful diseases; that he covered man and beast with blains and boils;7 that he so covered the magicians of Egypt with boils that they could not stand before Moses for the purpose of performing the same feats, that he destroyed every beast and every man that was in the fields, and every herb, and broke every tree with storm of hail and fire;9 that he sent locusts that devoured every herb that escaped the hail, and devoured every tree that grew;10 that he caused thick darkness over the land and put lights in the houses of the Jews;11 that he destroyed all of the firstborn of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh upon the throne to the firstborn of the maidservant that sat behind the mill,"12 together with the firstborn of all beasts, so that there was not a house in which the dead were not."

1 Ex. iv, 24. 5 Ex. viii, 16, 17. 9 Ex. ix, 25.

2 Ex. vii. 1. 6 Ex. viii, 21. 10 Ex. x, 15.

3 Ex. viii, 19. *7 Ex. ix, 9.* *11 Ex. x, 22, 23.*

4 Ex. viii, 3. *8 Ex. ix, 11.* *12 Ex. xi, 5.*

13 Ex. xii, 29.

Thirty-second. It is very hard to believe that three millions of people left a country and marched twenty or thirty miles all in one day. To notify so many people would require a long time, and then the sick, the halt, and the old would be apt to impede the march. It seems impossible that such a vast number—six hundred thousand men, besides women and children—could have been cared for, could have been fed and clothed, and the sick nursed, especially when we take into consideration that "they were thrust out of Egypt, and could not tarry, neither had they prepared for themselves any victual." 1

Thirty-third. It seems cruel to punish a man forever for denying that God went before the Jews by day "in a pillar of a cloud to lead' them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light to go by day and night," or for denying that Pharaoh pursued the Jews with six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and that the six hundred thousand men of war of the Jews were sore afraid when they saw the pursuing hosts. It does seems strange that after all the water in a country had been turned to blood—after it had been overrun with frogs and devoured with flies; after all the cattle had died with the murrain, and the rest had been killed by the fire and hail and the remainder had suffered with boils, and the firstborn of all that were left had died; that after locusts had devoured every herb and eaten up every tree of the field, and the firstborn had died, from the firstborn of the king on the throne to the firstborn of the captive in the dungeon; that after three millions of people had left, carrying with them the jewels of silver and gold and the raiment of their oppressors, the Egyptians still had enough soldiers and chariots and horses left to pursue and destroy an army of six hundred thousand men, if God had not interfered.

1 Ex. xii, 37-39

Thirty-fourth. It certainly ought to satisfy God to torment a man for four or five thousand years for insisting that it is but a small thing for an infinite being to vanquish an Egyptian army; that it was rather a small business to trouble people with frogs, flies, and vermin; that it looked almost malicious to cover people with boils and afflict cattle with disease; that a real good God would not torture innocent beasts on account of something the owners had done; that it was absurd to do miracles before a king to induce him to act in a certain way, and then harden his heart so that he would refuse; and that to kill all the firstborn of a nation was the act of a heartless fiend.

Thirty-fifth. Certainly one ought to be permitted to doubt that twelve wells of water were sufficient for three millions of people, together with their flocks and herds,1 and to inquire a little into the nature of manna that was cooked by baking and seething and yet would melt in the sun,2 and that would swell or shrink so as to make an exact omer, no matter how much or how little there really was.3 Certainly it is not a crime to say that water cannot be manufactured by striking a rock with a stick, and that the fate of battle cannot be decided by lifting one hand up or letting it fall.4 Must we

admit that God really did come down upon Mount Sinai in the sight of all the people; that he commanded that all who should go up into the Mount or touch the border of it should be put to death, and that even the beasts that came near it should be killed?5 Is it wrong to laugh at this? Is it sinful to say that God never spoke from the top of a mountain covered with clouds these words to Moses, "Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish; and let the priests also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves, lest the Lord break forth upon them"?6

1 Ex. xv, 27. *3 Ex. xix. 12.* *5 Ex. xix, 13, 13.*

2 Ex. xvi, 23, 21 *4 Ex. xvii, 11, 13.* *6 Ex. xix, 21, 22*

Can it be that an infinite intelligence takes delight in scaring savages, and that he is happy only when somebody trembles? Is it reasonable to suppose that God surrounded himself with thunderings and lightnings and thick darkness to tell the priests that they should not make altars of hewn stones, nor with stairs? And that this God at the same time he gave the Ten Commandments ordered the Jews to break the most of them? According to the Bible these infamous words came from the mouth of God while he was wrapped and clothed in darkness and clouds upon the Mount of Sinai:

If thou buy an Hebrew servant six years he shall serve: and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself he shall go out by himself; if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and she have borne him sons or daughters, the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself. And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free: then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door or unto the doorpost; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever.2 And if a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished; for he is his money.3

Do you really think that a man will be eternally damned for endeavoring to wipe from the record of God those barbaric words?

Thirty-sixth. Is it because of total depravity that some people refuse to believe that God went into partnership with insects and granted letters of marque and reprisal to hornets;4 that he wasted forty days and nights furnishing Moses with plans and specifications for a tabernacle, an ark, a mercy seat and two cherubs of gold, a table, four rings, some dishes and spoons, one candlestick, three bowls, seven lamps, a pair of tongs, some snuff dishes (for all of which God had patterns), ten curtains with fifty loops, a roof for the tabernacle of rams' skins dyed red, a lot of boards, an altar with horns, ash pans, basins, and flesh hooks, and fillets of silver and pins of brass; that he told Moses to speak unto all the wise-hearted that he had filled with wisdom, that they might make a suit of clothes for Aaron, and that God actually gave directions that an ephod "shall have the two shoulder-pieces thereof joined at the two edges thereof."

1 Ex. xix, 25, 26. 3 Ex. xxi, 20, 21

2 Ex. xxi, 2-6, 4 Ex, xxiii, 28

And gave all the orders concerning mitres, girdles, and onyx stones, ouches, emeralds, breastplates, chains, rings, Urim and Thummim, and the hole in the top of the ephod like the hole of a habergeon?1

Thirty-seventh. Is there a Christian missionary who could help laughing if in any heathen country he had seen the following command of God carried out? "And thou shalt take the other ram; and Aaron and his sons shall put their hands upon the head of the ram. Then shalt thou kill the ram and take of his blood and put it upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron, and upon the tip of the right ear of his sons, and upon the thumb of their right hand, and upon the great toe of their right foot."2 Does one have to be born again to appreciate the beauty and solemnity of such a performance? Is not the faith of the most zealous Christian somewhat shaken while reading the recipes for cooking mutton, veal, beef, birds, and unleavened dough, found in the cook book that God made for Aaron and his sons?

Thirty-eighth. Is it to be wondered at that some people have doubted the statement that God told Moses how to make some ointment, hair oil, and perfume, and then made it a crime punishable with death to make any like them? Think of a God killing a man for imitating his ointment!3 Think of a God saying that he made heaven and earth in six days and rested on the seventh day and was refreshed!4 Think of this God threatening to destroy the Jews, and being turned from his purpose because Moses told him that the Egyptians might mock him!5

1 Ex. xxvii and xxviii. 3 Ex. xxx, 23. 5 Ex. xxxii, 11, 12

2 Ex. xxix, 19, 20 4 Ex. xxxi, 17.

Thirty-ninth. What must we think of a man impudent enough to break in pieces tables of stone upon which God had written with his finger? What must we think of the goodness of a man that would issue the following order: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, even every man upon his son, and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day"?1 Is it true that the God of the Bible demanded human sacrifice? Did it please him for man to kill his neighbor, for brother to murder his brother, and for the father to butcher his sou? If there is a God let him cause it to be written in the book of his memory, opposite my name, that I refuted this slander and denied this lie.

Fortieth. Can it be true that God was afraid to trust himself with the Jews for fear he would consume them? Can it be that in order to keep from devouring them he kept away and sent one of his angels in his place?2 Can it be that this same God talked to Moses "face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend," when it is declared in the same chapter, by God himself, "Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live"?3

Forty-first. Why should a man, because he has done a bad action, go and kill a sheep? How can man make friends with God by cutting the throats of bullocks and goats? Why should God delight in the shedding of blood? Why should he want his altar sprinkled with blood, and the horns of his altar tipped with blood, and his priests covered with blood? Why should burning flesh be a sweet savor in the nostrils of God? Why did he compel his priests to be butchers, cutters and stabbers?

1 Ex. xxxii, 27-29. 2 Ex. xxxiii, 2, 3.

3 Ex. xxxiii, 11, 20.

Why should the same God kill a man for eating the fat of an ox, a sheep, or a goat?

Forty-second. Could it be a consolation to a man when dying to think that he had always believed that God told Aaron to take two goats and draw cuts to see which goat should be killed and which should be a scapegoat?1 And that upon the head of the scapegoat Aaron should lay both his hands and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions, and put them all on the head of the goat, and send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness; and that the goat should bear upon him all the iniquities of the people into a land not inhabited?2 How could a goat carry away a load of iniquities and transgressions? Why should he carry them to a land uninhabited? Were these sins contagious? About how many sins could an average goat carry? Could a man meet such a goat now without laughing?

Forty-third. Why should God object to a man wearing a garment made of woolen and linen? Why should he care whether a man rounded the corners of his beard?3 Why should God prevent a man from offering the sacred bread merely because he had a flat nose, or was lame, or had five fingers on one hand, or had a broken foot, or was a dwarf? If he objected to such people, why did he make them?4

Forty-fourth. Why should we believe that God insisted upon the sacrifice of human beings? Is it a sin to deny this, and to deny the inspiration of a book that teaches it? Read the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth verses of the last chapter of Leviticus, a book in which there is more folly and cruelty, more stupidity and tyranny, than in any other book in this world except some others in the same Bible. Read the thirty-second chapter of Exodus and you will see how by the most infamous of crimes man becomes reconciled to this God.

1 Lev, xvi, 8. 2 Lev. xvi, 21, 22. 3 Lev. xix, 19, 27,

4 Lev. xxi, 18-20.

You will see that he demands of fathers the blood of their sons. Read the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the third chapter of Numbers, “And I, behold, I have taken the Levites from among the children of Israel,” etc.

How, in the desert of Sinai, did the Jews obtain curtains of fine linen? How did these absconding slaves make cherubs of gold? Where did they get the skins of badgers, and how did they dye them red? How did they make wreathed chains and spoons, basins and tongs? Where did they get the blue cloth and their purple? Where did they get the sockets of brass? How did they coin the shekel of the sanctuary? How did they

overlay boards with gold? Where did they get the numberless instruments and tools necessary to accomplish all these things? Where did they get the fine flour and the oil? Were all these found in the desert of Sinai? Is it a sin to ask these questions? Are all these doubts born of a malignant and depraved heart? Why should God in this desert prohibit priests from drinking wine, and from eating moist grapes? How could these priests get wine?

Do not these passages show that these laws were made long after the Jews had left the desert, and that they were not given from Sinai? Can you imagine a God silly enough to tell a horde of wandering savages upon a desert that they must not eat any fruit of the trees they planted until the fourth year?

Forty-fifth. Ought a man to be despised and persecuted for denying that God ordered the priests to make women drink dirt and water to test their virtue? 1 Or for denying that over the tabernacle there was a cloud during the day and fire by night, and that the cloud lifted up when God wished the Jews to travel, and that until it was lifted they remained in their tents?2

1 Num. v, 12-31. 2 Num. ix, 16-18.

Can it be possible that the "ark of the covenant" traveled on its own account, and that "when the ark set forward" the people followed, as is related in the tenth chapter of the holy book of Numbers?

Forty-sixth. Was it reasonable for God to give the Jews manna, and nothing else, year after year? He had infinite power, and could just as easily have given them something good, in reasonable variety, as to have fed them on manna until they loathed the sight of it, and longingly remembered the fish, cucumbers, melons, leeks, onions, and garlic of Egypt. And yet when the poor people complained of the diet and asked for a little meat, this loving and merciful God became enraged, sent them millions of quails in his wrath, and while they were eating, while the flesh was yet between their teeth, before it was chewed, this amiable God smote the people with a plague and killed all those that lusted after meat. In a few days after, he made up his mind to kill the rest, but was dissuaded when Moses told him that the Canaanites would laugh at him.1 No wonder the poor Jews wished they were back in Egypt. No wonder they had rather be the slaves of Pharaoh than the chosen people of God. No wonder they preferred the wrath of Egypt to the love of heaven. In my judgment, the Jews would have fared far better if Jehovah had let them alone, or had he even taken the side of the Egyptians.

When the poor Jews were told by their spies that the Canaanites were giants, they, seized with fear, said, "Let us go back to Egypt." For this, their God doomed all except Joshua and Caleb to a wandering death. Hear the words of this most merciful God: "But as for you, your carcasses they shall fall in this wilderness, and your children shall wander in the wilderness forty years and bear your sins until your carcasses be wasted in the wilderness."2 And yet this same God promised to give unto all these people a land flowing with milk and honey.

1 Num. xiv, 15, 16. 2 Num. xiv. 32-33.

Forty-seventh. “And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness they found a man that gathered sticks upon the Sabbath day.

“And they that found him gathering sticks brought him unto Moses and Aaron, and unto all the congregation.

“And they put him in ward, because it was not declared what should be done to him.

“And the Lord said unto Moses, The man shall be surely put to death; all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp.

“And all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died.” 1

When the last stone was thrown, and he that was a man was but a mangled, bruised, and broken mass, this God turned, and, *touched with pity*, said: “Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a riband of blue.”2

In the next chapter, this Jehovah, whose loving kindness is over all his works, because Korah, Dathan, and Abiram objected to being starved to death in the wilderness, made the earth open and swallow not only them, but their wives and their little ones. Not yet satisfied, he sent a plague and killed fourteen thousand seven hundred more. There never was in the history of the world such a cruel, revengeful, bloody, jealous, fickle, unreasonable, and fiendish ruler, emperor, or king as Jehovah. No wonder the children of Israel cried out, “Behold we die, we perish, we all perish.”

Forty-eighth. I cannot believe that a dry stick budded, blossomed, and bore almonds; that the ashes of a red heifer are a purification for sin;3 that God gave the cities into the hands of the Jews because they solemnly agreed to murder all the inhabitants; that God became enraged and induced snakes to bite his chosen people; that God told Balaam to go with the Princess of Moab, and then got angry because he did go; that an animal ever saw an angel and conversed with a man.

1 Num. xv, 32-36. 2 Num. xv, 38, 3 Num. xix, 2-10.

I cannot believe that thrusting a spear through the body of a woman ever stayed a plague;1 that any good man ever ordered his soldiers to slay the men and keep the maidens alive for themselves; that God commanded men not to show mercy to each other; that he induced men to obey his commandments by promising them that he would assist them in murdering the wives and children of their neighbors; or that he ever commanded a man to kill his wife because she differed with him about religion;2 or that God was mistaken about hares chewing the cud;3 or that he objected to the people raising horses 4 or that God wanted a camp kept clean because he walked through it at night;5 or that he commanded widows to spit in the faces of their brothers-in-law;6 or that he ever threatened to give anybody the itch;7 or that he ever secretly buried a man and allowed the corpse to write an account of the funeral.

Forty-ninth. Does it necessarily follow that a man wishes to commit some crime if he refuses to admit that the river Jordan cut itself in two and allowed the lower end to run away? Or that seven priests could blow seven ram's horns loud enough to throw down the walls of a city;8 or that God, after Achan had confessed that he had secreted a garment and a wedge of gold, became good natured as soon as Achan and his sons and daughters had been stoned to death and their bodies burned?10 Is it not a virtue to abhor such a God?

1 Num. XXV, 8. *4 Deut. xvii, 16.* *7 Deut. xxviii, 27.*

2 Deut. xiii, 6-10. *5 Deut. xxiii, 13, 14.* *8 Josh, iii, 16.*

3 Deut. xiv, 7. *6 Deut. xxv, 9.,* *9 Josh. vi, 20.*

10 Josh, vii, 24, 25.

Must we believe that God sanctioned and commanded all the cruelties and horrors described in the Old Testament; that he waged the most relentless and heartless wars; that he declared mercy a crime; that to spare life was to excite his wrath; that he smiled when maidens were violated, laughed when mothers were ripped open with a sword, and shouted with joy when babes were butchered in their mothers' arms? Read the infamous book of Joshua, and then worship the God who inspired it if you can.

Fiftieth. Can any sane man believe that the sun stood still in the midst of heaven and hasted not to go down about a whole day, and that the moon stayed?1 That these miracles were performed in the interest of massacre and bloodshed; that the Jews destroyed men, women, and children by the million, and practiced every cruelty that the ingenuity of their God could suggest? Is it possible that these things really happened? Is it possible that God commanded them to be done? Again I ask you to read the book of Joshua. After reading all its horrors you will feel a grim satisfaction in the dying words of Joshua to the children of Israel: "Know for a certainty that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you; but they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land."2

Think of a God who boasted that he gave the Jews a land for which they did not labor, cities which they did not build, and allowed them to eat of oliveyards and vineyards which they did not plant.3 Think of a God who murders some of his children for the benefit of the rest, and then kills the rest because they are not thankful enough. Think of a God who had the power to stop the sun and moon, but could not defeat an army that had iron chariots.4

1 Josh, x, 13. *2 Josh, xiii, 13.* *3 Josh. xxiv, 13.*

4 Judges i, 19.

Fifty-first. Can we blame the Hebrews for getting tired of their God? Never was a people so murdered, starved, stoned, burned, deceived, humiliated, robbed, and outraged. Never was there so little liberty among men. Never did the meanest king so meddle, eavesdrop, spy out, harass, torment, and persecute his people. Never was ruler so jealous, unreasonable, contemptible, exacting, and ignorant as this God of

the Jews. Never was such ceremony, such mummery, such stuff about bullocks, goats, doves, red heifers, lambs, and unleavened dough—never was such directions about kidneys and blood, ashes and fat, about curtains, tongs, fringes, ribands, and brass pins—never such details for killing of animals and men and the sprinkling of blood and the cutting of clothes. Never were such unjust laws, such punishments, such damned ignorance and infamy! Fifty-second. Is it not wonderful that the creator of all worlds, infinite in power and wisdom, could not hold his own against the gods of wood and stone? Is it not strange that after he had appeared to his chosen people, delivered them from slavery, fed them by miracles, opened the sea for a path, led them by cloud and fire, and overthrown their pursuers, they still preferred a calf of their own making? Is it not beyond belief that this God, by statutes and commandments, by punishments and penalties, by rewards and promises, by wonders and plagues, by earthquakes and pestilence, could not in the least civilize the Jews—could not get them beyond a point where they deserved killing? What shall we think of a God who gave his entire time for forty years to the work of converting three millions of people, and succeeded in getting only two men, and not a single woman, decent enough to enter the promised land? Was there ever in the history of man so detestible an administration of public affairs? Is it possible that God sold his children to the king of Mesopotamia; that he sold them to Jabin, king of Canaan, to the Philistines, and to the children of Ammon? Is it possible that an angel of the Lord devoured unleavened cakes and broth with fire that came out of the end of a stick as he sat under an oak-tree?1 Can it be true that God made known his will by making dew fall on wool without wetting the ground around it?2 Do you really believe that men who lap water like a dog make the best soldiers?3 Do you think that a man could hold a lamp in his left hand, a trumpet in his right hand, blow his trumpet, shout “the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,” and break pitchers at the same time? 4

Fifty-third. Read the story of Jephthah and his daughter, and then tell me what you think of a father who would sacrifice his daughter to God, and what you think of a God who would receive such a sacrifice. This one story should be enough to make every tender and loving father hold this book in utter abhorrence. Is it necessary, in order to be saved, that one must believe that an angel of God appeared unto Manoah in the absence of her husband; that this angel afterward went up in a flame of fire; that as a result of this visit a child was born whose strength was in his hair? a child that made beehives of lions, incendiaries of foxes, and had a wife that wept seven days to get the answer to his riddle? Will the wrath of God abide forever upon a man for doubting the story that Samson killed a thousand men with a new jawbone? Is there enough in the Bible to save a soul with this story left out? Is hell hungry for those who deny that water gushed from a “hollow place” in a dry bone? Is it evidence of a new heart to believe that one man turned over a house so large that over three thousand people were on the roof? For my part, I cannot believe these things, and if my salvation depends upon my credulity I am as good as damned already. I cannot believe that the Philistines took back the ark with a present of five gold mice, and that thereupon God relented.5

1 Judges vi, 21. 2 Judges vi, 37. 3 Judges vii, 5.

4 Judges vii, 20. 5 I Sam. vi. 4.

I can not believe that God killed fifty thousand men for looking into a box.1 It seems incredible, after all the Jews had done, after all their wars and victories, even when Saul was king, that there was not among them one smith who could make a sword or spear, and that they were compelled to go to the Philistines to sharpen every plowshare, coulter, and mattock.2 Can you believe that God said to Saul, "Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling"? Can you believe that because Saul took the king alive after killing every other man, woman, and child, the ogre called Jehovah was displeased and made up his mind to hurl Saul from the throne and give his place to another?3 I cannot believe that the Philistines all ran away because one of their number was killed with a stone. I cannot justify the conduct of Abigail, the wife of Nabal, who took presents to David. David hardly did right when he said to this woman, "I have hearkened to thy voice, and have accepted thy person." It could hardly have been chance that made Nabal so deathly sick next morning and killed him in ten days. All this looks wrong, especially as David married his widow before poor Nabal was fairly cold.4

Fifty-fourth. Notwithstanding all I have heard of Katie King, I cannot believe that a witch at Endor materialized the ghost of Samuel and caused it to appear with a cloak on.5 I cannot believe that God tempted David to take the census, and then gave him his choice of three punishments: First, Seven years of famine; Second, Flying three months before their enemies; Third, A pestilence of three days; that David chose the pestilence, and that God destroyed seventy thousand men.6

1 I Sam. vi, 19. *3 I Sam. xv.* *5 I Sam. xxviii.*

2 I Sam. xiii, 19, 20. *4 I Sam. xxv.* *6 2 Sam. xxiv.*

Why should God kill the people for what David did? Is it a sin to be counted? Can anything more brutally hellish be conceived? Why should man waste prayers upon such a God?

Fifty-fifth. Must we admit that Elijah was fed by ravens; that they brought him bread and flesh every morning and evening? Must we believe that this same prophet could create meal and oil, and induce a departed soul to come back and take up its residence once more in the body? That he could get rain by praying for it; that he could cause fire to burn up a sacrifice and altar, together with twelve barrels of water?1 Can we believe that an angel of the Lord turned cook and prepared two suppers in one night for Elijah, and that the prophet ate enough to last him forty days and forty nights?* Is it true that when a captain with fifty men went after Elijah, this prophet caused fire to come down from heaven and consume them all? Should God allow such wretches to manage his fire? Is it true that Elijah consumed another captain with fifty men in the same way?3 Is it a fact that a river divided because the water was struck with a cloak? Did a man actually go to heaven in a chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire, or was he carried to Paradise by a whirlwind? Must we believe, in order to be good and tender fathers and mothers, that because some "little children" mocked at an old man with a bald head, God—the same God who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me"—sent two she-bears out of the wood and tare forty-two of these babes? Think of the mothers that watched and waited for their

children. Think of the wailing when these mangled ones were found, when they were brought back and pressed to the breasts of weeping women. What an amiable gentleman Mr. Elisha must have been.4

Fifty-sixth. It is hard to believe that a prophet by lying on a dead body could make it sneeze seven times.5

1 I Kings xviii. 3 2 Kings i. 5 2 Kings iv.

2 I Kings xix. 4 2 Kings ii.

It is hard to believe that being dipped seven times in the Jordan could cure the leprosy.1 Would a merciful God curse children, and children's children yet unborn, with leprosy for a father's fault?2 Is it possible to make iron float in water?3 Is it reasonable to say that when a corpse touched another corpse it came to life?4 Is it a sign that a man wants to commit a crime because he refuses to believe that a king had a boil and that God caused the sun to go backward in heaven so that the shadow on a sun-dial went back ten degrees as a sign that the aforesaid would get well?5 Is it true that this globe turned backward, that its motion was reversed as a sign to a Jewish king? If it did not, this story is false, and that part of the Bible is not true even if it is inspired.

Fifty-seventh. How did the Bible get lost?5 Where was the precious Pentateuch from Moses to Josiah? How was it possible for the Jews to get along without the directions as to fat and caul and kidney contained in Leviticus? Without that sacred book in his possession a priest might take up ashes and carry them out without changing his pantaloons. Such mistakes kindled the wrath of God.

As soon as the Pentateuch was found Josiah began killing wizards and such as had familiar spirits.

Fifty-eighth. I cannot believe that God talked to Solomon, that he visited him in the night and asked him what he should give him; I cannot believe that he told him, "I will give thee riches and wealth and honor, such as none of the kings have had before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like."7 If Jehovah said this he was mistaken. It is not true that Solomon had fourteen hundred chariots of war in a country without roads. It is not true that he made gold and silver at Jerusalem as plenteous as stones. There were several kings in his day, and thousands since, that could have thrown away the value of Palestine without missing the amount.

1 2 Kings v. 3 2 Kings, vi. 6. 5 2 Kings xx, 1-11.

2 2 Kings v. 27. 4 2 Kings xiii, 21. 6 2 Kings xxii, 8.

7 2 Chron. i, 7, 12.

The Holy Land was and is a wretched country. There are no monuments, no ruins attesting former wealth and greatness. The Jews had no commerce, knew nothing of other nations, had no luxuries, never produced a painter, a sculptor, architect, scientist, or statesman until after the destruction of Jerusalem. As long as Jehovah attended to their affairs they had nothing but civil war, plague, pestilence, and famine. After he abandoned, and the Christians ceased to persecute them, they

became the most prosperous of people. Since Jehovah, in anger and disgust, cast them away they have produced painters, sculptors, scientists, statesmen, composers, and philosophers.

Fifty-ninth. I cannot admit that Hiram, the King of Tyre, wrote a letter to Solomon in which he admitted that the "God of Israel made heaven and earth." 1 This King was not a Jew. It seems incredible that Solomon had eighty thousand men hewing timber for the temple, with seventy thousand bearers of burdens, and thirty-six hundred overseers.2

Sixtieth. I cannot believe that God shuts up heaven and prevents rain, or that he sends locusts to devour a land, or pestilence to destroy the people.3 I cannot believe that God told Solomon that his eyes and heart should perpetually be in the house that Solomon had built.4

Sixty-first. I cannot believe that Solomon passed all the kings of the earth in riches; that all the kings of the earth sought his presence and brought presents of silver and gold, raiment, harness, spices, and mules—a rate year by year.5 Is it possible that Shishak, a King of Egypt, invaded Palestine with seventy thousand horsemen and twelve hundred chariots of war?6

1 2 Chron. ii, 12. 3 2 Chron. vii, 13. 5 2 Chron. ix, 22-24.

2 2 Chron. ii, 18. 4 2 Chron. vii, 16. 6 2 Chron. xii, 2, 3.

I cannot believe that in a battle between Jeroboam and Abijah, the army of Abijah actually slew in one day five hundred thousand chosen men.1 Does anyone believe that Zerah, the Ethiopian, invaded Palestine with a million men?2 I cannot believe that Jehoshaphat had a standing army of nine hundred and sixty thousand men.3 I cannot believe that God advertised for a liar to act as his messenger.4 I cannot believe that King Amaziah did right in the sight of the Lord, and that he broke in pieces ten thousand men by casting them from a precipice.5 I cannot think that God smote a king with leprosy because he tried to burn incense.6 I cannot think that Pekah slew one hundred and twenty thousand men in one day.

1 2 Chron. xiii, 17. 3 2 Chron. xvii, 14-19. 5 2 Chron. xxv, 12.

2 2 Chron. xiv, 9. 4 2 Chron. xviii, 19-22. 6 2 Chron. xxvi, 19.

7 2 Chron. xxviii, 6.

Volume 12

Prof. Van Buren Denslow's "Modern Thinkers."

IF others who read this book get as much information as I did from the advance sheets, they will feel repaid a hundred times. It is perfectly delightful to take advantage of the conscientious labors of those who go through and through volume after volume, divide with infinite patience the gold from the dross, and present us with the pure and shining coin. Such men may be likened to bees who save us numberless journeys by giving us the fruit of their own.

While this book will greatly add to the information of all who read it, it may not increase the happiness of some to find that Swedenborg was really insane. But when they remember that he was raised by a bishop, and disappointed in love, they will cease to wonder at his mental condition. Certainly an admixture of theology and "dis-prized love" is often sufficient to compel reason to abdicate the throne of the mightiest soul.

The trouble with Swedenborg was that he changed realities into dreams, and then out of the dreams made facts upon which he built, and with which he constructed his system.

He regarded all realities as shadows cast by ideas. To him the material was the unreal, and things were definitions of the ideas of God. He seemed to think that he had made a discovery when he found that ideas were back of words, and that language had a subjective as well as an objective origin; that is that the interior meaning had been clothed upon. Of course, a man capable of drawing the conclusion that natural reason cannot harmonize with spiritual truth because in a dream, he had seen a beetle that could not use its feet, is capable of any absurdity of which the imagination can conceive. The fact is, that Swedenborg believed the Bible. That was his misfortune. His mind had been overpowered by the bishop, but the woman had not utterly destroyed his heart. He was shocked by the liberal interpretation of the Scriptures, and sought to avoid the difficulty by giving new meanings consistent with the decency and goodness of God. He pointed out a way to preserve the old Bible with a new interpretation. In this way Infidelity could be avoided; and, in his day, that was almost a necessity. Had Swedenborg taken the ground that the Bible was not inspired, the ears of the world would have been stopped. His readers believed in the dogma of inspiration, and asked, not how to destroy the Scriptures, but for some way in which they might be preserved. He and his followers unconsciously rendered immense service to the cause of intellectual enfranchisement by their efforts to show the necessity of giving new meanings to the barbarous laws, and cruel orders of Jehovah. For this purpose they attacked with great fury the literal text, taking the ground that if the old interpretation was right, the Bible was the work of savage men. They heightened in every way the absurdities, cruelties and contradictions of the Scriptures for the purpose of showing that a new interpretation must be found, and that the way pointed out by Swedenborg was the only one by which the Bible could be saved.

Great men are, after all the instrumentalities of their time. The heart of the civilized world was beginning to revolt at the cruelties ascribed to God, and was seeking for some interpretation of the Bible that kind and loving people could accept. The method of interpretation found by Swedenborg was suitable for all. Each was permitted to construct his own "science of correspondence" and gather such fruits as he might prefer. In this way the ravings of revenge can instantly be changed to mercy's melting tones, and murder's dagger to a smile of love. In this way and in no other, can we explain the numberless mistakes and crimes ascribed to God. Thousands of most excellent people, afraid to throw away the idea of inspiration, hailed with joy a discovery that allowed them to write a Bible for themselves.

But, whether Swedenborg was right or not, every man who reads a book, necessarily gets from that book all that he is capable of receiving. Every man who walks in the forest, or gathers a flower, or looks at a picture, or stands by the sea, gets all the intellectual wealth he is capable of receiving. What the forest, the flower, the picture or the sea is to him, depends upon his mind, and upon the stage of development he has reached. So that after all, the Bible must be a different book to each person who reads it, as the revelations of nature depend upon the individual to whom they are revealed, or by whom they are discovered. And the extent of the revelation or discovery depends absolutely upon the intellectual and moral development of the person to whom, or by whom, the revelation or discovery is made. So that the Bible cannot be the same to any two people, but each one must necessarily interpret it for himself. Now, the moment the doctrine is established that we can give to this book such meanings as are consistent with our highest ideals; that we can treat the old words as purses or old stockings in which to put our gold, then, each one will, in effect, make a new inspired Bible for himself, and throw the old away. If his mind is narrow, if he has been raised by ignorance and nursed by fear, he will believe in the literal truth of what he reads. If he has a little courage he will doubt, and the doubt will with new interpretations modify the literal text; but if his soul is free he will with scorn reject it all.

Swedenborg did one thing for which I feel almost grateful. He gave an account of having met John Calvin in hell. Nothing connected with the supernatural could be more perfectly natural than this. The only thing detracting from the value of this report is, that if there is a hell, we know without visiting the place that John Calvin must be there.

All honest founders of religions have been the dreamers of dreams, the sport of insanity, the prey of visions, the deceivers of others and of themselves. All will admit that Swedenborg was a man of great intellect, of vast acquirements and of honest intentions; and I think it equally clear that upon one subject, at least, his mind was touched, shattered and shaken.

Misled by analogies, imposed upon by the bishop, deceived by the woman, borne to other worlds upon the wings of dreams, living in the twilight of reason and the dawn of insanity, he regarded every fact as a patched and ragged garment with a lining of the costliest silk, and insisted that the wrong side, even of the silk, was far more beautiful than the right.

Herbert Spencer is almost the opposite of Swedenborg. He relies upon evidence, upon demonstration, upon experience, and occupies himself with one world at a time. He perceives that there is a mental horizon that we cannot pierce, and that beyond that is the unknown—possibly the unknowable. He endeavors to examine only that which is capable of being examined, and considers the theological method as not only useless, but hurtful. After all, God is but a guess, throned and established by arrogance and assertion. Turning his attention to those things that have in some way affected the condition of mankind, Spencer leaves the unknowable to priests and to the believers in the "moral government" of the world. He sees only natural causes and natural results, and seeks to induce man to give up gazing into void and empty space, that he may give his entire attention to the world in which he lives. He sees that right and wrong do not depend upon the arbitrary will of even an infinite being, but upon the nature of things; that they are relations, not entities, and that they cannot exist, so far as we know, apart from human experience.

It may be that men will finally see that selfishness and self-sacrifice are both mistakes; that the first devours itself; that the second is not demanded by the good, and that the bad are unworthy of it. It may be that our race has never been, and never will be, deserving of a martyr. Sometime we may see that justice is the highest possible form of mercy and love, and that all should not only be allowed, but compelled to reap exactly what they sow; that industry should not support idleness, and that they who waste the spring and summer and autumn of their lives should bear the winter when it comes. The fortunate should assist the victims of accident; the strong should defend the weak, and the intellectual should lead, with loving hands, the mental poor; but Justice should remove the bandage from her eyes long enough to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate.

Mr. Spencer is wise enough to declare that "acts are called good or bad according as they are well or ill adjusted to ends;" and he might have added, that ends are good or bad according as they affect the happiness of mankind.

It would be hard to over-estimate the influence of this great man. From an immense intellectual elevation he has surveyed the world of thought. He has rendered absurd the idea of special providence, born of the egotism of savagery. He has shown that the "will of God" is not a rule for human conduct; that morality is not a cold and heartless tyrant; that by the destruction of the individual will, a higher life cannot be reached, and that after all, an intelligent love of self extends the hand of help and kindness to all the human race.

But had it not been for such men as Thomas Paine, Herbert Spencer could not have existed for a century to come. Some one had to lead the way, to raise the standard of revolt, and draw the sword of war. Thomas Paine was a natural revolutionist. He was opposed to every government existing in his day. Next to establishing a wise and just republic based upon the equal rights of man, the best thing that can be done is to destroy a monarchy.

Paine had a sense of justice, and had imagination enough to put himself in the place of the oppressed. He had, also, what in these pages is so felicitously expressed, "a

haughty intellectual pride, and a willingness to pit his individual thought against the clamor of a world."

I cannot believe that he wrote the letters of "Junius," although the two critiques combined in this volume, entitled "Paine" and "Junius," make by far the best argument upon that subject I have ever read. First, Paine could have had no personal hatred against the men so bitterly assailed by Junius. Second, He knew, at that time, but little of English politicians, and certainly had never associated with men occupying the highest positions, and could not have been personally acquainted with the leading statesmen of England. Third., He was not an unjust man. He was neither a coward, a calumniator, nor a sneak. All these delightful qualities must have lovingly united in the character of Junius. Fourth, Paine could have had no reason for keeping the secret after coming to America.

I have always believed that Junius, after having written his letters, accepted office from the very men he had maligned, and at last became a pensioner of the victims of his slander. "Had he as many mouths as Hydra, such a course must have closed them all." Certainly the author must have kept the secret to prevent the loss of his reputation.

It cannot be denied that the style of Junius is much like that of Paine. Should it be established that Paine wrote the letters of Junius, it would not, in my judgment, add to his reputation as a writer. Regarded as literary efforts they cannot be compared with "Common Sense," "The Crisis," or "The Rights of Man."

The claim that Paine was the real author of the Declaration of Independence is much better founded. I am inclined to think that he actually wrote it; but whether this is true or not, every idea contained in it had been written by him long before. It is now claimed that the original document is in Paine's handwriting. It certainly is not in Jefferson's. Certain it is, that Jefferson could not have written anything so manly, so striking, so comprehensive, so clear, so convincing, and so faultless in rhetoric and rhythm as the Declaration of Independence.

Paine was the first man to write these words, "The United States of America." He was the first great champion of absolute separation from England. He was the first to urge the adoption of a Federal Constitution; and, more clearly than any other man of his time, he perceived the future greatness of this country.

He has been blamed for his attack on Washington. The truth is, he was in prison in France. He had committed the crime of voting, against the execution of the king It was the grandest act of his life, but at that time to be merciful was criminal. Paine; being an American citizen, asked Washington, then President, to say a word to Robespierre in his behalf. Washington remained silent. In the calmness of power, the serenity, of fortune, Washington the President, read the request of Paine, the prisoner, and with the complacency of assured fame, consigned to the wastebasket of forgetfulness the patriot's cry for help.

In this controversy, my sympathies are with the prisoner.

Paine did more to free the mind, to destroy the power of ministers and priests in the New World, than any other man. In order to answer his arguments, the churches

found it necessary to attack his character. There was a general resort to falsehood. In trying to destroy the reputation of Paine, the churches have demoralized themselves. Nearly every minister has been a willing witness against the truth. Upon the grave of Thomas Paine, the churches of America have sacrificed their honor. The influence of the Hero author increases every day, and there are more copies of the "Age of Reason" sold in the United States, than of any work written in defence of the Christian religion. Hypocrisy, with its forked tongue, its envious and malignant heart, lies coiled upon the memory of Paine, ready to fasten its poisonous fangs in the reputation of any man who dares defend the great and generous dead.

Leaving the dust and glory of revolutions, let us spend a moment of quiet with Adam Smith. I was glad to find that a man's ideas upon the subject of protection and free trade depend almost entirely upon the country in which he lives, or the business in which he happens to be engaged, and that, after all, each man regards the universe as a circumference of which he is the center. It gratified me to learn that even Adam Smith was no exception to this rule, and that he regarded all "protection as a hurtful and ignorant interference," except when exercised for the good of Great Britain. Owing to the fact that his nationality quarreled with his philosophy, he succeeded in writing a book that is quoted with equal satisfaction by both parties. The protectionists rely upon the exceptions he made for England, and the free traders upon the doctrines laid down for other countries.

He seems to have reasoned upon the question of money precisely as we have, of late years, in the United States; and he has argued both sides equally well. Poverty asks for inflation. Wealth is conservative, and always says there is money enough.

Upon the question of money, this volume contains the best thing I have ever read: "The only mode of procuring the service of others, on any large scale, in the absence of money, is by force, which is slavery. Money, by constituting a medium in which the smallest services can be paid for, substitutes wages for the lash, and renders the liberty of the individual consistent with the maintenance and support of society." There is more philosophy in that one paragraph than Adam Smith expresses in his whole work. It may truthfully be said, that without money, liberty is impossible. No one, whatever his views may be, can read the article on Adam Smith without profit and delight.

The discussion of the money question is in every respect admirable, and is as candid as able. The world will sooner or later learn that there is nothing miraculous in finance; that money is a real and tangible thing, a product of labor, serving not merely as a medium of exchange but as a basis of credit as well; that it cannot be created by an act of the Legislature; that dreams cannot be coined, and that only labor, in some form, can put, upon the hand of want, Alladin's magic ring.

Adam Smith wrote upon the wealth of nations, while Charles Fourier labored for the happiness of mankind. In this country, few seem to understand communism. While here, it may be regarded as vicious idleness, armed with the assassin's knife and the incendiary's torch, in Europe, it is a different thing. There, it is a reaction from Feudalism. Nobility is communism in its worst possible form. Nothing can be worse than for idleness to eat the bread of industry. Communism in Europe is not the

“stand and deliver” of the robber, but the protest of the robbed. Centuries ago, kings and priests, that is to say, thieves and hypocrites, divided Europe among themselves. Under this arrangement, the few were masters and the many slaves. Nearly every government in the Old World rests upon simple brute force. It is hard for the many to understand why the few should own the soil. Neither can they clearly see why they should give their brain and blood to those who steal their birthright and their bread. It has occurred to them that they who do the most should not receive the least, and that, after all, an industrious peasant is of far more value to the world than a vain and idle king.

The Communists of France, blinded as they were, made the Republic possible. Had they joined with their countrymen, the invaders would have been repelled, and some Napoleon would still have occupied the throne. Socialism perceives that Germany has been enslaved by victory, while France found liberty in defeat. In Russia the Nihilists prefer chaos to the government of the bayonet, Siberia and the knout, and these intrepid men have kept upon the coast of despotism one beacon fire of hope.

As a matter of fact, every society is a species of communism—a kind of co-operation in which selfishness, in spite of itself, benefits the community. Every industrious man adds to the wealth, not only of his nation, but to that of the world. Every inventor increases human power, and every sculptor, painter and poet adds to the value of human life. Fourier, touched by the sufferings of the poor as well as by the barren joys of hoarded wealth, and discovering the vast advantages of combined effort, and the immense economy of co-operation, sought to find some way for men to help themselves by helping each other. He endeavored to do away with monopoly and competition, and to ascertain some method by which the sensuous, the moral, and the intellectual passions of man could be gratified.

For my part I can place no confidence in any system that does away, or tends to do away, with the institution of marriage. I can conceive of no civilization of which the family must not be the unit.

Societies cannot be made; they must grow. Philosophers may predict, but they cannot create. They may point out as many ways as they please; but after all, humanity will travel in paths of its own.

Fourier sustained about the same relation to this world that Swedenborg did to the other. There must be something wrong about the brain of one who solemnly asserts that, “the elephant, the ox and the diamond, were created by the sun; the horse, the lily and the ruby, by Saturn; the cow, the jonquil and the topaz by Jupiter; and the dog, the violet and the opal stones by the earth itself.”

And yet, forgetting these aberrations of the mind, this lunacy of a great and loving soul, for one, I hold in tender-est regard the memory of Charles Fourier, one of the best and noblest of our race.

While Fourier was in his cradle, Jeremy Bentham, who read history when three years old, played on the violin at five, “and at fifteen detected the fallacies of Blackstone,” was demonstrating that the good was the useful; that a thing was right because it paid in the highest and best sense; that utility was the basis of morals; that without

allowing interest to be paid upon money commerce could not exist; and that the object of all human governments should be to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. He read Hume and Helvetius, threw away the Thirty-nine Articles, and endeavored to impress upon the English Law the fact that its ancestor was a feudal savage. He held the past in contempt, hated Westminster and despised Oxford. He combated the idea that governments were originally founded on contract. Locke and Blackstone talked as though men originally lived apart, and formed societies by agreement. These writers probably imagined that at one time the trees were separated like telegraph poles, and finally came together and made groves by agreement. I believe that it was Pufendorf who said that slavery was originally founded on contract. To which Voltaire replied:—"If my lord Pufendorf will produce the original contract *signed by the party who was to be the slave*, I will admit the truth of his statement."

A contract back of society is a myth manufactured by those in power to serve as a title to place, and to impress the multitude with the idea that they are, in some mysterious way, bound, fettered, and even benefited by its terms.

The glory of Bentham is, that he gave the true basis of morals, and furnished statesmen with the star and compass of this sentence:—"The greatest happiness of the greatest number."

Most scientists have deferred to the theologians. They have admitted that some questions could not, at present, be solved. These admissions have been thankfully received by the clergy, who have always begged for some curtain to be left, behind which their God could still exist. Men calling themselves "scientific" have tried to harmonize the "apparent" discrepancies between the Bible and the *other* works of Jehovah. In this way they have made reputations. They were at once quoted by the ministers as wonderful examples of piety and learning. These men discounted the future that they might enjoy the ignorant praise of the present. Agassiz preferred the applause of Boston, while he lived, to the reverence of a world after he was dead. Small men appear great only when they agree with the multitude.

The last Scientific Congress in America was opened with prayer. Think of a science that depends upon the efficacy of words addressed to the Unknown and Unknowable!

In our country, most of the so-called scientists are professors in sectarian colleges, in which Moses is considered a geologist, and Joshua an astronomer. For the most part their salaries depend upon the ingenuity with which they can explain away facts and dodge demonstration.

The situation is about the same in England. When Mr. Huxley saw fit to attack the Mosaic account of the creation, he did not deem it advisable to say plainly what he meant. He attacked the account of creation as given by Milton, although he knew that the Mosaic and Miltonic were substantially the same. Science has acted like a guest without a wedding garment, and has continually apologized for existing. In the presence of arrogant absurdity, overawed by the patronizing airs of a successful charlatan, it has played the role of a "poor relation," and accepted, while sitting below the salt, insults as honors.

There can be no more pitiable sight than a scientist in the employ of superstition dishonoring himself without assisting his master. But there are a multitude of brave and tender men who give their honest thoughts, who are true to nature, who give the facts and let consequences shirk for themselves, who know the value and meaning of a truth, and who have bravely tried the creeds by scientific tests.

Among the bravest, side by side with the greatest of the world, in Germany, the land of science, stands Ernst Haeckel, who may be said to have not only demonstrated the theories of Darwin, but the Monistic conception of the world. Rejecting all the puerile ideas of a personal Creator, he has had the courage to adopt the noble words of Bruno:—"A spirit exists in all things, and no body is so small but it contains a part of the divine substance within itself, by which it is animated." He has endeavored—and I think with complete success—to show that there is not, and never was, and never can be the *Creator* of anything. There is no more a personal Creator than there is a personal destroyer. Matter and force must have existed from eternity, all generation must have been spontaneous, and the simplest organisms must have been the ancestors of the most perfect and complex.

Haeckel is one of the bitterest enemies of the church, and is, therefore, one of the bravest friends of man.

Catholicism was, at one time, the friend of education—of an education sufficient to make a Catholic out of a barbarian. Protestantism was also in favor of education—of an education sufficient to make a Protestant out of a Catholic. But now, it having been demonstrated that real education will make Freethinkers, Catholics and Protestants both are the enemies of true learning.

In all countries where human beings are held in bondage, it is a crime to teach a slave to read and write. Masters know that education is an abolitionist, and theologians know that science is the deadly foe of every creed in Christendom.

In the age of Faith, a personal god stood at the head of every department of ignorance, and was supposed to be the King of kings, the rewarder and punisher of individuals, and the governor of nations.

The worshipers of this god have always regarded the men in love with simple facts, as Atheists in disguise. And it must be admitted that nothing is more Atheistic than a fact. Pure science is necessarily godless, It is incapable of worship. It investigates, and cannot afford to shut its eyes even long enough to pray. There was a time when those who disputed the divine right of kings were denounced as blasphemous; but the time came when liberty demanded that a personal god should be retired from politics. In our country this was substantially done in 1776, when our fathers declared that all power to govern came from the consent of the governed. The cloud-theory was abandoned, and one government has been established for the benefit of mankind. Our fathers did not keep God out of the Constitution from principle, but from jealousy. Each church, in colonial times, preferred to live in single blessedness rather than see some rival wedded to the state. Mutual hatred planted our tree of religious liberty. A constitution without a god has at last given us a nation without a slave.

A personal god sustains the same relation to religion as to politics. The Deity is a master, and man a serf; and this relation is inconsistent with true progress. The Universe ought to be a pure democracy—an infinite republic without a tyrant and without a chain.

Auguste Comte endeavored to put humanity in the place of Jehovah, and no conceivable change can be more desirable than this. This great man did not, like some of his followers, put a mysterious something called law in the place of God, which is simply giving the old master a new name. Law is this side of phenomena, not the other. It is not the cause, neither is it the result of phenomena. The fact of succession and resemblance, that is to say, the same thing happening under the same conditions, is all we mean by law. No one can conceive of a law existing apart from matter, or controlling matter, any more than he can understand the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost, or motion apart from substance. We are beginning to see that law does not, and cannot exist as an entity, but that it is only a conception of the mind to express the fact that the same entities, under the same conditions, produce the same results. Law does not produce the entities, the conditions, or the results, or even the sameness of the results. Neither does it affect the relations of entities, nor the result of such relations, but it stands simply for the fact that the same causes, under the same conditions, eternally have produced and eternally will produce the same results.

The metaphysicians are always giving us explanations of phenomena which are as difficult to understand as the phenomena they seek to explain; and the believers in God establish their dogmas by miracles, and then substantiate the miracles by assertion.

The Designer of the teleologist, the First Cause of the religious philosopher, the Vital Force of the biologist, and the law of the half-orthodox scientist, are all the shadowy children of ignorance and fear.

The Universe is all there is. It is both subject and object; contemplator and contemplated; creator and created; destroyer and destroyed; preserver and preserved; and within itself are all causes, modes, motions and effects.

Unable in some things to rise above the superstitions of his day, Comte adopted not only the machinery, but some of the prejudices, of Catholicism. He made the mistake of Luther. He tried to reform the Church of Rome. Destruction is the only reformation of which that church is capable. Every religion is based upon a misconception, not only of the cause of phenomena, but of the real object of life; that is to say, upon falsehood; and the moment the truth is known and understood, these religions must fall. In the field of thought, they are briers, thorns, and noxious weeds; on the shores of intellectual discovery, they are sirens, and in the forests that the brave thinkers are now penetrating, they are the wild beasts, fanged and monstrous.

You cannot reform these weeds. Sirens cannot be changed into good citizens; and such wild beasts, even when tamed, are of no possible use. Destruction is the only remedy. Reformation is a hospital where the new philosophy exhausts its strength nursing the old religion.

There was, in the brain of the great Frenchman, the dawn of that happy day in which humanity will be the only religion, good the only god, happiness the only object, restitution the only atonement, mistake the only sin, and affection, guided by intelligence, the only savior of mankind. This dawn enriched his poverty, illuminated the darkness of his life, peopled his loneliness with the happy millions yet to be, and filled his eyes with proud and tender tears.

A few years ago I asked the superintendent of Pere La Chaise if he knew where I could find the tomb of Auguste Comte. He had never heard even the name of the author of the "Positive Philosophy." I asked him if he had ever heard of Napoleon Bonaparte. In a half-insulted tone, he replied, "Of course I have, why do you ask me such a question?" "Simply," was my answer, "that I might have the opportunity of saying, that when everything connected with Napoleon, except his crimes, shall have been forgotten, Auguste Comte will be lovingly remembered as a benefactor of the human race."

The Jewish God must be dethroned! A personal Deity must go back to the darkness of barbarism from whence he came. The theologians must abdicate, and popes, priests, and clergymen, labeled as "extinct species," must occupy the mental museums of the future.

In my judgment, this book, filled with original thought, will hasten the coming of that blessed time.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29,1879.

Preface To Dr. Edgar C. Beall's "The Brain And The Bible."

THIS book, written by a brave and honest man, is filled with brave and honest thoughts. The arguments it presents can not be answered by all the theologians in the world. The author is convinced that the universe is natural, that man is naturally produced, and that there is a necessary relation between character and brain. He sees, and clearly sees, that the theological explanation of phenomena is only a plausible absurdity, and, at best, as great a mystery as it tries to solve. I thank the man who breaks, or tries to break, the chains of custom, creed, and church, and gives in plain, courageous words, the product of his brain.

It is almost impossible to investigate any subject without somewhere touching the religious prejudices of ourselves or others. Most people judge of the truth of a proposition by the consequences upon some preconceived opinion. Certain things they take as truths, and with this little standard in their minds, they measure all other theories. If the new facts do not agree with the standard, they are instantly thrown away, because it is much easier to dispose of the new facts than to reconstruct an entire philosophy.

A few years ago, when men began to say that character could be determined by the form, quantity, and quality of the brain, the religious world rushed to the conclusion that this fact might destroy what they were pleased to call the free moral agency of man. They admitted that all things in the physical world were links in the infinite chain of causes and effects, and that not one atom of the material universe could, by any possibility, be entirely exempt from the action of every other. They insisted that, if the motions of the spirit—the thoughts, dreams, and conclusions of the brain, were as necessarily produced as stones and stars, virtue became necessity, and morality the result of forces capable of mathematical calculation. In other words, they insisted that, while there were causes for all material phenomena, a something called the Will sat enthroned above all law, and dominated the phenomena of the intellectual world. They insisted that man was free; that he controlled his brain; that he was responsible for thought as well as action; that the intellectual world of each man was a universe in which his will was king. They were afraid that phrenology might, in some way, interfere with the scheme of salvation, or prevent the eternal torment of some erring soul.

It is insisted that man is free, and is responsible, because he knows right from wrong. But the compass does not navigate the ship; neither does it, in any way, of itself, determine the direction that is taken. When winds and waves are too powerful, the compass is of no importance. The pilot may read it correctly, and may know the direction the ship ought to take, but the compass is not a force. So men, blown by the tempests of passion, may have the intellectual conviction that they should go another way; but, of what use, of what force, is the conviction?

Thousands of persons have gathered curious statistics for the purpose of showing that man is absolutely dominated by his surroundings. By these statistics is

discovered what is called “the law of average.” They show that there are about so many suicides in London every year, so many letters misdirected at Paris, so many men uniting themselves In marriage with women older than themselves in Belgium, so many burglaries to one murder in France, or so many persons driven insane by religion in the United States. It is asserted that these facts conclusively show that man is acted upon; that behind each thought, each dream, is the efficient cause, and that the doctrine of moral responsibility has been destroyed by statistics.

But, does the fact that about so many crimes are committed on the average, in a given population, or that so many any things are done, prove that there is no freedom in human action?

Suppose a population of ten thousand persons; and suppose, further, that they are free, and that they have the usual wants of mankind. Is it not reasonable to say that they would act in some way? They certainly would take measures to obtain food, clothing, and shelter. If these people differed in intellect, in surroundings, in temperament, in strength, it is reasonable to suppose that all would not be equally successful. Under such circumstances, may we not safely infer that, in a little while, if the statistics were properly taken, a law of average would appear? In other words, free people would act; and, being different in mind, body, and circumstances, would not all act exactly alike. All would not be alike acted upon. The deviations from what might be thought wise, or right, would sustain such a relation to time and numbers that they could be expressed by a law of average.

If this is true, the law of average does not establish necessity.

But, in my supposed case, the people, after all, are not free. They have wants. They are under the necessity of feeding, clothing, and sheltering themselves. To the extent of their actual wants, they are not free. Every limitation is a master. Every finite being is a prisoner, and no man has ever yet looked above or beyond the prison walls.

Our highest conception of liberty is to be free from the dictation of fellow prisoners.

To the extent that we have wants, we are not free. To the extent that we do not have wants, we do not act.

If we are responsible for our thoughts, we ought not only to know how they are formed, but we ought to form them. If we are the masters of our own minds, we ought to be able to tell what we are going to think at any future time. Evidently, the food of thought—its very warp and woof—is furnished through the medium of the senses. If we open our eyes, we cannot help seeing. If we do not stop our ears, we cannot help hearing. If anything touches us, we feel it. The heart beats in spite of us. The lungs supply themselves with air without our knowledge. The blood pursues its old accustomed rounds, and all our senses act without our leave. As the heart beats, so the brain thinks. The will is not its king. As the blood flows, as the lungs expand, as the eyes see, as the ears hear, as the flesh is sensitive to touch, so the brain thinks.

I had a dream, in which I debated a question with a friend. I thought to myself: “This is a dream, and yet I can not tell what my opponent is going to say. Yet, if it is a dream, I am doing the thinking for both sides, and therefore ought to know in advance what my friend will urge.” But, in a dream, there is some one who seems to

talk to us. Our own brain tells us news, and presents an unexpected thought. Is it not possible that each brain is a field where all the senses sow the seeds of thought? Some of these fields are mostly barren, poor, and hard, producing only worthless weeds; and some grow sturdy oaks and stately palms; and some are like the tropic world, where plants and trees and vines seem royal children of the soil and sun.

Nothing seems more certain than that the capacity of a human being depends, other things being equal, upon the amount, form, and quality of his brain. We also know that health, disposition, temperament, occupation, food, surroundings, ancestors, quality, form, and texture of the brain, determine what we call character. Man is, collectively and individually, what his surroundings have made him. Nations differ from each other as greatly as individuals in the same nation. Nations depend upon soil, climate, geographical position, and countless other facts. Shakespeare would have been impossible without the climate of England. There is a direct relation between Hamlet and the Gulf Stream. Dr. Draper has shown that the great desert of Sahara made negroes possible in Africa. If the Caribbean Sea had been a desert, negroes might have been produced in America.

Are the effects of climate upon man necessary effects? Is it possible for man to escape them? Is he responsible for what he does as a consequence of his surroundings? Is the mind dependent upon causes? Does it act without cause? Is every thought a necessity? Can man choose without reference to any quality in the thing chosen?

No one will blame Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones for not writing like Shakespeare. Should they be blamed for not acting like Christ? We say that a great painter has genius. Is it not possible that a certain genius is required to be what is called “good”? All men cannot be great. All men cannot be successful. Can all men be kind? Can all men be honest?

It may be that a crime appears terrible in proportion as we realize its consequences. If this is true, morality may depend largely upon the imagination. Man cannot have imagination at will; that, certainly, is a natural product. And yet, a man’s action may depend largely upon the want of imagination. One man may feel that he really wishes to kill another. He may make preparations to commit the deed; and yet, his imagination may present such pictures of horror and despair; he may so vividly see the widow clasping the mangled corpse; he may so plainly hear the cries and sobs of orphans, while the clods fall upon the coffin, that his hand is stayed. Another, lacking imagination, thirsting only for revenge, seeing nothing beyond the accomplishment of the deed, buries, with blind-and thoughtless hate, the dagger in his victim’s heart.

Morality, for the most part, is the verdict of the majority. This verdict depends upon the intelligence of the people; and the intelligence depends upon the amount, form, and quality of the average brain.

If the mind depends upon certain organs for the expression of its thought, does it have thought independently of those organs? Is there any mind without brain? Does the mind think apart from the brain, and then express its thought through the instrumentality of the brain? Theologians tell us that insanity is not a disease of the soul, but of the brain; that the soul is perfectly untouched; but that the instrument with which, and through which, it manifests itself, is impaired. The fact, however,

seems to be, that the mind, the something that is the man, is unconscious of the fact that anything is out of order in the brain. Insane people insist that they are sane.

If we should find a locomotive off the track, and the engineer using the proper appliances to put it back, we would say that the machine is out of order, but the engineer is not. But, if we found the locomotive upside down, with wheels in air, and the engineer insisting that it was on the track, and never running better, we would then conclude that something was wrong, not only with the locomotive, but with the engineer.

We are told in medical books of a girl, who, at about the age of nine years, was attacked with some cerebral disease. When she recovered, she had forgotten all she ever knew, and had to relearn the alphabet, and the names of her parents and kindred. In this abnormal state, she was not a good girl; in the normal state, she was. After having lived in the second state for several years, she went back to the first; and all she had learned in the second state was forgotten, and all she had learned in the first was remembered.

I believe she changed once more, and died in the abnormal state. In which of these states was she responsible? Were her thoughts and actions as free in one as in the other? It may be contended that, in her diseased state, the mind or soul could not correctly express itself. If this is so, it follows that, as no one is perfectly healthy, and as no one has a perfect brain, it is impossible that the soul should ever correctly express itself. Is the soul responsible for the defects of the brain? Is it not altogether more rational to say, that what we call mind depends upon the brain, and that the child—mind, inherits the defects of its parent—brain?

Are certain physical conditions necessary to the production of what we call virtuous actions? Is it possible for anything to be produced without what we call cause, and, if the cause was sufficient, was it not necessarily produced? Do not most people mistake for freedom the right to examine their own chains? If morality depends upon conditions, should it not be the task of the great and good to discover such conditions? May it not be possible so to understand the brain that we can stop producing criminals?

It may be insisted that there is something produced by the brain besides thought—a something that takes cognizance of thoughts—a something that weighs, compares, reflects and pronounces judgment. This something cannot find the origin of itself. Does it exist independently of the brain? Is it merely a looker-on? If it is a product of the brain, then its power, perception, and judgment depend upon the quantity, form, and quality of the brain.

Man, including all his attributes, must have been necessarily produced, and the product was the child of conditions.

Most reformers have infinite confidence in creeds, resolutions, and laws. They think of the common people as raw material, out of which they propose to construct institutions and governments, like mechanical contrivances, where each person will stand for a cog, rope, wheel, pulley, bolt, or fuel, and the reformers will be the managers and directors. They forget that these cogs and wheels have opinions of

their own; that they fall out with other cogs, and refuse to turn with other wheels; that the pulleys and ropes have ideas peculiar to themselves, and delight in mutiny and revolution. These reformers have theories that can only be realized when other people have none.

Some time, it will be found that people can be changed only by changing their surroundings. It is alleged that, at least ninety-five per cent. of the criminals transported from England to Australia and other penal colonies, became good and useful citizens in a new world. Free from former associates and associations, from the necessities of a hard, cruel, and competitive civilization, they became, for the most part, honest people. This immense fact throws more light upon social questions than all the theories of the world. All people are not able to support themselves. They lack intelligence, industry, cunning—in short, capacity. They are continually falling by the way. In the midst of plenty, they are hungry. Larceny is born of want and opportunity. In passion's storm, the will is wrecked upon the reefs and rocks of crime.

The complex, tangled web of thought and dream, of perception and memory, of imagination and judgment, of wish and will and want—the woven wonder of a life—has never yet been raveled back to simple threads.

Shall we not become charitable and just, when we know that every act is but condition's fruit; that Nature, with her countless hands, scatters the seeds of tears and crimes—of every virtue and of every joy; that all the base and vile are victims of the Blind, and that the good and great have, in the lottery of life, by chance or fate, drawn heart and brain?

Washington, December 21, 1881.

Preface To “Men, Women And Gods.”

NOTHING gives me more pleasure, nothing gives greater promise for the future, than the fact that woman is achieving intellectual and physical liberty.

It is refreshing to know that here, in our country, there are thousands of women who think, and express their thoughts—who are thoroughly free and thoroughly conscientious—who have neither been narrowed nor corrupted by a heartless creed—who do not worship a being in heaven whom they would shudderingly loathe on earth—women who do not stand before the altar of a cruel faith, with downcast eyes of timid acquiescence, and pay to impudent authority the tribute of a thoughtless yes. They are no longer satisfied with being told. They examine for themselves. They have ceased to be the prisoners of society—the satisfied serfs of husbands, or the echoes of priests. They demand the rights that naturally belong to intelligent human beings. If wives, they wish to be the equals of husbands. If mothers, they wish to rear their children in the atmosphere of love, liberty and philosophy. They believe that woman can discharge all her duties without the aid of superstition, and preserve all that is true, pure, and tender, without sacrificing in the temple of absurdity the convictions of the soul.

Woman is not the intellectual inferior of man. She has lacked, not mind, but opportunity. In the long night of barbarism, physical strength and the cruelty to use it, were the badges of superiority. Muscle was more than mind. In the ignorant age of Faith, the loving nature of woman was abused. Her conscience was rendered morbid and diseased. It might almost be said that she was betrayed by her own virtues. At best she secured, not opportunity, but flattery—the preface to degradation. She was deprived of liberty, and without that, nothing is worth the having. She was taught to obey without question, and to believe without thought. There were universities for men before the alphabet had been taught to women. At the intellectual feast, there were no places for wives and mothers. Even now they sit at the second table and eat the crusts and crumbs. The schools for women, at the present time, are just far enough behind those for men, to fall heirs to the discarded; on the same principle that when a doctrine becomes too absurd for the pulpit, it is given to the Sunday-school.

The ages of muscle and miracle—of fists and faith—are passing away. Minerva occupies at last a higher niche than Hercules. Now a word is stronger than a blow. At last we see women who depend upon themselves—who stand, self poised, the shocks of this sad world, without leaning for support against a church—who do not go to the literature of barbarism for consolation, or use the falsehoods and mistakes of the past for the foundation of their hope—women brave enough and tender enough to meet and bear the facts and fortunes of this world.

The men who declare that woman is the intellectual inferior of man, do not, and cannot, by offering themselves in evidence, substantiate their declaration.

Yet, I must admit that there are thousands of wives who still have faith in the saving power of superstition—who still insist on attending church while husbands prefer the

shores, the woods, or the fields. In this way, families are divided. Parents grow apart, and unconsciously the pearl of greatest price is thrown away. The wife ceases to be the intellectual companion of the husband. She reads *The Christian Register*, sermons in the Monday papers, and a little gossip about folks and fashions, while he studies the works of Darwin, Haeckel, and Humboldt. Their sympathies become estranged. They are no longer mental friends. The husband smiles at the follies of the wife, and she weeps for the supposed sins of the husband. Such wives should read this book. They should not be satisfied to remain forever in the cradle of thought, amused with the toys of superstition.

The parasite of woman is the priest.

It must also be admitted that there are thousands of men who believe that superstition is good for women and children—who regard falsehood as the fortress of virtue, and feel indebted to ignorance for the purity of daughters and the fidelity of wives. These men think of priests as detectives in disguise, and regard God as a policeman who prevents elopements. Their opinions about religion are as correct as their estimate of woman.

The church furnishes but little food for the mind. People of intelligence are growing tired of the platitudes of the pulpit—the iterations of the itinerants. The average sermon is "as tedious as a twice told tale vexing the ears of a drowsy man."

One Sunday a gentleman, who is a great inventor, called at my house. Only a few words had passed between us, when he arose, saying that he must go as it was time for church. Wondering that a man of his mental wealth could enjoy the intellectual poverty of the pulpit, I asked for an explanation, and he gave me the following: "You know that I am an inventor. Well, the moment my mind becomes absorbed in some difficult problem, I am afraid that something may happen to distract my attention. Now, I know that I can sit in church for an hour without the slightest danger of having the current of my thought disturbed."

Most women cling to the Bible because they have been taught that to give up that book is to give up all hope of another life—of ever meeting again the loved and lost. They have also been taught that the Bible is their friend, their defender, and the real civilizer of man.

Now, if they will only read this book—these three lectures, without fear, and then read the Bible, they will see that the truth or falsity of the dogma of inspiration has nothing to do with the question of immortality. Certainly the Old Testament does not teach us that there is another life, and upon that question even the New is obscure and vague. The hunger of the heart finds only a few small and scattered crumbs. There is nothing definite, solid, and satisfying. United with the idea of immortality we find the absurdity of the resurrection. A prophecy that depends for its fulfillment upon an impossibility, cannot satisfy the brain or heart.

There are but few who do not long for a dawn beyond the night. And this longing is born of and nourished by the heart. Love wrapped in shadow—bending with tear-filled eyes above its dead, convulsively clasps the outstretched hand of hope.

I had the pleasure of introducing Miss Gardener to her first audience, and in that introduction said a few words that I will repeat.

“We do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings; the rise or the set of a sun, or an endless life that brings the rapture of love to every one.

“Under the seven-hued arch of hope let the dead sleep.”

They will also discover, as they read the “Sacred Volume,” that it is not the friend of woman. They will find that the writers of that book, for the most part, speak of woman as a poor beast of burden, a serf, a drudge, a kind of necessary evil—as mere property. Surely, a book that upholds polygamy is not the friend of wife and mother.

Even Christ did not place woman on an equality with man. He said not one word about the sacredness of home, the duties of the husband to the wife—nothing calculated to lighten the hearts of those who bear the saddest burdens of this life.

They will also find that the Bible has not civilized mankind. A book that establishes and defends slavery and wanton war is not calculated to soften the hearts of those who believe implicitly that it is the work of God. A book that not only permits, but commands, religious persecution, has not, in my judgment, developed the affectional nature of man. Its influence has been bad and bad only. It has filled the world with bitterness, revenge and crime, and retarded in countless ways the progress of our race.

The writer of this volume has read the Bible with open eyes. The mist of sentimentality has not clouded her vision. She has had the courage to tell the result of her investigations. She has been quick to discover contradictions. She appreciates the humorous side of the stupidly solemn. Her heart protests against the cruel, and her brain rejects the childish, the unnatural and absurd. There is no misunderstanding between her head and heart. She says what she thinks, and feels what she says.

No human being can answer her arguments. There is no answer. All the priests in the world cannot explain away her objections. There is no explanation. They should remain dumb, unless they can show that the impossible is the probable—that slavery is better than freedom—that polygamy is the friend of woman—that the innocent can justly suffer for the guilty, and that to persecute for opinion’s sake is an act of love and worship.

Wives who cease to learn—who simply forget and believe—will fill the evening of their lives with barren sighs and bitter tears.

The mind should outlast youth. If when beauty fades, Thought, the deft and unseen sculptor, hath not left his subtle lines upon the face, then all is lost. No charm is left. The light is out. There is no flame within to glorify the wrinkled clay.

Hoffman House, New York, July, 22, 1885.

Preface To “For Her Daily Bread.”

I HAVE read, this story, this fragment of a life mingled with fragments of other lives, and have been pleased, interested, and instructed. It is filled with the pathos of truth, and has in it the humor that accompanies actual experience. It has but little to do with the world of imagination; certain feelings are not attributed to persons born of fancy, but it is the history of a heart and brain interested in the common things of life. There are no kings, no lords, no titled ladies, but there are real people, the people of the shop and street whom every reader knows, and there are lines intense and beautiful, and scenes that touch the heart. You will find no theories of government, no hazy outlines of reform, nothing but facts and folks, as they have been, as they are, and probably will be for many centuries to come.

If you read this book you will be convinced that men and women are good or bad, charitable or heartless, by reason of something within, and not by virtue of any name they bear, or any trade or profession they follow, or of any creed they may accept. You will also find that men sometimes are honest and mean; that women may be very virtuous and very cruel; that good, generous and sympathetic men are often disreputable, and that some exceedingly worthy citizens are extremely mean and uncomfortable neighbors.

It takes a great deal of genius and a good deal of selfdenial to be very bad or to be very good. Few people understand the amount of energy, industry, and self-denial it requires to be consistently vicious. People who have a pride in being good and fail, and those who have a pride in being bad and fail, in order to make their records consistent generally rely upon hypocrisy. The people that live and hope and fear in this book, are much like the people who live and hope and fear in the actual world. The professor is much like the professor in the ordinary college. You will find the conscientious, half-paid teacher, the hopeful poor, the anxious rich, the true lover, the stingy philanthropist, who cares for people only in the aggregate,—the individual atom being too small to attract his notice or to enlist his heart; the sympathetic man who loves himself, and gives, not for the sake of the beggar, but for the sake of getting rid of the beggar, and you will also find the man generous to a fault—with the money of others. And the reader will find these people described naturally, truthfully and without exaggeration, and he will feel certain that all these people have really lived.

The reader of this story will get some idea as to what is encountered by a girl in an honest effort to gain her daily bread. He will find how steep, how devious and how difficult is the path she treads.

There are so few occupations open to woman, so few things in which she can hope for independence, that to be thrown upon her own resources is almost equivalent to being cast away. Besides, she is an object of continual suspicion, watched not only by men but by women. If she does anything that other women are not doing, she is at once suspected, her reputation is touched, and other women, for fear of being stained themselves, withdraw not only the hand of help, but the smile of recognition. A young woman cannot defend herself without telling the charge that has been made

against her. This, of itself, gives a kind of currency to slander. To speak of the suspicion that has crawled across her path, is to plant the seeds of doubt in other minds; to even deny it, admits that it exists. To be suspected, that is enough. There is no way of destroying this suspicion. There is no court in which suspicions are tried; no juries that can render verdicts of not guilty. Most women are driven at last to the needle, and this does not allow them to live; it simply keeps them from dying.

It is hard to appreciate the dangers and difficulties that lie in wait for woman. Even in this Christian country of ours, no girl is safe in the streets of any city after the sun has gone down. After all, the sun is the only god that has ever protected woman. In the darkness she has been the prey of the wild beast in man.

Nearly all charitable people, so-called, imagine that nothing is easier than to obtain work. They really feel that anybody, no matter what his circumstances may be, can get work enough to do if he is only willing to do the work. They cannot understand why any healthy human being should lack food or clothes. Meeting the unfortunate and the wretched in the streets of the great city, they ask them in a kind of wondering way, why they do not go to the West, why they do not cultivate the soil, and why they are so foolish, stupid, and reckless as to remain in the town. It would be just as sensible to ask a beggar why he does not start a bank or a line of steamships, as to ask him why he does not cultivate the soil, or why he does not go to the West. The man has no money to pay his fare, and if his fare were paid he would be, when he landed in the West, in precisely the same condition as he was when he left the East. Societies and institutions and individuals supply the immediate wants of the hungry and the ragged, but they afford only the relief of the moment.

Articles by the thousand have been written for the purpose of showing that women should become servants in houses, and the writers of these articles are filled with astonishment that any girl should hesitate to enter domestic service. They tell us that nearly every family needs a good cook, a good chambermaid, a good sweeper of floors and washer of dishes, a good stout girl to carry the baby and draw the wagon, and these good people express the greatest astonishment that all girls are not anxious to become domestics. They tell them that they will be supplied with good food, that they will have comfortable beds and warm clothing, and they ask, “What more do you want?” These people have not, however, solved the problem. If girls, as a rule, keep away from kitchens and chambers, if they hate to be controlled by other women, there must be a reason. When we see a young woman prefer a clerkship in a store,—a business which keeps her upon her feet all day, and sends her to her lonely room, filled with weariness and despair, and when we see other girls who are willing to sew for a few cents a day rather than become the maid of “my lady,” there must be some reason, and this reason must be deemed sufficient by the persons who are actuated by it. What is it?

Every human being imagines that the future has something in store for him. It is natural to build these castles in Spain. It is natural for a girl to dream of being loved by the noble, by the superb, and it is natural for the young man to dream of success, of a home, of a good, a beautiful and loving wife. These dreams are the solace of poverty; they keep back the tears in the eyes of the young and the hungry. To engage in any labor that degrades, in any work that leaves a stain, in any business the

mention of which is liable to redden the cheek, seems to be a destruction of the foundation of hope, a destruction of the future; it seems to be a crucifixion of his or her better self. It assassinates the ideal.

It may be said that labor is noble, that work is a kind of religion, and whoever says this tells the truth, But after all, what has the truth to do with this question? What is the opinion of society?—What is the result? It cures no wound to say that it was wrongfully inflicted. The opinion of sensible people is one way, the action of society is inconsistent with that opinion. Domestic servants are treated as though their employment was and is a degradation. Bankers, merchants, professional men, ministers of the gospel, do not want their sons to become the husbands of chambermaids and cooks. Small hands are beautiful; they do not tell of labor.

I have given one reason; there is another. The work of a domestic is never done. She is liable to be called at any moment, day or night. She has no time that she can call her own. A woman who works by the piece can take a little rest; if she is a clerk she has certain hours of labor and the rest of the day is her own.

And there is still another reason that I almost hate to give, and that is this: As a rule, woman is exacting with woman. As a rule, woman does not treat woman as well as man treats man, or as well as man treats woman. There are many other reasons, but I have given enough.

For many years, women have been seeking employment other than that of domestic service. They have so hated this occupation, that they have sought in every possible direction for other ways to win their bread. At last hundreds of employments are open to them, and, as a consequence, domestic servants are those who can get nothing else to do.

In the olden time, servants sat at the table with the family; they were treated something like human beings, harshly enough to be sure, but in many cases almost as equals. Now the kitchen is far away from the parlor. It is another world, occupied by individuals of a different race. There is no bond of sympathy—no common ground. This is especially true in a Republic. In the Old World, people occupying menial places account for their positions by calling attention to the laws—to the hereditary nobility and the universal spirit of caste. Here, there are no such excuses. All are supposed to have equal opportunities, and those who are compelled to labor for their daily bread, in avocations that require only bodily strength, are regarded as failures. It is this fact that stabs like a knife. And yet in the conclusion drawn, there is but little truth. Some of the noblest and best pass their lives in daily drudgery and unremunerative toil—while many of the mean, vicious and stupid reach place and power.

This story is filled with sympathy for the destitute, for the struggling, and tends to keep the star of hope above the horizon of the unfortunate. After all, we know but little of the world, and have but a faint conception of the burdens that are borne, and of the courage and heroism displayed by the unregarded poor. Let the rich read these pages; they will have a kinder feeling toward those who toil; let the workers read them, and they will think better of themselves.

Preface To “Agnosticism And Other Essays.”

I.

EDGAR FAWCETT—a great poet, a metaphysician and logician—has been for years engaged in exploring that strange world wherein are supposed to be the springs of human action. He has sought for something back of motives, reasons, fancies, passions, prejudices, and the countless tides and tendencies that constitute the life of man.

He has found some of the limitations of mind, and knows that beginning at that luminous centre called consciousness, a few short steps bring us to the prison wall where vision fails and all light dies. Beyond this wall the eternal darkness broods. This gloom is “the other world” of the supernaturalist. With him, real vision begins where the sight fails. He reverses the order of nature. Facts become illusions, and illusions the only realities. He believes that the cause of the image, the reality, is behind the mirror.

A few centuries ago the priests said to their followers: The other world is above you; it is just beyond where you see. Afterward, the astronomer with his telescope looked, and asked the priests: Where is the world of which you speak? And the priests replied: It has receded—it is just beyond where you see.

As long as there is “a beyond,” there is room for the priests’ world. Theology is the geography of this beyond.

Between the Christian and the Agnostic there is the difference of assertion and question—between “There is a God” and “Is there a God?” The Agnostic has the arrogance to admit his ignorance, while the Christian from the depths of humility impudently insists that he knows.

Mr. Fawcett has shown that at the root of religion lies the coiled serpent of fear, and that ceremony, prayer, and worship are ways and means to gain the assistance or soften the heart of a supposed deity.

He also shows that as man advances in knowledge he loses confidence in the watchfulness of Providence and in the efficacy of prayer.

II. SCIENCE.

The savage is certain of those things that cannot be known. He is acquainted with origin and destiny, and knows everything except that which is useful. The civilized man, having outgrown the ignorance, the arrogance, and the provincialism of savagery, abandons the vain search for final causes, for the nature and origin of things.

In nearly every department of science man is allowed to investigate, and the discovery of a new fact is welcomed, unless it threatens some creed.

Of course there can be no advance in a religion established by infinite wisdom. The only progress possible is in the comprehension of this religion.

For many generations, what is known under a vast number of disguises and behind many masks as the Christian religion, has been propagated and preserved by the sword and bayonet—that is to say, by force. The credulity of man has been bribed and his reason punished. Those who believed without the slightest question, and whose faith held evidence in contempt, were saints; those who investigated were dangerous, and those who denied were destroyed.

Every attack upon this religion has been made in the shadow of human and divine hatred—in defiance of earth and heaven. At one time Christendom was beneath the ignorant feet of one man, and those who denied his infallibility were heretics and Atheists. At last, a protest was uttered. The right of conscience was proclaimed, to the extent of making a choice between the infallible man and the infallible book. Those who rejected the man and accepted the book became in their turn as merciless, as tyrannical and heartless, as the followers of the infallible man. The Protestants insisted that an infinitely wise and good God would not allow criminals and wretches to act as his infallible agents.

Afterward, a few protested against the infallibility of the book, using the same arguments against the book that had formerly been used against the pope. They said that an infinitely wise and good God could not be the author of a cruel and ignorant book. But those who protested against the book fell into substantially the same error that had been fallen into by those who had protested against the man. While they denounced the book, and insisted that an infinitely wise and good being could not have been its author, they took the ground that an infinitely wise and good being was the creator and governor of the world.

Then was used against them the same argument that had been used by the Protestants against the pope and by the Deists against the Protestants. Attention was called to the fact that Nature is as cruel as any pope or any book—that it is just as easy to account for the destruction of the Canaanites consistently with the goodness of Jehovah as to account for pestilence, earthquake, and flood consistently with the goodness of the God of Nature.

The Protestant and Deist both used arguments against the Catholic that could in turn be used with equal force against themselves. So that there is no question among intelligent people as to the infallibility of the pope, as to the inspiration of the book, or as to the existence of the Christian's God—for the conclusion has been reached that the human mind is incapable of deciding as to the origin and destiny of the universe.

For many generations the mind of man has been traveling in a circle. It accepted without question the dogma of a First Cause—of the existence of a Creator—of an Infinite Mind back of matter, and sought in many ways to define its ignorance in this behalf. The most sincere worshipers have declared that this being is incomprehensible,—that he is "without body, parts, or passions"—that he is infinitely beyond their grasp, and at the same time have insisted that it was necessary for man not only to believe in the existence of this being, but to love him with all his heart.

Christianity having always been in partnership with the state,—having controlled kings and nobles, judges and legislators—having been in partnership with armies and with every form of organized destruction,—it was dangerous to discuss the foundation of its authority. To speak lightly of any dogma was a crime punishable by death. Every absurdity has been bastioned and barricaded by the power of the state. It has been protected by fist, by club, by sword and cannon.

For many years Christianity succeeded in substantially closing the mouths of its enemies, and lived and flourished only where investigation and discussion were prevented by hypocrisy and bigotry. The church still talks about "evidence," about "reason," about "freedom of conscience" and the "liberty of speech," and yet denounces those who ask for evidence, who appeal to reason, and who honestly express their thoughts.

To-day we know that the miracles of Christianity are as puerile and false as those ascribed to the medicine-men of Central Africa or the Fiji Islanders, and that the "sacred Scriptures" have the same claim to inspiration that the Koran has, or the Book of Mormon—no less, no more. These questions have been settled and laid aside by free and intelligent people. They have ceased to excite interest; and the man who now really believes in the truth of the Old Testament is regarded with a smile—looked upon as an aged child—still satisfied with the lullabys and toys of the cradle.

III. MORALITY.

It is contended that without religion—that is to say, without Christianity—all ideas of morality must of necessity perish, and that spirituality and reverence will be lost.

What is morality?

Is it to obey without question, or is it to act in accordance with perceived obligation? Is it something with which intelligence has nothing to do? Must the ignorant child carry out the command of the wise father—the rude peasant rush to death at the request of the prince?

Is it impossible for morality to exist where the brain and heart are in partnership? Is there no foundation for morality except punishment threatened or reward promised by a superior to an inferior? If this be true, how can the superior be virtuous? Cannot the reward and the threat be in the nature of things? Can they not rest in consequences perceived by the intellect? How can the existence or non-existence of a deity change my obligation to keep my hands out of the fire?

The results of all actions are equally certain, but not equally known, not equally perceived. If all men knew with perfect certainty that to steal from another was to rob themselves, larceny would cease. It cannot be said too often that actions are good or bad in the light of consequences, and that a clear perception of consequences would control actions. That which increases the sum of human happiness is moral; and that which diminishes the sum of human happiness is immoral. Blind, unreasoning obedience is the enemy of morality. Slavery is not the friend of virtue. Actions are neither right nor wrong by virtue of what men or gods can say—the right or wrong lives in results—in the nature of things, growing out of relations violated or caused.

Accountability lives in the nature of consequences—in their absolute certainty—in the fact that they cannot be placated, avoided, or bribed.

The relations of human life are too complicated to be accurately and clearly understood, and, as a consequence, rules of action vary from age to age. The ideas of right and wrong change with the experience of the race, and this change is wrought by the gradual ascertaining of consequences—of results. For this reason the religion of one age fails to meet the standard of another, precisely as the laws that satisfied our ancestors are repealed by us; so that, in spite of all efforts, religion itself is subject to gradual and perpetual change.

The miraculous is no longer the basis of morals. Man is a sentient being—he suffers and enjoys. In order to be happy he must preserve the conditions of well-being—must live in accordance with certain facts by which he is surrounded. If he violates these conditions the result is unhappiness, failure, disease, misery.

Man must have food, roof, raiment, fireside, friends—that is to say, prosperity; and this he must earn—this he must deserve. He is no longer satisfied with being a slave, even of the Infinite. He wishes to perceive for himself, to understand, to investigate, to experiment; and he has at last the courage to bear the consequences that he brings upon himself. He has also found that those who are the most religious are not always the kindest, and that those who have been and are the worshipers of God enslave their fellow-men. He has found that there is no necessary connection between religion and morality.

Morality needs no supernatural assistance—needs neither miracle nor pretence. It has nothing to do with awe, reverence, credulity, or blind, unreasoning faith. Morality is the highway perceived by the soul, the direct road, leading to success, honor, and happiness.

The best thing to do under the circumstances is moral.

The highest possible standard is human. We put ourselves in the places of others. We are made happy by the kindness of others, and we feel that a fair exchange of good actions is the wisest and best commerce. We know that others can make us miserable by acts of hatred and injustice, and we shrink from inflicting the pain upon others that we have felt ourselves; this is the foundation of conscience.

If man could not suffer, the words right and wrong could never have been spoken.

The Agnostic, the Infidel, clearly perceives the true basis of morals, and, so perceiving, he knows that the religious man, the superstitious man, caring more for God than for his fellows, will sacrifice his fellows, either at the supposed command of his God, or to win his approbation. He also knows that the religionist has no basis for morals except these supposed commands. The basis of morality with him lies not in the nature of things, but in the caprice of some deity. He seems to think that, had it not been for the Ten Commandments, larceny and murder might have been virtues.

IV. SPIRITUALITY.

What is it to be spiritual?

Is this fine quality of the mind destroyed by the development of the brain? As the domain wrested by science from ignorance increases—as island after island and continent after continent are discovered—as star after star and constellation after constellation in the intellectual world burst upon the midnight of ignorance, does the spirituality of the mind grow less and less? Like morality, is it only found in the company of ignorance and superstition? Is the spiritual man honest, kind, candid?—or dishonest, cruel and hypocritical? Does he say what he thinks? Is he guided by reason? Is he the friend of the right?—the champion of the truth? Must this splendid quality called spirituality be retained through the loss of candor? Can we not truthfully say that absolute candor is the beginning of wisdom?

To recognize the finer harmonies of conduct—to live to the ideal—to separate the incidental, the evanescent, from the perpetual—to be enchanted with the perfect melody of truth—open to the influences of the artistic, the beautiful, the heroic—to shed kindness as the sun sheds light—to recognize the good in others, and to include the world in the idea of self—this is to be spiritual.

There is nothing spiritual in the worship of the unknown and unknowable, in the self-denial of a slave at the command of a master whom he fears. Fastings, prayings, mutilations, kneelings, and mortifications are either the results of, or result in, insanity.

This is the spirituality of Bedlam, and is of no kindred with the soul that finds its greatest joy in the discharge of obligation perceived.

V. REVERENCE.

What is reverence?

It is the feeling produced when we stand in the presence of our ideal, or of that which most nearly approaches it—that which is produced by what we consider the highest degree of excellence.

The highest is reverenced, praised, and admired without qualification.

Each man reverences according to his nature, his experience, his intellectual development. He may reverence' Nero or Marcus Aurelius, Jehovah or Buddha, the author of Leviticus or Shakespeare. Thousands of men reverence John Calvin, Torquemada, and the Puritan fathers; and some have greater respect for Jonathan Edwards than for Captain Kidd.

A vast number of people have great reverence for anything that is covered by mould, or moss, or mildew. They bow low before rot and rust, and adore the worthless things that have been saved by the negligence of oblivion.

They are enchanted with the dull and fading daubs of the old masters, and hold in contempt those miracles of art, the paintings of to-day.

They worship the ancient, the shadowy, the mysterious, the wonderful. They doubt the value of anything that they understand.

The creed of Christendom is the enemy of morality. It teaches that the innocent can justly suffer for the guilty, that consequences can be avoided by repentance, and that in the world of mind the great fact known as cause and effect does not apply.

It is the enemy of spirituality, because it teaches that credulity is of more value than conduct, and because it pours contempt upon human love by raising far above it the adoration of a phantom.

It is the enemy of reverence. It makes ignorance the foundation of virtue. It belittles the useful, and cheapens the noblest of! the virtues. It teaches man to live on mental alms, and glorifies the intellectual pauper. It holds candor in contempt, and is the malignant foe of mental manhood.

VI. EXISTENCE OF GOD.

Mr. Fawcett has shown conclusively that it is no easier to establish the existence of an infinitely wise and good being by the existence of what we call “good” than to establish the existence of an infinitely bad being by what we call “bad.”

Nothing can be surer than that the history of this world furnishes no foundation on which to base an inference that it has been governed by infinite wisdom and goodness. So terrible has been the condition of man, that religionists in all ages have endeavored to excuse God by accounting for the evils of the world by the wickedness of men. And the fathers of the Christian Church were forced to take the ground that this world had been filled with briers and thorns, with deadly serpents and with poisonous weeds, with disease and crime and earthquake and pestilence and storm, by the curse of God.

The probability is that no God has cursed, and that no God will bless, this earth. Man suffers and enjoys according to conditions. The sun shines without love, and the lightning blasts without hate. Man is the Providence of man.

Nature gives to our eyes all they can see, to our ears all they can hear, and to the mind what it can comprehend. The human race reaps the fruit of every victory won on the fields of intellectual or physical conflict. We have no right to expect something for nothing. Man will reap no harvest the seeds of which he has not sown.

The race must be guided by intelligence, must be free to investigate, and must have the courage and the candor not only to state what is known, but to cheerfully admit the limitations of the mind.

No intelligent, honest man can read what Mr. Fawcett has written and then say that he knows the origin and destiny of things—that he knows whether an infinite Being exists or not, and that he knows whether the soul of man is or is not immortal.

In the land of————, the geography of which is not certainly known, there was for many years a great dispute among the inhabitants as to which road led to the city of Miragia, the capital of their country, and known to be the most delightful city on the earth. For fifty generations the discussion as to which road led to the city had been carried on with the greatest bitterness, until finally the people were divided into a great number of parties, each party claiming that the road leading to the city had been miraculously made known to the founder of that particular sect. The various

parties spent most of their time putting up guide-boards on these roads and tearing down the guide-boards of others. Hundreds of thousands had been killed, prisons were filled, and the fields had been ravaged by the hosts of war.

One day, a wise man, a patriot, wishing to bring peace to his country, met the leaders of the various sects and asked them whether it was absolutely certain that the city of Miragia existed. He called their attention to the facts that no resident of that city had ever visited them and that none of their fellow-men who had started for the capital had ever returned, and modestly asked whether it would not be better to satisfy themselves beyond a doubt that there was such a city, adding that the location of the city would determine which of all the roads was the right one.

The leaders heard these words with amazement. They denounced the speaker as a wretch without morality, spirituality, or reverence, and thereupon he was torn in pieces.

Preface To “Faith Or Fact.”

I LIKE to know the thoughts, theories and conclusions of an honest, intelligent man; candor is always charming, and it is a delight to feel that you have become acquainted with a sincere soul.

I have read this book with great pleasure, not only because I know, and greatly esteem the author, not only because he is my unwavering friend, but because it is full of good sense, of accurate statement, of sound logic, of exalted thoughts happily expressed, and for the further reason that it is against tyranny, superstition, bigotry, and every form of injustice, and in favor of every virtue.

Henry M. Taber, the author, has for many years taken great interest in religious questions. He was raised in an orthodox atmosphere, was acquainted with many eminent clergymen from whom he endeavored to find out what Christianity is—and the facts and evidence relied on to establish the truth of the creeds. He found that the clergy of even the same denomination did not agree—that some of them preached one way and talked another, and that many of them seemed to regard the creed as something to be accepted whether it was believed or not. He found that each one gave his own construction to the dogmas that seemed heartless or unreasonable. While some insisted that the Bible was absolutely true and the creed without error, others admitted that there were mistakes in the sacred volume and that the creed ought to be revised. Finding these differences among the ministers, the shepherds, and also finding that no one pretended to have any evidence except faith, or any facts but assertions, he concluded to investigate the claims of Christianity for himself.

For half a century he has watched the ebb and flow of public opinion, the growth of science, the crumbling of creeds—the decay of the theological spirit, the waning influence of the orthodox pulpit, the loss of confidence in special providence and the efficacy of prayer.

He has lived to see the church on the defensive—to hear faith asking for facts—and to see the shot and shell of science batter into shapelessness the fortresses of superstition. He has lived to see Infidels, blasphemers and Agnostics the leaders of the intellectual world. In his time the supernaturalists have lost the sceptre and have taken their places in the abject rear.

Fifty years ago the orthodox Christians believed their creeds. To them the Bible was an actual revelation from God. Every word was true. Moses and Joshua were regarded as philosophers and scientists. All the miracles and impossibilities recorded in the Bible were accepted as facts. Credulity was the greatest of virtues. Everything, except the reasonable, was believed, and it was considered wickedly presumptuous to doubt anything except facts. The reasonable things in the Bible could safely be doubted, but to deny the miracles was like the sin against the Holy Ghost. In those days the preachers were at the helm. They spoke with authority. They knew the origin and destiny of the soul. They were on familiar terms with the Trinity—the three-headed God. They knew the narrow path that led to heaven and the great highway along which the multitude were traveling to the Prison of Pain.

While these reverend gentlemen were busy trying to prevent the development of the brain and to convince the people that the good in this life were miserable, that virtue wore a crown of thorns and carried a cross, while the wicked and ungodly walked in the sunshine of joy, yet that after death the wicked would be eternally tortured and the good eternally rewarded. According to the pious philosophy the good God punished virtue, and rewarded vice, in this world—and in the next, rewarded virtue and punished vice. These divine truths filled their hearts with holy peace—with pious resignation. It would be difficult to determine which gave them the greater joy—the hope of heaven for themselves, or the certainty of hell for their enemies. For the grace of God they were fairly thankful, but for his "justice" their gratitude was boundless. From the heights of heaven they expected to witness the eternal tragedy in hell.

While these good divines, these doctors of divinity, were busy misinterpreting the Scriptures, denying facts and describing the glories and agonies of eternity, a good many other people were trying to find out something about this world. They were busy with retort and crucible, searching the heavens with the telescope, examining rocks and craters, reefs and islands, studying plant and animal life, inventing ways to use the forces of nature for the benefit of man, and in every direction searching for the truth. They were not trying to destroy religion or to injure the clergy. Many of them were members of churches and believed the creeds. The facts they found were honestly given to the world. Of course all facts are the enemies of superstition. The clergy, acting according to the instinct of self-preservation, denounced these "facts" as dangerous and the persons who found and published them, as Infidels and scoffers.

Theology was arrogant and bold. Science was timid. For some time the churches seemed to have the best of the controversy. Many of the scientists surrendered and did their best to belittle the facts and patch up a cowardly compromise between Nature and Revelation—that is, between the true and the false.

Day by day more facts were found that could not be reconciled with the Scriptures, or the creeds. Neither was it possible to annihilate facts by denial. The man who believed the Bible could not accept the facts, and the man who believed the facts could not accept the Bible. At first, the Bible was the standard, and all facts inconsistent with that standard were denied. But in a little while science became the standard, and the passages in the Bible contrary to the standard had to be explained or given up. Great efforts were made to harmonize the mistakes in the Bible with the demonstrations of science. It was difficult to be ingenious enough to defend them both. The pious professors twisted and turned but found it hard to reconcile the creation of Adam with the slow development of man from lower forms. They were greatly troubled about the age of the universe. It seemed incredible that until about six thousand years ago there was nothing in existence but God—and nothing. And yet they tried to save the Bible by giving new meanings to the inspired texts, and casting a little suspicion on the facts.

This course has mostly been abandoned, although a few survivals, like Mr. Gladstone, still insist there is no conflict between Revelation and Science. But these champions of Holy Writ succeed only in causing the laughter of the intelligent and

the amazement of the honest. The more intelligent theologians confessed that the inspired writers could not be implicitly believed. As they personally know nothing of astronomy or geology and were forced to rely entirely on inspiration, it is wonderful that more mistakes were not made. So it was claimed that Jehovah cared nothing about science, and allowed the blunders and mistakes of the ignorant people concerning everything except religion, to appear in his supernatural book as inspired truths.

The Bible, they said, was written to teach religion in its highest and purest form—to make mankind fit to associate with God and his angels. True, polygamy was tolerated and slavery established, yet Jehovah believed in neither, but on account of the wickedness of the Jews was in favor of both.

At the same time quite a number of real scholars were investigating other religions, and in a little while they were enabled to show that these religions had been manufactured by men—that their Christs and apostles were myths and that all their sacred books were false and foolish. This pleased the Christians. They knew that theirs was the only true religion and that their Bible was the only inspired book.

The fact that there is nothing original in Christianity, that all the dogmas, ceremonies and festivals had been borrowed, together with some mouldy miracles used as witnesses, weakened the faith of some and sowed the seeds of doubt in many minds. But the pious petrifactions, the fossils of faith, still clung to their book and creed. While they were quick to see the absurdities in other sacred books, they were either unconsciously blind or maliciously shut their eyes to the same absurdities in the Bible. They knew that Mohammed was an impostor, because the citizens of Mecca, who knew him, said he was, and they knew that Christ was not an impostor, because the people of Jerusalem who knew him, said he was. The same fact was made to do double duty. When they attacked other religions it was a sword and when their religion was attacked it became a shield.

The men who had investigated other religions turned their attention to Christianity. They read our Bible as they had read other sacred books. They were not blinded by faith or paralyzed by fear, and they found that the same arguments they had used against other religions destroyed our own.

But the real old-fashioned orthodox ministers denounced the investigators as Infidels and denied every fact that was inconsistent with the creed. They wanted to protect the young and feeble minded. They were anxious about the souls of the “thoughtless.”

Some ministers changed their views just a little, not enough to be driven from their pulpits—but just enough to keep sensible people from thinking them idiotic. These preachers talked about the “higher criticism” and contended that it was not necessary to believe every word in the Bible, that some of the miracles might be given up and some of the books discarded. But the stupid doctors of divinity had the Bible and the creeds on their side and the machinery of the churches was in their control. They brought some of the offending clergymen to the bar, and had them tried for heresy, made some recant and closed the mouths of others. Still, it was not easy to put the heretics down. The congregations of ministers found guilty, often followed the

shepherds. Heresy grew popular, the liberal preachers had good audiences, while the orthodox addressed a few bonnets, bibs and benches.

For many years the pulpit has been losing influence and the sacred calling no longer offers a career to young men of talent and ambition.

When people believed in “special providence,” they also believed that preachers had great influence with God. They were regarded as celestial lobbyists and they were respected and feared because of their supposed power.

Now no one who has the capacity to think, believes in special providence. Of course there are some pious imbeciles who think that pestilence and famine, cyclone and earthquake, flood and fire are the weapons of God, the tools of his trade, and that with these weapons, these tools, he kills and starves, rends and devours, drowns and burns countless thousands of the human race.

If God governs this world, if he builds and destroys, if back of every event is his will, then he is neither good nor wise, He is ignorant and malicious.

A few days ago, in Paris, men and women had gathered together in the name of Charity. The building in which they, were assembled took fire and many of these men and women perished in the flames.

A French priest called this horror an act of God.

Is it not strange that Christians speak of their God as an assassin?

How can they love and worship this monster who murders, his children?

Intelligence seems to be leaving the orthodox church. The great divines are growing smaller, weaker, day by day. Since the death of Henry Ward Beecher no man of genius has stood in the orthodox pulpit. The ministers of intelligence are found in the liberal churches where they are allowed to express their thoughts and preserve their manhood. Some of these preachers keep their faces toward the East and sincerely welcome the light, while their orthodox brethren stand with their backs to the sunrise and worship the sunset of the day before.

During these years of change, of decay and growth, the author of this book looked and listened, became familiar with the questions raised, the arguments offered and the results obtained. For his work a better man could not have been found. He has no prejudice, no hatred. He is by nature candid, conservative, kind and just. He does not attack persons. He knows the difference between exchanging epithets and thoughts. He gives the facts as they appear to him and draws the logical conclusions. He charges and proves that Christianity has not always been the friend of morality, of civil liberty, of wives and mothers, of free though and honest speech. He shows that intolerance is its nature, that it always has, and always will persecute to the extent of its power, and that Christianity will always despise the doubter.

Yet we know that doubt must inhabit every finite mind. We know that doubt is as natural as hope, and that man is no more responsible for his doubts than for the beating of his heart. Every human being who knows the nature of evidence, the limitations of the mind, must have “doubts” about gods and devils, about heavens

and hells, and must know that there is not the slightest evidence tending to show that gods and devils ever existed.

God is a guess.

An undesigned designer, an uncaused cause, is as incomprehensible to the human mind as a circle without a diameter.

The dogma of the Trinity multiplies the difficulty by three.

Theologians do not, and cannot believe that the authority to govern comes from the consent of the governed. They regard God as the monarch, and themselves as his agents. They always have been the enemies of liberty.

They claim to have a revelation from their God, a revelation that is the rightful master of reason. As long as they believe this, they must be the enemies of mental freedom. They do not ask man to think, but command him to obey.

If the claims of the theologians are admitted, the church becomes the ruler of the world, and to support and obey priests will be the business of mankind. All these theologians claim to have a revelation from their God, and yet they cannot agree as to what the revelation reveals. The other day, looking from my window at the bay of New York, I saw many vessels going in many directions, and yet all were moved by the same wind. The direction in which they were going did not depend on the direction of the breeze, but on the set of the sails. In this way the same Bible furnishes creeds for all the Christian sects. But what would we say if the captains of the boats I saw, should each swear that his boat was the only one that moved in the same direction the wind was blowing?

I agree with Mr. Taber that all religions are founded on mistakes, misconceptions and falsehoods, and that superstition is the warp and woof of every creed.

This book will do great good. It will furnish arguments and facts against the supernatural and absurd. It will drive phantoms from the brain, fear from the heart, and many who read these pages will be emancipated, enlightened and ennobled.

Christianity, with its ignorant and jealous God—its loving and revengeful Christ—its childish legends—its grotesque miracles—its “fall of man”—its atonement—its salvation by faith—its heaven for stupidity and its hell for genius, does not and cannot satisfy the free brain and the good heart.

The Grant Banquet

Chicago, November 13, 1879.

TWELFTH TOAST.

The Volunteer Soldiers of the Union Army, whose Valor and Patriotism saved to the world “a Government of the People, by the People, and for the People.”

WHEN the savagery of the lash, the barbarism of the chain, and the insanity of secession confronted the civilization of our country, the question “Will the great Republic defend itself?” trembled on the lips of every lover of mankind.

The North, filled with intelligence and wealth—children of liberty—marshaled her hosts and asked only for a leader. From civil life a man, silent, thoughtful, poised and calm, stepped forth, and with the lips of victory voiced the Nation’s first and last demand: “Unconditional and immediate surrender.” From that ‘moment’ the end was known. That utterance was the first real declaration of real war, and, in accordance with the dramatic unities of mighty events, the great soldier who made it, received the final sword of the Rebellion.

The soldiers of the Republic were not seekers after vulgar glory. They were not animated by the hope of plunder or the love of conquest. They fought to preserve the homestead of liberty and that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they slew the monster of their time. They finished what the soldiers of the Revolution commenced. They re-lighted the torch that fell from their august hands and filled the world again with light. They blotted from the statute-book laws that had been passed by hypocrites at the instigation of robbers, and tore with indignant hands from the Constitution that infamous clause that made men the catchers of their fellow-men. They made it possible for judges to be just, for statesmen to be humane, and for politicians to be honest. They broke the shackles from the limbs of slaves, from the souls of masters, and from the Northern brain. They kept our country on the map of the world, and our flag in heaven. They rolled the stone from the sepulchre of progress, and found therein two angels clad in shining garments—Nationality and Liberty.

The soldiers were the saviors of the Nation; they were the liberators of men. In writing the Proclamation of Emancipation, Lincoln, greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as the summer air when reapers, sing amid the gathered sheaves, copied with the pen what Grant and his brave comrades wrote with swords.

Grander than the Greek, nobler than the Roman, the soldiers of the Republic, with patriotism as shoreless as the air, battled for the rights of others, for the nobility of labor; fought that mothers might own their babes, that arrogant idleness should not scar the back of patient toil, and that our country should not be a many-headed monster made of warring States, but a Nation, sovereign, great, and free.

Blood was water, money was leaves, and life, was only common air until one flag floated over a Republic without a master and without a slave.

And then was asked the question: “Will a free, people tax themselves to pay a Nation’s debt?”

The soldiers went home to their waiting wives, to their glad children, and to the girls they loved—they went back-to the fields, the shops, and mines. They had not been demoralized. They had been ennobled. They were as honest in peace as they had been brave in war. Mocking at poverty, laughing at reverses, they made a friend of toil. They said: “We saved the Nation’s life, and what is life without honor?” They worked and wrought with all of labor’s royal sons that every pledge the Nation gave might be redeemed. And their great leader, having put a shining band of friendship—a girdle of clasped and happy hands—around the globe, comes home and finds that every promise made in war has now the ring and gleam of gold.

There is another question still:—Will all the wounds of war be healed? I answer, Yes. The Southern people must submit,—not to the dictation of the North, but to the Nation’s will and to the verdict of mankind. They were wrong, and the time will come when they will say that they are victors who have been vanquished by the right. Freedom conquered them, and freedom will cultivate their fields, educate their children, weave for them the robes of wealth, execute their laws, and fill their land with happy homes.

The soldiers of the Union saved the South as well as the North. They made us a Nation. Their victory made us free and rendered tyranny in every other land as insecure as snow upon volcanoes’ lips.

And now let us drink to the volunteers—to those who sleep in unknown, sunken graves, whose names are only in the hearts of those they loved and left—of those who only hear in happy dreams the footsteps of return. Let us drink to those who died where lipless famine mocked at want; to all the maimed whose scars give modesty a tongue; to all who dared and gave to chance the care and keeping of their lives; to all the living and to all the dead,—to Sherman, to Sheridan, and to Grant, the laureled soldier of the world, and last, to Lincoln, whose loving life, like a bow of peace, spans and arches all the clouds of war.

Thirteen Club Dinner

New York, December 13, 1886,

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF PUBLIC MEN,

MR. CHIEF RULER-AND GENTLEMEN: I suppose that the superstition most prevalent with public men, is the idea that they are of great importance to the public. As a matter of fact, public men,—that is to say, men in office,—reflect the average intelligence of the people, and no more. A public man, to be successful, must not assert anything unless it is exceedingly popular. And he need not deny anything unless everybody is against it. Usually he has to be like the center of the earth,—draw all things his way, without weighing anything himself.

One of the difficulties, or rather, one of the objections, to a government republican in form, is this: Everybody imagines that he is everybody's: master. And the result has been to make most of our public men exceedingly conservative in the expression of their real opinions. A man, wishing to be elected to an office, generally agrees with 'most everybody he meets. If he meets a Prohibitionist, he says: "Of course I am a temperance man. I am opposed to all excesses; my dear friend, and no one knows better than myself the evils that have been caused by intemperance." The next man happens to keep a saloon, and happens to be quite influential in that part of the district, and the candidate immediately says to him:—"The idea that these Prohibitionists can take away the personal liberty of the citizen is simply monstrous!" In a moment after, he is greeted by a Methodist, and he hastens to say, that while he does not belong to that church himself, his wife does; that he would gladly be a member, but does not feel that he is good enough. He tells a Presbyterian that his grandfather was of that faith, and that he was a most excellent man, and laments from the bottom of his heart that he himself is not within that fold. A few moments after, on meeting a skeptic, he declares, with the greatest fervor, that reason is the only guide, and that he looks forward to the time when superstition will be dethroned. In other words, the greatest superstition now entertained by public men is, that hypocrisy is the royal road to success.

Of course, there are many other superstitions, and one is, that the Democratic party has not outlived its usefulness. Another is, that the Republican party should have power for what it has done, instead of what it proposes to do.

In my judgment, these statesmen are mistaken. The people of the United States, after all, admire intellectual honesty and have respect for moral courage. The time has come for the old ideas and superstitions in politics to be thrown away—not in phrase, not in pretence, but in fact; and the time has come when a man can safely rely on the intelligence and courage of the American people.

The most significant fact in this world to-day, is, that in nearly every village under the American flag the school-house is larger than the church. People are beginning to have a little confidence in intelligence and in facts. Every public man and every

private man, who is actuated in his life by a belief in something that no one can prove,—that no one can demonstrate,—is, to that extent, a superstitious man.

It may be that I go further than most of you, because if I have any superstition, it is a superstition against superstition. It seems to me that the first things for every man, whether in or out of office, to believe in,—the first things to rely on, are demonstrated facts. These are the corner stones,—these are the columns that nothing can move,—these are the stars that no darkness can hide,—these are the true and only foundations of belief.

Beyond the truths that have been demonstrated is the horizon of the Probable, and in the world of the Probable every man has the right to guess for himself. Beyond the region of the Probable is the Possible, and beyond the Possible is the Impossible, and beyond the Impossible are the religions of this world. My idea is this: Any man who acts in view of the Improbable or of the Impossible—that is to say of the Supernatural—is a superstitious man. Any man who believes that he can add to the happiness of the Infinite, by depriving himself of innocent pleasure, is superstitious. Any man who imagines that he can make some God happy, by making himself miserable, is superstitious. Any one who thinks he can gain happiness in another world, by raising hell with his fellow-men in this, is simply superstitious. Any man who believes in a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, and yet belives that that Being has peopled a world with failures, is superstitious. Any man who believes that an infinitely wise and good God would take pains to make a man, intending at the time that the man should be eternally damned, is absurdly superstitious. In other words, he who believes that there is, or that there can be, any other religious duty than to increase the happiness of mankind, in this world, now and here, is superstitious.

I have known a great many private men who were not men of genius. I have known some men of genius about whom it was kept private, and I have known many public men, and my wonder increased the better I knew them, that they occupied positions of trust and honor.

But, after all, it is the people's fault. They who demand hypocrisy must be satisfied with mediocrity... Our public men will be better and greater, and less superstitious, when the people become greater and better and less superstitious. There is an old story, that we have all heard, about Senator Nesmith. He was elected a Senator from Oregon. When he had been in Washington a little while, one of the other Senators said to him: "How did you feel when you found yourself sitting here in the United States Senate?" He replied: "For the first two months, I just sat and wondered how a damned fool like me ever, broke into the Senate. Since that, I have done nothing but wonder how the other fools got here."

To-day the need of our civilization is public men who have the courage to speak as they think. We need a man for President who will not publicly thank God for earthquakes. We need somebody with the courage to say that all that happens in nature happens without design, and without reference to man; somebody who will say that the men and women killed are not murdered by supernatural beings, and that everything that happens in nature, happens without malice and without mercy.

We want somebody who will have courage enough not to charge, an infinitely good and wise Being with all the cruelties and agonies and sufferings of this world. We want such men in public places,—men who will appeal to the reason of their fellows, to the highest intelligence of the people; men who will have courage enough, in this the nineteenth century, to agree with the conclusions of science. We want some man who will not pretend to believe, and who does not in fact believe, the stories that Superstition has told to Credulity.

The most important thing in this world is the destruction of superstition. Superstition interferes with the happiness of mankind. Superstition is a terrible serpent, reaching in frightful coils from heaven to earth and thrusting its poisoned fangs into the hearts of men. While I live, I am going to do what little I can for the destruction of this monster. Whatever may happen in another world—and I will take my chances there,—I am opposed to superstition in this. And if, when I reach that other world, it needs reforming, I shall do what little I can there for the destruction of the false.

Let me tell you one thing more, and I am done. The only way to have brave, honest, intelligent, conscientious public men, men without superstition, is to do what we can to make the average citizen brave, conscientious and intelligent. If you wish to see courage in the presidential chair, conscience upon the bench, intelligence of the highest order in Congress; if you expect public men to be great enough to reflect honor upon the Republic, private citizens must have the courage and the intelligence to elect, and to sustain, such men. I have said, and I say it again, that never while I live will I vote for any man to be President of the United States, no matter if he does belong to my party, who has not won his spurs on some field of intellectual conflict. We have had enough mediocrity, enough policy, enough superstition, enough prejudice, enough provincialism, and the time has come for the American citizen to say: “Hereafter I will be represented by men who are worthy, not only of the great Republic, but of the Nineteenth Century.”

Robson And Crane Dinner

New York, November 21, 1887.

TOAST: COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

I BELIEVE in the medicine of mirth, and in what I might call the longevity of laughter. Every man who has caused real, true, honest mirth, has been a benefactor of the human race. In a world like this, where there is so much trouble—a world gotten up on such a poor plan—where sometimes one is almost inclined to think that the Deity, if there be one, played a practical joke—to find, I say, in such a world, something that for the moment allows laughter to triumph over sorrow, is a great piece of good fortune. I like the stage, not only because General Sherman likes it—and I do not think I was ever at the theatre in my life but I saw him—I not only like it because General Washington liked it, but because the greatest man that ever touched this grain of sand and tear we call the world, wrote for the stage, and poured out a very Mississippi of philosophy and pathos and humor, and everything calculated to raise and ennoble mankind.

I like to see the stage honored, because actors are the ministers, the apostles, of the greatest man who ever lived, and because they put flesh upon and blood and passion within the greatest characters that the greatest man drew. This is the reason I like the stage. It makes us human. A rascal never gained applause on the stage. A hypocrite never commanded admiration, not even when he was acting a clergyman—except for the naturalness of the acting. No one has ever yet seen any play in which, in his heart, he did not applaud honesty, heroism, sincerity, fidelity, courage, and self-denial. Never. No man ever heard a great play who did not get up a better, wiser, and more humane man; and no man ever went to the theatre and heard Robson and Crane, who did not go home better-natured, and treat his family that night a little better than on a night when he had not heard these actors.

I enjoy the stage; I always did enjoy it. I love the humanity of it. I hate solemnity; it is the brother of stupidity—always. You never knew a solemn man who was not stupid, and you never will. There never was a man of true genius who had not the simplicity of a child, and over whose lips had not rippled the river of laughter—never, and there never will be. I like, I say, the stage for its wit and for its humor. I do not like sarcasm; I do not like mean humor. There is as much difference between humor and malicious wit as there is between a bee's honey and a bee's sting, and the reason I like Robson and Crane is that they have the honey without the sting.

Another thing that makes me glad is, that I live in an age and generation and day that has sense enough to appreciate the stage; sense enough to appreciate music; sense enough to appreciate everything that lightens the burdens of this life. Only a few years ago our dear ancestors looked upon the theatre as the vestibule of hell; and every actor was going "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." In those good old days, our fathers, for the sake of relaxation, talked about death and graves and epitaphs and worms and shrouds and dust and hell. In those days, too, they despised music, cared nothing for art; and yet I have lived long enough to hear the world—that

is, the civilized world—say that Shakespeare wrote the greatest book that man has ever read. I have lived long enough to see men like Beethoven and Wagner put side by side with the world's greatest men—great in imagination—and we must remember that imagination makes the great difference between men. I have lived long enough to see actors placed with the grandest and noblest, side by side with the greatest benefactors of the human race.

There is one thing in which I cannot quite agree with what has been said. I like tragedy, because tragedy is only the other side of the shield and I like both sides. I love to spend an evening on the twilight boundary line between tears and smiles. There is nothing that pleases me better than some scene, some act, where the smile catches the tears in the eyes; where the eyes are almost surprised by the smile, and the smile touched and softened by the tears. I like that. And the greatest comedians and the greatest tragedians have that power; and, in conclusion, let me say, that it gives me more than pleasure to acknowledge the debt of gratitude I owe, not only to the stage, but to the actors whose health we drink to-night.

The Police Captains' Dinner

New York, January 24, 1888.

TOAST: DUTIES AND PRIVILEGES OF THE PRESS.

ONLY a little while ago, the nations of the world were ignorant and provincial. Between these nations there were the walls and barriers of language, of prejudice, of custom, of race and of religion. Each little nation had the only perfect form of government—the only genuine religion—all others being adulterations or counterfeits.

These nations met only as enemies. They had nothing to exchange but blows—nothing to give and take but wounds.

Movable type was invented, and "civilization was thrust into the brain of Europe on the point of a Moorish lance." The Moors gave to our ancestors paper, and nearly all valuable inventions that were made for a thousand years.

In a little while, books began to be printed—the nations began to exchange thoughts instead of blows. The classics were translated. These were read, and those who read them began to imitate them—began to write themselves; and in this way there was produced in each nation a local literature. There came to be an exchange of facts, of theories, of ideas.

For many years this was accomplished by books, but after a time the newspaper was invented, and the exchange increased.

Before this, every peasant thought his king the greatest being in the world. He compared this king—his splendor, his palace—with the peasant neighbor, with his rags and with his hut. All his thoughts were provincial, all his knowledge confined to his own neighborhood—the great world was to him an unknown land.

Long after papers were published, the circulation was small, the means of intercommunication slow, painful, few and costly.

The same was true in our own country, and here, too, was in a great degree, the provincialism of the Old World.

Finally, the means of intercommunication increased, and they became plentiful and cheap.

Then the peasant found that he must compare his king with the kings of other nations—the statesmen of his country with the statesmen of others—and these comparisons were not always favorable to the men of his own country.

This enlarged his knowledge and his vision, and the tendency of this was to make him a citizen of the world.

Here in our own country, a little while ago, the citizen of each State regarded his State as the best of all. To love that State more than all others, was considered the highest evidence of patriotism.

The Press finally informed him of the condition of other States. He found that other States were superior to his in many ways—in climate, in production, in men, in invention, in commerce and in influence. Slowly he transferred the love of State, the prejudice of locality—what I call mud patriotism—to the Nation, and he became an American in the best and highest sense.

This, then, is one of the greatest things to be accomplished by the Press in America—namely, the unification of the country—the destruction of provincialism, and the creation of a patriotism broad as the territory covered by our flag.

The same ideas, the same events, the same news, are carried to millions of homes every day. The result of this is to fix the attention of all upon the same things, the same thoughts and theories, the same facts—and the result is to get the best judgment of a nation.

This is a great and splendid object, but not the greatest.

In Europe the same thing is taking place. The nations are becoming acquainted with each other. The old prejudices are dying out. The people cf each nation are beginning to find that they are not the enemies of any other. They are also beginning to suspect that where they have no cause of quarrel, they should neither be called upon to fight, nor to pay the expenses of war.

Another thing: The kings and statesmen no longer act as they formerly did. Once they were responsible only to their poor and wretched-subjects, whose obedience they compelled at the point of the bayonet. Now a king knows, and his minister knows, that they must give account for what they do to the civilized world. They know that kings and rulers must be tried before the great bar of public opinion—a public opinion that has been formed by the facts given to them in the Press of the world. They do not wish to be condemned at that great bar. They seek not only not to be condemned—not only to be acquitted—but they seek to be crowned. They seek the applause, not simply of their own nation, but of the civilized world.

There was for uncounted centuries a conflict between civilization and barbarism. Barbarism was almost universal, civilization local. The torch of progress was then held by feeble hands, and barbarism extinguished it in the blood of its founders. But civilizations arose, and kept rising, one after another, until now the great Republic holds and is able to hold that torch against a hostile world.

By its invention, by its weapons of war, by its intelligence, civilization became capable of protecting itself, and there came a time when in the struggle between civilization and barbarism the world passed midnight.

Then came another struggle,—the struggle between the people and their rulers.

Most peoples sacrificed their liberty through gratitude to some great soldier who rescued them from the arms of the barbarian. But there came a time when the people

said: “We have a right to govern ourselves.” And that conflict has been waged for centuries.

And I say, protected and corroborated by the flag of the greatest of all Republics, that in that conflict the world has passed midnight.

Despotisms were softened by parliaments, by congresses—but at last the world is beginning to say: “The right to govern rests upon the consent of the governed. The power comes from the people—not from kings. It belongs to man, and should be exercised by man.”

In this conflict we have passed midnight. The world is destined to be republican. Those who obey the laws will make the laws.

Our country—the United States—the great Republic—owns the fairest portion of half the world. We have now sixty millions of free people. Look upon the map of our country. Look upon the great valley of the Mississippi—stretching from the Alleghenies to the Rockies. See the great basin drained by that mighty river. There you will see a territory large enough to feed and clothe and educate five hundred millions of human beings.

This country is destined to remain as one. The Mississippi River is Nature’s protest against secession and against division.

We call that nation civilized when its subjects submit their differences of opinion, in accordance with the forms of law, to fellow-citizens who are disinterested and who accept the decision as final.

The nations, however, sustain no such relation to each other. Each nation concludes for itself. Each nation defines its rights and its obligations; and nations will not be civilized in respect of their relations to each other, until there shall have been established a National Court to decide differences between nations, to the judgment of which all shall bow.

It is for the Press—the Press that photographs the human activities of every day—the Press that gives the news of the world to each individual—to bend its mighty energies to the unification and the civilization of mankind; to the destruction of provincialism, of prejudice—to the extirpation of ignorance and to the creation of a great and splendid patriotism that embraces the human race.

The Press presents the daily thoughts of men. It marks the progress of each hour, and renders a relapse into ignorance and barbarism impossible. No catastrophe can be great enough, no ruin wide-spread enough, to engulf or blot out the wisdom of the world.

Feeling that it is called to this high destiny, the Press should appeal only to the highest and to the noblest in the human heart.

It should not be the bat of suspicion, a raven, hoarse with croaking disaster, a chattering jay of gossip, or a vampire fattening on the reputations of men.

It should remain the eagle, rising and soaring high in the cloudless blue, above all mean and sordid things, and grasping only the bolts and arrows of justice.

Let the Press have the courage always to defend the right, always to defend the people—and let it always have the power to clutch and strangle any combination of men, however intellectual or cunning or rich, that feeds and fattens on the flesh and blood of honest men.

In a little while, under our flag there will be five hundred millions of people. The great Republic will then dictate to the world—that is to say, it will succor the oppressed—it will see that justice is done—it will say to the great nations that wish to trample upon the weak: “You must not—you shall not—strike.” It will be obeyed.

All I ask is—all I hope is—that the Press will always be worthy of the great Republic.

General Grant's Birthday Dinner

New York, April 27, 1888.

TOAST: GENERAL GRANT

GEN. SHERMAN and Gentlemen: I firmly believe that any nation great enough to produce and appreciate a great and splendid man is great enough to keep his memory green. No man admires more than I do men who have struggled and fought for what they believed to be right. I admire General Grant, as well as every soldier who fought in the ranks of the Union,—not simply because they were fighters, not simply because they were willing to march to the mouth of the guns, but because they fought for the greatest cause that can be expressed in human language—the liberty of man. And to-night while General Mahone was speaking, I could not but think that the North was just as responsible for the war as the South. The South upheld and maintained what is known as human slavery, and the North did the same; and do you know, I have always found in my heart a greater excuse for the man who held the slave, and lived on his labor, and profited by the rascality, than I did for a Northern man that went into partnership with him with a distinct understanding that he was to have none of the profits and half of the disgrace. So I say, that, in a larger sense—that is, when we view the question from a philosophic height—the North was as responsible as the South; and when I remember that in this very city, *in this very city*, men were mobbed simply for advocating the abolition of slavery, I cannot find it in my heart to lay a greater blame upon the South than upon the North. If this had been a war of conquest, a war simply for national aggrandizement, then I should not place General Grant side by side with or in advance of the greatest commanders of the world. But when I remember that every blow was to break a chain, when I remember that the white man was to be civilized at the same time the black man was made free, when I remember that this country was to be made absolutely free, and the flag left without a stain, then I say that the great General who commanded the greatest army ever marshaled in the defence of human rights, stands at the head of the commanders of this world.

There is one other idea,—and it was touched upon and beautifully illustrated by Mr. Depew. I do not believe that a more merciful general than Grant ever drew his sword. All greatness is merciful. All greatness longs to forgive. All true grandeur and nobility is capable of shedding the divine tear of pity.

Let me say one more word in that direction. The man in the wrong defeated, and who sees the justice of his defeat, is a victor; and in this view—and I say it understanding my words fully—the South was as victorious as the North.

No man, in my judgment, is more willing to do justice to all parts of this country than I; but, after all, I have a little sentiment—a little. I admire great and splendid deeds, the dramatic effect of great victories; but even more than that I admire that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." I know the names of Grant's victories. I know that they shine like stars in the heaven of his fame. I know them all. But there is one thing in the history of that great soldier that touched me nearer and more

deeply than any victory he ever won, and that is this: When about to die, he insisted that his dust should be laid in no spot where his wife, when she sleeps in death, could not lie by his side. That tribute to the great and splendid institution that rises above all others, the institution of the family, touched me even more than the glories won upon the fields of war.

And now let me say, General Sherman, as the years go by, in America, as long as her people are great, as long as her people are free, as long as they admire patriotism and courage, as long as they admire deeds of self-denial, as long as they can remember the sacred blood shed for the good of the whole nation, the birthday of General Grant will be celebrated. And allow me to say, gentlemen, that there is another with us to-night whose birthday will be celebrated. Americans of the future, when they read the history of General Sherman, will feel the throb and thrill that all men feel in the presence of the patriotic and heroic.

One word more—when General Grant went to England, when he sat down at the table with the Ministers of her Britannic Majesty, he conferred honor upon them. There is one change I wish to see in the diplomatic service—and I want the example to be set by the great Republic—I want precedence given here in Washington to the representatives of Republics. Let us have some backbone ourselves. Let the representatives of Republics come first and the ambassadors of despots come in next day. In other words, let America be proud of American institutions, proud of a Government by the people. We at last have a history, we at last are a civilized people, and on the pages of our annals are found as glorious names as have been written in any language.

Lotos Club Dinner, Twentieth Anniversary

New York, March 22, 1890.

YOU have talked so much of old age and gray hairs and thin locks, so much about the past, that I feel sad. Now, I want to destroy the impression that baldness is a sign of age. The very youngest people I ever saw were bald.

Sometimes I think, and especially when I am at a meeting where they have what they call reminiscences, that a world with death in it is a mistake. What would you think of a man who built a railroad, knowing that every passenger was to be killed—knowing that there was no escape? What would you think of the cheerfulness of the passengers if every one knew that at some station, the name of which had not been called out, there was a hearse waiting for him; backed up there, horses fighting flies, driver whistling, waiting for you? Is it not wonderful that the passengers on that train really enjoy themselves? Is it not magnificent that every one of them, under perpetual sentence of death, after all, can dimple their cheeks with laughter; that we, every one doomed to become dust, can yet meet around this table as full of joy as spring is full of life, as full of hope as the heavens are full of stars?

I tell you we have got a good deal of pluck.

And yet, after all, what would this world be without death? It may be from the fact that we are all victims, from the fact that we are all bound by common fate; it may be that friendship and love are born of that fact; but Whatever the fact is, I am perfectly satisfied that the highest possible philosophy is to enjoy to-day, not regretting yesterday, and not fearing to-morrow. So, let us suck this orange of life dry, so that when death does come, we can politely say to him, “You are welcome to the peelings. What little there was we have enjoyed.”

But there is one splendid thing about the play called Life. Suppose that when you die, that is the end. The last thing that you will know is that you are alive, and the last thing that will happen to you is the curtain, not falling, but the curtain rising on another thought, so that as far as your consciousness is concerned you will and must live forever. No man can remember when he commenced, and no man can remember when he ends. As far as we are concerned we live both eternities, the one past and the one to come, and it is a delight to me to feel satisfied, and to feel in my own heart, that I can never be certain that I have seen the faces I love for the last time.

When I am at such a gathering as this, I almost wish I had had the making of the world. What a world I would have made! In that world unhappiness would have been the only sin; melancholy the only crime; joy the only virtue. And whether there is another world, nobody knows. Nobody can affirm it; nobody can deny it. Nobody can collect tolls from me, claiming that he owns a turnpike, and nobody can certainly say that the crooked path that I follow, beside which many roses are growing, does not lead to that place. He doesn’t know. But if there is such a place, I hope that all good fellows will be welcome.

Manhattan Athletic Club Dinner

New York, December 27, 1890.

TOAST: ATHLETICS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

THE first record of public games is found in the twentythird Book of the Iliad. These games were performed at the funeral of Patroclus, and there were:

First. A chariot race, and the first prize was:

“A woman fair, well skilled in household care.”

Second. There was a pugilistic encounter, and the first prize, appropriately enough, was a mule.

It gave me great pleasure to find that Homer did not hold in high esteem the victor. I have reached this conclusion, because the poet put these words in the mouth of Eppius, the great boxer winding up with the following refined declaration concerning his opponent:

“I mean to pound his flesh and smash his bones.”

After the battle, the defeated was helped from the field. He spit forth clotted gore. His head rolled from side to side, until he fell unconscious.

Third, wrestling; fourth, foot-race; fifth, fencing; sixth, throwing the iron mass or bar; seventh, archery, and last, throwing the javelin.

All of these games were in honor of Patroclus. This is the same Patroclus who, according to Shakespeare, addressed Achilles in these words:

“In the battle-field I claim no special praise;
‘Tis not for man in all things to excel—”

“Rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion’s mane,
Be shook to air.”

These games were all born of the instinct of self-defence. The chariot was used in war. Man should know the use of his hands, to the end that he may repel assault. He should know the use of the sword, to the end that he may strike down his enemy. He should be skillful with the arrow, to the same end. If overpowered, he seeks safety in flight—he should therefore know how to run. So, too, he could preserve himself by the skillful throwing of the javelin, and in the close encounter a knowledge of wrestling might save his life.

Man has always been a fighting animal, and the art of self-defence is nearly as important now as ever—and will be, until man rises to that supreme height from which he will be able to see that no one can commit a crime against another without injuring himself.

The Greeks knew that the body bears a certain relation to the soul—that the better the body—other things being equal—the greater the mind. They also knew that the body could be developed, and that such development would give or add to the health, the courage, the endurance, the self-confidence, the independence and the morality of the human race. They knew, too, that health was the foundation, the corner-stone, of happiness.

They knew that human beings should know something about themselves, something of the capacities of body and mind, to the end that they might ascertain the relation between conduct and happiness, between temperance and health.

It is needless to say that the Greeks were the most intellectual of all races, and that they were in love with beauty, with proportion, with the splendor of the body and of mind; and so great was their admiration for the harmoniously developed, that Sophocles had the honor of walking naked at the head of a great procession.

The Greeks, through their love of physical and mental development, gave us the statues—the most precious of all inanimate things—of far more worth than all the diamonds and rubies and pearls that ever glittered in crowns and tiaras, on altars or thrones, or, flashing, rose and fell on woman's billowed breast. In these marbles we find the highest types of life, of superb endeavor and supreme repose. In looking at them we feel that blood flows, that hearts throb and souls aspire. These miracles of art are the richest legacies the ancient world has left our race.

The nations in love with life, have games. To them existence is exultation. They are fond of nature. They, seek the woods and streams. They love the winds and waves of the sea. They enjoy the poem of the day, the drama of the year.

Our Puritan fathers were oppressed with a sense of infinite responsibility. They were disconsolate and sad, and no more thought of sport, except the flogging of; Quakers, than shipwrecked wretches huddled on a raft would turn their attention to amateur theatricals.

For many centuries the body was regarded as a decaying; casket, in which had been placed the gem called the soul, and the nearer rotten the casket the more brilliant the jewel.

In those blessed days, the diseased were sainted and insanity born of fasting and self-denial and abuse of the body, was looked upon as evidence of inspiration. Cleanliness was not next to godliness—it was the opposite; and in those days, what was known as "the odor of sanctity" had a substantial foundation. Diseased bodies produced all kinds of mental maladies. There is a direct relation between sickness and superstition. Everybody knows that Calvinism was the child of indigestion.

Spooks and phantoms hover about the undeveloped and diseased, as vultures sail above the dead.

Our ancestors had the idea that they ought to be spiritual, and that good health was inconsistent with the highest forms of piety. This heresy crept into the minds even of secular writers, and the novelists described their heroines as weak and languishing, pale as lilies, and in the place of health's brave flag they put the hectic flush.

Weakness was interesting, and fainting captured the hearts of all. Nothing was so attractive as a society belle with a drug-store attachment.

People became ashamed of labor, and consequently, of the evidences of labor. They avoided “sun-burnt mirth”—were proud of pallor, and regarded small, white hands as proof that they had noble blood within their veins. It was a joy to be too weak to work, too languishing to labor.

The tide has turned. People are becoming sensible enough to desire health, to admire physical development, symmetry of form, and we now know that a race with little feet and hands has passed the climax and is traveling toward the eternal night.

When the central force is strong, men and women are full of life to the finger tips. When the fires burn low, they begin to shrivel at the extremities—the hands and feet grow small, and the mental flame wavers and wanes.

To be self-respecting we must be self-supporting.

Nobility is a question of character, not of birth.

Honor cannot be received as alms—it must be earned.

It is the brow that makes the wreath of glory green.

All exercise should be for the sake of development—that is to say, for the sake of health, and for the sake of the mind—all to the end that the person may become better, greater, more useful. The gymnast or the athelete should seek for health as the student should seek for truth; but when athletics degenerate into mere personal contests, they become dangerous, because the contestants lose sight of health, as in the excitement of debate the students prefer personal victory to the ascertainment of truth.

There is another thing to be avoided by all athletic clubs, and that is, anything that tends to brutalize, destroy or dull the finer feelings. Nothing is more disgusting, more disgraceful, than pugilism—nothing more demoralizing than an exhibition of strength united with ferocity, and where the very body developed by exercise is mutilated and disfigured.

Sports that can by no possibility give pleasure, except to the unfeeling, the hardened and the really brainless, should be avoided. No gentleman should countenance rabbit-coursing, fighting of dogs, the shooting of pigeons, simply as an exhibition of skill.

All these things are calculated to demoralize and brutalize not only the actors, but the lookers on. Such sports are savage, fit only to be participated in and enjoyed by the cannibals of Central Africa or the anthropoid apes.

Find what a man enjoys—what he laughs at—what he calls diversion—and you know what he is. Think of a man calling himself civilized, who is in raptures at a bull fight—who smiles when he sees the hounds pursue and catch and tear in pieces the timid hare, and who roars with laughter when he watches the pugilists pound each other’s faces, closing each other’s eyes, breaking jaws and smashing noses. Such men are

beneath the animals they torture—on a level with the pugilists they applaud. Gentlemen should hold such sports in unspeakable contempt. No man finds pleasure in inflicting pain.

In every public school there should be a gymnasium.

It is useless to cram minds and deform bodies. Hands should be educated as well as heads. All should be taught the sports and games that require mind, muscle, nerve and judgment.

Even those who labor should take exercise, to the end that the whole body may be developed. Those who work at one employment become deformed. Proportion is lost. But where harmony is preserved by the proper exercise, even old age is beautiful.

To the well developed, to the strong, life seems rich, obstacles small, and success easy. They laugh at cold and storm. Whatever the season may be their hearts are filled with summer.

Millions go from the cradle to the coffin without knowing what it is to live. They simply succeed in postponing death. Without appetites, without passions, without struggle, they slowly rot in a waveless pool. They never know the glory of success, the rapture of the fight.

To become effeminate is to invite misery. In the most delicate bodies may be found the most degraded souls. It was the Duchess Josiane whose pampered flesh became so sensitive that she thought of hell as a place where people were compelled to sleep between coarse sheets.

We need the open air—we need the experience of heat and cold. We need not only the rewards and caresses, but the discipline of our mother Nature. Life is not all sunshine, neither is it all storm, but man should be enabled to enjoy the one and to withstand the other.

I believe in the religion of the body—of physical development—in devotional exercise—in the beatitudes of cheerfulness, good health, good food, good clothes, comradeship, generosity, and above all, in happiness. I believe in salvation here and now. Salvation from deformity and disease—from weakness and pain—from ennui and insanity. I believe in heaven here and now—the heaven of health and good digestion—of strength and long life—of usefulness and joy. I believe in the builders and defenders of homes.

The gentlemen whom we honor to-night have done a great work. To their energy we are indebted for the nearest perfect, for the grandest athletic clubhouse in the world. Let these clubs multiply. Let the example be followed, until our country is filled with physical and intellectual athletes—superb fathers, perfect mothers, and every child an heir to health and joy.

The Liederkranz Club, Seidl-Stanton Banquet

New York, April 2, 1891

TOAST: MUSIC, NOBLEST OF THE ARTS.

IT is probable that I was selected to speak about music, because, not knowing one note from another, I have no prejudice on the subject.

All I can say is, that I know what I like, and, to tell the truth, I like every kind, enjoy it all, from the hand organ to the orchestra.

Knowing nothing of the science of music, I am not always looking for defects, or listening for discords. As the young robin cheerfully swallows whatever comes, I hear with gladness all that is played.

Music has been, I suppose, a gradual growth, subject to the law of evolution; as nearly everything, with the possible exception of theology, has been and is under this law.

Music may be divided into three kinds: First, the music of simple time, without any particular emphasis—and this may be called the music of the heels; second, music in which time is varied, in which there is the eager haste and the delicious delay, that is, the fast and slow, in accordance with our feelings, with our emotions—and this may be called the music of the heart; third, the music that includes time and emphasis, the hastening and the delay, and something in addition, that produces not only states of feeling, but states of thought. This may be called the music of the head,—the music of the brain.

Music expresses feeling and thought, without language. It was below and before speech, and it is above and beyond all words. Beneath the waves is the sea—above the clouds is the sky.

Before man found a name for any thought, or thing, he had hopes and fears and passions, and these were rudely expressed in tones.

Of one thing, however, I am certain, and that is, that Music was born of Love. Had there never been any human affection, there never could have been uttered a strain of music. Possibly some mother, looking in the eyes of her babe, gave the first melody to the enraptured air.

Language is not subtle enough, tender enough, to express all that we feel; and when language fails, the highest and deepest longings are translated into music. Music is the sunshine—the climate—of the soul, and it floods the heart with a perfect June.

I am also satisfied that the greatest music is the most marvelous mingling of Love and Death. Love is the greatest of all passions, and Death is its shadow. Death gets all its terror from Love, and Love gets its intensity, its radiance, its glory and its rapture, from the darkness of Death. Love is a flower that grows on the edge of the grave.

The old music, for the most part, expresses emotion, or feeling-, through time and emphasis, and what is known as melody. Most of the old operas consist of a few melodies connected by unmeaning recitative. There should be no unmeaning music. It is as though a writer should suddenly leave his subject and write a paragraph consisting of nothing but a repetition of one word like “the,” “the,” “the,” or “if,” “if.” “if,” varying the repetition of these words, but without meaning,—and then resume the subject of his article.

I am not saying that great music was not produced before Wagner, but I am simply endeavoring to show-the steps that have been taken. It was necessary that all the music should have been written, in order that the greatest might be produced. The same is true of the drama, Thousands and thousands prepared the way for the supreme dramatist, as millions prepared the way for the supreme composer.

When I read Shakespeare, I am astonished that he has expressed so much with common words, to which he gives new meaning; and so when I hear Wagner, I exclaim: Is it possible that all this is done with common air?

In Wagner’s music there is a touch of chaos that suggests the infinite. The melodies seem strange and changing forms, like summer clouds, and weird harmonies come like sounds from the sea brought by fitful winds, and others moan like waves on desolate shores, and mingled with these, are shouts of joy, with sighs and sobs and ripples of laughter, and the wondrous voices of eternal love.

Wagner is the Shakespeare of Music.

The funeral march for Siegfried is the funeral music for all the dead; Should all the gods die, this music would be perfectly appropriate. It is elemental, universal, eternal.

The love-music in Tristan and Isolde is, like Romeo and Juliet, an expression of the human heart for all time. So the love-duet in The Flying Dutchman has in it the consecration, the infinite self-denial, of love. The whole heart is given; every note has wings, and rises and poises like an eagle in the heaven of sound.

When I listen to the music of Wagner, I see pictures, forms, glimpses of the perfect, the swell of a hip, the wave of a breast, the glance of an eye. I am in the midst of great galleries. Before me are passing, the endless panoramas. I see vast landscapes with valleys of verdure and vine, with soaring crags, snow-crowned. I am on the wide seas, where countless billows burst into the white caps of joy. I am in the depths of caverns roofed with mighty crags, while through some rent I see the eternal stars. In a moment the music, becomes a river of melody, flowing through some wondrous land; suddenly it falls in strange chasms, and the mighty cataract is changed to seven-hued foam. .

Great music is always sad, because it tells us of the perfect; and such is the difference between what we are and that which music suggests, that even in the vase of joy we find some tears.

The music of Wagner has color, and when I hear the violins, the morning seems to slowly come. A horn puts a star above the horizon. The night, in the purple hum of

the bass, wanders away like some enormous bee across wide fields of dead clover. The light grows whiter as the violins increase. Colors come from other instruments, and then the full orchestra floods the world with day.

Wagner seems not only to have given us new tones, new combinations, but the moment the orchestra begins to play his music, all the instruments are transfigured. They seem to utter the sounds that they have been longing to utter. The horns run riot; the drums and cymbals join in the general joy; the old bass viols are alive with passion; the 'cellos throb with love; the violins are seized with a divine fury, and the notes rush out as eager for the air as pardoned prisoners for the roads and fields.

The music of Wagner is filled with landscapes. There are some strains, like midnight, thick with constellations, and there are harmonies like islands in the far seas, and others like palms on the desert's edge. His music satisfies the heart and brain. It is not only for memory; not only for the present, but for prophecy.

Wagner was a sculptor, a painter, in sound. When he died, the greatest fountain of melody that ever enchanted the world, ceased. His music will instruct and refine forever.

All that I know about the operas of Wagner I have learned from Anton Seidl. I believe that he is the noblest, tenderest and the most artistic interpreter of the great composer that has ever lived.

The Frank B. Carpenter Dinner

New York, December 1, 1891

TOAST: ART.

I PRESUME I take about as much interest in what that picture represents as anybody else. I believe that it has been said this evening that the world will never be civilized so long as differences between nations are settled by gun or cannon or sword. Barbarians still settle their personal differences with clubs or arms, and finally, when they agree to submit their differences to their peers, to a court, we call them civilized. Now, nations sustain the same relations to each other that barbarians sustain; that is, they settle their differences by force; each nation being the judge of the righteousness of its cause, and its judgment depending entirely—or for the most part—on its strength; and the strongest nation is the nearest right. Now, until nations submit their differences to an international court—a court with the power to carry its judgment into effect by having the armies and navies of all the rest of the world pledged to support it—the world will not be civilized. Our differences will not be settled by arbitration until more of the great nations set the example, and until that is done, I am in favor of the United States being armed. Until that is done it will give me joy to know that another magnificent man-of-war has been launched upon our waters. And I will tell you why. Look again at that picture. There is another face; it is not painted there, and yet without it that picture would not have been painted, and that is the face of U. S. Grant. The olive branch, to be of any force, to be of any beneficent power, must be offered by the mailed hand. It must be offered by a nation which has back of the olive branch the force. It cannot be offered by weakness, because then it will excite only ridicule. The powerful, the imperial, must offer that branch. Then it will be accepted in the true spirit; otherwise not. So, until the world is a little more civilized I am in favor of the largest guns that can be made and the best navy that floats. I do not want any navy unless we have the best, because if you have a poor one you will simply make a present of it to the enemy as soon as war opens. We should be ready to defend ourselves against the world. Not that I think there is going to be any war, but because I think that is the best way to prevent it. Until the whole world shall have entered into the same spirit as the artist when he painted that picture, until that spirit becomes general we have got to be prepared for war. And we cannot depend upon war suasion. If a fleet of men-of-war should sail into our harbor, talk would not be of any good; we must be ready to answer them in their own way.

I suppose I have been selected to speak on art because I can speak on that subject without prejudice, knowing nothing about it. I have on this subject no hobbies, no pet theories, and consequently will give you not what I know, but what I think. I am an Agnostic in many things, and the way I understand art is this: In the first place we are all invisible to each other. There is something called soul; something that thinks and hopes and loves. It is never seen. It occupies a world that we call the brain, and is forever, so far as we know, invisible. Each soul lives in a world of its own, and it endeavors to communicate with another soul living in a world of its own, each

invisible to the other, and it does this in a variety of ways. That is the noblest art which expresses the noblest thought, that gives to another the noblest emotions that this unseen soul has. In order to do this we have to seize upon the seen, the visible. In other words, nature is a vast dictionary that we use simply to convey from one invisible world to another what happens in our invisible world. The man that lives in the greatest world and succeeds in letting other worlds know what happens in his world, is the greatest artist.

I believe that all arts have the same father and the same mother, and no matter whether you express what happens in these unseen worlds in mere words—because nearly all pictures have been made with words—or whether you express it in marble, or form and color in what we call painting, it is to carry on that commerce between these invisible worlds, and he is the greatest artist who expresses the tenderest, noblest thoughts to the unseen worlds about him. So that all art consists in this commerce, every soul being an artist and every brain that is worth talking about being an art gallery, and there is no gallery in this world, not in the Vatican or the Louvre or any other place, comparable with the gallery in every great brain. The millions of pictures that are in every brain to-night; the landscapes, the faces, the groups, the millions of millions of millions of things that are now living here in every brain, all unseen, all invisible forever! Yet we communicate with each other by showing each other these pictures, these studies, and by inviting others into our galleries and showing them what we have, and the greatest artist is he who has the most pictures to show to other artists.

I love anything in art that suggests the tender, the beautiful. What is beauty? Of course there is no absolute beauty. All beauty is relative. Probably the most beautiful thing to a frog is the speckled belly of another frog, or to a snake the markings of another snake. So there is no such thing as absolute beauty. But what I call beauty is what suggests to me the highest and the tenderest thought; something that answers to something in my world. So every work of art has to be born in some brain, and it must be made by the unseen artist we call the soul. Now, if a man simply copies what he sees, he is nothing but a copyist. That does not require genius. That requires industry and the habit of observation. But it is not genius; it is not art. Those little daubs and shreds and patches we get by copying, are pieces of iron that need to be put into the flame of genius to be molten and then cast in noble forms; otherwise there is no genius.

The great picture should have, not only the technical part of art, which is neither moral nor immoral, but in addition some great thought, some great event. It should contain not only a history but a prophecy. There should be in it soul, feeling, thought I love those little pictures of the home, of the fireside, of the old lady, boiling the kettle, the vine running over the cottage door, scenes suggesting to me happiness, contentment. I think more of them than of the great war pieces, and I hope I shall have a few years in some such scenes, during which I shall not care what time it is, what day of the week or month it is. Just that feeling of content when it is enough to live, to breathe, to have the blue sky above you and to hear the music of the water. All art that gives us that content, that delight, enriches this world and makes life better and holier.

That, in a general kind of way, as I said before, is my idea of art, and I hope that the artists of America—and they ought to be as good here as in any place on earth—will grow day by day and year by year independent of all other art in the world, and be true to the American or republican spirit always. As to this picture, it is representative, it is American. There is one word Mr. Daniel Dougherty said to which I would like to refer. I have never said very much in my life in defence of England, at the same time I have never blamed England for being against us during our war, and I will tell you why. We had been a nation of hypocrites. We pretended to be in favor of liberty and yet we had four or five millions of our people enslaved. That was a very awkward position. We had bloodhounds to hunt human beings and the apostles setting them on; and while this was going on these poor wretches sought and found liberty on British soil. Now, why not be honest about it? We were rather a contemptible people, though Mr. Dougherty thinks the English were wholly at fault. But England abolished the slave-trade in 1803; she abolished slavery in her colonies in 1833. We were lagging behind. That is all there is about it. No matter why, we put ourselves in the position of pretending to be a free people while we had millions of slaves, and it was only natural that England should dislike it.

I think the chairman said that there had been no great historic picture of the signing of the Constitution. There never should be, never! It was fit, it was proper, to have a picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. That was an honest document. Our people wanted to give a good reason for fighting Great Britain, and in order to do that they had to dig down to the bed-rock of human rights, and then they said all men are created equal. But just as soon as we got our independence we made a Constitution that gave the lie to the Declaration of Independence, and that is why the signing of the Constitution never ought to be painted. We put in that Constitution a clause that the slave-trade should not be interfered with for years, and another clause that this entire Government was pledged to hand back to slavery any poor woman with a child at her breast, seeking freedom by flight. It was a very poor document. A little while ago they celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of that business and talked about the Constitution being such a wonderful thing; yet what was in that Constitution brought on the most terrible civil war ever known, and during that war they said: “Give us the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was.” And I said then: “Curse the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was. Don’t talk to me about fighting for a Constitution that has brought on a war like this; let us make a new one.” No, I am in favor of a painting that would celebrate the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution that declares that there shall be no more slavery on this soil.

I believe that we are getting a little more free every day—a little more sensible all the time. A few years ago a woman in Germany made a speech, in which she asked: “Why should the German mother in pain and agony give birth to a child and rear that child through industry and poverty, and teach him that when he arrives at the age of twenty-one it will be his duty to kill the child of the French mother? And why should the French mother teach her son, that it will be his duty sometime to kill the child of the German mother?” There is more sense in that than in all the diplomacy I ever read, and I think the time is coming when that question will be asked by every mother—Why should she raise a child to kill the child of another mother?

The time is coming when we will do away with all this. Man has been taught that he ought to fight for the country where he was born; no matter about that country being wrong, whether it supported him or not, whether it enslaved him and trampled on every right he had, still it was his duty to march up in support of that country. The time will come when the man will make up his mind himself whether the country is worth while fighting for, and he is the greatest patriot who seeks to make his country worth fighting for, and not he who says, I am for it anyhow, whether it is right or not. These patriots will be the force Mr. George was speaking about. If war between this country and Great Britain were declared, and there were men in both countries sufficient to take a right view of it, that would be the end of war. The thing would be settled by arbitration—settled by some court—and no one would dream of rushing to the field of battle. So, that is my hope for the world; more policy, more good, solid, sound sense and less mud patriotism.

I think that this country is going to grow. I think it will take in Mr. Wiman's country. I do not mean that we are going to take any country. I mean that they are going to come to us. I do not believe in conquest. Canada will come just as soon as it is to her interest to come, and I think she will come or be a great country to herself. I do not believe in those people, intelligent as they are, sending three thousand miles for information they have at home. I do not believe in their being governed by anybody except themselves. So if they come we shall be glad to have them, if they don't want to come I don't want them.

Yes, we are growing. I don't know how many millions of people we have now, probably over sixty-two if they all get counted; and they are still coming. I expect to live to see one hundred millions here. I know some say that we are getting too many foreigners, but I say the more that come the better. We have got to have somebody to take the places of the sons of our rich people. So I say let them come. There is plenty of land here, everywhere. I say to the people of every country, come; do your work here, and we will protect you against other countries. We will give you all the work to supply yourselves and your neighbors.

Then if we have differences with another country we shall have a strong navy, big ships, big guns, magnificent men and plenty of them, and if we put out the hand of fellowship and friendship they will know there is no foolishness about it. They will know we are not asking any favor. We will just say: We want peace, and we tell you over the glistening leaves of this olive branch that if you don't compromise we will mop the earth with you.

That is the sort of arbitration I believe in, and it is the only sort, in my judgment, that will be effectual for all time. And I hope that we may still grow, and grow more and more artistic, and more and more in favor of peace, and I pray that we may finally arrive at being absolutely worthy of having presented that picture, with all that it implies, to the most warlike nation in the world—to the nation that first sends the gospel and then the musket immediately after, and says: You have got to be civilized, and the only evidence of civilization that you can give is to buy our goods and to buy them now, and to pay for them. I wish us to be worthy of the picture presented to such a nation, and my prayer is that America may be worthy to have sent such a

token in such a spirit, and my second prayer is that England may be worthy to receive it and to keep it, and that she may receive it in the same spirit that it is sent.

I am glad that it is to be sent by a woman. The gentleman who spoke to the toast, "Woman as a Peacemaker," seemed to believe that woman brought all the sorrows that ever happened, not only of war, but troubles of every kind. I want to say to him that I would rather live with the woman I love in a world of war, in a world full of troubles and sorrows, than to live in heaven with nobody but men. I believe that woman is a peacemaker, and so I am glad that a woman presents this token to another woman; and woman is a far higher title than queen, in my judgment; far higher. There are no higher titles than woman, mother, wife, sister, and when they come to calling them countesses and duchesses and queens, that is all rot. That adds nothing to that unseen artist who inhabits the world called the brain. That unseen artist is great by nature and cannot be made greater by the addition of titles. And so one woman gives to another woman the picture that prophesies war is finally to cease, and the civilized nations of the world will henceforth arbitrate their differences and no longer strew the plains with corpses of brethren. That is the supreme lesson that is taught by this picture, and I congratulate Mr. Carpenter that his name is associated with it and also with the "Proclamation of Emancipation." In the latter work he has associated his name with that of Lincoln, which is the greatest name in history, and the gentlest memory in this world. Mr. Carpenter has associated his name with that and with this and with that of General Grant, for I say that this picture would never have been possible had there not been behind it Grant; if there had not been behind it the victorious armies of the North and the great armies of the South, that would have united instantly to repel any foreign foe.

Unitarian Club Dinner

New York, January 15,1892.

TOAST: THE IDEAL.

MR. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen: In the first place, I wish to tender my thanks to this club for having generosity and sense enough to invite me to speak this evening. It is probably the best thing the club has ever done. You have shown that you are not afraid of a man simply because he does not happen to agree entirely with you, although in a very general way it may be said that I come within one of you.

So I think, not only that you have honored me—that, I most cheerfully and gratefully admit—but, upon my word, I think that you have honored yourselves. And imagine the distance the religious world has traveled in the last few years to make a thing of this kind possible! You know—I presume every one of you knows—that I have no religion—not enough to last a minute—none whatever—that is, in the ordinary sense of that word. And yet you have become so nearly civilized that you are willing to hear what I have to say; and I have become so nearly civilized that I am willing to say what I think.

And, in the second place, let me say that I have great respect for the Unitarian Church. I have great respect for the memory of Theodore Parker. I have great respect for every man who has assisted in reaving the heavens of an infinite monster. I have great respect for every man who has helped to put out the fires of hell. In other words, I have great respect for every man who has tried to civilize my race.

The Unitarian Church has done more than any other church—and may be more than all other churches—to substitute character for creed, and to say that a man should be judged by his spirit; by the climate of his heart; by the autumn of his generosity; by the spring of his hope; that he should be judged by what he does; by the influence that he exerts, rather than by the mythology he may believe. And whether there be one God or a million, I am perfectly satisfied that every duty that devolves upon me is within my reach; it is something that I can do myself, without the help of anybody else, either in this world or any other.

Now, in order to make myself plain on this subject—I think I was to speak about the Ideal—I want to thank the Unitarian Church for what it has done; and I want to thank the Universalist Church, too. They at least believe in a God who is a gentleman; and that is much more than was ever done by an orthodox church. They believe, at least, in a heavenly father who will leave the latch string out until the last child gets home; and as that lets me in—especially in reference to the “last”—I have great respect for that church.

But now I am coming to the Ideal; and in what I may say you may not all agree. I hope you won’t, because that would be to me evidence that I am wrong. You cannot expect everybody to agree in the right, and I cannot expect to be always in the right myself. I have to judge with the standard called my reason, and I do not know whether it is right or not; I will admit that. But as opposed to any other man’s, I will

bet on mine. That is to say, for home use. In the first place, I think it is said in some book—and if I am wrong there are plenty here to correct me—that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." I think a knowledge of the limitations of the human mind is the beginning of wisdom, and, I may almost say, the end of it—really to understand yourself.

Now, let me lay down this proposition. The imagination of man has the horizon of experience; and beyond experience or nature man cannot go, even in imagination. Man is not a creator. He combines; he adds together; he divides; he subtracts; he does not create, even in the world of imagination. Let me make myself a little plainer: Not one here—not one in the wide, wide world can think of a color that he never saw. No human being can imagine a sound that he has not heard, and no one can think of a taste that he has not experienced. He can add to—that is add together—combine; but he cannot, by any possibility, create.

Man originally, we will say—go back to the age of barbarism, and you will not have to go far; our own childhood, probably, is as far as is necessary—but go back to what is called the age of savagery; every man was an idealist, as every man is to-day an idealist. Every man in savage or civilized time, commencing with the first that ever crawled out of a cave and pushed the hair back from his forehead to look at the sun—commence with him and end with Judge Wright—the last expression on the God question—and from that cave to the soul that lives in this temple, everyone has been an idealist and has endeavored to account in some way for what he saw and for what he felt; in other words, for the phenomena of nature. The easiest way to account for it by the rudest savage, is the way it has been accounted for to-night. What makes the river run? There's a god in it. What makes the tree grow? There's a god in it. What makes the star shine? There's a god in it. What makes the sun rise? Why, he is a god himself. And what makes the nightingale sing until the air is faint with melody? There's a god in it.

They commenced making gods to account for everything that happens; gods of dreams and gods of love and friendship, and heroism and courage. Splendid! They kept making more and more. The more they found out in nature, up to a certain point, the more gods they needed; and they kept on making gods until almost every wave of the sea bore a god. Gods on every mountain, and in every vale and field, and by every stream! Gods in flowers, gods in grass; gods everywhere! All accounting for this world and for what happened in this world.

Then, when they had got about to the top, when their ingenuity had been exhausted, they had not produced anything, and they did not produce anything beyond their own experience. We are told that they were idolaters. That is a mistake, except in the sense that we are all idolaters. They said, "Here is a god; let us express our idea of him. He is stronger than a man; let us give him the body of a lion. He is swifter than a man; let us give him the wings of an eagle. He is wiser than a man"—and when a man was very savage he said, "let us give him the head of a serpent;" a serpent is wonderfully wise; he travels without feet; he climbs without claws; he lives without food, and he is of the simplest conceivable form.

And that was simply to represent their idea of power, of swiftness, of wisdom. And yet this impossible monster was simply made of what man had seen in nature, and he put the various attributes or parts together by his imagination. He created nothing. He simply took these parts of certain beasts, when beasts were supposed to be superior to man in some particulars, and in that way expressed his thought.

You go into the territory of Arizona to-day, and you will find there pictures of God. He was clothed in stone, through which no arrow could pierce, and so they called God the Stone-Shirted whom no Indian could kill. That was for the simple and only reason that it was impossible to get an arrow through his armor. They got the idea from the armadillo.

Now, I am simply saying this to show that they were making gods for all these centuries, and making them out of something they found in nature. Then, after they got through with the beast business, they made gods after the image of man; and they are the best gods, so far as I know, that have been made.

The gods that were first made after the image of man were not made after the pattern of very good men; but they were good men according to the standard of that time, because, as I will show you in a moment, all these things are relative. The qualities or things that we call mercy, justice, charity and religion are all relative. There was a time when the victor on the field of battle was exceedingly merciful if he failed to eat his prisoner; he was regarded as a very charitable gentleman if he refused to eat the man he had captured in battle. Afterward he was regarded as an exceedingly benevolent person if he would spare a prisoner's life and make him a slave.

So that—but you all know it as well as I do or you would not be Unitarians—all this has been simply a growth from year to year, from generation to generation, from age to age. And let me tell you the first thing about these gods that they made after the image of men. After a time there were men on the earth who were better than these gods in heaven.

Then those gods began to die, one after another, and dropped from their thrones. The time will probably come in the history of this world when an insurance company can calculate the average life of gods as well as they do now of men; because all these gods have been made by folks. And, let me say right here, the folks did the best they could. I do not blame them. Everybody in the business has always done his best. I admit it. I admit that man has traveled from the first conception up to Unitarianism by a necessary road. Under the conditions he could have come up in no other way. I admit all that. I blame nobody. But I am simply trying to tell, in a very feeble manner, how it is.

Now, in a little while, I say, men got better than their gods. Then the gods began to die. Then we began to find out a few things in nature, and we found out that we were supporting more gods than were necessary—that fewer gods could do the business—and that, from an economical point of view, expenses ought to be cut down. There were too many temples, too many priests, and you always had to give tithes of something to each one, and these gods were about to eat up the substance of the world.

And there came a time when it got to that point that either the gods would eat up the people or the people must destroy some gods, and of course they destroyed the gods—one by one and in their places they put forces of nature to do the business—forces of nature that needed no church, that needed no theologians; forces of nature that you are under no obligation to; that you do not have to pay anything to keep working. We found that the attraction of gravitation would attend to its business, night and day, at its own expense. There was a great saving. I wish it were the same with all kinds of law, so that we could all go into some useful business, including myself.

So day by day, they dispensed with this expense of deities; and the world got along just as well—a good deal better. They used to think—a community thought—that if a man was allowed to say a word against a deity, the god would visit his vengeance upon the entire nation. But they found out, after a while, that no harm came of it; so they went on destroying the gods. Now, all these things are relative; and they made gods a little better all the time—I admit that—till we struck the Presbyterian, which is probably the worst ever made. The Presbyterians seem to have bred back.

But no matter. As man became more just, or nearer just, as he became more charitable, or nearer charitable, his god grew to be a little better and a little better. He was very bad in Geneva—the three that we then had. They were very bad in Scotland—horrible! Very bad in New England—infamous! I might as well tell the truth about it—very bad! And then men went to work, finally, to civilize their gods, to civilize heaven, to give heaven the benefit of the freedom of this brave world. That's what we did. We wanted to civilize religion—civilize what is known as Christianity. And nothing on earth needed civilization more; and nothing needs it more than that to-night. Civilization! I am not so much for the freedom of religion as I am for the religion of freedom.

Now, there was a time when our ancestors—good people, away back, all dead, no great regret expressed at this meeting on that account—there was a time when our ancestors were happy in their belief that nearly everybody was to be lost, and that a few, including themselves, were to be saved. That religion, I say, fitted that time. It fitted their geology. It was a very good running mate for their astronomy. It was a good match for their chemistry. In other words, they were about equal in every department of human ignorance.

And they insisted that there lived up there somewhere—generally up—exactly where nobody has, I believe, yet said—a being, an infinite person "without body, parts, or passions," and yet without passions he was angry at the wicked every day; without body he inhabited a certain place; and without parts he was, after all, in some strange and miraculous manner, organized so that he thought.

And I don't know that it is possible for anyone here—I don't know that anyone here is gifted with imagination enough—to conceive of such a being. Our fathers had not imagination enough to do so, at least, and so they said of this God, that he loves and he hates; he punishes and he rewards; and that religion has been described perfectly tonight by Judge Wright as really making God a monster, and men poor, helpless victims. And the highest possible conception of the orthodox man was, finally, to be a

good servant—just lucky enough to get in—feathers somewhat singed, but enough left to fly. That was the idea of our fathers. And then came these divisions, simply because men began to think.

And why did they begin to think? Because in every direction, in all departments, they were getting more and more information. And then the religion did not fit. When they found out something of the history of this globe they found out that the Scriptures were not true. I will not say not inspired, because I do not know whether they are inspired or not. It is a question, to me, of no possible importance, whether they are inspired or not. The question is: Are they true? If they are true, they do not need inspiration; and if they are not true, inspiration will not help them. So that is a matter that I care nothing about.

On every hand, I say, they studied and thought. They began to grow—to have new ideas of mercy, kindness, justice; new ideas of duty—new ideas of life. The old gods, after we got past the civilization of the Greeks, past their mythology—and it is the best mythology that man has ever made—after we got past that, I say, the gods cared very little about women. Women occupied no place in the state—no place by the hearth, except one of subordination, and almost of slavery. So the early churches made God after that image who held women in contempt. It was only natural—I am not blaming anybody—they had to do it, it was part of the *must!*

Now, I say that we have advanced up to the point that we demand not only intelligence, but justice and mercy, in the sky; we demand that—that idea of God. Then comes my trouble. I want to be honest about it. Here is my trouble—and I want it also understood that if I should see a man praying to a stone image or to a stuffed serpent, with that man's wife or daughter or son lying at the point of death, and that poor savage on his knees imploring that image or that stuffed serpent to save his child or his wife, there is nothing in my heart that could suggest the slightest scorn, or any other feeling than that of sympathy; any other feeling than that of grief that the stuffed serpent could not answer the prayer and that the stone image did not feel; I want that understood. And wherever man prays for the right—no matter to whom or to what he prays; where he prays for strength to conquer the wrong, I hope his prayer may be heard; and if I think there is no one else to hear it I will hear it, and I am willing to help answer it to the extent of my power.

So I want it distinctly understood that that is my feeling. But here is my trouble: I find this world made on a very cruel plan. I do not say it is wrong—I just say that that is the way it seems to me. I may be wrong myself, because this is the only world I was ever in; I am provincial. This grain of sand and tear they call the earth is the only world I have ever lived in. And you have no idea how little I know about the rest of this universe; you never will know how little I know about it until you examine your own minds on the same subject.

The plan is this: Life feeds on life. Justice does not always triumph: Innocence is not a perfect shield. There is my trouble. No matter now, whether you agree with me or not; I beg of you to be honest and fair with me in your thought, as I am toward you in mine.

I hope, as devoutly as you, that there is a power somewhere in this universe that will finally bring everything as it should be. I take a little consolation in the "perhaps"—in the guess that this is only one scene of a great drama, and that when the curtain rises on the fifth act, if I live that long, I may see the coherence and the relation of things. But up to the present writing—or speaking—I do not. I do not understand it—a God that has life feed on life; every joy in the world born of some agony! I do not understand why in this world, over the Niagara of cruelty, should run this ocean of blood. I do not understand it. And, then, why does not justice always triumph? Why is not innocence a perfect shield? These are my troubles.

Suppose a man had control of the atmosphere, knew enough of the secrets of nature, had read enough in "nature's infinite book of secrecy" so that he could control the wind and rain; suppose a man had that power, and suppose that last year he kept the rain from Russia and did not allow the crops to ripen when hundreds of thousands were famishing and when little babes were found with their lips on the breasts of dead mothers! What would you think of such a man? Now, there is my trouble. If there be a God he understood this. He knew when he withheld his rain that the famine would come. He saw the dead mothers, he saw the empty breasts of death, and he saw the helpless babes. There is my trouble. I am perfectly frank with you and honest. That is my trouble.

Now, understand me! I do not say there is no God. I do not know. As I told you before, I have traveled but very little—only in this world.

I want it understood that I do not pretend to know. I say I think. And in my mind the idea expressed by Judge Wright so eloquently and so beautifully is not exactly true. I cannot conceive of the God he endeavors to describe, because he gives to that God will, purpose, achievement, benevolence, love, and no form—no organization—no wants. There's the trouble. No wants. And let me say why that is a trouble. Man acts only because he wants. You civilize man by increasing his wants, or, as his wants increase he becomes civilized. You find a lazy savage who would not hunt an elephant tusk to save your life. But let him have a few tastes of whiskey and tobacco, and he will run his legs off for tusks. You have given him another want and he is willing to work. And they nearly all started on the road toward Unitarianism—that is to say, toward civilization—in that way. You must increase their wants.

The question arises: Can an infinite being want anything? If he does and cannot get it, he is not happy. If he does not want anything, I cannot help him. I am under no obligation to do anything for anybody who does not need anything and who does not want anything. Now, there is my trouble. I may be wrong, and I may get paid for it some time, but that is my trouble.

I do not see—admitting that all is true that has been said about the existence of God—I do not see what I can do for him; and I do not see either what he can do for me, judging by what he has done for others.

And then I come to the other point, that religion so-called, explains our duties to this supposed being, when we do not even know that he exists; and no human being has got imagination enough to describe him, or to use such words that you understand what he is trying to say. I have listened with great pleasure to Judge Wright this

evening, and I have heard a great many other beautiful things on the same subject—none better than his. But I never understood them—never.

Now, then, what is religion? I say, religion is all here in this world—right here—and that all our duties are right here to our fellow-men; that the man that builds a home; marries the girl that he loves; takes good care of her; likes the family; stays home nights, as a general thing; pays his debts; tries to find out what he can; gets all the ideas and beautiful things that his mind will hold; turns a part of his brain into a gallery of fine arts; has a host of paintings and statues there; then has another niche devoted to music—a magnificent dome, filled with winged notes that rise to glory—now, the man who does that gets all he can from the great ones dead; swaps all the thoughts he can with the ones that are alive; true to the ideal that he has here in his brain—he is what I call a religious man, because he makes the world better, happier; he puts the dimples of joy in the cheeks of the ones he loves, and he lets the gods run heaven to suit themselves. And I am not saying that he is right; I do not know.

This is all the religion that I have; to make somebody else happier if I can.

I divide this world into two classes—the cruel and the kind; and I think a thousand times more of a kind man than I do of an intelligent man. I think more of kindness than I do of genius, I think more of real, good, human nature in that way—of one who is willing to lend a helping hand and who goes through the world with a face that looks as if its owner were willing to answer a decent question—I think a thousand times more of that than I do of being theologically right; because I do not care whether I am theologically right or not. It is something that is not worth talking about, because it is something that I never, never, never shall understand; and every one of you will die and you won't understand it either—until after you die at any rate. I do not know what will happen then.

I am not denying anything. There is another ideal, and it is a beautiful ideal. It is the greatest dream that ever entered the heart or brain of man—the Dream of Immortality. It was born of human affection. It did not come to us from heaven. It was born of the human heart. And when he who loved, kissed the lips of her who was dead, there came into his heart the dream: We may meet again.

And, let me tell you, that hope of immortality never came from any religion. That hope of immortality has helped make religion. It has been the great oak around which have climbed the poisonous vines of superstition—that hope of immortality is the great oak.

And yet the moment a man expresses a doubt about the truth of Joshua or Jonah or the other three fellows in a furnace, up hops some poor little wretch and says, "Why, he doesn't want to live any more; he wants to die and go down like a dog, and that is the end of him and his wife and children." They really seem to think that the moment a man is what they call an Infidel he has no affections, no heart, no feeling, no hope—nothing—nothing. Just anxious to be annihilated! But, if the orthodox creed be true, I make my choice to-night. I take hell. And if it is between hell and annihilation, I take annihilation.

I will tell you why I take hell in making the first choice. We have heard from both of those places—heaven and hell. According to the New Testament there was a rich man in hell, and a poor man, Lazarus, in heaven. And there was another gentleman by the name of Abraham. The rich man in hell was in flames, and he called for water, and they told him they couldn't give him any. No bridge! But they did not express the slightest regret that they could not give him any water. Mr. Abraham was not decent enough to say he would if he could; no, sir; nothing. It did not make any difference to him. But this rich man in hell—in torment—his heart was all right, for he remembered his brothers; and he said to this Abraham, "If you cannot go, why, send a man to my five brethren, so that they will not come to this place!" Good fellow, to think of his five brothers when he was burning up. Good fellow. Best fellow we ever heard from on the other side—in either world.

So, I say there is my place. And, incidentally, Abraham at that time gave his judgment as to the value of miracles. He said, "Though one should arise from the dead he wouldn't help your five brethren!" "There are Moses and the prophets." No need of raising people from the dead.

That is my idea, in a general way, about religion; and I want the imagination to go to work upon it, taking the perfections of one church, of one school, of one system, and putting them together, just as the sculptor makes a great statue by taking the eyes from one, the nose from another, the limbs from another, and so on; just as they make a great painting from a landscape by putting a river in this place, instead of over there, changing the location of a tree and improving on what they call nature—that is to say, simply by adding to, taking from; that is all we can do. But let us go on doing that until there shall be a church in sympathy with the best human heart and in harmony with the best human brain.

And, what is more, let us have that religion for the world we live in. Right here! Let us have that religion until it cannot be said that they who do the most work have the least to eat. Let us have that religion here until hundreds and thousands of women are not compelled to make a living with the needle that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor," and to live in tenements, in filth, where modesty is impossible.

I say, let us preach that religion here until men will be ashamed to have forty or fifty millions, or any more than they need, while their brethren lack bread—while their sisters die from want. Let us preach that religion here until man will have more ambition to become wise and good than to become rich and powerful. Let us preach that religion here among ourselves until there are no abused and beaten wives. Let us preach that religion until children are no longer afraid of their own parents and until there is no back of a child bearing the scars of a father's lash. Let us preach it, I say, until we understand and know that every man does as he must, and that, if we want better men and women, we must have better conditions.

Let us preach this grand religion until everywhere, the world over, men are just and kind to each other. And then, if there be another world, we shall be prepared for it. And if I come into the presence of an infinite, good, and wise being, he will say, "Well, you did the best you could. You did very well, indeed. There is plenty of work

for you to do here. Try and get a little higher than you were before." Let us preach that one drop of restitution is worth an ocean of repentance.

And if there is a life of eternal progress before us, I shall be as glad as any other angel to find that out.

But I will not sacrifice the world I have for one I know not of. I will not live here in fear, when I do not know that that which I fear lives.

I am going to live a perfectly free man. I am going to reap the harvest of my mind, no matter how poor it is, whether it is wheat or corn or worthless weeds. And I am going to scatter it. Some may "fall on stony ground." But I think I have struck good soil to-night.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you a thousand times for your attention. I beg that you will forgive the time that I have taken, and allow me to say, once more, that this event marks an epoch in Religious Liberty in the United States.

Western Society Of The Army Of The Potomac Banquet

Chicago, January 31, 1894.

FIRST of all, I wish to thank you for allowing me to be present. Next, I wish to congratulate you that you are all alive. I congratulate you that you were born in this century, the greatest century in the world's history, the greatest century of intellectual genius and of physical, mental and moral progress that the world ever knew. I congratulate you all that you are members of the Army of the Potomac. I believe that no better army ever marched under the flag of any nation. There was no difficulty that discouraged you; no defeat that disheartened you. For years you bore the heat and burden of battle; for years you saw your comrades torn by shot and shell, but wiping the tears, from your cheeks you marched on with greater determination than ever to fight to the end.

To the Army of the Potomac belongs the eternal honor of having obtained finally the sword of Rebellion. I congratulate you because you fought for the Republic, and I thank you for your courage. For by you the United States was kept on the map of the world, and our flag was kept floating. If not for your work, neither would have been there. You removed from it the only stain that was ever on it. You fought not only the battle of the Union, but of the whole world.

I congratulate you that you live in a period when the North has attained a higher moral altitude than was ever attained by any nation. You now live in a country which believes in absolute freedom for all. In this country any man may reap what he sows and may give his honest thought to his fellow-men. It is wonderful to think what this Nation was before the Army of the Potomac came into existence. It believed in liberty as the convict believes in liberty. It was a country where men that had honest thoughts were ostracized. I thank you and your courage for what we are. Nothing ennobles a man so much as fighting for the right. Whoever fights for the wrong wounds himself. I believe that every man who fought in the Union army came out a stronger and a better and a nobler man.

I believe in this country. I am so young and so full of enthusiasm that I am a believer in National growth. I want this country to be territorial and to become larger than it is. I want a country worthy of Chicago. I want to pick up the West Indies, take in the Bermudas, the Bahamas and Barbadoes. They are our islands. They belong to this continent and it is a piece of impudence for any other nation to think of owning them. We want to grow. Such is the extravagance of my ambition that I even want the Sandwich Islands. They say that these islands are too far away from us; that they are two thousand miles from our shores. But they are nearer to our shores than to any other. I want them. I want a naval station there. I want America to be mistress of the Pacific. Then there is another thing in my mind. I want to grow North and South. I want Canada—good people—good land. I want that country. I do not want to steal it, but I want it. I want to go South with this Nation. My idea is this: There is only air enough between the Isthmus of Panama and the North Pole for one flag. A country

that guarantees liberty to all cannot be too large. If any of these people are ignorant, we will educate them; give them the benefit of our free schools. Another thing—I might as well sow a few seeds for next fall. I have heard many reasons why the South failed in the Rebellion, and why with the help of Northern dissensions and a European hatred the South did not succeed. I will tell you. In my judgment, the South failed, not on account of its army, but from other conditions. Luckily for us, the South had always been in favor of free trade.

Secondly—The South raised and sold raw material, and when the war came it had no foundries, no factories, and no looms to weave the cloth for uniforms; no shops to make munitions of war, and it had to get what supplies it could by running the blockade. We of the North had the cloth to clothe our soldiers, shops to make our bayonets; we had all the curious wheels that invention had produced, and had labor and genius, the power of steam, and the water to make what we needed, and we did not require anything from any other country. Suppose this whole country raised raw material and shipped it out, we would be in the condition that the South was. We want this Nation to be independent of the whole world. A nation to be ready to settle questions of dispute by war should be in a condition of absolute independence. For that reason I want all the wheels turning in this country, all the chimneys full of fire, all the looms running, the iron red hot everywhere. I want to see all mechanics having plenty of work with good wages and good homes for their families, good food, schools for their children, plenty of clothes, and enough to take care of a child if it happens to take sick. I am for the independence of America, the growth of America physically, mentally, and every other way. The time will come when all nations combined cannot take that flag out of the sky. I want to see this country so that if a deluge sweeps every other nation from the face of the globe we would have all we want made right here by our factories, by American brain and hand.

I thank you that the Republic still lives. I thank you that we are all lovers of freedom. I thank you for having helped establish a Government where every child has an opportunity, and where every avenue of advancement if open to all.

Lotos Club Dinner In Honor Of Anton Seidl

New York, February 2, 1895.

MR. PRESIDENT, Mr. Anton Seidl, and Gentlemen: I was enjoying myself with music and song; why I should be troubled, why I should be called upon to trouble you, is a question I can hardly answer. Still, as the president has remarked, the American people like to hear speeches. Why, I don't know. It has always been a matter of amazement that anybody wanted to hear me. Talking is so universal; with few exceptions—the deaf and dumb—everybody seems to be in the business. Why they should be so anxious to hear a rival I never could understand. But, gentlemen, we are all pupils of nature; we are taught by the countless things that touch us on every side; by field and flower and star and cloud and river and sea, where the waves break into whitecaps, and by the prairie, and by the mountain that lifts its granite forehead to the sun; all things in nature touch us, educate us, sharpen us, cause the heart to bud, to burst, it may be, into blossom; to produce fruit. In common with the rest of the world I have been educated a little that way; by the things I have seen and by the things I have heard and by the people I have met. But there are a few things that stand out in my recollection as having touched me more deeply than others, a few men to whom I feel indebted for the little I know, and for the little I happen to be. Those men, those things, are forever present in my mind. But I want to tell you to-night that the first man that let up the curtain in my mind, that ever opened a blind, that ever allowed a little sunshine to straggle in, was Robert Burns. I went to get my shoes mended, and I had to go with them. And I had to wait till they were done. I was like the fellow standing by the stream naked washing his shirt. A lady and gentleman were riding by in a carriage, and upon seeing him the man indignantly shouted, "Why don't you put on another shirt when you are washing one?" The fellow said, "I suppose you think I've got a hundred shirts!"

When I went into the shop of the old Scotch shoemaker he was reading a book, and when he took my shoes in hand I took his book, which was "Robert Burns." In a few days I had a copy; and, indeed, gentlemen, from that time if "Burns" had been destroyed I could have restored more than half of it. It was in my mind day and night. Burns you know is a little valley, not very wide, but full of sunshine; a little stream runs down making music over the rocks, and children play upon the banks; narrow roads overrun with vines, covered with blossoms, happy children, the hum of bees, and little birds pour out their hearts and enrich the air. That is Burns. Then, you must know that I was raised respectably. Certain books were not thought to be good for the young person; only such books as would start you in the narrow road for the New Jerusalem. But one night I stopped at a little hotel in Illinois, many years ago, when we were not quite civilized, when the footsteps of the red man were still in the prairies. While I was waiting for supper an old man was reading from a book, and among others who were listening was myself. I was filled with wonder. I had never heard anything like it. I was ashamed to ask him what he was reading; I supposed that an intelligent boy ought to know. So I waited, and when the little bell rang for supper I hung back and they went out. I picked up the book; it was Sam Johnson's

edition of Shakespeare. The next day I bought a copy for four dollars. My God! more than the national debt. You talk about the present straits of the Treasury! For days, for nights, for months, for years, I read those books, two volumes, and I commenced with the introduction. I haven't read that introduction for nearly fifty years, certainly forty-five, but I remember it still. Other writers are like a garden diligently planted and watered, but Shakespeare a forest where the oaks and elms toss their branches to the storm, where the pine towers, where the vine bursts into blossom at its foot. That book opened to me a new world, another nature. While Burns was the valley, here was a range of mountains with thousands of such valleys; while Burns was as sweet a star as ever rose into the horizon, here was a heaven filled with constellations. That book has been a source of perpetual joy to me from that day to this; and whenever I read Shakespeare—if it ever happens that I fail to find some new beauty, some new presentation of some wonderful truth, or another word that bursts into blossom, I shall make up my mind that my mental faculties are failing, that it is not the fault of the book. Those, then, are two things that helped to educate me a little.

Afterward I saw a few paintings by Rembrandt, and all at once I was overwhelmed with the genius of the man that could convey so much thought in form and color. Then I saw a few landscapes by Corot, and I began to think I knew something about art. During all my life, of course, like other people, I had heard what they call music, and I had my favorite pieces, most of those favorite pieces being favorites on account of association; and nine-tenths of the music that is beautiful to the world is beautiful because of the association, not because the music is good, but because of association.. We cannot write a very poetic thing about a pump or about water works; they are not old enough.

We can write a poetic thing about a well and a sweep and an old moss-covered bucket, and you can write a poem about a spring, because a spring seems a gift of nature, something that cost no trouble and no work, something that will sing of nature under the quiet stars of June. So, it is poetic on account of association. The stage coach is more poetic than the car, but the time will come when cars will be poetic, because human feelings, love's remembrances, will twine around them, and consequently they will become beautiful. There are two pieces of music, "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Home Sweet Home," with the music a little weak in the back; but association makes them both beautiful. So, in the "Marseillaise" is the French Revolution, that whirlwind and flame of war, of heroism the highest possible, of generosity, of self-denial, of cruelty, of all of which the human heart and brain are capable; so that music now sounds as though its notes were made of stars, and it is beautiful mostly by association.

Now, I always felt that there must be some greater music somewhere, somehow. You know this little music that comes back with recurring emphasis every two inches or every three-and-a-half inches; I thought there ought to be music somewhere with a great sweep from horizon to horizon, and that could fill the great dome of sound with winged notes like the eagle; if there was not such music, somebody, sometime, would make it, and I was waiting for it. One day I heard it, and I said, "What music is that?" "Who wrote that?" I felt it everywhere. I was cold. I was almost hysterical. It answered to my brain, to my heart; not only to association, but to all there was of

hope and aspiration, all my future; and they said this is the music of Wagner. I never knew one note from another—of course I would know it from a promissory note—and was utterly and absolutely ignorant of music until I heard Wagner interpreted by the greatest leader, in my judgment, in the world—Anton Seidl. He not only understands Wagner in the brain, but he feels him in the heart, and there is in his blood the same kind of wild and splendid independence that was in the brain of Wagner. I want to say to-night, because there are so many heresies, Mr. President, creeping into this world, I want to say and say it with all my might, that Robert Burns was not Scotch. He was far wider than Scotland: he had in him the universal tide, and wherever it touches the shore of a human being it finds access. Not Scotch, gentlemen, but a man, a man! I can swear to it, or rather affirm, that Shakespeare was not English, but another man, kindred of all, of all races and peoples, and who understood the universal brain and heart of the human race, and who had imagination enough to put himself in the place of all.

And so I want to say to-night, because I want to be consistent, Richard Wagner was not a German, and his music is not German; and why? Germany would not have it. Germany denied that it was music. The great German critics said it was nothing in the world but noise. The best interpreter of Wagner in the world is not German, and no man has to be German to understand Richard Wagner. In the heart of nearly every man is an ?olian harp, and when the breath of true genius touches that harp, every man that has one, or that knows what music is or has the depth and height of feeling necessary to appreciate it, appreciates Richard Wagner. To understand that music, to hear it as interpreted by this great leader, is an education. It develops the brain; it gives to the imagination wings; the little earth grows larger; the people grow important; and not only that, it civilizes the heart; and the man who understands that music can love better and with greater intensity than he ever did before. The man who understands and appreciates that music, becomes in the highest sense spiritual—and I don't mean by spiritual, worshiping some phantom, or dwelling upon what is going to happen to some of us—I mean spiritual in the highest sense; when a perfume arises from the heart in gratitude, and when you feel that you know what there is of beauty, of sublimity, of heroism and honor and love in the human heart. This is what I mean by being spiritual. I don't mean denying yourself here and living on a crust with the expectation of eternal joy—that is not what I mean. By spiritual I mean a man that has an ideal, a great ideal, and who is splendid enough to live to that ideal; that is what I mean by spiritual. And the man who has heard the music of Wagner, that music of love and death, the greatest music, in my judgment, that ever issued from the human brain, the man who has heard that and understands it has been civilized.

Another man to whom I feel under obligation whose name I do not know—I know Burns, Shakespeare, Rembrandt and Wagner, but there are some other fellows whose names I do not know—is he who chiseled the Venus de Milo. This man helped to civilize the world; and there is nothing under the sun so pathetic as the perfect. Whoever creates the perfect has thought and labored and suffered; and no perfect thing has ever been done except through suffering and except through the highest and holiest thought, and among this class of men is Wagner. Let me tell you something more. You know I am a great believer. There is no man in the world who

believes more in human nature than I do. No man believes more in the nobility and splendor of humanity than I do; no man feels more grateful than I to the self-denying, heroic, splendid souls who have made this world fit for ladies and gentlemen to live in. But I believe that the human mind has reached its top in three departments. I don't believe the human race—no matter if it lives millions of years more upon this wheeling world—I don't believe the human race will ever produce in the world anything greater, sublimer, than the marbles of the Greeks. I do not believe it. I believe they reach absolutely the perfection of form and the expression of force and passion in stone. The Greeks made marble as sensitive as flesh and as passionate as blood. I don't believe that any human being of any coming race—no matter how many suns may rise and set, or how many religions may rise and fall, or how many languages be born and decay—I don't believe any human being will ever excel the dramas of Shakespeare. Neither do I believe that the time will ever come when any man with such instruments of music as we now have, and having nothing but the common air that we now breathe, will ever produce greater pictures in sound, greater music, than Wagner. Never! Never! And I don't believe he will ever have a better interpreter than Anton Seidl. Seidl is a poet in sound, a sculptor in sound. He is what you might call an orchestral orator, and as such he expresses the deepest feelings, the highest aspirations and the in-tensest and truest love of which the brain and heart of man are capable.

Now, I am glad, I am delighted, that the people here in this city and in various other cities of our great country are becoming civilized enough to appreciate these harmonies; I am glad they are civilized at last enough to know that the home of music is tone, not tune; that the home of music is in harmonies where you braid them like rainbows; I am glad they are great enough and civilized enough to appreciate the music of Wagner, the greatest music in this world. Wagner sustains the same relation to other composers that Shakespeare does to other dramatists, and any other dramatist compared with Shakespeare is like one tree compared with an immeasurable forest, or rather like one leaf compared with a forest; and all the other composers of the world are embraced in the music of Wagner.

"Nobody has written anything more tender than he, nobody anything sublimer than he. Whether it is the song of the deep, or the warble of the mated bird, nobody has excelled Wagner; he has expressed all that the human heart is capable of appreciating. And now, gentlemen, having troubled you long enough, and saying long live Anton Seidl, I bid you good-night."

Lotos Club Dinner In Honor Of Rear Admiral Schley

New York, November 26, 1898.

MR.PRESIDENT, Gentlemen of the Club—Boys: I congratulate all of you and I congratulate myself, and I will tell you why. In the first place, we were well born, and we were all born rich, all of us. We belong to a great race. That is something; that is having a start, to feel that in your veins flows heroic blood, blood that has accomplished great things and has planted the flag of victory on the field of war. It is a great thing to belong to a great race.

I congratulate you and myself on another thing; we were born in a great nation, and you can't be much of a man without having a nation behind you, with you; Just think about it! What would Shakespeare have been, if he had been born in Labrador? I used to know an old lawyer in southern Illinois, a smart old chap, who mourned his unfortunate surroundings. He lived in Pinkneyville, and occasionally drank a little too freely of Illinois wine; and when in his cups he sometimes grew philosophic and egotistic. He said one day, "Boys, I have got more brains than you have, I have, but I have never had a chance. I want you just to think of it. What would Daniel Webster have been, by God, if he had settled in Pinkneyville?"

So I congratulate you all that you were born in a great nation, born rich; and why do I say rich? Because you fell heir to a great, expressive, flexible language; that is one thing. What could a man do who speaks a poor language, a language of a few words that you could almost count on your fingers? What could he do? You were born heirs to a great literature, the greatest in the world—in all the world. All the literature of Greece and Rome would not make one act of "Hamlet." All the literature of the ancient world added to all of the modern world, except England, would not equal the literature that we have. We were born to it, heirs to that vast intellectual possession.

So I say you were all born rich, all. And then you were very fortunate in being born in this country, where people have some rights, not as many as they should have, not as many as they would have if it were not for the preachers, may be, but where we have some; and no man yet was ever great unless a great drama was being played on some great stage and he got a part. Nature deals you a hand, and all she asks is for you to have the sense to play it. If no hand is dealt to you, you win no money. You must have the opportunity, must be on the stage, and some great drama must be there. Take it in our own country. The Revolutionary war was a drama, and a few great actors appeared; the War of 1812 was another, and a few appeared; the Civil war another. Where would have been the heroes whose brows we have crowned with laurel had there been no Civil war? What would have become of Lincoln, a lawyer in a country town? What would have become of Grant? He would have been covered with the mantle of absolute obscurity, tucked in at all the edges, his name never heard of by any human being not related to him.

Now, you have got to have the chance, and you cannot create it. I heard a gentleman say here a few minutes ago that this war could have been averted. That is not true. I am not doubting his veracity, but rather his philosophy. Nothing ever happened beneath the dome of heaven that could have been avoided. Everything that is possible happens. That may not suit all the creeds, but it is true. And everything that is possible will continue to happen. The war could not have been averted, and the thing that makes me glad and proud is that it was not averted. I will tell you why.

It was the first war in the history of this world that was waged unselfishly for the good of others; the first war. Almost anybody will fight for himself; a great many people will fight for their country, their fellow-men, their fellow-citizens; but it requires something besides courage to fight for the rights of aliens; it requires not only courage, but principle and the highest morality. This war was waged to compel Spain to take her bloody hands from the throat of Cuba. That is exactly what it was waged for. Another great drama was put upon the boards, another play was advertised, and the actors had their opportunity. Had there been no such war, many of the actors would never have been heard of.

But the thing is to take advantage of the occasion when it arrives. In this war we added to the greatness and the glory of our history. That is another thing that we all fell heirs to—the history of our people, the history of our Nation. We fell heirs to all the great and grand things that had been accomplished, to all the great deeds, to the splendid achievements either in the realm of mind or on the field of battle.

Then there was another great drama. The first thing we knew, a man in the far Pacific, a gentleman from Vermont, sailed one May morning into the bay of Manila, and the next news was that the Spanish fleet had been beached, burned, destroyed, and nothing had happened to him. I have read a little history, not much, and a good deal that I have read was not true. I have read something about our own navy, not much. I recollect when I was a boy my hero was John Paul Jones; he covered the ocean; and afterward I knew of Hull and Perry and Decatur and Bainbridge and a good many others that I don't remember now. And then came the Civil war, and I remember a little about Farragut, a great Admiral, as great as ever trod a deck, in my judgment. And I have also read about other admirals and sailors of the world. I knew something of Drake and I have read the "Life of Nelson" and several other sea dogs; but when I got the news from Manila I said, "There is the most wonderful victory ever won upon the sea;" and I did not think it would ever be paralleled. I thought such things come one in a box. But a little while afterward another of Spain's fleets was heard from. Oh, those Spaniards! They have got the courage of passion, but that is not the highest courage. They have got plenty of that; but it is necessary to be coolly courageous, and to have the brain working with the accuracy of an engine—courageous, I don't care how mad you get, but there must not be a cloud in the heaven of your judgment. That is Anglo-Saxon courage, and there is no higher type. The Spaniards sprinkled the holy water on their guns, then banged away and left it to the Holy Ghost to direct the rest.

Another fleet, at Santiago, ventured out one day, and another great victory was won by the American Navy. I don't know which victory was the more wonderful, that at Manila Bay or that at Santiago. The Spanish ships were, some of them, of the best

class and type, and had fine guns, yet in a few moments they were wrecks on the shore of defeat, gone, lost.

Now, when I used to read about these things in the olden times, what ideas I had of the hero! I never expected to see one; and yet to-night I have the happiness of dining with one, with one whose name is associated with as great a victory, in my judgment, as was ever won; a victory that required courage, intelligence, that power of will that holds itself firm until the thing sought has been accomplished; and that has my greatest admiration. I thank Admiral Schley for having enriched my country, for having added a little to my own height, to my own pride, so that I utter the word America with a little more unction than I ever did before, and the old flag looks a little brighter, better, and has an added glory. When I see it now, it looks as if the air had burst into blossom, and it stands for all that he has accomplished.

Admiral Schley has added not only to our wealth, but to the wealth of the children yet unborn that are going to come into the great heritage not only of wealth, but of the highest possible riches, glory, honor, achievement. That is the reason I congratulate you to-night. And I congratulate you on another thing, that this country has entered upon the great highway, I believe, of progress. I believe that the great nation has the sentiment, the feeling of growth. The successful farmer wants to buy the land adjoining him; the great nation loves to see its territory increase. And what has been our history? Why, when we bought Louisiana from Napoleon, in 1803, thousands of people were opposed to "imperialism," to expansion; the poor old moss-backs were opposed to it. When we bought Florida, it was the same. When we took the vast West from Mexico in 1848 it was the same. When we took Alaska it was the same. Now, is anybody in favor of modifying that sentiment?

We have annexed Hawaii, and we have got the biggest volcano in the business. A man I know visited that volcano some years ago and came back and told me about his visit. He said that at the little hotel they had a guest-book in which the people wrote their feelings on seeing the volcano in action. "Now," he said, "I will tell you this so that you may know how you are spreading out yourself. One man had written in that book, 'if Bob Ingersoll were here, I think he would change his mind about hell.'"

I want that volcano. I want the Philippines. It would be simply infamous to hand those people back to the brutality of Spain. Spain has been Christianizing them for about four hundred years. The first thing the poor devils did was to sign a petition asking for the expulsion of the priests. That was their idea of the commencement of liberty. They are not quite so savage as some people imagine. I want those islands; I want all of them, and I don't know that I disagree with the Rev. Mr. Slicer as to the use we can put them to. I don't know that they will be of any use, but I want them; they might come handy. And I wanted to pick up the small change, the Ladrones and the Carolines. I am glad we have got Porto Rico. I don't know as it will be of any use, but there's no harm in having the title. I want Cuba whenever Cuba wants us, and I favor the idea of getting her in the notion of wanting us. I want it in the interest, as I believe, of humanity, of progress; in other words, of human liberty. That is what the war was waged for, and the fact that it was waged for that, gives an additional glory to these naval officers and to the officers in the army. They fought in the first righteous war; I mean righteous in the sense that we fought for the liberty of others.

Now, gentlemen, I feel that we have all honored ourselves to-night by honoring Rear Admiral Schley. I want you to know that long after we are dead and long after the Admiral has ceased to sail, he will be remembered, and in the constellation of glory one of the brightest stars will stand for the name of Winfield Scott Schley, as brave an officer as ever sailed a ship. I am glad I am here to-night, and again, gentlemen, I congratulate you all upon being here. I congratulate you that you belong to this race, to this nation, and that you are equal heirs in the glory of the great Republic.

Address To The Actors' Fund Of America

New York, June 5, 1888.

MR. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have addressed, or annoyed, a great many audiences in my life and I have not the slightest doubt that I stand now before more ability, a greater variety of talent, and more real genius than I ever addressed in my life.

I know all about respectable stupidity, and I am perfectly acquainted with the brainless wealth and success of this life, and I know, after all, how poor the world would be without that divine thing that we call genius—what a worthless habitation, if you take from it all that genius has given.

I know also that all joy springs from a love of nature. I know that all joy is what I call Pagan. The natural man takes delight in everything that grows, in everything that shines, in everything that enjoys—he has an immense sympathy with the whole human race.

Of that feeling, of that spirit, the drama is born. People must first be in love with life before they can think it worth representing. They must have sympathy with their fellows before they can enter into their feelings and know what their heart throbs about. So, I say, back of the drama is this love of life, this love of nature. And whenever a country becomes prosperous—and this has been pointed cut many times—when a wave of wealth runs over a land,—behind it you will see all the sons and daughters of genius. When a man becomes of some account he is worth painting. When by success and prosperity he gets the pose of a victor, the sculptor is inspired; and when love is really in his heart, words burst into blossom and the poet is born. When great virtues appear, when magnificent things are done by heroines and heroes, then the stage is built, and the life of a nation is compressed into a few hours, or—to use the language of the greatest—"turning the accomplishment of many years into an hour-glass"; the stage is born, and we love it because we love life—and he who loves the stage has a kind of double life.

The drama is a crystallization of history, an epitome of the human heart. The past is lived again and again, and we see upon the stage, love, sacrifice, fidelity, courage—all the virtues mingled with all the follies.

And what is the great thing that the stage does? It cultivates the imagination. And let me say now, that the imagination constitutes the great difference between human beings.

The imagination is the mother of pity, the mother of generosity, the mother of every possible virtue. It is by the imagination that you are enabled to put yourself in the place of another. Every dollar that has been paid into your treasury came from an imagination vivid enough to imagine himself or herself lying upon the lonely bed of pain, or as having fallen by the wayside of life, dying alone. It is this imagination that makes the difference in men.

Do you believe that a man would plunge the dagger into the heart of another if he had imagination enough to see him dead—imagination enough to see his widow throw her arms about the corpse and cover his face with sacred tears—imagination enough to see them digging his grave, and to see the funeral and to hear the clods fall upon the coffin and the sobs of those who stood about—do you believe he would commit the crime? Would any man be false who had imagination enough to see the woman that he once loved, in the darkness of night, when the black clouds were floating through the sky hurried by the blast as thoughts and memories were hurrying through her poor brain—if he could see the white flutter of her garment as she leaped to the eternal, blessed sleep of death—do you believe that he would be false to her? I tell you that he would be true.

So that, in my judgment, the great mission of the stage is to cultivate the human imagination. That is the reason fiction has done so much good. Compared with the stupid lies-called history, how beautiful are the imagined things with painted wings. Everybody detests a thing that pretends to be true and is not; but when it says, “I am about to create,” then it is beautiful in the proportion that it is artistic, in the proportion that it is a success.

Imagination is the mother of enthusiasm. Imagination fans the little spark into a flame great enough to warm the human race; and enthusiasm is to the mind what spring is to the world. .

Now I am going to say a few words because I want to, and because I have the chance.

What is known as “orthodox religion” has always been the enemy of the theatre. It has been the enemy of every possible comfort, of every rational joy—that is to say, of amusement. And there is a reason for this. Because, if that religion be true, there should be no amusement. If you believe that in every moment is the peril of eternal pain—do not amuse yourself. Stop the orchestra, ring down the curtain, and be as miserable as you can. That idea puts an infinite responsibility upon the soul—an infinite responsibility—and how can there be any art, how can there be any joy, after that? You might as well pile all the Alps on one unfortunate ant, and then say, “Why don’t you play? Enjoy yourself.”

If that doctrine be true, every one should regard time as a kind of dock, a pier running out into the ocean of eternity, on which you sit on your trunk and wait for the ship of death—solemn, lugubrious, melancholy to the last degree.

And that is why I have said joy is Pagan. It comes from a love of nature, from a love of this world, from a love of this life. According to the idea of some good people, life is a kind of green-room, where you are getting ready for a “play” in some other country.

You all remember the story of “Great Expectations,” and I presume you have all had them. That is another thing about this profession of acting that I like—you do not know how it is coming out—and there is this delightful uncertainty.

You have all read the book called “Great Expectations,” written, in my judgment, by the greatest novelist that ever wrote the English language—the man who created a vast realm of joy. I love the joy-makers—not the solemn, mournful wretches. And

when I think of the church asking something of the theatre, I remember that story of "Great Expectations." You remember Miss Haversham—she was to have been married some fifty or sixty years before that time—sitting there in the darkness, in all of her wedding finery, the laces having turned yellow by time, the old wedding cake crumbled, various insects having made it their palatial residence—you remember that she sent for that poor little boy Pip, and when he got there in the midst of all these horrors, she looked at him and said, "Pip, play!" And if their doctrine be true, every actor is in that situation.

I have always loved the theatre—loved the stage, simply because it has added to the happiness of this life. "Oh, but," they say, "is it moral?" A superstitious man suspects everything that is pleasant. It seems inbred in his nature, and in the nature of most people. You let such a man pull up a little weed and taste it, and if it is sweet and good, he says, "I'll bet it is poison." But if it tastes awful, so that his face becomes a mask of disgust, he says, "I'll bet you that it is good medicine."

Now, I believe that everything in the world that tends to make man happy, is moral. That is my definition of morality. Anything that bursts into bud and blossom, and bears the fruit of joy, is moral.

Some people expect to make the world good by destroying desire—by a kind of pious petrifaction, feeling that if you do not want anything, you will not want anything bad. In other words, you will be good and moral if you will only stop growing, stop wishing, turn all your energies in the direction of repression, and if from the tree of life you pull every leaf, and then every bud—and if an apple happens to get ripe in spite of you, don't touch it—snakes!

I insist that happiness is the end—virtue the means—and anything that wipes a tear from the face of man is good. Everything that gives laughter to the world—laughter springing from good nature, that is the most wonderful music that has ever enriched the ears of man. And let me say that nothing can be more immoral than to waste your own life, and sour that of others.

Is the theatre moral? I suppose you have had an election to-day. They had an election at the Metropolitan Opera House for bishops, and they voted forged tickets; and after the election was over, I suppose they asked the old question in the same solemn tone: "Is the theatre moral?"

At last, all the intelligence of the world admits that the theatre is a great, a splendid instrumentality for increasing the well-being of man. But only a few years ago our fathers were poor barbarians. They only wanted the essentials of life, and through nearly all the centuries Genius was a vagabond—Art was a servant. He was the companion of the clown. Writers, poets, actors, either sat "below the salt" or devoured the "remainder biscuit," and drank what drunkenness happened to leave, or lived on crumbs, and they had less than the crumbs of respect. The painter had to have a patron, and then in order to pay the patron, he took the patron's wife for Venus—and the man, he was the Apollo! So the writer had to have a patron, and he endeavored to immortalize him in a preface of obsequious lies. The writer had no courage. The painter, the sculptor—poor wretches—had "patrons." Some of the

greatest of the world were treated as servants, and yet they were the real kings of the human race.

Now the public is the patron. The public has the intelligence to see what it wants. The stage does not have to flatter any man. The actor now does not enroll himself as the servant of duke or lord. He has the great public, and if he is a great actor, he stands as high in the public estimation as any other man in any other walk of life.

And these men of genius, these "vagabonds," these "sturdy vagrants" of the old law—and let me say one thing right here: I do not believe that there ever was a man of genius that had not a little touch of the vagabond in him somewhere—just a little touch of chaos—that is to say, he must have generosity enough now and then absolutely to forget himself—he must be generous to that degree that he starts out without thinking of the shore and without caring for the sea—and that is that touch of chaos. And yet, through all those years the poets and the actors lacked bread. Imagine the number of respectable dolts who felt above them. The men of genius lived on the bounty of the few, grudgingly given.

Now, just think what would happen, what we would be, if you could blot from this world what these men have done. If you could take from the walls the pictures; from the niches the statues; from the memory of man the songs that have been sung by "The Plowman"—take from the memory of the world what has been done by the actors and play-writers, and this great globe would be like a vast skull emptied of all thought.

And let me say one word more, and that is as to the dignity of your profession.

The greatest genius of this world has produced your literature. I am not now alluding simply to one—but there has been more genius lavished upon the stage—more real genius, more creative talent, than upon any other department of human effort. And when men and women belong to a profession that can count Shakespeare in its number, they should feel nothing but pride.

Nothing gives me more pleasure than to speak of Shakespeare—Shakespeare, in whose brain were the fruits of all thoughts past, the seeds of all to be—Shakespeare, an intellectual ocean toward which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.

A profession that can boast that Shakespeare was one of its members, and that from his brain poured out that mighty intellectual cataract—that Mississippi that will enrich all coming generations—the man that belongs to that profession—should feel that no other man by reason of belonging to some other, can be his superior.

And such a man, when he dies—or the friend of such a man, when that man dies—should not imagine that it is a very generous and liberal thing for some minister to say a few words above the corpse—and I do not want to see this profession cringe before any other.

One word more. I hope that you will sustain this splendid charity. I do not believe that more generous people exist than actors. I hope you will sustain this charity. And yet, there was one little thing I saw in your report of last year, that I want to call

attention to. You had “benefits” all over this country, and of the amount raised, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars were given to religious societies and twelve thousand dollars to the Actors’ Fund—and yet they say actors are not Christians! Do you not love your enemies? After this, I hope that you will also love your friends.

The Children Of The Stage

New York, March 23, 1899.

Disguise it as we may, we live in a frightful world, with evils, with enemies, on every side. From the hedges along the path of life, leap the bandits that murder and destroy; and every human being, no matter how often he escapes, at last will fall beneath the assassin's knife.

To change the figure: We are all passengers on the train of life. The tickets give the names of the stations where we boarded the car, but the destination is unknown. At every station some passengers, pallid, breathless, dead, are put away, and some with the light of morning in their eyes, get on.

To change the figure again: On the wide sea of life we are all on ships or rafts or spars, and some by friendly winds are borne to the fortunate isles, and some by storms are wrecked on the cruel rocks. And yet upon the isles the same as upon the rocks, death waits for all. And death alone can truly say, "All things come to him who waits."

And yet, strangely enough, there is in this world of misery, of misfortune and of death, the blessed spirit of mirth. The travelers on the path, on the train, on the ships, the rafts and spars, sometimes forget their perils and their doom.

All blessings on the man whose face was first illuminated by a smile!

All blessings on the man who first gave to the common air the music of laughter—the music that for the moment drove fears from the heart, tears from the eyes, and dimpled cheeks with joy!

All blessings on the man who sowed with merry hands the seeds of humor, and at the lipless skull of death snapped the reckless fingers of disdain! Laughter is the blessed boundary line between the brute and man.

Who are the friends of the human race? They who hide with vine and flower the cruel rocks of fate—the children of genius, the sons and daughters of mirth and laughter, of imagination, those whose thoughts, like moths with painted wings, fill the heaven of the mind.

Among these sons and daughters are the children of the stage, the citizens of the mimic world—the world enriched by all the wealth of genius—enriched by painter, orator, composer and poet. The world of which Shakespeare, the greatest of human beings, is still the unchallenged emperor. These children of the stage have delighted the weary travelers on the thorny path, amused the passengers on the fated train, and filled with joy the hearts of the clingers to spars, and the floaters on rafts.

These, children of the stage, with fancy's wand rebuild the past. The dead are brought to life and made to act again the parts they played. The hearts and lips that long ago were dust, are made to beat and speak again. The dead kings are crowned once more, and from the shadows of the past emerge the queens, jeweled and sceptred as of yore.

Lovers leave their graves and breathe again their burning vows; and again the white breasts rise and fall in passion's storm. The laughter that died away beneath the touch of death is heard again and lips that fell to ashes long ago are curved once more with mirth. Again the hero bares his breast to death; again the patriot falls, and again the scaffold, stained with noble blood, becomes a shrine.

The citizens of the real world gain joy and comfort from the stage. The broker, the speculator ruined by rumor, the lawyer baffled by the intelligence of a jury or the stupidity of a judge, the doctor who lost his patience because he lost his patients, the merchant in the dark days of depression, and all the children of misfortune, the victims of hope deferred, forget their troubles for a little while when looking on the mimic world. When the shaft of wit flies like the arrow of Ulysses through all the rings and strikes the centre; when words of wisdom mingle with the clown's conceits; when folly laughing shows her pearls, and mirth holds carnival; when the villain fails and the right triumphs, the trials and the griefs of life for the moment fade away.

And so the maiden longing to be loved, the young man waiting for the "Yes" deferred; the unloved wife, hear the old, old story told again,—and again within their hearts is the ecstasy of requited love.

The stage brings solace to the wounded, peace to the troubled, and with the wizard's wand touches the tears of grief and they are changed to the smiles of joy.

The stage has ever been the altar, the pulpit, the cathedral of the heart. There the enslaved and the oppressed, the erring, the fallen, even the outcast, find sympathy, and pity gives them all her tears—and there, in spite of wealth and power, in spite of caste and cruel pride, true love has ever triumphed over all.

The stage has taught the noblest lesson, the highest truth, and that is this: It is better to deserve without receiving than to receive without deserving. As a matter of fact, it is better to be the victim of villainy than to be a villain. Better to be stolen from than to be a thief, and in the last analysis the oppressed, the slave, is less unfortunate than the oppressor, the master.

The children of the stage, these citizens of the mimic world, are not the grasping, shrewd and prudent people of the mart; they are improvident enough to enjoy the present and credulous enough to believe the promises of the universal liar known as Hope. Their hearts and hands are open. As a rule genius is generous, luxurious, lavish, reckless and royal. And so, when they have reached the ladder's topmost round, they think the world is theirs and that the heaven of the future can have no cloud. But from the ranks of youth the rival steps. Upon the veteran brows the wreaths begin to fade, the leaves to fall; and failure sadly sups on memory. They tread the stage no more. They leave the mimic world, fair fancy's realm; they leave their palaces and thrones; their crowns are gone, and from their hands the sceptres fall. At last, in age and want, in lodgings small and bare, they wait the prompter's call; and when the end is reached, maybe a vision glorifies the closing scene. Again they are on the stage; again their hearts throb high; again they utter perfect words; again the flowers fall about their feet; and as the curtain falls, the last sound that greets their ears, is the music of applause, the "bravos" for an encore.

And then the silence falls on darkness.

Some loving hands should close their eyes, some loving lips should leave upon their pallid brows a kiss; some friends should lay the breathless forms away, and on the graves drop blossoms jeweled with the tears of love.

This is the work of the generous men and women who contribute to the Actors' Fund. This is charity; and these generous men and women have taught, and are teaching, a lesson that all the world should learn, and that is this: The hands that help are holier than the lips that pray.

Address To The Press Club

New Orleans, February 1, 1898.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of the New Orleans

Press Club: I do not remember to have agreed or consented to make any remarks about the press or anything else on the present occasion, but I am glad of this opportunity to say a word or two. Of course, I have the very greatest respect for this profession, the profession of the press, knowing it, as I do, to be one of the greatest civilizers of the world. Above all other institutions and all other influences, it is the greatest agency in breaking down the hedges of provincialism. In olden times one nation had no knowledge or understanding of another nation, and no insight or understanding into its life; and, indeed, various parts of one nation held the other parts of it somewhat in the attitude of hostility, because of a lack of more thorough knowledge; and, curiously enough, we are prone to look upon strangers more or less in the light of enemies. Indeed, enemy and stranger in the old vocabularies are pretty much of the same significance. A stranger was an enemy. I think it is Darwin who alludes to the instinctive fear a child has of a stranger as one of the heritages of centuries of instinctive cultivation, the handed-down instinct of years ago. And even now it is a fact that we have very little sympathy with people of a different country, even people speaking the same language, having the same god with a different name, or another god with the same name, recognizing the same principles of right and wrong.

But the moment people began to trade with each other, the moment they began to enjoy the results of each other's industry and brain, the moment that, through this medium, they began to get an insight into each other's life, people began to see each other as they were; and so commerce became the greatest of all missionaries of civilization, because, like the press, it tended to do away with provincialism.

You know there is no one else in the world so egotistic as the man who knows nothing. No man is more certain than the man who knows nothing. The savage knows everything. The moment man begins to be civilized he begins to appreciate how little he knows, how very circumscribed in its very nature human knowledge is.

Now, after commerce came the press. From the Moors, I believe, we learned the first rudiments of that art which has civilized the world. With the invention of movable type came an easy and cheap method of preserving the thoughts and history of one generation to another and transmitting the life of one nation to another. Facts became immortal, and from that day to this the intelligence of the world has rapidly and steadily increased.

And now, if we are provincial, it is our own fault, and if we are hateful and odious and circumscribed and narrow and peevish and limited in the light we get from the known universe, it is our own fault.

Day by day the world is growing smaller and men larger. But a few years ago the State of New York was as large as the United States is to-day. It required as much

time to reach Albany from New York as it now requires to reach San Francisco from the same city, and so far as the transmission of thought goes the world is but a hamlet.

I count as one of the great good things of the modern press—as one of the specific good things—that the same news, the same direction of thought is transmitted to many millions of people each day. So that the thoughts of multitudes of men are substantially tending at the same time along the same direction. It tends more and more to make us citizens in the highest sense of the term, and that is the reason that I have so much respect for the press.

Of course I know that the news and opinions are written by folks liable to the same percentage of error as characterizes all mankind. No one makes no mistakes but the man who knows everything—no one makes no mistakes but the hypocrite.

I must confess, however, that there are things about the press of to-day that I would have changed—that I do not like.

I hate to see brain the slave of the material god. I hate to see money own genius. So I think that every writer on every paper should be compelled to sign his name to everything he writes. There are many reasons why he has a right to the reputation he makes. His reputation is his property, his capital, his stock in trade, and it is not just or fair or right that it should be absorbed by the corporation which employs him. After giving great thoughts to the world, after millions of people have read his thoughts with delight, no one knows this lonely man or his solitary name. If he loses the good will of his employer, he loses his place and with it all that his labor and time and brain have earned for himself as his own inalienable property, and his corporation or employer reaps the benefit of it.

There is another reason establishing the absolute equity of this proposition, a reason pointing in other directions than to the writer and his rights. It is no more than right to the reader that the opinion or the narrative should be that of Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown or Mr. So and So, and not that of, say, the *Picayune*. That is too impersonal. It is no more than right that a single man should have his honor at stake for what is said, and not an impersonal something. I know that we are all liable to believe it if the *Picayune* says it, and yet, after all, it is the individual man who is saying it and it is in the interest of justice that the reader be apprised of the fact.

I believe I have just a little fault to find with the tendency of the modern press to go into personal affairs—into so-called private affairs. In saying this, I have no complaint to lodge on my own behalf, for I have no private affairs. I am not so much opposed to what is called sensationalism, for that must exist as long as crime is considered news, and believe me, when virtue becomes news it can only be when this will have become an exceedingly bad world. At the same time I think that the publication of crime may have more or less the tendency of increasing it.

I read not long ago that if some heavy piece of furniture were dropped in a room in which there was a string instrument, the strings in harmony with the vibrations of the air made by that noise would take up the sound. Now a man with a tendency to crime would pick up that criminal feeling inspiring the act which he sees blazoned

forth in all its detail in the press. In that view of the matter it seems to me better not to give details of all offences.

Now, as to the matter of being too personal, I think that one of the results of that sort of journalism is to drive a great many capable and excellent men out of public life. I heard a little story quite recently of a man who was being urged for the Legislature, and yet hesitated because of his fear of newspaper criticism of this character. “I don’t want to run,” said he to his wife, who urged that this was an opportunity to do himself and his friends honor, and that it was a sort of duty in him. “I would if I were you,” said his wife. “Well, but there is no saying,” he responded, “what the newspapers might print about me.” “Why, your life has always been honorable,” said she; “they could not say anything to your disparagement.” “But they might attack my father.” “Well, there was nothing in his career of which any one might feel ashamed. He was as irreproachable as you.” “Ay, but they might attack you and tell of some devilment you went into before we were married.” “Then you better not run,” said his wife promptly. I think this fear on the part of husband and wife is identical with that which keeps many a great man out of public service.

Now, there is another thing which every one ought to abhor. All men and newspapers are entirely too apt to criticise the motives of men. It is a fault common to all good men—except the clergy, of course—this habit of attacking motives. And whenever we see a man do something which is great and praiseworthy, let us talk about the act itself and not go into a speculation or an attack upon the motive which prompted the act. Attack what a man actually does.

But these are only small matters. The press is the most powerful of all agencies for the dissemination of intelligence, and as such I hail it always. It has nearly always been very friendly and kind to me and certainly I have received at the hands of the New Orleans press a treatment I shall never forget.

Our Sunday newspapers, to my mind, rank among the greatest institutions of the present day. One finds in them matter that could not be found in several hundreds of books,—beautiful thoughts, broad intelligence, a range of information perfectly startling in its usefulness and perfectly charming in its entertainment. Contrast, please, how we are enabled by their good offices to spend the Sabbath, with the descriptions of hell with all its terrors and all the gloom characterizing the Sabbaths our forefathers had to spend. The Sunday newspaper is an absolute blessing to the American people, a picture gallery, short stories, little poems, a symposium of brain and intelligence and refinement and—divorce proceedings.

As I have said, the good will and the fair treatment of the American press have nearly always been my lot. There have been some misguided people who have said harsh things, but when I remember all the misguided things I have done, I am inclined to be charitable for their shortcomings.

I do not know that I have anything else to say, except that I wish you all good luck and sunshine and prosperity, and enough of it to last you through a long life.

The Circulation Of Obscene Literature

"ONE of the charges most persistently made against Colonel Ingersoll is that during and after the trial of D. M. Bennett, persecuted by Anthony Comstock, the Colonel endeavored to have the law against sending obscene literature through the mail repealed. That the charge is maliciously false is fully shown by the following brief history of events connected with the prosecution of D. M. Bennett, and Mr. Ingersoll's efforts in his behalf....

"After Mr. Bennett's arrest in 1877, he printed a petition to Congress, written by T. B. Wakeman, asking for the *repeal or modification* of Comstock's law by which he expected to stamp out the publications of Freethinkers....

"The connection of Mr. Ingersoll with this petition is soon explained. Mr. Ingersoll knew of Comstock's attempts to suppress heresy by means of this law, and when called upon by the Washington committee in charge of the petition, he allowed his name to go on the petition for modification, but he told them distinctly and plainly that he was *not* in favor of the *repeal* of the law, as he was willing and anxious that obscenity should be suppressed by all legal means. His sentiments are best expressed by himself in a letter to the *Boston Journal*. He says:

"'Washington, March 18, 1878.

"'To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

"'My attention has been called to the following article that recently appeared in your paper:

"'Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, and others, feel aggrieved because Congress, in 1873, enacted a law for the suppression of obscene literature, and, believing it an infringement of the rights of certain citizens, and an effort to muzzle the press and conscience, petition for its repeal. When a man's conscience permits him to spread broadcast obscene literature, it is time that conscience was muzzled. The law is a terror only to evil-doers."

"'No one wishes the repeal of any law for the suppression of obscene literature. For my part, I wish all such laws rigidly enforced. The only objection I have to the law of 1873 is, that it has been construed to include books and pamphlets written against the religion of the day, although containing nothing that can be called obscene or impure. Certain religious fanatics, taking advantage of the word "immoral" in the law, have claimed that all writings against what they are pleased to call orthodox religion are immoral, and such books have been seized and their authors arrested. To this, and this only, I object.

"'Your article does me great injustice, and I ask that you will have the kindness to publish this note.

"'From the bottom of my heart I despise the publishers of obscene literature. Below them there is no depth of filth. And I also despise those, who, under the pretence of

suppressing obscene literature, endeavor to prevent honest and pure men from writing and publishing honest and pure thoughts. Yours truly.

"'R. G. Ingersoll.'

"This is sufficiently easy of comprehension even for ministers, but of course they misrepresented and lied about the writer. From that day to this he has been accused of favoring the dissemination of obscene literature. That the friends of Colonel Ingersoll may know just how infamous this is, we will give a brief history of the repeal or modification movement....

"On October 26, the National Liberal League held its Congress in Syracuse. At this Congress the League left the matter of repeal or modification of the laws open, taking no action as an organization, either way, but elected officers known to be in favor of repeal. On December 10, Mr. Bennett was again arrested. He was tried, and found guilty; he appealed, the conviction was affirmed, and he was sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment at hard labor.

"After the trial Colonel Ingersoll interposed, and endeavored to get a pardon for Mr. Bennett, who was held in Ludlow street jail pending President Hayes's reply. The man who occupied the President's office promised to pardon the Infidel editor; then he went back on his word, and Mr. Bennett served his term of imprisonment.

"Then preachers opened the sluiceways of vituperation and billingsgate upon Colonel Ingersoll for having interceded for a man convicted of mailing obscene literature. The charges were as infamously false then as they are now, and to show it, it is only necessary to quote Colonel Ingersoll's words during the year or two succeeding, when the Freethinkers and the Christians were not only opposing each other vigorously, but the Freethinkers themselves were divided on the question. In 1879, while Mr. Bennett was in prison, a correspondent of the Nashville, Tenn., *Banner* said that the National Liberal League and Colonel Ingersoll were in favor of disseminating obscene literature. To this Colonel Ingersoll replied in a letter to a friend:

"1417 G St., Washington, Aug. 21, 1879.

"'My Dear Sir: The article in the Nashville *Banner* by "J. L." is utterly and maliciously false.

"'A petition was sent to Congress praying for the repeal or modification of certain postal laws, to the end that the freedom of conscience and of the press should not be abridged.

"'Nobody holds in greater contempt than I the writers, publishers, or dealers in obscene literature. One of my objections to the Bible is that it contains hundreds of grossly obscene passages not fit to be read by any decent man, thousands of passages, in my judgment, calculated to corrupt the minds of youth. I hope the time will soon come when the good sense of the American people will demand a Bible with all obscene passages left out.

"'The only reason a modification of the postal laws is necessary is that at present, under color of those laws, books and pamphlets are excluded from the mails simply because they are considered heterodox and blasphemous. In other words, every man

should be allowed to write, publish, and send through the mails his thoughts upon any subject, expressed in a decent and becoming manner. As to the propriety of giving anybody authority to overhaul mails, break seals, and read private correspondence, that is another question.

"'Every minister and every layman who charges me with directly or indirectly favoring the dissemination of anything that is impure, retails what he knows to be a wilful and malicious lie. I remain, Yours truly,

"'R. G. Ingersoll.'

"Three weeks after this letter was written the National Liberal League held its third annual Congress at Cincinnati. Colonel Ingersoll was chairman of the committee on resolutions and platform and unfinished business of the League. One of the subjects to be dealt with was these Comstock laws. The following are Colonel Ingersoll's remarks and the resolutions he presented:

"'It may be proper, before presenting the resolutions of the committee, to say a word in explanation. The committee were charged with the consideration of the unfinished business of the League. It seems that at Syracuse there was a division as to what course should be taken in regard to the postal laws of the United States. These laws were used as an engine of oppression against the free circulation of what we understand to be scientific literature. Every honest man in this country is in favor of allowing every other human being every right that he claims for himself. The majority at Syracuse were at that time simply in favor of the absolute repeal of those laws, believing them to be unconstitutional—not because they were in favor of anything obscene, but because they were opposed to the mails of the United States being under the espionage and bigotry of the church. They therefore demanded an absolute repeal of the law. Others, feeling that they might be misunderstood, and knowing that theology can coin the meanest words to act as the vehicle of the lowest lies, were afraid of being misunderstood, and therefore they said, Let us amend these laws so that our literature shall be upon an equality with that of theology. I know that there is not a Liberal here, or in the United States, that is in favor of the dissemination of obscene literature. One of the objections which we have to the book said to be written by God is that it is obscene.

"'The Liberals of this country believe in purity, and they believe that every fact in nature and in science is as pure as a star. We do not need to ask for any more than we want. We simply want the laws of our country so framed that we are not discriminated against. So, taking that view of the vexed question, we want to put the boot upon the other foot. We want to put the charge of obscenity where it belongs, and the committee, of which I have the honor to be one of the members, have endeavored to do just that thing. Men have no right to talk to me about obscenity who regard the story of Lot and his daughters as a fit thing for men, women, and children to read, and who worship a God in whom the violation of [*Cheers drowned the conclusion of this sentence so the reporters could not hear it.*] Such a God I hold in infinite contempt.

"'Now I will read you the resolutions recommended by the committee.

"'RESOLUTIONS.

"'Your committee have the honor to submit the following report: "'First, As to the unfinished business of the League, your committee submits the following resolutions:

"'Resolved., That we are in favor of such postal laws as will allow the free transportation through the mails of the United States of all books, pamphlets, and papers, irrespective of the religious, irreligious, political, and scientific views they may contain, so that the literature of science may be placed upon an equality with that of superstition.

"'Resolved, That we are utterly opposed to the dissemination, through the mails, or by any other means, of obscene literature, whether "inspired" or uninspired, and hold in measureless contempt its authors and disseminators.

"'Resolved, That we call upon the Christian world to expunge from the so-called "sacred" Bible every passage that cannot be read without covering the cheek of modesty with the blush of shame; and until such passages are expunged, we demand that the laws against the dissemination of obscene literature be impartially enforced. '...

"We believe that lotteries and obscenity should be dealt with by State and municipal legislation, and offenders punished in the county in which they commit their offence. So in those days we argued for the repeal of the Comstock laws, as did dozens of others—James Parton, Elizur Wright, O. B. Frothingham, T. C. Leland, Courtlandt Palmer, and many more whose names we do not recall. But Colonel Ingersoll did not, and when the National Liberal League met the next year at Chicago (September 17, 1880), he was opposed to the League's making a pledge to defend every case under the Comstock laws, and he was opposed to a resolution demanding a repeal of those laws. The following is what Colonel Ingersoll said upon the subject:

"'Mr. Chairman, I wish to offer the following resolution in place and instead of resolutions numbered 5 and 6:

"'Resolved, That the committee of defence, whenever a person has been indicted for what he claims to have been an honest exercise of the freedom of thought and expression, shall investigate the case, and if it appears that such person has been guilty of no offence, then it shall be the duty of said committee to defend such person if he is unable to defend himself.'

"'Now, allow me one moment to state my reasons. I do not, I have not, I never shall, accuse or suspect a solitary member of the Liberal League of the United States of being in favor of doing any act under heaven that he is not thoroughly convinced is right. We all claim freedom of speech, and it is the gem of the human soul. We all claim a right to express our honest thoughts. Did it ever occur to any Liberal that he wished to express any thought honestly, truly, and legally that he considered immoral? How does it happen that *we* have any interest in what is known as immoral literature? I deny that the League has any interest in that kind of literature. Whenever we mention it, whenever we speak of it, we put ourselves in a false position. What do we want? We want to see to it that the church party shall not

smother the literature of Liberalism. We want to see to it that the viper of intellectual slavery shall not sting our cause. We want it so that every honest man, so that every honest woman, can express his or her honest thought upon any subject in the world. And the question, and the only question, as to whether they are amenable to the law, in my mind, is, Were they honest? Was their effort to benefit mankind? Was that their intention? And no man, no woman, should be convicted of any offence that that man or woman did not intend to commit. Now, then, suppose some person is arrested, and it is claimed that a work written by him is immoral, is illegal. Then, I say, let our committee of defence examine that case, and if our enemies are seeking to trample out Freethought under the name of immorality, and under the cover and shield of our criminal law, then let us defend that man to the last dollar we have. But we do not wish to put ourselves in the position of general defenders of all the slush that may be written in this or any other country. You cannot afford to do it. You cannot afford to put into the mouth of theology a perpetual and continual slur. You cannot afford to do it. And this meeting is not the time to go into the question of what authority the United States may have over the mails. It is a very wide question. It embraces many others. Has the Government a right to say what shall go into the mails? Why, in one sense, assuredly. Certainly they have a right to say you shall not send a horse and wagon by mail. They have a right to fix some limit; and the only thing we want is that the literature of liberty, the literature of real Freethought, shall not be discriminated against. And we know now as well as if it had been perfectly and absolutely demonstrated, that the literature of Freethought will be absolutely pure. We know it, We call upon the Christian world to expunge obscenity from their book, and until that is expunged we demand that the laws against obscene literature shall be executed. And how can we, in the next resolution, say those laws ought all to be repealed? We cannot do that. I have always been in favor of such an amendment of the law that by no trick, by no device, by no judicial discretion, an honest, high, pure-minded man should be subjected to punishment simply for giving his best and his honest thought. What more do we need? What more can we ask? I am as much opposed as my friend Mr. Wakeman can be to the assumption of the church that it is the guardian of morality. If our morality is to be guarded by that sentiment alone, then is the end come. The natural instinct of self-defence in mankind and in all organized society is the fortress of the morality in mankind. The church itself was at one time the outgrowth of that same feeling, but now the feeling has outgrown the church. Now, then, we will have a Committee of Defence. That committee will examine every case. Suppose some man has been indicted, and suppose he is guilty. Suppose he has endeavored to soil the human mind. Suppose he has been willing to make money by pandering to the lowest passions in the human breast. What will that committee do with him then? We will say, “Go on; let the law take its course.” But if, upon reading his book, we find that he is all wrong, horribly wrong, idiotically wrong, but make up our minds that he was honest in his error, I will give as much as any other living man of my means to defend that man. And I believe you will all bear me witness when I say that I have the cause of intellectual liberty at heart as much as I am capable of having anything at heart. And I know hundreds of others here just the same. I understand that. I understand their motive. I believe it to be perfectly good, but I truly and honestly think they are mistaken.

If we have an interest in the business, I would fight for it. If our cause were assailed by law, then I say fight; and our cause is assailed, and I say fight. They will not allow me, in many States of this Union, to testify. I say fight until every one of those laws is repealed. They discriminate against a man simply because he is honest. Repeal such laws. The church, if it had the power to-day, would trample out every particle of free literature in this land. And when they endeavor to do that, I say fight. But there is a distinction wide as the Mississippi—yes, wider than the Atlantic, wider than all the oceans—between the literature of immorality and the literature of Freethought. One is a crawling, slimy lizard, and the other an angel with wings of light. Now, let us draw this distinction, let us understand ourselves, and do not give to the common enemy a word covered with mire, a word stained with cloaca, to throw at us. We thought we had settled that question a year ago. We buried it then, and I say let it rot.

"'This question is of great importance. It is the most important one we have here. I have fought this question; I am ever going to do so, and I will not allow anybody to put a stain upon me. This question must be understood if it takes all summer. Here is a case in point. Some lady has written a work which, I am informed, is a good work, and that has nothing wrong about it. Her opinions may be foolish or wise. Let this committee examine that case. If they find that she is a good woman, that she had good intentions, no matter how terrible the work may be, if her intentions are good, she has committed no crime. I want the honest thought. I think I have always been in favor of it. But we haven't the time to go into all these questions.

"'Then comes the question for this house to decide in a moment whether these cases should have been tried in the State or Federal court. I want it understood that I have confidence in the Federal courts of the nation. There may be some bad judges, there may be some idiotic jurors. I think there was in that case [of Mr. Bennett]. But the Committee of Defence, if I understand it, supplied means, for the defence of that man. They did, but are we ready now to decide in a moment what courts shall have jurisdiction? Are we ready to say that the Federal courts shall be denied jurisdiction in any case arising about the mails? Suppose somebody robs the mails? Before whom shall we try the robber? Try him before a Federal judge. Why? Because he has violated a Federal law. We have not any time for such an investigation as this. What we want to do is to defend free speech everywhere. What we want to do is to defend the expression of thought in papers, in pamphlets, in books. What we want to do is to see to it that these books, papers, and pamphlets are on an equality with all other books, papers, and pamphlets in the United States mails. And then the next step we want to take, if any man is indicted under the pretence that he is publishing immoral books, is to have our Committee of Defence well examine the case; and if we believe the man to be innocent we will help defend him if he is unable to defend himself; and if we find that the law is wrong in that particular, we will go for the amendment of that law. I beg of you to have some sense in this matter. We must have it. If we don't, upon that rock we shall split—upon that rock we shall again divide. Let us not do it. The cause of intellectual liberty is the highest to the human mind. Let us stand by it, and we can help all these people by this resolution. We can do justice everywhere with it, while if we agree to the fifth and sixth resolutions that have been offered I say we lay ourselves open to the charge, and it will be hurled against us, no matter how unjustly, that we are in favor of widespread immorality.

"'Mr. Clarke: We are not afraid of it.

"'Colonel Ingersoll: You may say we are not afraid. I am not afraid. He only is a fool who rushes into unnecessary danger.

"'Mr. Clarke: What are you talking about, anyway?

"'Colonel Ingersoll: I am talking with endeavor to put a little sense into such men as you. Your very question shows that it was necessary that I should talk. And now I move that my resolution be adopted.

"'Mr. Wakeman moved that it be added to that portion of the sixth resolution which recommended the constitution of the Committee of Defence.

"'Col. Ingersoll: I cannot agree to the sixth resolution. I think nearly every word of it is wrong in principle. I think it binds us to a course of action that we shall not be willing to follow; and my resolution covers every possible case. My resolution binds us to defend every honest man in the exercise of his right. I can't be bound to say that the Government hasn't control of its morals—that we cannot trust the Federal courts—that, under any circumstances, at any time, I am bound to defend, either by word or money, any man who violates the laws of this country.

"'Mr. Wakeman: We do not say that.

"'Colonel Ingersoll: I beg of you, I beseech you, not to pass the sixth resolution. If you do, I wouldn't give that [snapping his fingers] for the platform. A part of the Comstock law authorizes the vilest possible trick. We are all opposed to that.

"'Mr. Leland: What is the question?

"'Colonel Ingersoll: Don't let us be silly. Don't let us say we are opposed to what we are not opposed to. If any man here is opposed to putting down the vilest of all possible trash he ought to go home. We are opposed to only a part of the law—opposed to it whenever they endeavor to trample Freethought under foot in the name of immorality.

Afterward, at the same session of the Congress, the following colloquy took place between Colonel Ingersoll and T. B. Wakeman:

"'Colonel Ingersoll: You know as well as I that there are certain books not fit to go through the mails—books and pictures not fit to be delivered.

"'Mr. Wakeman: That is so.

"'Colonel Ingersoll: There is not a man here who is not in favor, when these books and pictures come into the control of the United States, of burning them up when they are manifestly obscene. You don't want any grand jury there.

"'Mr. Wakeman: Yes, we do.

"'Colonel Ingersoll: No, we don't. When they are manifestly obscene, burn them up.

"'A delegate: Who is to be judge of that?

"'Colonel Ingersoll: There are books that nobody differs about. There are certain things about which we can use discretion. If that discretion is abused, a man has his remedy. We stand for the free thought of this country. We stand for the progressive spirit of the United States. We can't afford to say that all these laws should be repealed. If we had time to investigate them we could say in what they should be amended. Don't tie us to this nonsense—to the idea that we have an interest in immoral literature. Let us remember that Mr. Wakeman is sore. He had a case before the Federal courts, and he imagines, having lost that case, you cannot depend on them. I have lost hundreds of cases. I have as much confidence in the Federal courts as in the State courts. I am not to be a party to throwing a slur upon the Federal judiciary. All we want is fair play. We want the same chance for our doctrines that others have for theirs. And how this infernal question of obscenity ever got into the Liberal League I could never understand. If an innocent man is convicted of larceny, should we repeal all the laws on the subject? I don't pretend to be better than other people.

It is easy to talk right—so easy to be right that I never care to have the luxury of being wrong. I am advocating something that we can stand upon. I do not misunderstand Mr. Wakeman's motives. I believe they are perfectly good—that he is thoroughly honest. Why not just say we will stand by freedom of thought and its expression? Why not say that we are in favor of amending any law that is wrong? But do not make the wholesale statement that all these laws ought to be repealed. They ought not to be repealed. Some of them are good." The law against sending instruments of vice in the mails is good, as is the law against sending obscene books and pictures, and the law against letting ignorant hyenas prey upon sick people, and the law which prevents the getters up of bogus lotteries sending their letters through the mail.'

"At the evening session of the Congress, on the same day, Mr. Ingersoll made this speech in opposition to the resolution demanding the repeal of the Comstock laws:

"'I am not in favor of the repeal of those laws. I have never been, and I never expect to be. But I do wish that every law providing for the punishment of a criminal offence should distinctly define the offence. That is the objection to this law, that it does not define the offence, so that an American citizen can readily know when he is about to violate it and consequently the law ought in all probability to be modified in that regard. I am in favor of every law defining with perfect distinctness the offence to be punished, but I cannot say by wholesale these laws should be repealed. I have the cause of Freethought too much at heart. Neither will I consent to the repeal simply because the church is in favor of those laws. In so far as the church agrees with me, I congratulate the church. In so far as superstition is willing to help me, good! I am willing to accept it. I believe, also, that this League is upon a secular basis, and there should be nothing in our platform that would prevent any Christian from acting with us. What is our platform?—and we ought to leave it as it is. It needs no amendment. Our platform is for a secular government. Is it improper in a secular government to endeavor to prevent the spread of obscene literature? It is the business of a secular government to do it, but if that government attempts to stamp out Freethought in the name of obscenity, it is then for the friends of Freethought to call for a definition of the word, and such a definition as will allow Freethought to go everywhere through

all the mails of the United States. We are also in favor of secular schools. Good! We are in favor of doing away with every law that discriminates against a man on account of his belief. Good! We are in favor of universal education. Good! We are in favor of the taxation of church property. Good!—because the experience of the world shows that where you allow superstition to own property without taxing it, it will absorb the net profits. Is it time now that we should throw into the scale, against all these splendid purposes, an effort to repeal some postal laws against obscenity? As well might we turn the League into an engine to do away with all laws against the sale of stale eggs.

"'What have we to do with those things? Is it possible that Freethought can be charged with being obscene? Is it possible that, if the charge is made, it can be substantiated? Can you not attack any superstition in the world in perfectly pure language? Can you not attack anything you please in perfectly pure language? And where a man intends right, no law should find him guilty; and if the law is weak in that respect, let it be modified. But I say to you that I cannot go with any body of men who demand the unconditional repeal of these laws. I believe in liberty as much as any man that breathes. I will do as much, according to my ability, as any other man to make this an absolutely free and secular government I will do as much as any other man of my strength and of my intellectual power to give every human being every right that I claim for myself. But this obscene law business is a stumbling block. Had it not been for this, instead of the few people voting here—less than one hundred—we would have had a Congress numbered by thousands. Had it not been for this business, the Liberal League of the United States would to-night hold in its hand the political destiny of the United States. Instead of that, we have thrown away our power upon a question in which we are not interested. Instead of that, we have wasted our resources and our brain for the repeal of a law that we don't want repealed. If we want anything, we simply want a modification. Now, then, don't stain this cause by such a course. And don't understand that I am pretending, or am insinuating, that anyone here is in favor of obscene literature. It is a question, not of principle, but of means, and I beg pardon of this Convention if I have done anything so horrible as has been described by Mr. Pillsbury. I regret it if I have ever endeavored to trample upon the rights of this Convention.

"'There is one thing I have not done—I have not endeavored to cast five votes when I didn't have a solitary vote. Let us be fair; let us be fair. I have simply given my vote. I wish to trample upon the rights of no one; and when Mr. Pillsbury gave those votes he supposed he had a right to give them; and if he had a right, the votes would have been counted. I attribute nothing wrong to him, but I say this: I have the right to make a motion in this Congress, I have the right to argue that motion, but I have no more rights than any other member, and I claim none. But I want to say to you—and I want you to know and feel it—that I want to act with every Liberal man and woman in this world. I want you to know and feel it that I want to do everything I can to get every one of these statutes off our books that discriminates against a man because of his religious belief—that I am in favor of a secular government, and of all these rights. But I cannot, and I will not, operate with any organization that asks for the unconditional repeal of those laws. I will stand alone, and I have stood alone. I can tell my thoughts to my countrymen, and I will do it, and whatever position you take,

whether I am with you or not, you will find me battling everywhere for the absolute freedom of the human mind. You will find me battling everywhere to make this world better and grander; and whatever my personal conduct may be, I shall endeavor to keep my theories right. I beg of you, I implore you, do not pass the resolution No. 6. It is not for our interest; it will do us no good. It will lose us hosts of honest, splendid friends. Do not do it; it will be a mistake; and the only reason I offered the motion was to give the members time to think this over. I am not pretending to know more than other people. I am perfectly willing to say that in many things I know less. But upon this subject I want you to think. No matter whether you are afraid of your sons, your daughters, your wives, or your husbands, that isn't it—I don't want the splendid prospects of this League put in jeopardy upon such an issue as this. I have no more to say. But if that resolution is passed, all I have to say is that, while I shall be for liberty everywhere, I cannot act with this organization, and I will not.'

"The resolution was finally adopted, and Colonel Ingersoll resigned his office of vice-president in the League, and never acted with it again until the League dropped all side issues, and came back to first principles—the enforcement of the Nine Demands of Liberalism."

In 1892, writing upon this subject in answer to a minister who had repeated these absurd charges, Colonel Ingersoll made this offer:

"I will pay a premium of one thousand dollars a word for each and every word I ever said or wrote in favor of sending obscene publications through the mails."

Convention Of The National Liberal League

Cincinnati, O., September 14.1878.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Allow me to say that the cause nearest my heart, and to which I am willing to devote the remainder of my life, is the absolute, the *absolute*, enfranchisement of the human mind. I believe that the family is the unit of good government, and that every good government is simply an aggregation of good families. I therefore not only believe in perfect civil and religious liberty, but I believe in the one man loving the one woman. I believe the real temple of the human heart is the hearthstone, and that there is where the sacrifice of life should be made; and just in proportion as we have that idea in this country, just in that proportion we shall advance and become a great, glorious and splendid nation. I do not want the church or the state to come between the man and wife. I want to do what little I can while I live to strengthen and render still more sacred the family relation. I am also in favor of granting every right to every other human being that I claim for myself; and when I look about upon the world and see how the children that are born to-day, or this year, or this age, came into a world that has nearly all been taken up before their arrival; when I see that they have not even an opportunity to labor for bread; when I see that in our splendid country some who do the most have the least, and others who do the least have the most; I say to myself there is something wrong somewhere, and I hope the time will come when every child that nature has invited to our feast will have an equal right with all the others. There is only one way, in my judgment, to bring that about; and that is, first, not simply by the education of the head, but by the universal education of the heart. The time will come when a man with millions in his possession will not be respected unless with those millions he improves the condition of his fellow-men.

The time will come when it will be utterly impossible for a man to go down to death, grasping millions in the clutch of avarice. The time will come when it will be impossible for such a man to exist, for he will be followed by the scorn and execration of mankind. The time will come when such a man when stricken by death, cannot purchase the favor of posterity by leaving a portion of the gains which he has wrung from the poor, to some church or Bible society for the glory of God.

Now, let me say that we have met together as a Liberal League. We have passed the same platform again; but if you will read that platform you will see that it covers nearly every word that I have spoken—universal education—the laws of science included, not the guesses of superstition—universal education, not for the next world but for this—happiness, not so much for an unknown land beyond the clouds as for this life in this world. I do not say that there is not another life. If there is any God who has allowed his children to be oppressed in this world he certainly needs another life to reform the blunders he has made in this.

Now, let us all agree that we will stand by each other splendidly, grandly; and when we come into convention let us pass resolutions that are broad, kind, and genial, because, if you are true Liberals, you will hold in a kind of tender pity the most

outrageous superstitions in the world. I have said some things in my time that were not altogether charitable; but, after all, when I think it over, I see that men are as they are, because they are the result of every thing that has ever been.

Sometimes I think the clergy a necessary evil; but I say, let us be genial and kind, and let us know that every other person has the same right to be a Catholic or a Presbyterian, and gather consolation from the doctrine of reprobation, that he has the same right to be a Methodist or a Christian Disciple or a Baptist; the same right to believe these phantasies and follies and superstitions—[*A voice—"And to burn heretics?"*]

No—The same right that we have to believe that it is all superstition. But when that Catholic or Baptist or Methodist endeavors to put chains on the bodies or intellects of men, it is then the duty of every Liberal to prevent it at all hazards. If we can do any good in our day and generation, let us do it.

There is no office I want in this world. I will make up my mind as to the next when I get there, because my motto is—and with that motto I will close what I have to say—My motto is: One world at a time!

Convention Of The American Secular Union

Albany, N. Y., September 13, 1885.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: While I have never sought any place in any organization, and while I never intended to accept any place in any organization, yet as you have done me the honor to elect me president of the American Secular Union, I not only accept the place, but tender to you each and all my sincere thanks.

This is a position that a man cannot obtain by repressing his honest thought. Nearly all other positions he obtains in that way. But I am glad that the time has come when men can afford to preserve their manhood in this country. Maybe they cannot be elected to the Legislature, cannot become errand boys in Congress, cannot be placed as weather-vanes in the presidential chair, but the time has come when a man can express his honest thought and be treated like a gentleman in the United States. We have arrived at a point where priests do not govern, and have reached that stage of our journey where we, as Harriet Martineau expressed it, are "free rovers on the breezy common of the universe." Day by day we are getting rid of the aristocracy of the air. We have been the slaves of phantoms long enough, and a new day, a day of glory, has dawned upon this new world—this new world which is far beyond the old in the real freedom of thought.

In the selection of your officers, without referring to myself, I think you have shown great good sense. The first man chosen as vice-president, Mr. Charles Watts, is a gentleman of sound, logical mind; one who knows what he wants to say and how to say it; who is familiar with the organization of Secular societies, knows what we wish to accomplish and the means to attain it. I am glad that he is about to make this country his home, and I know of no man who, in my judgment, can do more for the cause of intellectual liberty.

The next vice-president, Mr. Remsburg, has done splendid work all over the country. He is an absolutely fearless man, and tells really and truly what his mind produces. We need such men everywhere.

You know it is almost a rule, or at any rate the practice, in political parties and in organizations generally, to be so anxious for success that all the offices and places of honor are given to those who will come in at the eleventh hour. The rule is to hold out these honors as bribes for newcomers instead of conferring them upon those who have borne the heat and burden of the day. I hope that the American Secular Union will not be guilty of any such injustice. Bestow your honors upon the men who stood by you when you had few friends, the men who enlisted for the war when the cause needed soldiers. Give your places to them, and if others want to join your ranks, welcome them heartily to the places of honor in the rear and let them learn how to keep step.

In this particular, leaving out myself as I have said, you have done magnificently well. Mrs. Mattie Krekel, another vice-president, is a woman who has the courage to express her opinions, and she is all the more to be commended because, as you know,

women have to suffer a little more punishment than men, being amenable to social laws that are more exacting and tyrannical than those passed by Legislatures.

Of Mr. Wakeman it is not necessary to speak. You all know him to be an able, thoughtful, and experienced man, capable in every respect; one who has been in this organization from the beginning, and who is now president of the New York society. Elizur Wright, one of the patriarchs of Freethought, who was battling for liberty before I was born, and who will be found in the front rank until he ceases to be. You have honored yourselves by electing James Parton, a thoughtful man, a scholar, a philosopher, and a philanthropist—honest, courageous, and logical—with a mind as clear as a cloudless sky. Parker Pillsbury, who has always been on the side of liberty, always willing, if need be, to stand alone—a man who has been mobbed many times because he had the goodness and courage to denounce the institution of slavery—a man possessed of the true martyr spirit. Messrs. Algie and Adams, our friends from Canada, men of the highest character, worthy of our fullest confidence and esteem—conscientious, upright, and faithful.

And permit me to say that I know of no man of kinder heart, of gentler disposition, with more real, good human feeling toward all the world, with a more forgiving and tender spirit, than Horace Seaver. He and Mr. Mendum are the editors of the *Investigator*, the first Infidel paper I ever saw, and I guess the first that any one of you ever saw—a paper once edited by Abner Kneeland, who was put in prison for saying, "The Universalists believe in a God which I do not." The court decided that he had denied the existence of a Supreme Being, and at that time it was not thought safe to allow a remark of that kind to be made, and so, for the purpose of keeping an infinite God from tumbling off his throne, Mr. Kneeland was put in jail. But Horace Seaver and Mr. Mendum went on with his work. They are pioneers in this cause, and they have been absolutely true to the principles of Freethought from the first day until now.

If there is anybody belonging to our Secular Union more enthusiastic and better calculated to impart something of his enthusiasm to others than Samuel P. Putnam, our secretary, I do not know him. Courtlandt Palmer, your treasurer, you all know, and you will presently know him better when you hear the speech he is about to make, and that speech will speak better for him than I possibly can. Wait until you hear him, as he is now waiting for me to get through that you may hear him. He will give you the definition of the true gentleman, and that definition will be a truthful description of himself.

Mr. Reynolds is on our side if anybody is or ever was, and Mr. Macdonald, editor of *The Truth Seeker*, aiming not only to seek the truth but to expose error, has done and is doing incalculable good in the cause of mental freedom.

All these men and women are men and women of character, of high purpose; in favor of Freethought not as a peculiarity or as an eccentricity of the hour, but with all their hearts, through and through, to the very center and core of conviction, life, and purpose.

And so I can congratulate you on your choice, and believe that you have entered upon the most prosperous year of your existence. I believe that you will do all you can to

have every law repealed that puts a hypocrite above an honest mail. We know that no man is thoroughly honest who does not tell his honest thought. We want the Sabbath day for ourselves and our families. Let the gods have the heavens. Give us the earth. If the gods want to stay at home Sundays and look solemn, let them do it; let us have a little wholesome recreation and pleasure. If the gods wish to go out with their wives and children, let them go. If they want to play billiards with the stars, so they don't carom on us, let them play.

We want to do what we can to compel every church to pay taxes on its property as other people pay on theirs. Do you know that if church property is allowed to go without taxation, it is only a question of time when they will own a large per cent, of the property of the civilized world? It is the same as compound interest; only give it time. If you allow it to increase without taxing it for its protection, its growth can only be measured by the time in which it has to grow. The church builds an edifice in some small town, gets several acres of land. In time a city rises around it. The labor of others has added to the value of this property, until it is worth millions. If this property is not taxed, the churches will have so much in their hands that they will again become dangerous to the liberties of mankind. There never will be real liberty in this country until all property is put upon a perfect equality. If you want to build a Joss house, pay taxes. If you want to build churches, pay taxes. If you want to build a hall or temple in which Freethought and science are to be taught, pay taxes. Let there be no property untaxed. When you fail to tax any species of property, you increase the tax of other people owning the rest. To that extent, you unite church and state. You compel the Infidel to support the Catholic. I do not want to support the Catholic Church. It is not worth supporting. It is an unadulterated evil. Neither do I want to reform the Catholic Church. The only reformation of which that church or any orthodox church is capable, is destruction. I want to spend no more money on superstition. Neither should our money be taken to support sectarian schools. We do not wish to employ any chaplains in the navy, or in the army, or in the Legislatures, or in Congress. It is useless to ask God to help the political party that happens to be in power. We want no President, no Governor "clothed with a little brief authority," to issue a proclamation as though he were an agent of God, authorized to tell all his loving subjects to fast on a certain day, or to enter their churches and pray for the accomplishment of a certain object. It is none of his business. When they called on Thomas Jefferson to issue a proclamation, he said he had no right to do it, that religion was a personal, individual matter, and that the state had no right, no power, to interfere.

I now have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, who will speak to you on the "Aristocracy of Freethought," in my judgment the aristocracy not only of the present, but the aristocracy of the future.

The Religious Belief Of Abraham Lincoln

New York, May 28, 1896.

MY DEAR MR. SEIP: I have carefully read your article on the religious belief of Abraham Lincoln, and in accordance with your request I will not only give you my opinion of the evidence upon which you rely, as set out in your article, but my belief as to the religious opinions of Mr. Lincoln, and the facts on which my belief rests.

You speak of a controversy between myself and General Collis upon this subject. A few years ago I delivered a lecture on Mr. Lincoln, in this city, and in that lecture said that Lincoln, so far as his religious opinions were concerned, substantially agreed with Franklin, Jefferson, Paine and Voltaire. Thereupon General Collis wrote me a note contradicting what I had said and asserting that "Lincoln invoked the power of Almighty God, not the Deist God, but the God whom he worshiped under the forms of the Christian church of which he was a member." To this I replied saying that Voltaire and Paine both believed in God, and that Lincoln was never a member of any Christian church.

General Collis wrote another letter to which, I think, I made no reply, for the reason that the General had demonstrated that he knew nothing whatever on the subject. It was evident that he had never read the life of Lincoln, because if he had, he would not have said that he was a member of a church. It was also evident that he knew nothing about the religious opinions of Franklin, Voltaire or Paine, or he would have known that they were believers in the existence of a Supreme Being. It did not seem to me that his letter was worthy of a reply.

Now as to your article: I find in what you have written very little that is new. I do not remember ever to have seen anything about the statement of the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Gurley in regard to Lincoln's letters. The daughter, however, does not pretend to know the contents of the letters and says that they were destroyed by fire; consequently these letters, so far as this question is concerned, are of no possible importance. The only thing in your article tending to show that Lincoln was a Christian is the following: "I think I can say with sincerity that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived until my Willie died without fully realizing these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before, and I think I can safely say that I know something of a change of heart, and I will further add that it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession."

Now, if you had given the name of the person to whom this was said, and if that person had told you that Lincoln did utter these words, then the evidence would have been good; but you are forced to say that this was said to an eminent Christian lady. You do not give this lady's name. I take it for granted that her name is unknown, and that the name of the person to whom she told the story is also unknown, and that the name of the man who gave the story to the world is unknown. This falsehood, according to your own showing, is an orphan, a lonely lie without father or mother. Such testimony cannot be accepted. It is not even good hearsay.

In the next point you make, you also bring forward the remarks claimed to have been made by Mr. Lincoln when some colored people of Baltimore presented him with a Bible. You say that he said that the Bible was God's best gift to man, and but for the Bible we could not know right from wrong. It is impossible that Lincoln should have uttered these words. He certainly would not have said to some colored people that the book that instituted human slavery was God's best gift to man; neither could he have said that but for this book we could not know right from wrong. If he said these things he was temporarily insane. Mr. Lincoln was familiar with the lives of Socrates, Epictetus, Epicurus, Zeno, Confucius, Zoroaster and Buddha, not one of whom ever heard of the Bible. Certainly these men knew right from wrong. In my judgment they would compare favorably with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David and the Jews that crucified Christ. These pretended remarks must be thrown away; they could have been uttered only by an ignorant and thoughtless zealot, not by a sensible, thoughtful man. Neither can we rely on any new evidence given by the Rev. Mr. Gurley. If Mr. Gurley at any time claimed that Lincoln was a Christian, such claim was born of an afterthought. Mr. Gurley preached a funeral sermon over the body of Lincoln at the White House, and in that sermon he did not claim that Mr. Lincoln was in any sense a Christian. He said nothing about Christ. So, the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Sunderland amounts to nothing. Lincoln did not tell him that he was a Christian or that he believed in Christ. Not one of the ministers that claim that Lincoln was a Christian, not one, testifies that Lincoln so said in his hearing. So, the lives that have been written of Lincoln by Holland and Arnold are of no possible authority. Holland knew nothing about Lincoln; he relied on gossip, and was exceedingly anxious to make Lincoln a Christian so that his Life would sell. As a matter of fact, Mr. Arnold knew little of Lincoln, and knew no more of his religious opinions than he seems to have known about the opinions of Washington.

I find also in your article a claim that Lincoln said to somebody that under certain conditions, that is to say, if a church had the Golden Rule for its creed, he would join that church; but you do not give the name of the friend to whom Lincoln made this declaration. Still, if he made it, it does not tend to show that he was a Christian. A church founded on the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," would not in any sense be a Christian church. It would be an ethical society. The testimony of Mr. Bateman has been changed by himself, he having admitted that it was colored, that he was not properly reported; so the night-walking scene given by James E. Murdoch, does not even tend to show that Lincoln was a Christian. According to Mr. Murdoch he was praying to the God of Solomon and he never mentioned the name of Christ. I think, however, Mr. Murdoch's story is too theatrical, and my own opinion is that it was a waking dream. I think Lincoln was a man of too much sense, too much tact, to have said anything to God about Solomon. Lincoln knew that what God did for Solomon ended in failure, and if he wanted God to do something for him (Lincoln) he would not have called attention to the other case. So Bishop Simpson, in his oration or funeral sermon, said nothing about Lincoln's having been a Christian.

Now, what is the testimony that you present that Lincoln was a Christian?

First, Several of your witnesses say that he believed in God.

Second, Some say that he believed in the efficacy of prayer.

Third, Some say that he was a believer in Providence.

Fourth, An unknown person says that he said to another unknown person that he was a Christian.

Fifth, You also claim that he said the Bible was the best gift of God to man, and that without it we could not have known right from wrong.

The anonymous testimony has to be thrown away, so nothing is left except the remarks claimed to have been made when the Bible was presented by the colored people, and these remarks destroy themselves. It is absolutely impossible that Lincoln could have uttered the words attributed to him on that occasion. I know of no one who heard the words, I know of no witness who says he heard them or that he knows anybody who did. These remarks were not even heard by an "eminent Christian lady," and we are driven to say that if Lincoln was a Christian he took great pains to keep it a secret.

I believe that I am familiar with the material facts bearing upon the religious belief of Mr. Lincoln, and that I know what he thought of orthodox Christianity. I was somewhat acquainted with him and well acquainted with many of his associates and friends, and I am familiar with Mr. Lincoln's public utterances. Orthodox Christians have the habit of claiming all great men, all men who have held important positions, men of reputation, men of wealth. As soon as the funeral is over clergymen begin to relate imaginary conversations with the deceased, and in a very little while the great man is changed to a Christian—possibly to a saint.

All this happened in Mr. Lincoln's case. Many pious falsehoods were told, conversations were manufactured, and suddenly the church claimed that the great President was an orthodox Christian. The truth is that Lincoln in his religious views agreed with Franklin, Jefferson, and Voltaire. He did not believe in the inspiration of the Bible or the divinity of Christ or the scheme of salvation, and he utterly repudiated the dogma of eternal pain.

In making up my mind as to what Mr. Lincoln really believed, I do not take into consideration the evidence of unnamed persons or the contents of anonymous letters; I take the testimony of those who knew and loved him, of those to whom he opened his heart and to whom he spoke in the freedom of perfect confidence.

Mr. Herndon was his friend and partner for many years. I knew Mr. Herndon well. I know that Lincoln never had a better, warmer, truer friend. Herndon was an honest, thoughtful, able, studious man, respected by all who knew him. He was as natural and sincere as Lincoln himself. On several occasions Mr. Herndon told me what Lincoln believed and what he rejected in the realm of religion. He told me again and again that Mr. Lincoln did not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christ, or in the existence of a personal God. There was no possible reason for Mr. Herndon to make a mistake or to color the facts.

Justice David Davis was a life-long friend and associate of Mr. Lincoln, and Judge Davis knew Lincoln's religious opinions and knew Lincoln as well as anybody did.

Judge Davis told me that Lincoln was a Freethinker, that he denied the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christ, and all miracles. Davis also told me that he had talked with Lincoln on these subjects hundreds of times.

I was well acquainted with Col. Ward H. Lamon and had many conversations with him about Mr. Lincoln's religious belief, before and after he wrote his life of Lincoln. He told me that he had told the exact truth in his life of Lincoln, that Lincoln never did believe in the Bible, or in the divinity of Christ, or in the dogma of eternal pain; that Lincoln was a Freethinker.

For many years I was well acquainted with the Hon. Jesse W. Fell, one of Lincoln's warmest friends. Mr. Fell often came to my house and we had many talks about the religious belief of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Fell told me that Lincoln did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and that he denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. Mr. Fell was very liberal in his own ideas, a great admirer of Theodore Parker and a perfectly sincere and honorable man.

For several years I was well acquainted with William G. Green, who was a clerk with Lincoln at New Salem in the early days, and who admired and loved Lincoln with all his heart. Green told me that Lincoln was always an Infidel, and that he had heard him argue against the Bible hundreds of times. Mr. Green knew Lincoln, and knew him well, up to the time of Lincoln's death.

The Hon. James Tuttle of Illinois was a great friend of Lincoln, and he is, if living, a friend of mine, and I am a friend of his. He knew Lincoln well for many years, and he told me again and again that Lincoln was an Infidel. Mr. Tuttle is a Freethinker himself and has always enjoyed the respect of his neighbors. A man with purer motives does not live.

So I place great reliance on the testimony of Col. John G. Nicolay. Six weeks after Mr. Lincoln's death Colonel Nicolay said that he did not in any way change his religious ideas, opinions or belief from the time he left Springfield until the day of his death.

In addition to all said by the persons I have mentioned, Mrs. Lincoln said that her husband *was not a Christian*. There are many other witnesses upon this question whose testimony can be found in a book entitled "Abraham Lincoln, was he a Christian?" written by John E. Remsburg, and published in 1893. In that book will be found all the evidence on both sides. Mr. Remsburg states the case with great clearness and demonstrates that Lincoln was not a Christian.

Now, what is a Christian?

First. He is a believer in the existence of God, the Creator and Governor of the Universe.

Second. He believes in the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments.

Third. He believes in the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ; that the Holy Ghost was his father.

Fourth. He believes that this Christ was offered as a sacrifice for the sins of men, that he was crucified, dead and buried, that he arose from the dead and that he ascended into heaven.

Fifth. He believes in the "fall of man," in the scheme of redemption through the atonement.

Sixth. He believes in salvation by faith, that the few are to be eternally happy, and that the many are to be eternally damned.

Seventh. He believes in the Trinity, in God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost.

Now, is there the slightest evidence to show that Lincoln believed in the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments?

Has anybody said that he was heard to say that he so believed?

Does anybody testify that Lincoln believed in the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ, that the Holy Ghost was the father or that Christ was or is God?

Has anybody testified that Lincoln believed that Christ was raised from the dead?

Did anyone ever hear him say that he believed in the ascension of Jesus Christ? Did anyone ever hear him assert that he believed in the forgiveness of sins, or in salvation by faith, or that belief was a virtue and investigation a crime?

Where, then, is the evidence that he was a Christian?

There is another reason for thinking that Lincoln never became a Christian.

All will admit that he was an honest man, that he discharged all obligations perceived, and did what he believed to be his duty. If he had become a Christian it was his duty publicly to say so. He was President; he had the ear of the nation; every citizen, had he spoken, would have listened. It was his duty to make a clear, explicit statement of his conversion, and it was his duty to join some orthodox church, and he should have given his reasons. He should have endeavored to reach the heart and brain of the Republic. It was unmanly for him to keep his "second birth" a secret and sneak into heaven leaving his old friends to travel the road to hell.

Great pains have been taken to show that Mr. Lincoln believed in, and worshiped the one true God. This by many is held to have been his greatest virtue, the foundation of his character, and yet, the God he worshiped, the God to whom he prayed, allowed him to be assassinated.

Is it possible that God will not protect his friends?

Organized Charities

I HAVE no great confidence in organized charities. Money is left and buildings are erected and sinecures provided for a good many worthless people. Those in immediate control are almost, or when they were appointed were almost, in want themselves, and they naturally hate other beggars.

They regard persons who ask assistance as their enemies. There is an old story of a tramp who begged a breakfast. After breakfast another tramp came to the same place to beg his breakfast, and the first tramp with blows and curses drove him away, saying at the same time: “I expect to get dinner here myself.”

This is the general attitude of beggar toward beggar.

Another trouble with organized charities is the machinery, the various methods they have adopted to prevent what they call fraud. They are exceedingly anxious that the needy, that those who ask help, who have been without fault, shall be attended to, their rule apparently being to assist only the unfortunate perfect.

The trouble is that Nature produces very few specimens of that kind. As a rule, men come to want on account of their imperfections, on account of their ignorance, on account of their vices, and their vices are born of their lack of capacity, of their want of brain. In other words, they are failures of Nature, and the fact that they need help is not their own fault, but the fault of their construction, their surroundings.

Very few people have the opportunity of selecting their parents, and it is exceedingly difficult in the matter of grandparents. Consequently, I do not hold people responsible for hereditary tendencies, traits and vices. Neither do I praise them for having hereditary virtues.

A man going to one of these various charitable establishments is cross-examined. He must give his biography. And after he has answered all the supercilious, impudent questions, he is asked for references.

Then the people referred to are sought out, to find whether the statements made by the applicant are true. By the time the thing is settled the man who asked aid has either gotten it somewhere else or has, in the language of the Spiritualists, “passed over to the other side.”

Of course this does not trouble the persons in charge of the organized charities, because their salaries are going on.

As a rule, these charities were commenced by the best of people. Some generous, philanthropic man or woman gave a life to establish a “home,” it may be, for aged women, for orphans, for the waifs of the pavements.

These generous people, filled with the spirit of charity, raised a little money, succeeded in hiring or erecting a humble building, and the money they collected, so honestly given, they honestly used to bind up the wounds and wipe away the tears of

the unfortunate, and to save, if possible, some who had been wrecked on the rocks and reefs of crime.

Then some very rich man dies who had no charity and who would not have left a dollar could he have taken his money with him. This rich man, who hated his relatives and the people he actually knew, gives a large sum of money to some particular charity—not that he had any charity, but because he wanted to be remembered as a philanthropist.

Then the organized charity becomes rich, and the richer the meaner, the richer the harder of heart and the closer of fist.

Now, I believe that Trinity Church, in this city, would be called an organized charity. The church was started to save, if possible, a few souls from eternal torment, and on the plea of saving these souls money was given to the church.

Finally the church became rich. It is now a landlord—has many buildings to rent. And if what I hear is true there is no harder landlord in the city of New York.

So, I have heard it said of Dublin University, that it is about the hardest landlord in Ireland.

I think you will find that all such institutions try to collect the very last cent, and, in the name of pity, drive pity from their hearts.

I think it is Shakespeare who says, “Pity drives out pity,” and he must have had organized charities in his mind when he uttered this remark. Of course a great many really good and philanthropic people leave vast sums of money to charities.

I find that it is sometimes very difficult to get an injured man, or one seized with some sudden illness, taken into a city hospital. There are so many rules and so many regulations, so many things necessary to be done, that while the rules are being complied with the soul of the sick or injured man, weary of the waiting, takes its flight. And after the man is dead, the doctors are kind enough to certify that he died of heart failure.

So—in a general way—I speak of all the asylums, of all the homes for orphans. When I see one of those buildings I feel that it is full of petty tyranny, of what might be called pious meanness, devout deviltry, where the object is to break the will of every recipient of public favor.

I may be all wrong. I hope I am. At the same time I fear that I am somewhere near right.

You may take our prisons; the treatment of prisoners is often infamous. The Elmira Reformatory is a worthy successor of the Inquisition, a disgrace, in my judgment, to the State of New York, to the civilization of our day. Every little while something comes to light showing the cruelty, the tyranny, the meanness, of these professional distributers of public charity—of these professed reformers.

I know that they are visited now and then by committees from the Legislature, and I know that the keepers of these places know when the “committee” may be expected.

I know that everything is scoured and swept and burnished for the occasion; and I know that the poor devils that have been abused or whipped or starved, fear to open their mouths, knowing that if they do they may not be believed and that they will be treated afterward as though they were wild beasts.

I think these public institutions ought to be open to inspection at all times. I think the very best men ought to be put in control of them. I think only those doctors who have passed, and recently passed, examinations as to their fitness, as to their intelligence and professional acquirements, ought to be put in charge.

I do not think that hospitals should be places for young doctors to practice sawing off the arms and legs of paupers or hunting in the stomachs of old women for tumors. I think only the skillful, the experienced, should be employed in such places. Neither do I think hospitals should be places where medicine is distributed by students to the poor.

Ignorance is a poor doctor, even for the poor, and if we pretend to be charitable we ought to carry it out.

I would like to see tyranny done away with in prisons, in the reformatories, and in all places under the government or supervision of the State.

I would like to have all corporal punishment abolished, and I would also like to see the money that is given to charity distributed by charity and by intelligence. I hope all these institutions will be overhauled.

I hope all places where people are pretending to take care of the poor and for which they collect money from the public, will be visited, and will be visited unexpectedly and the truth told.

In my judgment there is some better way. I think every hospital, every asylum, every home for waifs and orphans should be supported by taxation, not by charity; should be under the care and control of the State absolutely.

I do not believe in these institutions being managed by any individual or by any society, religious or secular, but by the State. I would no more have hospitals and asylums depend on charity than I would have the public school depend on voluntary contributions.

I want the schools supported by taxation and to be controlled by the State, and I want the hospitals and asylums and charitable institutions founded and controlled and carried on in the same way. Let the property of the State do it.

Let those pay the taxes who are able. And let us do away forever with the idea that to take care of the sick, of the helpless, is a charity. It is not a charity. It is a duty. It is something to be done for our own sakes. It is no more a charity than it is to pave or light the streets, no more a charity than it is to have a system of sewers.

It is all for the purpose of protecting society and of civilizing ourselves.

Spain And The Spaniards

SPAIN has always been exceedingly religious and exceedingly cruel. That country had an unfortunate experience. The Spaniards fought the Moors for about seven hundred or eight hundred years, and during that time Catholicism and patriotism became synonymous. They were fighting the Moslems. It was a religious war. For this reason they became intense in their Catholicism, and they were fearful that if they should grant the least concession to the Moor, God would destroy them. Their idea was that the only way to secure divine aid was to have absolute faith, and this faith was proved by their hatred of all ideas inconsistent with their own.

Spain has been and is the victim of superstition. The Spaniards expelled the Jews, who at that time represented a good deal of wealth and considerable intelligence. This expulsion was characterized by infinite brutality and by cruelties that words can not express. They drove out the Moors at last. Not satisfied with this, they drove out the Moriscoes. These were Moors who had been converted to Catholicism.

The Spaniards, however, had no confidence in the honesty of the conversion, and for the purpose of gaining the good will of God, they drove them out. They had succeeded in getting rid of Jews, Moors and Moriscoes; that is to say, of the intelligence and industry of Spain. Nothing was left but Spaniards; that is to say, indolence, pride, cruelty and infinite superstition. So Spain destroyed all freedom of thought through the Inquisition, and for many years the sky was livid with the flames of the *Auto da fe*; Spain was busy carrying fagots to the feet of philosophy, busy in burning people for thinking, for investigating, for expressing honest opinions. The result was that a great darkness settled over Spain, pierced by no star and shone upon by no rising sun.

At one time Spain was the greatest of powers, owner of half the world, and now she has only a few islands, the small change of her great fortune, the few pennies in the almost empty purse, souvenirs of departed wealth, of vanished greatness. Now Spain is bankrupt, bankrupt not only in purse, but in the higher faculties of the mind, a nation without progress, without thought; still devoted to bull fights and superstition, still trying to affright contagious diseases by religious processions. Spain is a part of the mediæval ages, belongs to an ancient generation. It really has no place in the nineteenth century.

Spain has always been cruel. S. S. Prentice, many years ago, speaking of Spain said: “On the shore of discovery it leaped an armed robber, and sought for gold even in the throats of its victims.” The bloodiest pages in the history of this world have been written by Spain. Spain in Peru, in Mexico, Spain in the low countries—all possible cruelties come back to the mind when we say Philip II., when we say the Duke of Alva, when we pronounce the names of Ferdinand and Isabella. Spain has inflicted every torture, has practiced every cruelty, has been guilty of every possible outrage. There has been no break between Torquemada and Weyler, between the Inquisition and the infamies committed in Cuba.

When Columbus found Cuba, the original inhabitants were the kindest and gentlest of people. They practiced no inhuman rites, they were good, contented people. The Spaniards enslaved them or sought to enslave them. The people rising, they were hunted with dogs, they were tortured, they were murdered, and finally exterminated. This was the commencement of Spanish rule on the island of Cuba. The same spirit is in Spain to-day that was in Spain then. The idea is not to conciliate, but to coerce, not to treat justly, but to rob and enslave. No Spaniard regards a Cuban as having equal rights with himself. He looks upon the island as property, and upon the people as a part of that property, both equally belonging to Spain.

Spain has kept no promises made to the Cubans and never will. At last the Cubans know exactly what Spain is, and they have made up their minds to be free or to be exterminated. There is nothing in history to equal the atrocities and outrages that have been perpetrated by Spain upon Cuba. What Spain does now, all know is only a repetition of what Spain has done, and this is a prophecy of what Spain will do if she has the power.

So far as I am concerned, I have no idea that there is to be any war between Spain and the United States. A country that can't conquer Cuba, certainly has no very flattering chance of overwhelming the United States. A man that cannot whip one of his own boys is foolish when he threatens to clean out the whole neighborhood. Of course, there is some wisdom even in Spain, and the Spaniards who know anything of this country know that it would be absolute madness and the utmost extreme of folly to attack us. I believe in treating even Spain with perfect fairness. I feel about the country as Burns did about the Devil: "O wad ye tak' a thought an' mend!" I know that nations, like people, do as they must, and I regard Spain as the victim and result of conditions, the fruit of a tree that was planted by ignorance and watered by superstition.

I believe that Cuba is to be free, and I want that island to give a new flag to the air, whether it ever becomes a part of the United States or not. My sympathies are all with those who are struggling for their rights, trying to get the clutch of tyranny from their throats; for those who are defending their homes, their firesides, against tyrants and robbers.

Whether the Maine was blown up by the Spaniards is still a question. I suppose it will soon be decided. In my own opinion, the disaster came from the outside, but I do not know, and not knowing, I am willing to wait for the sake of human nature. I sincerely hope that it was an accident. I hate to think that there are people base and cruel enough to commit such an act. Still, I think that all these matters will be settled without war.

I am in favor of an international court, the members to be selected by the ruling nations of the world; and before this court I think all questions between nations should be decided, and the only army and the only navy should be under its direction, and used only for the purpose of enforcing its decrees. Were there such a court now, before which Cuba could appear and tell the story of her wrongs, of the murders, the assassinations, the treachery, the starvings, the cruelty, I think that the decision would instantly be in her favor and that Spain would be driven from the

island. Until there is such a court there is no need of talking about the world being civilized.

I am not a Christian, but I do believe in the religion of justice, of kindness. I believe in humanity. I do believe that usefulness is the highest possible form of worship. The useful man is the good man, the useful man is the real saint. I care nothing about supernatural myths and mysteries, but I do care for human beings. I have a little short creed of my own, not very hard to understand, that has in it no contradictions, and it is this: Happiness is the only good. The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to make others so.

I think this creed if adopted, would do away with war. I think it would destroy superstition, and I think it would civilize even Spain.

Our New Possessions

AS I understand it, the United States went into this war against Spain in the cause of freedom. For three years Spain has been endeavoring to conquer these people. The means employed were savage. Hundreds of thousands were starved. Yet the Cubans, with great heroism, were continuing the struggle. In spite of their burned homes, their wasted fields, their dead comrades, the Cubans were not conquered and still waged war. Under those circumstances we said to Spain, "You must withdraw from the Western World. The Cubans have the right to be free!" They have been robbed and enslaved by Spanish officers and soldiers. Undoubtedly they were savages when first found, and undoubtedly they are worse now than when discovered—more barbarous. They wouldn't make very good citizens of the United States; they are probably incapable of self-government, but no people can be ignorant enough to be justly robbed or savage enough to be rightly enslaved. I think that we should keep the islands, not for our own sake, but for the sake of these people.

It was understood and declared at the time, that we were not waging war for the sake of territory, that we were not trying to annex Cuba, but that we were moved by compassion—a compassion that became as stern as justice. I did not think at the time there would be war. I supposed that the Spanish people had some sense, that they knew their own condition and the condition of this Republic. But the improbable happened, and now, after the successes we have had, the end of the war appears to be in sight, and the question arises: What shall we do with the Spanish islands that we have taken already, or that we may take before peace comes?

Of course, we could not, without stultifying ourselves and committing the greatest of crimes, hand back Cuba to Spain. But to do that would be no more criminal, no more infamous, than to hand back the Philippines. In those islands there are from eight to ten millions of people.

As far as the Philippines are concerned, I think that we should endeavor to civilize them, and to do this we should send teachers, not preachers. We should not endeavor to give them our superstition in place of Spanish superstition. They have had superstition enough. They don't need churches, they need schools. We should teach them our arts; how to cultivate the soil, how to manufacture the things they need. In other words, we should deal honestly with them, and try our best to make them a self-supporting and a self-governing people. The eagle should spread its wings over those islands for that and for no other purpose. We can not afford to give them to other nations or to throw fragments of them to the wild beasts of Europe. We can not say to Russia, "You may have a part," and to Germany, "You may have a share," and to France, "You take something," and so divide out these people as thieves divide plunder. That we will never do.

There is, moreover, in my mind, a little sentiment mixed with this matter. Manila Bay has been filled with American glory. There was won one of our greatest triumphs, one of the greatest naval victories of the world—won by American courage and genius. We can not allow any other nation to become the owner of the stage on

which this American drama was played. I know that we can be of great assistance to the inhabitants of the Philippines. I know that we can be an unmixed blessing to them, and that is the only ambition I have in regard to those islands. I would no more think of handing them back to Spain than I would of butchering the entire population in cold blood. Spain is unfit to govern. Spain has always been a robber. She has never made an effort to civilize a human being. The history of Spain, I think, is the darkest page in the history of the world.

At the same time I have a kind of pity for the Spanish people. I feel that they have been victims—victims of superstition. Their blood has been sucked, their energies have been wasted and misdirected, and they excite my sympathies. Of course, there are many good Spaniards, good men, good women. Cervera appears to be a civilized man, a gentleman, and I feel obliged to him for his treatment of Hobson. The great mass of the Spaniards, however, must be exceedingly ignorant. Their so-called leaders dare not tell them the truth about the progress of this war. They seem to be afraid to state the facts. They always commence with a lie, then change it a little, then change it a little more, and may be at last tell the truth. They never seem to dare to tell the truth at first, if the truth is bad. They put me in mind of the story of a man telegraphing to a wife about the condition of her husband. The first dispatch was, "Your husband is well, never better." The second was, "Your husband is sick, but not very." The third was, "Your husband is much worse, but we still have hope." The fourth was, "You may as well know the truth—we buried your husband yesterday." That is about the way the Spanish people get their war news.

That is why it may be incorrect to assume that peace is coming quickly. If the Spaniards were a normal people, who acted as other folks do, we might prophesy a speedy peace, but nobody has prophetic vision enough to tell what such a people will do. In spite of all appearances, and all our successes, and of all sense, the war may drag on. But I hope not, not only for our own sake, but for the sake of the Spaniards themselves. I can't help thinking of the poor peasants who will be killed, neither can I help thinking of the poor peasants who will have to toil for many years on the melancholy fields of Spain to pay the cost of this war. I am sorry for them, and I am sorry also for the widows and orphans, and no one will be more delighted when peace comes.

The argument has been advanced in the National Senate and elsewhere, that the Federal Constitution makes no provision for the holding of colonies or dependencies, such as the Philippines would be; that we can only acquire them as territories, and eventually must take them in as States, with their population of mixed and inferior races. That is hardly an effective argument.

When this country was an infant, still in its cradle, George Washington gave the child some very good advice; told him to beware of entangling alliances, to stay at home and attend to his own business. Under the circumstances this was all very good. But the infant has been growing, and the Republic is now one of the most powerful nations in the world, and yet, from its infant days until now, good, conservative people have been repeating the advice of Washington. It was repeated again and again when we were talking about purchasing Louisiana, and many Senators and Congressmen became hysterical and predicted the fall of the Republic if that was

done. The same thing took place when we purchased Florida, and again when we got one million square miles from Mexico, and still again when we bought Alaska. These ideas about violating the Constitution and wrecking the Republic were promulgated by our great and wise statesmen on all these previous occasions, but, after all, the Constitution seems to have borne the strain. There seems to be as much liberty now as there was then, and, in fact, a great deal more. Our Territories have given us no trouble, while they have greatly added to our population and vastly increased our wealth.

Beside this, the statesmen of the olden time, the wise men with whom wisdom was supposed to have perished, could not and did not imagine the improvements that would take place after they were gone. In their time, practically speaking, it was farther from New York to Buffalo than it is now from New York to San Francisco, and so far as the transportation of intelligence is concerned, San Francisco is as near New York as it would have been in their day had it been just across the Harlem River. Taking into consideration the railways, the telegraphs and the telephones, this country now, with its area of three million five hundred thousand square miles, is not so large as the thirteen original colonies were; that is to say, the distances are more easily traveled and more easily overcome. In those days it required months and months to cross the continent. Now it is the work of four or five days.

Yet, when we came to talk about annexing the Hawaiian Islands, the advice of George Washington was again repeated, and the older the Senator the fonder he was of this advice. These Senators had the idea that the Constitution, having nothing in favor of it, must contain something, at least in spirit, against it. Of course, our fathers had no idea of the growth of the Republic. We have, because with us it is a matter of experience. I don't see that Alaska has imperiled any of the liberties of New York. We need not admit Alaska as a State unless it has a population entitling it to admission, and we are not bound to take in the Sandwich Islands until the people are civilized, until they are fit companions of free men and free women. It may be that a good many of our citizens will go to the Sandwich Islands, and that, in a short time, the people there will be ready to be admitted as a State. All this the Constitution can stand, and in it there is no danger of imperialism.

I believe in national growth. As a rule, the prosperous farmer wants to buy the land that adjoins him, and I think a prosperous nation has the ambition of growth. It is better to expand than to shrivel; and, if our Constitution is too narrow to spread over the territory that we have the courage to acquire, why we can make a broader one. It is a very easy matter to make a constitution, and no human happiness, no prosperity, no progress should be sacrificed for the sake of a piece of paper with writing on it; because there is plenty of paper and plenty of men to do the writing, and plenty of people to say what the writing should be. I take more interest in people than I do in constitutions. I regard constitutions as secondary; they are means to an end, but the dear, old, conservative gentlemen seem to regard constitutions as ends in themselves.

I have read what ex-President Cleveland had to say on this important subject, and I am happy to say that I entirely disagree with him. So, too, I disagree with Senator

Edmunds, and with Mr. Bryan, and with Senator Hoar, and with all the other gentlemen who wish to stop the growth of the Republic. I want it to grow.

As to the final destiny of the island possessions won from Spain, my idea is that the Philippine Islands will finally be free, protected, it may be for a long time, by the United States. I think Cuba will come to us for protection, naturally, and, so far as I am concerned, I want Cuba only when Cuba wants us. I think that Porto Rico and some of those islands will belong permanently to the United States, and I believe Cuba will finally become a part of our Republic.

When the opponents of progress found that they couldn't make the American people take the back track by holding up their hands over the Constitution, they dragged in the Monroe doctrine. When we concluded not to allow Spain any longer to enslave her colonists, or the people who had been her colonists, in the New World, that was a very humane and wise resolve, and it was strictly in accord with the Monroe doctrine. For the purpose of conquering Spain, we attacked her fleet in Manila Bay, and destroyed it. I can not conceive how that action of ours can be twisted into a violation of the Monroe doctrine. The most that can be said is, that it is an extension of that doctrine, and that we are now saying to Spain, "You shall not enslave, you shall not rob, anywhere that we have the power to prevent it."

Having taken the Philippines, the same humanity that dictated the declaration of what is called the Monroe doctrine, will force us to act there in accordance with the spirit of that doctrine. The other day I saw in the paper an extract, I think, from Goldwin Smith, in which he says that if we were to bombard Cadiz we would give up the Monroe doctrine. I do not see the application. We are at war with Spain, and we have a right to invade that country, and the invasion would have nothing whatever to do with the Monroe doctrine. War being declared, we have the right to do anything consistent with civilized warfare to gain the victory. The bombardment of Cadiz would have no more to do with the Monroe doctrine than with the attraction of gravitation. If, by the Monroe doctrine is meant that we have agreed to stay in this hemisphere, and to prevent other nations from interfering with any people on this hemisphere, and if it is said that, growing out of this, is another doctrine, namely, that we are pledged not to interfere with any people living on the other hemisphere, then it might be called a violation of the Monroe doctrine for us to bombard Cadiz. But such is not the Monroe doctrine. If, we being at war with England, she should bombard the city of New York, or we should bombard some city of England, would anybody say that either nation had violated the Monroe doctrine? I do not see how that doctrine is involved, whether we fight at sea or on the territory of the enemy.

This is the first war, so far as I know, in the history of the world that has been waged absolutely in the interest of humanity; the only war born of pity, of sympathy; and for that reason I have taken a deep interest in it, and I must say that I was greatly astonished by the victory of Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay. I think it one of the most wonderful in the history of the world, and I think all that Dewey has done shows clearly that he is a man of thought, of courage and of genius. So, too, the victory over the fleet of Cervera by Commodore Schley, is one of the most marvelous and the most brilliant in all the annals of the world. The marksmanship, the courage, the absolute precision with which everything was done, is to my mind astonishing.

Neither should we forget Wainwright's heroic exploit, as commander of the Gloucester, by which he demonstrated that torpedo destroyers have no terrors for a yacht manned by American pluck. Manila Bay and Santiago both are surpassingly wonderful. There are no words with which to describe such deeds—deeds that leap like flames above the clouds and glorify the whole heavens.

The Spanish have shown in this contest that they possess courage, and they have displayed what you might call the heroism of desperation, but the Anglo-Saxon has courage and coolness—courage not blinded by passion, courage that is the absolute servant of intelligence. The Anglo-Saxon has a fixedness of purpose that is never interfered with by feeling; he does not become enraged—he becomes firm, unyielding, his mind is absolutely made up, clasped, locked, and he carries out his will. With the Spaniard it is excitement, nervousness; he becomes frantic. I think this war has shown the superiority, not simply of our ships, or our armor, or our guns, but the superiority of our men, of our officers, of our gunners. The courage of our army about Santiago was splendid, the steadiness and bravery of the volunteers magnificent. I think that what has already been done has given us the admiration of the civilized world.

I know, of course, that some countries hate us. Germany is filled with malice, and has been just on the crumbling edge of meanness for months, wishing but not daring to interfere; hateful, hostile, but keeping just within the overt act. We could teach Germany a lesson and her ships would go down before ours just the same as the Spanish ships have done. Sometimes I have almost wished that a hostile German shot might be fired. But I think we will get even with Germany and with France—at least I hope so.

And there is another thing I hope—that the good feeling now existing between England and the United States may be eternal. In other words, I hope it will be to the interests of both to be friends. I think the English-speaking peoples are to rule this world. They are the kings of invention, of manufactures, of commerce, of administration, and they have a higher conception of human liberty than any other people. Of course, they are not entirely free; they still have some of the rags and tatters and ravelings of superstition; but they are tatters and they are rags and they are ravelings, and the people know it. And, besides all this, the English language holds the greatest literature of the world.

A Few Fragments On Expansion

A NATION rises from infancy to manhood and sinks from dotage to death. I think that the great Republic is in the morning of her life—the sun just above the horizon—the grass still wet with dew.

Our country has the courage and enthusiasm of youth—her blood flows full—her heart beats strong and her brow is fair. We stand on the threshold of a great, a sublime career. All the conditions are favorable—the environment kind. The best part of this hemisphere is ours. We have a thousand million acres of fertile land, vast forests, whole States underlaid with coal; ranges of mountains filled with iron, silver and gold, and we have seventy-five millions of the most energetic, active, inventive, progressive and practical people in the world. The great Republic is a happy combination of mind and muscle, of head and heart, of courage and good nature. We are growing. We have the instinct of expansion. We are full of life and health. We are about to take our rightful place at the head of the nations. The great powers have been struggling to obtain markets. They are fighting for the trade of the East. They are contending for China. We watched, but we did not act. They paid no attention to us or we to them. Conditions have changed. We own the Hawaiian Islands. We will own the Philippines.

Japan and China will be our neighbors—our customers. Our interests must be protected. In China we want the "open door," and we will see to it that the door is kept open. The nation that tries to shut it, will get its fingers pinched. We have taught the Old World that the Republic must be consulted. We have entered on the great highway, and we are destined to become the most powerful, the most successful and the most generous of nations. I am for expansion. The more people beneath the flag the better. Let the Republic grow..

I BELIEVE in growth. Of course there are many moss-back conservatives who fear expansion. Thousands opposed the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon, thousands were against the acquisition of Florida and of the vast territory we obtained from Mexico. So, thousands were against the purchase of Alaska, and some dear old mummies opposed the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, and yet, I do not believe that there is an intelligent American who would like to part with one acre that has been acquired by the Government. Now, there are some timid, withered statesmen who do not want Porto Rico—who beg us in a trembling, patriotic voice not to keep the Philippines. But the sensible people feel exactly the other way. They love to see our borders extended. They love to see the flag floating over the islands of the tropics,—showering its blessings upon the poor people who have been robbed and tortured by the Spanish. Let the Republic grow! Let us spread the gospel of Freedom! In a few years I hope that Canada will be ours—I want Mexico—in other words, I want all of North America. I want to see our flag waving from the North Pole.

I think it was a mistake to appoint a peace commission. The President should have demanded the unconditional surrender of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Spain was helpless. The war would have ended on our terms, and all this commission

nonsense would have been saved. Still, I make no complaint. It will probably come out right, though it would have been far better to have ended the business when we could—when Spain was prostrate. It was foolish to let her get up and catch her breath and hunt for friends.

ONLY a few days ago our President, by proclamation, thanked God for giving us the victory at Santiago. He did not thank him for sending the yellow fever. To be consistent the President should have thanked him equally for both. Man should think; he should use all his senses; he should examine; he should reason. The man who cannot think is less than man; the man who will not think is a traitor to himself; the man who fears to think is superstition's slave. I do not thank God for the splendid victory in Manila Bay. I don't know whether he had anything to do with it; if I find out that he did I will thank him readily. Meanwhile, I will thank Admiral George Dewey and the brave fellows who were with him.

I do not thank God for the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago. No, I thank Schley and the men with the trained eyes and the nerves of steel, who stood behind the guns. I do not thank God because we won the battle of Santiago. I thank the Regular Army, black and white—the Volunteers—the Rough Riders, and all the men who made the grand charge at San Juan Hill. I have asked, "Why should God help us to whip Spain?" and have been answered: "For the sake of the Cubans, who have been crushed and ill-treated by their Spanish masters." Then why did not God help the Cubans long before? Certainly, they were fighting long enough and needed his help badly enough. But, I am told, God's ways are inscrutable. Suppose Spain had whipped us; would the Christians then say that God did it? Very likely they would, and would have as an excuse, that we broke the Sabbath with our base-ball, our bicycles and bloomers.

Is It Ever Right For Husband Or Wife To Kill Rival?

HOW far should a husband or wife go in defending the sanctity of home?

Is it right for the husband to kill the paramour of his wife?

Is it right for the wife to kill the paramour of her husband?

These three questions are in substance one, and one answer will be sufficient for all.

In the first place, we should have an understanding of the real relation that exists, or should exist, between husband and wife.

The real good orthodox people, those who admire St. Paul, look upon the wife as the property of the husband. He owns, not only her body, but her very soul. This being the case, no other man has the right to steal or try to steal this property. The owner has the right to defend his possession, even to the death. In the olden time the husband was never regarded as the property of the wife. She had a claim on him for support, and there was usually some way to enforce the claim. If the husband deserted the wife for the sake of some other woman, or transferred his affections to another, the wife, as a rule, suffered in silence. Sometimes she took her revenge on the woman, but generally she did nothing. Men killed the “destroyers” of their homes, but the women, having no homes, being only wives, nothing but mothers—bearers of babes for masters—allowed their destroyers to live.

In recent years women have advanced. They have stepped to the front. Wives are no longer slaves. They are the equals of husbands. They have homes to defend, husbands to protect and “destroyers” to kill. The rights of husbands and wives are now equal. They live under the same moral code. Their obligations to each other are mutual. Both are bound, and equally bound, to live virtuous lives.

Now, if A falls in love with the wife of B, and she returns his love, has B the right to kill him? Or if A falls in love with the husband of B, and he returns her love, has B the right to kill her?

If the wronged husband has the right to kill, so has the wronged wife.

Suppose that a young man and woman are engaged to be married, and that she falls in love with another and marries him, has the first lover a right to kill the last?

This leads me to another question: What is marriage? Men and women cannot truly be married by any set or form of words, or by any ceremonies however solemn, or by contract signed, sealed and witnessed, or by the words or declarations of priests or judges. All these put together do not constitute marriage. At the very best they are only evidences of the fact of marriage—something that really happened between the parties. Without pure, honest, mutual love there can be no real marriage. Marriage without love is only a form of prostitution. Marriage for the sake of position or wealth is immoral. No good, sensible man wants to marry a woman whose heart is not absolutely his, and no good, sensible woman wants to marry a man whose heart is

not absolutely hers. Now, if there can be no real marriage without mutual love, does the marriage outlast the love? If it is immoral for a woman to marry a man without loving him, is it moral for her to live as the wife of a man whom she has ceased to love? Is she bound by the words, by the ceremony, after the real marriage is dead? Is she so bound that the man she hates has the right to be the father of her babes?

If a girl is engaged and afterward meets her ideal, a young man whose presence is joy, whose touch is ecstasy, is it her duty to fulfill her engagement? Would it not be a thousand times nobler and purer for her to say to the first lover: "I thought I loved you; I was mistaken. I belong heart and soul to another, and if I married you I could not be yours."

So, if a young man is engaged and finds that he has made a mistake, is it honorable for him to keep his contract? Would it not be far nobler for him to tell her the truth?

The civilized man loves a woman not only for his own sake, but for her sake. He longs to make her happy—to fill her life with joy. He is willing to make sacrifices for her, but he does not want her to sacrifice herself for him. The civilized husband wants his wife to be free—wants the love that she cannot help giving him. He does not want her, from a sense of duty, or because of the contract or ceremony, to act as though she loved him, when in fact her heart is far away. He does not want her to pollute her soul and live a lie for his sake. The civilized husband places the happiness of his wife above his own. Her love is the wealth of his heart, and to guard her from evil is the business of his life.

But the civilized husband knows when his wife ceases to love him that the real marriage has also ceased. He knows that it is then infamous for him to compel her to remain his wife. He knows that it is her right to be free—that her body belongs to her, that her soul is her own. He knows, too, if he knows anything, that her affection is not the slave of her will.

In a case like this, the civilized husband would, so far as he had the power, release his wife from the contract of marriage, divide his property fairly with her and do what he could for her welfare. Civilized love never turns to hatred.

Suppose he should find that there was a man in the case, that another had won her love, or that she had given her love to another, would it then be his right or duty to kill that man? Would the killing do any good? Would it bring back her love? Would it reunite the family? Would it annihilate the disgrace or the memory of the shame? Would it lessen the husband's loss?

Society says that the husband should kill the man because he led the woman astray.

How do we know that he betrayed the woman? Mrs. Potiphar left many daughters, and Joseph certainly had but few sons. How do we know that it was not the husband's fault? She may for years have shivered in the winter of his neglect. She may have borne his cruelties of word and deed until her love w'as dead and buried side by side with hope. Another man comes into her life. He pities her. She looks and loves. He lifts her from the grave. Again she really lives, and her poor heart is rich with love's red blood. Ought this man to be killed? He has robbed no husband, wronged no man. He has rescued a victim, released an innocent prisoner and made a

life worth living. But the brutal husband says that the wife has been led astray; that he has been wronged and dishonored, and that it is his right, his duty, to shed the seducer's blood. He finds the facts himself. He is witness, jury, judge and executioner. He forgets his neglect, his cruelties, his faithlessness; forgets that he drove her from his heart, remembers only that she loves another, and then in the name of justice he takes the life of the one she loves.

A husband deserts his wife, leaves her without money, without the means to live, with his babes in her arms. She cannot get a divorce; she must wait, and in the meantime she must live. A man falls in love with her and she with him. He takes care of her and the deserted children. The "wronged" husband returns and kills the "betrayer" of his wife. He believes in the sacredness of marriage, the holiness of home.

It may be admitted that the deserted wife did wrong, and that the man who cared for her and her worse than fatherless children also did wrong, but certainly he had done nothing for which he deserved to be murdered.

A woman finds that her husband is in love with another woman, that he is false, and the question is whether it is her right to kill the other woman. The wronged husband has always claimed that the man led his wife astray, that he had crept and crawled into his Eden, but now the wronged wife claims that the woman seduced her husband, that she spread the net, wove the web and baited the trap in which the innocent husband was caught. Thereupon she kills the other woman.

In the first place, how can she be sure of the facts? How does she know whose fault it was? Possibly she was to blame herself.

But what good has the killing done? It will not give her back her husband's love. It will not cool the fervor of her jealousy. It will not give her better sleep or happier dreams.

It would have been far better if she had said to her husband: "Go with the woman you love. I do not want your body without your heart, your presence without your love."

So, it would be better for the wronged husband to say to the unfaithful wife: "Go with the man you love. Your heart is his, I am not your master. You are free."

After all, murder is a poor remedy. If you kill a man for one wrong, why not for another? If you take the law into your own hands and kill a man because he loves your wife and your wife loves him, why not kill him for any injury he may inflict on you or yours?...

In a civilized nation the people are governed by law. They do not redress their own wrongs. They submit their differences to courts. If they are wronged they appeal to the law. Savages redress what they call their wrongs. They appeal to knife or gun. They kill, they assassinate, they murder; and they do this to preserve their honor. Admit that the seducer of the wife deserves death, that the woman who leads the husband astray deserves death, admit that both have justly forfeited their lives, the question yet remains whether the wronged husband and the wronged wife have the right to commit murder.

If they have this right, then there ought to be some way provided for ascertaining the facts. Before the husband kills the "betrayer," the fact that the wife was really led astray should be established, and the "wronged" husband who claims the right to kill, should show that he had been a good, loving and true husband.

As a rule, the wives of good and generous men are true and faithful. They love their homes, they adore their children. In poverty and disaster they cling the closer. But when husbands are indolent and mean, when they are cruel and selfish, when they make a hell of home, why should we insist that their wives should love them still?

When the civilized man finds that his wife loves another he does not kill, he does not murder. He says to his wife, "You are free."

When the civilized woman finds that her husband loves another she does not kill, she does not murder. She says to her husband, "I am free." This, in my judgment, is the better way. It is in accordance with a far higher philosophy of life, of the real rights of others. The civilized man is governed by his reason, his intelligence; the savage by his passions. The civilized, man seeks for the right, regardless of himself; the savage for revenge, regardless of the rights of others.

I do not believe that murder guards the sacredness of home, the purity of the fireside. I do not believe that crime wins victories for virtue. I believe in liberty and I believe in law. That country is free where the people make and honestly uphold the law. I am opposed to a redress of grievances or the punishment of criminals by mobs and I am equally opposed to giving the "wronged" husbands and the "wronged" wives the right to kill the men and women they suspect. In other words, I believe in civilization.

A few years ago a merchant living in the West suspected that his wife and bookkeeper were in love. One morning he started for a distant city, pretending that he would be absent for a couple of weeks. He came back that night and found the lovers occupying the same room. He did not kill the man, but said to him: "Take her; she is yours. Treat her well and you will not be troubled. Abuse or desert her and I will be her avenger."

He did not kill his wife, but said: "We part forever. You are entitled to one-half of the property we have accumulated. You shall have it. Farewell!"

The merchant was a civilized man—a philosopher.

Professor Briggs

To the study of the Bible he has given the best years of his life. When he commenced this study he was probably a devout believer in the plenary inspiration of the Scripture—thought that the Bible was without an error; that all the so-called contradictions could be easily explained. He had been educated by Presbyterians and had confidence in his teachers.

In spite of his early training, in spite of his prejudices, he was led, in some mysterious way, to rely a little on his own reason. This was a dangerous thing to do. The moment a man talks about reason he is on dangerous ground. He is liable to contradict the "Word of God." Then he loses spirituality and begins to think more of truth than creed. This is a step toward heresy—toward Infidelity.

Professor Briggs began to have doubts about some of the miracles. These doubts, like rats, began to gnaw the foundations of his faith. He examined these wonderful stories in the light of what is known to have happened, and in the light of like miracles found in the other sacred books of the world. And he concluded that they were not quite true. He was not ready to say that they were actually false; that would be too brutally candid.

I once read of an English lord who had a very polite gamekeeper. The lord wishing to show his skill with the rifle fired at a target. He and the gamekeeper went to see where the bullet had struck. The gamekeeper was first at the target, and the lord cried out: "Did I miss it?"

"I would not," said the gamekeeper, "go so far as to say that your lordship missed it, but—but—you didn't hit it."

Professor Briggs saw clearly that the Bible was the product, the growth of many centuries; that legends and facts, mistakes, contradictions, miracles, myths and history, interpolations, prophecies and dreams, wisdom, foolishness, justice, cruelty, poetry and bathos were mixed, mingled and interwoven. In other words, that the gold of truth was surrounded by meaner metals and worthless stones.

He saw that it was necessary to construct what might be called a sacred smelter to divide the true from the false.

Undoubtedly he reached this conclusion in the interest of what he believed to be the truth. He had the mistaken but honest idea that a Christian should really think. Of course, we know that all heresy has been the result of thought. It has always been dangerous to grow. Shrinking is safe.

Studying the Bible was the first mistake that Professor Briggs made, reasoning was the second, and publishing his conclusions was the third. If he had read without studying, if he had believed without reasoning, he would have remained a good, orthodox Presbyterian. He probably read the works of Humboldt, Darwin and Haeckel, and found that the author of Genesis was not a geologist, not a scientist. He seems to have his doubts about the truth of the story of the deluge. Should he be

blamed for this? Is there a sensible man in the wide world who really believes in the flood?

This flood business puts Jehovah in such an idiotic light.

Of course, he must have known, after the "fall" of Adam and Eve, that he would have to drown their descendants. Certainly it would have been more merciful to have killed Adam and Eve, made a new pair and kept the serpent out of the Garden of Eden. If Jehovah had been an intelligent God he never would have created the serpent. Then there would have been no fall, no flood, no atonement, no hell.

Think of a God who drowned a world! What a merciless monster! The cruelty of the flood is exceeded only by its stupidity.

Thousands of little theologians have tried to explain this miracle. This is the very top of absurdity. To explain a miracle is to destroy it. Some have said that the flood was local. How could water that rose over the mountains remain local?

Why should we expect mercy from a God who drowned millions of men, women and babes? I would no more think of softening the heart of such a God by prayer than of protecting myself from a hungry tiger by repeating poetry.

Professor Briggs has sense enough to see that the story of the flood is but an ignorant legend. He is trying to rescue Jehovah from the frightful slander. After all, why should we believe the unreasonable? Must we be foolish to be virtuous? The rain fell for forty days; this caused the flood. The water was at least thirty thousand feet in depth. Seven hundred and fifty feet a day—more than thirty feet an hour, six inches a minute; the rain fell for forty days. Does any man with sense enough to eat and breathe believe this idiotic lie?

Professor Briggs knows that the Jews got the story of the flood from the Babylonians, and that it is no more inspired than the history of "Peter Wilkins and His Flying Wife." The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is another legend.

If those cities were destroyed sensible people believe the phenomenon was as natural as the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. They do not believe that in either case it was the result of the wickedness of the people.

Neither does any thinking man believe that the wife of Lot was changed or turned into a pillar of salt as a punishment for having looked back at her burning home. How could flesh, bones and blood be changed to salt? This presupposes two miracles. First, the annihilation of the woman, and second, the creation of salt. A God cannot annihilate or create matter. Annihilation and creation are both impossible—unthinkable. A grain of sand can defy all the gods. What was Mrs. Lot turned to salt for? What good was achieved? What useful lesson taught? What man with a head fertile enough to raise one hair can believe a story like this?

Does a man who denies the truth of this childish absurdity weaken the foundation of virtue? Does he discourage truth-telling by denouncing lies? Should a man be true to himself? If reason is not the standard, what is? Can a man think one way and believe another? Of course he can talk one way and think another. If a man should be honest

with himself he should be honest with others. A man who conceals his doubts lives a dishonest life. He defiles his own soul.

When a truth-loving man reads about the plagues of Egypt, should he reason as he reads? Should he take into consideration the fact that like stories have been told and believed by savages for thousands of years? Should he ask himself whether Jehovah in his efforts to induce the Egyptian King to free the Hebrews acted like a sensible God? Should he ask himself whether a good God would kill the babes of the people on account of the sins of the king? Whether he would torture, mangle and kill innocent cattle to get even with a monarch?

Is it better to believe without thinking than to think without believing? If there be a God can we please him by believing that he acted like a fiend?

Probably Professor Briggs has a higher conception of God than the author of Exodus. The writer of that book was a barbarian—an honest barbarian, and he wrote what he supposed was the truth. I do not blame him for having written falsehoods. Neither do I blame Professor Briggs for having detected these falsehoods. In our day no man capable of reasoning believes the miracles wrought for the Hebrews in their flight through the wilderness. The opening of the sea, the cloud and pillar, the quails, the manna, the serpents and hornets are no more believed than the miracles of the Mormons when they crossed the plains.

The probability is that the Hebrews never were in Egypt. In the Hebrew language there are no Egyptian words, and in the Egyptian no Hebrew. This proves that the Hebrews could not have mingled with the Egyptians for four hundred and thirty years. As a matter of fact, Moses is a myth. The enslavement of the Hebrews, the flight, the journey through the wilderness existed only in the imagination of ignorance.

So Professor Briggs has his doubts about the sun and moon having been stopped for a day in order that Gen. Joshua might kill more heathen. Theologians have gathered around this miracle like moths around a flame. They have done their best to make it reasonable. They have talked about refraction and reflection, about the nature of the air having been changed so that the sun was visible all night. They have even gone so far as to say that Joshua and his soldiers killed so many that afterward, when thinking about it, they concluded that it must have taken them at least two days.

This miracle can be accounted for only in one way. Jehovah must have stopped the earth. The earth, turning over at about one thousand miles an hour—weighing trillions of tons—had to be stopped. Now we know that all arrested motion changes instantly to heat. It has been calculated that to stop the earth would cause as much heat as could be produced by burning three lumps of coal, each lump as large as this world.

Now, is it possible that a God in his right mind would waste all that force? The Bible also tells us that at the same time God cast hailstones from heaven on the poor heathen. If the writer had known something of astronomy he would have had more hailstones and said nothing about the sun and moon.

Is it wise for ministers to ask their congregations to believe this story? Is it wise for congregations to ask their ministers to believe this story? If Jehovah performed this miracle he must have been insane. There should be some relation, some proportion, between means and ends. No sane general would call into the field a million soldiers and a hundred batteries to kill one insect. And yet the disproportion of means to the end sought would be reasonable when compared with what Jehovah is claimed to have done.

If Jehovah existed let us admit that he had some sense.

If it should be demonstrated that the book of Joshua is all false, what harm could follow? There would remain the same reasons for living a useful and virtuous life; the same reasons against theft and murder. Virtue would lose no prop and vice would gain no crutch. Take all the miracles from the Old Testament and the book would be improved. Throw away all its cruelties and absurdities and its influence would be far better.

Professor Briggs seems to have doubts about the inspiration of Ruth. Is there any harm in that? What difference does it make whether the story of Ruth is fact or fiction; history or poetry? Its value is just the same. Who cares whether Hamlet or Lear lived? Who cares whether Imogen and Perdita were real women or the creation of Shakespeare's imagination?

The book of Esther is absurd and cruel. It has no ethical value. There is not a line, a word in it calculated to make a human being better. The king issued a decree to kill the Jews. Esther succeeded in getting this decree set aside, and induced the king to issue another decree that the Jews should kill the other folks, and so the Jews killed some seventy-five thousand of the king's subjects. Is it really important to believe that the book of Esther is inspired? Is it possible that Jehovah is proud of having written this book? Does he guard his copyright with the fires of hell? Why should the facts be kept from the people? Every intelligent minister knows that Moses did not write the Pentateuch; that David did not write the Psalms, and that Solomon was not the author of the song or the book of Ecclesiastes. Why not say so?

No intelligent minister believes the story of Daniel in the Lion's den, or of the three men who were cast into the furnace, or the story of Jonah. These miracles seem to have done no good—seem to have convinced nobody and to have had no consequences. Daniel w'as miraculously saved from the lions, and then the king sent for the men who had accused Daniel, for their wives and their children, and threw them all into the den of lions and they were devoured by beasts almost as cruel as Jehovah. What a beautiful story! How can any man be wicked enough to doubt its truth?

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh. Jonah ran away, took a boat for another place. God raised a storm, the sailors became frightened, threw Jonah overboard, and the poor wretch was swallowed and carried ashore by a fish that God had prepared. Then he made his proclamation in Nineveh. Then the people repented and Jonah was disappointed. Then he became malicious and found fault with God. Then comes the story of the gourd, the worm and the east wind, and the effect of the sun on a bald-

headed prophet. Would not this story be just as beautiful with the storm and fish left out? Could we not dispense with the gourd, the worm and the east wind?

Professor Briggs does not believe this story. He does not reject it because he is wicked or because he wishes to destroy religion, but because, in his judgment, it is not true. This may not be religious, but it is honest. It may not become a minister, but it certainly becomes a man.

Professor Briggs wishes to free the Old Testament from interpolations, from excrescences, from fungus growths, from mistakes and falsehoods.

I am satisfied that he is sincere, actuated by the noblest motives.

Suppose that all the interpolations in the Bible should be found and the original be perfectly restored, what evidence would we have that it was written by inspired men? How can the fact of inspiration be established? When was it established? Did Jehovah furnish anybody with a list of books he had inspired? Does anybody know that he ever said that he had inspired anybody? Did the writer of Genesis claim that he was inspired? Did any writer of any part of the Pentateuch make the claim? Did the authors of Joshua, Judges, Kings or Chronicles pretend that they had obtained their facts from Jehovah? Does the author of Job or of the Psalms pretend to have received assistance from God?

There is not the slightest reference to God in Esther or in Solomon's Song. Why should theologians say that those books were inspired? The dogma of inspiration rests on no established fact. It rests only on assertion—the assertion of those who have no knowledge on the subject. Professor Briggs calls the Bible a "holy" book. He seems to think that much of it was inspired; that it is in some sense a message from God. The reasons he has for thinking so I cannot even guess. He seems also to have his doubts about certain parts of the New Testament. He is not certain that the angel who appeared to Joseph in a dream was entirely truthful, or he is not certain that Joseph had the dream.

It seems clear that when the gospel according to Matthew was first written the writer believed that Christ was a lineal descendant of David, through his father, Joseph. The genealogy is given for the purpose of showing that the blood of David flowed in the veins of Christ. The man who wrote that genealogy had never heard that the Holy Ghost was the father of Christ. That was an afterthought.

How is it possible to prove that the Holy Ghost was the father of Christ? The Holy Ghost said nothing on the subject. Mary wrote nothing and we have no evidence that Joseph had a dream.

The divinity of Christ rests upon a dream that somebody said Joseph had.

According to the New Testament, Mary herself called Joseph the father of Christ. She told Christ that Joseph, his father, had been looking for him. Her statement is better evidence than Joseph's dream—if he really had it. If there are legends in Holy Scripture, as Professor Briggs declares, certainly the divine parentage of Christ is one of them. The story lacks even originality. Among the Greeks many persons had gods for fathers. Among Hindoos and Egyptians these god-men were common. So in many

other countries the blood of gods was in the veins of men. Such wonders, told in Sanscrit, are just as reasonable as when told in Hebrew—just as reasonable in India as in Palestine. Of course, there is no evidence that any human being had a god for a father, or a goddess for a mother. Intelligent people have outgrown these myths. Centaurs, satyrs, nymphs and god-men have faded away. Science murdered them all.

There are many contradictions in the gospels. They differ not only on questions of fact, but as to Christianity itself. According to Matthew, Mark and Luke, if you will forgive others God will forgive you. This is the one condition of salvation. But in John we find an entirely different religion. According to John you must be born again and believe in Jesus Christ. There you find for the first time about the atonement—that Christ died to save sinners. The gospel of John discloses a regular theological system—a new one. To forgive others is not enough. You must have faith. You must be born again.

The four gospels cannot be harmonized. If John is true the others are false. If the others are true John is false. From this there is no escape. I do not for a moment suppose that Professor Briggs agrees with me on these questions. He probably regards me as a very bad and wicked man, and my opinions as blasphemies. I find no fault with him for that. I believe him to be an honest man; right in some things and wrong in many. He seems to be true to his thought and I honor him for that.

He would like to get all the stumbling-blocks out of the Bible, so that a really thoughtful man can "believe." If theologians cling to the miracles recorded in the New Testament the entire book will be disparaged and denied. The "Gospel ship" is overloaded. Somethings must be thrown overboard or the boat will go down. If the churches try to save all they will lose all.

They must throw the miracles away. They must admit that Christ did not cast devils out of the bodies of men and women—that he did not cure diseases with a word, or blindness with spittle and clay; that he had no power over winds and waves; that he did not raise the dead; that he was not raised from the dead himself, and that he did not ascend bodily to heaven. These absurdities must be given up, or in a little while the orthodox ministers will be preaching the "tidings of great joy" to benches, bonnets and bibs.

Professor Briggs, as I understand him, is willing to give up the absurdest absurdities, but wishes to keep all the miracles that can possibly be believed. He is anxious to preserve the important miracles—the great central falsehoods—but the little lies that were told just to embellish the story—to furnish vines for the columns—he is willing to cast aside.

But Professor Briggs was honest enough to say that we do not know the authors of most of the books in the Bible; that we do not know who wrote the Psalms or Job or Proverbs or the Song of Songs or Ecclesiastes or the Epistle to the Hebrews. He also said that no translation can ever take the place of the original Scriptures, because a translation is at best the work of men. In other words, that God has not revealed to us the names of the inspired books. That this must be determined by us. Professor Briggs puts reason above revelation. By reason we are to decide what books are

inspired. By reason we are to decide whether anything has been improperly added to those books. By reason we are to decide the real meaning of those books.

It therefore follows that if the books are unreasonable they are uninspired. It seems to me that this position is absolutely correct. There is no other that can be defended. The Presbyterians who pretend to answer Professor Briggs seem to be actuated by hatred.

Dr. Da Costa answers with vituperation and epithet. He answers no argument; brings forward no fact; points out no mistake. He simply attacks the man. He exhibits the ordinary malice of those who love their enemies.

President Patton, of Princeton, is a despiser of reason; a hater of thought. Progress is the only thing that he fears. He knows that the Bible is absolutely true. He knows that every word is inspired. According to him, all questions have been settled, and criticism said its last word when the King James Bible was printed. The Presbyterian Church is infallible, and whoever doubts or denies will be damned. Morality is worthless without the creed. This, is the religion, the philosophy, of Dr. Patton. He fights with the ancient weapons, with stone and club. He is a private in Captain Calvin's company, and he marches to defeat with the courage of invincible ignorance.

I do not blame the Presbyterian Church for closing the mouth of Professor Briggs. That church believes the Bible—all of it—and the members did not feel like paying a man for showing that it was not all inspired. Long ago the Presbyterians stopped growing. They have been petrified for many years. Professor Briggs had been growing. He had to leave the church or shrink. He left. Then he joined the Episcopal Church. He probably supposed that that church preferred the living to the dead. He knew about Colenso, Stanley, Temple, Heber Newton, Dr. Rainsford and Farrar, and thought that the finger and thumb of authority would not insist on plucking from the mind the buds of thought.

Whether he was mistaken or not remains to be seen.

The Episcopal Church may refuse to ordain him, and by such refusal put the bigot brand upon its brow.

The refusal cannot injure Professor Briggs. It will leave him where it found him—with too much science for a churchman and too much superstition for a scientist; with his feet in the gutter and his head in the clouds.

I admire every man who is true to himself, to his highest ideal, and who preserves unstained the veracity of his soul.

I believe in growth. I prefer the living to the dead. Men are superior to mummies. Cradles are more beautiful than coffins. Development is grander than decay. I do not agree with Professor Briggs. I do not believe in inspired books, or in the Holy Ghost, or that any God has ever appeared to man. I deny the existence of the supernatural. I know of no religion that is founded on facts.

But I cheerfully admit that Professor Briggs appears to be candid, good tempered and conscientious—the opposite of those who attack him. He is not a Freethinker, but he honestly thinks that he is free.

Fragments

CLOVER.

** A letter written to Col. Thomas Donaldson, of Philadelphia, declining an invitation to be a guest of the Clover Club ofthat city.*

I regret that I cannot be “in clover” with you on the 28th instant.

A wonderful thing is clover! It means honey and cream,—that is to say, industry and contentment,—that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields, and at the cottage gate “bos” the bountiful serenely chewing satisfaction’s cud, in that blessed twilight pause that like a benediction falls between all toil and sleep.

This clover makes me dream of happy hours; of childhood’s rosy cheeks; of dimpled babes; of wholesome, loving wives; of honest men; of springs and brooks and violets and all there is of stainless joy in peaceful human life.

A wonderful word is “clover”! Drop the “c,” and you have the happiest of mankind. Drop the “r,” and “c,” and you have left the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Drop the “r,” and there remains a warm, deceitful bud that sweetens breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom was right:

“Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.”

Yours sincerely and regretfully,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

Washington, D. C., January 16, 1883.

SUPERSTITION puts belief above goodness—credulity above virtue.

Here are two men. One is industrious, frugal, honest, generous. He has a happy home—loves his wife and children—fills their lives with sunshine. He enjoys study, thoughts, music, and all the subtleties of Art—but he does not believe the creed—cares nothing for sacred books, worships no god and fears no devil.

The other is ignorant, coarse, brutal, beats his wife and children—but he believes—regards the Bible as inspired—bows to the priests, counts his beads, says his prayers, confesses and contributes, and the Catholic Church declares and the Protestant Churches declare that he is the better man.

The ignorant believer, coarse and brutal as he is, is going to heaven. He will be washed in the blood of the Lamb. He will have wings—a harp and a halo.

The intelligent and generous man who loves his fellow-men—who develops his brain, who enjoys the beautiful, is going to hell—to the eternal prison.

Such is the justice of God—the mercy of Christ.

WHILE reading the accounts of the coronation of the Czar, of the pageants, processions and feasts, of the pomp and parade, of the barbaric splendor, of cloth of gold and glittering gems, I could not help thinking of the poor and melancholy peasants, of the toiling, half-fed millions, of the sad and ignorant multitudes who belong body and soul to this Czar.

I thought of the backs that have been scarred by the knout, of the thousands in prisons for having dared to say a whispered word for freedom, of the great multitude who had been driven like cattle along the weary roads that lead to the hell of Siberia.

The cannon at Moscow were not loud enough, nor the clang of the bells, nor the blare of the trumpets, to drown the groans of the captives.

I thought of the fathers that had been torn from wives and children for the crime of speaking like men.

And when the priests spoke of the Czar as the “God-selected man,” the “God-adorned man,” my blood grew warm.

When I read of the coronation of the Czarina I thought of Siberia. I thought of girls working in the mines, hauling ore from the pits with chains about their waists; young girls, almost naked, at the mercy of brutal officials; young girls weeping and moaning their lives away because between their pure lips the word Liberty had burst into blossom.

Yet law neglects, forgets them, and crowns the Czarina. The injustice, the agony and horror in this poor world are enough to make mankind insane.

Ignorance and superstition crown impudence and tyranny. Millions of money squandered for the humiliation of man, to dishonor the people.

Back of the coronation, back of all the ceremonies, back of all the hypocrisy there is nothing but a lie.

It is not true that God “selected” this Czar to rule and rob a hundred millions of human beings.

It is all an ignorant, barbaric, superstitious lie—a lie that pomp and pageant, and flaunting flags, and robed priests, and swinging censers, cannot change to truth.

Those who are not blinded by the glare and glitter at Moscow see millions of homes on which the shadows fall; see millions of weeping mothers, whose children have been stolen by the Czar; see thousands of villages without schools, millions of houses without books, millions and millions of men, women and children in whose future there is no star and whose only friend is death.

The coronation is an insult to the nineteenth century.

Long live the people of Russia!

MUSIC.—The savage enjoys noises—explosion—the imitation of thunder. This noise expresses his feeling. He enjoys concussion. His ear and brain are in harmony. So, he takes cognizance of but few colors. The neutral tints make no impression on his eyes. He appreciates the flames of red and yellow. That is to say, there is a harmony between his brain and eye. As he advances, develops, progresses, his ear catches other sounds, his eye other colors. He becomes a complex being, and there has entered into his mind the idea of proportion. The music of the drum no longer satisfies him. He sees that there is as much difference between noises and melodies as between stones and statues. The strings in Corti's Harp become sensitive and possibly new ones are developed.

The eye keeps pace with the ear, and the worlds of sound and sight increase from age to age.

The first idea of music is the keeping of time—a recurring emphasis at intervals of equal length or duration. This is afterward modified—the music of joy being fast, the emphasis at short intervals, and that of sorrow slow.

After all, this music of time corresponds to the action of the blood and muscles. There is a rise and fall under excitement of both. In joy the heart beats fast, and the music corresponding to such emotion is quick. In grief—in sadness, the blood is delayed. In music the broad division is one of time. In language, words of joy are born of light—that which shines—words of grief of darkness and gloom. There is still another division: The language of happiness comes also from heat, and that of sadness from cold.

These ideas or divisions are universal. In all art are the light and shadow—the heat and cold.

OF COURSE ENGLAND has no love for America. By England I mean the governing class. Why should monarchy be in love with republicanism, with democracy? The monarch insists that he gets his right to rule from what he is pleased to call the will of God, whereas in a republic the sovereign authority is the will of the people. It is impossible that there should be any real friendship between the two forms of government.

We must, however, remember one thing, and that is, that there is an England within England—an England that does not belong to the titled classes—an England that has not been bribed or demoralized by those in authority; and that England has always been our friend, because that England is the friend of liberty and of progress everywhere. But the lackeys, the snobs, the flatterers of the titled, those who are willing to crawl that they may rise, are now and always have been the enemies of the great Republic.

It is a curious fact that in monarchical governments the highest and lowest are generally friends. There may be a foundation for this friendship in the fact that both are parasites—both live on the labor of honest men. After all, there is a kinship between the prince and the pauper. Both extend the hand for alms, and the fact that one is jeweled and the other extremely dirty makes no difference in principle—and

the owners of these hands have always been fast friends, and, in accordance with the great law of ingratitude, both have held in contempt the people who supported them.

One thing we must not forget, and that is that the best people of England are our friends. The best writers, the best thinkers are on our side. It is only natural that all who visit America should find some fault. We find fault ourselves, and to be thin-skinned is almost a plea of guilty. For my part, I have no doubt about the future of America. It not only is, but is to be for many, many generations, the greatest nation of the world.

I DO not care so much where, as with whom, I live. If the right folks are with me I can manage to get a good deal of happiness in the city or in the country. Cats love places and become attached to chimney-corners and all sorts of nooks—but I have but little of the cat in me, and am not particularly in love with places. After all, a palace without affection is a poor hovel, and the meanest hut with love in it is a palace for the soul.

If the time comes when poverty and want cease for the most part to exist, then the city will be far better than the country. People are always talking about the beauties of nature and the delights of solitude, but to me some people are more interesting than rocks and trees. As to city and country life I think that I substantially agree with Touchstone:

“In respect that it is solitary I like it very well; but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious.”

WHAT do I think of the lynchings in Georgia?

I suppose these outrages—these frightful crimes—make the same impression on my mind that they do on the minds of all civilized people. I know of no words strong enough, bitter enough, to express my indignation and horror. Men who belong to the “superior” race take a negro—a criminal, a supposed murderer, one alleged to have assaulted a white woman—chain him to a tree, saturate his clothing with kerosene, pile fagots about his feet. This is the preparation for the festival. The people flock in from the neighborhood—come in special trains from the towns. They are going to enjoy themselves.

Laughing and cursing they gather about the victim. A man steps from the crowd—a man who hates crime and loves virtue. He draws his knife, and in a spirit of merry sport cuts off one of the victim’s ears. This he keeps for a trophy—a souvenir. Another gentlemen fond of a jest cuts off the other ear. Another cuts off the nose of the chained and helpless wretch. The victim suffered in silence. He uttered no groan, no word—the one man of the two thousand who had courage.

Other white heroes cut and slashed his flesh. The crowd cheered. The people were intoxicated with joy. Then the fagots were lighted and the bleeding and mutilated man was clothed in flame.

The people were wild with hideous delight. With greedy eyes they watched him burn; with hungry ears they listened for his shrieks—for the music of his moans and cries. He did not shriek. The festival was not quite perfect.

But they had their revenge. They trampled on the charred and burning corpse. They divided among themselves the broken bones. They wanted mementos—keepsakes that they could give to their loving wives and gentle babes.

These horrors were perpetrated in the name of justice. The savages who did these things belong to the superior race. They are citizens of the great Republic. And yet, it does not seem possible that such fiends are human beings. They are a disgrace to our country, our century and the human race.

Ex-Governor Atkinson protested against this savagery. He was threatened with death. The good people were helpless. While these lynchers murder the blacks they will destroy their own country. No civilized man wishes to live where the mob is supreme. He does not wish to be governed by murderers.

Let me say that what I have said is flattery compared with what I feel. When I think of the other lynching—of the poor man mutilated and hanged without the slightest evidence, of the negro who said that these murders would be avenged, and who was brutally murdered for the utterance of a natural feeling—I am utterly at a loss for words.

Are the white people insane? Has mercy fled to beasts? Has the United States no power to protect a citizen? A nation that cannot or will not protect its citizens in time of peace has no right to ask its citizens to protect it in time of War.

OUR COUNTRY.—Our country is all we hope for—all we are. It is the grave of our father, of our mother, of each and every one of the sacred dead.

It is every glorious memory of our race. Every heroic deed. Every act of self-sacrifice done by our blood. It is all the accomplishments of the past—all the wise things said—all the kind things done—all the poems written and all the poems lived—all the defeats sustained—all the victories won—the girls we love—the wives we adore—the children we carry in our hearts—all the firesides of home—all the quiet springs, the babbling brooks, the rushing rivers, the mountains, plains and woods—the dells and dales and vines and vales.

GIFT GIVING.—I believe in the festival called Christmas—not in the celebration of the birth of any man, but to celebrate the triumph of light over darkness—the victory of the sun.

I believe in giving gifts on that day, and a real gift should be given to those who cannot return it; gifts from the rich to the poor, from the prosperous to the unfortunate, from parents to children.

There is no need of giving water to the sea or light to the sun. Let us give to those who need, neither asking nor expecting return, not even asking gratitude, only asking that the gift shall make the receiver happy—and he who gives in that way increases his own joy.

We have no right to enslave our children. We have no right to bequeath chains and manacles to our heirs. We have no right to leave a legacy of mental degradation.

Liberty is the birthright of all. Parents should not deprive their children of the great gifts of nature. We cannot all leave lands and gold to those we love; but we can leave Liberty, and that is of more value than all the wealth of India.

The dead have no right to enslave the living. To worship ancestors is to curse posterity. He who bows to the Past insults the Future; and allows, so to speak, the dead to rob the unborn. The coffin is good enough in its way, but the cradle is far better. With the bones of the fathers they beat out the brains of the children.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.—The road is short to anything we fear.

Youth goes hand in hand with hope—old age with fear. .

Youth has a wish—old age a dread.

In youth the leaves and buds seem loath to grow.

Youth shakes the glass to speed the lingering sands.

Youth says to Time: O crutched and limping laggard, get thee wings.

The dawn comes slowly, but the Westering day leaps like a lover to the dusky bosom of the Ethiop night.

I THINK that all days are substantially alike in the long run. It is no worse to drink on Sunday than on Monday. The idea that one day in the week is holy is wholly idiotic. Besides, these closing laws do no good.

Laws are not locks and keys. Saloon doors care nothing about laws. Law or no law, people will slip in, and then, having had so much trouble getting there, they will stay until they stagger out. These nasty, meddlesome, Pharisaic, hypocritical laws make sneaks and hypocrites. The children of these laws are like the fathers of the laws. Ever since I can remember, people have been trying to make other people temperate by intemperate laws. I have never known of the slightest success. It is a pity that Christ manufactured wine, a pity that Paul took heart and thanked God when he saw the sign of the Three Taverns; a pity that Jehovah put alcohol in almost everything that grows; a great pity that prayer-meetings are not more popular than saloons; a pity that our workingmen do not amuse themselves reading religious papers and the genealogies in the Old Testament.

Rum has caused many quarrels and many murders.

Religion has caused many wars and covered countless fields with dead.

Of course, all men should be temperate,—should avoid excess—should keep the golden path between extremes—should gather roses, not thorns. The only way to make men temperate is to develop the brain.

When passions and appetites are stronger than the intellect, men are savages; when the intellect governs the passions, when the passions are servants, men are civilized. The people need education—facts—philosophy. Drunkenness is one form of intemperance, prohibition is another form. Another trouble is that these little laws and ordinances can not be enforced.

Both parties want votes, and to get votes they will allow unpopular laws to sleep, neglected, and finally refuse to enforce them. These spasms of virtue, these convulsions of conscience are soon over, and then comes a long period of neglectful rest.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.—For countless ages the old earth has been making, in alternating light and shade, in gleam and gloom, the whirling circuit of the sun, leaving the record of its flight in many forms—in leaves of stone, in growth of tree and vine and flower, in glittering gems of many hues, in curious forms of monstrous life, in ravages of flood and flame, in fossil fragments stolen from decay by chance, in molten masses hurled from lips of fire, in gorges worn by waveless, foamless cataracts of ice, in coast lines beaten back by the imprisoned sea, in mountain ranges and in ocean reefs, in islands lifted from the underworld—in continents submerged and given back to light and life.

Another year has joined his shadowy fellows in the wide and voiceless desert of the past, where, from the eternal hour-glass forever fall the sands of time. Another year, with all its joy and grief, of birth and death, of failure and success—of love and hate. And now, the first day of the new o'er arches all. Standing between the buried and the babe, we cry, "Farewell and Hail!"—January 1,1893.

KNOWLEDGE consists in the perception of facts, their relations—conditions, modes and results of action. Experience is the foundation of knowledge—without experience it is impossible to know. It may be that experience can be transmitted—inherited. Suppose that an infinite being existed in infinite space. He being the only existence, what knowledge could he gain by experience? He could see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing. He would have no use for what we call the senses. Could he use what we call the faculties of the mind? He could not compare, remember, hope or fear. He could not reason. How could he know that he existed? How could he use force? There was in the universe nothing that would resist—nothing.

Most men are economical when dealing with abundance, hoarding gold and wasting time—throwing away the sunshine of life—the few remaining hours, and hugging to their shriveled hearts that which they do not and cannot even expect to use. Old age should enjoy the luxury of giving. How divine to live in the atmosphere, the climate of gratitude! The men who clutch and fiercely hold and look at wife and children with eyes dimmed by age and darkened by suspicion, giving naught until the end, then give to death the gratitude that should have been their own.

DEATH OF THE AGED.

After all, there is something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young, the strong. But when the duties of life have all been nobly done; when the sun touches the horizon; when the purple twilight falls upon the past, the present, and the future; when memory, with dim eyes, can scarcely spell the blurred and faded records of the vanished days—then, surrounded by kindred and by friends, death comes like a strain of music. The day has been long, the road weary, and the traveler gladly stops at the welcome inn.

Nearly forty-eight years ago, under the snow, in the little town of Cazenovia, my poor mother was buried. I was but two years old. I remember her as she looked in death. That sweet, cold face has kept my heart warm through all the changing years.

The World is Growing Poor.—Darwin the naturalist, the observer, the philosopher, is dead. Wagner the greatest composer the world has produced, is silent. Hugo the poet, patriot and philanthropist, is at rest. Three mighty rivers have ceased to flow. The smallest insect was made interesting by Darwin's glance; the poor blind worm became the farmer's friend—the maker of the farm,—and even weeds began to dream and hope.

But if we live beyond life's day and reach the dusk, and slowly travel in the shadows of the night, the way seems long, and being weary we ask for rest, and then, as in our youth, we chide the loitering hours. When eyes are dim and memory fails to keep a record of events; when ears are dull and muscles fail to obey the will; when the pulse is low and the tired heart is weak, and the poor brain has hardly power to think, then comes the dream, the hope of rest, the longing for the peace of dreamless sleep.

SAINTS.—The saints have poisoned life with piety. They have soured the mother's milk. They have insisted that joy is crime—that beauty is a bait with which the Devil captures the souls of men—that laughter leads to sin—that pleasure, in its every form, degrades, and that love itself is but the loathsome serpent of unclean desire. They have tried to compel men to love shadows rather than women—phantoms rather than people.

The saints have been the assassins of sunshine,—the skeletons at feasts. They have been the enemies of happiness. They have hated the singing birds, the blossoming plants. They have loved the barren and the desolate—the croaking raven and the hooting owl—tombstones, rather than statues.

And yet, with a strange inconsistency, happiness was to be enjoyed forever, in another world. There, pleasure, with all its corrupting influences, was to be eternal. No one pretended that heaven was to be filled with self-denial, with fastings and scourgings, with weepings and regrets, with solemn and emaciated angels, with sad-eyed seraphim, with lonely parsons, with mumbling monks, with shriveled nuns, with days of penance and with nights of prayer.

Yet all this self-denial on the part of the saints was founded in the purest selfishness. They were to be paid for all their sufferings in another world. They were "laying up treasures in heaven." They had made a bargain with God. He had offered eternal joy to those who would make themselves miserable here. The saints gladly and cheerfully accepted the terms. They expected pay for every pang of hunger, for every groan, for every tear, for every temptation resisted; and this pay was to bean eternity of joy. The selfishness of the saints was equaled only by the stupidity of the saints.

It is not true that character is the aim of life. Happiness should be the aim—and as a matter of fact is and always has been the aim, not only of sinners, but of saints. The saints seemed to think that happiness was better in another world than here, and they expected this happiness beyond the clouds. They looked upon the sinner as foolish to enjoy himself for the moment here, and in consequence thereof to suffer forever. Character is not an end, it is a means to an end. The object of the saint is happiness hereafter—the means, to make himself miserable here. The object of the philosopher is happiness here and now, and hereafter,—if there be another world.

If struggle and temptation, misery and misfortune, are essential to the formation of what you call character, how do you account for the perfection of your angels, or for the goodness of your God? Were the angels perfected through misfortune? If happiness is the only good in heaven, why should it not be considered the only good here?

In order to be happy, we must be in harmony with the conditions of happiness. It cannot be obtained by prayer,—it does not come from heaven—it must be found here, and nothing should be done, or left undone, for the sake of any supernatural being, but for the sake of ourselves and other natural beings.

The early Christians were preparing for the end of the world. In their view, life was of no importance except as it gave them time to prepare for "The Second Coming." They were crazed by fear. Since that time, the world not coming to the expected end, they have been preparing for "The Day of Judgment," and have, to the extent of their ability, filled the world with horror. For centuries, it was, and still is, their business to destroy the pleasures of this life. In the midst of prosperity they have prophesied disaster. At every feast they have spoken of famine, and over the cradle they have talked of death. They have held skulls before the faces of terrified babes. On the cheeks of health they see the worms of the grave, and in their eyes the white breasts of love are naught but corruption and decay.

THE WASTE FORCES OF NATURE.—For countless years the great cataracts, as for instance, Niagara, have been singing their solemn songs, filling the savage with terror, the civilized with awe; recording its achievements in books of stone—useless and sublime; inspiring beholders with the majesty of purposeless force and the wastefulness of nature.

Force great enough to turn the wheels of the world, lost, useless.

So with the great tides that rise and fall on all the shores of the world—lost forces. And yet man is compelled to use to exhaustion's point the little strength he has.

This will be changed.

The great cataracts and the great tides will submit to the genius of man. They are to be for use. Niagara will not be allowed to remain a barren roar. It must become the servant of man. It will weave robes for men and women. It will fashion implements for the farmer and the mechanic. It will propel coaches for rich and poor. It will fill streets and homes with light, and the old barren roar will be changed to songs of success, to the voices of love and content and joy.

Science at last has found that all forces are convertible into each other, and that all are only different aspects of one fact.

So the flood is still a terror, but, in my judgment, the time will come when the floods will be controlled by the genius of man, when the tributaries of the great rivers and their tributaries will be dammed in such a way as to collect the waters of every flood and give them out gradually through all the year, maintaining an equal current at all times in the great rivers.

We have at last found that force occupies a circle, that Niagara is a child of the Sun—that the sun shines, the mist rises, clouds form, the rain falls, the rivers flow to the lakes, and Niagara fills the heavens with its song. Man will arrest the falling flood; he will change its force to electricity; that is to say, to light, and then force will have made the circuit from light to light.

ARE Men's characters fully determined at the age of thirty?

It depends, first, on what their opportunities have been—that is to say, on their surroundings, their education, their advantages; second, on the shape, quality and quantity of brain they happen to possess; third, on their mental and moral courage; and, fourth, on the character of the people among whom they live.

The natural man continues to grow. The longer he lives, the more he ought to know, and the more he knows, the more he changes the views and opinions held by him in his youth. Every new fact results in a change of views more or less radical. This growth of the mind may be hindered by the "tyrannous north wind" of public opinion; by the bigotry of his associates; by the fear that he cannot make a living if he becomes unpopular; and it is to some extent affected by the ambition of the person;

that is to say, if he wishes to hold office the tendency is to agree with his neighbor, or at least to round off and smooth the corners and angles of difference. If a man wishes to ascertain the truth, regardless of the opinions of his fellow-citizens, the probability is that he will change from day to day and from year to year—that is, his intellectual horizon will widen—and that what he once deemed of great importance will be regarded as an exceedingly small segment of a greater circle.

Growth means change. If a man grows after thirty years he must necessarily change. Many men probably reach their intellectual height long before they have lived thirty years, and spend the balance of their lives in defending the mistakes of their youth. A great man continues to grow until his death, and growth—as I said before—means change. Darwin was continually finding new facts, and kept his mind as open to a new truth as the East is to the rising of another sun. Humboldt at the age of ninety maintained the attitude of a pupil, and was, until the moment of his death, willing to learn.

The more a man knows, the more willing he is to learn. The less a man knows, the more positive, a? is that he knows everything.

The smallest minds mature the earliest. The less there is to a man the quicker he attains his growth. I have known many people who reached their intellectual height while in their mother's arms. I have known people who were exceedingly smart babies to become excessively stupid people. It is with men as with other things. The mullein needs only a year, but the oak a century, and the greatest men are those who have continued to grow as long as they have lived. Small people delight in what they call consistency—that is, it gives them immense pleasure to say that they believe now exactly as they did ten years ago. This simply amounts to a certificate that they have not grown—that they have not developed—and that they know just as little now as they ever did. The highest possible conception of consistency is to be true to the knowledge of to-day, without the slightest reference to what your opinion was years ago.

There is another view of this subject. Few men have settled opinions before or at thirty. Of course, I do not include persons of genius. At thirty the passions have, as a rule, too much influence; the intellect is not the pilot. At thirty most men have prejudices rather than opinions—that is to say, rather than judgments—and few men have lived to be sixty without materially modifying the opinions they held at thirty.

As I said in the first place, much depends on the shape, quality and quantity of brain; much depends on mental and moral courage. There are many people with great physical courage who are afraid to express their opinions; men who will meet death without a tremor and will yet hesitate to express their views.

So, much depends on the character of the people among whom we live. A man in the old times living in New England thought several times before he expressed any opinion contrary to the views of the majority. But if the people have intellectual hospitality, then men express their views—and it may be that we change somewhat in proportion to the decency of our neighbors. In the old times it was thought that God was opposed to any change of opinion, and that nothing so excited the auger of the deity as the expression of a new thought. That idea is fading away.

The real truth is that men change their opinions as long as they grow, and only those remain of the same opinion still who have reached the intellectual autumn of their lives; who have gone to seed, and who are simply waiting for the winter of death. Now and then there is a brain in which there is the climate of perpetual spring—men who never grow old—and when such a one is found we say, “Here is a genius.”

Talent has the four seasons: spring, that is to say, the sowing of the seeds; summer, growth; autumn, the harvest; winter, intellectual death. But there is now and then a genius who has no winter, and, no matter how many years he may live, on the blossom of his thought no snow falls. Genius has the climate of perpetual growth.

THE MOIETY SYSTEM.—The Secretary of the Treasury recommends a revival of the moiety system. Against this infamous step every honest citizen ought to protest.

In this country, taxes cannot be collected through such instrumentalities.
An *informer* is not indigenous to our soil. He always has been and always will be held in merited contempt.

Every inducement, by this system, is held out to the informer to become a liar. The spy becomes an officer of the Government. He soon becomes the terror of his superior. He is a sword without a hilt and without a scabbard. Every taxpayer becomes the lawful prey of a detective whose property depends upon the destruction of his prey.

These informers and spies are corrupters of public morals. They resort to all known dishonest means for the accomplishment of what they pretend to be an honest object. With them perjury becomes a fine art. Their words are a commodity bought and sold in courts of justice.

This is the first phase. In a little while juries will refuse to believe them, and every suit in which they are introduced will be lost by the Government. Of this the real thieves will be quick to take advantage. So many honest men will have been falsely charged by perjured informers and moiety miscreants, that to convict the guilty will become impossible. If the Government wishes to collect the taxes it must set an honorable example. It must deal kindly and honestly with the people. It must not inaugurate a vampire system of espionage. It must not take it for granted that every manufacturer and importer is a thief, and that all spies and informers are honest men.

The revenues of this country are as honestly paid as they are expended. There has been as much fair dealing outside as inside of the Treasury Department.

But, however that may be, the informer system will not make them honest men, but will in all probability produce exactly the opposite result. If our system of taxation is so unpopular that the revenues cannot be collected without bribing men to tell the truth; if our officers must be offered rewards beyond their salaries to state the facts; if it is impossible to employ men to discharge their duties honestly, then let us change the system. The moiety system makes the Treasury Department a vast vampire sucking the blood of the people upon shares. Americans detest informers,

spies, detectives, turners of State's evidence, eavesdroppers, paid listeners, hypocrites, public smellers, trackers, human hounds and ferrets. They despise men who "suspect" for a living; they hate legal lyers-in-wait and the highwaymen of the law. They abhor the betrayers of friends and those who lead and tempt others to commit a crime in order that they may detect it. In a monarchy, the detective system is a necessity. The great thief has to be sustained by smaller ones.—December 4,1877.

LANGUAGE.—Most people imagine that men have always talked; that language is as old as the race; and it is supposed that some language was taught by some mythological god to the first pair. But we now know, if we know anything, that language is a growth; that every word had to be created by man, and that back of every word is some want, some wish, some necessity of the body or mind, and also a genius to embody that want or that wish, to express that thought in some sound that we call a word.

At first, the probability is that men uttered sounds of fear, of content, of anger, or happiness. And the probability is that the first sounds or cries expressed such feelings, and these sounds were nouns, adjectives, and verbs.

After a time, man began to give his ideas to others by rude pictures, drawings of animals and trees and the various other things with which he could give rude thoughts. At first he would make a picture of the whole animal. Afterward some part of the animal would stand for the whole, and in some of the old picture-writings the curve of the nostril of a horse stands for the animal. This was the shorthand of picture-writing. But it was a long journey to where marks would stand, not for pictures, but for sounds. And then think of the distance still to the alphabet. Then to writing, so that marks took entirely the place of pictures. Then the invention of movable type, and then the press, making it possible to save the wealth of the brain; making it possible for a man to leave not simply his property to his fellow-man, not houses and lands and dollars, but his ideas, his thoughts, his theories, his dreams, the poetry and pathos of his soul. Now each generation is heir to all the past.

If we had free thought, then we could collect the wealth of the intellectual world. In the physical world, springs make the creeks and brooks, and they the rivers, and the rivers empty into the great sea. So each brain should add to the sum of human knowledge. If we deny freedom of thought, the springs cease to gurgle, the rivers to run, and the great ocean of knowledge becomes a desert of barren, ignorant sand.

THIS IS AN AGE OF MONEY-GETTING, of materialism, of cold, unfeeling science. The question arises, Is the world growing less generous, less heroic, less chivalric?

Let us answer this. The experience of the individual is much like the experience of a generation, or of a race. An old man imagines that everything was better when he was young; that the weather could then be depended on; that sudden changes are recent inventions. So he will tell you that people used to be honest; that the grocers gave full weight and the merchants full measure, and that the bank cashier did not spend the evening of his days in Canada.

He will also tell you that the women were handsome and virtuous. There were no scandals then, no divorces, and that in religion all were orthodox—no Infidels. Before he gets through, he will probably tell you that the art of cooking has been lost—that nobody can make biscuit now, and that he never expects to eat another slice of good bread.

He mistakes the twilight of his own life for the coming of the night of universal decay and death. He imagines that that has happened to the world, which has only happened to him. It does not occur to him that millions at the moment he is talking are undergoing the experience of his youth, and that when they become old they will praise the very days that he denounces.

The Garden of Eden has always been behind us. The Golden Age, after all, is the memory of youth—it is the result of remembered pleasure in the midst of present pain.

To old age youth is divine, and the morning of life cloudless.

So now thousands and millions of people suppose that the age of true chivalry has gone by and that honesty has about concluded to leave the world. As a matter of fact, the age known as the age of chivalry was the age of tyranny, of arrogance and cowardice. Men clad in complete armor cut down the peasants that were covered with leather, and these soldiers of the chivalric age armored themselves to that degree that if they fell in battle they could not rise, held to the earth by the weight of iron that their bravery had got itself entrenched within. Compare the difference in courage between going to war in coats of mail against sword and spear, and charging a battery of Krupp guns!

The ideas of justice have grown larger and nobler. Charity now does, without a thought, what the average man a few centuries ago was incapable of imagining. In the old times slavery was upheld, and imprisonment for debt. Hundreds of crimes—or rather misdemeanors—were punishable by death. Prisons were loathsome beyond description. Thousands and thousands died in chains. The insane were treated like wild beasts; no respect was paid to sex or age. Women were burned and beheaded and torn asunder as though they had been hyenas, and children were butchered with the greatest possible cheerfulness.

So it seems to me that the world is more chivalric, more generous, nearer just and fair, more charitable, than ever before.

THE COLORED MAN is doing well. He is hungry for knowledge. Their children are going to school. Colored boys are taking prizes in the colleges. A colored man was the orator of Harvard. They are industrious, and in the South many are becoming rich. As the people, black and white, become educated they become better friends. The old prejudice is the child of ignorance. The colored man will succeed if the South succeeds. The South is richer to-day than ever before, more prosperous, and both races are really improving. The greatest danger in the South, and for that matter all over the country, is the mob. It is the duty of every good citizen to denounce the mob. Down with the mob.

FREEDOM OF RELIGION is the destruction of religion. In Rome, after people were allowed to worship their own gods, all gods fell into disrepute. It will be so in America. Here is freedom of religion, and all devotees find that the gods of other devotees are just as good as theirs. They find that the prayers of others are answered precisely as their prayers are answered.

The Protestant God is no better than the Catholic, and the Catholic is no better than the Mormon, and the Mormon is no better than Nature for answering prayers. In other words, all prayers die in the air which they uselessly agitate. There is undoubtedly a tendency among the Protestant denominations to unite. This tendency is born of weakness, not of strength. In a few years, if all should unite, they would hardly have power enough to obstruct, for any considerable time, the march of the intellectual host destined to conquer the world. But let us all be good natured; let us give to others all the rights that we claim for ourselves. The future, I believe, has both hands full of blessings for the human race.

THE DEISTS AND NATURE.—We who deny the supernatural origin of the Bible, must admit not only that it exists, but that it was naturally produced. If it is not supernatural, it is natural. It will hardly do for the worshipers of Nature to hold the Bible in contempt, simply because it is not a supernatural book.

The Deists of the last century made a mistake. They proceeded to show that the Bible is immoral, untrue, cruel and absurd, and therefore came to the conclusion that it could not have been written by a being of infinite wisdom and goodness,—the being whom they believed to be the author of Nature. Could not infinite wisdom and goodness just as easily command crime as to permit it? Is it really any worse to order the strong to slay the weak, than to stand by and refuse to protect the weak?

After all, is Nature, taken together, any better than the Bible? If God did not command the Jews to murder the Canaanites, Nature, to say the least, did not prevent it. If God did not uphold the practice of polygamy, Nature did. The moment we deny the supernatural origin of the Bible, we declare that Nature wrote its every word, commanded all its cruelties, told all its falsehoods. The Bible is, like Nature, a mixture of what we call “good” and “bad,”—of what appears, and of what in reality is.

The Bible must have been a perfectly natural production not only, but a necessary one. There was, and is, no power in the universe that could have changed one word. All the mistakes in translation were necessarily made, and not one, by any possibility, could have been avoided. That book, like all other facts in Nature, could not have been otherwise than it is. The fact being that Nature has produced all superstitions, all persecution, all slavery, and every crime, ought to be sufficient to deter the average man from imagining that this power, whatever it may be, is worthy of worship.

There is good in Nature. It is the nature in us that perceives the evil, that pursues the right. In man, Nature not only contemplates herself, but approves or condemns her

actions. Of course, “good” and “bad” are relative terms, and things are “good” or “bad” as they affect man well or ill.

Infidels, skeptics,—that is to say, Freethinkers, have opposed the Bible on account of the bad things in it, and Christians have upheld it, not on account of the bad, but on account of the good. Throw away the doctrine of inspiration, and the Bible will be more powerful for good and far less for evil. Only a few years ago, Christians looked upon the Bible as the bulwark of human slavery. It was the word of God, and for that reason was superior to the reason of uninspired man. Had it been considered simply as the work of man, it would not have been quoted to establish that which the man of this age condemns. Throw away the idea of inspiration, and all passages in conflict with liberty, with science, with the experience of the intelligent part of the human race, instantly become harmless. They are no longer guides for man. They are simply the opinions of dead barbarians. The good passages not only remain, but their influence is increased, because they are relieved of a burden.

No one cares whether the truth is inspired or not. The truth is independent of man, not only, but of God. And by truth I do not mean the absolute, I mean this: Truth is the relation between things and thoughts, and between thoughts and thoughts. The perception of this relation bears the same relation to the logical faculty in man, that music does to some portion of the brain—that is to say, it is a mental melody. This sublime strain has been heard by a few, and I am enthusiastic enough to believe that it will be the music of the future.

For the good and for the true in the Old and New Testaments I have the same regard that I have for the good and true, no matter where they may be found. We who know how false the history of to-day is; we who know the almost numberless mistakes that men make who are endeavoring to tell the truth; we who know how hard it is, with all the facilities we now have—with the daily press, the telegraph, the fact that nearly all can read and write—to get a truthful report of the simplest occurrence, must see that nothing short of inspiration (admitting for the moment the possibility of such a thing,) could have prevented the Scriptures from being filled with error.

AT LAST, THE SCHOOLHOUSE is larger than the church. The common people have, through education, become uncommon. They now know how little is really known by kings, presidents, legislators, and professors. At last, they are capable of not only understanding a few questions, but they have acquired the art of discussing those that no one understands. With the facility of the cultured, they can now hide behind phrases and make barricades of statistics. They understand the sophistries of the upper classes; and while the cultured have been turning their attention to the classics, to the dead languages, and the dead ideas that they contain,—while they have been giving their attention to ceramics, artistic decorations, and compulsory prayers, the common people have been compelled to learn the practical things. They are acquainted with facts, because they have done the work of the world.

CRUELTY.—Sometimes it has seemed to me that cruelty is the climate of crime, and that generosity is the Spring, Summer and Autumn of virtue. Every form of wickedness, of meanness, springs from selfishness, that is to say, from cruelty. Every good man hates and despises the wretch who abuses wife and child—who rules by curses and blows and makes his home a kind of hell. So, no generous man wishes to associate with one who overworks his horse and feeds the lean and fainting beast with blows.

The barbarian delights in inflicting pain. He loves to see his victim bleed,—but the civilized man staunches blood, binds up wounds and decreases pain. He pities the suffering animal as well as the suffering man.

He would no more inflict wanton wounds upon a dog than on a man. The heart of the civilized man speaks for the dumb and helpless.

A good man would no more think of flaying a living animal than of murdering his mother. The man who cuts a hoof from the leg of a horse is capable of committing any crime that does not require courage. Such an experiment can be of no use. Under no circumstances are hoofs taken from horses for the good of the horses any more than their heads would be cut off.

Think of the pain inflicted by separating the hoof of a living horse from the flesh! If the poor beast could speak what would he say? The same knowledge could be obtained by cutting away the hoof of a dead horse. Knowledge of every bone, ligament, artery and vein, of every cartilage and joint can be obtained by the dissection of the dead. “But,” says the biologist, “we must dissect the living.”

Well, millions of living animals have been cut in pieces; millions of experiments have been tried; all the nerves have been touched; every possible agony has been inflicted that ingenuity could invent and cruelty accomplish. Many volumes have been published filled with accounts of these experiments, giving all the details and the results. People who are curious about such things can read these reports. There is no need of repeating these savage experiments. It is now known how long a dog can live with all the pores of his skin closed, how long he can survive the loss of his skin, or one lobe of his brain, or both of his kidneys, or part of his intestines, or without his liver, and there is no necessity of mutilating and mangling thousands of other dogs to substantiate what is already known.

Of what possible use is it to know just how long an animal can live without water—at what time he becomes insane from thirst, or blind or deaf?

THE WORLD’S FAIR will do great good. A great many thousand people of the Old World will for the first time understand the new; will for the first time appreciate what a free people can do. For the first time they will know the value of free institutions, of individual independence, of a country where people express their thoughts, are not afraid of each other, not afraid to try—a people so accustomed to success that disaster is not taken into calculation. Of course, we have great advantages. We have a new half of the world. We have soil better than is found in other countries, and the soil is new and generous and anxious to be cultivated. So we

have everything in hill and mountain that man can need—silver, and gold, and iron beyond computation—and, in addition to all that, our people are the most inventive. We sustain about the same relation to invention that Italy in her palmy days did to art, or that Spain did to superstition.

And right here it may be well enough to say that I think it was exceedingly unfortunate that this country was discovered under the auspices of Spain. Ferdinand and Isabella were a couple of wretches. The same year that Columbus discovered America, these sovereigns expelled the Jews from Spain, and the expulsion was accompanied by every outrage, by every atrocity to which man—that is to say, savage man—that is to say, the superstitious savage—is capable of inflicting.

The Spaniards came to America and destroyed two civilizations far better than their own. They were natural robbers, buccaneers, and thought nothing of murdering thousands for gold. I am perfectly willing to celebrate the fact of discovery, but for the sovereigns of Spain I am not willing to celebrate, except, perhaps their deaths. There is at least some joy to be extracted from that.

In spite of the untoward circumstances under which the continent was discovered and settled, there is one thing that counteracted to a certain degree the influence of the Old World in the New. Possibly we owe our liberty to the Indians. If there had been no hostile savages on this continent, the kings and princes of the Old World would have taken possession and would have divided it out among their favorites. They tried to do that, but their favorites could not take possession. They had to fight for the soil and in the conflict of centuries they found that a good fighter was a good citizen, and the ideas of caste were slowly lost.

Then another thing was of benefit to us. The settlers felt that they had earned the soil; that they had fought for it, gained it by their sufferings, their courage, their selfdenial, and their labor; and the idea crept into their heads that the kings in Europe, who had done nothing, had no right to dictate to them.

Thus at first the spirit of caste was destroyed by respectability resting on usefulness. The spirit of subserviency to the Old World also died, and the people who had rescued the land made up their minds not only to own it, but to control it. They were also firmly convinced that the profits belonged to them. In this way manhood was recognized in the New World. In this way grew up the feeling of nationality here.

What I wish to see celebrated in this great exposition are the triumphs that have been achieved in this New World. These I wish to see above all. At the same time I want the best that labor and thought have produced in all countries. It seems to me that in the presence of the wonderful machines, of those marvelous mechanical contrivances by which we take advantage of the forces of nature, by which we make servants of the elemental powers—in the presence, I say, of these, it seems to me respect for labor must be born. We shall begin to appreciate the men of use instead of those who have posed as decorations. All the beautiful things, all the useful things, come from labor, and it is labor that has made the world a fit habitation for the human race.

Take from the World's Fair what labor has produced—the work of the great artists—and nothing will be left. What have the great conquerors to show in this great

exhibition? What shall we get from the Caesars and the Napoleons? What shall we get from popes and cardinals? What shall we get from the nobility? From princes and lords and dukes? What excuse have they for having existence and for having lived on the bread earned by honest men? They stand in the show-windows of history, lay figures, on which fine goods are shown, but inside the raiment there is nothing, and never was. This exposition will be the apotheosis of labor. No man can attend it without losing, if he has any sense at all, the spirit of caste; or, if he still maintains it, he will put the useful in the highest class, and the useless, whether carrying sceptres or dishes for alms, in the lowest.—October, 1892.

THE SAVAGE made of the river, the tree, the mountain, a fetich. He put within, or behind these things, a spirit—according to Mr. Spencer, the spirit of a dead ancestor. This is considered by the modern Christian, and in fact by the modern philosopher, as the lowest possible phase of the religious idea. To put behind the river or the tree, or within them, a spirit, a something, is considered the religion of savagery; but to put behind the universe, or within it, the same kind of fetich, is considered the height of philosophy.

For my part, I see no possible distinction in these systems, except that the view of the savage is altogether the more poetic. The *fetich* of the savage is the *noumenon* of the Greek, the *God* of the theologian, the *First Cause* of the metaphysician, the *Unknowable* of Spencer.

THE UNTHINKABLE.—It is admitted by all who have thought upon the question that a First Cause is unthinkable—that a creative power is beyond the reach of human thought. It therefore follows that the miraculous is unthinkable. There is no possible way in which the human mind can even think of a miracle. It is infinitely beyond our power of conception. We can conceive of the statement, but not of the thing. It is impossible for the intellect to conceive of a clay pot producing oil. It is impossible to conceive even, of human life being perpetuated in the midst of fire. This is just as unthinkable as that twice two are twenty-seven. A man can say that three times three are two, but it is impossible to think of any such thing—that is, to think of such a statement as true. A man may say that he heard a stone sing a song and heard it afterward repeat a part of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Now, I can conceive of a man telling such a falsehood, but I cannot conceive of the thing having happened.

CAN HUMAN TESTIMONY Overcome the Apparently Impossible Without Explanation?—It can only be believed by a philosophic mind when explained—that is to say, by being destroyed as a miracle, and persisting simply as a fact.

Now, I say that a miracle is unthinkable because a power above Nature, a power that created Nature, is unthinkable. And if a power above Nature be unthinkable, the miracles claiming to be supernatural are unthinkable. In other words, all consequences flowing from a belief in an infinite Creator are necessarily unthinkable.

EDOUARD REMENYI.—This week the great violinist, Edouard Remenyi, as my guest, visited the Bass Rocks House, Cape Ann, Mass., and for three days delighted and entranced the fortunate idlers of the beach. He played nearly all the time, night and day, seemingly carried away with his own music. Among the many selections given, were the andante from the Tenth Sonata in E flat, also from the Twelfth Sonata in G minor, by Mozart. Nothing could exceed the wonderful playing of the selections from the Twelfth Sonata. A hush as of death fell upon the audience, and when he ceased, tears fell upon applauding hands. Then followed the Elegie from Ernst; then "The Ideal Dance" composed by himself—a fairy piece, full of wings and glancing feet, moonlight and melody, where fountains fall in showers of pearl, and waves of music die on sands of gold—then came the "Barcarole" by Schubert, and he played this with infinite spirit, in a kind of inspired frenzy, as though music itself were mad with joy; then the grand Sonata in G, in three movements, by Beethoven.—August, 1880.

Remenyi's Playing.—In my mind the old tones are still rising and falling—still throbbing, pleading, beseeching, imploring, wailing like the lost—rising winged and triumphant, superb and victorious—then caressing, whispering every thought of love—intoxicated, delirious with joy—panting with passion—fading to silence as softly and imperceptibly as consciousness is lost in sleep.

THE KINDERGARTEN is perfectly adapted to the natural needs and desires of children. Most children dislike the old system and go "unwillingly to school." They feel imprisoned and wait impatiently for their liberty. They learn without understanding and take no interest in their lessons. In the Kindergarten there is perfect liberty, and study is transformed into play. To learn is a pleasure. There are no wearisome tasks—no mental drudgery—nothing but enjoyment,—the enjoyment of natural development in natural ways. Children do not have to be driven to the Kindergarten. To be kept away is a punishment.

The experience in many towns and cities justifies our belief that the Kindergarten is the only valuable school for little children. They are brought in contact with actual things—with forms and colors—things that can be seen and touched, and they are taught to use their hands and senses—to understand qualities and relations, and all is done under the guise of play. We agree with Froebel who said: "Let us live for our children."

THE METHODIST CHURCH STATISTICS.—First. In 1800, a resolution in favor of gradual emancipation was defeated.

Second. In 1804, resolutions passed requiring ministers to exhort slaves to be obedient to their masters.

Third. In 1808, everything about laymen owning slaves Stricken out.

Fourth. In 1820, a resolution that ministers should not hold slaves was defeated.

Fifth. In 1836, a resolution passed that the Methodist Church opposed, abolition of slavery—one hundred and twenty to fourteen.

Sixth. In 1845-1846, the Methodist Church divided—Bishop Andrews owned slaves.

Seventh. As late as 1860 there were over ten thousand Methodists who were slaveholders in the M. E. Church, North.

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117 East 21st Str., N. Y.

Feby. 18, 1899.

My Dear Dr. Ranney:

I go to Boston to-morrow. So, you see it is impossible for me to be with you on the 22d inst. I would like to make a few remarks on "orthodox billiards." The fact is that the whole world is a table, we are the balls and Fate plays the game. We are knocked and whacked against each other,—followed and drawn—whirled and twisted, pocketed and spotted, and all the time we think that we are doing the playing. But no matter, we feel that we are in the game, and a real good illusion is, after all, it may be, the only reality that we know. At the same time, I feel that Fate is a careless player—that he is always a little nervous and generally forgets to chalk his cue. I know that he has made lots of mistakes with me—lots of misses.

With many thanks, I remain, yours always.

R. G. Ingersoll.

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS, 1891.—It is beautiful to give one day to the ideal—to have one day apart; one day for generous deeds, for good will, for gladness; one day to forget the shadows, the rains, the storms of life; to remember the sunshine, the happiness of youth and health; one day to forget the briers and thorns of the winding path, to remember the fruits and flowers; one day in which to feed the hungry, to salute the poor and lowly; one day to feel the brotherhood of man; one day to remember the heroic and loving deeds of the dead; one day to get acquainted with children, to remember the old, the unfortunate and the imprisoned; one day in which to forget yourself and think lovingly of others; one day for the family, for the fireside, for wife and children, for the love and laughter, the joy and rapture, of home; one day in which bonds and stocks and deeds and notes and interest and mortgages and all kinds of business and trade are forgotten, and all stores and shops and factories and offices and banks and ledgers and accounts and lawsuits are cast aside, put away and locked up, and the weary heart and brain are given a voyage to fairyland.

Let us hope that such a day is a prophecy of what all days will be.

THE ORTHODOX PREACHERS are several centuries in the rear. They all love the absurd, and glory in believing the impossible. They are also as conservative as though they were dead—good people—the leaders of those who are going backward.

WE TWO, THE DOUBTING BRAIN AND HOPING HEART, with somber thought and radiant wish, in dusk and dawn, in light and shade 'neath star and sun, together journeying toward the night. And then the end, sighs the doubting brain—but there is no end, says the hoping heart. O Brain! if you knew, you would not doubt. O Heart! if you knew, you would not hope.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES spring from the same source. He who has no rights has no duties. Without liberty there can be no responsibility and no conscience. Man calls himself to an account for the use of his power, and passes judgment upon himself. The standard of such judgment we call conscience. In the proportion that man uses his liberty, his power, for the good of all, he advances, becomes civilized. Civilization does not consist merely in invention, discovery, material advancement, but in doing justice. By civilization is meant all discoveries, facts, theories, agencies, that add to the happiness of man.

AT BAY.—Sometimes in the darkness of night I feel as though surrounded by the great armies of effacement—that the horizon is growing smaller every moment—that the final surrender is only postponed—that everything is taking something from me—that Nature robs me with her countless hands—that my heart grows weaker with every beat—that even kisses wear me away, and that every thought takes toll of my brief life.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.*—One year of perfect health—of countless smiles—of wonder and surprise—of growing thought and love—was duly celebrated on this day, and all paid tribute to the infant queen. There were whirling things that scattered music as they turned—and boxes filled with tunes—and curious animals of whittled wood—and ivory rings with tinkling bells—and little dishes for a fairy-feast—horses that rocked, and bleating sheep and monstrous elephants of painted tin. A baby-tender, for a tender babe, garments of silk and cushions wrought with flowers, and pictures of her mother when a babe—and silver dishes for another year—and coach and four and train of cars—and bric-a-brac for a baby's house—and last of all, a pearl, to mark her first round year of life and love.

SHELLEY.—The light of morn beyond the purple hills—a palm that lifts its coronet of leaves above the desert's sands—an isle of green in some far sea—a spring that waits for lips of thirst—a strain of music heard within some palace wrought of dreams—a cloud of gold above a setting sun—a fragrance wafted from some unseen shore.

FATE.—Never hurried, never delayed, passionless, pitiless, patient, keeping the tryst—neither early nor late—there, on the very stroke and center of the instant fixed.

QUIET, and introspective calm come with the afternoon. Toward evening the mind grows satisfied and still. The flare and flicker of youth are gone, and the soul is like the flame of a lamp where the air is at rest. Age discards the superfluous, the immaterial, the straw and chaff, and hoards the golden grain. The highway is known, and the paths no longer mislead. Clouds are not mistaken for mountains.

THE OLD MAN has been long at the fair. He is acquainted with the jugglers at the booths. His curiosity has been satisfied. He no longer cares for the exceptional, the monstrous, the marvelous and deformed. He looks through and beyond the gilding, the glitter and gloss, not only of things, but of conduct, of manners, theories, religions and philosophies. He sees clearer. The light no longer shines in his eyes.

The time will come when even selfishness will be charitable for its own sake, because at that time the man will have grown and developed to that degree that selfishness demands generosity and kindness and justice. The self becomes so noble that selfishness is a virtue. The lowest form of selfishness is when one is willing to be happy, or wishes to be happy, at the expense or the misery of another. The highest form of selfishness is when a man becomes so noble that he finds his happiness in making others so. This is the nobility of selfishness.

CUBA fell upon her knees—stretched her thin hands toward the great Republic. We saw her tear-filled eyes—her withered breasts—her dead babes—her dying—her buried and unburied dead. We heard her voice, and pity, roused to action by her grief, became as stern as justice, and the great Republic cried to Spain: “Sheathe the dagger of assassination; take your bloody hand from the throat of the helpless; and take your flag from the heaven of the Western World.”

Perhaps I have reached the years of discretion. But it may be that discretion is the enemy of happiness. If the buds had discretion there might be no fruit. So it may be that the follies committed in the spring give autumn the harvest.—August 11,1892.

Dickens wrote for homes—Thackeray for clubs. Byron did not care for the fireside—for the prattle of babes—for the smiles and tears of humble life. He was touched by grandeur rather than goodness,—loved storm and crag and the wild sea. But Burns lived in the valley, touched by the joys and griefs of lowly lives.

Imagine amethysts, rubies, diamonds, emeralds and opals mingled as liquids—then imagine these marvelous glories of light and color changed to a tone, and you have the wondrous, the incomparable voice of Scalchi.

THE ORGAN.—The beginnings—the timidities—the half thoughts—blushes—suggestions—a phrase of grace and feeling—a sustained note—the wing on the wind—confidence—the flight—rising with many harmonies that unite in the voluptuous swell—in the passionate tremor—rising still higher—flooding the great dome with the soul of enraptured sound.

NEW MEXICO is a most wonderful country. It is a ragged miser with billions of buried treasure. It looks as if Nature had guarded her silver and gold with enough desolation to deter all but the brave.

WHY SHOULD THE INDIAN SUMMER of a life be lost—the long, serene, and tender days when earth and sky are friends? The falling leaves disclose the ripened fruit—and so the flight of youth with dreams and fancies should show the wealth of bending bough.

Give milk to babes, and wine to youth. But for old age, when ghosts of more than two-score years are wandering on the traveled road, the fragrant tea, that loosens gossip's tongue, is best.—December 25,1892.

ON MEMORIAL DAY our hearts blossom in gratitude as we lovingly remember the brave men upon whose brows Death, with fleshless hands, placed the laurel wreath of fame.

THE SOUL IS AN ARCHITECt—it builds a habitation for itself—and as the soul is, is the habitation. Some live in dens and caves, and some in lowly homes made rich with love, and overrun with vine and flower.

SCIENCE at last holds with honest hand the scales wherein are weighed the facts and fictions of the world. She neither kneels nor prays, she stands erect and thinks. Her tongue is not a traitor to her brain. Her thought and speech agree.

THE NEGRO who can pass me in the race of life will receive my admiration, and he can count on my friendship. No man ever lived who proved his superiority by trampling on the weak.

RELIGION is like a palm tree—it grows at the top. The dead leaves are all orthodox, while the new ones and the buds are all heretics.

MEMORY is the miser of the mind; forgetfulness the spendthrift.

HOPE is the only bee that makes honey without flowers.

THE FIRES OF THE NEXT WORLD sustain the same relation to churches that those in this world sustain to insurance companies.

Now and then there arises a man who on peril's edge draws from the scabbard of despair the sword of victory.

The falling leaf that tells of autumn's death is, in a subtler sense, a prophecy of spring.

Vice lives either before Love is born, or after Love is dead.

Intellectual freedom is only the right to be honest.

I believe that finally man will go through the phase of religion before birth.

When shrill chanticleer pierces the dull ear of morn.

Orthodoxy is the refuge of mediocrity.

The ocean is the womb of all that will be, the tomb of all that has been.

Jealousy never knows the value of a fact.

Envy cannot reason, malice cannot prophesy.

Love has a kind of second sight.

I have never given to any one a sketch of my life. According to my idea a life should not be written until it has been lived.—July 1, 1888.

Effect Of The World's Fair On The Human Race

THE Great Fair should be for the intellectual, mechanical, artistic, political and social advancement of the world. Nations, like small communities, are in danger of becoming provincial, and must become so, unless they exchange commodities, theories, thoughts, and ideals. Isolation is the soil of ignorance, and ignorance is the soil of egotism; and nations, like individuals who live apart, mistake provincialism for perfection, and hatred of all other nations for patriotism. With most people, strangers are not only enemies, but inferiors. They imagine that they are progressive because they know little of others, and compare their present, not with the present of other nations, but with their own past.

Few people have imagination enough to sympathize with those of a different complexion, with those professing another religion or speaking another language, or even wearing garments unlike their own. Most people regard every difference between themselves and others as an evidence of the inferiority of the others. They have not intelligence enough to put themselves in the place of another if that other happens to be outwardly unlike themselves.

Countless agencies have been at work for many years destroying the hedges of thorn that have so long divided nations, and we at last are beginning to see that other people do not differ from us, except in the same particulars that we differ from them. At last, nations are becoming acquainted with each other, and they now know that people everywhere are substantially the same. We now know that while nations differ outwardly in form and feature, somewhat in theory, philosophy and creed, still, inwardly—that is to say, so far as hopes and passions are concerned—they are much the same, having the same fears, experiencing the same joys and sorrows. So we are beginning to find that the virtues belong exclusively to no race, to no creed, and to no religion; that the humanities dwell in the hearts of men, whomever and whatever they may happen to worship. We have at last found that every creed is of necessity a provincialism, destined to be lost in the universal.

At last, Science extends an invitation to all nations, and places at their disposal its ships and its cars; and when these people meet—or rather, the representatives of these people—they will find that, in spite of the accidents of birth, they are, after all, about the same; that their sympathies, their ideas' of right and wrong, of virtue and vice, of heroism and honor, are substantially alike. They will find that in every land honesty is honored, truth respected and admired, and that generosity and charity touch all hearts.

So it is of the greatest importance that the inventions of the world should be brought beneath one roof. These inventions, in my judgment, are destined to be the liberators of mankind. They enslave forces and compel the energies of nature to work for man. These forces have no backs to feel the lash, no tears to shed, no hearts to break.

The history of the world demonstrates that man becomes What we call civilized by increasing his wants. As his necessities increase, he becomes industrious and energetic. If his heart does not keep pace with his brain, he is cruel, and the

physically or mentally strong enslave the physically or mentally weak. At present these inventions, while they have greatly increased the countless articles needed by man, have to a certain extent enslaved mankind. In a savage state there are few failures. Almost any one succeeds in hunting and fishing. The wants are few, and easily supplied. As man becomes civilized, wants increase; or rather as wants increase, man becomes civilized. Then the struggle for existence becomes complex; failures increase.

The first result of the invention of machinery has been to increase the wealth of the few. The hope of the world is that through invention man can finally take such advantage of these forces of nature, of the weight of water, of the force of wind, of steam, of electricity, that they will do the work of the world; and it is the hope of the really civilized that these inventions will finally cease to be the property of the few, to the end that they may do the work of all for all.

When those who do the work own the machines, when those who toil control the invention, then, and not till then, can the world be civilized or free. When these forces shall do the bidding of the individual, when they become the property of the mechanic instead of the monopoly, when they belong to labor instead of what is called capital, when these great powers are as free to the individual laborer as the air and light are now free to all, then, and not until then, the individual will be restored and all forms of slavery will disappear.

Another great benefit will come from the Fair. Other nations in some directions are more artistic than we, but no other nation has made the common as beautiful as we have. We have given beauty of form to machines, to common utensils, to the things of every day, and have thus laid the foundation for producing the artistic in its highest possible forms. It will be of great benefit to us to look upon the paintings and marbles of the Old World. To see them is an education.

The great Republic has lived a greater poem than the brain and heart of man have as yet produced, and we have supplied material for artists and poets yet unborn; material for form and color and song. The Republic is to-day Art's greatest market.

Nothing else is so well calculated to make friends of all nations as really to become acquainted with the best that each has produced.

The nation that has produced a great poet, a great artist, a great statesman, a great thinker, takes its place on an equality with other nations of the world, and transfers to all of its citizens some of the genius of its most illustrious men.

This great Fair will be an object lesson to other nations. They will see the result of a government, republican in form, where the people are the source of authority, where governors and presidents are servants—not rulers. We want all nations to see the great Republic as it is, to study and understand its growth, development and destiny. We want them to know that here, under our flag, are sixty-five millions of people and that they are the best fed, the best clothed and the best housed in the world. We want them to know that we are solving the great social problems, and that we are going to demonstrate the right and power of man to govern himself. We want the subjects of other nations to see aland filled with citizens—not subjects; aland in which the pew is

above the pulpit; where the people are superior to the state; where legislators are representatives and where authority means simply the duty to enforce the people's will.

Let us hope above all things that this Fair will bind the nations together closer and stronger; and let us hope that this will result in the settlement of all national difficulties by arbitration instead of war. In a savage state, individuals settle their own difficulties by an appeal to force. After a time these individuals agree that their difficulties shall be settled by others. This is the first great step toward civilization. The result is the establishment of courts. Nations at present sustain to each other the same relation that savage does to savage. Each nation is left to decide for itself, and it generally decides according to its strength—not the strength of its side of the case, but the strength of its army. The consequence is that what is called "the Law of Nations" is a savage code. The world will never be civilized until there is an international court. Savages begin to be civilized when they submit their difficulties to their peers. Nations will become civilized when they submit their difficulties to a great court, the judgments of which can be carried out, all nations pledging the co-operation of their armies and their navies for that purpose.

If the holding of the great Fair shall result in hastening the coming of that time it will be a blessing to the whole world.

And here let me prophesy: The Fair will be worthy of Chicago, the most wonderful city of the world—of Illinois, the best State in the Union—of the United States, the best country on the earth. It will eclipse all predecessors in every department. It will represent the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. Beneath its ample roofs will be gathered the treasures of Art, and the accomplishments of Science. At the feet of the Republic will be laid the triumphs of our race, the best of every land.—The illustrated World's Fair, Chicago, November, 1891.

Sabbath Superstition

THE idea that one day in the week is better than the others and should be set apart for religious purposes; that it should be considered holy; that no useful work should be done on that day; that it should be given over to pious idleness and sad ceremonies connected with the worship of a supposed Being, seems to have been originated by the Jews.

According to the Old Testament, the Sabbath was marvelously sacred for two reasons; the first being, that Jehovah created the universe in six days and rested on the seventh: and the second, because the Jews had been delivered from the Egyptians.

The first of these reasons we now know to be false; and the second has nothing, so far as we are concerned, to do with the question.

There is no reason for our keeping the seventh day because the Hebrews were delivered from the Egyptians.

The Sabbath was a Jewish institution, and, according to the Bible, only the Jews were commanded to keep that day. Jehovah said nothing to the Egyptians on that subject; nothing to the Philistines, nothing to the Gentiles.

The Jews kept that day with infinite strictness, and with them this space of time known as the Sabbath became so holy that he who violated it by working was put to death. Sabbath-breaking and murder were equal crimes. On the Sabbath the pious Jew would not build a fire in his house. He ate cold victuals and thanked God. The gates of the city were closed. No business was done, and the traveler who arrived at the city on that day remained outside until evening. If he happened to fall, he remained where he fell until the sun had gone done.

The early Christians did not hold the seventh day in such veneration. As a matter of fact, they ceased to regard it as holy, and changed the sacred day from the seventh to the first. This change was really made by Constantine, because the first day of the week was the Sunday of the Pagans; and this day had been given to pleasure and recreation and to religious ceremonies for many centuries.

After Constantine designated the first day to be kept and observed by Christians, our Sunday became the sacred time.

The early Christians, however, kept the day much as it had been kept by the Pagans. They attended church in the morning, and in the afternoon enjoyed themselves as best they could..

The Catholic Church fell in with the prevailing customs, and to accommodate itself to Pagan ways and superstitions, it agreed, as far as it could, with the ideas of the Pagan.

Up to the time of the Reformation, Sunday had been divided between the discharge of religious duties and recreation.

Luther did not believe in the sacredness of the Sabbath. After church he enjoyed himself by playing games, and wanted others to do the same.

Even John Calvin, whose view had been blurred by the “Five Points,” allowed the people to enjoy themselves on Sunday afternoon.

The reformers on the continent never had the Jewish idea of the sacredness of the Sabbath.

In Geneva, Germany and France, all kinds of innocent amusement were allowed on that day; and I believe the same was true of Holland.

But in Scotland the Jewish idea was adopted to the fullest extent. There Sabbath-breaking was one of the blackest and one of the most terrible crimes. Nothing was considered quite as sacred as the Sabbath.

The Scotch went so far as to take the ground that it was wrong to save people who were drowning on Sunday, the drowning being a punishment inflicted by God. Upon the question of keeping the Sabbath most of the Scottish people became insane.

The same notions about the holy day were adopted by the Dissenters in England, and it became the principal tenet in their creed.

The Puritans and Pilgrims were substantially crazy about the sacredness of Sunday. With them the first day of the week was set apart for preaching, praying, attending church, reading the Bible and studying the catechism. Walking, riding, playing on musical instruments, boating, swimming and courting, were all crimes.

No one had the right to be happy on that blessed day. It was a time of gloom, sacred, solemn and religiously stupid.

They did their best to strip their religion of every redeeming feature. They hated art and music—everything calculated to produce joy. They despised everything except the Bible, the church, God, Sunday and the creed.

The influence of these people has been felt in every part of our country. The Sabbath superstition became almost universal. No laughter, no smiles on that day; no games, no recreation, no riding, no walking through the perfumed fields or by the winding streams or the shore of the sea. No communion with the subtile beauties of nature; no wandering in the woods with wife and children, no reading of poetry and fiction; nothing but solemnity and gloom, listening to sermons, thinking about sin, death, graves, coffins, shrouds, epitaphs and ceremonies and the marvelous truths of sectarian religion, and the weaknesses of those who were natural enough and sensible enough to enjoy themselves on the Sabbath day.

So universal became the Sabbath superstition that the Legislatures of all the States, or nearly all, passed laws to prevent work and enjoyment on that day, and declared all contracts void relating to business entered into on Sunday.

The Germans gave us the first valuable lesson on this subject. They came to this country in great numbers; they did not keep the American Sabbath. They listened to music and they drank beer on that holy day. They took their wives and children with

them and enjoyed themselves; yet they were good, kind, industrious people. They paid their debts and their credit was the best.

Our people saw that men could be good and women virtuous without “keeping” the Sabbath.

This did us great good, and changed the opinions of hundreds of thousands of Americans.

But the churches insisted on the old way. Gradually our people began to appreciate the fact that one-seventh of the time was being stolen by superstition. They began to ask for the opening of libraries, for music in the parks and to be allowed to visit museums and public places on the Sabbath.

In several States these demands were granted, and the privileges have never been abused. The people were orderly, polite to officials and to each other.

In 1876, when the Centennial was held at Philadelphia, the Sabbatarians had control. Philadelphia was a Sunday city, and so the gates of the Centennial were closed on that day.

This was in Philadelphia where the Sabbath superstition had been so virulent that chains had been put across the streets to prevent stages and carriages from passing at that holy time.

At that time millions of Americans felt that a great wrong was done by closing the Centennial to the laboring people; but the managers—most of them being politicians—took care of themselves and kept the gates closed.

In 1876 the Sabbatarians triumphed, and when it was determined to hold a world’s fair at Chicago they made up their minds that no one should look upon the world’s wonders on the Sabbath day.

To accomplish this pious and foolish purpose committees were appointed all over the country; money was raised to make a campaign; persons were employed to go about and arouse the enthusiasm of religious people; petitions by the thousand were sent to Congress and to the officers of the World’s Fair, signed by thousands of people who never saw them; resolutions were passed in favor of Sunday closing by conventions, presbyteries, councils and associations. Lobbyists were employed to influence members of Congress. Great bodies of Christians threatened to boycott the fair and yet the World’s Fair is open on Sunday.

What is the meaning of this? Let me tell you. It means that in this country the Scotch New England Sabbath has ceased to be; it means that it is dead. The last great effort for its salvation has been put forth, and has failed. It belonged to the creed of Jonathan Edwards and the belief of the witch-burners, and in this age it is out of place.

There was a time when the minister and priest were regarded as the foundation of wisdom; when information came from the altar, from the pulpit; and when the sheep were the property of the shepherd.

That day in intelligent communities has passed. We no longer go to the minister or the church for information. The orthodox minister is losing his power, and the Sabbath is now regarded as a day of rest, of recreation and of pleasure.

The church must keep up with the people. The minister must take another step. The multitude care but little about controversies in churches, but they do care about the practical questions that directly affect their daily lives.

Must we waste one day in seven; must we make ourselves unhappy or melancholy one-seventh of the time?

These are important questions and for many years the church in our country has answered them both in the affirmative, and a vast number of people not Christians have also said “yes” because they wanted votes, or because they feared to incite the hatred of the church.

Now in this year of 1893 a World’s Fair answered this question in the negative, and a large majority of the citizens of the Republic say that the officers of the Fair have done right.

This marks an epoch in the history of the Sabbath. It is to be sacred in a religious sense in this country no longer. Henceforth in the United States the Sabbath is for the use of man.

Many of those who labored for the closing of the Fair on Sunday took the ground that if the gates were opened, God would visit this nation with famine, flood and fire.

It hardly seems possible that God will destroy thousands of women and children who had nothing to do with the opening of the Fair; still, if he is the same God described in the Christian Bible, he may destroy our babes as he did those of the Egyptians. It is a little hard to tell in advance what a God of that kind will do.

It was believed for many centuries that God punished the Sabbath-breaking individual and the Sabbath-breaking nation. Of course facts never had anything to do with this belief, and the prophecies of the pulpit were never fulfilled. People who were drowned on Sunday, according to the church, lost their lives by the will of God. Those drowned on other days were the victims of storm or accident. The nations that kept the Sabbath were no more prosperous than those that broke the sacred day. Certainly France is as prosperous as Scotland.

Let us hope, however, that these zealous gentlemen who have predicted calamities were mistaken; let us be glad that hundreds of thousands of workingmen and women will be delighted and refined by looking at the statues, the paintings, the machinery, and the countless articles of use and beauty gathered together at the great Fair, and let us be glad that on the one day that they can spare from toil, the gates will be open to them.

A Tribute To George Jacob Holyoake

TWO articles have recently appeared attacking the motives of George Jacob Holyoake. He is spoken of as a man governed by a desire to please the rich and powerful, as one afraid of public opinion and who in the perilous hour denies or conceals his convictions.

In these attacks there is not one word of truth. They are based upon mistakes and misconceptions.

There is not in this world a nobler, braver man. In England he has done more for the great cause of intellectual liberty than any other man of this generation. He has done more for the poor, for the children of toil, for the homeless and wretched than any other living man. He has attacked all abuses, all tyranny and all forms of hypocrisy. His weapons have been reason, logic, facts, kindness, and above all, example. He has lived his creed. He has won the admiration and respect of his bitterest antagonists. He has the simplicity of childhood, the enthusiasm of youth and the wisdom of age. He is not abusive, but he is clear and conclusive.. He is intense without violence—firm without anger. He has the strength of perfect kindness. He does not hate—he pities. He does not attack men and women, but dogmas and creeds. And he does not attack them to get the better of people, but to enable people to get the better of them. He gives the light he has. He shares his intellectual wealth with the orthodox poor. He assists without insulting, guides without arrogance, and enlightens without outrage. Besides, he is eminent for the exercise of plain common sense. He knows that there are wrongs besides those born of superstition—that people are not necessarily happy because they have renounced the Thirty-nine Articles—and that the priest is not the only enemy of mankind. He has for forty years been preaching and practicing industry, economy, self-reliance, and kindness. He has done all within his power to give the workingman a better home, better food, better wages, and better opportunities for the education of his children. He has demonstrated the success of co-operation—of intelligent combination for the common good. As a rule, his methods have been perfectly legal. In some instances he has knowingly violated the law, and did so with the intention to take the consequences. He would neither ask nor accept a pardon, because to receive a pardon carries with it the implied promise to keep the law, and an admission that you were in the wrong. He would not agree to desist from doing what he believed ought to be done, neither would he stain his past to brighten his future, nor imprison his soul to free his body. He has that happy mingling of gentleness and firmness found only in the highest type of moral heroes. He is an absolutely just man, and will never do an act that he would condemn in another. He admits that the most bigoted churchman has a perfect right to express his opinions not only, but that he must be met with argument couched in kind and candid terms. Mr. Holyoake is not only the enemy of a theological hierarchy, but he is also opposed to mental mobs. He will not use the bludgeon of epithet.

Perfect fairness is regarded by many as weakness. Some people have altogether more confidence in their beliefs than in their own arguments. They resort to assertion. If what they assert be denied, the “debate” becomes a question of veracity. On both

sides of most questions there are plenty of persons who imagine that logic dwells only in adjectives, and that to speak kindly of an opponent is a virtual surrender.

Mr. Holyoake attacks the church because it has been, is, and ever will be the enemy of mental freedom, but he does not wish to deprive the church even of its freedom to express its opinion against freedom. He is true to his own creed, knowing that when we have freedom we can take care of all its enemies.

In one of the articles to which I have referred it is charged that Mr. Holyoake refused to sign a petition for the pardon of persons convicted of blasphemy. If this is true, he undoubtedly had a reason satisfactory to himself. You will find that his action, or his refusal to act, rests upon a principle that he would not violate in his own behalf.

Why should we suspect the motives of this man who has given his life for the good of others? I know of no one who is his mental or moral superior. He is the most disinterested of men. His name is a synonym of candor. He is a natural logician—an intellectual marksman. Like an unerring arrow his thought flies to the heart and center. He is governed by principle, and makes no exception in his own favor. He is intellectually honest. He shows you the cracks and flaws in his own wares. He calls attention to the open joints and to the weakest links. He does not want a victory for himself, but for truth. He wishes to expose and oppose, not men, but error. He is blessed with that cloudless mental vision that appearances cannot deceive, that interest cannot darken, and that even ingratitude cannot blur. Friends cannot induce and enemies cannot drive this man to do an act that his heart and brain would not applaud. That such a character was formed without the aid of the church, without the hope of harp or fear of flame, is a demonstration against the necessity of superstition.

Whoever is opposed to mental bondage, to the shackles wrought by cruelty and worn by fear, should be the friend of this heroic and unselfish man.

I know something of his life—something of what he has suffered—of what he has accomplished for his fellow-men. He has been maligned, imprisoned and impoverished. “He bore the heat and burden of the unregarded day” and “remembered the misery of the many.” For years his only recompense was ingratitude. At last he was understood. He was recognized as an earnest, honest, gifted, generous, sterling man, loving his country, sympathizing with the poor, honoring the useful, and holding in supreme abhorrence tyranny and falsehood in all their forms. The idea that this man could for a moment be controlled by any selfish motive, by the hope of preferment, by the fear of losing a supposed annuity, is simply absurd. The authors of these attacks are not acquainted with Mr. Holyoake. Whoever dislikes him does not know him.

Read his “Trial of Theism”—his history of “Co-operation in England”—if you wish to know his heart—to discover the motives of his life—the depth and tenderness of his sympathy—the nobleness of his nature—the subtlety of his thought—the beauty of his spirit—the force and volume of his brain—the extent of his information—his candor, his kindness, his genius, and the perfect integrity of his stainless soul.

There is no man for whom I have greater respect, greater reverence, greater love, than George Jacob Holyoake.—

August 8, 1883.

At The Grave Of Benjamin W. Parker

Peoria, Ill., May 24, 1876.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: To fulfill a promise made many years ago, I wish to say a word.

He whom we are about to lay in the earth, was gentle, kind and loving in his life. He was ambitious only to live with those he loved. He was hospitable, generous, and sincere. He loved his friends, and the friends of his friends. He returned good for good. He lived the life of a child, and died without leaving in the memory of his family the record of an unkind act. Without assurance, and without fear, we give him back to Nature, the source and mother of us all.

With morn, with noon, with night; with changing clouds and changeless stars; with grass and trees and birds, with leaf and bud, with flower and blossoming vine,—with all the sweet influences of nature, we leave our dead.

Husband, father, friend, farewell.

A Tribute To Ebon C. Ingersoll

Washington, D. C., May 31, 1879.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "*For Justice all place a temple, and all season, summer*." He believed that happiness is the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower.

And now, to you, who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

A Tribute To The Rev. Alexander Clark

Washington, D. C. July 13, 1879.

UPON the grave of the Reverend Alexander Clark I wish to place one flower. Utterly destitute of cold, dogmatic pride, that often passes for the love of God; without the arrogance of the "elect;" simple, free, and kind—this earnest man made me his friend by being mine. I forgot that he was a Christian, and he seemed to forget that I was not, while each remembered that the other was at least a man.

Frank, candid, and sincere, he practiced what he preached, and looked with the holy eyes of charity upon the failings and mistakes of men. He believed in the power of kindness, and spanned with divine sympathy the hideous gulf that separates the fallen from the pure.

Giving freely to others the rights that he claimed for himself, it never occurred to him that his God hated a brave and honest unbeliever. He remembered that even an Infidel had rights that love respects; that hatred has no saving power, and that in order to be a Christian it is not necessary to become less than a human being. He knew that no one can be maligned into kindness; that epithets cannot convince; that curses are not arguments, and that the finger of scorn never points toward heaven. With the generosity of an honest man, he accorded to all the fullest liberty of thought, knowing, as he did, that in the realm of mind a chain is but a curse.

For this man I felt the greatest possible regard. In spite of the taunts and jeers of his brethren, he publicly proclaimed that he would treat Infidels with fairness and respect; that he would endeavor to convince them by argument and win them with love. He insisted that the God he worshiped loved the well-being even of an Atheist. In this grand position he stood almost alone. Tender, just, and loving where others were harsh, vindictive, and cruel, he challenged the admiration of every honest man. A few more such clergymen might drive calumny from the lips of faith and render the pulpit worthy of esteem.

The heartiness and kindness with which this generous man treated me can never be excelled. He admitted that I had not lost, and could not lose, a single right by the expression of my honest thought. Neither did he believe that a servant could win the respect of a generous master by persecuting and maligning those whom the master would willingly forgive.

While this good man was living, his brethren blamed him for having treated me with fairness. But, I trust, now that he has left the shore touched by the mysterious sea that never yet has borne, on any wave, the image of a homeward sail, this crime will be forgiven him by those who still remain to preach the love of God.

His sympathies were not confined within the prison, of a creed, but ran out and over the walls like vines, hiding the cruel rocks and rusted bars with leaf and flower. He could not echo with his heart the fiendish sentence of eternal fire. In spite of book and creed, he read "between the lines" the words of tenderness and love, with promises for all the world.. Above, beyond, the dogmas of his church—humane even

to the verge of heresy—causing some to doubt his love of God because he failed to hate his unbelieving fellow-men, he labored for the welfare of mankind and to his work gave up his life with all his heart.

At A Child's Grave

Washington, D. C., January 8, 1882.

MY FRIENDS: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth, patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life, or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms, before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one, is as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears.

May be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain within our arms could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate. And I had rather live and love where death is king, than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is nought, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave, need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living—Hope for the dead.

A Tribute To John G. Mills

Washington, D. C., April 15, 1883.

MY FRIENDS: Again we are face to face with the great mystery that shrouds this world. We question, but there is no reply. Out on the wide waste seas, there drifts no spar. Over the desert of death the sphinx gazes forever, but never speaks.

In the very May of life another heart has ceased to beat. Night has fallen upon noon. But he lived, he loved, he was loved. Wife and children pressed their kisses on his lips. This is enough. The longest life contains no more. This fills the vase of joy.

He who lies here, clothed with the perfect peace of death, was a kind and loving husband, a good father, a generous neighbor, an honest man,—and these words build a monument of glory above the humblest grave. He was always a child, sincere and frank, as full of hope as Spring. He divided all time into to-day and to-morrow. To-morrow was without a cloud, and of to-morrow he borrowed sunshine for to-day. He was my friend. He will remain so. The living oft become estranged; the dead are true. He was not a Christian. In the Eden of his hope there did not crawl and coil the serpent of eternal pain. In many languages he sought the thoughts of men, and for himself he solved the problems of the world. He accepted the philosophy of Auguste Comte. Humanity was his God; the human race was his Supreme Being. In that Supreme Being he put his trust. He believed that we are indebted for what we enjoy to the labor, the self-denial, the heroism of the human race, and that as we have plucked the fruit of what others planted, we in thankfulness should plant for others yet to be.

With him immortality was the eternal consequences of his own acts. He believed that every pure thought, every disinterested deed, hastens the harvest of universal good. This is a religion that enriches poverty; that enables us to bear the sorrows of the saddest life; that peoples even solitude with the happy millions yet to live,—a religion born not of selfishness and fear, but of love, of gratitude, and hope,—a religion that digs wells to slake the thirst of others, and gladly bears the burdens of the unborn.

But in the presence of death, how beliefs and dogmas wither and decay! How loving words and deeds burst into blossom! Pluck from the tree of any life these flowers, and there remain but the barren thorns of bigotry and creed.

All wish for happiness beyond this life. All hope to meet again the loved and lost. In every heart there grows this sacred flower. Immortality is a word that Hope through all the ages has been whispering to Love. The miracle of thought we cannot understand. The mystery of life and death we cannot comprehend. This chaos called the world has never been explained. The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges, and on shadow rests. Beyond this we do not know. Fate is speechless, destiny is dumb, and the secret of the future has never yet been told. We love; we wait; we hope. The more we love, the more we fear. Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall. All paths, whether filled with thorns or flowers, end here. Here success and failure are the same. The rag of Wretchedness and the purple robe of power all

difference and distinction lose in this democracy of death. Character survives; goodness lives; love is immortal.

And yet to all a time may come when the fevered lips of life will long for the cool, delicious kiss of death—when tired of the dust and glare of day we all shall hear with joy the rustling garments of the night.

What can we say of death? What can we say of the dead? Where they have gone, reason cannot go, and from thence revelation has not come. But let us believe that over the cradle Nature bends and smiles, and lovingly above the dead in benediction holds her outstretched hands.

A Tribute To Elizur Wright

New York. December 19, 1885.

ANOTHER hero has fallen asleep—one who enriched the world with an honest life.

Elizur Wright was one of the Titans who attacked the monsters, the Gods, of his time—one of the few whose confidence in liberty was never shaken, and who, with undimmed eyes, saw the atrocities and barbarisms of his day and the glories of the future.

When New York was degraded enough to mob Arthur Tappan, the noblest of her citizens; when Boston was sufficiently infamous to howl and hoot at Harriet Martineau, the grandest Englishwoman that ever touched our soil; when the North was dominated by theology and trade, by piety and piracy; when we received our morals from merchants, and made merchandise of our morals, Elizur Wright held principle above profit, and preserved his manhood at the peril of his life.

When the rich, the cultured, and the respectable,—when church members and ministers, who had been "called" to preach the "glad tidings," and when statesmen like Webster joined with bloodhounds, and in the name of God hunted men and mothers, this man rescued the fugitives and gave asylum to the oppressed.

During those infamous years—years of cruelty and national degradation—years of hypocrisy and greed and meanness beneath the reach of any English word, Elizur Wright became acquainted with the orthodox church. He found that a majority of Christians were willing to enslave men and women for whom they said that Christ had died—that they would steal the babe of a Christian mother, although they believed that the mother would be their equal in heaven forever. He found that those who loved their enemies would enslave their friends—that people who when smitten on one cheek turned the other, were ready, willing and anxious to mob and murder those who simply said: "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

In those days the church was in favor of slavery, not only of the body but of the mind. According to the creeds, God himself was an infinite master and all his children serfs. He ruled with whip and chain, with pestilence and fire. Devils were his bloodhounds, and hell his place of eternal torture.

Elizur Wright said to himself, why should we take chains from bodies and enslave minds—why fight to free the cage and leave the bird a prisoner? He became an enemy of orthodox religion—that is to say, a friend of intellectual liberty.

He lived to see the destruction of legalized larceny; to read the Proclamation of Emancipation; to see a country without a slave, a flag without a stain. He lived long enough to reap the reward for having been an honest man; long enough for his "disgrace" to become a crown of glory; long enough to see his views adopted and his course applauded by the civilized world; long enough for the hated word "abolitionist" to become a title of nobility, a certificate of manhood, courage and true patriotism.

Only a few years ago, the heretic was regarded as an enemy of the human race. The man who denied the inspiration of the Jewish Scriptures was looked upon as a moral leper, and the Atheist as the worst of criminals. Even in that day, Elizur Wright was grand enough to speak his honest thought, to deny the inspiration of the Bible; brave enough to defy the God of the orthodox church—the Jehovah of the Old Testament, the Eternal Jailer, the Everlasting Inquisitor.

He contended that a good God would not have upheld slavery and polygamy; that a loving Father would not assist some of his children to enslave or exterminate their brethren; that an infinite being would not be unjust, irritable, jealous, revengeful, ignorant, and cruel.

And it was his great good fortune to live long enough to find the intellectual world on his side; long enough to know that the greatest' naturalists, philosophers, and scientists agreed with him; long enough to see certain words change places, so that "heretic" was honorable and "orthodox" an epithet. To-day, the heretic is known to be a man of principle and courage—one blest with enough mental independence to tell his thought. To-day, the thoroughly orthodox means the thoroughly stupid.

Only a few years ago it was taken for granted that an "unbeliever" could not be a moral man; that one who disputed the inspiration of the legends of Judea could not be sympathetic and humane, and could not really love his fellow-men. Had we no other evidence upon this subject, the noble life of Elizur Wright would demonstrate the utter baselessness of these views.

His life was spent in doing good—in attacking the hurtful, in defending what he believed to be the truth. Generous beyond his means; helping others to help themselves; always hopeful, busy, just, cheerful; filled with the spirit of reform; a model citizen—always thinking of the public good, devising ways and means to save something for posterity, feeling that what he had he held in trust; loving Nature, familiar with the poetic side of things, touched to enthusiasm by the beautiful thought, the brave word, and the generous deed; friendly in manner, candid and kind in speech, modest but persistent; enjoying leisure as only the industrious can; loving and gentle in his family; hospitable,—judging men and women regardless of wealth, position or public clamor; physically fearless, intellectually honest, thoroughly informed; unselfish, sincere, and reliable as the attraction of gravitation. Such was Elizur Wright,—one of the staunchest soldiers that ever faced and braved for freedom's sake the wrath and scorn and lies of place and power.

A few days ago I met this genuine man. His interest in all human things was just as deep and keen, his hatred of oppression, his love of freedom, just as intense, just as fervid, as on the day I met him first. True, his body was old, but his mind was young, and his heart, like a spring in the desert, bubbled over as joyously as though it had the secret of eternal youth. But it has ceased to beat, and the mysterious veil that hangs where sight and blindness are the same—the veil that revelation has not drawn aside—that science cannot lift, has fallen once again between the living and the dead.

And yet we hope and dream. May be the longing for another life is but the prophecy forever warm from Nature's lips, that love, disguised as death, alone fulfills. We cannot tell. And yet perhaps this Hope is but an antic, following the fortunes of an

uncrowned king, beguiling grief with jest and satisfying loss with pictured gain. We do not know.

But from the Christian's cruel hell, and from his heaven more heartless still, the free and noble soul, if forced to choose, should loathing turn, and cling with rapture to the thought of endless sleep.

But this we know: good deeds are never childless. A noble life is never lost. A virtuous action does not die. Elizur Wright scattered with generous hand the priceless seeds, and we shall reap the golden grain. His words and acts are ours, and all he nobly did is living still.

Farewell, brave soul! Upon thy grave I lay this tribute of respect and love. When last our hands were joined, I said these parting words: "Long life!" And I repeat them now.

A Tribute To Mrs. Ida Whiting Knowles

New York, Dec, 16, 1887.

MY FRIENDS: Again we stand in the shadow of the great mystery—a shadow as deep and dark as when the tears of the first mother fell upon the pallid face of her lifeless babe—a mystery that has never yet been solved.

We have met in the presence of the sacred dead, to speak a word of praise, of hope, of consolation.

Another life of love is now a blessed memory—a lingering strain of music.

The loving daughter, the pure and consecrated wife, the sincere friend, who with tender faithfulness discharged the duties of a life, has reached her journey's end.

A braver, a more serene, a more chivalric spirit—clasping the loved and by them clasped—never passed from life to enrich the realm of death. No field of war ever witnessed greater fortitude, more perfect, smiling courage, than this poor, weak and helpless woman displayed upon the bed of pain and death.

Her life was gentle and her death sublime. She loved the good and all the good loved her.

There is this consolation: she can never suffer more; never feel again the chill of death; never part again from those she loves. Her heart can break no more. She has shed her last tear, and upon her stainless brow has been set the wondrous seal of everlasting peace.

When the Angel of Death—the masked and voiceless—enters the door of home, there come with her all the daughters of Compassion, and of these Love and Hope remain forever.

You are about to take this dear dust home—to the home of her girlhood, and to the place that was once my home. You will lay her with neighbors whom I have loved, and who are now at rest. You will lay her where my father sleeps.

"Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

I never knew, I never met, a braver spirit than the one that once inhabited this silent form of dreamless clay.

A Tribute To Henry Ward Beecher

New York, June 26,1887.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born in a Puritan penitentiary, of which his father was one of the wardens—a prison with very narrow and closely-grated windows. Under its walls were the rayless, hopeless and measureless dungeons of the damned, and on its roof fell the shadow of God's eternal frown. In this prison the creed and catechism were primers for children, and from a pure sense of duty their loving hearts were stained and scarred with the religion of John Calvin.

In those days the home of an orthodox minister was an inquisition in which babes were tortured for the good of their souls. Children then, as now, rebelled against the infamous absurdities and cruelties of the creed. No Calvinist was ever able, unless with blows, to answer the questions of his child. Children were raised in what was called "the nurture and admonition of the Lord"—that is to say, their wills were broken or subdued, their natures were deformed and dwarfed, their desires defeated or destroyed, and their development arrested or perverted. Life was robbed of its Spring, its Summer and its Autumn. Children stepped from the cradle into the snow. No laughter, no sunshine, no joyous, free, unburdened days. God, an infinite detective, watched them from above, and Satan, with malicious leer, was waiting for their souls below. Between these monsters life was passed. Infinite consequences were predicated of the smallest action, and a burden greater than a God could bear was placed upon the heart and brain of every child. To think, to ask questions, to doubt, to investigate, were acts of rebellion. To express pity for the lost, writhing in the dungeons below, was simply to give evidence that the enemy of souls had been at work within their hearts.

Among all the religions of this world—from the creed of cannibals who devoured flesh, to that of Calvinists who polluted souls—there is none, there has been none, there will be none, more utterly heartless and inhuman than was the orthodox Congregationalism of New England in the year of grace 1813. It despised every natural joy, hated pictures, abhorred statues as lewd and lustful things, execrated music, regarded nature as fallen and corrupt, man as totally depraved and woman as somewhat worse. The theatre was the vestibule of perdition, actors the servants of Satan, and Shakespeare a trifling wretch whose words were seeds of death. And yet the virtues found a welcome, cordial and sincere; duty was done as understood; obligations were discharged; truth was told; self-denial was practiced for the sake of others, and many hearts were good and true in spite of book and creed.

In this atmosphere of theological miasma, in this hideous dream of superstition, in this penitentiary, moral and austere, this babe first saw the imprisoned gloom. The natural desires ungratified, the laughter suppressed, the logic brow-beaten by authority, the humor frozen by fear—of many generations—were in this child, a child destined to rend and wreck the prison's walls.

Through the grated windows of his cell, this child, this boy, this man, caught glimpses of the outer world, of fields and skies. New thoughts were in his brain, new

hopes within his heart. Another heaven bent above his life. There came a revelation of the beautiful and real.

Theology grew mean and small. Nature wooed and won and saved this mighty soul.

Her countless hands were sowing seeds within his tropic brain. All sights and sounds—all colors, forms and fragments—were stored within the treasury of his mind. His thoughts were moulded by the graceful curves of streams, by winding paths in woods, the charm of quiet country roads, and lanes grown indistinct with weeds and grass—by vines that cling and hide with leaf and flower the crumbling wall's decay—by cattle standing in the summer pools like statues of content.

There was within his words the subtle spirit of the season's change—of everything that is, of everything that lies between the slumbering seeds that, half awakened by the April rain, have dreams of heaven's blue, and feel the amorous kisses of the sun, and that strange tomb wherein the alchemist doth give to death's cold dust the throb and thrill of life again. He saw with loving eyes the willows of the meadow-streams grow red beneath the glance of Spring—the grass along the marsh's edge—the stir of life beneath the withered leaves—the moss below the drip of snow—the flowers that give their bosoms to the first south wind that wooes—the sad and timid violets that only bear the gaze of love from eyes half closed—the ferns, where fancy gives a thousand forms with but a single plan—the green and sunny slopes enriched with daisy's silver and the cowslip's gold.

As in the leafless woods some tree, aflame with life, stands like a rapt poet in the heedless crowd, so stood this man among his fellow-men.

All there is of leaf and bud, of flower and fruit, of painted insect life, and all the winged and happy children of the air that Summer holds beneath her dome of blue, were known and loved by him. He loved the yellow Autumn fields, the golden stacks, the happy homes of men, the orchard's bending boughs, the sumach's flags of flame, the maples with transfigured leaves, the tender yellow of the beech, the wondrous harmonies of brown and gold—the vines where hang the clustered spheres of wit and mirth. He loved the winter days, the whirl and drift of snow—all forms of frost—the rage and fury of the storm, when in the forest, desolate and stripped, the brave old pine towers green and grand—a prophecy of Spring. He heard the rhythmic sounds of Nature's busy strife, the hum of bees, the songs of birds, the eagle's cry, the murmur of the streams, the sighs and lamentations of the winds, and all the voices of the sea. He loved the shores, the vales, the crags and cliffs, the city's busy streets, the introspective, silent plain, the solemn splendors of the night, the silver sea of dawn, and evening's clouds of molten gold. The love of nature freed this loving man.

One by one the fetters fell; the gratings disappeared, the sunshine smote the roof, and on the floors of stone, light streamed from open doors. He realized the darkness and despair, the cruelty and hate, the starless blackness of the old, malignant creed. The flower of pity grew and blossomed in his heart. The selfish "consolation" filled his eyes with tears. He saw that what is called the Christian's hope is, that, among the countless billions wrecked and lost, a meagre few perhaps may reach the eternal shore—a hope that, like the desert rain, gives neither leaf nor bud—a hope that gives

no joy, no peace, to any great and loving soul. It is the dust on which the serpent feeds that coils in heartless breasts.

Day by day the wrath and vengeance faded from the sky—the Jewish God grew vague and dint—the threats of torture and eternal pain grew vulgar and absurd, and all the miracles seemed strangely out of place. They clad the Infinite in motley garb, and gave to aureoled heads the cap and bells.

Touched by the pathos of all human life, knowing the shadows that fall on every heart—the thorns in every path, the sighs, the sorrows, and the tears that lie between a mother's arms and death's embrace—this great and gifted man denounced, denied, and damned with all his heart the fanged and frightful dogma that souls were made to feed the eternal hunger—ravenous as famine—of a God's revenge.

Take out this fearful, fiendish, heartless lie—compared with which all other lies are true—and the great arch of orthodox religion crumbling falls.

To the average man the Christian hell and heaven are only words. He has no scope of thought. He lives but in a dim, impoverished now. To him the past is dead—the future still unborn. He occupies with downcast eyes that narrow line of barren, shifting sand that lies between the flowing seas. But Genius knows all time. For him the dead all live and breathe, and act their countless parts again. All human life is in his now, and every moment feels the thrill of all to be.

No one can overestimate the good accomplished by this marvelous, many-sided man. He helped to slay the heart-devouring monster of the Christian world. He tried to civilize the church, to humanize the creeds, to soften pious breasts of stone, to take the fear from mothers' hearts, the chains of creed from every brain, to put the star of hope in every sky and over every grave. Attacked on every side, maligned by those who preached the law of love, he wavered not, but fought whole-hearted to the end.

Obstruction is but virtue's foil. From thwarted light leaps color's flame. The stream impeded has a song.

He passed from harsh and cruel creeds to that serene philosophy that has no place for pride or hate, that threatens no revenge, that looks on sin as stumblings of the blind and pities those who fall, knowing that in the souls of all there is a sacred yearning for the light. He ceased to think of man as something thrust upon the world—an exile from some other sphere. He felt at last that men are part of Nature's self—kindred of all life—the gradual growth of countless years; that all the sacred books were helps until outgrown, and all religions rough and devious paths that man has worn with weary feet in sad and painful search for truth and peace. To him these paths were wrong, and yet all gave the promise of success. He knew that all the streams, no matter how they wander, turn and curve amid the hills or rocks, or linger in the lakes and pools, must some time reach the sea. These views enlarged his soul and made him patient with the world, and while the wintry snows of age were falling on his head, Spring, with all her wealth of bloom, was in his heart.

The memory of this ample man is now a part of Nature's wealth. He battled for the rights of men. His heart was with the slave. He stood against the selfish greed of millions banded to protect the pirate's trade. His voice was for the right when

freedom's friends were few. He taught the church to think and doubt. He did not fear to stand alone. His brain took counsel of his heart. To every foe he offered reconciliation's hand. He loved this land of ours, and added to its glory through the world. He was the greatest orator that stood within the pulpit's narrow curve. He loved the liberty of speech. There was no trace of bigot in his blood. He was a brave and generous man.

With reverent hands, I place this tribute on his tomb.

A Tribute To Roscoe Conkling

ROSCOE CONKLING—a great man, an orator, a statesman, a lawyer, a distinguished citizen of the Republic, in the zenith of his fame and power has reached his journey's end; and we are met, here in the city of his birth, to pay our tribute to his worth and work. He earned and held a proud position in the public thought. He stood for independence, for courage, and above all for absolute integrity, and his name was known and honored by many millions of his fellow-men.

The literature of many lands is rich with the tributes that gratitude, admiration and love have paid to the great and honored dead. These tributes disclose the character of nations, the ideals of the human race. In them we find the estimates of greatness—the deeds and lives that challenged praise and thrilled the hearts of men.

In the presence of death, the good man judges as he would be judged. He knows that men are only fragments—that the greatest walk in shadow, and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of all.

In the grave should be buried the prejudices and passions born of conflict. Charity should hold the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men. Peculiarities, traits born of locality and surroundings—these are but the dust of the race—these are accidents, drapery, clothes, fashions, that have nothing to do with the man except to hide his character. They are the clouds that cling to mountains. Time gives us clearer vision. That which was merely local fades away. The words of envy are forgotten, and all there is of sterling worth remains. He who was called a partisan is a patriot. The revolutionist and the outlaw are the founders of nations, and he who was regarded as a scheming, selfish politician becomes a statesman, a philosopher, whose words and deeds shed light.

Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great.

When a great man dies—one who has nobly fought the battle of a life, who has been faithful to every trust, and has uttered his highest, noblest thought—one who has stood proudly by the right in spite of jeer and taunt, neither stopped by foe nor swerved by friend—in honoring him, in speaking words of praise and love above his dust, we pay a tribute to ourselves.

How poor this world would be without its graves, without the memories of its mighty dead. Only the voiceless speak forever.

Intelligence, integrity and courage are the great pillars that support the State.

Above all, the citizens of a free nation should honor the brave and independent man—the man of stainless integrity, of will and intellectual force. Such men are the Atlases on whose mighty shoulders rest the great fabric of the Republic. Flatterers, cringers, crawlers, time-servers are the dangerous citizens of a democracy. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the mistakes, the prejudices and passions of the multitude, are the enemies of liberty.

When the intelligent submit to the clamor of the many, anarchy begins and the Republic reaches the edge of chaos. Mediocrity, touched with ambition, flatters the base and calumniates the great, while the true patriot, who will do neither, is often sacrificed.

In a government of the people a leader should be a teacher—he should carry the torch of truth.

Most people are the slaves of habit—followers of custom—believers in the wisdom of the past—and were it not for brave and splendid souls, “the dust of antique time would lie unswept, and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer.” Custom is a prison, locked and barred by those who long ago were dust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead.

Nothing is grander than when a strong, intrepid man breaks chains, levels walls and breasts the many-headed mob like some great cliff that meets and mocks the innumerable billows of the sea.

The politician hastens to agree with the majority—insists that their prejudice is patriotism, that their ignorance is wisdom;—not that he loves them, but because he loves himself. The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multitude, attacks the prejudices of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their cruelties, enlightens and enlarges their minds and educates the conscience—not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves the right and wishes to make his country great and free.

With him defeat is but a spur to further effort. He who refuses to stoop, who cannot be bribed by the promise of success, or the fear of failure—who walks the highway of the right, and in disaster stands erect, is the only victor. Nothing is more despicable than to reach fame by crawling,—position by cringing.

When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise, these men, these kneelers at the shrines of chance and fraud, these brazen idols worshiped once as gods, will be the very food of scorn, while those who bore the burden of defeat, who earned and kept their self-respect, who would not bow to man or men for place or power, will wear upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak.

Roscoe Conkling was a man of superb courage.

He not only acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequences of the course pursued without complaint. He was charged with being proud. The charge was true—he was proud. His knees were as inflexible as the “unwedgeable and gnarled oak,” but he was not vain. Vanity rests on the opinion of others—pride, on our own. The source of vanity is from without—of pride, from within. Vanity is a vane that turns, a willow that bends, with every breeze—pride is the oak that defies the storm. One is cloud—the other rock. One is weakness—the other strength.

This imperious man entered public life in the dawn of the reformation—at a time when the country needed men of pride, of principle and courage. The institution of slavery had poisoned all the springs of power. Before this crime ambition fell upon its

knees,—politicians, judges, clergymen, and merchant-princes bowed low and humbly, with their hats in their hands. The real friend of man was denounced as the enemy of his country—the real enemy of the human race was called a statesman and a patriot. Slavery was the bond and pledge of peace, of union, and national greatness. The temple of American liberty was finished—the auction-block was the corner-stone.

It is hard to conceive of the utter demoralization, of the political blindness and immorality, of the patriotic dishonesty, of the cruelty and degradation of a people who supplemented the incomparable Declaration of Independence with the Fugitive Slave Law.

Think of the honored statesmen of that ignoble time who wallowed in this mire and who, decorated with dripping filth, received the plaudits of their fellow-men. The noble, the really patriotic, were the victims of mobs, and the shameless were clad in the robes of office.

But let us speak no word of blame—let us feel that each one acted according to his light—according to his darkness.

At last the conflict came. The hosts of light and darkness prepared to meet upon the fields of war. The question was presented: Shall the Republic be slave or free? The Republican party had triumphed at the polls. The greatest man in our history was President elect. The victors were appalled—they shrank from the great responsibility of success. In the presence of rebellion they hesitated—they offered to return the fruits of victory. Hoping to avert war they were willing that slavery should become immortal. An amendment to the Constitution was proposed, to the effect that no subsequent amendment should ever be made that in anyway should interfere with the right of man to steal his fellow-men.

This, the most marvelous proposition ever submitted to a Congress of civilized men, received in the House an overwhelming majority, and the necessary two-thirds in the Senate. The Republican party, in the moment of its triumph, deserted every principle for which it had so gallantly contended, and with the trembling hands of fear laid its convictions on the altar of compromise.

The Old Guard, numbering but sixty-five in the House, stood as firm as the three hundred at Thermopylae. Thad-deus Stevens—as maliciously right as any other man was ever wrong—refused to kneel. Owen Lovejoy, remembering his brother's noble blood, refused to surrender, and on the edge of disunion, in the shadow of civil war, with the air filled with sounds of dreadful preparation, while the Republican party was retracing its steps, Roscoe Conkling voted No. This puts a wreath of glory on his tomb. From that vote to the last moment of his life he was a champion of equal rights, staunch and stalwart.

From that moment he stood in the front rank. He never wavered and he never swerved. By his devotion to principle—his courage, the splendor of his diction,—by his varied and profound knowledge, his conscientious devotion to the great cause, and by his intellectual scope and grasp, he won and held the admiration of his fellow-men.

Disasters in the field, reverses at the polls, did not and could not shake his courage or his faith. He knew the ghastly meaning of defeat. He knew that the great ship that slavery sought to strand and wreck was freighted with the world's sublimest hope.

He battled for a nation's life—for the rights of slaves—the dignity of labor, and the liberty of all. He guarded with a father's care the rights of the hunted, the hated and despised. He attacked the savage statutes of the reconstructed States with a torrent of invective, scorn and execration. He was not satisfied until the freedman was an American Citizen—clothed with every civil right—until the Constitution was his shield—until the ballot was his sword.

And long after we are dead, the colored man in this and other lands will speak his name in reverence and love. Others wavered, but he stood firm; some were false, but he was proudly true—fearlessly faithful unto death.

He gladly, proudly grasped the hands of colored men who stood with him as makers of our laws, and treated them as equals and as friends. The cry of "social equality" coined and uttered by the cruel and the base, was to him the expression of a great and splendid truth. He knew that no man can be the equal of the one he robs—that the intelligent and unjust are not the superiors of the ignorant and honest—and he also felt, and proudly felt, that if he were not too great to reach the hand of help and recognition to the slave, no other Senator could rightfully refuse.

We rise by raising others—and he who stoops above the fallen, stands erect.

Nothing can be grander than to sow the seeds of noble thoughts and virtuous deeds—to liberate the bodies and the souls of men—to earn the grateful homage of a race—and then, in life's last shadowy hour, to know that the historian of Liberty will be compelled to write your name.

There are no words intense enough,—with heart enough—to express my admiration for the great and gallant souls who have in every age and every land upheld the right, and who have lived and died for freedom's sake.

In our lives have been the grandest years that man has lived, that Time has measured by the flight of worlds.

The history of that great Party that let the oppressed go free—that lifted our nation from the depths of savagery to freedom's cloudless heights, and tore with holy hands from every law the words that sanctified the cruelty of man, is the most glorious in the annals of our race. Never before was there such a moral exaltation—never a party with a purpose so pure and high. It was the embodied conscience of a nation, the enthusiasm of a people guided by wisdom, the impersonation of justice; and the sublime victory achieved loaded even the conquered with all the rights that freedom can bestow.

Roscoe Conkling was an absolutely honest man. Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling. Without that they fall, and groveling die in weeds and dust. He believed that a nation should discharge its obligations. He knew that a promise could not be made often enough, or emphatic enough, to take the place of payment. He felt that the promise of the Government was the promise of every citizen—that a national

obligation was a personal debt, and that no possible combination of words and pictures could take the place of coin. He uttered the splendid truth that “the higher obligations among men are not set down in writing signed and sealed, but reside in honor.” He knew that repudiation was the sacrifice of honor—the death of the national soul. He knew that without character, without integrity, there is no wealth, and that below poverty, below bankruptcy, is the rayless abyss of repudiation. He upheld the sacredness of contracts, of plighted national faith, and helped to save and keep the honor of his native land. This adds another laurel to his brow.

He was the ideal representative, faithful and incorruptible. He believed that his constituents and his country were entitled to the fruit of his experience, to his best and highest thought. No man ever held the standard of responsibility higher than he. He voted according to his judgment, his conscience. He made no bargains—he neither bought nor sold.

To correct evils, abolish abuses and inaugurate reforms, he believed was not only the duty, but the privilege, of a legislator. He neither sold nor mortgaged himself. He was in Congress during the years of vast expenditure, of war and waste—when the credit of the nation was loaned to individuals—when claims were thick as leaves in June, when the amendment of a statute, the change of a single word, meant millions, and when empires were given to corporations. He stood at the summit of his power—peer of the greatest—a leader tried and trusted. He had the tastes of a prince, the fortune of a peasant, and yet he never swerved. No corporation was great enough or rich enough to purchase him. His vote could not be bought “for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide.” His hand was never touched by any bribe, and on his soul there never was a sordid stain. Poverty was his priceless crown.

Above his marvelous intellectual gifts—above all place he ever reached,—above the ermine he refused,—rises his integrity like some great mountain peak—and there it stands, firm as the earth beneath, pure as the stars above.

He was a great lawyer. He understood the frame-work, the anatomy, the foundations of law; was familiar with the great streams and currents and tides of authority.

He knew the history of legislation—the principles that have been settled upon the fields of war. He knew the maxims,—those crystallizations of common sense, those hand-grenades of argument. He was not a case-lawyer—a decision index, or an echo; he was original, thoughtful and profound. He had breadth and scope, resource, learning, logic, and above all, a sense of justice. He was painstaking and conscientious—anxious to know the facts—preparing for every attack, ready for every defence. He rested only when the end was reached. During the contest, he neither sent nor received a flag of truce. He was true to his clients—making their case his. Feeling responsibility, he listened patiently to details, and to his industry there were only the limits of time and strength. He was a student of the Constitution. He knew the boundaries of State and Federal jurisdiction, and no man was more familiar with those great decisions that are the peaks and promontories, the headlands and the beacons, of the law.

He was an orator,—logical, earnest, intense and picturesque. He laid the foundation with care, with accuracy and skill, and rose by “cold gradation and well balanced

form" from the corner-stone of statement to the domed conclusion. He filled the stage. He satisfied the eye—the audience was his. He had that indefinable thing called presence. Tall, commanding, erect—ample in speech, graceful in compliment, Titanic in denunciation, rich in illustration, prodigal of comparison and metaphor—and his sentences, measured and rhythmical, fell like music on the enraptured throng.

He abhorred the Pharisee, and loathed all conscientious fraud. He had a profound aversion for those who insist on putting base motives back of the good deeds of others. He wore no mask. He knew his friends—his enemies knew him.

He had no patience with pretence—with patriotic reasons for unmanly acts. He did his work and bravely spoke his thought.

Sensitive to the last degree, he keenly felt the blows and stabs of the envious and obscure—of the smallest, of the weakest—but the greatest could not drive him from conviction's field. He would not stoop to ask or give an explanation. He left his words and deeds to justify themselves.

He held in light esteem a friend who heard with half-believing ears the slander of a foe. He walked a highway of his own, and kept the company of his self-respect. He would not turn aside to avoid a foe—to greet or gain a friend.

In his nature there was no compromise. To him there were but two paths—the right and wrong. He was maligned, misrepresented and misunderstood—but he would not answer. He knew that character speaks louder far than any words. He was as silent then as he is now—and his silence, better than any form of speech, refuted every charge.

He was an American—proud of his country, that was and ever will be proud of him. He did not find perfection only in other lands. He did not grow small and shrunken, withered and apologetic, in the presence of those upon whom greatness had been thrust by chance. He could not be overawed by dukes or lords, nor flattered into vertebrate-less subserviency by the patronizing smiles of kings. In the midst of conventionalities he had the feeling of suffocation. He believed in the royalty of man, in the sovereignty of the citizen, and in the matchless greatness of this Republic.

He was of the classic mould—a figure from the antique world. He had the pose of the great statues—the pride and bearing of the intellectual Greek, of the conquering Roman, and he stood in the wide free air as though within his veins there flowed the blood of a hundred kings.

And as he lived he died. Proudly he entered the darkness—or the dawn—that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the utmost reach of human harm or help—to that vast realm of silence or of joy where the innumerable dwell, and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed—the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man, who bowed alone to death.

A Tribute To Richard H. Whiting

New York, May 24., 1888.

MY FRIENDS: The river of another life has reached the sea.

Again we are in the presence of that eternal peace that we call death.

My life has been rich in friends, but I never had a better or a truer one than he who lies in silence here. He was as steadfast, as faithful, as the stars.

Richard H. Whiting was an absolutely honest man. His word was gold—his promise was fulfillment—and there never has been, there never will be, on this poor earth, any thing nobler than an honest, loving soul.

This man was as reliable as the attraction of gravitation—he knew no shadow of turning. He was as generous as autumn, as hospitable as summer, and as tender as a perfect day in June. He forgot only himself, and asked favors only for others. He begged for the opportunity to do good—to stand by a friend, to support a cause, to defend what he believed to be right.

He was a lover of nature—of the woods, the fields and flowers. He was a home-builder. He believed in the family and the fireside—in the sacredness of the hearth.

He was a believer in the religion of deed, and his creed was to do good. No man has ever slept in death who nearer lived his creed.

I have known him for many years, and have yet to hear a word spoken of him except in praise.

His life was full of honor, of kindness and of helpful deeds. Besides all, his soul was free. He feared nothing, except to do wrong. He was a believer in the gospel of help and hope. He knew how much better, how much more sacred, a kind act is than any theory the brain has wrought.

The good are the noble. His life filled the lives of others with sunshine. He has left a legacy of glory to his children. They can truthfully say that within their veins is right royal blood—the blood of an honest, generous man, of a steadfast friend, of one who was true to the very gates of death.

If there be another world, another life beyond the shore of this,—if the great and good who died upon this orb are there,—then the noblest and the best, with eager hands, have welcomed him—the equal in honor, in generosity, of any one that ever passed beyond the veil.

To me this world is growing poor. New friends can never fill the places of the old.

Farewell! If this is the end, then you have left to us the sacred memory of a noble life. If this is not the end, there is no world in which you, my friend, will not be loved and welcomed. Farewell!

A Tribute To Courtlandt Palmer

New York, July 26, 1888.

MY FRIENDS: A thinker of pure thoughts, a speaker of brave words, a doer of generous deeds has reached the silent haven that all the dead have reached, and where the voyage of every life must end; and we, his friends, who even now are hastening after him, are met to do the last kind acts that man may do for man—to tell his virtues and to lay with tenderness and tears lay ashes in the sacred place of rest and peace.

Some one has said, that in the open hands of death we find only what they gave away.

Let us believe that pure thoughts, brave words and generous deeds can never die. Let us believe that they bear fruit and add forever to the well-being of the human race. Let us believe that a noble, self-denying life increases the moral wealth of man, and gives assurance that the future will be grander than the past.

In the monotony of subservience, in the multitude of blind followers, nothing is more inspiring than a free and independent man—one who gives and asks reasons; one who demands freedom and gives what he demands; one who refuses to be slave or master. Such a man was Courtlandt Palmer, to whom we pay the tribute of respect and love.

He was an honest man—he gave the rights he claimed. This was the foundation on which he built. To think for himself—to give his thought to others; this was to him not only a privilege, not only a right, but a duty.

He believed in self-preservation—in personal independence—that is to say, in manhood.

He preserved the realm of mind from the invasion of brute force, and protected the children of the brain from the Herod of authority.

He investigated for himself the questions, the problems and the mysteries of life. Majorities were nothing to him. No error could be old enough—popular, plausible or profitable enough—to bribe his judgment or to keep his conscience still.

He knew that, next to finding truth, the greatest joy is honest search.

He was a believer in intellectual hospitality, in the fair exchange of thought, in good mental manners, in the amenities of the soul, in the chivalry of discussion.

He insisted that those who speak should hear; that those who question should answer; that each should strive not for a victory over others, but for the discovery of truth, and that truth when found should be welcomed by every human soul.

He knew that truth has no fear of investigation—of being understood. He knew that truth loves the day—that its enemies are ignorance, prejudice, egotism, bigotry, hypocrisy, fear and darkness, and that intelligence, candor, honesty, love and light are its eternal friends.

He believed in the morality of the useful—that the virtues are the friends of man—the seeds of joy.

He knew that consequences determine the quality of actions, and “that whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap.”

In the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte he found the framework of his creed. In the conclusions of that great, sublime and tender soul he found the rest, the serenity and the certainty he sought.

The clouds had fallen from his life. He saw that the old faiths were but phases in the growth of man—that out from the darkness, up from the depths, the human race through countless ages and in every land had struggled toward the ever-growing light.

He felt that the living are indebted to the noble dead, and that each should pay his debt; that he should pay it by preserving to the extent of his power the good he has, by destroying the hurtful, by adding to the knowledge of the world, by giving better than he had received; and that each should be the bearer of a torch, a giver of light for all that is, for all to be.

This was the religion of duty perceived, of duty within the reach of man, within the circumference of the known—a religion without mystery, with experience for the foundation of belief—a religion understood by the head and approved by the heart—a religion that appealed to reason with a definite end in view—the civilization and development of the human race by legitimate, adequate and natural means—that is to say, by ascertaining the conditions of progress and by teaching each to be noble enough to live for all.

This is the gospel of man; this is the gospel of this world; this is the religion of humanity; this is a philosophy that comtemplates not with scorn, but with pity, with admiration and with love all that man has done, regarding, as it does, the past with all its faults and virtues, its sufferings, its cruelties and crimes, as the only road by which the perfect could be reached.

He denied the supernatural—the phantoms and the ghosts that fill the twilight-land of fear. To him and for him there was but one religion—the religion of pure thoughts, of noble words, of self-denying deeds, of honest work for all the world—the religion of Help and Hope.

Facts were the foundation of his faith; history was his prophet; reason his guide; duty his deity; happiness the end; intelligence the means.

He knew that man must be the providence of man.

He did not believe in Religion and Science, but in the Religion of Science—that is to say, wisdom glorified by love, the Savior of our race—the religion that conquers prejudice and hatred, that drives all superstition from the mind, that ennobles, lengthens and enriches life, that drives from every home the wolves of want, from every heart the fiends of selfishness and fear, and from every brain the monsters of the night.

He lived and labored for his fellow-men. He sided with the weak and poor against the strong and rich. He welcomed light. His face was ever toward the East.

According to his light he lived. “The world was his country—to do good his religion.” There is no language to express a nobler creed than this; nothing can be grander, more comprehensive, nearer perfect. This was the creed that glorified his life and made his death sublime.

He was afraid to do wrong, and for that reason was not afraid to die.

He knew that the end was near. He knew that his work was done. He stood within the twilight, within the deepening gloom, knowing that for the last time the gold was fading from the West and that there could not fall again within his eyes the trembling lustre of another dawn. He knew that night had come, and yet his soul was filled with light, for in that night the memory of his generous deeds shone out like stars.

What can we say? What words can solve the mystery of life, the mystery of death? What words can justly pay a tribute to the man who lived to his ideal, who spoke his honest thought, and who was turned aside neither by envy, nor hatred, nor contumely, nor slander, nor scorn, nor fear?

What words will do that life the justice that we know and feel?

A heart breaks, a man dies, a leaf falls in the far forest, a babe is born, and the great world sweeps on.

By the grave of man stands the angel of Silence.

No one can tell which is better—Life with its gleams and shadows, its thrills and pangs, its ecstasy and tears, its wreaths and thorns, its crowns, its glories and Golgothas, or Death, with its peace, its rest, its cool and placid brow that hath within no memory or fear of grief or pain.

Farewell, dear friend. The world is better for your life—The world is braver for your death.

Farewell! We loved you living, and we love you now.

A Tribute To Mrs. Mary H. Fiske

At Scottish Rite Hall, New York, February 6, 1889.

MY FRIENDS: In the presence of the two great mysteries, Life and Death, we are met to say above this still, unconscious house of clay, a few words of kindness, of regret, of love, and hope.

In this presence, let us speak of the goodness, the charity, the generosity and the genius of the dead.

Only flowers should be laid upon the tomb. In life's last pillow there should be no thorns.

Mary Fiske was like herself—she patterned after none. She was a genius, and put her soul in all she did and wrote. She cared nothing for roads, nothing for beaten paths, nothing for the footsteps of others—she went across the fields and through the woods and by the winding streams, and down the vales, or over crags, wherever fancy led. She wrote lines that leaped with laughter and words that were wet with tears. She gave us quaint thoughts, and sayings filled with the "pert and nimble spirit of mirth." Her pages were flecked with sunshine and shadow, and in every word were the pulse and breath of life.

Her heart went out to all the wretched in this weary world—and yet she seemed as joyous as though grief and death were nought but words. She wept where others wept, but in her own misfortunes found the food of hope. She cared for the to-morrow of others, but not for her own. She lived for to-day.

Some hearts are like a waveless pool, satisfied to hold the image of a wondrous star—but hers was full of motion, life and light and storm.

She longed for freedom. Every limitation was a prison's wall. Rules were shackles, and forms were made for serfs and slaves.

She gave her utmost thought. She praised all generous deeds; applauded the struggling and even those who failed.

She pitied the poor, the forsaken, the friendless. No one could fall below her pity, no one could wander beyond the circumference of her sympathy. To her there were no outcasts—they were victims. She knew that the inhabitants of palaces and penitentiaries might change places without adding to the injustice of the world. She knew that circumstances and conditions determine character—that the lowest and the worst of our race were children once, as pure as light, whose cheeks dimpled with smiles beneath the heaven of a mother's eyes. She thought of the road they had traveled, of the thorns that had pierced their feet, of the deserts they had crossed, and so, instead of words of scorn she gave the eager hand of help.

No one appealed to her in vain. She listened to the story of the poor, and all she had she gave. A god could do no more.

The destitute and suffering turned naturally to her. The maimed and hurt sought for her open door, and the helpless put their hands in hers.

She shielded the weak—she attacked the strong.

Her heart was open as the gates of day. She shed kindness as the sun sheds light. If all her deeds were flowers, the air would be faint with perfume. If all her charities could change to melodies, a symphony would fill the sky.

Mary Fiske had within her brain the divine fire called genius, and in her heart the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

She wrote as a stream runs, that winds and babbles through the shadowy fields, that falls in foam of flight and haste and laughing joins the sea.

A little while ago a babe was found—one that had been abandoned by its mother—left as a legacy to chance or fate. The warm heart of Mary Fiske, now cold in death, was touched. She took the waif and held it lovingly to her breast and made the child her own.

We pray thee, Mother Nature, that thou wilt take this woman and hold her as tenderly in thy arms, as she held and pressed against her generous, throbbing heart, the abandoned babe.

We ask no more.

In this presence, let us remember our faults, our frailties, and the generous, helpful, self-denying, loving deeds of Mary Fiske.

A Tribute To Horace Seaver

At Paine Hall, Boston, August 25, 1889.

HORACE SEAVER was a pioneer, a torch-bearer, a toiler in that great field we call the world—a worker for his fellow-men. At the end of his task he has fallen asleep, and we are met to tell the story of his long and useful life—to pay our tribute to his work and worth.

He was one who saw the dawn while others lived in night. He kept his face toward the "purpling east" and watched the coming of the blessed day.

He always sought for light. His object was to know—to find a reason for his faith—a fact on which to build.

In superstition's sands he sought the gems of truth; in superstition's night he looked for stars.

Born in New England—reared amidst the cruel superstitions of his age and time, he had the manhood and the courage to investigate, and he had the goodness and the courage to tell his honest thoughts.

He was always kind, and sought to win the confidence of men by sympathy and love. There was no taint or touch of malice in his blood. To him his fellows did not seem depraved—they were not wholly bad—there was within the heart of each the seeds of good. He knew that back of every thought and act were forces uncontrolled. He wisely said: "Circumstances furnish the seeds of good and evil, and man is but the soil in which they grow." Horace Seaver was crowned with the wreath of his own deeds, woven by the generous hand of a noble friend. He fought the creed, and loved the man. He pitied those who feared and shuddered at the thought of death—who dwelt in darkness and in dread.

The religion of his day filled his heart with horror.

He was kind, compassionate, and tender, and could not fall upon his knees before a cruel and revengeful God—he could not bow to one who slew with famine, sword and fire—to one pitiless as pestilence, relentless as the lightning stroke. Jehovah had no attribute that he could love.

He attacked the creed of New England—a creed that had within it the ferocity of Knox, the malice of Calvin, the cruelty of Jonathan Edwards—a religion that had a monster for a God—a religion whose dogmas would have shocked cannibals feasting upon babes.

Horace Seaver followed the light of his brain—the impulse of his heart. He was attacked, but he answered the insulter with a smile; and even he who coined malignant lies was treated as a friend misled. He did not ask God to forgive his enemies—he forgave them himself. He was sincere. Sincerity is the true and perfect mirror of the mind. It reflects the honest thought. It is the foundation of character, and without it there is no moral grandeur.

Sacred are the lips from which has issued only truth. Over all wealth, above all station, above the noble, the robed and crowned, rises the sincere man. Happy is the man who neither paints nor patches, veils nor veneers. Blessed is he who wears no mask.

The man who lies before us wrapped in perfect peace, practiced no art to hide or half conceal his thought. He did not write or speak the double words that might be useful in retreat. He gave a truthful transcript of his mind, and sought to make his meaning clear as light.

To use his own words, he had "the courage which impels a man to do his duty, to hold fast his integrity, to maintain a conscience void of offence, at every hazard and at every sacrifice, in defiance of the world."

He lived to his ideal. He sought the approbation of himself. He did not build his character upon the opinions of others, and it was out of the very depths of his nature that he asked this profound question:

"What is there in other men that makes us desire their approbation, and fear their censure more than our own?"

Horace Seaver was a good and loyal citizen of the mental republic—a believer in, intellectual hospitality, one who knew that bigotry is born of ignorance and fear—the provincialisms of the brain. He did not belong to the tribe, or to the nation, but to the human race. His sympathy was wide as want, and, like the sky, bent above the suffering world.

This man had that superb thing called moral courage—courage in its highest form. He knew that his thoughts were not the thoughts of others—that he was with the few, and that where one would take his side, thousands would be his eager foes. He knew that wealth would scorn and cultured ignorance deride, and that believers in the creeds, buttressed by law and custom, would hurl the missiles of revenge and hate. He knew that lies, like snakes, would fill the pathway of his life—and yet he told his honest thought—told it without hatred and without contempt—told it as it really was. And so, through all his days, his heart was sound and stainless to the core.

When he enlisted in the army whose banner is light, the honest investigator was looked upon as lost and cursed, and even Christian criminals held him in contempt. The believing embezzler, the orthodox wife-beater, even the murderer, lifted his bloody hands and thanked God that on his soul there was no stain of unbelief.

In nearly every State of our Republic, the man who denied the absurdities and impossibilities lying at the foundation of what is called orthodox religion, was denied his civil rights. He was not canopied by the ægis of the law. He stood beyond the reach of sympathy. He was not allowed to testify against the invader of his home, the seeker for his life—his lips were closed. He was declared dishonorable, because he was honest. His unbelief made him a social leper, a pariah, an outcast. He was the victim of religious hate and scorn. Arrayed against him were all the prejudices and all the forces and hypocrisies of society. All mistakes and lies were his enemies. Even the Theist was denounced as a disturber of the peace, although he told his thoughts in

kind and candid words. He was called a blasphemer, because he sought to rescue the reputation of his God from the slanders of orthodox priests.

Such was the bigotry of the time, that natural love was lost. The unbelieving son was hated by his pious sire, and even the mother's heart was by her creed turned into stone.

Horace Seaver pursued his way. He worked and wrought as best he could, in solitude and want. He knew the day would come. He lived to be rewarded for his toil—to see most of the laws repealed that had made outcasts of the noblest, the wisest, and the best. He lived to see the foremost preachers of the world attack the sacred creeds. He lived to see the sciences released from superstition's clutch. He lived to see the orthodox theologian take his place with the professor of the black art, the fortune-teller, and the astrologer. He lived to see the greatest of the world accept his thought—to see the theologian displaced by the true priests of Nature—by Humboldt and Darwin, by Huxley and Haeckel.

Within the narrow compass of his life the world was changed. The railway, the steamship, and the telegraph made all nations neighbors. Countless inventions have made the luxuries of the past the necessities of to-day. Life has been enriched, and man ennobled. The geologist has read the records of frost and flame, of wind and wave—the astronomer has told the story of the stars—the biologist has sought the germ of life, and in every department of knowledge the torch of science sheds its sacred light.

The ancient creeds have grown absurd. The miracles are small and mean. The inspired book is filled with fables told to please a childish world, and the dogma of eternal pain now shocks the heart and brain.

He lived to see a monument unveiled to Bruno in the city of Rome—to Giordano Bruno—that great man who two hundred and eighty-nine years ago suffered death for having proclaimed the truths that since have filled the world with joy. He lived to see the victim of the church a victor—lived to see his memory honored by a nation freed from papal chains.

He worked knowing what the end must be—expecting little while he lived—but knowing that every fact in the wide universe was on his side. He knew that truth can wait, and so he worked patient as eternity.

He had the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a child.

Horace Seaver was a man of common sense.

By that I mean, one who knows the law of average. He denied the Bible, not on account of what has been discovered in astronomy, or the length of time it took to form the delta of the Nile—but he compared the things he found with what he knew.

He knew that antiquity added nothing to probability—that lapse of time can never take the place of cause, and that the dust can never gather thick enough upon mistakes to make them equal with the truth.

He knew that the old, by no possibility, could have been more wonderful than the new, and that the present is a perpetual torch by which we know the past.

To him all miracles were mistakes, whose parents were cunning and credulity. He knew that miracles were not, because they are not.

He believed in the sublime, unbroken, and eternal march of causes and effects—denying the chaos of chance, and the caprice of power.

He tested the past by the now, and judged of all the men and races of the world by those he knew.

He believed in the religion of free thought and good deed—of character, of sincerity, of honest endeavor, of cheerful help—and above all, in the religion of love and liberty—in a religion for every day—for the world in which we live—for the present—the religion of roof and raiment, of food, of intelligence, of intellectual hospitality—the religion that gives health and happiness, freedom and content—in the religion of work, and in the ceremonies of honest labor.

He lived for this world; if there be another, he will live for that.

He did what he could for the destruction of fear—the destruction of the imaginary monster who rewards the few in heaven—the monster who tortures the many in perdition.

He was a friend of all the world, and sought to civilize the human race.

For more than fifty years he labored to free the bodies and the souls of men—and many thousands have read his words with joy. He sought the suffering and oppressed. He sat by those in pain—and his helping hand was laid in pity on the brow of death.

He asked only to be treated as he treated others. He asked for only what he earned, and had the manhood cheerfully to accept the consequences of his actions. He expected no reward for the goodness of another.

But he has lived his life. We should shed no tears except the tears of gratitude. We should rejoice that he lived so long.

In Nature's course, his time had come. The four seasons were complete in him. The Spring could never come again. The measure of his years was full.

When the day is done—when the work of a life is finished—when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath the silent stars the tired laborer should fall asleep. To outlive usefulness is a double death. "Let me not live after my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff of younger spirits."

When the old oak is visited in vain by Spring—when light and rain no longer thrill—it is not well to stand leafless, desolate, and alone. It is better far to fall where Nature softly covers all with woven moss and creeping vine.

How little, after all, we know of what is ill or well! How little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools—this stream of life, that rises in a world unknown, and flows

to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes has never pressed! How little of this life we know—this struggling ray of light ‘twixt gloom and gloom—this strip of land by verdure clad, between the unknown wastes—this throbbing moment filled with love and pain—this dream that lies between the shadowy shores of sleep and death!

We stand upon this verge of crumbling time. We love, we hope, we disappear. Again we mingle with the dust, and the “knot intrinsicate” forever falls apart.

But this we know: A noble life enriches all the world.

Horace Seaver lived for others. He accepted toil and hope deferred. Poverty was his portion. Like Socrates, he did not seek to adorn his body, but rather his soul with the jewels of charity, modesty, courage, and above all, with a love of liberty.

Farewell, O brave and modest man!

Your lips, between which truths burst into blossom, are forever closed. Your loving heart has ceased to beat. Your busy brain is still, and from your hand has dropped the sacred torch.

Your noble, self-denying life has honored us, and we will honor you.

You were my friend, and I was yours. Above your silent clay I pay this tribute to your worth.

Farewell!

A Tribute To Lawrence Barrett

At the Broadway Theatre, New York, March 22, 1891.

MY heart tells me that on the threshold of my address it will be appropriate for me to say a few words about the great actor who has just fallen into that sleep that we call death. Lawrence Barrett was my friend, and I was his. He was an interpreter of Shakespeare, to whose creations he gave flesh and blood. He began at the foundation of his profession, and rose until he stood next to his friend—next to one who is regarded as the greatest tragedian of our time—next to Edwin Booth.

The life of Lawrence Barrett was a success, because he honored himself and added glory to the stage.

He did not seek for gain by pandering to the thoughtless, ignorant or base. He gave the drama in its highest and most serious form. He shunned the questionable, the vulgar and impure, and gave the intellectual, the pathetic, the manly and the tragic. He did not stoop to conquer—he soared. He was fitted for the stage. He had a thoughtful face, a vibrant voice and the pose of chivalry, and besides he had patience, industry, courage and the genius of success.

He was a graceful and striking Bassanio, a thoughtful Hamlet, an intense Othello, a marvelous Harebell, and the best Cassius of his century.

In the drama of human life, all are actors, and no one knows his part. In this great play the scenes are shifted by unknown forces, and the commencement, plot and end are still unknown—are still unguessed. One by one the players leave the stage, and others take their places. There is no pause—the play goes on. No prompter's voice is heard, and no one has the slightest clue to what the next scene is to be.

Will this great drama have an end? Will the curtain fall at last? Will it rise again upon some other stage? Reason says perhaps, and Hope still whispers yes. Sadly I bid my friend farewell, I admired the actor, and I loved the man.

A Tribute To Walt Whitman

Camden, N. J., March 30, 1892.

MY FRIENDS: Again we, in the mystery of Life, are brought face to face with the mystery of Death. A great man, a great American, the most eminent citizen of this Republic, lies dead before us, and we have met to pay a tribute to his greatness and his worth.

I know he needs no words of mine. His fame is secure. He laid the foundations of it deep in the human heart and brain. He was, above all I have known, the poet of humanity, of sympathy. He was so great that he rose above the greatest that he met without arrogance, and so great that he stooped to the lowest without conscious condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any of the sous of men.

He came into our generation a free, untrammeled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathized with the imprisoned and despised, and even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy.

One of the greatest lines in our literature is his, and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that has ever lived. He said, speaking of an outcast: “Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you.”

His charity was as wide as the sky, and wherever there was human suffering, human misfortune, the sympathy of Whitman bent above it as the firmament bends above the earth.

He was built on a broad and splendid plan—ample, without appearing to have limitations—passing easily for a brother of mountains and seas and constellations; caring nothing for the little maps and charts with which timid pilots hug the shore, but giving himself freely with recklessness of genius to winds and waves and tides; caring for nothing as long as the stars were above him. He walked among men, among writers, among verbal varnishers and veneerers, among literary milliners and tailors, with the unconscious majesty of an antique god.

He was the poet of that divine democracy which gives equal rights to all the sons and daughters of men. He uttered the great American voice; uttered a song worthy of the great Republic. No man ever said more for the rights of humanity, more in favor of real democracy, of real justice. He neither scorned nor cringed, was neither tyrant nor slave. He asked only to stand the equal of his fellows beneath the great flag of nature, the blue and stars.

He was the poet of Life. It was a joy simply to breathe. He loved the clouds; he enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the waves burst into the whitecaps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills; he was acquainted with the trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects of the earth. He not only saw these objects, but understood their meaning, and he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellow-men.

He was the poet of Love. He was not ashamed of that divine passion that has built every home in the world; that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real work of art; that divine passion that has made the world worth living in and has given some value to human life.

He was the poet of the natural, and taught men not to be ashamed of that which is natural. He was not only the poet of democracy, not only the poet of the great Republic, but he was the poet of the human race. He was not confined to the limits of this country, but his sympathy went out over the seas to all the nations of the earth.

He stretched out his hand and felt himself the equal of all kings and of all princes, and the brother of all men, no matter how high, no matter how low.

He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our century, possibly of almost any other. He was, above all things, a man, and above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all art, rises the true man. Greater than all is the true man, and he walked among his fellow-men as such.

He was the poet of Death. He accepted all life and all death, and he justified all. He had the courage to meet all, and was great enough and splendid enough to harmonize all and to accept all there is of life as a divine melody.

You know better than I what his life has been, but let me say one thing. Knowing, as he did, what others can know and what they cannot, he accepted and absorbed all theories, all creeds, all religions, and believed in none. His philosophy was a sky that embraced all clouds and accounted for all clouds. He had a philosophy and a religion of his own, broader, as he believed—and as I believe—than others. He accepted all, he understood all, and he was above all.

He was absolutely true to himself. He had frankness and courage, and he was as candid as light. He was willing that all the sons of men should be absolutely acquainted with his heart and brain. He had nothing to conceal. Frank, candid, pure, serene, noble, and yet for years he was maligned and slandered, simply because he had the candor of nature. He will be understood yet, and that for which he was condemned—his frankness, his candor—will add to the glory and greatness of his fame.

He wrote a liturgy for mankind; he wrote a great and splendid psalm of life, and he gave to us the gospel of humanity—the greatest gospel that can be preached.

He was not afraid to live, not afraid to die. For many years he and death were near neighbors. He was always willing and ready to meet and greet this king called death, and for many months he sat in the deepening twilight waiting for the night, waiting for the light.

He never lost his hope. When the mists filled the valleys, he looked upon the mountain tops, and when the mountains in darkness disappeared, he fixed his gaze upon the stars.

In his brain were the blessed memories of the day, and in his heart were mingled the dawn and dusk of life.

He was not afraid; he was cheerful every moment. The laughing nymphs of day did not desert him. They remained that they might clasp the hands and greet with smiles the veiled and silent sisters of the night. And when they did come, Walt Whitman stretched his hand to them. On one side were the nymphs of the day, and on the other the silent sisters of the night, and so, hand in hand, between smiles and tears, he reached his journey's end.

From the frontier of life, from the western wave-kissed shore, he sent us messages of content and hope, and these messages seem now like strains of music blown by the "Mystic Trumpeter" from Death's pale realm.

To-day we give back to Mother Nature, to her clasp and kiss, one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay.

Charitable as the air and generous as Nature, he was negligent of all except to do and say what he believed he should do and should say.

And I to-day thank him, not only for you but for myself, for all the brave words he has uttered. I thank him for all the great and splendid words lie has said in favor of liberty, in favor of man and woman, in favor of motherhood, in favor of fathers, in favor of children, and I thank him for the brave words that he has said of death.

He has lived, he has died, and death is less terrible than it was before. Thousands and millions will walk down into the "dark valley of the shadow" holding Walt Whitman by the hand. Long after we are dead the brave words he has spoken will sound like trumpets to the dying.

And so I lay this little wreath upon this great mans tomb. I loved him living, and I love him still.

A Tribute To Philo D. Beckwith

Dowagiac, Mich., January 25, 1893.

LADIES and Gentlemen: Nothing is nobler than to plant the flower of gratitude on the grave of a generous man—of one who labored for the good of all—whose hands were open and whose heart was full.

Praise for the noble dead is an inspiration for the noble living.

Loving words sow seeds of love in every gentle heart. Appreciation is the soil and climate of good and generous deeds.

We are met to-night not to pay, but to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to one who lived and labored here—who was the friend of all and who for many years was the providence of the poor. To one who left to those who knew him best, the memory of countless loving deeds—the richest legacy that man can leave to man.

We are here to dedicate this monument to the stainless memory of Philo D. Beckwith—one of the kings of men.

This monument—this perfect theatre—this beautiful house of cheerfulness and joy—this home and child of all the arts—this temple where the architect, the sculptor and painter united to build and decorate a stage whereon the drama with a thousand tongues will tell the frailties and the virtues of the human race, and music with her thrilling voice will touch the source of happy tears.

This is a fitting monument to the man whose memory we honor—to one, who broadening with the years, outgrew the cruel creeds, the heartless dogmas of his time—to one who passed from superstition to science—from religion to reason—from theology to humanity—from slavery to freedom—from the shadow of fear to the blessed light of love and courage. To one who believed in intellectual hospitality—in the perfect freedom of the soul, and hated tyranny, in every form, with all his heart.

To one whose head and hands were in partnership constituting the firm of Intelligence and Industry, and whose heart divided the profits with his fellow-men. To one who fought the battle of life alone, without the aid of place or wealth, and yet grew nobler and gentler with success.

To one who tried to make a heaven here and who believed in the blessed gospel of cheerfulness and love—of happiness and hope.

And it is fitting, too, that this monument should be adorned with the sublime faces, wrought in stone, of the immortal dead—of those who battled for the rights of man—who broke the fetters of the slave—of those who filled the minds of men with poetry, art, and light—of Voltaire, who abolished torture in France and who did more for liberty than any other of the sons of men—of Thomas Paine, whose pen did as much as any sword to make the New World free—of Victor Hugo, who wept for those who weep—of Emerson, a worshiper of the Ideal, who filled the mind with suggestions of the perfect—of Goethe, the poet-philosopher—of Whitman, the ample, wide as the

sky—author of the tenderest, the most pathetic, the sublimest poem that this continent has produced—of Shakespeare, the King of all—of Beethoven, the divine,—of Chopin and Verdi and of Wagner, grandest of them all, whose music satisfies the heart and brain and fills imagination's sky—of George Eliot, who wove within her brain the purple robe her genius wears—of George Sand, subtle and sincere, passionate and free—and with these—faces of those who, on the stage, have made the mimic world as real as life and death.

Beneath the loftiest monuments may be found ambition's worthless dust, while those who lived the loftiest lives are sleeping now in unknown graves.

It may be that the bravest of the brave who ever fell upon the field of ruthless war, was left without a grave to mingle slowly with the land he saved.

But here and now the Man and Monument agree, and blend like sounds that meet and melt in melody—a monument for the dead—a blessing for the living—a memory of tears—a prophecy of joy.

Fortunate the people where this good man lived, for they are all his heirs—and fortunate for me that I have had the privilege of laying this little laurel leaf upon his unstained brow.

And now, speaking for those he loved—for those who represent the honored dead—I dedicate this home of mirth and song—of poetry and art—to the memory of Philo D. Beckwith—a true philosopher—a real philanthropist.

A Tribute To Anton Seidl

IN the noon and zenith of his career, in the flush and glory of success, Anton Seidl, the greatest orchestral leader of all time, the perfect interpreter of Wagner, of all his subtlety and sympathy, his heroism and grandeur, his intensity and limitless passion, his wondrous harmonies that tell of all there is in life, and touch the longings and the hopes of every heart, has passed from the shores of sound to the realm of silence, borne by the mysterious and resistless tide that ever ebbs but never flows.

All moods were his. Delicate as the perfume of the first violet, wild as the storm, he knew the music of all sounds, from the rustle of leaves, the whisper of hidden springs, to the voices of the sea.

He was the master of music, from the rhythmical strains of irresponsible joy to the sob of the funeral march.

He stood like a king with his sceptre in his hand, and we knew that every tone and harmony were in his brain, every passion in his breast, and yet his sculptured face was as calm, as serene as perfect art. He mingled his soul with the music and gave his heart to the enchanted air.

He appeared to have no limitations, no walls, no chains. He seemed to follow the pathway of desire, and the marvelous melodies, the sublime harmonies, were as free as eagles above the clouds with outstretched wings.

He educated, refined, and gave unspeakable joy to many thousands of his fellow-men. He added to the grace and glory of life. He spoke a language deeper, more poetic than words—the language of the perfect, the language of love and death.

But he is voiceless now; a fountain of harmony has ceased. Its inspired strains have died away in night, and all its murmuring melodies are strangely still.

We will mourn for him, we will honor him, not in words, but in the language that he used.

Anton Seidl is dead. Play the great funeral march. Envelop him in music. Let its wailing waves cover him. Let its wild and mournful winds sigh and moan above him. Give his face to its kisses and its tears.

Play the great funeral march, music as profound as death. That will express our sorrow—that will voice our love, our hope, and that will tell of the life, the triumph, the genius, the death of Anton Seidl.

A Tribute To Dr. Thomas Seton Robertson

New York September 8, 1898.

IN the pulseless hush of death, silence seems more expressive, more appropriate—than speech. In the presence of the Great Mystery, the great mystery that waits to enshroud us all, we feel the uselessness of words. But where a fellow-mortal has reached his journey's end—where the darkness from which he emerged has received him again, it is but natural for his friends to mingle with their grief, expressions of their love and loss.

He who lies before us in the sleep of death was generous to his fellow-men. His hands were always stretched to help, to save. He pitied the friendless, the unfortunate, the hopeless—proud of his skill—of his success. He was quick to decide—to act—prompt, tireless, forgetful of self. He lengthened life and conquered pain—hundreds are well and happy now because he lived. This is enough. This puts a star above the gloom of death.

He was sensitive to the last degree—quick to feel a slight—to resent a wrong—but in the warmth of kindness the thorn of hatred blossomed. He was not quite fashioned for this world. The flints and thorns on life's highway bruised and pierced his flesh, and for his wounds he did not have the blessed balm of patience. He felt the manacles, the limitations—the imprisonments of life and so within the walls and bars he wore his very soul away. He could not bear the storms. The tides, the winds, the waves, in the morning of his life, dashed his frail bark against the rocks.

He fought as best he could, and that he failed was not his fault.

He was honest, generous and courageous. These three great virtues were his. He was a true and steadfast friend, seeing only the goodness of the ones he loved. Only a great and noble heart is capable of this.

But he has passed beyond the reach of praise or blame—passed to the realm of rest—to the waveless calm of perfect peace.

The storm is spent—the winds are hushed—the waves have died along the shore—the tides are still—the aching heart has ceased to beat, and within the brain all thoughts, all hopes and fears—ambitions, memories, rejoicings and regrets—all images and pictures of the world, of life, are now as though they had not been. And yet Hope, the child of Love—the deathless, beyond the darkness sees the dawn. And we who knew and loved him, we, who now perform the last sad rites—the last that friendship can suggest—"will keep his memory green."

Dear Friend, farewell! "If we do meet again we shall smile indeed—if not, this parting is well made." Farewell!

A Tribute To Thomas Corwin

Lebanon, Ohio, March 5, 1899.

LADIES and Gentlemen: Being for the first time where Thomas Corwin lived and where his ashes rest, I cannot refrain from saying something of what I feel. Thomas Corwin was a natural orator—armed with the sword of attack and the shield of defence.

Nature filled his quiver with perfect arrows. He was the lord of logic and laughter. He had the presence, the pose, the voice, the face that mirrored thoughts, the unconscious gesture of the orator. He had intelligence—a wide horizon—logic as unerring as mathematics—humor as rich as autumn when the boughs and vines bend with the weight of ripened fruit, while the forests flame with scarlet, brown and gold. He had wit as quick and sharp as lightning, and like the lightning it filled the heavens with sudden light.

In his laughter there was logic, in his wit wisdom, and in his humor philosophy and philanthropy. He was a supreme artist. He painted pictures with words. He knew the strength, the velocity of verbs, the color, the light and shade of adjectives.

He was a sculptor in speech—changing stones to statues. He had in his heart the sacred something that we call sympathy. He pitied the unfortunate, the oppressed and the outcast His words were often wet with tears—tears that in a moment after were glorified by the light of smiles. All moods were his. He knew the heart, its tides and currents, its calms and storms, and like a skillful pilot he sailed emotion's troubled sea. He was neither solemn nor dignified, because he was neither stupid nor egotistic. He was natural, and had the spontaneity of winds and waves. He was the greatest orator of his time, the grandest that ever stood beneath our flag. Reverently I lay this leaf upon his grave.

A Tribute To Isaac H. Bailey

New York, March 27, 1899.

MY FRIENDS: When one whom we hold dear has reached the end of life and laid his burden down, it is but natural for us, his friends, to pay the tribute of respect and love; to tell his virtues, to express our sense of loss and speak above the sculptured clay some word of hope.

Our friend, about whose bier we stand, was in the highest, noblest sense a man. He was not born to wealth—he was his own providence, his own teacher. With him work was worship and labor was his only prayer. He depended on himself, and was as independent as it is possible for man to be. He hated debt, and obligation was a chain that scarred his flesh. He lived a long and useful life. In age he reaped with joy what he had cown in youth. He did not linger "until his flame lacked oil," but with his senses keen, his mind undimmed, and with his arms filled with gathered sheaves, in an instant, painlessly, unconsciously, he passed from happiness and health to the realm of perfect peace. We need not mourn for him, but for ourselves, for those he loved.

He was an absolutely honest man—a man who kept his word, who fulfilled his contracts, gave heaped and rounded measure and discharged all obligations with the fabled chivalry of ancient knights. He was absolutely honest, not only with others but with himself. To his last moment his soul was stainless. He was true to his ideal—true to his thought, and what his brain conceived his lips expressed. He refused to pretend. He knew that to believe without evidence was impossible to the sound and sane, and that to say you believed when you did not, was possible only to the hypocrite or coward. He did not believe in the supernatural. He was a natural man and lived a natural life. He had no fear of fiends. He cared nothing for the guesses of inspired savages; nothing for the threats or promises of the sainted and insane.

He enjoyed this life—the good things of this world—the clasp and smile of friendship, the exchange of generous deeds, the reasonable gratification of the senses—of the wants of the body and mind. He was neither an insane ascetic nor a fool of pleasure, but walked the golden path along the strip of verdure that lies between the deserts of extremes.

With him to do right was not simply a duty, it was a pleasure. He had philosophy enough to know that the quality of actions depends upon their consequences, and that these consequences are the rewards and punishments that no God can give, inflict, withhold or pardon.

He loved his country, he was proud of the heroic past, dissatisfied with the present, and confident of the future. He stood on the rock of principle. With him the wisest policy was to do right. He would not compromise with wrong. He had no respect for political failures who became reformers and decorated fraud with the pretence of philanthropy, or sought to gain some private end in the name of public good. He despised time-servers, trimmers, fawners and all sorts and kinds of pretenders.

He believed in national honesty; in the preservation of public faith. He believed that the Government should discharge every obligation—the implied as faithfully as the expressed. And I would be unjust to his memory if I did not say that he believed in honest money, in the best money in the world, in pure gold, and that he despised with all his heart financial frauds, and regarded fifty cents that pretended to be a dollar, as he would a thief in the uniform of a policeman, or a criminal in the robe of a judge.

He believed in liberty, and liberty for all. He pitied the slave and hated the master; that is to say, he was an honest man. In the dark days of the Rebellion he stood for the right. He loved Lincoln with all his heart—loved him for his genius, his courage and his goodness. He loved Conkling—loved him for his independence, his manhood, for his unwavering courage, and because he would not bow or bend—loved him because he accepted defeat with the pride of a victor. He loved Grant, and in the temple of his heart, over the altar, in the highest niche, stood the great soldier.

Nature was kind to our friend. She gave him the blessed gift of humor. This filled his days with the climate of Autumn, so that to him even disaster had its sunny side. On account of his humor he appreciated and enjoyed the great literature of the world. He loved Shakespeare, his clowns and heroes. He appreciated and enjoyed Dickens. The characters of this great novelist were his acquaintances. He knew them all; some were his friends and some he dearly loved. He had wit of the keenest and quickest. The instant the steel of his logic smote the flint of absurdity the spark glittered. And yet, his wit was always kind. The flower went with the thorn. The targets of his wit were not made enemies, but admirers.

He was social, and after the feast of serious conversation he loved the wine of wit—the dessert of a good story that blossomed into mirth. He enjoyed games—was delighted by the relations of chance—the curious combinations of accident. He had the genius of friendship. In his nature there was no suspicion. He could not be poisoned against a friend. The arrows of slander never pierced the shield of his confidence. He demanded demonstration. He defended a friend as he defended himself. Against all comers he stood firm, and he never deserted the field until the friend had fled. I have known many, many friends—have clasped the hands of many that I loved, but in the journey of my life I have never grasped the hand of a better, truer, more unselfish friend than he who lies before us clothed in the perfect peace of death. He loved me living and I love him now.

In youth we front the sun; we live in light without a fear, without a thought of dusk or night. We glory in excess. There is no dread of loss when all is growth and gain. With reckless hands we spend and waste and chide the flying hours for loitering by the way.

The future holds the fruit of joy; the present keeps us from the feast, and so, with hurrying feet we climb the heights and upward look with eager eyes. But when the sun begins to sink and shadows fall in front, and lengthen on the path, then falls upon the heart a sense of loss, and then we hoard the shreds and crumbs and vainly long for what was cast away. And then with miser care we save and spread thin hands before December’s half-fed flickering flames, while through the glass of time we

moaning watch the few remaining grains of sand that hasten to their end. In the gathering gloom the fires slowly die, while memory dreams of youth, and hope sometimes mistakes the glow of ashes for the coming of another morn.

But our friend was an exception. He lived in the present; he enjoyed the sunshine of to-day. Although his feet had touched the limit of four-score, he had not reached the time to stop, to turn and think: about the traveled road. He was still full of life and hope, and had the interest of youth in all the affairs of men.

He had no fear of the future—no dread. He was ready for the end. I have often heard him repeat the words of Epicurus: “Why should I fear death? If I am, death is not. If death is, I am not. Why should I fear that which cannot exist when I do?”

If there is, beyond the veil, beyond the night called death, another world to which men carry all the failures and the triumphs of this life; if above and over all there be a God who loves the right, an honest man has naught to fear. If there be another world in which sincerity is a virtue, in which fidelity is loved and courage honored, then all is well with the dear friend whom we have lost.

But if the grave ends all; if all that was our friend is dead, the world is better for the life he lived. Beyond the tomb we cannot see. We listen, but from the lips of mystery there comes no word. Darkness and silence brooding over all. And yet, because we love we hope. Farewell! And yet again, Farewell!

And will there, sometime, be another world? We have our dream. The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the sands and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book or of any creed. It was born of affection. And it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness, as long as love kisses the lips of death. We have our dream!

Jesus Christ

** An unfinished lecture which Colonel Ingersoll commenced a few days before his death.*

FOR many centuries and by many millions of people, Christ has been worshiped as God. Millions and millions of eulogies on his character have been pronounced by priest and layman, in all of which his praises were measured only by the limitations of language—words were regarded as insufficient to paint his perfections.

In his praise it was impossible to be extravagant. Sculptor, poet and painter exhausted their genius in the portrayal of the peasant, who was in fact the creator of all worlds.

His wisdom excited the wonder, his sufferings the pity and his resurrection and ascension the astonishment of the world.

He was regarded as perfect man and infinite God. It was believed that in the gospels was found the perfect history of his life, his words and works, his death, his triumph over the grave and his return to heaven. For many centuries his perfection, his divinity—have been defended by sword and fire.

By the altar was the scaffold—in the cathedral, the dungeon—the chamber of torture.

The story of Christ was told by mothers to their babes. For the most part his story was the beginning and end of education. It was wicked to doubt—infamous to deny.

Heaven was the reward for belief and hell the destination of the denier.

All the forces of what we call society, were directed against investigation. Every avenue to the mind was closed. On all the highways of thought, Christians placed posts and boards, and on the boards were the words “No Thoroughfare,” “No Crossing.” The windows of the soul were darkened—the doors were barred. Light was regarded as the enemy of mankind.

During these Christian years faith was rewarded with position, wealth and power. Faith was the path to fame and honor. The man who investigated was the enemy, the assassin of souls. The creed was barricaded on every side, above it were the glories of heaven—below were the agonies of hell. The soldiers of the cross were strangers to pity. Only traitors to God were shocked by the murder of an unbeliever. The true Christian was a savage. His virtues were ferocious, and compared with his vices were beneficent. The drunkard was a better citizen than the saint. The libertine and prostitute were far nearer human, nearer moral, than those who pleased God by persecuting their fellows.

The man who thought, and expressed his thoughts, died in a dungeon—on the scaffold or in flames.

The sincere Christian was insane. His one object was to save his soul. He despised all the pleasures of sense. He believed that his nature was depraved and that his desires were wicked.

He fasted and prayed—deserted his wife and children—inflicted tortures on himself and sought by pain endured to gain the crown. * * *

Life

BORN of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame, and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love.

Again the miracle of a birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold—of honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise.

Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night.—

At last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

THE END

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I'm Julie, the woman who runs Global Grey - the website where this ebook was published. These are my own formatted editions, and I hope you enjoyed reading this particular one.

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